

The PILOT

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
Entered as second-class matter, at the postoffice at Brookings, Oregon,
March 7, 1946, under the Act of March 3, 1879

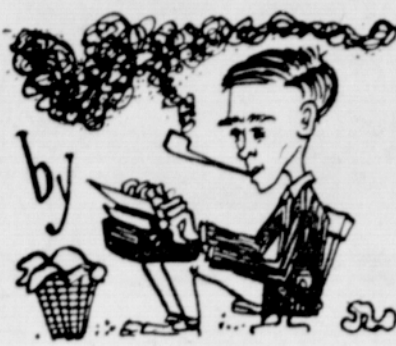
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Editors and Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year in Advance (In Curry County) \$3.00
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NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE
WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.
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pipe dream



by joe murphy.

I took a trip this weekend that made me realize what a big country this Oregon is. Through the courtesy of Rags Ragland, forest ranger of the Chetco District, we drove up to Vulcan Peak, and then packed into Vulcan Lake for an overnight camp.

I made plenty of notes and observations on my travels. But the important thing I want to get across is that no person should call himself a citizen of this country without taking the trip into the back country. Man, what rugged scenery, and what a view when you get on top of Vulcan Peak.

The Ragland boys, Billie and Dickie, went along on the trip, and they proved very fine woods-men, not afraid to pack heavy loads in, over rough going.

We ate our first lunch on the Upper Summer Bridge, which seems to be a favorite spot for campers and the like. We drove to Long Ridge and stopped to talk to Ken and Aunt Peggy, stationed at the fire trail cabin there. Aunt Peggy is half Cherokee, and lost four sons in the service. They are from the Idaho Mountain area, and are certainly fine people. Aunt Peg is well liked by the lookouts, and bakes bread and cake for them occasionally.

Finally we made it to Vulcan Peak. However, you can only get within a mile of the peak by truck the rest of the way is by foot. We had to pack in some supplies for the lookout there. He doesn't have any water at the top, but all of it has to be carried in from the road.

That walk to the summit was not easy either. It is only a mile—but almost straight up. The lookout, a fine lad from New York, was happy to see people again. He has been up there most of the summer, and hasn't had a visitor yet, other than suppliers. Here would be a project for you civic minded people some Sunday afternoon. Go up and visit the poor lookout, and take some water along.

We can't say enough about the view from the top, even though it was slightly hazy, with a fog bank over Brookings. You have the feeling of sitting on top of the world. The Peak is the highest in this area, at 4815 feet.

We should stop at this point to say something about the timber. There just isn't any merchantable timber after the first 15 miles in. The rest of the country is serpentine rock, and can only support scrub pine. However, in the Chetco district, there is quite a bit of timber about 2 billion feet, with an annual harvest of about 700,000,000 feet a year. But if there was timber beyond, we would have a road to Grants Pass by now as the loggers would want to get in after the timber.

From the peak, Vulcan Lake was an exquisite jewel. Green, and surrounded by pine. Man, what a sight.

However, it wasn't as easy to get into as all that. We packed in about a mile—again, all straight up. The two boys lugged in packs, too—and I don't know if they were as tired as old Joe. Naturally, the trip didn't bother Rags any, as he is an old hand at the game.

But the view was worth it... and the swim in the lake, clear, and not too cold, was worth twice the trip. There doesn't seem to be any fish in the lake, although it was stocked at one time. There were plenty of water dogs though.

It is a little difficult finding a suitable camping spot, because the lake is in a rock basin. However, we did manage to find some area where the rocks weren't as hard, and pitched camp. The lake itself is, perhaps, three acres, and is round shaped.

After a night under the stars sleeping, we hiked down in the valley. We were searching for another lake, which we had seen from above. We finally ran onto it, after tramping about all morning. We named the lake, Murphy Lake, after a member of the expedition party. I doubt if the name will hold water, as probably dozens of people have been there before. However, it is pretty much of a mud hole, and thick with water dogs, and Murphy Lake seemed like a good name to the rest of the party. It was about an acre and a half in area.

Sunset Magazine Has Article On Oregon Coast

The September Issue of the Sunset Magazine has an excellent story on the Oregon Coast vacationland. Complete with section maps, beginning at the Oregon-California state line the article takes in the entire coast line. It tells of the driftwood, agates and myrtlewood.

It says that the south coast is a "quietly country with a comfortable worn and weathered look. The article was prepared partially through the work of the Oregon Coast Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Bailey are spending holidays in Washington Mrs. Harold Roop, Sr., is filling in for Mrs. Bailey, afterwards at the Chamber of Commerce information center.

"Tom" Fry has sold his home to the Dick Boardwells, his next door neighbor, and has moved into a trailerhouse. The Boardwells have fixed up the place and have rented it to the Charles Barnes, of Gold Beach.

During the course of our tramping around I lost the stem to one pipe, and lost my other pipe outright. I would have given up smoking, except for the fact I would have had to change the name of my column.

All in all it was a mighty fine trip, and I have nothing but praise for the healthful benefits of a weekend in the high altitude of the back country. I feel like a new man.



VISUAL PERCEPTION Part 8

Last week we briefly discussed how the mind fills in the blind spot in our vision. This week I shall cite other examples, to show how the mind functions in visual perception. Everyone with normal vision has, at some time or other, experienced optical illusions of the order, which is being discussed here, however, few people have ever thought much about it.

Perhaps everyone has seen a bright light whirled against a background of darkness. Any one who has witnessed a Fourth of July fire works, has seen the effect of darkness penetrated by a bright moving light.

When a small, bright light surrounded by darkness, is whirled rapidly, it gives the illusion of a continuous band of light. If it is whirled rapidly in a complete circle, it looks like a circle of light, somewhat like the letter O of a neon sign.

One could say that a bright light, which spins rapidly and surrounded by darkness, gives the illusion of having a tail, somewhat like the tail of a comet.

Scientists such as Helmholtz and Rood, have explained this

spectacle with a theory of light and heat. They contend that light cells in the eye heat up under strong illumination, and it takes a little while for the cells to cool off. An electric light continues to glow for a second after the light has been turned off. This is because the filament is still hot, and until it cools off it continues to emit light, even though the current has been turned off. It is reasonable that a similar procedure takes place in the eye.

The gradual cooling theory has been supported by another example. If one looks directly at a light bulb, and then turns the light off, there is an image of the bulb that lingers in the eye for a brief period. This image lasts only a couple of seconds, then reverses itself to form the complement of the image. This reversing process is due to retinal fatigue.

Retinal fatigue will be discussed at great length, when we start to apply the principles of visual perception to picture making discussions.

Some optical illusions are so convincing that they have come to be accepted as reality. However

reality and our interpretation of it are not always one and the same. Past experience is a more accurate means of determining reality than immediate perception. It is what we know about an object, from past associations that gives the object meaning, and not what it appears to be at a particular moment.

When we see someone whirl a light in an otherwise dark room, we do not make mistake the whirling light for a circular neon tube, because we know otherwise from having seen the light stationary, etc. On the other hand if we suddenly come upon a sign on the highway, that has a rapidly spinning light, we would not question the true nature of the light but accept it as being what it appeared to be.

We have had experience of some kind, with nearly everything we perceive in the course of a day. We know it from the sense of touch, taste, smell or sound. Without this experience, what we see would have no meaning.

It is not necessary to experience everything we see on the sensual level for it to have meaning, but we must have had experience with something of its kind. A mirage on the desert would go unnoticed, if it did not resemble something the person who say it, had experienced.

There is a story of a child visiting the zoo for the first time. He saw a strange looking animal from the Amazon. After staring at it for a while, he shrugged his shoulders and walked away—with the comment, "There ain't no such animal."

HAS ANYONE GOT A SOLUTION?

We got into a bit of trouble last week with a story on the ambulance, operated by the Ambulance Association in Brookings. However, we don't want to back down on the facts. They are there. The ambulance isn't in a good condition here, because the association isn't in a good condition.

A few months ago the insurance premiums on the ambulance couldn't be paid, because collections were not adequate. The ambulance wasn't available for use then.

Now again, the insurance is due, and again there is no money in the association's funds. The city needs an ambulance, and it needs it desperately.

We certainly are not blaming the association, because on the contrary, we feel they deserve a lot of praise in carrying the thing this far. Roy Brown, Leo Lucas, Val Mendenhall, Bud Stotenburg and a few others have been doing the driving, cleaning, bookwork and the rest for the group—without any compensation. Roy Brown, especially, has done a lot of driving.

It is impossible for a group to function without public interest, however. Despite the work, the real effort put forth by a few, it is just expecting too much for them to donate so much.

There seems to be three solutions. None of which would be impossible, but each would require a little planning.

One, the city could take over the ambulance, despite some opposition in the council. It has been done elsewhere, and it could be done here—if we have a city that is interested enough in its citizens to find out how.

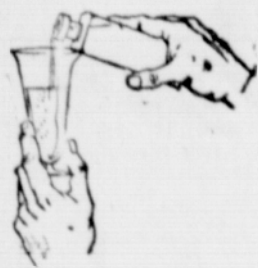
Two, the ambulance could be sold or leased to some private party, such as the cab company, or perhaps the Plywood would take it over, and assign a man per shift to drive it in emergencies.

Three, the association could be re-organized by public-spirited men. It could be put on a paying basis, by raising the rates of the ambulance service, and setting up collections, to see that it is paid for. This would require the services of, say, five or six men, who could alternate weeks in which they would be required to drive.

Again, the above is no criticism of the present group, because they've had their share of doing good for the community. It is time somebody else rose up on their hind legs and did something constructive.

HOW ABOUT IT?

From Nome to Nicaragua

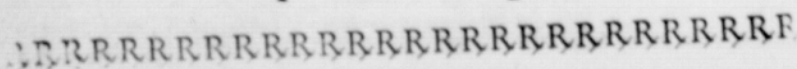


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