

The PILOT

BROOKINGS-HARBOR PILOT

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Ray Pisarek, Joe Murphy

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The PIONEERS

We who have "recently" come to live here have only followed a pattern made, many, many years ago, and which will probably continue to be followed, long after we are gone. Everyone we meet along the "coast" is in the same category. There are very, very few slight diversions but they are insignificant.

If you investigate your origin the chances are you will lose the thread in the mazes of Europe. And in the predominately white warp there may be colored threads, gathered along the way. The census of one of Oregon's earliest settlements reports a very small minority of white males unattended by Indian ladies and in Biblical times Greek soldiers brought home their Ethiopian wives and their children.

Chasing down the families of any of us, here on the coast, follows an almost axiomatic pattern—their journey from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Pacific slope. Such as can be learned from the early comers show they made the journey in periods of generations—and some of the late comers—and some of the can travel from Berlin to Brookings without missing much sleep compared to the journey from Virginia to Kentucky which took some of our ancestors a year or more.

Various influences practically depopulated many European countries during some 250 year of contemporary advance in transportation. Columbus, in his search for a shorter route to the pepper market (with which to preserve meat) uncorked a flood of wanderlust as soon as word got 'round. A couple of centuries later some religious unrest, followed by plunging economic and social revolutions along with political upheavals. Much of the flood came to the Americas—all the Americas, North, South, and Central. Those who came to our Atlantic seaboard, both Canadian and U.S.A., plopped down on the nearest, handiest land and there raised their families.

Now, there has always been a contention about these families. Among them were those who stayed put and those who moved on. Some say the less desirable hunk of their own accord or were invited to, the 'respectable' staying at home and others say the 'respectable' and energetic came west and the laggards stayed behind.

Whichever way it was, in tracing several of the earlier coastal settlers we can just about foresee, in each case, where the family came from the seaboard states around the time of the War of 1812, to what was then the "Far West" Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. There they

raised a family, who about the Civil War period, again went to the "Far West" then Kansas, Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska. Their families, in turn, took off on a much longer trek—and possibly an easier and more publicized one—beyond the western slope of the Rockies. In this transit, from the Atlantic across to the Pacific, frequently four or more generations appeared to complete the pattern. On their way, many were lost. We sometimes think all these adventures who came west were borne by the prairie schooners, that those loved ones who did not arrive were buried on the lonesome prairie, overlooking a very considerable number especially from the Atlantic coast who set out from their homes and either attempted rounding Cape Horn in their own jerry-built craft or anything else that would float or even those who were persuaded to come via Nicaragua. Some engaged transit to the Atlantic side on the Isthmus, sure that they could cross it and walk up the western coast of the country to California, not knowing that such a journey is almost impossible.

Many of our substantial west coast families came almost directly from Europe, crossing the Atlantic, some with their families, crossing the plains, and setting up their first American home among those who had made their journey in generation stages.

Further south, in California, the same pattern is followed although there some of the oldest families came out from Spain to Mexico, encouraged and fostered by the Catholic Church. Here again the pattern is the same.

The early Spanish did not bring their ladies with them to any great extent. The gentry may have but the peasant and the soldier class acquired native

women. The same can be said of those who first landed on the shores of Canada, whether British, or French, and even the earlier settlers of Louisiana were content with such companionship as they found indigenous, until the "Basket Girls" arrived and even then, there weren't enough ladies from the homeland to go around.

All of these strains have blended and offshoots of all of them have migrated to become our neighbors. In the process, the migration is directly proportional to the facility at hand. When those facilities, trails (or none) roads, railways, highways, and airways, finally evolved because more people wanted to use them, quicker, the migration speeded up from the slow movement of a generation at a time to what we have today. We who have lately come—within this generation—will find that the trip we easily made in a matter of days is not to be compared with the stories some of our neighbors can tell us, of the almost unsurmountable obstacles their forefathers endured during their migration. In which they not only established civilization along the route but brought it to Brookings in preparation for us late-comers.

Whether there fore-trekkers were urged by a succession of sheriffs or some inner and honorable motive, we owe them much. They are the ones who slashed and fought their way to the Chetco, they are those who established civilization here, thereby attracting others to further our national scheme, and the evident progress they made which we accept as our heritage, cannot stop with us.

We, too, in our generation, are pioneering, or at least, it will be so, a hundred years hence.

THOSE UTILITY BOYS!

Now that the furor is over, let us all exhale so we can bow low to the gentlemen who eased our burdens by helping us keep in touch with the outside world. They, all of them, are our neighbors and despite the fact that they are most of them at least, are on our collective payrolls, that does not lessen the obligation nor does it measure the indebtedness.

store up all to our accustomed, fair-weather way of life.

Many of these men denied themselves and their families much—soaked to the hide, misery meals, and often in the darkness—and in the midst of the Holiday Season at that. Their ministrations were vital and their reward lies in the appreciation of their neighbors and the inner satisfaction that their work is acknowledged to be in the "WELL DONE" Class.

An architectural innovation is the surgical tape binding the corner windows of one of our newer business buildings.

A Ballot is an Important Piece of Paper

We want to start off by advising you NOT to vote in the city bond election, to be held this Friday. This may seem to be a shocking bit of information, and we want to elaborate. We advise you not to vote, unless you are informed in the matter. Your vote is very important, and unless you have determined right from wrong in the matter at hand you may be doing yourself and your neighbors a dis-service by voting.

We believe firmly that an informed voter is a good voter. We don't care particularly if you agree or disagree with the city's bond proposition, because if the people don't want to accept the bond, then everyone should be satisfied.

However, before you cast your ballot for any proposition, especially one so vital to the city as this, we feel you should check on some questions you surely must have.

You can pick up your answers from letters, and other material printed recently in the Pilot. You can study the ordinances which are at your disposal at the City Hall: Or you can find vociferous dissenters ready and willing to give you their opinions.

The point of this editorial is as follows: We want you to vote, but only if you have determined logically which course you want the city—your city to take.

A NEW YEAR FOR THE C. of C.

The Brookings-Harbor Chamber of Commerce is starting off a new year with a new leader, Carl Yahr. Now would be a good time to make a few pertinent observations concerning the Chamber of Commerce.

First, we could observe that a lot of communities don't have a Chamber of Commerce—and those communities are slowmoving, and stagnant. Second, we see that some communities have an active vibrant Chamber of Commerce, and those cities are alive and going somewhere. We want the Brookings-Harbor area to fall in the latter category.

Thursday night the Chamber of Commerce's Board of Directors are sitting down, each with a list of things they would like to have accomplished in this area this year. The group will toss each of the proposals and come up with some definite type of program for the year.

What would you like to see the Chamber of Commerce achieve during the coming year? Remember they represent you, too. Why don't you corner a director on the street, and tell him what you think. Tell him that you personally want to see more industries here, or a harbor, or a road to Grants Pass, or a bigger and better Lily Festival, or more publicity about Brookings distributed, or whatever other project you may want. Don't ask him—tell him. And while you're telling him remember to slip your membership fee into his hand—because no organization can operate properly without support.

We wish the new Chamber, and the new President well this year.

See MENNING

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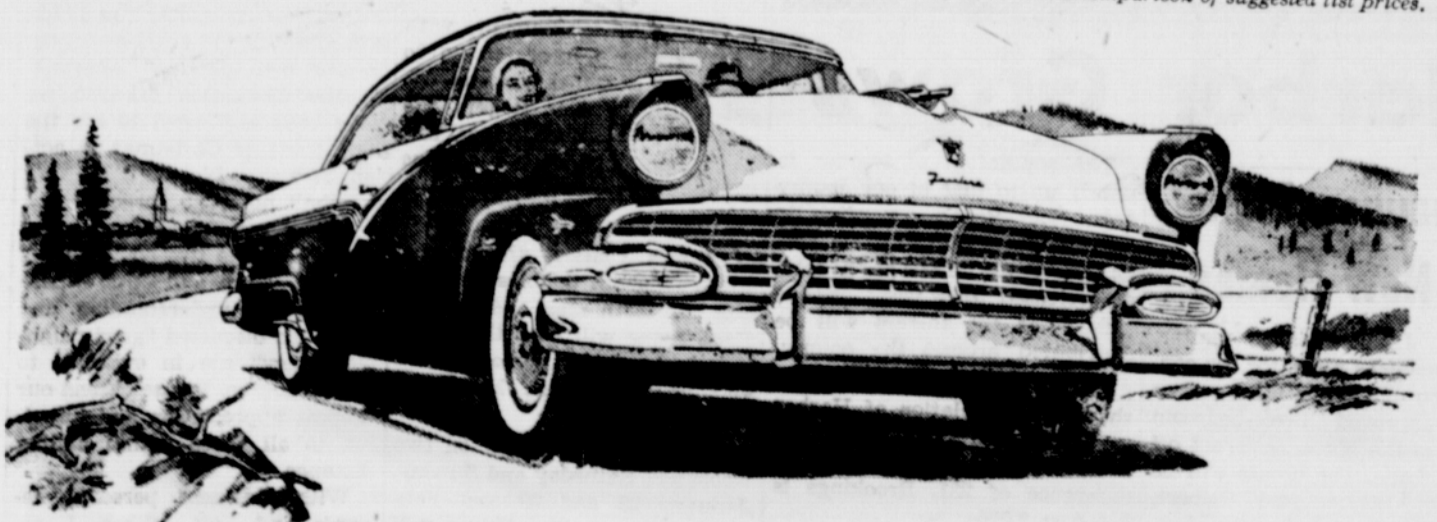
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