

THE RECORD-COURIER.

VOLUME XXIII.

JOHNSON CITY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1925.

There will be no Issue of the Record-Courier next week—C

Bad Boys Teasing Jimmy Make Ma Mad.

Ma, as Per Jim, Tells the World All About It, and Calls the Naughty Bunch a Lot of Gangsters.

Jim Ferguson, using Ma's name, hurls the brick of defiance and denunciation at his enemies. This terrible denunciation is one of Ma's copyrighted articles. Ma doesn't write these articles. Neither does Jim, but Jim probably suggests leading features for the bunk. It is said that the articles are written by a newspaper woman in Houston. If this is a fact it plucks from Ma's crown another jewel as a famous authoress. That's bad. It is said that the real writer of this junk pays a certain sum for the use of Ma's name. That's business.

In this copyrighted reflex of wrath and laughter Ma-Jim says that a great gang of ambitious and disappointed politicians nurse a grudge against her dear little Jimmy, and says there are men in the crowd who would impeach their own mothers if they thought it would help their political fortunes. Ma-Jim says "her" opposition in Texas can be traced in almost every case to one of three causes. These three causes are named as men who want to be elected governor, those who failed to get road contracts, and by county officials who have been cut out of graft by turning the highway funds over to the state.

Naturally the gentlemen who want to be elected governor are picking on poor little Jimmy. That is wrong. Jimmy has a sore toe, a big grouch, a poor alibi, and doesn't feel like being picked on.

It is very probable that the gentlemen who failed to get highway contracts are also sore at Jimmy, particularly in view of the fact that those who did get road building, surfacing and maintenance contracts made such unreasonable, unconscionable and exorbitant profits, and didn't have to invest anything nor do any real work to make these shameful profits. The American Road company, with a Dover Delaware charter, a capital of fifty thousand dollars, paid in a small amount of actual cash, five old secondhand automobiles and an old dilapidated asphalt heating plant, made a profit of nearly one million dollars in seven months. They didn't have to give bond to protect the state nor anything. This is a sample of the "efficiency and economy" Jim rendered the state by sitting with the highway layout and bossing the job. Such fat takes handed out to favorites is enough to make all other road contractors jealous and bad tempered. And this American Road company stunt is just a sample of the many surfacing and maintenance contracts handed out by Jim and his Fridays. Incidentally, several, perhaps every one, of these fat contract procurers are mad at Jim now, just because Jim went and picked a fuss with Dan Moody and later kicked Lew Kemp, and thus started a muss that broke up a nice sociable game of wholesale graft.

But there are other reasons why the gang are fighting and picking on poor little Jimmy. That \$20,000 and pocket full of passes he got as legal director and constitutional adviser for railroad interests doesn't look just right. Jim never before had a case in justice court so far as any one knows. Maybe such a "legal" practice triumph made all the lawyers jealous and mad, and maybe many of them are also picking on poor little Jimmy.

Then that good will edition of Ferguson's Fracas, alias Forum, filled with advertising bunk and olive branches to the Ku Klux made all of the anti-Ku Klux sore and suspicious. At any rate a majority of the anti-Ku Klux are now picking on poor Jimmy. In fact, about the only real friends poor Jimmy now has are the herds of Ku Klux to whom Jim gave fat road contracts or appointed to some office.

Then maybe there is something in Jim's proxy wholesale pardon record that doesn't savor of humanity so much as it does of politics and more substantial considerations, that has caused some of the gang to pick on poor little Jimmy. And probably there are several thousand aspiring politicians who would have liked to have been appointed secretary of the school text-book board, and who can't see why Jim was appointed, nor why the contract should have been awarded to the highest bidder. Maybe they are picking on poor little Jimmy, too.

And while Jimmy was feeling gay and frisky and supreme he shouldn't have caused a ruction in business relations by using his influence to get all of the road contractors' bonding business for the firm of Nalle & Yett, where in Nalle daughter of Jim had ed the proceeds and Mrs. Yett hasn't got her's yet, but has filed suit and made specific allegations. In this case maybe Jimmy should have given more attention to division and not so much to addition. Maybe the boys and girls are jealous of poor little Jimmy and pick on him because he is so apt in mathematics. As an adder and multiplier Jimmy is a humdinger. But he has not yet learned to divide and subtract, particularly in the matter of his own apple pile.

Ma also overlooks the fact that Jimmy had a bad case of big head and bulldozeritis and was kicking all the little boys around just because he could until they, as a matter of self-preservation, turned on Jimmy. And now Jimmy goes blubbing to Ma about what the gang is doing to him. It's the age old story. Every time a bully gets bested he goes bellowing to ma about his troubles. And foolish mother love never investigates to ascertain the real facts, but rushes to the defense of her loved one, probably stirs up an unnecessary community disturbance and hair pulling contest with the whole neighborhood.

If Ma had given Jimmy a good spanking several months ago, instead of letting the poor child run wild as he did, she might have developed him into something resembling a real man, and have saved herself all of this distress, wrath and humiliation. In this case sparing the rod probably didn't spoil the child, as he was probably a hopeless case anyhow, but Ma would have at least done her duty, and by no methods could she have made matters worse.

It is too bad, of course that the naughty gang is pestering and picking on poor Jimmy, but Jimmy hasn't any friends because of the way he acted. Ma should consider all the facts in the case, and lock Jimmy in the closet for a few months if she expects to have any peace in the political family. Just as sure as fate every time Jimmy gets

out of doors he will be throwing rocks at some of the gang, or some of the gang will be throwing rocks at Jimmy, and some of these times Jimmy may not be able to run fast enough to make his get-away, and then the gang is liable to hurt him. Ma had better watch that boy Jimmy. He is liable to bring the whole family to grief if she doesn't. He is just as tough a nut as any of 'em. Doubtless the

only thing that keeps him from doing something awful right now is the fact that he has made the gang mad, and has to run by himself around with Ma. It's a hard way to raise a child like that. If things keep on going from bad to worse, Ma may have to move and take little Jimmy to some community where there aren't any street Arabs, bad boys and gangsters.

According to the San Antonio Express of December 10, Dan Moody and Rhea Starnes, the latter being the guiding genius of the Hoffman Construction company, staged a thrilling glaring contest in an Austin restaurant. It seems that these two gentlemen, who love and admire each other with about the same degree of tenderness that Jim Ferguson loves Moody, walked into an Austin beanery to "dine," and talk over the Hoffman Construction road suit. They know each other of old, having lived for many years in Williamson county, where they probably played marbles, and went to the same Sunday school and learned to be meek and lowly of spirit. But they probably changed the subject from litigation to personalities, and forgot all about a kind word turning away wrath. At any rate the paper says they were seated at the table when "patrons in the restaurant were startled when the attorney general and Starnes sprang suddenly to their feet, exchanging words in loud voices," and "glaring at each other, but neither made a move to strike."

But the paper fails to say how it all ended. The newspaper account of this little loud language and glaring contest is very incomplete. It fails to say whether they drifted apart, and thus busted up the gastronomic affair, or whether they resumed their seats and went on with the eats. That's not the way to conclude the story of a thrilling vocal disturbance and glaring contest. In

literature found on a cabbage, fried liver, chop suey and spaghetti bill of fare in a Greek cafe. The real American way would have been to have knocked each other into the spittoon a few times before the other "diners" would have had time to get excited.

Any way, we suggest to these two old Williamson county boys of other days that they had better have their private conversations over long distance. This loud language, jumping and glaring business is liable to cause friction between them. And besides who wants to sit around a stuffy Greek hash serving dump all his life just to watch two gentlemen jump to their feet and stare at each other. That isn't enough real action.

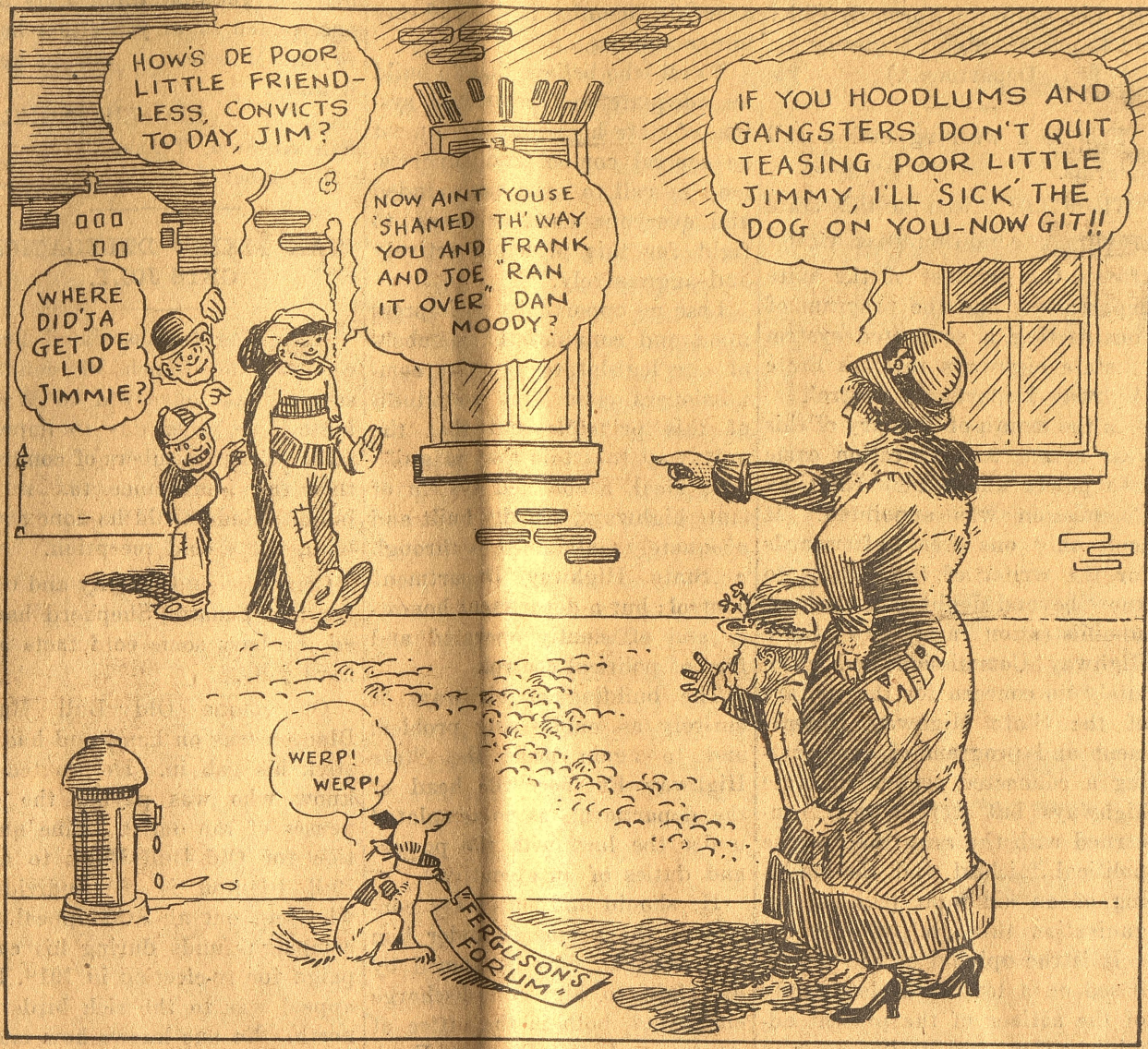
TEXAS SIFTINGS.
(J. H. Briggs)

The Highway Department is by far the biggest department in our state government. It overshadows them all and will be a burning issue in every state political campaign until it is taken entirely out of politics. It was entirely out of politics during Neff's administration and it has been entirely in politics during the Ferguson administration.

The members of the Highway Commission must not only be men of a high type but they must be smart. More than smart—exceedingly keen. When expenditures of twenty million dollars are made in one year, the brightest minds in the state concentrate on getting that money, and it takes exceptionally courageous and clever men to see that no undue advantage is taken of the state.

ROOM 130, DRISKILL HOTEL,
Austin, Texas.
February, 15th., 1925.
To the Members of the 39th. Legislature:

It is the firm belief of the greater majority of men who build the roads in Texas, the engineers, contractors and material men, that under the newly appointed Highway Commissioners the fine department we have had in the past will be entirely wrecked or very badly crippled, there remaining only a Department



The Gang Teasing Jimmy Makes Ma Mad.

Dan And Rhea Stage Staring Contest.

They Walk Into an Austin Beanery and Give a Little Vaudeville Performance with Glaring Features.

According to the San Antonio Express of December 10, Dan Moody and Rhea Starnes, the latter being the guiding genius of the Hoffman Construction company, staged a thrilling glaring contest in an Austin restaurant. It seems that these two gentlemen, who love and admire each other with about the same degree of tenderness that Jim Ferguson loves Moody, walked into an Austin beanery to "dine," and talk over the Hoffman Construction road suit. They know each other of old, having lived for many years in Williamson county, where they probably played marbles, and went to the same Sunday school and learned to be meek and lowly of spirit. But they probably changed the subject from litigation to personalities, and forgot all about a kind word turning away wrath. At any rate the paper says they were seated at the table when "patrons in the restaurant were startled when the attorney general and Starnes sprang suddenly to their feet, exchanging words in loud voices," and "glaring at each other, but neither made a move to strike."

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so far as that newspaper story went Moody and Starnes are still standing there glaring, and glowering and haven't hit each other yet. This is important in any movie thriller. Who wants to take in a movie thriller where there isn't any shifting of scenes, and the leading characters are left glaring and growling and glowering at each other?

There should have been more action in this scene. Dan and Rhea should have basted each other a few times. They are about the same age and size, and should have been able to give the stunt a different ending than just standing and staring. Why glare and glower and paw around like a couple of bulls in adjourning pastures? Why didn't they at least bombard each other with napkins, salt cellars, tooth picks and finger bowls?

Moody is famed for his cool head and Starnes is equally famed for his serene temper, yet there is a limit to all things, and this writer could have told those two birds that they couldn't roost serenely on the same limb, nor even in adjacent chairs in an Austin beanery.

And besides, gentlemen should not go into a beanery, engage in loud and vociferous talk, then jump to their feet and glare and growl, excite and then sadly disappoint all other occupants of the said beanery. That's bad manners, and too much resembles a French duel. Maybe the boys absorbed the French fight features of this fracas from reading too much of the cheap, imported

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