

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Psychologists will endeavor to determine what inspired the Robinsons of Kentucky to kidnap Mrs. Stoll for \$50,000 ransom.

A meeting of the Oregon Radical club will be held Tuesday night at 9 o'clock in the Y hut.

Farmers report hunters have ceased shooting "no hunting" signs, but are proficient at peppering a pumpkin.

Many are now torn between caution flannel underwear for themselves, and anti-freeze fluid for the auto.

There are two kinds of voters. Those who will vote for your candidate, and the blankety-blank ignorant prejudiced fools.

A Los Angeles man forgot he had \$1000 in a Missouri bank. After 34 years the bank caught him.

TO DAM OR NOT TO DAM
(Written by Adeline Arthur Perry)
You called me Banker-Poet.

And let the world know it;
And as you are for water,
And on it never totter;

And as you never blink it—
In fact, I've seen you drink it!
As you fought the foreign foe,

When we flung our naval blow;
As your column held a classic,
Crying, crying for more rain,

Now owners dam the ditches,
The while's opinion switches,
And maybe they'll be able
To raise the water table,

When no longer will they mope,
But give themselves to hope,
For a store
Of riches,
As of yore.

To dam or not to dam?
Not damn, but dam and dam;
That's the queasy question
In a thirly section.

Why be quiet like a clam?
Why be freaky like a flamm?
Why not rise and make a clam?
While we dam and dam and dam,

Making pools and lakes and gloire,
Where we didn't dam before,
Putting water where it's not,
Making verdure's charming spot,

Filling lakes with flimpy tribes,
Till no hunger here abides;
Giving balm unto the breeze,
As it winds among the trees,

Till damming altogether,
No more we damn the weather,
As more rain will then be falling
Where the meadow lark is calling
Evermore.

If perchance you don't believe it,
Have our engineers conceive it;
Ask our Olen and a Scheffel
How to drown a Droughty Devil,

Using waste of run-off waters,
For the sams and for the daughters,
In tree-lined trusty places,
For the picnic and the races,

Keeping up the water-level,
Till they feel the droughty devil
Nevermore.
—Banker Poet.

The Ladies Altar Society of Sacred Heart Church are sponsoring a card party, dance and refreshments, Wednesday evening, October 24th, Parian Hall. Playing starts at 8 P. M. Refreshments at 10 P. M. Dancing at 10:30. Admission 25c. Come and bring your friends.

Will Steel

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig me a grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse ye grave for me:
"Here he lies where he longs to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."
Robert Louis Stevenson.

We can think of no more fitting epitaph than the above for Will Steel, long time resident and "father of Crater Lake," who early Sunday morning after a lingering illness fell into that final sleep from which there is no "earthly awakening."

A few weeks before his death Mr. Steel, sitting in his chair in the lobby of the Hotel Medford, where for months he had been a familiar figure said to the present writer:

"I am getting gradually weaker. I know the end is not far off. No I do not suffer. And far from fearing death, I honestly welcome it. I am through. I have done my work. This may sound strange to you, but the things I have wanted most to do, I have done. I believe few men have been as fortunate and I am grateful. And now I am tired—very tired. I want a rest, and only the complete and final rest will do."

Few men INDEED have been as fortunate, in life,—even fewer as fortunate when the inevitable end of the trail drew near.

Glad did HE live and gladly die, and "I laid me down with a will!"

"THIS may sound strange to you" said Will. It didn't, for while never an intimate of Mr. Steel's we had known him for many years, and no doubt understood his nature and what life meant to him, better than he realized.

But as life is too frequently valued, such an appraisal of his own life might to many be mystifying.

In worldly goods certainly, Will Steel died "poor"; far from a success in the money-making line. While well known throughout the state, and also known nationally as the father of Crater Lake, he had never achieved, what could be termed real fame.

Yet as he said, the things he had wanted most to do he had attained—what he regarded as the real values in life he had attained. This was because he understood what the REAL values of life are.

Few men had more friends or better ones; few men were more truly beloved or more highly respected; few men had ever enjoyed so many years, a happier or more satisfying family life; and few men had in early life dreamed a dream, and lived to see that dream realized.

THAT dream, of course was Crater Lake—discovered by others in a literal and physical sense; but in a spiritual and aesthetic sense, never discovered until it was found, nearly half a century ago, by Will G. Steel. To have this great natural wonder set aside not only for his but for future generations to enjoy; to have it included in a great national park service; to have it developed, improved and properly cared for, became both his passion and his life vocation. And the real secret of his contentment with life, we believe, rested in this fact, that his heart had been in his work, that the things he most cared for, were the things he had worked for, and finally to achieve his goal there, gave him the most supreme satisfaction, that mere man perhaps can ever enjoy,—the realization that the work he had set out to do, had been done,—and done WELL.

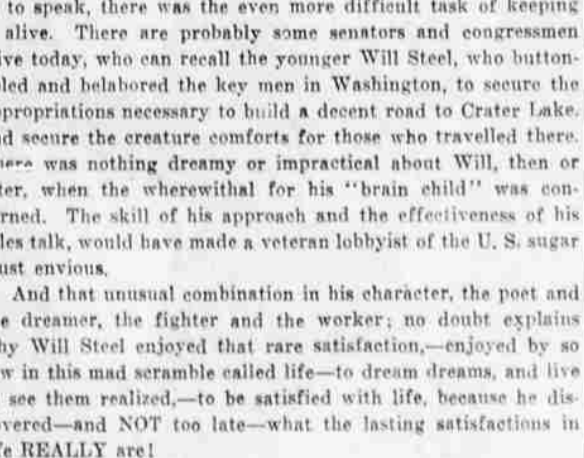
TO leave any estimate of Will Steel, there, as merely a lover of man and of nature, a dreamer of dreams lucky enough to see his dreams come true, would give a very imperfect picture, of the man.

There was precious little luck in Mr. Steel's achievement, as the father of Crater Lake. Idealistic, poetic, even impractical perhaps from a worldly standpoint; underneath that surface of gentleness and tolerance and consideration, there was the tough fibre of the early pioneer, and the gallantry and fighting spirit of an Old World crusader.

For years he carried on the battle for Crater Lake park, practically single handed. And when the infant had been born, so to speak, there was the even more difficult task of keeping it alive. There are probably some senators and congressmen alive today, who can recall the younger Will Steel, who button-holed and belabored the key men in Washington, to secure the appropriations necessary to build a decent road to Crater Lake, and secure the creature comforts for those who travelled there. There was nothing dreamy or impractical about Will, then or later, when the wherewithal for his "brain child" was concerned. The skill of his approach and the effectiveness of his sales talk, would have made a veteran lobbyist of the U. S. sugar trust envious.

And that unusual combination in his character, the poet and the dreamer, the fighter and the worker; no doubt explains why Will Steel enjoyed that rare satisfaction,—enjoyed by so few in this mad scramble called life—to dream dreams, and live to see them realized,—to be satisfied with life, because he discovered—and NOT too late—what the lasting satisfactions in life REALLY are!

DEVISES SWORDFISH HARPOON GUN



C. R. Klein of Santa Monica, Cal., exhibits the new weapon he invented for shooting swordfish and firing life lines to persons on boats by life guards. It operates on air pressure, and shoots a line 150 yards. (Associated Press Photo)

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WISACRES, NUTS AND NINNYHAMMERS NEED VITAMIN RATION.

Unfortunately we have not yet discovered a vitamin that prevents a credulous gink from developing into a wisacre, a nut or a ninnyhammer. But we do have a vitamin ration in a fine medicine for the w. n. or n. when he has acquired general a u t o a v i t a m i n o s i s by monkeying with his diet for a year or two.

Persons with gastric or duodenal ulcer, mucosa or ulcerative colitis, and one or another type of "indigestion," cultivate all sorts of freakish notions about diet and in many instances greatly prolong their illness or retard recovery by developing autotoxicity thru ill-advised dietary restrictions.

Mucous colitis, so-called, is not a pathological entity at all, but merely a suggestive name for a common complaint of wisacres or ninnyhammers who have long abused their alimentary organs with physis or anorexia. These nuts generally harbor strong obsessions against cellulose, fibre, roughage, coarse foods, etc.

They have been educated that way by old fossil physicians and mail-order charlatans. Of all the nuts an honest doctor has to deal with, these are the nuttiest. They invariably think they know more about what a doctor knows, and that is why the charlatan gets them sooner or later.

The charlatan, you see, always has some new gadget or method which is a step ahead of the wisacre's profound knowledge of pathological and therapeutic matters. That holds 'em. There are only two ways to treat these sophisticated ones. You must either play the quack to them or knock them unconscious and then let nature take its course. As soon as you get that introspective mind off from the colon or the liver or whatever it may be, recovery sets in, provided you keep careful watch and prevent any further interference with nostrums, funny diets or morbid intestinal "baths."

In any case where a patient has selected his own diet or long avoided this and that type of food which he considered "difficult to digest," "full of gas" or "acid" or likely to "autointoxicate," more or less autotoxicity is bound to develop, and so it is exceedingly helpful for such persons to take a moderate vitamin ration from time to time, especially when they are resting from other treatment.

One can mix one's own vitamin ration, with a dash of this and that vitamin concentrate, but this is rather troublesome and expensive. It is simpler and satisfactory to choose one of the vitamin combinations for the purpose.

McCarrison observed a striking absence of gastric and duodenal ulcer and appendicitis among the natives in the Himalayas and ascribed it to their vitamin-rich food—milk, eggs, fresh vegetables and greens.

These are now many observations from clinical practice to support the belief that an adequate vitamin ration is valuable if not essential for the cure of peptic ulcer and perhaps for the prevention of other common digestive diseases.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Curves in Wrong Place.
I am a girl 14 years old and have been unable to make the acquaintance of several people because of my bow legs. Do you happen to know of some physician or surgeon who could straighten my legs at least a little? (K. M. C.)

Answer—Only operation on the bones will straighten bow legs in a person over 6 years of age. I will be glad to send by letter the name and address of a competent, reliable orthopedic surgeon. Beware of the faker who promises to straighten bow legs with trick gadgets.

Black and Tan.
I have a pet black and tan terrier. He is kept carefully cleaned and groomed. Sometimes he sleeps on my bed. Recently my brother and I had a streptococcal throat infection and our physician said that we had been the carrier. The dog has not been ill at all. (G. W.)

Answer—It is not unreasonable. Once we found a positive diptheria culture in the throat of a dog that had the run of a hospital where diptheria broke out from time to time. It insects, rodents and birds can carry infection, surely cats and dogs may.

Hebding Stopped.
We are all great followers of your column. That little booklet of yours, "Unbidden Guests," has been a boon in our household. For a long time, the recipes for foot itch have completely eradicated ringworm. (W. C. W.)

Answer—Thank you. Glad to send the booklet to any reader who has a dime and a 3-cent stamped envelope with the address on it. It tells how to take care of all the guests from outside the house.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre
NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—Grace Moore has become the celebrity idol of the feeling moment—at least in New York. Perfume, hats and frocks named for her are displayed in many windows.

And numerous cafe menus feature an a la Grace Moore dish. She rode to this peak on a recent film.

All of which shows how the cinema beats grand opera stardom all hollow in capturing the public furors. Miss Moore has been a Metropolitan songbird for several seasons. Her career has all the suggestion of the anvil town headline: "Local Girl Makes Good in Big City."

She was born in Jellison, Tenn., and her address is now Metropolitan Opera House, New York. She has not only labored industriously to achieve her goal but had to fight continuously against plumpness. And her slim figure marks her success.

Of all the operative stars, she has been seen most in public. She likes parties and is in the world. She is a devotee, is the life of them. That she has been conspicuous in three fields—musical comedy, grand opera and cinema, testifies to versatility. O yes, when aroused she has a wildcat temper.

Whitely, the broad-beamed Times Square cop, has been glorified in a popular novel by Wolfe Kaufman. For years he has been keeping curb loafers, especially in front of the Automat, moving with "Break it up, boys, break it up." It was Whitely too, who was credited in the old Palace days with sending a group of lay-off actors on their way with "Exit laughingly, boys." The sidewalk gleaners along this area are ediments of humanity, the epitome types of modern decadence. Likely some noisier else in the world. They live on crumbs, dress rather shabbily and give the impression of being on the stage. Although few ever were.

Loungers lounge have added much picturesque piquancy to the language. A fresh suit was a new set of threads. A hat, years ago became "a lid," and an overcoat "a banny." Not many know where they are going to sleep at night but they never lose their clothes consciousness. This accounts for the showy Broadway laborer. Strangely, few of the shipwrecks of night life are New York born. They came from the small towns.

Fashionable Westchester has its deluxe dog man, who expatriated like a Brit, serves a dog man, delivers especially prepared meals in a white refrigerated motor to kennels of the wealthy. The dog man boasts his brethren are the same as the best prepared for humans. There is one sweeping estate near Tarrytown

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
YOU'VE heard the song line that runs: "How deep is the ocean; how high is the sky?" Here is another one: How heavy is snow? The answer is that it's a lot heavier than you think.

UP AT Crater Lake the other day, Acting Superintendent Dave Canfield showed this writer the framework of a tent-house, with a 2x4 along the top supported by 2x4 uprights spaced 18 inches apart. This framework was left out winter before last, which was a winter of heavy snowfall.

The weight of the snow broke the 2x4 between the 18-inch supporting uprights as cleanly as if it had been smashed down with a powerful hydraulic press.

UP BY the cafeteria building is a storehouse that faces a peculiar snow condition. The wind whips the snow away from one side of the house and piles it heavily on top and on the other side.

The weight of the snow on top and on one side, without support from the other side, is steadily pushing the building over, in spite of careful bracing.

Corrugated iron garbage cans, left tipped over on one side through the winter, are mashed almost flat.

YOU'VE noticed the high, pointed roofs of the buildings at the park. They are built in this way in order to be able to support as well as possible the weight of winter snow.

If you will look over the new administration building that is nearing completion, you will see a fine example of the heavy construction needed to bear up this weight of snow.

This heavy construction of course, means a considerable added burden of cost for the buildings.

INCIDENTALLY, you will learn something interesting if you can get the opportunity to go all over the administrative establishment. Crater Lake national park is a very considerable community in itself, with practically everything on hand to supply a good-sized town. In the summer season, it means another fair-sized city set down in Southern Oregon.

Last summer, for example, more than a thousand people were employed at the park in all the various services, including highway construction.

That would be a good-sized payroll in any man's town.

THE snow piles up high on the buildings in the winter. The bears walk over the snow. And whenever bears find a window with food back of it, they go into action.

When a full-grown bear goes into action against a window, something BREAKS.

A year or so ago the bears broke through a window of a building in which food supplies for the park rangers were stored. And was that building a mess when they got through!

Included in the food supplies were cans of honey, and these the bears had broken open with teeth and claws. The rangers had spent a lot of time during the summer collecting seeds of flowers, and the sacks in which these were contained were torn open and the seeds scattered from one end of the building to the other.

UP IN the park, stories about the bears are legion. Here is a rather good one:

They found a bear one winter evening high up in a jack pine tree and started photographing him. In order to induce him to pose better, one man climbed the tree behind him.

About the time he got well up, another bear came along and climbed the tree behind the man. So there he was between two bears, one above and one below.

He solved the problem by jumping out of the tree into the deep snow, going clear under.

BUT the bears are among the less-than-tourist attractions of the park, so their mischief is put up with and they are encouraged instead of discouraged. They are increasing rather rapidly, and whereas it was hard to see one or two a few years ago it is now comparatively easy to see a dozen.

Visits Mr. Melling—Philip Englehart, general agent for Oregon of the Massachusetts Mutual Life, spent Sunday and Monday in Medford, visiting Earl Melling, local representative for that company. Mr. Englehart reports business on a definite up-grade, basing his report on the decrease in premium loans and policy lapses. He also reports the company shows a 20 per cent gain in business in Oregon, and a gain locally.

The proof is in the wear. Buy your HOSE at Ebbwlyn S. Hoffmann's.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 19 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
October 23, 1924
(It Was Thursday)
"Prosperity is vital issue in national campaign," Republican leaders declare.

Work starts on construction of service station on Haymarket Square. Rain falls over the valley, causing the farmers to rejoice.

Price of gasoline drops on Pacific Coast. Local costs drop three cents per gallon.

Mandamus proceedings started in circuit court to compel reduction in Medford paving assessments.

Jackson county Republicans start campaign, and send orators to the rural districts.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
October 23, 1914
(It Was Friday)
11,500 voters registered in Jackson county for coming election.

Crater Lake visited past season by 7,410 people and 1,344 autos.

Editorial in Mail Tribune, accusing "Republicans as pests of society" causes great indignation.

Cruel battle of World war now being waged on fields of Flanders.

Twenty miles of government road completed in Crater Lake park.

The heavy hand of war fell the first of the week on another commodity, used in this community. Billiard cloth, most of which is manufactured in Germany, has gone up in price. Billiard cloth made exclusively in a Berlin factory, "is said, has also risen.

WRESTLER USES HAND-CUFF HOLD

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 23.—(AP)—In proper story book fashion ended the main event wrestling match here last night when the villain succumbed to the trap he prepared for the injured hero.

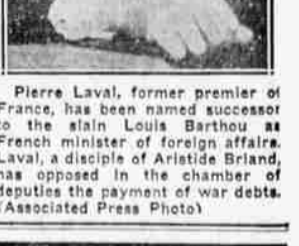
After each had taken a fall Rod Penton, 161, Canada, ripped tape from the ostensibly injured arm of Harry Elliott, 160, Eugene, with the obvious intent of binding Elliott's wrists together.

But it was Elliott who suddenly applied the "handcuff hold" by whipping the tape about Penton's wrists, loosening his own wrist in the process, and then felling Penton with hard right for the final fall.

Ben Sherman, 161, Portland, and Bob Castle, 163, Kansas City, each took a fall as they wrestled a 30-minute draw.

Don Sugai, 354-lb., took the 165-lb. opener from Frank Sulewki, 163, Gresham, with a figure four toe hold.

Barthou's Successor



Pierre Laval, former premier of France, has been named successor to the slain Louis Barthou as French minister of foreign affairs. Laval, a disciple of Aristide Briand, has opposed in the chamber of deputies the payment of war debts. (Associated Press Photo)

LOCALS

Arrives on Business—D. J. Russell, assistant superintendent for Southern Pacific lines, with headquarters at Portland, arrived in Medford on the Oregonian this morning on an official business trip. L. Koehler, trainmaster, also arrived from the north this morning on the Oregonian.

Meet at Hotel—The regular semi-monthly meeting of the southern district of the Oregon Optometric association will be held at the Jackson hotel here this evening at 8 p. m. Dr. A. M. Simmons of Klamath Falls will discuss the subject "Normal" according to Walter F. Kimball of the bureau of information for the American Optometric association.

Slightly Injured—W. D. Chishman, 41, of the Upper Rogue CCC camp, received a lacerated finger in an auto accident at 8 a. m. yesterday, according to reports filed with city police. Chishman was riding in a car being driven by Clara Waldron of 806 Apollo street, which collided with an auto driven by Sigel T. Walker of 513 South Oakdale, at the intersection of Fourth and Front streets.

Now I Eat Cabbage
No Upset Stomach
Thanks to Bell-Ans

Quick Relief because it DISSOLVES in water, reaches stomach ready to act. Sure Relief since 1897 and Trial is Proof. 25c.

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