

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Crop Insurance

BOTH candidates for president are proposing crop insurance as a bid for farmer votes. In fact the farmer by just holding back may be able to drive a hard bargain this year. Campaigning is a sort of farm auction in reverse. Competitive bidding is the order of the day. Roosevelt flourishes the AAA checks plus soil conservation plus crop insurance. Landon advocates payments for producing instead of not producing, plus soil conservation plus crop insurance, plus warehouse receipts for storage on the farm.

Crop insurance is no new idea in this country. North Dakota tried hail insurance in the non-partisan league heyday. Private companies offer hail insurance and fire insurance for standing grain. They have even toyed with the idea of general crop insurance, but never ventured into the field.

Perhaps it would be possible to determine the law of averages which would govern crop production, weighing in proper proportion floods, drought, frost, cutworms, cinchbugs, boll weevil, hot winds, downy mildew, corn borer and potato bugs. But the actuary who can figure it all out in advance would have to be a combination of Einstein, a soothsayer and the Witch of Endor.

Insurance is something which is proven sound in principle; but it requires facts and not guesswork. And anything so complicated as crop insurance covering even a single crop over a vast territory, with a wide variety of growing conditions involves assuming hazards very difficult to measure in advance.

Even if the loss ratio could be determined, the problem of allocating assessments on farms and of adjusting individual claims for losses at the end of the crop season is hard enough to tax the wisdom of a Solomon.

The pertinent question that arises is this: who is to bear the loss? Is this to be one more vast drain on the government treasury; or will the funds for the benefits be derived from premiums paid by the eligible beneficiaries? If the government is to foot the bill, which would be quite in keeping with the easy-spending habit of the administration, then here we have winning boondoggle idea which would accelerate spending in a manner to satisfy even the most ardent spendthrift.

This paper is not hostile to crop insurance, provided it is worked out on a sound basis. It would think much better of the proposal if it were not a gadget dangled before the eyes of farm voters just a few weeks before election.

Another Spanking for Father Coughlin?

WORD from Vatican City is to the effect that Father Coughlin may get a stronger "warning" unless he pipes down in his bitter attacks on President Roosevelt. He was previously reprimanded by his bishop for calling the president a liar, and made personal apology therefor. Later he characterized the two candidates, Roosevelt and Landon, one as carbolic acid and the other rat poison. In a speech this week he referred to the president as anti-God because the latter says "destroy and devastate."

The priest of Royal Oak is so intemperate in his utterances he destroys what influence he might otherwise have. Rome objects because it stands by the principle that "in every polemic, authorities should be respected." Father Coughlin does no credit to holy order and makes no worthy contribution to American politics.

Question Exchange

THE Capital Journal queries: "If it cost \$79,342 to get a 5,000 republican majority in a rock-ribbed little GOP state like Maine, what will be the cost in the populous doubtful states with ten times the population?"

To which The Statesman responds: "If after the boast of Gov. Brann that the democratic administration had poured \$156,000,000 into the little state of Maine, the democrats then lose this state by a 5,000 majority for senator and a 40,000 majority for governor, how much will it cost the federal treasury for the democrats to lose (or win) in 48 states in November?"

The coming of Edward F. McGrady to San Francisco as a government representative to intervene as conciliator in the longshore dispute may be welcomed by those hopeful of a peaceful settlement of the trouble. He is familiar with the situation, because he worked out the agreement two years ago when the general strike was called in San Francisco. While a labor man himself, he has enjoyed the respect of employing groups. Even if he is unable to effect a renewal of the agreement in the time remaining, he may succeed in keeping negotiations open and shipping in motion pending further discussion of the pending issues.

The ex-Queen Victoria of Spain is visiting her son in New York. This country ought to have a friendly interest in Spanish queens. It was because Queen Isabella took a friendly interest in a traveling adoped sailor with a crazy theory about the earth's being round, and was willing to gamble a little on him, that this continent was discovered. In recent years there have been doubts about whether the discovery did the world any good or not; but few people seem disposed to move back to Europe,—and none to Spain at the present moment.

The state printing office has started work grinding out the voters' pamphlets. There will be a mass of matter dealing with the various measures the voters will pass on in November. The mess is almost uniformly bad. In fact we do not recall a time when as little rational legislation was proposed as this year. Ordinarily we encourage voters to read the pamphlets and come to their own conclusions about the merit of the measures. This year the advice is hardly necessary. The voters can vote no on all the bills and not go far wrong.

Foreign engineers have been visiting the power projects in this area and are quoted as exclaiming a great deal over what they see at Bonneville. A Swede looked at the Columbia and said it was "unbelievable"—ten times as big as the biggest river in Sweden. Give him a Paul Bunyan book to stretch his imagination a little.

Al Smith graciously concedes the air to FDR for the night of October 1, and says he will not begin until after the president has finished. If it is to be a catch-as-catch-can debate Al hasn't conceded anything. He gets in the last word.

Japanese indignation "knows no bounds" because individuals of their race have been picked off in China ports. The bounds of their indignation doubtless extend to the west margins of China.

"Chinese dictator steps into breach" reads a headline. Very unusual. A breach is what a Chinese general always steps out of.

Kukacka Buys 7 Acres Near Scio

SCIO, Sept. 25.—Sale of the Iva Abbott 7-acre tract at the south city limits of Scio was reported this week. The new owner is J. F. Kukacka, who recently sold his 80-acre farm, a mile southwest of Scio to eastern parties for \$7,000 as a cash transaction. Mr. and Mrs. Kukacka plan to make the new place their permanent home. Mrs. Kukacka, who is recuperating from injuries resulting from an auto accident near Scio in July, 1934, contemplates making a trip soon to California on a visit to relatives and friends. J. A. Withers, Swift & Company representative in Scio for a number of years past, this week closed a deal for the former Rudolph Borovickas residence and land consisting of one acre. The Withers family has occupied the premises under lease for several weeks. It is considered one of the best properties in Scio.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Cost of the burned capitols; when the second one was finally completed:

It does not matter a great deal now; but one finds in the last Oregon Blue Book, under the caption, "Capitol Building," this paragraph: "The structure was completed in 1876, four years after the state legislature had authorized its erection at a cost of approximately \$325,000. The massive copper dome which now gives the building a degree of uniformity with the capitols of other states was not a part of the original plan; neither were the porticoes with their two-story Corinthian columns. The porticoes were added in 1888 and the dome was erected in 1893."

One does not need to add "building" after the word capitol. A capitol is a building. The legislature had not authorized its erection at a cost of approximately \$325,000.

The legislature authorized its erection according to plans to be adopted, and made an initial appropriation of \$100,000. The architect, Krumboltz & Gilbert, Portland, estimated that the cost of the building they designed would be about \$500,000. It turned out to be about \$150,000 less, including many changes and repairs during the 20 years from its beginning in 1873 until the dome was put on in 1893.

And the porticoes were added before 1888. They were added in the period of 1883-6.

The New Year Statesman of January 1, 1887, had an article in which was stated that Thomas McF Patton from Marion county introduced a bill in the lower house of the Oregon legislature of 1872 appropriating \$100,000 for the commencement of work on a state house.

That session of the legislature was of course held in the Holman building, still standing, northwest corner Ferry and Commercial streets, and the bill was signed by Governor Grover in his office, which was the corner second floor room in the present Statesman block, across the street south; in which room, by the way, this is being written.

"The structure was completed in 1876," says the Blue Book. It was a long way from completion. But work had progressed far enough for the legislature to meet in regular session in September of that year in the building, the house on the third floor of the north wing and the senate immediately beneath on the second floor. And the state officers by that time were housed in the building.

The New Year Statesman being quoted said: "The building is NEARLY completed now, with the exception of the grand dome."

The Office of Secretary of State R. P. Earhart furnishes the number of the State warrants drawn on state house account to that date, following:

1872-4	\$ 90,649.53
1876-8	99,761.24
1878-80	219,811.21
1880-82	28,999.67
1882-3	41,440.00
1883-6	924,000.00
Total	\$298,144.51

That was "exclusive of convict labor, by which the excavation was done, and all the brick made, and inclusive of all necessary repairs," as the New Year article said.

It was stated that the \$75,000 for the 1883-6 period was expended under the direction of W. F. Boothby, supervising architect, and included the "new assembly (lower house) hall, the rotundas, steps and approaches and frescoing the departments of justice and the senate chamber, besides plastering and completing all the basement proper, and furnishings for the supreme court and assembly halls."

The dome, added in 1893, cost about \$50,000. Counting it at that figure, the total cost, including repairs up to that date, was \$345,144.51. (The reader has perhaps noted that the items given from Secretary Earhart's office figure up slightly less than the total printed.)

There is no way now to find out which was correct, the added or each of the items making it up; likely the latter.

There was no cost for grounds, because W. H. Willson, who planned the original Salem town, gave the capitol block to the territory, and what was the territory's became the state's.

That is, Willson made a promise to give the block, and, though she did not join in the platting, Mrs. Willson signed the deed to the Territory of Oregon.

The capitol block was in Mrs. Willson's half (north half) of the donation land claim.

The reader will note that when the state house was first occupied, in the summer of 1876, it had cost only \$190,410.97.

The writer recalls that in the spring of 1884, when he first saw the building, the whole south wing was yet unfinished, and a great deal more besides. Work had not been started on the east and west steps, nor on the porticoes. The construction of the dome came nine years later. (Concluded tomorrow.)

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Newspaper men last week reported that a salient American figure had retired for a time to an ivory tower of silence and inconspicuousness. One despatch read: "Tucson, Ariz., Sept. 17. (I. N. S.)—Secretly touring the United States to study rural rehabilitation a prominent grasshopper control expert, Mark Sullivan, Retford (Ky) Tugwell left here today after his incognito had been learned. His destination was unknown."

Other despatches said that Professor Tugwell had had influenza and had gone to a hospital for treatment. Need for rest and quiet would adequately justify the incognito name on the hospital records. Yet here is a strange thing. Here is the man who proposed most of the ideas in the new deal, and who persuaded President Roosevelt to adopt the ideas, urged them on congress and fastened them on the country. And here the president, engaged in a campaign in which the new deal is on trial for its life. Yet here is the principal author of the new deal silent on a desert in Arizona.

Professor Tugwell's silence and inactivity, we may be sure, is not due wholly to influenza. Even were he in the best of health, most of us surmise, Professor Tugwell would be inconspicuous in this campaign. His silence is part of the silence of other high officials in the circle. Silent also is Professor Frankfurter. Others talk. President Roosevelt talks. National Chairman Farley talks—and how. A hundred minor new dealers talk. The acolytes and apprentices of the new deal talk. Its recruits talk including those recruits high in democratic leadership whose status in the new deal is that of forced conscript. They all talk; they talk much and they talk loudly.

But those who invented the new deal, the high priests of it, those who intellectually are its commanding generals—they are silent and untechnique. One recalls the military technique of a valiant commanding officer celebrated by Gilbert and Sullivan in "The Gondoliers". In enterprise of martial kind, When there was any fighting, He led his regiment from behind—He found it less exciting. But when away his regiment ran, His place was at the fore, O—That celebrated, Cultivated, Underrated, Nobleman.

The Duke of Plaza Toro: When to evade destruction's hand, To hide they all proceeded, No soldier in that gallant band Hid half as well as he did. He lay concealed throughout the war, And so preserved his gore, O Undetected, Well connected, Warrior.

While I quote that musical satire, because it is amusing and witty, permit me to say that it really applies to Professor Tugwell. To some of the other intellectuals, yes—they are timid mice temporarily emboldened by having a powerful friend in the White House. But the friends of the White House will carry back to the calm of their academic clo-

sets. But Professor Tugwell is not timid. The intensity of his hate for the American system as it gives him a truculent boldness. If he were not restrained, by some influence outside himself, he would stand out in front, denounce the "propriety of cars," declare the destination to which he proposes to tell America, and tell the world to like it or lump it.

Whether Professor Tugwell has been told by Mr. Roosevelt to be silent during the campaign is a thing no one can surely say. The intimacies between those two are not for the ears of outsiders. But one can surmise a smiling order from president to professor, "you'd better lay off, Rex, for a little while. No hot stuff. Until after election I'm going to work the other side of the street. I'm going to go to the right. I'm going to tell some bedtime stories, sing lullabies to them. I'm going to hold conferences with insurance presidents and public utility heads. You know—lion and the lamb stuff—green pastures and still waters—that sort of thing."

If the country is to be denied Professor Tugwell's voice until November 3, the republicans ought to reprint some of his old speeches. This campaign needs paprika on both sides. Pep for the new dealers, and irritant for the republicans, would be provided by reprinting the speech Professor Tugwell made to the democratic state committee at Los Angeles last October. The speech which began "how deep are the sources of your indignation?" The speech in which he said: "We must draw together, nursing the sources of that anger which has driven us forward and making more and more clear the great hopes which pull us in the same direction. The speech which contained the phrases "death struggle of industrial autocracy," "disestablishment of our plutocracy." The speech in which Professor Tugwell said:

"It is well enough known by whom what the leadership of President Roosevelt commits America to; it is also well enough known by what methods further achievements will be made. . . our best strategy is to surge forward with the workers and the farmers of this nation committed to general achievements, but trusting the genius of our leader for the disposition of our forces and the timing of our attacks."

The strategy of "timing our attacks" includes, apparently, the device of not pending during a campaign for reelection. But that speech of Professor Tugwell ought to be circulated. It might explain why the communists want Mr. Roosevelt reelected. New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate

TRUE THEN, TRUE NOW
The charge made by Frank Knox that "Under the present policies of this administration no life insurance policy is safe" has stirred up something of a tempest. The Republican vice-presidential candidate has gotten under the skin of the New Dealers.

The incident demonstrates how much weight is placed on the words of Alf Landon's running mate for nearly two months ago virtually by the same charge was made by another and it went almost unnoticed.

At Yellowstone park on July 25 Orval W. Adams, second vice-president of the American Bankers' association and executive vice-president of the National National bank of Salt Lake City, gave an address before the Montana bankers association said "We know that the continuance of the present spending and borrowing policies of government can lead to but one end, the destruction of the savings of our depositors." Mr. Adams made no reference to insurance companies but his statement was as applicable to them as to savings depositors.

Most of the mortgaged farmers. Most of the white-collar workers who had been unemployed those three years and four and five.

Most of the people on relief rolls who wanted more relief.

Most of the suburbanites who could not meet the installment payments on the electric washing machine.

Such large sections of the American Legion as believed that only Senator Windrip would secure for them, and perhaps increase, the bonus.

Such popular Myrtle Boulevard or Elm Avenue preachers as, spurred by the examples of Bishop Prang and Father Coughlin, believed they could get useful publicity out of supporting a slightly queer program that promised prosperity without anyone's having to work for it.

The remnants of the Ku Klux Klan, and such leaders of the American Federation of Labor as felt they had been inadequately courted and befriended by the old-line politicians, and the non-unionized common laborers who felt they had been inadequately courted by the A. F. of L. Backstreet and over-the-garage lawyers who never yet wangled government jobs.

The Lost Legion of the Anti-Saloon League—since it was known that, though he drank a lot, Senator Windrip also praised teetotalism a lot, while his rival, Walt Trowbridge, though he drank but little, said nothing at all in support of the Messiahs of Prohibition. These messiahs had not found professional morality profitable of late, with the Backstreet and over-the-garage lawyers who never yet wangled government jobs.

Bread in the Desert. Besides these necessitous practitioners, a goodish number of burglars who, while they were millionaires, yet maintained that their prosperity had been sorely checked by the fleishiness of the bankers in limiting their credit.

These were the supporters who looked to Berzilius Windrip to play the divine raven and feed them handsomely when they became president, and from such came most of the fervid electioneers who campaigned for him through September and October.

Pushing in among this mob of camp followers who identified political virtue with money for their rent came a flying squad who suffered not from hunger but from congested idealism: Intellectuals and Reformers and even Rugged Individualists, who saw in Windrip, for all his clownish swindlerism, a free visor which promised a rejuvenation of the crippled and senile capitalistic system.

Upton Sinclair wrote about Buz and spoke for him just as in 1917, unyielding pacifist though he was, Mr. Sinclair had advocated America's whole-hearted prosecution of the Great War, foreseeing that it would unquestionably exterminate German militarism and thus forever end all wars.

Most of the Morgan partners, though they may have shuddered a little at association with Upton Sinclair, saw that, however much income they themselves might have to sacrifice, only Windrip could start the Business Recovery; while Bishop Manning of New York City pointed out that Windrip always spoke so reverently of the church and its shepherds, whereas Walt Trowbridge went

"It Can't Happen Here"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Doremus Jeamp, liberal Vermont newspaper man, the central figure of Sinclair Lewis' novel, sees his fears realized in the presidential nomination of Buz Windrip, a second Huey Long. Running on the Democratic ticket with the support of Radio Bishop Prang's League of Forgotten Men, his platform is a combination of American phrase-making and European Fascism. He has backing in most strata of political thought. Evident E. J. in, sending General Balbo, E. J. Haast, and General E. J. McDonald to stump for Buz, who tours the country by special train, advised by Leo Sarason, to campaign against Republican Walt Trowbridge.

With the most modest friendliness, explaining that they wished not to intrude on American domestic politics but only to express personal admiration for that great western advocate of peace and prosperity, Berzilius Windrip, there came representatives of certain foreign powers, lecturing throughout the land: General Balbo, so popular here because of his leadership of the flight from Italy to Chicago; Pos 1 entra, a scholar who, though he now lived in Germany and was an inspiration to all patriotic leaders of German Recovery, yet had graduated from Harvard University and had been the most popular piano player in the west; Hans Stenael, a German, who, though he now lived in Germany and was an inspiration to all patriotic leaders of German Recovery, yet had graduated from Harvard University and had been the most popular piano player in the west.

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These were the supporters who looked to Berzilius Windrip to play the divine raven and feed them handsomely when they became president, and from such came most of the fervid electioneers who campaigned for him through September and October.

Pushing in among this mob of camp followers who identified political virtue with money for their rent came a flying squad who suffered not from hunger but from congested idealism: Intellectuals and Reformers and even Rugged Individualists, who saw in Windrip, for all his clownish swindlerism, a free visor which promised a rejuvenation of the crippled and senile capitalistic system.

Upton Sinclair wrote about Buz and spoke for him just as in 1917, unyielding pacifist though he was, Mr. Sinclair had advocated America's whole-hearted prosecution of the Great War, foreseeing that it would unquestionably exterminate German militarism and thus forever end all wars.

Most of the Morgan partners, though they may have shuddered a little at association with Upton Sinclair, saw that, however much income they themselves might have to sacrifice, only Windrip could start the Business Recovery; while Bishop Manning of New York City pointed out that Windrip always spoke so reverently of the church and its shepherds, whereas Walt Trowbridge went

hobbyback riding every Sabbath morning and had never been known to telegraph any female relative on Mother's Day.

On the other hand, the Saturday Evening Post enters a scholar who, though he now lived in Germany and was an inspiration to all patriotic leaders of German Recovery, yet had graduated from Harvard University and had been the most popular piano player in the west.

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girls and scores of girl stenographers, who answered thousands of daily telephone calls and letters and telegrams and cables—and boxes containing poisoned candy. . . Buz himself had made the rule that all these girls must be pretty, reasonable, thoroughly skilled, and related to people with political influence.

For Sarason it must be said that in this bedlam of "public relations" he never once used contact as a transitive verb.

The Hon. Perley Beecroft, vice-presidential candidate, specialized on the conventions of fraternal orders, religious denominations, insurance agencies and traveling men.

Colonel Dewey Haik, who had nominated Buz at Cleveland, had an assignment unique in campaigning—one of Sarason's slickest inventions. Haik spoke for Windrip not in the most frequent, most obvious places, but at places so unusual that his appearance there made news, and Sarason and Haik saw to it that there were nimble chroniclers present to get that news. Flying in his own plane, covering a thousand miles a day, he spoke to nine astonished audiences in a week, in a capacity per mile above the surface—while 39 photographers snapped the nine; he spoke from a motorboat to a stilled fishing fleet during a fog in Gloucester harbor; he spoke from the steps of the Sub-Treasury in New York; he spoke to the aviators and ground crew at Shushan Airport, New Orleans—and even the flyers were roused only for the first five minutes, till he had described Buz Windrip's gallant but ludicrous efforts to learn to fly; he spoke to state policemen, in a stamp collectors, players of chess in secret clubs, and steepjacks at work; he spoke in breweries, hospitals, magazine offices, cathedrals, crossroad churches forty-by-fifty, primary, infantile asylums, night clubs—till the artists began to send photographers the memo: "For Pete's sake, no more photos Kunnel Haik spilling in sporting houses and houseboats."

Yet went on using the pictures. Col. Cole yet had a fairly amusing figure as sharp-lighted, almost as Buz Windrip himself. Son of a decayed Tennessee family, with one Confederate general grandfather and one a Dewey of Vermont, he had picked cotton, become a roughshod night club—till the artists began to send photographers the memo: "For Pete's sake, no more photos Kunnel Haik spilling in sporting houses and houseboats."

It had a private bar that was forgotten by none save the Bishop. The train fares were the generous gift of the combined railroads.

Over six hundred speeches were discharged, ranging from eight-minute hallos delivered to the crowds gathered at stations, to two-hour fulminations in auditoriums and fair grounds. Buz was present at every speech, usually starting, but sometimes so hoarse that he could only wave his hand and croak, "Howdy, folks!" while he was spelled by Prang, Porkwood, Colonel Luthome, or such volunteers from his regiment of secretaries, doctoral consulting specialists in history and economics, cooks, bartenders and barbers, as could be lured away from playing craps with the accompanying reporters, photographers, sound recorders and broadcasters. Tieffer of the United Press has estimated that Buz thus appeared personally before more than two million persons.

Meanwhile, almost daily hurtling by airplane between Washington and Buz's home, Leo Sarason supervised dozens of telephone

Doctor Macgoblin. Halk brought to Buz's fold the very plearoon which had most snickered at Bishop Prang's solemnity.

All this while, Hector Macgoblin, the cultured doctor and burley boxing fan, co-author with Sarason of the campaign anthem, "Bring Out the Old-time Religion," was specializing in the inspiration of college professors, associations of high-school teachers, professional baseball teams, training camps of pugilists, medical meetings, summer schools in which well-known authors taught the art of writing to earnest aspirants who could never learn to write, golf tournaments, and all such cultural congresses.

Truly, as Bishop Prang said, the apostle of Senator Windrip (Continued on page 5)



Buz Windrip, the human dynamo, in conference