

"Uncle Giles Bowers" is paid tribute: Taken from Houston Chronicle Editorial - 1936

Colorful Figure In Politics And Vivid Character (by John W. Lynch) RR Commissioner

His name is Giles Bowers; he is 86 years young, and as ripsnorting a character as you will meet during a months travel in any direction. He was run out of Florida for taking pot-shots at carpetbaggers, and he walked all the way from the slimy Everglades to the tall pines of East Texas.

The main thing that people like about him is his exhilarating and anticipation for what he will do next. He may tare off his battered hat and shatter the heavens with a Rebel yell, or he may just as likely drop his voice and quote a scripture. He's got more pep right now than two car loads of chili sauce, and more spunk than the vatican guard.

Next to his wife, he loves politics best. He'll ride all day to hear a hoarse office-seeker murder the King's English, and he'll threaten to thrash the whole durned crowd in a twinkling. You'll have a devil of a time convincing him that Congressman Martin Dies is not some sort of assistant general manager to the Almighty in running the Universe, and he thinks Editor Mefo Foster of the Houston Press is Dies' secretary in the herculean task.

To spend an hour with him is like talking a month with the composite George Bernard Shaw, Dizzy Dean and Dr. Brinkley. He thinks he knows everything there is to know about everything - and he's blamed near right, for he has it all figured out on the basis of his logic he's lapped up in 86 years of stem-winding living. He's an optimist, a cynic, a cavalier and a Machiavellian trouper all rolled into one.

To have missed hearing his leonine bellow at a public speaking is to have been robbed of a spine-tingling thrill. He'll argue with you until the hinges of Hades turn to icicles, and if you concede defeat, - as you must - he'll take the other side and start all over again. He's the most lovable character of the past half century and just a devastating. There is no doubt but what they threw the mold away when he was turned out.

He lives with his wife just across the line in Panola County, and he's good farmer when he is not too busy keeping somebody out of office or getting somebody in. The late Martin Dies, Dather of the present Congressman, made him Postmaster at Tenaha, Texas, but he resigned when his work interfered with his politicking. He'll leave a 15 bale cotton crop rotting in the field any time to take to the hustling for the younger Dies, Jim Ferguson, Joe Bailey or any of his favorites in politics.

He is a cousin of Claude G. Bowers, famed editorial writer of the old New York World, and deliverer of the Keynote speech at the Democratic Convention in Houston in 1828. His relatives before him were soldiers, trailblazers and Statesmen. In his eyes burns the flames of a thousand prairie fires, and in his heart surges the courage of a jungle full of lions.

He has a flock of fine sons and daughters who are making good in this world and who fairly worship their fiery parent. His heart is as tender as a babe and yet he can be as hard as a mighty oak. He'll share his last penny with a friend and he'll take the last penny and interest from an enemy.

He rightfully belongs to the generation that gave us David Crockett, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and Kit Carson. He's at home on the range and at ease on any trail. He hasn't tried it lately, to our knowledge but I'll wager he can hog-tie a yearling in split-seconds under the Pendleton record.

He has been a friend and pal to this writer and he can have anything he wants any time he wants it. He's not long for this earth, but our loss will Heaven's gain. AND SOME DAY WE'D LIKE SOME ONE WHO GOES, TO ASK ST. PETER IF HE DIDN'T SAY: "BEFORE I COME IN TELL ME DID YOU VOTE FOR HOOVER OR NOT".