

BROOKINGS-HARBOR PILOT
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

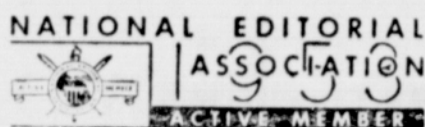
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For What It's Worth Extension Unit Makes Jackets

By CLIFFORD P. ROWE

Some of my best absent-minded friends are being made to feel downright inferior of late. Their crime is that they fail to remember names of people. I, too, am guilty but I refuse to consider myself an outcast from society just because the pigeon-hole for names in my brain is all clogged up.



With me, it is no sudden mental slipping that places me in this so-called deplorable plight. I have always been that way. Though warned early in life that my forgetfulness would not win friends or influence people, I have been able to do little about it. Resolutions I have made; but when the time came to apply them, I had forgotten what they were.

That is one reason I have never been able to develop into a "glad-hander". This type is familiar to everyone. He is the character who grabs you by the paw, pumping it all the while, as he announces to all and sundry how he and "old Bill here went to different grade schools together back in 1910."

So far as you are concerned, he is a complete stranger. You fail to recall ever sneaking behind the woodpile to smoke coffee with any old bald-headed geezer with a double chin and a slipping chest back in 1910. He does, however, and so again you are tagged as a nit-wit who doesn't even remember his old buddies.

Women give me the greatest worry in this regard. I am always bumping into some middle-aged damsel who tries to give the impression that I have broken her heart because I fail to remember her as the gal I once played post-office with in the eighth grade. Not only do I fail to remember her name but I also have even forgotten that I ever played post-office. The latter lapse causes me the greater pain.

At any rate, cursed as I may be with this terrible affliction, it at least has one advantage: it gives the other guy a chance to get in the first word. Those who know me best realize that this is a small break.

The home of Una Rowley was the scene of the Home Extension Service unit meeting Wednesday, Oct. 21. At 10:30 the ladies had a potluck lunch. At the meeting that followed the subject was "Matching Stripes and Plaids."

It was stated that it was not necessary to have attended the first meeting to make a jacket. Fifteen were present.

Mrs. Charles Stanhurst, who is entertaining the next regular meeting at 1 p.m. November 18, at her home on Easy street says the subject will be "Oregon Sweets."

Those taking textile training are holding a meeting November 6 at the home of Florence Davis, Maple and Alder streets, on old airport tract.

The regular meetings will be held on the third Wednesday of each month. The Home Extension program is available to anyone wishing to attend and the Chetco Unit welcomes all new members.

Triple Threat Party

A double birthday party which turned out to be a triple celebration was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jennings last week.

The party honored Mr. Jennings and Mrs. Cliff Brimm.

After the birthday celebration, Mr. Jennings put the Brimm's favorite record on, and brought in a cake decorated in honor of the Brimm's 25th wedding anniversary.

The couple were presented with a pair of bronze candlesticks, handcrafted by Mr. Jennings, and several pieces of their sterling by the Jennings and Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Goldsberry.

Our Rural Area Needs Fire Protection

The decision of the Brookings City Council not to permit the city's fire equipment to leave the city except under contract leaves the entire surrounding area without fire protection of any kind.

And, almost certainly, it will cause bitterness, especially if there should be a serious fire in the Harbor area, or any other area close to the city.

The city council's hands are tied. Legal council has told it that the city would be liable for damages if fire broke out within the limits while the fire equipment was fighting a fire outside the city. They have no protection for their equipment outside the city. And finally, they honestly feel it would not be fair to the city's taxpayers to support fire equipment to be used by those who do not pay toward it.

The thing that must be done now, both to prevent friction and to save lives, is to gain fire protection for our rural districts here just as soon as it can be arranged.

It seems to us that the rural area has two choices: it can sign a contract with the city for protection, or it can form its own Rural Fire Protection District.

Actually, the fire prevention district would probably have to be set up, even if they only intended to contract for protection with Brookings at the present time. Some such district would be necessary to form a body capable of signing a contract.

A full-fledged fire prevention district, with its own equipment, we think, would be far better than a city contract. Such a district could give protection to the outlying regions up the Chetco and the Winchuck, much better than equipment from Brookings could.

Such a district also could sign a mutual-aid pact with the city, thus doubling the amount of equipment available for a fire, and they could jointly protect a far greater area than an isolated district could.

The State Fire Marshal's office in Salem is eager to give us here all the help we want in forming such a district. Their district representative, Deputy Bill Roble, has shown his concern with lack of adequate equipment here, and his apprehension of what might happen here.

Some day something is going to happen. Property will be lost, and perhaps lives will, too. When it does, the air will be full of recriminations and accusations. . . unless we act now.

October

The year belongs to everyone, everywhere, but October belongs to the Oregon Coast. When the tourist has turned his back on the sea, and the cliff dweller of the cities is glued to his TV set, October comes to the west.

And with her comes beauty, so unbearably lovely it could break your heart wanting to hold it all.

Out of the sea come the first dark rains, pouring over the rocky, twisted slopes of Oregon. And the great green breakers, come charging up on the coast, battling the rocks that stand against them, shrouding them in a white tumult of spray that cloaks the rugged shoreline.

And after that the sun. . . the clear, sharp sun of October, cool in the western breezes, outlining the hills in its lovely light. Beneath it, the glittering diamonds of the little waves breaking near the rocks. And the cool, bright rollers, sliding up the beaches, beckoning with their white tipped peaks, breaking over as though to call you with them.

And then the nights. The warm red glow of the sea-born sunset, ribbing the western skies. And after that there are the stars, the mint-bright moon, and the long green rollers, breaking white in the moonlight, whispering up the shadowed sands, whispering good-bye to October.

Flowers

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FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS

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Harbor, Ore.

Phone 2568

COMMERCIAL BOWLING LEAGUE

Results on Oct. 26

Harbor Garage 4, vs. Kerr Hardware 0.

VFW 966 0, vs. Brookings Machine 4.

Oregon State Bank 0, vs. Barry's Bowlers 4.

Brookings Market 3, vs. B & H Logging 1.

Team Standings

	W	L	Points
B & H Logging Supply	20	8	
VFW 966	17	11	
Brookings Machine Shop	17	11	
Brookings Market	16	12	
Barry's Bowlers	15	13	
Harbor Garage	15	13	
Kerr Hardware	7	21	
Oregon State Bank	5	23	

High Scores

Individual game, Whitey Matson 260; Harold Putnam 222.

Team game, Brookings Machine 1012.

Individual series, Matson 590; Olsen 555.

Team series, Brookings Machine 2615.

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