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WHAT ABOUT A NEW TAX BASE

A group of Brookings citizens sat down with council members last week and thrashed out the possibility of raising the tax base in Brookings. This problem is a very difficult one—and it is a doubly difficult one to tackle this year with an election coming up.

However, the fact remains that if Brookings is to continue to progress the base has to be raised, and it has to be done this year at a general election, or the city must wait until 1956, and we just can't afford to wait.

The tax base here was \$21,125—that is the amount to be raised by taxes this year, and the proposed new base would be set at \$29,250. This doesn't necessarily mean that the city would budget that amount more in 1955, but it does give them that right. This phase is so important it is worth repeating. The new tax base doesn't mean that the city need budget that amount, but it will allow them a leeway in which to work.

Currently the city is operating on a tight budget, primarily because the city held off on major business in order to keep the total taxes down because of the increased school taxes this year.

But can the city get along on the monies allocated for this year—for two more years? We don't think so, for these reasons. The city is growing, and growing rapidly. The people are demanding more and more service, which the city can't possibly provide under existing conditions. Every where the city is hampered by lack of finances. In the current budget the city hasn't even set aside a nickle for an emergency fund. Streets and other departments suffer.

The existing budget called for expenditures of \$58,870.12, while the estimated budget for 1955-56 calls for about \$75,000. It was brought out at the meeting that if the fire engine and the parking meters were paid off, which they will be after next year, the budget could be dropped by at least \$7,500 a year.

The total estimated receipts for the next year will be pushed up by about \$6,000, due to increased revenue from the state highway department because of the increased population. However, it means also that the city has almost doubled in size, which could mean that the tax rate be doubled too. This isn't the case.

An estimated total receipts of \$45,750 will be coming into the city next year, which leaves a \$29,250 balance which must be raised by taxation. In order that the city raise that much it is necessary, under state law, to boost the tax base of Brookings—and that must be done this year.

It is a matter of establishing a limit, and without such a limit the city couldn't operate, successfully, in the best interests of the public.

We hope that the city budget won't have to be set up quite that high for the coming year, but if the continued growth demands it, we want them to have the legal means to raise the money. The citizens budget committee recommended that the council put the proposal on the ballot, and then each of you, the people of Brookings can decide.

SKETCH BOOK

By BUD PISAREK

I finally found a little time to do some sketching. I imagine the best place to report the gact would be in the *SKETCHBOOK* colum. Now it can be said it's living up to it's name. I spent about three quarters of an hour at the Harris Park beach. There certainly are some grand views along this Brookings coast.

My subject, naturally, was the rocks and the ocean. I used water-color, and limited myself to a small piece of paper. The results? . . . well that I'll have to leave up to my public. But if they are as discriminating as my son the outlook isn't too good. The lil' guy was all over me, the paints, and painting. He kicked enough sand into the colors so each one came out a pretty shade of mud. What an artist has to endure, ah yes.

Some people have asked about paisting or drawing lessons. Yes, I would be interested in giving such instruction if a suitable time and place can be arranged. All interested Rembrandts stand up and be counted.

To the writer of the letter in reference to my last weeks dour-um, I would like to say, "You are right—a writer of an anonymous letter shouldn't write." As to your logic on the whys and wherefores an artist works in a particular enviornment I find cause to argue a few points.

You say artist seek the confines of the old barns in Pennsylvania, or the foggy niches of San Francisco, etc. Well put poetically, but let me ask you this—what great artist has been produced from this ivory towerish isolation? Have the Marins, the Burchfields, or the Bohrods, Bentions, Shawns or Woods, emerged from the Bohemian way of life you so propose? I will argue until blue in the face that the attitude taken by so many of our "Greenwich village artist" is not the answer to the cultural level this country should rightfully enjoy, and to put it more specific—BROOKINGS can claim.

We must both agree somewhere along the line though. You mention Picasso. That alone is a magic word. Anyone who recognizes Picasso, this centuries greatest artist, is not all wrong.

The *SKETCHBOOK*, nor THE *PILOT*, was sounding a distress signal. Our message was one of a sincere feeling that much of the tilling to make fertile the soil for any artistic growth can be started, NOW.

You must remember, my anonymous friend, that maybe a Van Gogh, Cezanne, and Latrec, shunned the society they found around them, but many great artist took the bull by the horns, so to speak, and lived amongst humans learned their habits, and reflected the lives of people around them. The former have been glorified by Hollywood and Somerest Maughms until their lives seem a bit exaggerated and even the modern Yale graduate feels the only true artist is the one that starves first . . . and creates in between trips to the state mental institutions.

My anonymous friend, dear readers, fosters a plan of slowly conditioning the popoulous



FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

By CLIFFORD P. ROWE

WHAT has become of the whistler?
I am not inquiring relative to

what is true art. Win the untrained critics friendship. When he realizes you are like many others, normal; then he will understand that your love for a work of art has some merit. From there on in you "educate" him to enjoy the arts.

All I will grant you Mr. A., or any other person taking sides in this issue, is that the entire process must be well planned, and developed slowly. There is no danger in starting something that can become beneficial to a great number of people. How can the many youngsters starting school learn to appreciate fine art if they never have the opportunity to see some great works of art? How can they and our other citizens, ever learn that artist and art patrons do live along human lines—if they never see any in action?

Through the Universities artist is residenships many of the mid-west schools artist have enjoyed the freedom of creating as they wish under the patronage of these institutions. Their sincere effort to help amateurs with constructive criticism and over all inspiration has resulted in a movement that will bring about certain cultural heritages that all can be proud of. Even the psuedo artist or the would be artist who roam the bowels of the earth, trying to be different and difficult are sitting up and taking notice.

What is wrong with taking steps to provide for these things while a city is in its infancy? Why wait until the city is well established and then procede to force the art museums, the civic theatres, upon an uninterested, uneducated, group?

the radio program of the same name, but rather as to what has happened to the amateur whistler of not too many years ago who walked the highways and byways serenading all and sundry with the music of his own making.

I can still remember that one of the greatest accomplishments of my pre-school days was the mastery of the art of puckering my lips and blowing until finally a note was born. And when I finally reached the stage where a tune could be recognized by those who loved me most, I felt that I had really achieved one of the outstanding feats of my life.

I still whistle. My father whistles and my son whistles. In fact, if the information were available, I'm certain that research would reveal the fact that grandpa whistled, too.

There's something friendly about a whistle. Not only does it cheer the listener but the whistler himself also finds it pleasant company. Many was the time as a youngster when walking a lonely trail through the woods of a shadowy street well past bed time that the tune I whistled made me feel that I was not entirely alone.

Also I felt my merry refrain to be a definite warning to any evil man or beast lurking along my path that here came a spunky lad who wasn't afraid of anyone or anything and woe be to the character who might molest him. At any rate, that was what I hopey they would think.

Today, however, I am suddenly aware that the whistler is becoming extinct. As I go my way, I notice that nothing but noises of the street strike my ear. Perhaps therein lies the answer. The whistler was intended to be heard; he was in his small way seeking to entertain. What chance does he have today of competing with the screeching brakes and roaring exhausts?

Maybe the whistler has retreated into the country. I would like to think that he has; for certainly he should not be allowed to disappear from the American scene.

American women bought 679 million pairs of nylons last year, and the industry can prove that they bought more for glamor than for durability. In 1947 only 21% of the production was of the sheer variety. Now it approaches 80%.
—Changing Times.

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---Charles Doane

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