

Herald and News

Editorial Page

City Cleanup

Substandard areas of a community seem to be a never-ending problem.

In the days of plenty of space it was merely a matter of personal pride or lack of it that governed the looks of the place you lived.

If you wanted to let your buildings become dilapidated and run-down that was your privilege and it only hurt your pride or your pocketbook when it came selling time.

But, today, with our communities so closely packed together, what a person does or does not do with his home affects his neighbors as well.

If he allows it to become an eyesore, then it, in turn, devalues the property around it and gives the vicinity a black eye.

This brings the problem into an area of delicate legal balance. Just how far does, or should, the law go in forcing people to maintain their property in a habitable form?

There is no one, we dare venture, who would want to give government the power to confiscate homes that are not kept up. And we'll bet there are few people who want to give government the power to dictate to you when you must paint your home or your fence, when you must cut your lawn or remodel your home.

This privilege of taking care of our own property is a well-guarded American privilege.

But there are certain areas in which we have relegated control to governmental forces on this problem.

If it is a question of fire hazard or sani-

tation hazard which would menace the health of the area, or if the buildings are unsafe or unfit for human habitation, then, it would seem, rightly so, control of such structures comes under the power of governmental control.

As we mentioned, it is a delicate legal balance, and it is this problem of legal margins which stops many communities from cleaning up their problem areas.

The city council of Klamath Falls has launched a cleanup of substandard structures in the area. Their actions are controlled by the question of what constitutes a hazard to the community, as we have mentioned, and what is merely lack of maintenance such as painting, mowing lawns, mending fences and the like.

The council is to be commended for its efforts, and deserving of the complete cooperation of all residents in this worthwhile effort.

But, in the final analysis, while the council may legislate by condemnation such places as are fire or health hazards, the final question of the appearance of all our property rests with each of us.

If we have no individual pride in the place we live, then it will reflect that lack of pride. You can't legislate such things as necessary painting or repairing, this must stem from personal pride of the resident whether rental or ownership.

With the advent of spring, perhaps we can all give the council a hand by taking care of our own individual cleanup fix-up problems.

Important Study

It may seem belated, but let us add our voice to those acclaiming the recent action of the Klamath County Chamber of Commerce in advocating a searching study of the possibility of integrating the city of Klamath Falls and the suburban area into one metropolis.

The problem is of extreme concern to all who reside in either of these two areas, and any discussions or study on this issue should not be approached with any prejudice.

It will be necessary to select the study committee with the utmost care. Those who serve on such a committee should enter into the study with open, questioning minds.

Principal aim of the study is, as we understand it, to determine whether, first, there is an actual need for such integration of population, second, what advantages would accrue to each of the segments involved if they were integrated, and third, if integration is most advantageous, how it would be accomplished.

Immediately, we hear the anguished cries of annexation being bandied about, and we find those who will belabor the twin evils of prejudice and privilege, but let's look at the situation coldly.

In the first place, the two areas are just about of equal population. If anything, the suburban area may be a slightly bit larger.

If the two were to integrate, representation in any such metropolitan government formed would have to be on the basis of such population.

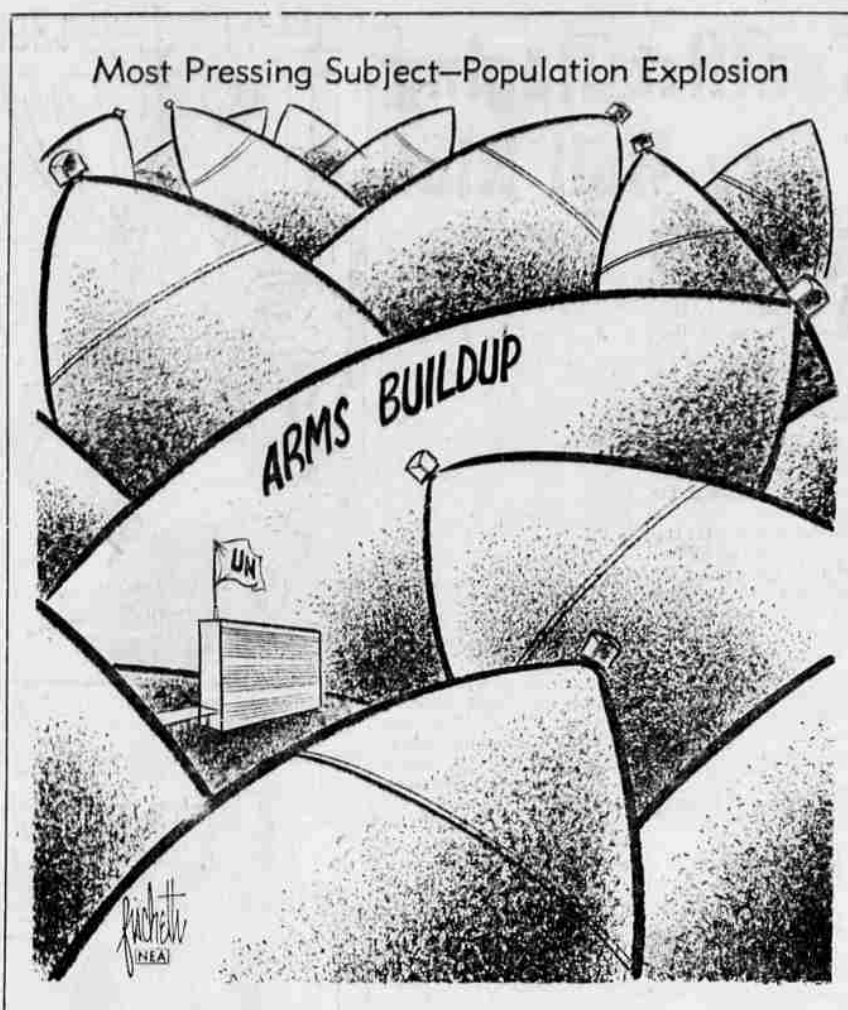
But, over and above this matter of representation, there are many areas that are begging mutual cooperation between the two population segments.

Such a study, we feel, could result in better harmony and combined attack on mutual problems such as recreation, sanitation, street maintenance, police protection and a number of other vital services.

It was the feeling of the chamber that the problem has existed too long, and has been drifting for lack of direction for the past few years. It is their desire to give this study some organized direction to chart a future course that will be in the best interests of all people residing in this area.

We would soundly support such moves, and would equally strongly suggest that such committee be made up of citizens of both areas, equally selected from the city and the suburbs, who are concerned mainly about the future growth, economy and welfare of both areas.

Only in this way will we get an impartial, unbiased estimation of this all-important problem.



THE SELECTION of the name of Winema for the new national forest to be made of mainly the Klamath Indian Reservation timber is an excellent choice.

In the long history of the Klamath and the Modocs, this woman stands out as a shining example of one who tried to blend the ways of the Indian and the white man together without bloodshed.

THE NARRATIVE continues, "Frank Riddle is a white man, about 30 years of age, a native of Kentucky. He anticipated Greeley, going West when a very young man, and engaged in mining at Yreka, Calif. Twelve years ago (which would have been 1863), on a bright morning in March, an old Indian rode up to Frank's cabin, and stopped before the door. On a small pony behind the old man sat a young Indian girl, of Modoc blood, 12 years of age.

"The man was of royal lineage, being a descendant of Mo-a-docus, founder of the tribe, and was uncle of the now famous Captain Jack. After sitting in silence, Indian fashion, staring in the cabin door for a few minutes, he made a motion by a toss of his head, and pouted out his lips toward the young squaw behind him. This pantomime said to Frank, 'Do you want to buy a squaw?'

"Frank was a time-looking, dark-eyed young fellow, and withal a clever man, a genial disposition.

with native pride of ancestry, still holding to the memory of his home, and the image of a fair-haired girl who had 'swung school-baskets' with him in the beach woods of Shelby, Ky. He shook his head. The old man's face indicated his disappointment. The girl on the pony slowly turned away, followed by her father.

"FOUR DAYS PASSED, and this Indian girl and her father again appeared at Frank's cabin.

In sign language she made known her wish to be his slave, and that he would buy her from her father. The young Kentuckian, chivalrous as his people always are, treated her kindly; but, remembering his fair-haired girl, refused to install this Indian maiden as mistress of his home.

"Ten days passed: the dark-eyed girl came again, alone, bringing with her a wardrobe, consisting of such articles as Indian women manufacture—sashes and baskets, shells, beads and little trinkets. "She was attired with woman's taste conforming to the fashions of her people. Her dark eyes, with long lashes, smooth, round, soft face, of more than usual pretensions to beauty, lithe figure, and dainty feet in moccasins, all combined to give a romantic air to the jaunty young maiden; and, when animated with the promptings of love for the young Kentuckian, made her an eloquent advocate in her own behalf.

"THE CHIVALROUS FELLOW hesitated. He pined. He trembled on the brink. The dark eyes before him pleaded. The blue eyes, far away, dissolved reproachfully from view. The hopes of youth, and the air-castles that two loving hearts had built in years ago, began to vanish. They disappeared, and in their stead a rude cabin in romantic wilds, with a warm-hearted, loving dusky-faced companion, became a living, actual reality."

Winema and Frank Riddle were married after the customs of the Modocs.

Meacham concludes this portion "Seven years pass, and Frank Riddle and his woman Tobey appear in the Modoc council on Lost River, December 1869."

A BETTER and perhaps more accurate story of Winema and her marriage to Frank Riddle can be taken from the book written in 1914 by Jefferson C. Riddle, the son of Winema, entitled "The Indian History of the Modoc War."

He explains that Winema was born on Link River, and says she was a niece of Captain Jack. Her father's name was Se-Col.

Winema, her son writes, was called Nan-ook-to-wa, meaning "the strange child," when she was young.

However, an incident happened that changed her name to Winema. On one occasion, she and others her own age were canoeing on the lake when they were drawn into the swift currents of Link River. Her father saw the danger, but too late and the canoe went rocketing down among the rocks in a fearful flight.

However, Winema, standing up in the canoe, managed to steer a safe course through the rocks amid the swirling waters, and piloted the canoe to safety.

It was this feat that earned

her the name Winema, the little woman chief, the Indian name being "Kaitch-ka-na."

HER SON also tells of her contact with white pioneers of the area when a party was rescued and nursed to health at the Indian village at Link River where Winema made her home.

She met Frank Riddle when about 14 or 15, according to her son, during visits to the Yreka area.

He says that Winema's father, Se-col, camped upon a creek below the cabin occupied by Frank Riddle. After Frank's day's work was over, he and his partner would visit the Indian camp and "swap stories" with the braves.

It was here that Frank first saw Winema who fell in love with him. He states that when 15, Winema left her father's camp for her cousin's house. This cousin had married a white man. She told her cousin of her love for Frank, and the cousin's husband got Frank to come to their home to visit with Winema.

Romance flowered and the two were married.

WINEMA later lived near Yreka but continued to visit her people at periodic intervals and became a teacher and missionary to them, doing a great deal toward developing the ties between white man and Indian.

Winema resided at Yainax during the closing years of her life and died there from the flu in 1918. She is buried in Schonchin Cemetery at Sprague River.

IT IS THIS WOMAN who presents an inspiring picture of courage and wisdom and who has been such a great example for her people.

It is only fitting that "owering, beautiful forests of the reservation carry the name of this towering figure amid the history of the Indians of this area.

Almanac

By United Press International

Today is Thursday, March 2, the 61st day of the year with 304 more in 1961.

The moon is full. The morning stars are Jupiter and Saturn. The evening stars are Mars and Venus.

On this day in history: In 1793, Sam Houston, commander-in-chief of the Army that won Texas independence from Mexico, was born in Virginia. In 1867, Congress enacted the tenure of office bill prohibiting the President from removing any civil official without the express consent of the Senate.

In 1899, Congress established Mount Rainier National Park in Washington.

In 1923, the news magazine "Time" was published for the first time.

Thought for today: Economist Thorstein Veblen said: "Conspicuous consumption of valuable goods is a means of reputability to the gentleman of leisure."



NOTHING SPECIAL

(W. B. S.)

The newspaper fraternity many times comes in for harsh criticism for the manner in which sordid marriage failures, and other hijinks of famous people, are given the headlines. Some of the criticism is justified. One element to ponder, however, is that newspapers, dedicated principally to prominent display of scandal material outsell all others on the newsstands. It would seem, then, that the bulk of the blame for low reading habits should be put on the reading public. And, you know the awful story on the amount of trashy crime and sex books that overflow the newsstands.

Few people stop to realize it, but more than any other business, a newspaper is a private-owned community enterprise. Paradoxical, no doubt, but true, nevertheless.

The staff is not the whole show as far as the paper is concerned. In fact, all we do is get the material ready for publication and then print the paper. This takes time and experience, of course—but it also takes the help of the whole community. And the biggest help comes from readers.

In the first place, the readers furnish us with the news to fill the columns of the paper. Next, they furnish the advertiser with the reason for using the columns for his messages.

Newspapers, like any other private business, are run for profit. News alone won't support a newspaper. It takes advertising to do the trick. The number of pages in the paper, and the time, money and effort spent on gathering the news are somewhat regulated by the amount of advertising sold each day. And here is where the reader plays a star role.

The reader who hurries through the paper and reads only the news columns makes the advertiser suffer. If every reader did that, it wouldn't pay the advertiser to use the paper and he would drop out. If many drop out the publisher must reduce his costs by cutting down the size of his paper and the quality of material it contains. Then the reader suffers because there is less news.

So we see that the reader is the fellow who can actually make a newspaper a good, or a better, one. And the reader who is building his local paper is the person who reads all of the paper, including the advertisements. Then he goes to the merchant and says, "I see in the Herald and News that you have such and such. I am in the market for that, and I'm glad you reminded me through the paper that you handle it!" Or, some such words that will let the advertiser know that he reached you through the paper.



THE DOCTOR SAYS . . .

Alternating Care Conserves Vitality

By HAROLD T. HYMAN, M.D.
Written for
Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

I've been asked two important questions about drugs that are frequently administered. "I am an asthmatic," writes an Arizona man, "and I have been taking cortone tablets for 3½ years. My doctor died and I've just gone to a new doctor who ordered me to stop taking my tablets."

"According to him, it would be harmful for me to continue taking these tablets, which have helped me a lot, until I'd had shots of ACTH which he is now giving me. I spoke to a neighbor about the change and she says there's no difference between the tablets and the shots. Is this so?"

The answer is yes, and no. Let me explain what your new doctor is doing, quite correctly. The effects of both preparations are the same, as your neighbor maintained. But the manner of their action is different.

The cortone tablets produce their effects through a process of substitution. They do for you what your adrenal gland would do if it were functioning perfectly. They are like a wheel chair that might take you where you wanted to go if you weren't able to walk.

On the other hand the ACTH (Adreno - Cortico - Tropic Hormone) actually stimulates your very own gland to increase its output of the substance you need. Instead of taking the wheel chair where you want to go, it makes you walk there.

Now, if you use the wheel chair tablets too long, you weaken your gland to a point where

We are constantly seeking ways to improve the contents of the Herald and News. We do not feel that we are in a position to offer the features and other refinements of the large metropolitan dailies that come into the area. But, we believe that there is no other medium that covers the news of the area better than we. We are hopeful, too, that circumstances will permit us to do an even better job in getting and reporting that local news.

Along these lines, you'd be surprised at how much the suggestions, comments and desires of readers count in deciding what should be carried in the newspaper. If you have any ideas of your own, why not let us know about them? If it's something we can do, we'll do it.

Come to think about it, it's really surprising that newspapers aren't more interesting than they are—considering all of the free advice we get on how to run them!

A lifeboat from the rescue ship drew up on the sands of the desert island and a bronzed man in ragged clothing came running down the beach to welcome the first human beings he had seen during the five months he had spent on the island. When he told his story, the captain complimented him for looking so well preserved in spite of his hardships, but he had one question: "Tell me," he wanted to know, "what happened to your front teeth? You look horrible, man."

"You'd look horrible, too," answered the castaway, "if you had been shipwrecked with 80 cases of bottled beer and no opener."

Do you know the source of the marriage vows? Few do. The present wording of that marriage contract is not prescribed or specified by Holy Writ. It is nowhere to be found in the Bible. The framework for the words dates back to the primitive Sumer, England, rite in 1028. That formula evolved out of centuries of trial and error. Its workability is based on the experience of many generations—on honesty, as much as on morality. We have learned that this code for human conduct is best.

A guy I know stopped griping when his boss sent him this memo: "Be thankful for problems, for if we didn't have them you wouldn't be here and if they were less difficult someone with less ability would have your job."

Even when opportunity knocks a man still has to get up off his seat and open the door.

And some people complain when they have to exert themselves even to that scant degree.

BARBS

The hail of the hitchhiker makes auto drivers storm.

If you're looking for the note of harmony that will settle discords, it's dough.

To a husband home, sweet home is any old place where he can toss his clothing any old place.

It's the income that has a heap to do with the outcome in life.

Better illuminated highways would help cut the traffic toll. Fewer illuminated drivers would help, too.

Dad's beginning to worry about his figure—on the income tax form.

Some fathers hide a sneaky smile when his daughter's bridegroom is called the lucky man.

An Ohio woman willed her chauffeur \$3,000 for faithful work. He drove her to it.

Western Province

ACROSS	DOWN
1 Canadian province.	1 Brought up
2 Columbia	2 City in Nevada
3 It is the third nation's third	3 Passage in the brain
4 at province	4 Palm lily
5 Tavern	5 Tavern
6 Prosecutors	6 Foot part
7 Foot part	7 Adored
8 Adored	8 Peer Gynt's mother
9 Peer Gynt's mother	9 Irritate (coll.)
10 Irritate (coll.)	10 Accountants
11 Accountants	11 Strays
12 Strays	12 Still
13 Still	13 Harangue
14 Harangue	14 Cleaning
15 Cleaning	15 Implement
16 Implement	16 Native spring
17 Native spring	17 It is a — province
18 It is a — province	18 Soviet name
19 Soviet name	19 Solitude
20 Solitude	20 Buy out of bondage
21 Buy out of bondage	21 Arrow poison
22 Arrow poison	22 Shield bearing
23 Shield bearing	23 Morsel
24 Morsel	24 Redact
25 Redact	25 War zone (ab.)
26 War zone (ab.)	26 Obscure
27 Obscure	27 Encountered
28 Encountered	28 Chest rattles
29 Chest rattles	29 Thick slice
30 Thick slice	30 Labor
31 Labor	31 Gaelic
32 Gaelic	32 Island in the Hebrides
33 Island in the Hebrides	33 Dull and monotonous
34 Dull and monotonous	34 Bee's home
35 Bee's home	35 Froster
36 Froster	36 Promontory
37 Promontory	37 Morindin dyes
38 Morindin dyes	38 Greek letter
39 Greek letter	39 Vancouver — its largest city
40 Vancouver — its largest city	