

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Tomorrow the Spud Festival gets off to a start down in Merrill. There will be lots of activity, a lot of people visiting around the place, looking over the displays, comparing their products with those of others and in general having a good time.

There will be conversation between people that mean much, and some that mean little. But there will be friendly talk and a spirit of fun and cooperation.

We think it is one of the best shows anywhere around. It takes the place of the old county fairs we used to have a good many years ago. Where a lot of people could get together and enjoy themselves.

We hope the festival all success. And we also hope that the growers here in the Basin will walk off with the top honors. Nobody can tell us that our spuds aren't just as good as anyone else's. In fact, they're better.

Notice that this is national Levi week.

Levi, along with the peace-maker Colt, the rawhide rope, the ten gallon hat and the jingling spurs, are a part of the past history of this country.

The biggest difference being that you can still wear a pair of Levi's without feeling self-conscious, but wear any of the other articles and

you feel like you were going to a costume ball.

If I remember my history correctly Levi didn't get their start as a part of the cowboy's wearing apparel. They were first built down in San Francisco or around the Bay area somewhere as a super strong pair of pants for the miners to wear.

Since that day, however, they have come to be accepted as the gear of the range. They are almost ideally suited to wearing for deer hunting and other outdoor sports where both walking and riding are a commonplace. The teenagers wear them to almost every event.

They have probably survived the ravages of time better than almost anything else. And the outlook is good for them to continue.

I guess, however, that I'll have to content myself with something else in the line of trousers. Levi's were and are built for those bear-poles who have more shoulders than hips. Once I get into a pair I'm forced to stay in an upright position and anything that I put in my pockets has to stay there until I take the pants off. Otherwise I'm just like the monkey and the jug. I can get my fist in but can't get it out with even a thin dime clutched in it.

Oh well, I guess we can't have everything.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN MCLEOD

Our failure last July to make contact with "The Mystery People of Mount Shasta" when we camped in the remnant of the deep mysterious forest on the eastern slope of the mountain was not without anticipation as we had forewarned that such an experience would undoubtedly be the case. Nevertheless we had hoped that they might have an unguarded moment when we might have an opportunity to observe some manifestation of their occult powers.

However, now that civilization has swept over the region and every foot of the mountain is under scrutiny of fire watchmen of the Forest Service, it could be that "The Mystery People" have abandoned their old time festivals in the forest and have retired within their stronghold reported to be located deep within the mountain. This would be considerable of the "People" not to have the fire-fighters continually chasing ephemeral blazes causing the continual exercise of their powers to turn back the eager-beaver.

Early in your acquaintance with the Tradition of "The Mystery People" you are warned in regard to the powers of these people to disengage the curious of prying into their affairs. Cerve, in his book, "Lemuria" gives one account of these powers.

"Every attempt by investigators to invade this district," writes Cerve, "to observe what was going on resulted in a similar experience, and the similarity of these experiences related by persons who had never come in contact with those who might have informed them, is one of the outstanding pieces of evidence regarding the truthfulness of the whole story. Invariably the investigator was considered an intruder and after having reached a certain point in his progress toward the center of the lights and sounds, he would either come in contact with a heavily covered and concealed person of large size who would lift him up and turn him away from the district, or through forcibly impressing him with the idea to hurry away as rapidly as possible, or a strange and peculiar set of vibrations or inviolable energy would seem to emanate towards the investigator and force him to remain fixed in his position and to be able to move in no other direction than away from the place of inquiry."

This Genii stuff out of the Arabian Nights was a new story to me but Cerve has it in his book and must have picked up the story from some source close to the mountain. The story of the "Mystery People of Mt. Shasta" possesses an infinite number of variations and has been told, and related an amazing number of times. The people of the Klamath Basin little realize the extent of interest that the Tradition has created in the world outside our little region, and for that reason I have felt that readers of this column should be informed of the Tradition and its various phases, a good story is only kept alive with its telling.

We are glad that Cerve and the Restructured Press has taken steps to keep the Tradition alive. I am sorry that publishers did not give a sketch of the life of W. S. Cerve who has written the book "Lemuria," they did, however, feel it necessary to add six pages of argument in their appendix in anticipation of letters from sceptical readers. One point about the book that might be overlooked is that none of these stories have been the fabrication of Cerve's imagination, he has merely placed into a sequence a group of anonymous stories to build substance to the Tradition.

The publishers apparently were concerned over the fact that the Tradition of Mount Shasta should

over-shadow all the rest of the story presented in regard to the Lemurians.

"It is strange," the publishers write, "that most of the critics have centered their comments upon that one small section of the book dealing with the story about Mt. Shasta and the traditions associated with a mysterious group of people supposed to be living in it environs."

This is not strange because one can visit our great mountain and search for the people of tradition, Lemuria, is long gone and sunk beneath the ocean waves, so how can one become excited about a land he cannot visit in person only in imagination?

"The comments on this point," state the publishers, "are divided into two classes; namely, those who very definitely state that their own casual or extensive journeys to the neighborhood of Mt. Shasta have failed to give them any evidence of the points stated in this book. . . and from individuals or groups who have made extensive investigations, and sometimes only casual contacts with certain areas around Mt. Shasta and have found ample evidence to support some of the statements made in the book."

"The publishers are between two firing lines their advice is to the point: 'The reader of this book must either make a journey for himself and take the necessary time and patience to make discoveries for himself, or accept these traditions.'

Make it from me girls... stay Smart and Healthy

By Bessy, the Basin Bossy
It is natural to protect things that are precious to you.

You have lock boxes for valuables, safes for money and checks and bonds and things, and safe places for other items you value in money or sentiment.

So, naturally, you should protect your foods. Eggs, for instance. Keeping them refrigerated keeps their yolks in the center, and they are more pleasant when served.

And they separate more easily while cold, too.

Grapefruit, once cut, will increase in bitterness if left standing. Eaten fresh it is at its best.

Milk's freshness is important, too. That's why you should store it in a cool, dark place immediately upon receiving it.

Why, by leaving it stand in the sun for just one hour, a quart of milk will lose its vitamin B1.

So you see, protection is vital.

Oregon has regulations that protect milk, too. They are embodied in the Oregon Milk Marketing Act, which protects the supply — and the high purity standards — of Oregon's fresh, grade A milk by requiring refrigeration and other sanitary measures which are used in the dairies and creameries.

Probably the best recipe for health ever pronounced is this: Four glasses of milk per day for children, three for adults, day in and day out, all through the year.

Your health depends upon it.

By Bessy.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — The biggest mistake the white collar class makes today is to cling to the white shirt.

The white shirt for a couple of generations has been a genteel badge of superiority in America, a stuffy emblem of stuffy respectability.

When a guy had nothing else to boast about, he could at least feel proud in his heart because he earned his living indoors and wore a white shirt. For some obscure reason this made him feel a cut above the rough-handed skilled workmen who went boisterously to their jobs in dungarees or old leather jackets.

Whatever reason existed for this feeling vanished when the skilled workmen began dragging down more take home pay than the office workers, and that has been true for some time now.

A policeman wears a blue uniform so he can be readily identifiable when you have to yell for help. But the office worker's white shirt has become a uniform to him, too, although he doesn't realize it, and really doesn't seem to wear a uniform at all. It seems to me his white shirt has become a symbol of inferiority, not superiority.

For years I have been crusading against the out-of-date snobbery of the white shirt, which most men actually wear for one of three reasons:

1. Their father wore one.
2. They are afraid to wear a colored shirt because they don't want to stand out from their fellow white sheep in the herd.
3. Their wives tell them they look younger or cuter in a white shirt. (But the wives should know better.)

It is a pleasure indeed to note now that one of the nation's leading shirtmakers is attacking this old shibboleth in a series of ads entitled: Never wear a white shirt before sundown.

"A white shirt with a business suit is really the loudest thing you can wear," this firm asserts. "It looks clean in the morning, but by afternoon it gets soiled at the collar and cuffs. This looks awful. Wearing a white shirt at the office is . . . a pitiful abdication of individuality. . . no well-dressed man should wear a white shirt before sundown."

This style verdict makes sense, even if one be so unkind as to suspect that it is part of an insidious campaign to get us into the two-shirt-a-day class—a colored one at the office, a white shirt in the evening.

But something has to be done to lift the American male from the anonymity and monotony of his invariable white shirt. Even the denim shirts of conscripts at least have numbers stenciled on them, so they can be told apart. Men who stubbornly cling to the white shirt might take a tip from their looks by having their auto license or social security number printed on their starch pale bosom fronts.

Personally, I blame American women for the fact their husbands generally look like penguins rather than people. They usually select the family clothing, and they buy papa white shirts because they are too lazy to take the trouble to dress him as well as they do themselves. Or else they fear to.

So long as mama can ape the peacock, what difference does it make if papa looks like a pallbearer? Does she really want anybody to notice him anyway?

Any man looks more virile and masculine at work in colored, plaid, checked or striped shirts, and any wife who would pause and think this through would realize it.

Why not be the first guy in your office to dash to stand out from the crowd? Even if you show up in a bright green shirt or a lumber jacket, you'll have lost that dismal white collar worker look—the empty zero with its hair combed.

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Red Warship Contacts Told

PEARL HARBOR (AP) — Communist warships have been contacted in the Pacific but have showed no hostile intent, the commander-in-chief of the U.S. Pacific Fleet said Wednesday.

Adm. Felix B. Stump declared at a news conference that none of the Communist warships or submarines has acted in a hostile manner. He didn't identify the Communist craft but he obviously referred to Russia.

The admiral indicated the Communist ships which he said have been sighted throughout the Pacific were unaware that they had been seen, thus suggesting the contacts were made by U. S. submarines.

"We constantly observe movements of vessels in different parts of the Pacific, submarines and various types of craft whom we have identified as Communists," Stump said.

His remarks followed a two-day conference between Stump and the commanders of Navy forces from the Far East, Japan, The Philippines, the West Coast and Hawaii.

Rear Adm. George L. Russell, commander of submarine forces in the Pacific, said his underground craft were in "good shape" to meet any possible trouble.

Rear Adm. Burton Biggs, commander of Service Force, Pacific, said the Navy's supply and auxiliary craft were prepared to support fighting ships "with no gap or lag."

Stump said.

Stump said.

Stump said.

Stump said.

Stump said.

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TELLING THE EDITOR

REPEAL MILK CONTROL
Mr. Jenkins, in his editorial, states that he is going to vote against the repeal of the milk control law. That is his privilege, but it is not his privilege to make misleading statements.

In the first place, the repeal of this law will not affect the purity of the milk which you consume. I quote from your voter's pamphlet — "Statutes administered by the state director of agriculture covering sanitary regulations in the production and distribution of milk would not be affected by this repeal."

It wasn't the Milk Control Board which closed over a hundred dairies because the bacterial count was too high. It was the state director of agriculture, which has nothing to do with the milk control board or the milk control law.

Moreover, the controls which the present law has set up tend to encourage the production of impure milk. This one example, and there are many of a like nature, will illustrate what we mean. A man who was selling milk to a local creamery came to us wanting to buy a milk cow. He said that some of his cows were dry and he had to have replacements in order to hold his quota. The cow he wanted had never been tested, we are not in the business of selling milk, but he didn't ask or care about that. He only asked how much milk she gave. He wasn't interested in the purity of the milk but only in holding his quota.

While Mr. Jenkins is shedding verbal tears over the poor dairymen, he might spare a few for the poor children who must drink powdered milk because their parents can't afford to buy fresh milk or for the poor parents who must do without other necessities in order to buy milk for their children.

If Mr. Jenkins must weep tears for the dairymen let him weep for this one. A man near Ashland saw that the dairymen were making good money and it seemed like a good business to get into. Sure, it was hard work, but don't we all work hard for what we get, including Mr. Jenkins? The man spent a lot of money, all he had, and secured a fine herd of tested dairy cows and dairy equipment which passed all the regulations for a Grade A dairy but he had to have a quota. This he applied for a year and a half later he hadn't received his quota and was going broke selling his fine milk to a cheese factory.

We know that the milk control law is no friend of the consumer and there are enough instances of the kind just mentioned to make us think that it is no friend of the dairymen, either.

Why the quotas anyway? The milk control board says it is to insure a constant supply of pure

milk, but if a man will supply any kind of milk he can get in order to hold his quota and a man equipped to supply grade A milk is denied his quota isn't it apparent that the quotas are for the purpose of limiting the supply of milk in order to hold the prices up?

And what a price for the blue-john milk you get. If I had a cow that didn't give any richer milk than you have to buy I'd sell her for hamburger. Any dairymen would do the same. What happens to the extra cream the cows give and the dairymen sell? Look in your local papers. The government buys it with your tax money and sells it to Europe for five to fifteen cents a pound. If your children had the kind of milk they deserve we wouldn't have to spend so much good tax money on butter subsidies.

Mind you, the milk control board sets a maximum butterfat content to be sold at a minimum price. In other words, it hits you with both fists. If a dairymen dares sell richer milk for the minimum price he is punished. Instances of this sort of dealing have been in the papers.

Mr. Jenkins seems to think that free enterprise should exist if you go to a farmer and buy your milk there but he defeats his own argument by saying that he is going to vote against the repeal. Men have been arrested and fined for selling milk at prices below that set by the milk control board, and will continue to be so treated until the law is repealed.

As far as we know this is the only law which is administered and enforced solely by those who benefit by the law.

For your own good, for the good of your children and for the good of the dairy industry vote "Yes" on measure eight.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Klamath Falls.

SOUTHERN SYSTEM
A paid political radio announcement by Candidate Neuberger is currently being broadcast in this direction keeps telling us that Senator Cordon did a shameful thing when he voted for the Hope-Aiken bill and we are warned that Candidate Neuberger would never support such a measure. The Congressional Record reports that the first time this bill came before the Senate last spring, it received the blessing of the spokesmen for the two major parties. Our one man party from Oregon was present but said nothing although he voted with the rest, thereby making the vote on final passage unanimous. If Candidate Neuberger had been present and voting, everyone would have been out of step but him, a situation that has often obtained during his term in the state legislature.

Being a Southerner who was born and raised in the South, I am familiar with the type of campaign tactics that Candidate Neuberger is using. This is the same type of campaign that I observed waged by Bilbo and Claude Pepper. Mr. Neuberger knows that the average voter cannot keep abreast of the true Washington story, so he deliberately chooses to misrepresent the facts, and thus hopes to confuse the voters enough so as to get elected.

Julian Herndon, Jr., Lakeview

KEEP CORDON
Guy Cordon, for many years past, has had more influence than any other senator in getting the usually too inadequate initial appropriations as reported by the House Appropriations Committee raised to the point that Northwest power dams and transmission lines could be kept on construction schedules.

Through ability and seniority he is now chairman of two important committees, the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, and the sub-committee on Interior Appropriations, both vital to the Northwest.

It is imperative to retain the services of this man who holds sound economic views and knows intimately all phases of timber, reclamation, power and other natural resources law.

On the "promise of past performance" we can expect even greater results through his new chairmanships, and close relationships with the Administration, the Departments of Agriculture and Interior, the Army Engineers, and the Bonneville Power Administration.

F. Ford Northrop, President, 1949-1951, Northwest Public Power Association Eugene, Oregon

ATTACK
MOSCOW (AP) — The Literary Gazette Thursday devoted three full columns to an attack on U.S. Sen. Wiley (R-Wis.), calling him an "atomic demagogue." There was no apparent news peg for the article.

Tall Girls!

Small Girls!

All Girls!

it's 144 to 1

We Have Your Size!



A... "MERRY"

- Black Calf
- Brown Calf
- Navy Calf
- Red Calf

From 2 1/2 to 14, AAAAA to C!

"LUCKY STRIDES"

10⁹⁵



B... "BUZZY"

- Black Calf
- Red Calf

Hard-to-fit? Stop looking high and low . . . start looking smart! All the shoes that fit are here! In her fabulous new Lucky Stride collection, Edith Henry has designed shoes that minimize the tall girl's size . . . set off the small girl's foot, and they're wonderfully versatile . . . equally smart for day or date! Try them once and you'll say goodbye to your size problem forever.

P. S. Mail Orders Filled

La Pointe's SHOE SALON

THE COWBOY

PELICAN THEATRE
OCT. 24

HIS BRAND WAS ON THE LAND

Yes Sir, cowboy or city slicker—LEVIS OR A KUPPENHEIMER—that's the story at Dick Reeder. You'll find the best brands—just take your choice from a wide selection of America's most famous labels.

LUCKY LABEL CONTEST

It's Fun . . . It's Free!

Drop in and get your lucky label—write your name and address on back—drop in lucky label box. Twelve lucky winners will be awarded free LEVIS from the stage at the Pelican Theatre Sunday night, Oct. 24th. You need not be present to win.

Dick Reeder
Is Always Glad
To Cash Your
Pay Check

DICK Reeder's
STORE FOR MEN

Corner 5th and Main

