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Editors and Publishers

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IS A LIBRARY NECESSARY?

Here are questions of the week. Is a public library necessary for Brookings-Harbor and southern Curry County? Ask yourself—do I ever use a library? Do your children need a library? Does a library constitute anything to the public welfare?

On the answers to those questions rest the existence of a library in Brookings, because if we are to continue to have a public library concerted action by everyone must be forthcoming immediately.

The building must be in actual use as a library by February 1955, or the pending conditional deed to the City of Brookings will be cancelled by the U. S. Government.

A group of your neighbors has a beautiful library building well underway upon a very desirable piece of property one block east of the Catholic Church. They are as far along as they can go, on what they had to do with. They have worked hard, and contributed mightily in time and money. A hearty push by everyone now could save what they have accomplished and secure for Southern Curry County what every area needs to fulfill a good community life.

The library board feels its accomplishment warrants calling upon the citizenry to figure out what each can do, look up a board member, and "lay it on the line" NOW.

All available cash has been spent for materials so more money is needed, also for water and sewer service. Money gifts are deductible from income tax returns and the board treasurer will issue receipts for same. Labor, skilled or unskilled, men and women, children for picking up trash; fill material, and a couple of hours work with a bulldozer; spray painting, outside—are all needed.

Few families, the board feels, can't afford an annual association membership at \$2.50. Board members can't be expected to go about ringing doorbells, so it's up to YOU, if you want a library.

Full information can be had by contacting these board members: Mrs. Erma Riche, president; Mrs. Charles Schaal, Harbor, secretary; Mrs. Claude Goldizen, treasurer; Mrs. Jessie Judkins, and Mrs. Earl Simpson, Harbor; Mrs. Sylvia Knox, Jack McCarton, Ben Jones, and M. S. Brainard, Brookings, and Mrs. M. S. Brainard, librarian, Mrs. Willis Raglan, and Mrs. Spencer Freeman, assistant librarians.

Around Town

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Clayton are vacationing in Yellowstone Park and plan to drop in on the John and Cal Mussers, near Cody, Wyoming.

The gent that squirts yellow highway lines for his cookies sure gets around, sees a lot of country, too.

Don't be alarmed if you think you hear the fire siren. Maybe Helen hooked another salmon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Birch and Mr. and Mrs. A. Bohannon of Medford, dropped in on local friends enroute to a V. F. W. meeting Sunday, at Gold Beach.

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ENTERTAINED AT PARTY

Mrs. Dewey Spence and children, Patty, John and Michael, formerly of Brookings, but now living in Medford are visiting for several days at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Davis at Maple and Alder. On Saturday Mrs. Davis entertained complimentary to Mrs. Spence and children.

Those present were: Doris Norman, and daughter Mary, Mildred Holt, Grace Bartholomew and son Vic, Alice Spence and children, Dolly, Tena and Randall, Vera Ismert, grandma Peters, Dorothy Spees and children, Marian Retke, and Ronnie, Janie and Gerry, Velma Corderman, Ethel Towey and Agnes Johnson.

All great art is the expression of man's delight in God's work, not his own.—John Ruskin.

Art is not a thing; it is a way.—Elbert Hubbard.

PIPE DREAMS

BY JOE MURPHY

I'm flying high Thursday and Friday night. That is to say, I'm in the cast of the play of that name that the Lion's club is sponsoring here. I don't know exactly how I got into it either, because I've never had any acting experience even in high school, nor have I ever harbored any secret ambitions for the profession. In fact I'm the type that gets stage fright, and will likely collapse on the stage.

Incidentally, I'm the hero in the play, which is as it should be. So if anybody brings old vegetables to throw, please remember to toss them at the villain. I won't have a chance to write a very long column this week as I have a lot of work to do trying to memorize my four lines.

Our cast is a good one with Harold Young, Bill Thompson, Al Mincer and the rest all working hard. They have had to practice every night this week on it, and it is beginning to shape up. Al is perfectly cast as Buelah, and should get quite a few laughs with his accent.

Before I get any further along in my column I want to mention the fact in passing that we lost our first bowling game Monday night. The Kerr Hardware team swamped us in our last game after we had won ten in a row. They were hotter than the proverbial pistol in that last game and we had a severe case of coffee nerves. I understand we the Brookings Machine team next week, and I sincerely hope they aren't losing a lot of sleep over it.

A rash of building has broken out, as the builders try to get most of the work out of the way before the rains start. Monday morning was a case in point. First I walked over to the Kerr building, and saw them beginning work on the new post office. Then accidentally I strolled into the Central building, and saw work going on in the hall, which will add an office on to D. A. Sam Hall's quarters. A few minutes later I was out talking to C. F. Campbell, who is beginning construction on a big commercial and retail building next to his present building north on 101. A little later I saw work going on on the Coos-Curry Electric Co-op building. And then, of course, the Pilot building too.



FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

By CLIFFORD P. ROWE

INDIANAPOLIS—I suppose that everyone who has been long departed from the state of his birth often dreams of eventually returning to recapture some of the glamorous memories which are his.

After forty years of absence, such hopes became realities for me when I was summoned to a meeting in Indiana this week. Thanks to the miracles of modern air transportation, I left Portland last night shortly after dark and arrived here shortly after sun-up. Forty years ago I made the trip in four days and three nights.

My principal disillusionment came when my plane landed in Chicago around 5 a. m. While waiting in the terminal for my flight to this city, I suddenly broke out perspiring. Immediately I called to mind all of the possible diseases that I might have contracted which might display such a symptom. A casual remark by a passerby relative to the fact that the temperature was 80 degrees set me straight as to this phenomenon so new to me.

I am still perspiring, and the sun is only a few hours born.

Shamefacedly I now recall those times this summer when I complained about the coolness of Oregon days. I have learned my lesson. In the future I shall be content.

In spite of the heat, I find the country intriguing. The vastness of space undisturbed by hill or mountain; the streams that do not seem to flow at all as they ooze slowly through their low-banked channels; the farms, each a mile square, with their barns and houses decorated with lightning rods, all add up to a picture of a foreign land.

The people are friendly. In fact, I detect evidence of the fact that it was in this area that many of those who settled Oregon had their origin. This was borne out by the fact that some with whom I have talked find nothing in my manner of speech that would set me off from those Hoosiers who stayed at home.

I am flying home again tomorrow night fully amazed over the fact that advances in modern transportation made it possible for me to spend a weekend in Indiana and to be back on the job Monday morning.

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