

**Gov Osborn tells how it feels to be seriously ill; lauds Sault hospital. Experiences in delirium of pneumonia described by former governor, now recuperating at his camp.
By Chase S. Osborn.**

CALL CHASE OSBORN

News of Lansing

The Lansing Journal and several other organs of reaction are worrying, if not actually weeping, because the Republican party seems to be headed for a knock-down-drag-out primary election fight that they are afraid will deprive it of victory in the 1938 election.

As usual, the blind leaders are perturbed about the wrong thing. They fret about personalities when they ought to be thinking about principles. It doesn't matter whether there is a primary fight or not. If the Republican party is a party, and not merely a bale of hay, held together by a lot of golden haywire and rosy hopes of political jobs, it will present a united and vigorous front when the November election rolls around. And the practice the boys get in the primary will be a lot of help in the election.

But if the Republican party is bankrupt of principles, as the Journal seems to believe, and capable of indulging only in personalities, then what it needs is not peace in the primaries but the sword. It needs a turn to the Lincolnian leadership that once made it a force for freedom in America. In short, it needs to call to the head of its councils the wisest of its elder statesman—and the youngest minded of its really Young Republicans—Chase S. Osborn.

This is the week of Lincoln's Birthday. All over Michigan they are planning to celebrate that glorious event—by eating mush! And they have invited “national leaders” from hither and yon to expound the doctrines of The Emancipator. But they have evidently neglected — at least the reports are all silent on the subject—to call the one authentic Lincolnian voice remaining in the party. Certainly they have not called him to any of their widely advertised mush dinners.

Yet Osborn alone—if you except Mayor LaGuardia, who was a Republican some time back but seems to have abandoned the idea in despair—Osborn alone exemplifies the principles that made the Republican party the party of Labor and of Agriculture.

He alone during the tribulations of the past two years, has raised his voice to remind his party and the world that Abraham Lincoln built his imperishable glory and his party's strength on the fact that HE FREED THE SLAVES.

And Osborn alone had the blunt honesty to remark that THERE ARE STILL SLAVES TO BE FREED.

If the Republican party honestly wants to win the 1938 election in Michigan it will forsake the money-barrels, turn its back on the partisans of privilege, scorn Simon Legree candidates AND CALL CHASE OSBORN BACK TO TEACH IT THE FORGOTTEN LESSON OF THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Lansing, Michigan, February 11, 1938

and one channel remained in the hands of Columbia.

But after the application of N.B.C. was written in capital letters: "HEREBY DENIED."

Note: Award of the South American channels is to help combat the Nazi-Fascist influence spreading through Latin-American countries by daily German and Italian broadcasts.

Little Business Men

At least 50 of the little business men who flocked to Washington last week took credit for giving Roosevelt the idea for calling the conference. They had written to him, they said, and the President obviously had followed their advice.

Whoever actually was responsible for the conference, however, pulled a boner. The meeting was the most futile and disorderly stampede Washington has seen since the ill-fated Bonus Army besieged Hoover in 1932. Before the first day was over many delegates were wondering why they had

(Continued on Page 5)

Gift Chase S. Osborn Dec. 6, 1939

WILL ENFORCE SHORTER HOURS FOR TRUCKMEN

A highway safety campaign through elimination of long-hours of truck drivers was announced Thursday by the attorney general's department, the insurance department, the Department of Labor and Industry, the Michigan Public Utilities commission and the truck driver's union of the A. F. of L.

Truck drivers on long inter-city and interstate runs have been compelled to work as long as 24 hours in a single shift, it is reported, despite the Michigan Public Utilities Commission rule limiting hours. Drivers on trucks licensed by the commission report that the commission's inspectors are diligent in enforcing the hours rule but that it is still evaded. Greatest abuse, they said is on trucks operated by private concerns not under M.P.U.C. permit.

Michigan will be removed within the next few days. Limits on WPA spending in Detroit were lifted after the Governor had conferred with President Roosevelt.

Send Delegations

The great Lansing unemployed meeting will be attended by thousands of unemployed here and in surrounding communities and by delegations from unions and unemployed organizations from other parts of the state.

It will be partly a demonstration to show labor's support of Governor Frank Murphy's program and especially his demand that the legislature pass the labor and social legislation program left unfinished at the regular session. The Governor is anxious to call a special session if there is any indication that lawmakers will go to work on a progressive program.

Disatisfaction with Lansing's failure to provide enough WPA projects to care for the unemployed is being heard among merchants as well as union members and from Governor Murphy, who is "frankly disappointed" at the poor progress the city is making.

Urge Council Act

A delegation of unemployed union members jammed the council chamber at this week's session. The crowd was unanimous is asking for WPA work rather than the dole and in opposing any plan to take control of relief out of the hands of the state.

LeRoy Serman opened the discussion for the union men, declaring that relief allowances are altogether inadequate and demanding that a decent standard of living be provided while unemployed are compelled to wait for WPA work.

Jack Gray, chairman of the UAW welfare committee, urged that steps be taken to aid workers threatened with loss of their homes. He said many homes could be saved if the relief agencies would only pay as much as they are compelled to furnish as rent after the home has been lost through repossession proceedings.

The delegation favored immediate construction of a water softener plant under WPA and improvement and beautification of the Grand and Cedar river banks as

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THE EVENING NEWS, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1938.

DICKIE DARE U. S. Patent Office Trademark Registered **Coulton Waugh**

Gov. Osborn Tells How It Feels To Be Seriously Ill; Lauds Sault Hospital

Experiences In Delirium of Pneumonia Described by Former Governor, Now Recuperating at His Camp

BY CHASE S. OSBORN

Life is just one delightful experience after another. Someone has phrased this thought profanely, but that does not fit my case.

Ever since I could toddle I have been an explorer. My first adventures took the form of running away from home. This made me a worrisome nuisance to my parents until they discovered I always showed up somewhere unharmed. My work has urged me over the entire earth, into unknown lands as well as others. It remained, however, for me to have made just about my most pleasant discovery right here in Sault Ste. Marie. The involvements of it are many.

It seems to me to be incompetent for one to break down until his time comes. I enjoyed work. No friend can ask me anything that I will not try to perform if I am able to do it, but the pleasure upon me the last year or two has been all I could stand up under. Last fall I made 13 addresses in the Detroit area in 11 days. Then there was entertainment and hospitalities and various other things, all of which sapped my strength beyond my conscious measurement. I kept on my feet all winter in Georgia with numerous engagements. Finally I reached Detroit on my way to my summer camp in the Sault, early in June.

Spoke While Ill.

At Detroit I was on the program for a major address at the three day Michigan-Ontario Historical Convention. It was a noteworthy occasion. I was expected to be equal to it. My strength was not sufficient to permit me to attend any of the meetings except the one at which I spoke. There I was in a feverish state and had little idea whether I had made a satisfactory address or not until I was surprised by being called to my feet a half dozen times by continuous applause. It was a thing to thank God for, because I really had thought that I might drop dead while speaking, which did not terrify me at all.

At Battle Creek a few days later an infection of some kind seized me. I traveled on to Grand Rapids, and went down again. After a few days' illness there, the final windup came. I had promised to deliver the zero hour address for Kiwanis at the Sault June 27. I got through that, and then snapped. I was stricken suddenly with a breakdown illness that finally took the form of pneumonia.

SOO-NEWBERRY FANS AWAITING CRUCIAL BATTLE

Pain Interesting By Contrast.

This in itself was not entirely disagreeable. The burning fever sent my mind off on trackless pursuits of figments and phantasms. The excruciating pains that seized my body from the sole of my feet to the crown of my head were so contrastive as to be consummately interesting. I dismissed them largely with the thought that I had been so much without pain during my life that I ought to enjoy these manifestations of vitality. Also I concluded that a corpse never has pains.

My condition assumed a grave form at Zheshebe Minis (Duck Island) where I was resting on a balsam bough bed on the ground in a tent. Without my knowledge, my daughter sent a courier to the government station at Rains' to telephone the Sault. My beloved son George came at once with Dr. Husband. They were not much more than faintly recognizable. The next thing I knew I was being carried to the river shore on a stretcher and I did not know much about that except that it was all enjoyable. Then the wind fanned my fevered face as Coast Guard picket boat No. 2208 sped to the Sault at twenty miles an hour. In a few minutes it seemed I was at home in a pleasant room in Memorial Hospital with white-uniformed nurses tiptoeing about and the doctor using his stethoscope and feeling my pulse. I am told that before I was taken off the boat I shook hands with the crew and thanked them. This I do not remember. I was informed that a nurse met me at the Coast Guard dock with a hearse-like vehicle they call an ambulance. My ride from the boat to the hospital is all oblivion.

One of Best in the World.

Within a short time I began to improve enough to take notice of things about me. Then came my major discovery. It is the fact that Sault Ste. Marie has one of the best hospitals in the world. I had never been in a hospital before as a guest but had gone to the bigger and better ones all over the earth, to take members of my family or friends, or see them.

Everything at the hospital moved with disciplined precision. There were no disagreeable noises. The nurses came and went on the minute. My medicines were given on the second. The doctor came

quite often at first and always twice a day. As soon as I could note things, I comprehended how completely clean and without unpleasant odors, and in what perfect condition the hospital is.

The Hospital Board.

Miss Emma Dickison, the superintendent, is a rare woman. She is supported by an excellent Board appointed from the city and townships of Chippewa County by the County Board of Supervisors. The president is Banker E. M. Batdorff of Rudyard, Michigan. There are other efficient members. Among the most so is the Honorable Imo B. Folkner. My room was in the new part of the hospital which is called the Imo Folkner wing. It pleased me to see how much she is appreciated. Other members of the board are:

D. E. Murray—Vice President.

R. J. Tuxworth—Secretary.

J. S. Donnelly.

J. H. Guest.

W. H. Miller.

Another thing I discovered is the high class of physicians and surgeons available in Sault Ste. Marie. They are as good as any to be found anywhere.

Whatever has become of the fine Chippewa County Medical Society I do not know. It seems that it has fallen into desuetude. It ought to be revitalized. The younger physicians of the Sault need to know the older ones better, and the veterans need to touch elbows and minds with the newcomers.

An Advisory Council.

There are few things, if any, to suggest for the improvement of the Hospital. Perhaps one good thing would be to establish an advisory council to the Board of Managers? This council might consist of five persons. Three could be taken from the Board and two from the list of local medical men. It appears that there is not one doctor on the board of managers at present. To this Advisory Council things pertaining to hospital management could be submitted. They could be discussed and presented to the Board in an intelligent way that would permit prompt and enlightened action.

During the complete or partial deliriums caused by my high temperature while in the hospital, I had some of the most interesting journeys of my life. One of them took me on a white-winged glider toward the land From Which No Traveler Returns. I saw pearly clouds with pink linings. Just beyond there were smiling faces and open, welcoming arms. But I could not pass the cloud just ahead of me. I remember being surprised to see no angels with harps and wings, no gates of chrysopease and no golden streets.

Here to Be Tested.

Of course there are no embodied loved ones and smiling faces on the Other Shore. This was just one of the feverish pictures. Over There only the spirit dwells, perhaps in consciousness, knowing more about us here than we realize ourselves. They may keep track of our actions and register as to whether we are worthy or not. This life appears to be as probationary as it is ephemeral. We are here to be tested. If we are found suitable we may be advanced to a higher plane of perfection, there to do a work of the new life just as we have tried to perform here, however crudely.

A Curative Dream.

Another dream was in complete contrast to the sky flight. I was back in the jungles of Africa hunting lions. A wounded lion (ideogram for pneumonia?) just about had me down and was starting to maul me. Right when things were at their blackest I got hold of a stovelidflifer which was hanging on a nail nearby. Near it was a ladle. I quietly lifted off the top of the lion's head. Then I took the spoon and ladled out the lion's brains, which I put on the fire to broil. While it was cooking I counted the lion's respirations, took his blood pressure, put a thermometer in his mouth and read his temperature, felt his pulse, took a blood test and X-ray pictures, and rubbed his back vigorously with alcohol. At this juncture, the brains having been cooked to a turn, I proceeded to eat them. Wishing to be decent to the beast I offered him a portion of his own broiled brains, whereupon he walked away contemptuously and I have not seen him since. Perhaps the only lesson to be learned from this is always to carry a stovelidflifer and a big spoon when hunting lions. After that dream I got well.

A Worldful of Lovable People.

Another major discovery I made at the Memorial Hospital was that the earth is filled with the most lovable people. I had known that always in a way but I had never experienced such manifestations as came in the form of flowers and telegrams and letters and telephone calls from everywhere and fish and berries and broths and fruits and confections and gifts of every kind. It is rather invidious to single out any one of these for special mention. Everyone was so kind. Pastors, priests, rectors, bishops, and the Immaculate Ladies of the Noble Loretto called. Undertakers also were kind because

they remained off stage, but all in readiness in the wings. All the lodges in town sent fragrant flowers. York Masonic Lodge of Grand Rapids remembered me. My old Masonic Lodge in Florence, Wisconsin did not forget. I was particularly touched by the remembrance of the Trades and Labor Council of the Sault. These men have always known of my sympathetic friendship, even if we do not contact each other as often as would be pleasant. The first lodge I ever joined was the Odd Fellows. They have always been steadfast in their fraternal relationships. During the terrible typhoid epidemic that devastated the Sault a half century ago the Odd Fellows took care of me night and day. All these years that has been a fragrant memory. Among the delicacies sent me while I was convalescing were brook trout just the right size to be most enjoyable. I wish I could thank personally all the countless friends who performed precious acts of affection during my illness. These things speeded me on to strength enough to return again to the simple, primitive surroundings of my camp at Duck Island, where it looks now as if I would regain my strength and be able to know the joy of work again.

Although I am omitting many things I would like to say, I cannot forego a reference to the kindness, promptness, and efficiency of the Coast Guard.

May I conclude with a restatement of my major discoveries: That the Sault has one of the best-managed hospitals in the world, with talented physicians and surgeons adequate for any need, and the tenderest of nurses, and perfect healthful attention to diet and cuisine.

READ the ADS. In THE NEWS!

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BRASSAR

A number of men attended a at the home of Mrs. Paul Leas? Sunday to put a new roof on th? home.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald McFarland and family and Chummie Leas? spent Sunday afternoon at th? home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Orchard at Homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wright and family of the Sault spent a few days here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Payment and Mrs. Catherine Ciniski wer? Baie De Wasai callers Saturday.

A party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Payment Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Perry and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Perry of the Sault were Brassar callers Saturday.

Sault callers for the week were Mr. and Mrs. Crist Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Salo? Mr. and Mrs. John Huhtala, Mr. and Mrs. James Stephenson, Mrs Joe Leask, Mrs. Paul Leask and Mrs. D. McFarlane.

Regular

TONIGHT

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