

Editorial Page

No Such Thing As 'Surplus'

Probably nothing will come of it, but the proposal of Rep. Robert Elfstrom to use \$10 million of Oregon's \$40 million "surplus" for state debt retirement appeals to us.

Others who go along with the idea of fiscal responsibility in government think like Rep. Elfstrom, and the idea might have a ghost of a chance of realization—although to many such economy pleas fall by the wayside to offer much encouragement in this instance.

Elfstrom's plan would, in effect, cut Gov. Hatfield's \$359 million general fund budget, and Elfstrom makes no bones about the fact

that it is just what he is proposing to do. Another state officer, treasurer Howard Belton, has urged that the whole \$40 million be used for debt retirement. Legislators on both sides of the aisle have expressed opinions that the budget could be cut.

If that is true, the budget should be cut—regardless of the false "prosperity" generated by the thought of a budget surplus. In fact, the whole idea of a "surplus" is absurd. There is no such thing as a surplus — that money belongs to the state's taxpayers. It is not feasible to return it, so any plan that will relieve future taxation is a logical one.

Bludgeons The Middle Class

Prof. C. Northcote Parkinson has instituted "Parkinson's First Law" (the work load expands to fill the time of all persons employed) and "Parkinson's Second Law" (expenditures rise to meet income) which have caused the nose of more than one businessman to twitch. In a portion of his book, Prof. Parkinson points up the ridiculous situation that is forced by our income tax laws.

An extremely wealthy man underwent an extremely serious operation at the hands of an extremely distinguished surgeon. Ten days afterwards the surgeon asked how his patient was progressing. "Doing fine," said the nurse. "He has already been trying to date Nurse Audrey, a sure sign of convalescence."

"In that case," said the surgeon, "the patient needs something to steady his pulse. I shall tell him what the operation cost."

The patient sobered down under his treatment and did some rapid calculations on the back of his temperature chart.

"Your fee of \$4,000," he finally concluded, "represents the portion I retained from the last \$44,500 of my income. To pay you without being worse off would mean earning another \$44,500 more than last year; no easy task."

"Well," replied the surgeon, "you know how it is. It is only by charging you that much that I can afford to charge others little or nothing."

"No doubt," said the patient. "But the fee still absorbs \$44,500 of my theoretical income—no inconsiderable sum. Might I ask what proportion of the \$4,000 you will manage to retain?"

It was the surgeon's turn to scribble calculations, as a result of which he concluded that his actual gain, after taxes had been paid,

would amount to \$800.

"Allow me to observe," said the patient, "that I must therefore earn \$44,500 in order to give you \$800 for spendable income, the entire balance going to the government. Does that strike you as a transaction profitable to either of us?"

"Well, frankly, no," admitted the surgeon. "Put like that, the whole thing is absurd. But what else can we do?"

"... Come closer so I can whisper," said the patient. "Why don't I give you a case of Scotch and so call it quits?"

"Not enough," hissed the surgeon, "but if you made it two cases . . . ?"

"Yes?"

"And lent me your cabin cruiser for three weeks in September . . . ?"

"Yes?"

"We might call it a deal."

Well, there is only one example of how the things works—if only theoretically. But it does show that someplace along the line our restrictive income tax plan is simply destructive.

2300 years ago, when the Greeks adopted this tax, it was accompanied with a prophetic comment from the leading scholar of the day—Isocrates. He said: "It would appear that success is to be punished: that exorbitant taxes have made it a crime for a man to prosper. The end result of such an order can only be removal of incentive, the discouragement of our people, and the destruction of our free society."

And, lest the reader say that the income tax soaks the rich (like the doctor and the businessman, in this parody) let us hasten to add that the income tax does not soak the rich—it bludgeons the middle class.

Every Day A Holiday?

It was somewhat shocking to learn that state employees enjoy the privilege of paid holidays on Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. How silly can we get?

The information came when Gov. Hatfield proposed that the birthdays of our national heroes should no longer be observed as holidays. Instead, he asks that Feb. 14 be declared as a legal holiday, because that is the date of Oregon's admission to the Union.

In our opinion the governor should have recommended abolition of the two holidays and let it go right there. This holiday thing is overdue already. We can observe important historical events and occasions without the formality of a holiday.

It is doubtful that business and industry would go so far to observe the date of admission to the Union, and public employees would be the only persons enjoying the privilege of a holiday.

The incident brings to mind another thought: At a time when this nation apparently needs greater production, an attitude toward harder work, and tougher discipline, we seem hell-bent the other way. More and more pressure is applied for shorter work weeks, more holidays, and greater vacations. Everybody wants to work less, and still draw bigger pay. And there is a concerted howl when prices go up to pay for this laziness.

BARBS

Nobody ever enjoys pipe smoking when it's the one that leads from the furnace.

Women's gloves are what a husband goes back to look for after he has left a movie with his wife.

Heating systems in some apartments are commonly known as flat failures.

Half a peanut is said to supply energy for half an hour of mental work. Eat more and you shell out more.

A loose tongue often is a good indication of a man being tight.

A double chin develops when a couple of women meet.

Any time a kiss will change a pout into a pucker we're for it.

When a woman's age starts telling on her is when a woman stops telling her age.

A blotter is what people look for while the ink is drying.

Canadian Province

- ACROSS
- 1 New Brunswick is one of the provinces of Canada
- 8 It is on Quebec, Nova Scotia and Maine
- 13 Transfree
- 14 Dormouse
- 15 Rot by exposure
- 16 Morning moisture
- 17 Japanese watering place
- 18 Appear
- 20 Asterisk
- 22 Brythonic sea god
- 23 Hawaiian bird
- 25 Slide
- 27 Armod feet
- 31 Dung beetle
- 35 Portuguese India
- 36 Bewildered
- 38 Proportion
- 39 Hodgkisson
- 41 South American resident
- 43 Peruse
- 44 Sign of the zodiac
- 46 But
- 48 Entice
- 50 Daybreak (comb. form)
- 52 Tides of the
- 53 Cause Moncton's phenomenon
- 54 Nevada city
- 56 Essential being
- 60 Flange
- 62 Wine cup
- 64 Mimic
- 65 Wash lightly
- 66 Frederick is the provincial
- 68 Facilitate
- 69 Barterers

Answer to Previous Puzzle

- DOWN
- 1 Auricles
- 2 Nautical term
- 3 Location
- 4 Symbol for tellurium
- 5 Conclusion
- 6 Sheepfold
- 7 Salamanders
- 8 Visigoth king
- 9 Wager
- 10 Soviet river
- 11 Huge volume
- 12 Mix
- 19 Extinct bird
- 21 French region
- 24 Harlem room
- 26 Goller's term
- 27 Eager
- 28 Play part
- 29 Mutilate
- 30 Tower
- 32 Speed contest
- 33 Above
- 34 Twisted
- 37 Babylonian god
- 40 Lubricant
- 42 Cutting tool
- 45 Doctors' assistants
- 47 Mine shaft but
- 51 Unclothed
- 52 Operatic solo
- 53 Longinas (lang)
- 55 Persian tentmaker
- 57 Gut
- 58 Ship mast
- 59 Congress
- 61 Peer Gynt's mother
- 63 Brazilian wallaba
- 67 Hypothetical structural unit



Letters To The Editor

In The Club

Welcome to the club, Mr. Yost. Your letter to the editor, printed Jan. 16, will be read and appreciated by present and future members. The club grows daily. Initiation fees come fast. Monthly dues are paid by many. Cash receipts are issued promptly. Believe me, Mr. Yost, they do unto us as they do unto you. Ninety dollars and three tickets later leaves one broker and wiser. The ulcers boil and

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the blood pressure goes up, but one must give credit where credit is due. It isn't easy to hide a patrol car! Please don't feel too badly towards our law enforcement boys and the judicial agencies. The fault is ours. We elected a young boss who had many ideas. The secret weapon he sprung back there a spell raises lots of money, but the traffic deaths continue to rise. We had hoped that he would be sent back there to Washington,

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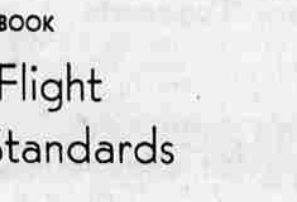
but they must have found out about him, too. But who knows, maybe he'll run again and we can show up on election day. The members of the club can deal a body blow. And please, good neighbors to the south, won't you please take a long second look at the "bug stations" over there. Fred Tucker 2251 Shasta Way



YOUR POCKETBOOK

Dollars Flight Raises Standards

It all depends upon what you mean by usual. According to a study by the New York Stock Exchange of trading activity on one specific day, \$815,000 worth of stock was bought or sold by custodians for minors in some 600 transactions involving 22,000 shares. This volume is nominal, for often three million or more shares are traded in a single day. The average size of each transaction for the small fry was 33 shares the average price per share \$36.50. The exchange, however, notes increased market activity on behalf of youngsters and attributes this to legislation in all states which simplifies giving gifts of securities to minors. Note to dotting grandpas, grandmas and rich uncles: This is an excellent device for building funds for education. A share of stock can buy you more long-term endowment than a giddy toy.



THE DOCTOR SAYS . . .

'Fast Draw' Leaves Cripples In Wake

In an article in the Western Journal of Surgery, Dr. J. V. Brown has described a series of 16 cases in which gunshot wounds of the leg were caused by what he calls "The Fast Draw Syndrome." The origin of Dr. Brown's paper is, of course, the present day Western, shown in the movies or on TV with monotonous regularity. I'm sure you know the formula for the fast draw. Good guy and bad guy meet in the town's main street. They approach each other as remaining members of the cast run for cover. Suddenly the bad guy pulls his gun. But the good guy is quicker "on the draw" and "fills him full of lead." Wherewith, the villain dies without a struggle only to be replaced after a short delay by another bad guy who pulls his gun only to meet the same fate at the hands of the "faster draw" and so on and on and on as long as the sponsor sells his product. In the real life cases observed by Dr. Brown, a "young man in his late teens or early twenties presents a small caliber gunshot wound of the lower extremity, accidentally self-inflicted while practicing the 'fast draw.' Too slow on the draw and too quick with



NOTHING SPECIAL

(W. B. S.)

I guess that most of us think that we have all of the problems of the world. Shed a tear in your beer for Sen. Clair Engle, Cal., who dropped this pensive missive in the mail. "There are times when a United States Senator might just as well head for the Atlantic Ocean . . . and keep on going until his hat floats. "By last count, we have over 500 Californians in Washington for the Inaugural festivities. Tickets for the ceremony? Yes, I had some. This ceremony is handled by Congress and each Senator gets some to distribute—11. Now, how does a Senator take care of 500 people from California with just 11 tickets?" Now, there you must agree, is a lamentable situation. But you know what? I'll just bet that the good Senator (as well as 49 others) found satisfactory ways out

Dear Hearts And Gentle People

Malin, Ore. Jan. 17, 1960

Editor "Nothing Special" column Dear Sir:

In your Sunday column you mentioned wanting material that showed the goodness of people. My wife and I are particularly aware of the good people around us at this time, and we wondered if you would put our letter of thanks as we have written it. We believe this is one of the things you were referring to.

Sincerely, Charles V. Dobry, Jr.

DEAR HEARTS AND GENTLE PEOPLE

There may be other places like Klamath County, peopled by the kind of neighbors that we have, but it is difficult to believe that for benevolence and greatness of heart they have equals anywhere.

When my wife and I were so seriously injured in an automobile accident in December of 1960, the moral, spiritual, material, and financial aid given us by neighbors and by friends throughout the county, especially those living in Malin, Bonanza, Merrill and Henley, simply surpasses belief. For our children, who were not involved in the accident, our friends and benefactors provided a bountiful Christmas. Local business people provided us with a splendid Christmas dinner. The acts of kindness shown us by individuals were so numerous that we are unable to thank each person separately. Furthermore, much of the material aid was given anonymously.

The merchants, with whom we do business, generously offered to carry us until such a time as I am again able to earn a living.

There are several organizations who extended every effort in our behalf. Those of whom we know are the Moose Lodge (Merrill), V. F. W. and Auxiliary, American Legion and Auxiliary, the Elks, and members of the Eastern Star and the Masonic Lodge of Malin.

We hope to make a permanent home in this locality: we hope to prove worthy of the kindness shown us when even life was not certain; we earnestly desire to make known to our kindly neighbors, near and far, that what they did and what their acts represent, make life worth living. We are especially grateful to the Rev. Ethan Whitman who spent many hours at our bedsides. No words are adequate to express our feelings but — we thank all of you.

Doris and Charles V. Dobry, Jr. Malin, Oregon

with another in a distant place," people thought he was insane. Today we have 60 million telephones and an average of 148 million "word of mouth" communications every day.

Of all of the so-called "national" magazines, U.S. News & World Report and Business Week are about the only reputable ones left. The rest are trash. (Yes, I include Time, Life, Look, Newsweek, et al.) It is unfortunate that our high schools expose the youngsters to them and too many liberal minded teachers are anxious to impress the kids with the "validity" of the "news" that appears in them.

The wife was always antagonized by her husband going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always, "Goodnight, mother of three." One night when she could stand it no longer, and when he put on his hat and started out the door, calling cheerily, "Goodnight, mother of three," she answered quite cheerfully, "Goodnight, father of one." Now he stays home.

Nothing so brightens the day of a newspaper worker as a request for an article "that appeared either in his paper, or some other paper, two or three years ago, between January and December."

The power of suggestion (I hate that word conformity) was never more exemplified than in the case of the army sergeant who was passing out apricots in small paper dishes to the chow line. He decided to experiment. He asked the next few men as they came by, "You don't want any apricots, do you?" and 90 per cent said no. Then he tried a more positive approach: "You want apricots, don't you?" and approximately 30 per cent answered yes. The sergeant decided to test another well-known technique, and started asking, "One dish of apricots, or two?" And in spite of the fact that soldiers dislike apricots, 40 per cent took two dishes, and 50 per cent took one.

The Justice Department finds that most people are not so smart as they think they are. At least, that would be the assumption from the number of intelligent businessmen, bankers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, and professional people who fall victims to swindlers every year. The department has reason to believe that between \$150 and \$175 million annually is dropped by these people to swindlers of various kinds.

A note of wisdom for the youngster of today: Cato, the old Roman, started to study Greek when he was around 80. When someone asked why he was beginning so large a task at such an advanced age, Cato replied that "it is the youngest age I have left."

Stick around. You can't lose.

Thoughts

And the man Elkanah and all his house went up to offer to the Lord the yearly sacrifice, and to pay his vow.—1 Samuel 1:21. Let men laugh, if they will, when you sacrifice desire to duty. You have time and eternity to rejoice in. — Theodore Parker.