

Folks Like Landon!



The Neighbors Size Up G. O. P. Nominee

By WILLARD EDWARDS

Topeka, Kas.

THIS story about Alf Landon will start with a withering criticism of him, quoted exactly as it came from the lips of a roadside commentator encountered at a gasoline filling station on route 40 between Kansas City and Topeka one pleasant June day when the thermometer had just recorded an effortless and complacent 109 degrees Fahrenheit. It was hot even for Kansas.

- Anti-Landon men in Kansas are a fast-expiring tribe. Since the selection of their governor as the candidate of a major party for President Kansan pride has swelled to bountiful proportions.
- This sturdy American, however, had not been swayed by mere local patriotism.
- He had been reclining on a bench in the shade of the white stone filling station when this reporter's car emerged out of the heat waves and pulled up for supplies. He joined the attendant who came out to the car and leaned against a gasoline pump, watching operations with a casual interest.
- I tossed out a hack query:
- "We going to have a Kansan down in the White House next year?"
- The attendant, busy cleaning the windshield of the mangled remains of grasshoppers, murmured mildly that he guessed "most everybody 'round here will vote for the home town boy."
- The gentleman in the dirty white trousers and somewhat cleaner blue (Continued on page eight.)