

Herald and News

Editorial Page

Tax Cut Almost Certain

The longer the congressional hassle goes on over a new tax bill, the more New York Republican Congressman Paul Fino's 11-year-old proposal for a national lottery will look like the only solution.

The situation is so bad now that a lot of congressmen are saying there won't be any tax bill this year.

Sen. Albert Gore, D-Tenn., said it first. But it took the two minority leaders—Sen. Everett Dirksen, R-Ill., and Rep. Charles Halleck, R-Ind.—only a couple of days to latch onto the idea and make it theirs.

At about the same time Dirksen and Halleck were telling a press conference that the only way the President could get a tax cut this year would be for him to cut his budget, the House Ways and Means Committee, under its indefatigable chairman, Wilbur Mills, D-Ark., was voting 19-to-4 to accept Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon's latest proposal.

This is for a tax cut, fully effective Jan. 1, 1965, lower than President Kennedy had asked for originally in his tax reform message last January.

At first glance, it might seem that the President and Dillon had changed the rules at the end of the game. Actually, that's what they did. But they had to do it.

The reason was that the House Ways and Means Committee has taken so long in acting on the President's proposed tax reforms—finally rejecting or changing most of them—that the whole tax bill formula had to be changed to bring in more revenue.

This was a matter of practical politics in taking what Congress is willing to pass while still keeping the budget deficit within manageable size.

But tentative approval of a tax cut, any tax cut, by the House Ways and Means Committee is a pretty good indication that there will be a tax bill passed this year.

Tax bills normally go from the Ways and Means Committee to the House floor under a closed rule. This means that no amendments can be offered by individual congressmen. They have only the choice of voting for or against the bill after limited debate.

It will be a whopper of a bill—"300 pages of new complexities," Rep. John W. Byrnes, R-Wis., ranking minority member of the Ways and Means Committee, calls it.

But the demand by Byrnes that the President withdraw his requests for new spending as a prior condition to Republican approval of a tax cut is an act of last minute political desperation which probably will be rejected.

Byrnes, who also is chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee, frankly offered this proposal as "a deal" in a speech before the American Bar Assn. in Chicago.

If the Republicans persuade enough anti-administration Democrats to join them in voting against a tax cut, they may be risking their own political futures.

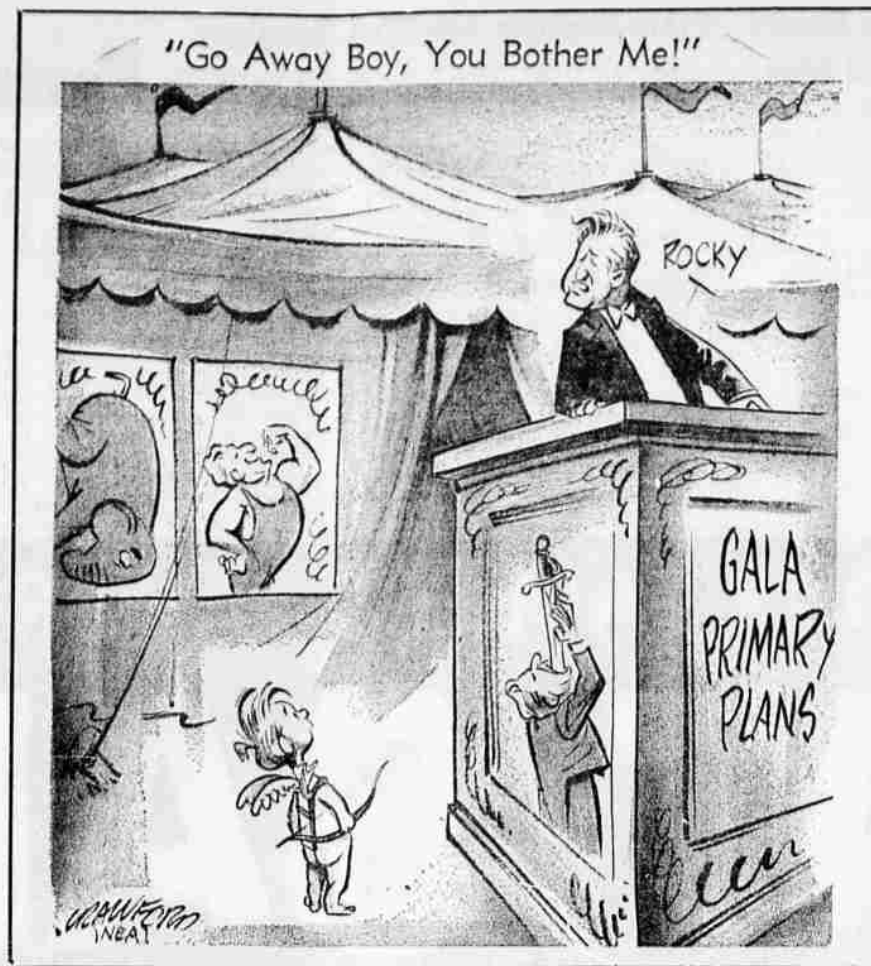
Business and individual taxpayer demands for tax reduction on this year's income are so heavy that Congress can hardly dare go home without granting some relief.

If the House Ways and Means Committee completes action on the tax bill before Aug. 24, it probably could be passed by the House before Labor Day. Hearings would then begin before the Finance Committee under Sen. Harry F. Byrd, D-Va.

The prospect is that every provision of the House-passed bill will be scrutinized—some being rejected.

Senate debate and floor action, followed by conferences with the House to compromise on differences, may mean final action in late October or even early November.

But Congress has to pass some kind of a tax cut this year, even if it does nothing else.



DISPATCH FROM THE FARM . . .

The Magic Of Machinery

By JOHN GOULD

In The Christian Science Monitor

With something of a joy, it came to me of a sudden that another 10 or 15 minutes in the schedule of our mailman wouldn't upset the day beyond endurance. I cite this as a minor premise, for I'm not sure where we go from that. What I think, mostly, is that the great midcentury, new frontiers let's-go-boys spirit of the Edge of Space has made a kook out of our Postmaster General. He has just sent me an official notification that my Zip Code number is 94252.

Since my automobile license tag number of 5,452 sort of matches my telephone number of 4542, and both seem to relate to my Zip Code, I'm in a mess. Some hideous perversion of numerology has set up a good one for me—for all this good fortune came to me strictly by what Chippie Galbraith used to call "jumpin' luck." I would be the last breathing creature in the whole wide world to plunk down extra money for a special license tag number, as some do. I assume the tele-

phone company, and the emulating Post Office Department, select and assign numbers unemotionally. I would doubt that Uncle Sam looked up my phone number, or the license bureau foresaw my Zip.

Well, out here under the assuaging shade of the turnips, this general infatuation with systematized uniformity oftentimes looks a little askew. Some years ago when the United States Department of Agriculture decided to reduce its usefulness to the infinite multiples of one to zero, my card went into the works with all the rest, but to the everlasting glory of happenstance it must have had one little hole in the wrong place. Consequently, four times a year with faithful repetition, I receive a coded inquiry as to my acreage of sorghum, peanuts, cotton and tobacco. I am asked to estimate my crop, report acres in production out of total acres operated, and supply the yield per acre.

As you may well expect after knowing me all these years, I ignore these inquiries—partly because here in Maine we grow potatoes, sweetcorn, dry beans, and squash. But after a suitable interval, I receive the follow-up card (also full of little holes) which says that I have not replied. Since I know this, and now have proof that the USDA also knows it, I ignore the follow-up as well, and nothing else happens until the next quarter when the machine cycles again. I am, naturally, all of a twitter to see how the new Zip Code of the Post Office Department will speed this gigantic efficiency of its sister department.

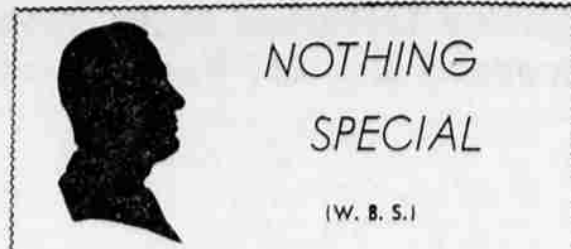
I'm in a similar bind with the State Department of Labor and Industry, which also has a machine. Every year I receive a fat envelope with a questionnaire. The law, it says, requires that I furnish full information about my industrial activities, and if a corporation, the names and addresses of the principal officers. I must tell the floor space of my manufacturing establishment, cost of raw materials to be processed, annual payroll, number of hands, value of manufactured goods and distribution of products. The first time this came I bemusedly wrote across it, "We make nothing but friends, and they are all over everywhere," and returned the whole thing. I thought some high-priced state employee getting this back would smile at an office

goof, pick my card out and throw it away, and there would be an end. But it isn't that simple. Once a human error goes through a machine, it becomes truth.

I next got a curt and rather snappy notice that since I had a machine, it becomes truth. I next got a curt and rather snappy notice that since I had not completed the form I was subject to a fine and that immediate compliance would spare me some awful consequences. The easiest way out would be for me to tool up and begin making ax handles or rocket bearings and go after a government contract. When you realize that your completely unindustrial name has been mistakenly added to the industrial list you first feel like smiling, but when you learn that there is no possible way of getting it out, you become despondent. The matter has become wholly impersonal. Every year I ignore it, and every year the Attorney General cites me for action. By that time the machine is ready to start again. It's like one of those dreams where you wake up before anything happens. But can't you see that a Zip Code is going to add a great deal to all this?

You see, I can mail two letters out here at my R. F. D. box in the morning—one to Norway Street in Boston and one to my next neighbor but one up the road. The letter to Boston will be delivered a whole day sooner. This doesn't mean anything, really, but it should be interesting as a plain fact. It is intended to show that a Zip Code number bears no special relationship to life as it is lived, but is significant mostly when you fall in love with numbers and let them become the boss, rather than the servant.

You can set up systems by the mile but somewhere, somehow, some stumbling human being is going to slip a cog, or stub a toe, or get a Maine card in the Virginia pile, and the magic miracle of machinery will founder in the deep of nonsense. Like Burt Corey, whose order blank got stuck in a mail-order machine in Chicago six years ago, and every day since they've been sending him a snaffle for a bull staff, in spite of anything he can do about it, and without due reflection that a snaffle on a bull staff is something a man needs only one of. Without looking back, what is my phone number?



NOTHING SPECIAL

(W. B. S.)

The years creep by and your age is showing if you had to empty the drip pan under the ice box . . . Car windshields opened to let in breeze . . . Men wore BVD's instead of shorts and undershirts . . . You carried home 24 or 12½ pounds of ice on the running board of your car . . . the grocer sacked up beans, sugar and rice out of a bin . . . men's shoe strings laced half way up through eyes and the rest of the way around hooks . . . you put white gasoline in your car, at 12 cents a gallon . . . radios came in two pieces—the speaker being separate . . . it was a marvel that you could drive 35 miles "without getting off a hard surfaced road" . . . Grandma shocked everybody by getting her hair bobbed . . . Bing Crosby had hair and Fred Astaire danced with his sister . . . Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson were king of the cowboys . . . you bought the Literary Digest from kids at the door . . . women who wore trousers were eccentric . . . you could mail a letter with a two-cent stamp . . . men wore garters . . . you took a can to the grocery store, the grocer filled it with kerosene from a barrel and stuck a potato over the spigot . . . women heated their curling irons over a coal oil lamp . . . bloomers came down to the knees

The "Black Hills" of Klamath Falls!

She wants to know what happened to Pelican Pete. Darned if I know. In fact, I never heard of him. Can any reader help her out?

And Non Compos Mentis asks: "If you will send me the name of the diabolical fiend who concocts the Coinword puzzles, I will gladly arrange to have him (or her) boiled in oil!"

Well, Non, if I knew, I'd help.

One point still isn't clear: Did Harriman, Humphrey et al get Castro to sign that anti-nuclear agreement?

Even if a man could understand women, he still wouldn't believe it.

The surest sign that summer has arrived are the news stories about the pro football teams holding spring training and battling in charity contests.

A Texas Congressman says if government spending goes always up and never down what happened in the following story could happen to the American taxpayer. In a little Texas town a not very upright character was sentenced to 30 days in jail for stealing a ham. Two weeks after he had started serving his sentence his wife visited the judge and begged for her husband's release. "Is he a good husband?" the judge asked. "No sir, he's pretty no-account." "Does he treat your children well?" "No sir, judge, he's mean to them." "Well, does he stay home when he's not in jail?" "No sir, he runs around a lot." "Then," said the judge, "why do you want him out of jail?" "I'll tell you, judge," said the harassed woman, "we're just about to run out of ham again."

Speaking of ham, some joker sneaked into my cubbyhole Friday and made me the present of a dozen packages of Girl Scout cookies. Which, I assume, means that he (or she) is doing something about that surplus I referred to last week.

Aw, now. I really like Girl Scouts. (Especially those between the ages, say, from—I guess I'd better not say it.)

Pelican Petunia writes a short ode:

Who'll carve the busts of famous men
Upon our canyon walls?
Again we have the background—



STRICTLY PERSONAL

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Purely Personal Prejudices: The most unworldly task in the world is trying to tell people the truth about themselves before they are ready to hear it; and even Aesop, who cast such truths in fable form, was eventually thrown off a cliff because his morals struck too close to home.

With all kinds of weird and improbable musical adaptations going on in the theater today, it seems strange that the finest of American folk plays, "The Green Pastures," has never been turned into a musical.

It's a good thing for them that the people who enjoy relating their dreams in public aren't generally aware of all the implications of what they're saying.

Most of us will go to a "preview" of something we don't especially want to see, simply because we are offered a chance to see it ahead of others; and preview audiences are cordially detested by performers.

We think of America, on the whole, as a "law-abiding" country; but reading a book on British law-enforcement, I was mortified to learn that in 1934, when the book was published, Greater London had only 19 armed robberies all year, while New York or Chicago had about that many each day.

It's a curious trick of the mind that the day after you learn a new word you'd never heard before, or the name of a person hitherto unknown to you, the word or name pops up again immediately.

A person has gone from social drinking to heavy drinking when his response to the invitation to have another is "Why not?" Every potential alcoholic I have known has given this laconic answer.

One of the real paradoxes of personality is how people in show business can be so warm-hearted and so cold-blooded at the same time.

No other book ever written con-

lains so much nonsense and so much profundity as Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra"—the only trouble being that by the time you're capable of separating the nonsense from the profundity, you don't need to read the book any more.

Most mother-in-law jokes, though perennially popular, are terribly unfunny; the only amusing one I can recollect is about the son-in-law who was given two ties for his birthday by his mother-in-law; when he appeared at her house wearing one of them, she greeted him with: "What's the matter—didn't you like the other one?"

Men don't have implacable enemies the way they did in past ages—but they don't have as closely-welded friendships, either; our interpersonal relations have become more tentative and tepid as society has grown more dense and complex.

Cynicism in the young is always a wholesome sign—it indicates that a sensitive, idealistic nature has been shocked and is trying to come to terms with the folly of the adult world; it is only cynicism in the old that I find spiritually objectionable.

Almanac

By United Press International
Today is Thursday, Aug. 22, the 234th day of 1963 with 131 to follow.

The moon is approaching its first phase.

The morning stars are Jupiter and Saturn.

The evening stars are Mars and Saturn.

Those born today include French composer Claude Debussy, in 1862.

On this day in history:

In 1851, the United States yacht "America" beat the British yacht Aurora off Cowes, England, and won the silver trophy which has since borne its name.

In 1911, the Mona Lisa was stolen from the Louvre museum in Paris.

In 1941, Nazi troops advanced to the outskirts of Leningrad, Russia.

We Can Keep America Beautiful

It's a fact, we are not keeping America beautiful.

It's a fact that more and more products wrapped and packaged in containers of glass, paper, metal, and aluminum are littering America's cities, roads, waterways, parks, mountain retreats and recreation spots.

The vacation season is here. Constantly on the move over their hundreds of thousands of miles of roadways and streets, Americans derive much pleasure and recreation from their beautiful outdoors.

But it's a fact that this pleasure is marred by the litter which careless people leave in their wake. Not only is it unnecessary, it's revolting.

Litter is offensive to sight and senses. It costs the U.S. taxpayer an estimated \$500,000,000 annually. Urban communities spend about 300 million of that amount for street cleaning each year. Some 50 million more is spent annually for de-littering primary highways. Additional millions go for litter removal

from city streets, parks, beaches, streams and other public places.

Litter is also a menace to life and health. It creates breeding grounds for disease-carrying insects and rodents. Littered waters are often dangerous for swimmers, fishermen, boats and drinking.

There is plenty we can do. We can keep our homes and property litter free. We can dispose of trash in proper receptacles and carry a litterbag in the car or boat. We can leave camp sites, picnic grounds and beach areas clean—cleaner than we found them. We can urge public officials to provide adequate collection and disposal facilities.

By encouraging less litter we can keep America clean and beautiful, we can save our tax money for other and more important uses, and we can eliminate one hazard to health.

It's a fact, we can keep America beautiful, if we want.



HOLMES ALEXANDER . . .

A Tear-Apart Treaty

By HOLMES ALEXANDER

There is more political fusion than fusion in the Nuclear Pact. Politically speaking, it scatters and divides a lot more than it collects and coalesces. It has already separated Russia and China; and the United States and France. It is separating this country into regional divisions along old, historic lines—the North, the South and the West. It is splitting the Government itself.

We should not, I think, jump to any fast judgment here. One of the most statesmanlike remarks that I have come across concerning the treaty goes to the credit of a new Senator, Edwin Mechem (R., New Mexico). He told his constituents in a newsletter: "I suspect that those who find the answers easily have devoted little time to investigating the ramifications of one of the most complex subjects in history."

Instead of releasing a nose-count on his mail, as the White House did to show an 11 to 1 favorable response, Mechem has studied the content for its quality. His state has an extraordinary number of atomic facilities and scientists. Mechem has requested, in effect, expert advice only. He says: "I should welcome still more correspondence from the many persons in New Mexico who are knowledgeable in such matters."

Two other Western Republicans

Senators, both former governors like Mechem, are waiting to hear from the military-scientific experts before taking a position on the treaty. From talking with them, I surmise that Len Jordan (R., Idaho) is more inclined to support the treaty than is his Western colleague, Milward Simpson (R., Wyoming). But Jordan's mail already shows a state torn asunder by polemic opinion. One constituent is so against the treaty that he vows to start working against Jordan's reelection the moment the senator votes for ratification. Another constituent says a vote against the treaty is a vote for two-headed babies. Milward Simpson, getting a preponderance of letters against the treaty but waiting for solid evidence, seems inclined to vote on the basic principle that Russia cannot be trusted. Both Jordan and Simpson are in for hard, conscience-testing decisions.

The South, like the West, will be furious with its Senators who give the treaty their support unless there are safe-guarding reservations. Senator Russell (D., Georgia), chairman of Armed Services is getting inflammatory mail, but will make up his own mind, probably on the side of the administration.

Conversely, the Northern States, usually in the internationalist bloc,

are urging their senators to back the president. Senator Saltonstall (R., Mass.) tells his Republican colleagues that this is the consensus of his mail. Aiken (R., Vermont) and Kuchel (R., California) will be in general concert with their communities if they support the treaty.

So, good or bad in other respects, the treaty is divisive. It will tear one section of the nation apart from another and senators apart from the electors in many cases. It may rip the Legislative branch apart from the Executive in one instance, for Senator Hickenlooper has served notice that he will demand all the written material that went into the negotiations, including the privileged Kennedy-Khrushchev correspondence. It will certainly make a rift between the President's political and military advisers, since it is known that the generals and admirals in the Pentagon are far from being in agreement with the diplomats in the State Department.

Again, let us assert with Senator Mechem that the easy answers are the ignorant answers in "one of the most complex subjects in history." Yet, let us be warned in advance that this treaty not only divides our international enemies and our international friends, it also divides Americans.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thanks .

We want to thank the fire chief and Stewart-Lenox fire staff for their wonderful help on Aug. 3 when our grass fire got away, also everybody that helped.

They were most wonderful. It is so wonderful to have such a good staff and such quick responses.

Thanks again.
Jim and Ruth Novotny,
1105 Riverside Drive.

Success

We would like to take this means of expressing to you and your staff our appreciation for the fine support you gave in helping to make our 15th Annual Shrine Circus a real success.

Without your fine advertising and publicity we feel that the circus would not have been the success it was again this year.

We are looking forward to the 16th Annual Shrine Circus and hope that we can again have your support in helping to make it another success.

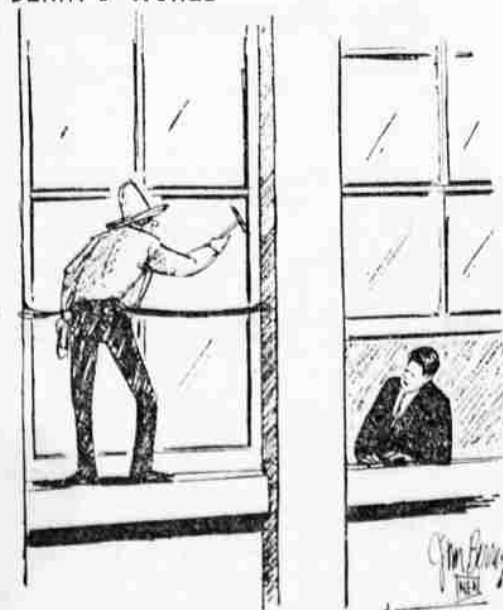
Van S. Mollison,
General Chairman;
Avis O'Donnell,
Shrine Circus Director;
Virginia Conrady,
Secretary, Shrine Circus.

Thanks

I wish to thank the gentlemen and ladies that helped me two weeks ago Saturday to my feet when I fell on the corner of Fifth and Main Street and into Miller's store, where I was brought home by a friend. They were so nice to me, I want them to know I appreciated it so much.

Mrs. Gillette

BERRY'S WORLD



"If you want to see me, Lyndon, simply make an appointment!"