Nixon's smile creates prosperity

BY ARTHUR HOPPE

My friend, Sidney Sliufuss, The Typical American, was somewhat surprised the other morning to answer a knock and find Mr. Nixon standing on the doorstep, sample case in hand and a winning smile on his face.

"Hi, Hi, there!" said Mr. Nixon, grabbing Sydney's hand. "Golly, doesn't everything look just absolutely rosy?"

"Well..." said Sydney doubtfully.

"Think positively!" cried Mr. Nixon. "It's going to be a great year and next year's going to be even greater, a truly vintage year."

"I don't know..." said Sydney, running through the numbers.


"What's that, sir?" asked Mr. Nixon, smiling. "Since I stopped frowning and started smiling, the market's gone back up 240 points. The GNP's going way over a trillion, maybe a zillion. Jobs for all! Two chickens in every pot. Don't worry about a thing. Hooyah for prosperity!"

Sydney just couldn't help smiling. "Gosh, it all sounds great, sir."

"That's the ticket," said Mr. Nixon, opening his sample case. "And now that you're in the proper mood, allow me to show you my wares. As you know, I've embarked on an intensive campaign to sell my revolutionary program to the American public.

"Revolutionary!"

"Look at this. Revenue sharing. Designed to return control of government to the local community."

Mr. Nixon gave Sydney a friendly, clenched-fist salute. "Power to the people!"

"Right on, man," replied Sydney, hoping it was the right response.

"Good. Write a letter to Wilbur Mills. And this. A new welfare program to end poverty and hunger that's downright socialistic."

"It sounds expensive."

"No country can afford to be without one. And look at this. A deficit spending program based on the full employment we haven't got that will create the full employment we haven't got. Now there's positive thinking at its finest. It's absolutely Democratic."

"But how can I afford all this?"

"And the world's people with you!" Mr. Nixon flashed Sydney his broadest, most confident smile. "Don't forget, you're going to be so rich and generous you can afford anything you want."

Well, Sydney said he just couldn't help buying the whole package. The last he saw of Mr. Nixon, he was heading for the house next door, whistling, "Happy Days Are Here Again."

Ever since, Sydney's felt much more hopeful. In fact, he says he could find a job, breathe the air, drink the water, walk the streets safely and pay for his taxes, he'd feel absolutely great. But, as he put it to Irene, his Typical American Wife: "It's sure a heck of a lot better being miserable under a cheerful, smiling President than a gloomy, frowning one."

(Gonzales Chronicle Publishing Co. 1971)