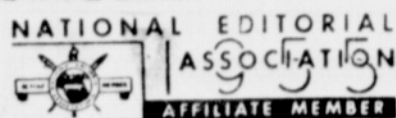


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WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.  
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### COMMITTEE GOES TO WORK

Let's give some credit to the Chetco Project Development Committee. They have gone ahead with their plans in the most surprising manner. Generally, a project of this type brings about a burst of enthusiasm, and then a gradual fading progress. But not so, this committee.

They have taken the bull by its proverbial horns, and have accomplished no little towards their ultimate goal already. The group, along with civic minded area residents, want to see a small craft haven in the Chetco to be used for fishing boats, and as a recreational area. This would, we firmly believe, mean a great deal to the area if accomplished.

The committee first printed petitions, and already have thousands of signatures on them. Next they called in an army engineer, and got his version of the project. Finally, they have hired a secretary and are preparing letters to be sent out to enlist the support of persons elsewhere in the state and in the country.

They will compile these petitions, and these letters of support, along with maps, tide charts, and other miscellaneous but important information, and then several of the group will go to Washington to present their case. In Washington, before the House of Appropriations Committee, the members of the project committee won't be empty-handed. They will have everything necessary right at their disposal—petitions, letters, and the works.

The Chief of Army Engineers, here in Brookings said that the only way that the Chetco Mouth Improvement authorization can be had is through pressure in Washington. We think that this group can bring that pressure.

### pipe dreams



by joe murphy

Isn't nature wonderful. This climate is really something, man. Take Saturday night for example. I was driving around on my usual Saturday evening jaunt to see what's going on, and I noticed how drab looking it was around the new bank building. Then Sunday afternoon, I again drove by the building, and lo and behold, flowers and plants were growing, some already in bloom, and some at least two feet tall. Now, that is something miraculous, the way flowers spring up around here. Of course, Carl Yahr, and his wife may have had something to do with this trick. Think of the things God could have done if he would have had a little money.

They were telling me about the Elks Wednesday night team at the bowling alley. It seems that their scorekeeper, Ricky Haggerty keeps a bottle of Milk of Magnesia on hand, and then when one of the Elks players has a miss, it is required to take a swig of that stuff. It certainly would go a long way in making for better bowlers.

I understand that we gave the wrong woman credit for having a baby last week. Our apologies, of course. That telephone plays many tricks on a person. However, if I was the father I certainly would come down and punch the editor in the nose. And if Joe isn't in Dad will be.

The Boy Scouts are having a fund raising drive in the next week or so. I sent off a few letters to selected men, who are supposed to help out in planning the drive. Certainly they will show up at the meeting Friday night, or else, I'm in trouble.

We have signed Dr. Richard "Eye" Smith up as a printers' devil. He's taken a keen interest in seeing that we get the Pilot out each week, and doesn't mind a little ink on his clothes. It is nice having him around the plant, especially if one of us gets a piece of lead in the eye.

### FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

By CLIFFORD ROWE

It's no wonder that birthdays mean so much to youngsters. Such a day for them means that they are just one year nearer some self-set goal.

I can still remember when my sole aim was to reach the age of six so that I could be legally admitted to public school. My next goal was the age of twelve when I would be allowed to join the Boy Scouts. In succession, I looked forward to the age of sixteen when I could get a job on the railroad section gang, to eighteen when I could join the National Guard; and to twenty-one when I could vote and get married without my parents' consent.

But somehow since reaching the age of citizenship privileges, there has never been any particular age in the future which held any unique fascination or which brought with it any special privileges. Each passing year became merely one more notch on the record of growing older.

Of course, the age of forty was supposed to mean something. A popular impression implies that at that age one really begins to live. The trouble with me was that when I reached this round number I was already so involved in living that I failed to notice any change.

The Azalea Lanes were rocking and rolling Monday night in the last night of league bowling. Elwood Coslett, bowling for the I.O.O.F., slammed down eight strikes in a row to start off his second game. He missed then, and ended with ONLY a 256 game.

In the meantime, Les Dimmick had a string of six strikes going at the identical time. Another oddity. Joe Murphy had a string of one strike going at the same time. It's stranger than fiction.

Incidentally, the Pilot thanks to the efforts of the Rotary team, closed backwards into the first division. They rocked the Kerr team for three games despite the efforts of that one man gang, Allen Kerr. The Rotary decided on the Plywood four points, enabling the Pilot to move into fourth place tie.

Fell Campbell tells us that that magician, "Mr. Marvel" is quite a wonder—in some ways. However when Mr. Marvel was in Brookings last week Fell took him out for coffee—and Mr. Marvel couldn't even make the check disappear despite promptings from Fell and the boys.

### LETTER TO EDITOR

By David Morrison  
 45 Burt Avenue  
 Northport, L. I., New York  
 May 5, 1955

Editor, Brookings Pilot  
 Dear Sir:  
 I am writing you just before Mother's Day to aware you, in your modest and growing community you house one of the outstanding mothers in the United States.

Some weeks ago she left Brookings to go to the hospital in Grants Pass for an operation. I learned of it through her devoted daughter, Louise Haynes, who came up from Monterey Park to be with her mother in the emergency.

My sister Bessie, after high school, studied stenography and became the trusted aid of a prominent New York accountant. There she met Bill Zickler. Bill is a modest guy so you probably don't know that he plays the piano at least as well as Harry Truman. And in singing class his voice and performance will get a better rating than that of Harry's daughter Maggie.

In the Grants Pass hospital Bessie's room was loaded with flowers. In one day there were 29 messages - letters and telegrams from New York, New Jersey, Maryland, California, and elsewhere.

I don't get this from Bill. Try to get him to brag about himself, his wife, his talented daughters! You will find him as articulate as one of those huge south Pacific clams.

Bessie sends me the Brookings Pilot frequently. Congratulations on your progress.  
 Joseph David Morrison

Today, of course, the age of sixty-five is coming to have special significance. At that age one is supposed to have outgrown useful work and is supposed to retire. However, I doubt if anyone looks forward with much anticipation to arriving at that age.

Next week I will be reaching an age which with a little stretch of the imagination on my part and a little cooperation on your part could be lifted out of the humdrum routine of ordinary adult birthdays.

Next week I will be half a century old; or if that seems too unappealing an age, I can say that I am just barely out of my forties. If, on the other hand I feel somewhat tired of it all, I can say that I am just fifteen years away from social security.

Whatever the interpretation, it's still my birthday and the day could be a memorable one for me if everyone who reads this column occasionally would just drop me a postal card in commemoration of the event. Address: 2020 18th Ave. Forest Grove, Oregon.

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