

BROOKINGS-HARBOR PILOT
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Somebody's Pulling Our Leg—

Wickes Shaw, editor and publisher of the official county newspaper at Gold Beach was pulling the leg of Brookings people in an editorial last week. At least we think she was. Certainly she can't believe all that she put in that editorial.

First she talked editorially about the future development needed by the three larger towns in the county, and how residents of northern Curry want a highway built up the Elk River to connect with Coos County roads leading into Powers and Myrtle Point. She pointed out how Gold Beach and Agness needs a water level year-round road through to Illinois Valley, and says that "while pressing their own development plans, Gold Beach and Port Orford have always supported the Brookings road and Harbor", referring to the twin pet projects of Brookings—a road to Grants Pass, and a harbor. Fine.

But then she reports a conversation with ONE individual who is supposedly from Brookings, and who allegedly asked why there was so much hard feelings between Gold Beach and Brookings, and said "Well there is (hard feelings) in Brookings," and "I don't know just what it's based on, but down there they seem to feel that since they have the largest population they should have more consideration than they are getting." The unnamed person went on to say "Many Brookings residents, are violently opposed to any roads or harbor projects being pressed in the northern part of the county on the grounds that a Port Orford or Gold Beach harbor or road would lessen the chances of obtaining these facilities for Brookings."

Oh come now, Wickes. Everybody knows that you can't have a consensus of opinion by asking one person. Certainly the majority of the intelligent people of Brookings don't feel any antagonism towards Gold Beach merely because they are pushing for a particular project—even if the project isn't right logically. It is only natural that each community will look out for their own interests first. But it is true that anything that will help Curry county will help Brookings, and there just aren't enough fools around here to see it any differently.

Another paragraph of Mrs. Shaw's editorial amused us—to repeat

"And we'd like to invite Brookings people to come up here to Gold Beach and make the acquaintance of our county court and officials—and get to know some of the really good guys—and there are many of them—who live north of Carpenterville."

Now hold it there Wickes—you're talking about good guys, and implying bad guys just like in a western mellerdrama. And another thing, why should we in Brookings have to travel to Gold Beach to make acquaintances of our county court and officials? Aren't they supposed to represent us?

Don't feel bad Wickes—it's all in clean fun. We certainly feel nothing but warmth and affection for our little sister to the north.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

By Clifford P. Rowe

Fellow television addicts may be interested in learning that I have managed to emerge TV hibernation. After approximately eight months of artificial bliss with this time demanding monster, I have at least shaken off its hypnotic influence. I celebrated my emancipation by going to a movie once more.

I'll have to admit it was upsetting to say the least to experience the shock of having people around whom I couldn't sh-h-h when they became noisy. I guess I am going to have to become accustomed to people again.

I learned much, however, during my extended seclusion with television. For instance, I discovered that there is a definite difference today from burlesque to the extent, that the emphasis is now in the teeth. Whether Liberece is to blame or not I do not know but it has certainly impressed on my conscience that teeth are now the most emphasized part of the anatomy. When I shut my eyes, all that I can see are rows upon rows of glistening choppers.

Before, I had never been too much aware of people's teeth I

imagine that I was aware of the fact that most people possessed them, original or purchased, but most of them had evidently kept them more or less decently out of sight. But after watching characters, for some eight months who peel back their lips while they flash their simonized tusks, I find myself recalling the fence which Tom Sawyer and his cohorts spent a day whitewashing.

Kissing has come in for revision also. Maybe I've not been keeping up to date with modern techniques in this field; but to my horror I now find that when TV lovers who invade my living room close their eyes preparatory to the osculatory embrace, they open their mouths wide before contact, driving me to the logical conclusion that they are going to bite a hunk out of their partner in romance.

Those who used to insist that the kiss was a media for transporting germs must be writhing in antiseptic agony today as they witness this revolution in methods of making love. Personally, I am not too much perturbed. I am confident that a few daws of normality in the open air among normal people will bring me recovery from this mild attack of molarphobia.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose that you resolved to effect.



From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

A Pretty "Snappy" Menu

Cuff Taylor had a near riot in his hen yard last week. Seems the hens were scratching around the cold ground when they found a piece of rubber band frozen in the ice.

"One hen pecked at it," says Cuff, "and it snapped right back. She backed off clucking while another hen tried it, and another. And the 'worm' kept right on snapping back. They all got their feathers ruffled. You never heard such a ruckus!"

"I finally had to break up the ice with an ax before those hens

would get back to business and start laying eggs again."

From where I sit, some people raise a pretty big fuss over nothing, too. Take the fellow who would deny me a temperate glass of beer with my game of checkers. Maybe he'd rather have coffee! Well, that's all right. He has a right to his own preference. But so do I. And there's no point in his "snapping" at me just because his choice isn't the same as mine.

Joe Marsh

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pipe dreams



by **Joe Murphy**

It happened again. My wife Marianne presented old Joe with a 7 lb. 2 oz. baby girl early Sunday morning. Actually this isn't classified as news, as already I've got three little girls around the house. Nevertheless, it doesn't make me any less happy as I'm very fond of the little darlings.

This one will be named Kerry Lynn, which goes nicely with Colleen, Maureen, and Shannon, which are the other three older sisters.

The baby was born Sunday morning, and the Mrs. is coming home today, Monday, so they don't wait around in the hospital any more soaking up rest. I sent telegrams home to Wisconsin, and signed them simply "Eddie Cantor". I haven't been passing out cigars, because the novelty has worn off so I have been giving cigarettes.

Like the girl who marries hoping her ship will come in usually winds up with a raft of children

We got some cheerful news for the paper too. The Kiplinger magazine "Changing Times" sent us out a release with such cheerful items as "There are 162,977-472 Americans who are not mem-

bers of the communist party", and "of the 18,977,472 little boys in the country who are under the age of 10, only six or possibly seven will have to go through the terrible ordeal of being President of the United States," and finally "The Internal Revenue Service will find that 43,846,154 income tax returns are filed correctly in 1955."

Karen Ritchey Is Married In Reno

Karen Ritchey and Francis Tramelon, both of Ukiah were married in Reno last Friday. Karen was a former student here and Mr. Ritchey was a construction carpenter here before moving to California.

HOLD RECEPTION FOR NEW MINISTER

The Sunday school teachers of the Presbyterian church held a pot luck dinner reception for Rev. and Mrs. Henry Ostermeier recently at the J. B. Stanley home. The guest list included the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Ragland, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Stanhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Dempsey, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Harvey, Mrs. Ruby Harvey, Marlene Olson, Karen Wallace, and Mr. Tops, who is Mrs. Ostermeiers father, and has been visiting in Brookings.

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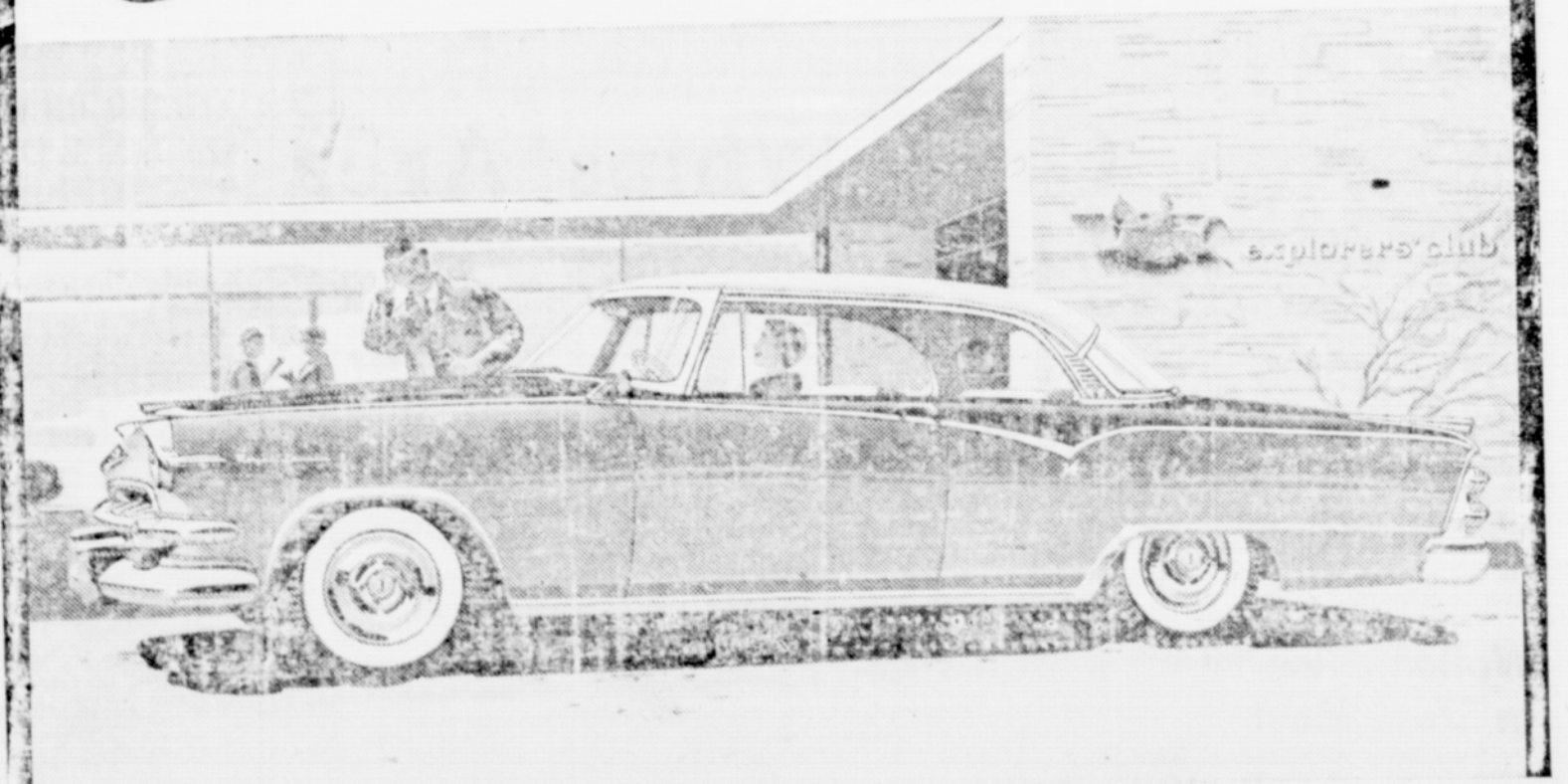
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