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Along with her other troubles, New York City is threatened by a mass case of inferiority complex. Federal aid has been withheld so far. When the most openhanded country ever known turns down a loan, it hurts to the core.

Islands that use banana leaves for britches get money from us to open tailor shops. Countries that eat missionaries expect us to send them free etiquette books.

For 40 years, our foreign policy has been based on loans and free handouts. Foreign sailors have received free tattoos; sacred Indian cattle have bedded down filled by our generosity. I think the reason that the Japanese and the Germans got so mad during World War II was because they were jealous of the royal way we were treating the French and English. The Good Book says, "Love thy enemies." The squinch eyes and the Germans might have been short on reading time, but they knew that much.

New York is acting foolish. In 24 hours, the mayor could find enough actors on Broadway to send a foreign delegation to Congress. The worthies there would be easy to fool. Most of them don't remember what folks look like outside of Washington. No makeup or costumes would be needed, for sure.

However, like anyone else who is broke, the city has lost her perspective. I know how they feel. Every time a garbage truck blows out a tire or a policeman breaks a billy club it shatters the day.

Short cash breaks down the nervous system so bad that the stomach grows so tense that acids have to be introduced to dissolve the pills. Thought processes become so disoriented that a blind man's dog can't lead the victim a block without getting his leash wrapped around a telephone pole.

I still hear old boys sitting around the coffee houses telling how much fun they had during the drouth and the depression. They must have had all that fun while their wives were teaching school, or while their uncles were avoiding inheritance taxes by using the gift tax exemption.

Fun wasn't what we were having out here at the ranch. Bankers watched our operation so close one winter that their breaths fogged up the window panes.

Don't fall for that hard times nostalgia. I noticed that hombres who fell over from the Hong Kong flu several winters ago didn't give their pet horses oriental names after they'd recovered.

Man and his memories get mighty confused. I like the dreamer who cherishes the days of tall grass and six-bit calves. Donate my part of the good old hard days to your favorite enemy, if you like. The best part of the depression and the drouth was the end. I don't have to tell you that.

New York City has a lot to learn about being broke. Mayor Beame is on the wrong course. He believes that it's his job to worry about the wreck. He doesn't know that heavy ended notes are the banker's problems.

Once an old cow passes below par on the value side and beyond reason on the debit side, the jug keepers and their examiners are responsible then. I wouldn't want a city that was completely out of debt. You'd be shunned by every other metropolis. Counties wouldn't have you; the state governments would call it a disgrace.

As soon as Mr. Roper or Mr. Gallup remind the politicians of the amount of votes on Manhattan Island, the city's collateral will improve. Until then, we'd better start putting aside for an extra item in the feedbill. I've seen those city folks eat. It'll cost a bundle before it's over.