

# The Portland News

Only Independent Newspaper in Oregon

ONE CENT VOL. XV, NO. 273 Portland, OR. Monday, August 9, 1915

## COL. WOOD FIGHTER AND GENTLEMAN

A few of the shortsighted and scared gentlemen who are running Portland put Portland in the San Diego – Denver – Philadelphia – Ludlow class by arresting Miss Goldman and her manager for distributing literature regarding birth control.

The net result being that Miss Goldman and her latest case received columns of free advertising, tens of thousands who otherwise would not have learned her doctrines swallowed them whole and the town was made to appear a citadel of reaction where free-thinkers are not argued with, or confuted, but put in jail and made martyrs of.

The most foolish, dangerous, unchristian and indecent way to deal with radicals is to persecute them, but Bourbonism will never learn that. The only resource of some fat wits is to put somebody in jail, and that always arouses sympathy for the jailee.

The motto that should be adopted by any free city is “Rave on, you shall not be bothered, or noticed.”

But though this incident proved anew the half-wittedness of the average public official it showed, too, the peaks and chasms of Portland’s most novel citizen, C.E.S. Wood. A lot of folks do not like the colonel; (indeed, one time, before we came to know him as well as we do now, we didn’t hanker for him much ourselves), but Mr. Wood is by far the most cosmopolitan, the most public serving, and most interesting character Oregon has.

Here is an attorney who is skilled in the highest and most technical reaches of the law, a man who is well nigh priceless professionally, and who commands fees that make most lawyers vainly envious.

Detail of caryatid figure by Olin Warner, commissioned by C.E.S. Wood to adorn Skidmore Fountain which bears Wood's words:  
"Good citizens are the riches of a city." – unveiled 09.22.1888



Here is a gentleman of the world, of social eminence; wide-traveled; deeply read; a writer of unusual power as well as a verse artist of high ability. Colonel Wood has a facile water color brush, is a patron of the arts and a critic of national repute; he does everything well, a regular genius of a man.

And yet such a man as this, with his fine tastes, his enviable social position, his high professional standing, is always for the underdog. In every local instance where the bigotry of the law tried to make a martyr of a radical the colonel was there with free legal service – with money; with personal power, and he has been untiring to make this state free indeed as well as on its constitutional pages.

Colonel Wood doesn't talk much about his private generosity, but his pocket has frequently been drained to prop up some fainting cause, where human rights were at stake.

Colonel Wood keeps broadminded and his vocation of corporation law pleading does not dwarf him into a puppet or a mouth-piece.

And Colonel Wood is a good two-fisted fighter; you have to admire the personal courage and scorn of consequences of the man whether you agree with him or not, and he is loyal to his friends to the ultimate.

Our personal opinion is that Colonel Wood doesn't especially care about this latest doctrine of Emma Goldman, just as he did not personally hanker for the right of mounting a soap box and haranguing the multitudes on a corner. BUT the principle of a square deal to everyone, the principle of free speech and the right to be heard, that does interest him, and perfect revolutionist as he is, he would arise from his death bed and go down to Second and Oak to bail out the lowest radical pup in town if he heard the call.

Here is to you, Colonel C. E .S. Wood; here is to your health, your family's health, and your cause's health; may you live long and prosper, and if you do get in jail we are sure you will be the only one concerned in the fracas that will not regret it.