

*Amman
7/36*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

It isn't often that you'll find a flicker of excitement in the fiscal ideas and figures of a tax program -- except the ache and pain of having to pay ~~taxes~~. But (today Washington was left a bit breathless by the President's tax message to Congress,) and I suppose that it will give most of us a flicker of astonishment. We ^{have} heard so much about the complicated problem of raising giant sums of money, that we ^{would} expect the solution to be intricate. The President's plan is surprisingly simple -- as tax programs go.

^{(Today} He suggested to Congress just two kinds of new taxation, and the important one concerns -- corporations.)

Right now the companies are paying a tax on their capital stock, another on their net profits and a third on their corporate income. That's complicated. But those taxes are

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what the President wants to -- abolish. So we don't have to worry our brains with them.

In their place (he wants to substitute a new tax -- on undistributed corporate profits.) That's a simpler idea to understand. Corporations make it a practice to ~~put aside~~ ^{put aside} ~~pile up a lot~~ of their profits and hold them on the side, ~~a surplus~~ ^{earnings - a} surplus for a rainy day. Part of the profits earned are distributed among the stock holders, but a considerable portion is held as surplus. The President wants to put a tax on that, ~~surplus~~.

His figures read this way. Right now those three corporation taxes bring in about a billion dollars a year.

The government would lose that much by abolishing ~~it~~ ^{them}. But ~~they~~ ^{it is} estimate ^d that the tax on those excess corporation profits, the ~~surplus~~ ^{es, would} ~~will~~ ^{will} bring in more than a billion, six hundred million a year. That would leave the government more than six hundred million to the good on the substitution.

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Now it just happens that the amount the treasury has to raise, in addition to the regular taxes, is -- six hundred and twenty million.

Thus, with one bold stroke does the White House propose to make up the deficit brought about by the farm program and the soldiers' bonus.

The legislators have been sweating and trembling with the idea of boosting income tax. Some have been talking inflation. Others haven't known what to think. Just skaired. Now we have the Presidential answer in sweeping simplicity -- tax the surplus - rainy day funds - that corporations have piled up. It's a slashing revision of the whole scheme of corporate taxation. One angle is that if piled up profits are taxed, the companies wouldn't pile them up so much. They'd distribute profits more freely. That comes under the head of putting money into circulation.

Congress is left a bit stunned. But there were immediate outcries from Democrats, as well as Republicans -- that the new scheme of taxation would be a bad blow to business. That, however, didn't seem to be the reaction in Wall Street, because industrial stocks didn't slump -- they went up. Apparently the speculators expect more profits divided up.

In the excitement over the President's big idea, a smaller of his inspirations today didn't get so much attention. I mean the tax number two that he proposes. He calls it a wind-fall tax. Wind-fall, something that is blown in your lap. That's the way he described the refunds the companies got when the Supreme Court knocked out the processing taxes of the Triple A. The President says:- "Let's slap a tax to make up for some of the tax money that was returned to them."

Higgins.

Mar. 3, 1936.

GUEST SPEAKER

All these repetitions of the word "tax" have brought a fond and loving look into the eyes of a gentleman who is sitting here with me. It's a familiar word for him, a word that governs his daily life.

Last year we had Joe Higgins, income tax czar from midtown New York to Albany. Tonight we have Joe Higgins again, but a different one - one from what is called the Second New York District, the Wall Street section, where the incomes are as high as the skyscrapers - sometimes.

Now Mr. Higgins, what are some of the things we are most likely to slip up on when we make our our income tax forms?

MR. HIGGINS: Well, don't neglect the first part of the form. Many people skip the questions at the top of the tax blank:- Are you married? How old are you? Have you quintuplets? And so on. If you don't answer those questions, it's hard to determine whether or not you are entitled to exemptions. Often we have to call people to the collector's office to explain.

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L.T.: Do you find folks inclined to be confused about exemptions they are entitled to?

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MR. HIGGINS: Yes, indeed. They are plainly and clearly printed on the form, yet many people go wrong. You are entitled to a thousand dollar exemption if you are single. Married couples living together are entitled to a Twenty-five hundred dollar exemption, and so are heads of families. For each person dependent on you, take Four hundred dollars off.

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L.T.: And what's the head of a family? And don't look at me, - I'm one. I have thirty children. So I know what that means.

But in a more general sense, what's the definition?

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MR. HIGGINS: The head of a family is a person who supports in one household one or more individuals. They must be closely related by blood, by marriage or by adoption. And he must exercise family control over them.

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L.T.: Thank you for that, Mr. Higgins. If you don't exercise family control, you don't have to pay income tax. Theoretically that ought to leave a lot of husbands out. But even a henpeck has to pay.

DREAM

Tonight a man sits in a prison cell in New York, and ponders over the old question - "Do dreams come true?" And ^{the} ~~his~~ answer is ^{according to the police.} "Yes," Today a check and recheck of the strange story finds no flaw in the facts. As for the explanation - let psychologists and their science fight it out with fanciers of the mystic and the occult. Let's just recite the narrative.

Mrs. Nettie Lazarowitz of New York's East Side had a dream. Her sleep all night was troubled - haunted by a vision. She dreamed of her daughter, Mrs. Bettie Gold, and in the vision she saw ^{is} instantly - the face of a man. She recognized that face. She could never forget it.

Tragedy had stalked into the Lazarowitz family three months before - tragedy that began with a noise in the basement of their home. In that basement were prized possessions, jugs of home-made wine, aging for a long time, precious. They were the pride and joy of old man Lazarowitz, the husband and father. He hurried down to the basement to investigate, and there he found two thieves, stealing his wine, his beloved jugs. He made a dash for them, hollering for help. One of the robbers crashed him over

the head with a jug ^{of wine,} and killed him. Mrs. Lazarowitz and her daughter saw it all. The two women grabbed one of the robbers and held him until help came. The other escaped. But Mrs. Lazarowitz remembered his face.

The police had her inspect pictures in the Rogues Gallery, and there she picked out one - and identified the man as the escaped ^{marauder,} ~~burglar,~~ Thereupon the cops started a search for him; ~~They~~ hunted him for three months, but couldn't find him.

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So that was the face that haunted Mrs. Lazarowitz in her ~~xxx~~ dream. She saw her daughter, Mrs. Gold, chasing that same man at the corner of Delancey and Ludlow Streets.

The next morning she told the story, and her daughter said - "Maybe there's something in that dream." So, taking her brother with her for an escort, she went to the corner of Delancey and Ludlow. And there she stood, scanning the face of every man who went by. Hour after hour she kept her vigil - until finally she screamed: "There he is!"

That was the beginning of one of the wildest chases ^{the}
~~East Side~~
~~New York~~ has ever seen. The man dashed away, followed by the

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screaming woman. And everybody along the crowded street, took up the pursuit. They caught the fugitive, with two thousand people swarming around him, beating him. The police had to use strong measures to rescue him. The dream had turned into a mob scene.

Tonight the prisoner says he is innocent, but the Lazarowitzes vow that he is the man who ^{did the killing,} ~~killed the father,~~ the man on the Rogues Gallery picture, the man ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ the dream!

ETHIOPIA

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There's a pretty general agreement that the week to come is likely to be one of the most critical in recent history. From today until next Tuesday, the key words will be - peace, oil sanctions. Altogether - we are provided with some high dramatics of statecraft, perplexing, dangerous, fascinating. Almost fantastic suggestions of - world plot and counter-plot.

If we look back, we'll see some mighty peculiar twists and turns in that Ethiopian imbroglio, ~~combinations of diplomatic events and military events~~, things too nicely timed and adjusted to be merely accidental. Look back at that ill-fated Hoare-Laval Peace Compromise, which went to the dogs. During the time before that agreement, what went on in Ethiopia? Nothing. The Italian armies were stationary. They seemed unable to do anything in the face of Ethiopian resistance, stymie⁻⁻⁻, _^ stalemate.

When the Hoare-Laval plan failed, the League of Nations and its oil sanctions adjourned until the early part of March - right now. What has happened during the intervening time? The Italian military machine in East Africa has flamed with action. First, Graziani in the south smashed up Ras Desta's army and

advanced three hundred miles in a couple of weeks. Within recent days Badoglio in the north had crushed one army of Haile Selassie and then another, with the resounding victories that have set Italy wild. The climax of all that thunder and battle is right now. It coincides with the present League of Nations meeting on oil sanctions.

So, glancing back, doesn't it look as though Mussolini knew the Hoare-Laval plan was coming, and didn't want to jeopardize it; kept his armies in check, to make things look peaceful? Then, when the peace offer flopped, and the League decided to talk oil sanctions in March - the Duce said: "Let's try a different policy; let's smash up the Ethiopians; let's try to knock out Haile Selassie; let's be on deck with a bouquet of victories when the League gathers to talk about oil."

Anyway, (today Mussolini flushed with victory again)
confronts the League of Nations.)

So what does the League do? Today ^{observers} ~~they~~ are using a ~~vis-~~
^{figure of} ~~orcs~~ speech with which the Roman-minded Duce is familiar -- the
old Roman gesture of offering an olive branch or a sword. It is
virtually an ultimatum, (^{saying} with the League ~~signing it~~. "We'll give
you one week to make peace; if you don't do it by then, we'll slap
on oil sanctions.")

Actually, it wasn't anything like as rude and brusque
as that. The message to Mussolini today was fixed up in the most
delicate way, to avoid giving any appearance of a threat. There
were two things, and neither made any reference to the other. One
was an invitation to both the Italian and Ethiopian governments,
suggesting that they get together and agree on peace - with the
collaboration of the League. It is a polite ^{offer} ~~expression, an urgent~~
~~desire~~ to both the Duce and the King of Kings - make peace and
don't delay. The second thing is this - that the Committee on
Sanctions, which ^(was) ~~is~~ to have discussed oil today, voted to put off
the subject for one week, until next Tuesday, March tenth. War
Minister Anthony Eden is ^{ready to back those} ~~backing~~ oil sanctions with the full power
of Great Britain. So, putting things together, they read this way.

They call on Mussolini to make peace. They threaten oil sanctions if peace-making isn't under way by next Tuesday. An ultimatum giving the Duce a week's time. That is the surprise stroke by the League.

What will Rome do about it? That's the question tonight. Maybe, if they offer Mussolini a reasonable enough settlement - the whole thing will be over in a hurry. But suppose oil sanctions are slapped on after all. Well, the Duce may figure that he now has Ethiopia primed for a knock-out. He may think he can go right on and force Haile Selassie to capitulate - then, what will the League of Nations say?

One thing is certain - the Italian armies are driving on. That's to be expected, even if Rome is going to make peace right away. Every additional military success will help, every victory will put Mussolini in a better position at the Council table.

Today's news from the war front is - a town with a funny name, captured:- Abbi Addi. That's the home and stronghold of Ras Kassa, whose army was trapped and surrounded by Marshal

Badoglio during the last couple of days. The powerful war-like Ras Kassa swore he would defend his home. Maybe that's why he came to disaster. Instead of retreating, he defended, and was trapped. The Italian high command announces that the capture of Abbi Addi opens the way into the heart of Ethiopia, an open road to Addis Ababa.

So there's a dramatic military question tonight - what will the Italian armies do this coming week? This brief period of the League ultimatum? these seven days as they tick off toward oil sanctions?

Yes - as time advances -

KIPLING

3 1/2
An unpublished poem by Kipling - that's news. In this case the verses don't occur in any of Kipling's collected works. They were printed just forty years ago in the "Yale Literary Magazine." However, only three or four copies of that issue of the LIT are in existence, which makes it almost an unpublished poem.

It will appear tomorrow in the mammoth Hundredth Year Edition of the LIT - along with the story of how it came to be written. Back in Eighteen Ninety-six, the poet was living at Brattleboro, Vermont. At that time, there was a Yale-Kipling Club, and the boys sent an invitation to their hero. His reply was -
a poem, a couple of stanzas, ^{of which} go like this:

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"They've made a club there an' staked out grub there
Wid plates an' napkins in a joyous row,
An' they'd think ut splindid if I attintid
An' so would I - but I cannot go.

Whin you grow oulder an' skin your shoulder
At the World's great wheel in your chosen line,
Ye'll find your chances as time advances
For takin' a lark are as slim as mine."

9 1/2
Yes - as time advances - s-l-u-t-m.