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ART IS IMPORTANT TOO

Brookings is a growing town. Its needs are many. In planning for the future we would like the city fathers not to forget the cultural side of life. We would like also to bring to the attention of the people of this fair city the need for this addition to our building plans.

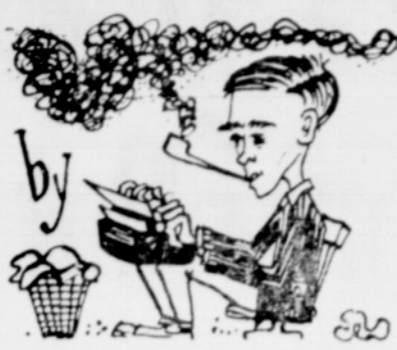
This cultural movement should not be considered a luxury but rather a vital and important part of Brookings. Lets not wait until the streets are laid, the sewers connected, the buildings built, and "things are all settled." That's when a town is ready to die. This is the time, the present, while the exhuberance, the vitality, the pulse of Brookings is at its greatest.

Recently the art exhibition at the U.S. National Bank illustrated what a small group of people can do if the opportunity is provided them. The effect can be even greater. We owe it to ourselves, to our school children, and to the future of Brookings. Lets not let the city die as many of the eastern and mid-western cities did. A creative thinking atmosphere will prevent any group to lose interest. A plant not nourished will soon decay and wither.

The Pelican Bay Art Association is being formed for the purpose of fostering the arts. The concert series announced by the committee is another activity that warrants support. A noted, and well educated music instructor has located in our fair city.

We have the beginnings, now all we need is the support.

pipe dreams



by joe murphy

Nobody could use a brand new 1955 Plymouth worse than old Joe. I sure would like to get my hands on that one that North Brookings is giving away—but it would be easy. You see we print the tickets, and all we would have to do is print them in duplicate and then there would be two of us charging up with the winning ticket. Naturally, I would have an easy time answering the quiz question they are going to spring.

Consequently I feel that the Pilot crew probably should not win the Plymouth, or people will start a whispering campaign. But if we sacrifice, and take ourselves out of the running for the new car—I think it follows that any other tickets that we print we shouldn't be eligible for either. Is Bud Cross paying attention? I refer, of course to those parking tickets, which we shouldn't be eligible to win.

Talking about printing. We were setting up the city budget, and thought seriously of slipping an extra thousand or so in the budget for printing, but with Archie Hendricks reading proof on it, we figured it wouldn't get by.

Impressive—the main stem of Brookings. I'll wager it has more flowers than any other city in the country. Take a look in front of the Forest Service Building, the new bank building, the old bank building, the Central Building. Flowers—and all in bloom. Very pretty. We should figure out some way of making roses grow out of parking meters.

I would like to ask if we in this end of the county are still optimistic. Brookings has come into its own as the largest city in the county, and no one would question that. How come the Gold Beach pupils get Polio shots—in fact both the first and second shot and Brookings gets nothing?

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

By CLIFFORD ROWE

My seventeen year old son has for a long time been desirous of trying his hand at writing his dad's column. This week he has his chance.

By Cliff Rowe, Jr.

One of the few sports left in the U.S. in which anyone can compete is fishing. Everyone from the old boy enough to cut a branch from a tree, tie a string to one end, and attach a pin, to the deep sea fisherman with his array of equipment participates in this sport.

But when you consider all the things a man goes through just to try to land a few fish, you wonder why the sport is popular.

Take opening day, for instance. For few weeks ahead, every spare moment of every day is spent rummaging through tackle boxes, garages, basements, attics, and various other places in search of the favorite lure or the glass casting rod that the "Mrs." so neatly hid during house-cleaning.

As the time draws nearer, the days are spent tying flies and regaining the feel of the pole with some rare backyard casting. This usually nets a few of the neighbor's prize flowers and many complaints. For the wilder type, a few hours may be spent untangling a few feet of line from the television aerial.

And if the days are bad, the nights are worse. Every two hours the protective fisherman fights his way out of bed and on to the floor as he wrestles the king of all fish. After a few nights of this, he usually finds himself on the couch along with his pole and gear, banished there by the irate wife who is tired of being pounded on the head in the middle of the night by a half-clad maniac searching madly for his gaff-hook.

However, the big day arrives and before the sun even shows itself, our brave fisherman is speeding to some favorite spot with his pole sticking out of the rear window and his sleepy eyes riveted to the road. Arriving at his fishing hole, he will compete for hours with several others for

And further more, the county had a school tax levy vote last week. The county school tax doesn't effect Brookings-Harbor because we have our own district—but it does effect the Upper Chetco district, and we do have an interest in the results. Yet no notices were published, no news was forthcoming from the county concerning the election. What gives?

ART... IN EVERYDAY LIFE

By Clyde Wood

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a first of a series of articles written exclusively for the PILOT by Clyde Wood, Los Angeles artist and art teacher. Mr. Wood invites letters of comment or question. Address all correspondence to Mr. Clyde Wood, in care of the PILOT, Brookings, Oregon

Dear Reader:

What is life? Mystics comment, philosophers speculate, scientists examine, and artists record its fleeting moment. No one can say for sure what it is, they can only comment on one tiny facet of this multiple natured entity which we call life. Yet nearly every one unless pressed for an explanation takes for granted they know what it is.

Because life is so much a part of ourselves and our environment we don't have to look for, or name it. We just accept it. We accept life as we accept the air around us. But if we were asked to explain what air is, would we not become involved in an equally complex process? We would soon arrive at a point where human knowledge about air terminates.

By way of commenting we could say that life is characterized by an inner dynamics. There is some kind of an inner pulsation that engulfs, grows and changes until it has fulfilled a pattern that was set before it began to grow. The drama of life unfolds in a miracle and a mystery. To be a part of this drama is life itself.

In order for life to sustain itself it draws nourishment from its environment until it has fulfilled its cycle. Then it contributes to other growths. The cycle continues on and on.

Fortunate are we who can say that we have at sometime or other in our life been within, and a part of some such life expansion. Or be able to say "I have lived in a town at a time when it was ex-

a few square yards of water and several feet of line in the process.

As the sun sets in the West, our hero will slowly head for home, suburban, bitter from one end to the other by bugs, tired and hungry, but without fish.

Nevertheless, every chance he gets, he will go through it again with the same results. Strange breed, these fishermen!

...panding with a vitalistic force. In pondering over some kind of a definition for life, it seemed to me that in its broader meaning, life is not confined to animals, plants or human beings, but is an intangible concentration of energy and a dynamic force. In its normal life, span it forms mushy rooms and grows until it has fulfilled its predestined pattern or stepped its environment of its natural resources. This force could be a thunder cloud, a sun spot, a Pompeii or a Brookings, Oregon.

It seems that some magnetic force generated by an inner vitality drew me to Brookings, all the way from Los Angeles, California. I heard, I saw, and I wanted to become a part of it. When I visited the town I felt the vibration, and was limited. Because I wanted to contribute in order to be truly a part, accounts for the weekly articles which I am now writing for the Pilot.

If I had planned for years, I should never have been able to design a more perfect setting. A town that is fairly bouncing with life, a newspaper that is destined to lead the way, and an artist that has the key, I am referring to Bud Pisarek.

I'm speaking of Bud, the artist. To speak of the newspaper I think of Bud and Joe as inseparable. I saw very little of Joe, as Bud and I were reminiscing our experiences in art and discussing his art group. However it was my impression that Bud and Joe compliment each other as a team, that is destined to put the Brookings-Harbor Pilot on the map. To repeat, since I was primarily interested in art, and the time was limited, I did not get to know Joe Murphy as well as I would have liked to.

As I talked to Bud, I couldn't help wondering if the people in Brookings fully realized how fortunate they are to have him in their town. I have traveled all over the United States, I know the leading art schools, and many of the country's leading artists and teachers, but I never have found one that I had greater respect for. His work is truly cosmopolitan and his enthusiasm, energy and humility would make him a valuable figure anywhere.

His interest in bringing more culture to Brookings is very great. I only hope the citizens in general realize this opportunity and give him all the support they possibly

can. He talked about plans for getting an outstanding musician director to form a music conservatory in connection with the art academy.

Please don't wait for someone else to take the initiative, you can start the ball rolling by dusting off that brass horn and start tooting again. That kind of thing is catching you know. And those of you who say "I would like to paint pictures if only I knew how" stop wishing and get a brush and a couple tubes of paint and start painting. An old plate will do for a palette.

If you would like to meet some really swell people and work with Bud, join his Tuesday evening art class. It's practically teaching for nothing to take advantage of the opportunity. It's good business.

Ladies! I just hit on a good idea. As soon as you read this article, pick up your phone and call the gals you play cards with every week and get together to form little groups. Then appoint one person from each group to contact Bud. Then you can consolidate the small groups into a large group. I'm sure Bud would still find time to direct your meetings. You could call it something like "The Women's Organization For The Advancement of Brookings Arts" or some name that is easier to say.

I'm not even a resident of Brookings, yet I'm doing everything within my power to help promote its arts, because I believe in what Bud is doing. If each of you readers do just one percent combined you can work miracles.

There is only twenty four hours in a day, and I think there is very little time left for luxury of sleep in Bud's life. He is doing all he can, but if we want to show our appreciation for what he is doing we will have to help him.

You've got a great town, you have the industry, but if you want it to be truly complete you cannot afford to leave out the arts. Even Christ said that man can not live on bread alone.

So act now folks! PLEASE. With best regards from your friend,
CLYDE WOOD

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