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**The Star That Still Shines**

Christmas came this week to a world at peace—and yet not at peace. The stars that shone over Bethlehem's quiet night so long ago shine down on a world taut and twisted with the struggles of ideology.

Nowhere, it is true, were armies locked in combat, as they had been on most Christmases of recent years. But man stared at man across the world with hate and fear in his eyes, or he struggled to escape from the bondage his fellow-man had placed him in.

And a God that had sacrificed his Son for these men looked down on a world that paid, it seemed, scant heed to the words his Son had brought, and for which he had died.

And if He were less than the God He is, He might have asked—"are they worth such sacrifices as I have made for them? Is this world of despair and fear and anger what I gave My only Son for?"

But He would not ask, for He already knows, as He has already shown. God loves this world so much that He gave his only begotten Son to save it.

And, imperfect as man is; when he pauses yearly at this time to raise his eyes to the heavens and to observe again the glorious story of the coming of a Saviour, there is in him the seed of immortality. Slowly, struggling up from the ruins he creates around himself, he climbs nearer to the star that shines above him. So long as man shall believe, and continue to believe, the star will continue to shine.

**Dreaming of a Sunny Christmas**

"We're used to a certain amount of complaining, so it comes as a great pleasure to report that we have heard practically no one locally dreaming longingly of a white Christmas.

There was a time when it would have been a source of deep pain, to think of Christmas without snow. Somehow it just wasn't Christmas. But it has been many years since it really troubled us, and we're glad to say our children seem to have accepted it, too.

And, as the sun streams through the window while we write this, we're quite ready to settle for a bright Christmas instead of a white one.

**Fireman's Ball**

**CHRISTMAS NIGHT**

**December 25, 1953**

**HARBOR GRANGE HALL**

Refreshment Booth  
in Charge of Beta Sigma Phi

Music by

**Frank Tygart and His Orchestra**

Tickets on Sale by Volunteer Firemen  
and at Door

Admission \$1.00



**FOR  
WHAT  
IT'S  
WORTH**

By  
**CLIFFORD P.  
ROWE**

By CLIFFORD P. ROWE

I read not too long ago of a pastor in the East who planned to inform the youngsters in his congregation that there was no such a person as Santa Claus. He was going to do this in revolt against the manner in which Christmas has become commercialized.

I am perfectly willing to go along with him to some extent on the idea that Christmas is becoming big business, but I can't quite see why poor old Santa Claus should be the one to get it in the neck. Certainly that venerable old gentleman can hardly be held to blame if the Christmas spirit is shifting from the altar to the market place.

To eliminate the Santa Claus story would, in my opinion, be the final step in taking Christmas away from the children entirely and would leave nothing of Christmas in the average home except the holiday cocktail party. The latter is certainly not to be recommended as providing a happy memory for the urchin to recall in later years.

In fact, I sometimes have my doubts as to whether the commercialization is as bad as it is painted. In our present stage of civilization where nothing is made in the home, it necessarily follows that in order to give one must first buy.

Anyone whose scars are still fresh from fighting Operation Christmas Counter cannot help but realize that Christmas purchasing does much toward providing employment and payrolls to a vast segment of our population. In other words, without the increased production for the December holiday, many a household would awaken to a very dismal Christmas morning.

No, I think I will continue to string along with Santa Claus. The Christ story will continue to be told and our children will always be taught that His gift was the greatest of all. But at the same time for that one night of the year, we should not deprive our tousle-heads of the rare privilege of lying awake, starry-eyed, waiting for the hoof beats on the roof of Dancer and Prancer.

Gary Monson

Promoted to PFC

FORT CAMPBELL, Ky.—Private Garry L. Monson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cliff E. Monson, Harbor, Oregon, has been promoted to the grade of Private First Class in the 11th Airborne Division.

Prior to entering the service in February of 1953, P.F.C. Monson attended Arebucal High School, Arebucal, Calif. Upon completion of his basic training at Fort Campbell, Ky., he was sent to Fort Benning, Ga., where he completed the rugged three week course in parachuting. He then returned to "E" company of the 188th Airborne Infantry Regiment, 11th Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, Ky.

P.F.C. Monson's promotion is in direct recognition of his military efficiency and hard work in attaining high standards.

A little given seasonable excuses a great gift.

—George Herbert

**ROTARY NEWS**

At their noon luncheon Don Clausen, manager of Southwest Airways of Crescent City, told the Brookings Rotarians something of the methods and problems that are encountered at the airport in our neighbor city over the line in California.

Fog, he said, was a major problem, the more so because this coastal fog can drift into a field which a few minutes previous was clear and safe.

Without instrument landing planes by law must have a 500-foot ceiling, he told his hearers.

The Crescent City field is not equipped for instrument landing; though they do have directional equipment. However, as the field is but 57 feet above sea level they have there an advantage over the Arcata field whose elevation is 207 feet.

In handling the flowers from the Brookings district Manager Clausen explained that the great bulk with little weight was quite some problem for the airlines.

He told the Rotarians that many of their problems would be solved by the use of helicopters which the South West management is seriously considering.

He described the automatic plane which, after it is off the ground, requires little or no attention from the pilot. Even in landing, he said, the brakes are applied automatically as the wheels touch the ground.

He suggested that the Brookings area should look forward to the coming of the helicopter and provide a landing field which need not be too large and should be as

**St. Timothy's Have  
Midnight Service**

St. Timothy's Episcopal Church will hold its Christmas eve communion service in the VFW Hall commencing at 11:30 p.m. Thursday evening, Christmas eve.

The service will be conducted by the Reverend Peter Dally who will be serving his first communion following his ordination Tuesday in Coquille.

close as possible to the center of town.



**Merry Christmas**

May the best of all that is good be yours is the wish of your friends in **Our Bank**

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BROOKINGS, OREGON

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