

Slouch By Jim Earle



"... if you let me change my schedule just one more time, I promise that it will be my last change."

Reagan's tax cut bill worries reporter sick

By DAVID S. BRODER

WASHINGTON — I spent a miserable weekend, worrying. And since I cannot shake the worries, I am going to share them. That is the kind of generosity that comes naturally to those of us who are stuck in Washington in August.

I have been driven to the brink of despair by one of my favorite papers, The Wall Street Journal. I believe in The Wall Street Journal because I see all those successful corporate executives on the Journal's TV ads who owe it all to reading The Journal. They are my role models.

Last Monday, I picked up my Wall Street Journal and turned, as usual, to the front-page column called "The Outlook." I read a sentence that knotted my stomach: "After laboring and lobbying for the tax bill, some businessmen are wondering if they got more than they wanted."

More than they wanted? I read on, shaking. "Businessmen wanted a corporate tax cut that would encourage capital spending. They got most of the faster write-off of buildings, machinery and vehicles that they were seeking. But along with it came a personal tax cut of 25 percent over 33 months that many executives worry will give birth to a huge federal deficit over the next few years. That unwanted offspring could bring on either continued inflation or high interest rates, or both, businessmen say. As if that wasn't enough to worry about, some fear that the effort to control inflation by restricting growth of the money supply is already causing a sluggish economy that may persist for several more years."

Oh my gosh, I thought, they're talking about Kemp-Roth. A shudder went through my frame. For The Wall Street Journal to express doubts about Kemp-Roth is, as Mort Sahl said of another famous switcheroo, "like Steve Canyon repudiating Milt Caniff."

I was still recovering from this shock when The Journal hit me again the next morning. The lead story in the paper was headlined: "Budget Blight. Economic Slow-down Could Widen Deficit. Some Reaganites Fear Tax Revenues May Plunge; High Interest Rates Lift Cost of Financing Debt."

The story was as bad as the headline suggested. Lawrence Kudlow, chief economist

at the Office of Management and Budget and a leading supply-side theoretician, was quoted as saying, "There's a growing risk that weak economic activity will generate revenue levels that fall below our forecasts."

I was panicky enough by this time to consider sending the President a telegram asking him to veto the whole thing, but decided that was futile. Sure enough, the next day he signed the budget-and-tax package, citing some figures that had not been heavily publicized before.

"This represents \$130 billion in savings over the next three years," he said, "and \$750 billion in tax cuts over the next five years." There seems, I said shrewdly, to be a slight \$620 billion gap we're going to have to make up in two years. And then I threw up.

I was still queasy on Friday morning when I picked up the Journal and saw that the first item in the invaluable "Washington Wire" was this: "Economic worries descend on Reagan even after budget and tax cuts.... Concern grows that interest rates won't fall much any time soon.... Reaganites find budget pressures mounting...."

I tried to call my broker to sell both stocks, but he was, of course, on vacation. So I went home to bed.

While in bed, I read the transcript of the President's press conference after the bill-signing, and I noticed he had said that Congress had put "additional reductions" into the tax package that might add to the deficits.

Suspecting a partisan plot, I called a friend at the Democratic National Committee and screamed at him: "How could you guys destroy my dream by loading down the tax bill with cuts even The Wall Street Journal thinks excessive?"

"It wasn't us," he said. "You remember that line Reagan used to use about the Panama Canal?"

"Of course," I said. "I taught it to my children like any good American would do."

"Well," he said, "we've got a little variant we use about the Republicans and Kemp-Roth. We say, 'They bought it. They paid for it. And we're not going to let them give it back.'"

sobbing, I hung up.

I got dem registration blues ..

Reader's Forum

By Janet Joyce

There are few aspects of university life that can raise temperatures, start arguments, and provoke the use of foul language quite as well as registration can.

Admittedly, the Registrar's office has its hands full getting everyone registered each semester. And with enrollment reaching an all time high this year, the problems are multiplied.

Even so, there is no excuse for some of the problems that I, and many others, have encountered. Having already confronted several problems with registration, (i.e. not being able to find my card packet), I was not in the best frame of mind when I was told that my non-resident tuition waiver form was not acceptable. My department head is on vacation and the acting department head had signed the waiver.

I went over to the desk at the back of the registration area to ask for a suggestion as to what my next move should be. Before I even began to ask a question, I prefaced my remarks with an apology if I seemed rude, saying that it had been a bad day. On the subject of the unacceptable waiver form, this woman informed me that there were only two things that I could do: wait until Monday when my department head returned or pay out-of-state tuition. She was wrong. The correct response, as I later found out, was to have my dean write a note to the fiscal office giving the acting department head the authority to sign the tuition waiver.

When I referred to the possibility of writing an editorial concerning the difficulty of registration, the woman immediately became defensive, insisting that everything that had happened to me that day was of no fault of the registration people.

In addition to my tuition-waiver problem, my card packet had the wrong name (I have gotten married since the last term began) so I asked if she could provide me with a new card with the correct name to have my ID picture taken. She said she could if I had proof from the registrar's office that the records department knew that my name had changed. I showed her my ID card from last semester which has my married name on it. She did not consider that sufficient proof. When I asked why, she said she didn't know where I got it from. I asked her where she thought I got it from. She said I had probably made it myself.

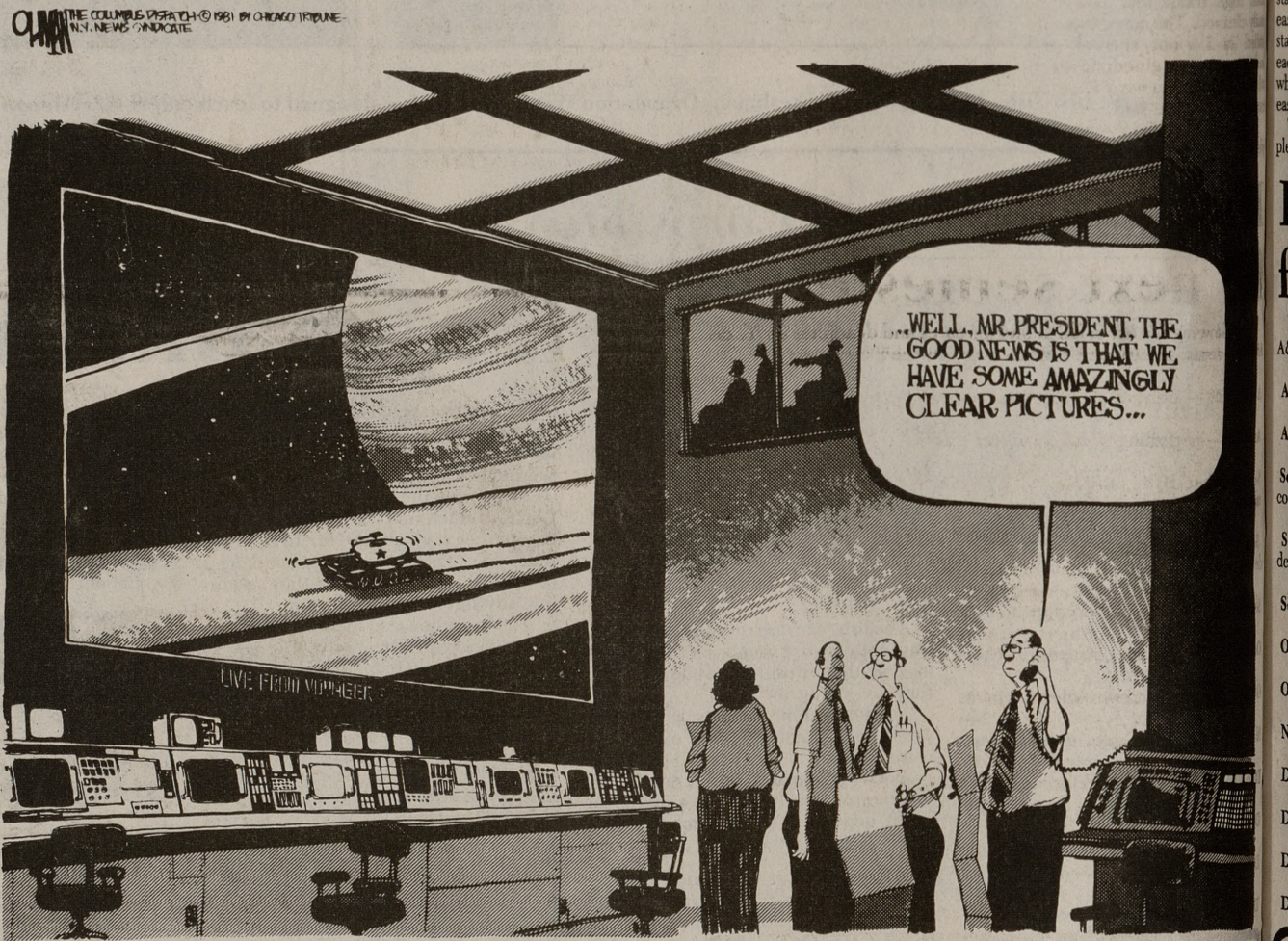
By this time I was really upset and left

deciding an editorial was definitely in order. I went back to find out the name of the woman who had caused me so much grief. Upon returning, I overheard her talking to some of the other people there and "there's one like her every semester." When I asked for her name she refused to give it to me.

There is a university rule that any student must present identification to any faculty or staff member who requests it. There is no rule requiring staff to do the same for students, according to the Personnel office. Their comment was that to identify one's self would just be common courtesy. This woman obviously is not very familiar with common courtesy.

This unidentified woman accused me of forging an ID, gave me inaccurate information, and refused to identify herself. While my remarks may indeed have been hostile, they were only bred from her own hostility. My intentions were honorable when I came looking for help, and if she had been having a bad day, she could have indicated that as I did. Communication is a two-way street and yes, we students need to realize that staff members are responsible for seeing that life at A&M goes smoothly. However, it is also about time that certain staff members get off their high horses, and begin to realize that without the students, they wouldn't have a job.

Editor's note: Joyce is a doctoral candidate at Texas A&M University.



What 'moos' and gives tax relief?

By DICK WEST
United Press International

WASHINGTON — The big news from the California White House this month is that the president of the United States has been spending a lot of time "clearing brush."

These brush-clearing communiquees are by no means the only important dispatches to emerge from the Reagan ranch, however.

I also have read a number of in-depth reports on presidential wood chopping. Plus I have seen several penetrating analyses of Reagan's horseback riding.

It could be these activities of inter-related.

It could be that after he clears away the brush he chops it into firewood. Or perhaps is clearing riding paths that he and Nancy gallop along when they saddle up.

I know next to nothing about ranching in California, so all of this is strictly conjecture on my part. But it does seem that ranch life has changed a great deal since I was a young buckaroo.

In the part of Texas where I grew up, there was a rule of thumb that if a spread had a fancy name like Rancho del Cielo it probably was owned by a doctor or a dentist.

In those days, ranch owners seldom cleared brush or chopped wood. Those jobs were left to the ranch hands or maybe to some of the women folks who were lolling around the bunkhouse.

Another peculiar thing about the news from Rancho del Cielo is that you never

hear anything about the president punching cows. I'm not even sure where are any cows on Reagan's ranch. If there are, somebody else must be punching them.

One wonders where the president and Mrs. Reagan go and what they do when they set out on horseback.

Cows truly are versatile and utilitarian beasts. They provide cream for our Brandy Alexanders. They provide carry-on luggage for air travel. They provide raw beefsteak for our black eyes. And they provide handsome tax breaks for doctors and dentists who own ranches.

It could be there is method in Reagan's brush clearing. It could be he is clearing a site for a ranch-style tax shelter.

Mainly, however, it's the symbolism that interests me. Psychologists tell us each of

the president's pursuits has Freudian meaning.

Riding — When Reagan bolts forward astride a spirited steed, he is manifesting subconscious desire to grab the reins of government and spur on the bureaucracy.

Wood chopping — Each time the president sets forth with his ax he is giving vent to suppressed desires to whack more deeply into federal spending.

Brush clearing — The frequent foray into the undergrowth at Rancho del Cielo are metaphorical attacks on the great tangle of federal regulations that Reagan has been striving to thin out.

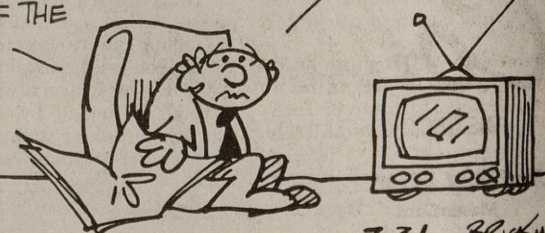
Now that we are aware of the psychological significance of these pastimes, we should be able to view the news in better perspective.

the small society

by Brickman

HOO-BOY! I THINK WE SHOULD GET VIOLENCE OFF THE STREETS...

AND BACK ON TELEVISION WHERE IT BELONGS -



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