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#### THE WHITE HOUSE

9-16-85

348480 Dear Hand? PUL The know Paper will be a succer but will probably be a more "successful moury" than Rac Velsa has been marking with book. "mupie", together They are loing thing in a pointies and properior manner. Stop by the oppies when yo are in town

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

> Mr. Harold Evans Editor-in-Chief The Atlantic Monthly Press 420 Lexington Ave. Suite 2304 New York, NY 10170

#### THE WHITE HOUSE

October 2, 1985

#### Dear Mr. Evans:

Thank you very much for sending me a copy of Richard Smart's book entitled, The Snow Papers: A memoir of Illusion, Power-Lust and Cocaine."

The effects of drug abuse are now reaching into every corner of American life, and it's not enough anymore that we dispair and wring our hands; we must be moved to action. That is the only way we will stem the tide.

Thank you for bringing the book to my attention, and I look forward to reading it.

With best wishes,

Sincerely, NANCY REAGAN

Mr. Harold Evans Editor-in-Chief The Atlantic Monthly Press Suite 2304 420 Lexington Avenue New York, New York 10170







HAROLD EVANS Editor-in-Chief

September 10, 1985

Mrs. Nancy Reagan The White House Washington, D.C.

Dear Mrs. Reagan:

I am taking the liberty of sending you a set of uncorrected proofs of an important and eye-opening book, THE SNOW PAPERS: A Memoir of Illusion, Power-Lust and Cocaine by Richard Smart.

Virtually everything the public has read about cocaine so far has dealt with entertainers, celebrities and star athletes. But undisclosed and undiscussed is the way cocaine is affecting the decision-makers of America. Cocaine, like marijuana before it, has moved out of the dark corners as the addiction of stars and social rebels. Richard Smart's book is the first to describe in detail the ambience, nature and consequences of cocaine use in America's leadership class -- the lawyers, congressmen, bankers and corporate executives.

Richard Smart does not spare himself in his portrait of cocaine among the elite. He writes of himself as he was in a decade of indulgence that began at the end of the sixties: egotistical, acquisitive, fond of high living. He shows how cocaine fuelled his unrelenting quest for social and professional success; and above all how cocaine can kill the conscience of those who take it so that they not only lie but feel they have a right to lie. In the words of Dr. William Pollin, the Director of the National Institute for Drug Abuse, Smart documents that the effect is "the death of the super ego".

Knowing your interest in bringing such important issues to the American public, I would appreciate any comments about the book you would care to make. We will be publishing THE SNOW PAPERS early in October.

With best wishes,

Hernatian

420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, SUITE 2304 • NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10170 • (212) 687-2424

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THE WHITE HOUSE washington October 2, 1985

BED03:04

Dear Dr. Merkens:

Thank you for your kind letter and for the copy of your book Breakthrough II.

I look forward to reading it.

With every good wish.

Sincerely, Patrick J. Buchanan

Assistant to the President

Dr. Guido Merkens Senior Pastor of Concordia Lutheran and Originator of Breakthrough -TV 1826 Basse Road P.O. Box 13160 San Antonio, Texas 78213

CS

Dear Dr Merkeus. thank you for your Kut letter and for the copy of your back Break Prought. I look forward to mading it with engo Wish PSB

## BREAKTHROUGH

Dr. Guido Merkens

512-737-2600

1826 Basse Road

P.O. Box 13160

San Antonio, TX 78213

The Honorable Patrick J. Buchanan Assistant to the President Director of Communications The White House Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. Buchanan:



THIS BOOK is actually a compilation of some of my thoughts and reflections on my 34-year ministry here in San Antonio at Concordia Lutheran Church, and contains many of the same kinds of POSITIVE MESSAGES BROADCAST on our BREAKTHROUGH TELEVISION PROGRAM, which has been aired nationally.

BREAKTHROUGH is a book which deals with PERSONAL INSIGHTS INTO TODAY'S LIVING and extends suggestions for COPING WITH DAY-TO-DAY SITUATIONS. I hope you will find it spiritually uplifting.

SAN ANTONIO has provided my family and me an ABUNDANCE OF LOVE, opportunity, support and fellowship.

PLEASE ACCEPT THE BOOK AS MY WAY OF SAYING "THANK YOU".

Sincerely,

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(Dr.) Guido Merkens Senior Pastor of Concordia Lutheran and Originator of Breakthrough-TV

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p. 5. How did you like the book n The Panen of Being Deft Free? gove you at a briefing



#### THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON October 8, 1985

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Dear Bill:

I thoroughly enjoyed the <u>Detroit News</u> editorial in which you correctly pointed out the opportunity for tax reduction in Michigan if the President's tax reform becomes law. Keep up the good work!

You are also on firm ground in noting that lower tax rates would touch off increased economic growth, improving the state's fiscal situation even further. I am enclosing a copy of our recent Council of Economic Advisers study predicting substantially faster growth if the President's tax reform becomes a reality.

Thanks again for your strong advocacy of the President's initiatives.

Sincerely,

Donald T. Regan Chief of Staff to the President of the United States

The Honorable William Lucas County Executive City-County Building Two Woodward Avenue Detroit, Michigan 48226 THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

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FROM: DONALD T. REGAN CHIEF OF STAFF

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attached. mitch D. 10/8



William Lucas County Executive

September 26, 1985

Mr. Donald Regan Chief of Staff The White House Washington, D.C.

Dear Don:

Just a note to let you know that everything is going well for us in Michigan. I have recently taken a strong position in support of the President's tax reform plan pointing out that it would allow Michigan to lower its tax rate.

Enclosed is an editorial which appeared in the Detroit News commenting on my position. I intend to push this hard as a means of supporting the tax reform program.

Please give my warm regards to the President.

Best wishes,

William Lucas

/kap

Enclosure

City-County Building Two Woodward Avenue Detroit, MI 48226 (313) 224-0286 ®

THE DETROIT NEWS

# Breaking the Tax Barrier

ayne County Executive William Lucas last weekend uttered two words guaranteed to strike fear into many hearts in Lansing: "Tax Cut."

Gov. James Blanchard and members of the Legislature are still dickering over when the state will return to the 1982 state income tax rate of 4.6 percent. But at a Republican conference on Mackinac Island last weekend, Mr. Lucas moved the tax debate several steps forward by calling for a reduction in the income tax rate to as low as 4 percent, well below the 1982 level when Gov. Blanchard took office.

Mr. Lucas' bold step drew gasps and sputters from the Blanchard administration. Budget Director Robert Naftaly has been quoted as saying that Mr. Lucas' proposal could cost the state half-a-billion dollars a year. Mr. Nattaly added in his response that Mr. Lucas "seems to throw numbers around ... nobody else has his numbers. ... He doesn't understand."

Mr. Lucas understands well enough. As he noted, passage of federal tax reform alone would make such a deep tax cut possible. Because state tax forms "piggyback" to a large extent on federal tax rules, tax simplification at the federal level would also broaden the tax base at the state level. Without a corresponding reduction in the tax rate, the state would receive a windfall.

A report issued by Mr. Naftaly's Department of Management and Budget (DMB) attempts to dispute this. It argues that the Reagan tax proposal "would generate relatively little additional revenue for the state of Michigan." Yet the numbers in the report suggest otherwise. In the fine print, you learn that federal tax reform could net Michigan an additional \$100 million in state income tax revenue in the 1986-'87 fiscal year..

The Senate Fiscal Agency meanwhile has estimated that the Reagan plan would bring in an additional \$214 million in state income tax revenue in that fiscal year, rising to \$338.4 million by the 1989-1990 fiscal year. The total revenue increase over the four fiscal years, by the Senate Fiscal Agency's estimate, would be more than \$1 billion.

That wasn't the only disinformation in the DMB report. It places heavy emphasis on its findings that the Reagan play, would result in

higher taxes for 31.6 percent of Michigan taxpayers. Another way of looking at the plan, of course, is that it would decrease or hold even the taxes for the remaining 68.4 percent. The DMB's own calculations indicate that the Reagan tax plan would result in a total tax reduction of 5.3 percent for Michigan taxpay-

Mr. Lucas said his weekend speech was intended to stake out a "commitment" that should the Reagan tax plan be adopted, the income tax windfall would be returned to the people. He also said he wanted to "move the conversation in the direction of an even deeper tax cut."

We think tax cuts are good policy for Michigan, whether or not Washington achieves tax reform. Mr. Lucas gave 4 percent "as a target, to give us a direction, in the same way that athletes aimed for the four-minute mile. Right now, the talk is just of returning us to the status quo. That's not how you become. competitive."

Mr. Lucas also contends that a lower tax rate doesn't just mean lost revenue, it eventually means more revenue. "It creates," he argues, "an economy that is alive and vital." Static analysis, which makes the flat-earth assumption that human behavior isn't affected by economic incentives, ignores the stimu-'lus that tax cuts provide for the economy. The correlation between falling tax rates and rising rates of economic growth has been well documented.

Mr. Lucas has trumped the promise by the governor to lower taxes slightly before the election and again after the election - a promise you may or may not want to believe, given the fact that Mr. Blanchard gave us a whopping tax increase after his election in 1982 when things got a little tough fiscally in Lansing. Mr. Lucas, by contrast, held taxes level in Wayne County despite advice from New York bankers to emulate Mr. Blanchard.

The campaign for governor is still young. But whatever the fortunes of the Wayne County executive in the race, the campaign now will have to focus on more than just who's made what deal with what interest group. It will have to contend with an idea with considerable force. Bill Lucas has asked: Why concentrate on just getting us back to 1982? Why not look further ahead? These are • excellent questions.

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THE DETROIT NEWS

Sept. 25

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## 349334

## **Fell From Horse**

# **'Bob's Team'** Is Cheering for a Cure

#### By CHARLES HILLINGER, Times Staff Writer

SHALLOW WATER, Kan.—As the high school band struck up the Beavers' fight song, basketball players carried the limp form of Bob Vulgamore, 18, across the gym floor.

They handed their former teammate to a half dozen girls in the rooting section.

"Hi, Bob!" The shouts rang through the gym as everyone rose to their feet to welcome the young man, by now propped up by the rooters into a sitting position.

Cheerleaders jumped up and down, waving blue and white pompons, yelling: "Yeah Bob! Yeah Bob!"

Bob Vulgamore gets the same enthusiastic reception every time he is carried into the stands at Scott Community High School Stadium for a rodeo, track meet or football game—teams he also played on before he fell from his horse, Dusty, on March 9, 1980.

#### **Prom in His Honor**

Last spring the high school's junior-senior prom was dedicated to Bob Vulgamore. And Bob was there, in a new suit, seated in a special chair of honor. Throughout the evening his classmates stopped by to talk to him, filling him in with the latest news and gossip.

On Saturday nights, girlfriends carry Bob from his farmhouse, sit him up in their car, then drive off to Scott City, the county seat, to "drag Main"—the time-honored high school tradition of driving bumperto-bumper back and forth through the small town.

No one, however, is certain how much awareness the 6-foot-3 youth has for what is going on around him.

He is unable to talk, unable to respond or communicate in any way

He was in a coma for 220 days after his fall and has been in a semiconscious state with brain damage ever since.

#### **Intensive Therapy**

But Bob's parents, farmers Clara and Earl Vulgamore of Shallow Water, population 110, and the 6,000 people of rural Scott County on the plains of western Kansas hope that he will eventually recover through an intensified seven-day-a-week therapy program and through letting him be part of what would have been his normal activities.

On the Vulgamore living room wall hangs a poem, "Hands of Love," by Ruby Holiman, a neighbor. The poem describes Bob's therapy, in itself as remarkable as his "dragging Main" and attending school functions:

One goal in mind, a job to be done, Five pairs of hands, working as one.

Whispering a prayer, with faith they begin,

One thought in mind, a battle to win.

Working together, fulfilling a dream,

Five pairs of hands, compiling a team.

Five hearts believing in the ultimate goal,

Bob, back amongst us, healthy and whole,

For the last 18 months, since Au-Please see BOB, Page 10





JOHN G. FREEMAN

Bob Vulgamore being supported in rooting section of the Shallow Water, Kan., gym as students cheer their Beavers basketball team.

#### **Continued from First Page**

gust, 1980, 175 residents of Shallow Water, Scott City, Friend and Pence, tiny towns in Scott County, have come to the Vulgamore home every week to help Bob win his battle for a normal life.

#### **Therapy Team**

They are members of "Bob's Team"—his volunteer therapists.

Many are farmers, like the Vulgamores, although there are also ministers, bankers, merchants, teachers, coaches, nurses, policemen, classmates, neighbors, boys and girls in their teens and men and women as old as their 70s. And they are all of the same resolve: to keep coming to the Vulgamore farmhouse to provide Bob with therapy, no matter how many months or years his recovery may take.

The 175 volunteers make up Bob's "patterning" teams—five members to a team. Five different teams a day, 35 different teams a week come to the farmhouse 365 days of the year.

They have come in good weather and bad, in thunderstorms, hailstorms, blizzards and tornado warnings.

Each five-member team spends an hour manipulating Bob's arms, hands, legs, feet, head and the rest of his body in a precisely structured routine.

#### **Count Aloud**

Team members count aloud or rattle off the alphabet as they put Bob through the rigorous patterns of exercises:

"Tendons flex. Knee-elbow bends. Knees to shoulders. Sit him up. Rotate hips. One leg up. Other down. One arm up. Other down. Head back and forth. Roll his body up and down the length of the therapy table. Stand him up. "Suspend him from a hoist and

"Suspend him from a hoist and spin him upside down. One direction, then another."

Five hours each day the therapy is performed, seven days a week.

"When we first started his arms, legs, hands and feet were so stiff we could not bend them," recalled housewife Sharon Strecker, 41.



JOHN G. FREEMAN

In the spa at the Scott City Athletic Club, Vulgamore receives some water therapy from Karen Jones and others of volunteer teams.

Today, his body is in excellent physical condition.

He was in a coma when the patterning therapy began 18 months ago.

ago. "Bob's eyes were blank when he came out of the coma. There was no tracking with his eyes at first. Now he follows us around the room," said Nadine Gies, 53, a member of the Scott County ambulance crew.

Sister Aegidia Werth, 65, a Catholic nun of Kansas Newman College in Wichita, Kan., prescribed the therapy. She visits the Vulgamore farm at least once a month, sometimes staying as long as a week.

"I see progress every time I visit Bob. I think he knows what's going on. He is much more alert all the time. This week, for the first time, he nodded his head on command," she said:

"We're working on the premise that, by movement and stimulating of the body and senses, repeated often enough, it's possible to program that part of the brain not damaged, to take over the function of the brain cells that were destroyed. There are millions of brain cells to work with. But it's a very gradual process."

Sister Aegidia will not predict the time needed. "I originally asked the people of Scott County for a twoyear commitment. Now I'm asking for at least three more."

She has been assured by the volunteers that they will stick with the therapy program as long as it takes.

"I've seen worse than Bob come back and walk again, come back and be able to take care of themselves, become self-supporting individuals," the nun insisted.

She follows a therapy system for brain damage first developed 36 years ago by Glenn Doman, a physical therapist from Temple University who later established the Institutes for Achievement of Human Potential in Philadelphia.

"I place Bob's development at about that of a 2<sup>1/2</sup>-year-old baby.



The best I can say is Bob is making progress, so we must be doing something right," she said.

Sister Aegidia, who, like the people of Scott County, volunteers her services, in the last 15 years has helped 14 persons with severe brain damage live better with the patterning system. But she said she has never seen anything like the dedication of the people of Scott County for young Bob Vulgamore.

Devi Fry, 17, a classmate of Bob's, is a member of one of the therapy teams. Before his injury, Bob called Devi "The Mouth." She called him "Crud Face." She is nose-to-nose with Bob at the end of the therapy table in the Vulgamore living room. "OK, Crud Face, lift up your

"OK, Crud Face, lift up your head. Come on, way up," she orders Bob, pinching his chin. He looks straight into her eyes.

Supporting his body with his arms, he lifts his upper body and head.

He holds his head a good two feet off the table for two minutes, an exercise he does twice during each hour of therapy, 10 times a day.

#### Garlic Under Nose

To stimulate his senses, Devi rings a bell in his ear. She puts garlic and ammonia under his nose. She claps two boards together. She flashes a light on blue, yellow, red, orange and pink colored cellophane, calling out the names of the colors and making sure his eyes are focused on them. "You're lookin' good," says Devi, pinching his nose. "Hear you got a big night ahead of you, Crud Face. Going to see all those wild, wild women at the basketball game.

Devi said she torments Bob "just like I did in school. I'm looking forward to the day when he comes around and gets even with me. One of these days he's going to come out of it and say: 'Hey, what have you people been doing to me?' "

#### **A Vital Link**

Tacked to a bulletin board in the Vulgamore home is a note from Melba and Carol Trout, the voices on the phones who coordinate the therapy teams' schedules:

"Each one of us is a vital link in Bob's hope for the future. He is adding so much to our lives."

Below is a note of appreciation from the Vulgamore family: "No way we can do it without all of you. It seems to us that man has to do the work required and God does the healing...."

Pauline Koch, 63, a farmer's wife and one of the volunteer therapists, said while working on Bob. "It's enough to make you cry, knowing what this kid was in his prime. What we're doing sure does a lot of good for us, for the entire community. It's a blessing in our lives to be able to help and see the progress Bob is making. It makes each of us feel like we're a more useful person."

Gary Eggleston, 34, a real estate broker, said while having coffee in the Vulgamore kitchen after a therapy session: "The response you're seeing of all these folks rallying around Bob and the Vulgamore family is the way people are in this part of the country. We don't think we're doing anything out of the ordinary. It's something we've got to do. The Vulgamores would do the same for us in a similar situation."

Earl Vulgamore, 59, and his wife have lived their entire lives in Scott County, where they grow wheat, corn and milo and run cattle and hogs.

"Bob was roping calves in the arena he built out back," Vulgamore recalled. "His mother was in the kitchen. I was away and drove up the drive and saw Dusty, his horse, standing by the back door of the house.

"We went looking for Bob! He had to have been thrown from the horse no more than 30 minutes when we found him lying on the ground unconscious..."

#### **Rushed to Hospital**

Bob was rushed to St. Joseph's Hospital in Wichita, Kan., where he stayed 149 days, in a coma, His mother and father stayed at the hospital all that time. His brother, Larry, 33, ran the farm.

Then Bob was flown to the International Coma Recovery Institute in Mineola, N.Y., for surgery to tap fluids in his brain and remove pressure. Three weeks later he came home, where he has been ever since.

When the therapy teams, speech therapists, Sister Aegidia and others are not working with Bob, his fami-Please see BOB, Page 11

#### Continued from 10th Page

ly is. His mother takes him to a spa and swimming pool at the Athletic Club in Scott City three days a week where volunteers give him water therapy.

His father takes him out on a tractor to feed the cattle and the hogs and on farm equipment when wheat is harvested.

"We let Bob smell and touch familiar objects, his saddle, bridle, lariat rope, basketball," his father said.

Bob's cousin, George Estes, 25, takes Bob for rides on Bob's horse, Dusty, the horse that threw him. "We've put Bob's face up to Dusty's face. He doesn't like it. He rebels at that horse. We're told reactions like this are good therapy for him."

Bob and his sister, Linda, 25, were very close before the accident. Linda, an artist, returned from New York City to be by her brother's side after the accident.

"I know he knows me. I never did a whole lot without talking it over with him," Linda said. "I still talk things over with him but he doesn't talk back. "I know when he's thinking. I can tell. Sometimes I hold his hand and he squeezes my hand. I like that.

"He's going to have a whole lot to talk about when he comes out of this. I hope he likes himself. I hope he thinks we did the right thing...."

At the basketball game, Laura Morgan, 18, a senior who has been a classmate of Bob's since first grade, cradled his head in her arms and described to him the play-by-play in a game in which the Scott Beavers defeated the Colby Éagles, 48 to 45.

"All we can do is the therapy and pray for Bob and hope bringing him out to places like this with all his friends will help him come out of it," Laura sighed.

In the locker room after the game, Beavers' basketball coach Dave Okeson, 32, said: "Bob Vulgamore's presence at our games gives our teams a little more incentive to play well. You know he was one of the top athletes in our school.

"He'd be playing forward in this game tonight if he hadn't fallen off that horse."

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FEOIL



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES AIR FORCE WASHINGTON, D.C.

AUG 1 9 1985

9 AUG 1985

Honorable Robert C. McFarlane Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs The White House Washington DC 20500-0001

Dear Mr McFarlane

It is my pleasure to forward a translation of the newly released Soviet book, Tactics. The book was translated by the Canadian National Defense Headquarters, and edited and distributed by the US Air Force Directorate of Soviet Affairs. This book is noteworthy because it provides an excellent unclassified review of the evolutionary changes in Soviet tactics. Of special significance are the discussions on initial engagement, close air support, helicopter applications, employment of nuclear weapons, and radio electronic combat.

I believe you will find this work provides an informative insight into contemporary Soviet tactical thinking.

Sincerely ondid Cenor

LEONARD H. PERROOTS, Maj Gen, USAF Asst Chief of Staff, Intelligence



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LEONARD H. FC - COTS. Mcj Gen, USAF Asst Chief of Staff, Intelligence

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The Officer's Library

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AFIS/INC May 1985



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Moscow 1984



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Published in 55,000 copies

Soviet abstract:

This work on military theory examines the subject of tactics, its role in the art of war, the material basis of modern combined arms combat, its nature, and the most important principles for conducting it. Prncipal attention is given to the tactics of offensive, meeting, and defensive enagements, as well as to troop movement.

The book is intended for officers of the Soviet Army and students at higher military educational institutions.

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Mr. Roy M. Brewer 4230 Jubilo Drive Tarzana, California 91356

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THE WHITE HOUSE

Rands for the cours of both The Yonan Way and Ban Association Brug. Austin Can Field, med the signer of the latter, was a friend of my fatterin. The Praid out sont me that of my fatterin. issue from Homan Evals in which you were featured; and your ware was prominent at Recenvise for morie Ryskind that I attender the Straday. Vie Sarly mentioned attender the Straday. Bet, Ort yes. Yeu.

## Roy M. Brewer 4230 Jubilo Drive Tarzana, California 91356

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STRICTLY PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

September 30, 1985

Mr. Patrick Buchanan The White House Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Pat:

Here are two pamphlets that I intended to leave for you, but I forgot.

With best wishes.

Sincerely, Rdy Μ. Brewer RMBkeh

Enclosures



EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OFFICE OF MANAGEMENT AND BUDGET WASHINGTON D.C. 20503

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OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

Pat Attached is a short broth op-ch CJ 1 that might be used somewhere down the line. (Several months ago -- before & got into the DMB busiders - I sent it to the Wall Street Journal, which decided not un it.) Any guilance ? 61

article on monetary policy

#### OF CROSLEYS AND MONETARY AUTHORITIES

by

## James C. Miller III\*

My first automobile was a 1947 Crosley station

wagon, purchased at age 15 for eighty dollars, with the

help of a sixty-dollar installment loan from the town's

only bank. The speedometer on my pride and joy was

irrevocably broken, but there was a useful speed

gage: if the interior filled with smoke, the engine

was overheating and you were going too fast. With only

28 horsepower, the little Crosley had low gearing and

\*

wheels only 12 inches in diameter.

The author is Chairman of the U.S. Federal Trade Commission. The views expressed are his own.

The driveway to my home wasn't paved, and after a

torrential rain that red Georgia clay would be filled

with assorted ruts, bumps, and holes.

-

Day after day, my Dad would observe my unsuccessful efforts to traverse that uneven driveway in an acceptable manner. In retrospect, it is very clear what was happening. As those little wheels met their first rut, bump, or hole, I lunged forward in the seat ever so slightly, but enough to depress the accelerator pedal. The little car would then accelerate, rocking me to the rear of the seat, whereupon my foot would let off the accelerator, the engine would decelerate, and we'd begin the cycle all

over again. Ying-yang, ying-yang, ying-yang, and out

2

of the driveway I'd go, with a terrible toll on engine,

drivetrain, and driver.

15

After observing this spectacle as long as he could

stand, one day my Dad suggested I try putting my right

foot firmly alongside the bulge in the floor pan

covering the transmission. This, he said, would steady

my foot and thus the accelerator pedal. There would

still be a certain amount of up-and-down movement of

the automobile, but the punishment would subside. And, you know, he was right!

\*

There's a lot this story can teach us about

monetary policy. Just as I needed to anchor my foot on

the transmission hump, monetary authorities need to

anchor their policies to achieve a stable growth in

3

monetary aggregates. I have no doubt the result would

be some variations in economic activity -- just as the

Crosley bumped up and down over the driveway. But

simply responding in a delayed fashion to changes in

economic conditions leads to a worsening of the

situation, just as when the natural uneveness of the

driveway was accentuated by my 'exaggerated on-off

accelerator settings. Trying to anticipate temporary

changes in an effort to "fine-tune" monetary policy

would be no better, and perhaps worse -- I tried that

\*

with my Crosley.

-

Moreover, monetary authorities need to avoid rates

of growth in monetary aggregates that are too large, just as a full-throttle setting would have wrecked my little car after a few passes. Likewise, monetary authorities need to avoid too slow a growth in monetary aggregates, just as too low a throttle setting would have stalled my Crosley. The best policy, of course, would be one that took advantage of the economy's full

potential for growth -- no more, no less.

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Although this is an extremely simplified view of

monetary policy, it is one based on first principles,

and for me the lessons are clear. Thus, I respectfully

proffer the suggestion that monetary authorities who

have failed to learn these lessons would do well to

drive Crosleys on dirt roads.

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Dear John I have competete fouth in the Same & admination for all of your. If someone has broken the code it mile not lessen the highlegard I have for all gym.

Roomed Bagon

book Written by Farmer Secret Service agent Sennis V. Mc Carthy

October 17, 1985

DONALD T. REGAN

For your information.

David L. Chew

DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE



WASHINGTON, D.C. 20223 DIRECTOR

October 9, 1985

The President The White House Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

A book written by former Secret Service Agent Dennis V. McCarthy will be publicly released later this month. We were not provided the opportunity to read the book before publication, nor did we provide encouragement or assistance to Mr. McCarthy during its preparation.

It has been a longstanding tradition of the Secret Service to never comment on the private lives or personalities of its protectees. Any public discussion of these matters violates the code of ethics which this Service has adhered to throughout our 120-year history. However, unless the disclosure compromises national security, we have no legal recourse against the individual making the release.

We hope this unfortunate situation does not diminish your regard for those countless employees who abide by this code of honor.

Sincerely,

John R. Simpson Director

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October 25, 1985

Mr. M.B. Oglefby Office of Legislative Affairs White House 20500

Dear Mr. Oglefby:

FRANK R. LAUTENBERG

NEW JERSEY

NO

I am requesting twelve updated copies of the Congressional Liaison Handbook.

Please mail the copies to my Newark office.

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Thank you for your kindness.

Sincerely Senator United States

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THE WHITE HOUSE! CORRESPONDENCE TRACKING WORKSHEET INCOMING DATE RECEIVED: NOVEMBER 01, 1985 NAME OF CORRESPONDENT: THE HONORABLE ALAN K. SIMPSON SUBJECT: FORWARDS ARTICLE ENTITLED "MOM'S PHILOSOPHY -- DO THE BEST YOU CAN WITH WHAT YOU HAVE" BY DAN MIRICH ACTION DISPOSITION ROUTE TO: ACT DATE TYPE C COMPLETED OFFICE/AGENCY (STAFF NAME) CODE YY/MM/DD RESP D YY/MM/DD REFERRAL NOTE: \_\_\_\_\_ ORG 85/11/01 M H85111122 M. B. OGLESBY REFERRAL NOTE: and the second s REFERRAL NOTE: REFERRAL NOTE: 11 REFERRAL NOTE: COMMENTS: ADDITIONAL CORRESPONDENTS: MEDIA:L INDIVIDUAL CODES: 1220 MAIL USER CODES: (A) \_\_\_\_\_ (B) \_\_\_\_\_ (C) \_\_\_\_\_

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## November 12, 1985

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## Dear Senator Simpson:

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The President has asked me to thank you for your October 14 letter enclosing an article entitled "Nom's Philosophy - Do The Best You Can with What You Have" by Dan Mirich. It was inspiring reading and President Reagan appreciated your sharing it with him.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

M. B. Oglesby, Jr. Assistant to the President

The Honorable Alan K. Simpson United States Senate Washington, D.C. 20510

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Rnited States Senate WASHINGTON. D.C. 20510

October 14, 1984

The President The White House Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

ALAN K. SIMPSON

I know you get a ton of things from those of us in Congress and from your millions of constituents. Here's one I thought you would enjoy thoroughly. It's an article entitled "Mom's Philosophy -- Do The Best You Can With What You Have" by a friend of mine named Dan Mirich, who was originally from Rock Springs, Wyoming.

I do not know all seven children of Anja Raicevich, but the ones I know would make you proud. They believe in this country. They believe in the work ethic. They believe in each other. They believe in love and loyalty and determination. They believe in our fine President. They even believe in something that is sometimes referred to as "corny" -- and that is patriotism. An amazing family!

I think you will love this article about them written by the second youngest of the seven children. It will stir you. It is a powerful statement about people who love this country dearly -and have laid themselves on the line to prove it! The President Page Two

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I am very honored and pleased to share it with you and I thank you for taking a moment to read it.

With kindest of personal regards and respects,

Most sincerely, Alan K. Simpson United States Senator

. . .

AKS/lsh

Enclosure

## MOM'S PHILOSOPHY

## DO THE BEST YOU CAN WITH WHAT YOU HAVE

When I pick up the newspaper each day and read about the great entrepeneurial people in the Silicon Valley - Dave Packard and Bill Hewlett of Hewlett-Packard or Bob Noyce and Gordon Moore of Intel, then, I turn my thoughts to the success of the new entrepeneurs of the last decade such as Ken Oshman of Rolm Corporation, Jim Treybig of Tandem Computers or the successful venture capitalist Tom Perkins of Kleiner, Perkins, Byers and Caldwell. They all seem to possess certain qualities such as determination, perseverance, and the maximum use of their abilities. Their companies are a reflection of their philosophies of building a company for the long range with a good working environment and setting positive behavioral examples for their employees to follow.

I always wonder if my mother had the educational opportunities these men had or if she had the opportunities her children had, whether she would be a famous figure today. I am convinced she would have achieved greatness because she did so much with so little for her children. Every time I read or hear Winston Churchill's statement about the World War II Airmen of Great Britain, "so many owe so much to so few", it reminds me of what my brothers, sisters and I owe to my mother. She has the same entrepeneurial philosophy that the high technology people have in that she was a master in instilling and modeling determination, perseverance, and teaching us to maximize our abilities. These characteristics were instilled and ingrained in her children.

My mother, Anja Raicevich, was born in Selo Orsinic, Nickic, Montenegro, Yugoslavia in 1900. She came to the United States about 1922 to marry my father, Sam Mirich, who was about 15 years her senior and had been in the country many years. My father was a coal miner in Colorado at the time of their marriage. After 3 or 4 years, they moved to Wyoming in order for my father to find work. In 1924 the first of seven children were born to this marriage. The oldest and youngest were girls and there were five boys in between. I was born in 1934, the youngest of five boys.

My father had the minimal amount of formal education; I am not sure he even had a year or two of grade school in Yugoslavia, but he could read and write English as well as several other foreign languages. My mother had not attended school in Yugoslavia because in those days, it was believed females should learn homemaking skills and leave the education to males who were better able to utilize an education. When Anja arrived in the United States, she could only speak Yugoslavian but could not read or write the language.

Most of my recollection of my mother and my family started about 1941 when I was in the second grade. World War II had started. My oldest sister, Millie, graduated from high school in 1943 and became a butcher to help support the family since my father had become bedridden for many years with Silicosis. My oldest brother Pete joined the Navy in 1943 during his junior year in high school

and the second oldest brother John, a junior in high school, joined in 1944. Since both brothers were under age to enlist, my parents had to sign documents to permit enlistment. How proud my mother was of her sons serving their country. We were living in Rock Springs, Wyoming at the time and within the radius of 20 miles, it was the largest coal mining center west of the Missisippi River with 41 different nationalities living and working together. We were not the only children who had difficulty in grade school because we spoke a foreign language at home. We were taught to be proud of our Yugoslavian heritage.

World War II came to an end when I was II years old and in the sixth grade. The two older brothers came home from World War II with distinguished Navy war records in the South Pacific. My mother was prouder than a peacock whenever the neighbors inquired about her sons. The only time I ever saw my mother show great anger was when one of our neighbors told my mother she was glad her son was 4-F and did not have to serve in the military. My mother proceeded to give her a lecture of how a democracy such as the United States must have men ready to sacrifice to insure its safety. The woman was angry and said to my mother, "I suppose if your oldest son Pete were killed instead of wounded you wouldn't feel the same way." She immediately replied, "I couldn't think of a greater cause than for one of my sons to give his life for this country."

I had to go to work at the age of II because my older two brothers were going to college on the GI bill and would not be available to help out at home. My mother insisted that they go to college and she had Nick, the third brother and Guy, the fourth brother, work ing with me to make ends meet so the two oldest could finish their college education. My sister Millie got married in 1946 after supporting the family since her graduation from high school. My father was still bed-ridden and died a few years later. It was difficult for everyone, yet my mother always had words of encouragement whenever anyone became discouraged.

I came home crying when I was about I2 years old because I had to go to work while the other boys were going to play after school. She told me it was God's will and if I persevered, God would reward me in later years. I went off that day thinking that God was on my side and how fortunate I was. Throughout the years, she preached about the opportunity in this country if one was willing to work and use his ability to its maximum. Never did I ever see my mother during that difficult period be anything but positive and upbeat.

By the time I became a sophomore in high school in 1950, the family had worked beautifully to help one another through college. My oldest two brothers, Peter and John, finished their bachelors' degrees and married soon after. Nick had worked supporting the family after his graduation from high school in 1949. Guy and Nick started college in the fall of 1950. That left my sister Helen and me at home with my mother. There was never any doubt in our family that everyone would go college after high school. My mother always gave the impression that goals and objectives are to be accomplished as long as one was willing to apply himself and pay the price. This theory is definitely the impetus behind her children's accomplishments.

In 1951 as a junior in high school, I was on the student council and actively participating in athletics when a situation confronted me which almost devasted all that I was taught and learned in my upbringing. At home we were taught to be honest, work hard, respect the rights of others and be a good citizen. The other people in this bastion of democracy would then respect you. I had a date for the junior prom with a girl whose family was fairly well-to-do and one of the "pillars of the community". Her mother, at a bridge party, let it be known what a shame it was that her daughter was going to a dance with someone whose mother and father were illiterate foreigners. I was devastated when I was told by the mother of my best friend who had attended the bridge party. My mother listened and could tell I was deeply hurt by the comment. I wanted to call the girl up and cancel the date but she asked if I thought the girl wanted to go with me and I said, "yes". Then she proceeded to tell me the daughter was smarter than her mother because she was objective in her evaluation of me while the mother was She said, "In ten years, let's see whose family has biased. accomplished more and are better contributors to our society." Ten years later, my mother reminded me of that family who had the same number of children and compared it with ours. With her terrific memory she remembered everything that each family had accomplished. Our family had the definite advantage with a total of 13 under graduate and graduate degrees to their four degrees.

In 1952 I graduated from high school and accepted a basketball scholarship to Colorado State University in Fort Collins, Colorado. Bill Stranigan, the basketball coach at CSU was from Rock Springs, Wyoming and was very benevolent in trying to help me. I had \$10 in my pocket and was able to get a ride with a classmate whose parents drove us to Colorado. His mother gave me \$20 to help out her son should the need arise. I had been on my own for so long and he never had. This never came about because this individual always had things well in hand. He graduated from college and is a successful rancher today. The basket ball activity merit award paid for my tuition but I had to work for my room and board "slinging hash" and cleaning dormitory restrooms.

In March 1953 I had gotten discouraged and decided I was going to quit college and go home to wait for the draft. In those days every male was confronted with Selective Service. I could see my basketball ability wasn't going to get me through college because I couldn't shoot well enough to play three more years at a competitive college level. Also, I had to work when I wasn't in class and borrow books whenever I could from classmates because I couldn't afford them.

I called home to tell my mother I was coming home. It was difficult for me to talk to her because of the many sacrifices she had made for her children. She couldn't convince me to change my mind and I told her the arrival of my bus the next day. I asked her to please have one of the brothers pick me up.

I arrived the next day to find the two oldest brothers waiting at the bus to meet me. I inquired about everyone and made a point not to ask about my mother's opinion of my quitting college. We decided to have coffee and pie before going home. About a half hour later I asked if we shouldn't be going home and they encouraged me to have more coffee and pie. After I finished, we got up to leave for the car. One brother grabbed my suitcase and one of my arms and the other brother grabbed the other arm and they proceeded to bodily throw me back on the bus leaving for Colorado. They said, "Your ticket is in your pocket and you are going back to college". I asked what our mother had to say about this issue. They said, "she said you got Montenegro genes which are the same genes that our ancestors had in fighting the Turks for five hundred years without being conquered. If you want sympathy, look for it in the dictionary because that's the only place you are going to find it. Go back to college and finish because she will not let you blow a golden opportunity to get ahead in life."

I went to the back of the bus and sat down where it was dark so the other passengers wouldn't see the tears in my eyes. I was feeling guilty about letting her down and being the first to break the chain of not getting a college degree. By the time the bus arrived in Fort Collins, I was determined not to disappoint my mother. As I thought about it, she was trying to tell me that I was only disappointing myself. I learned from her that "winners never quit and quitters never win".

My sophomore year in college was one of change because I was able to get a football activity merit award to pay for my tuition. I was also able to work during the school year. The sophomore year ended without too many problems other than the daily ones. At the end of the year I came home for about a week's vacation to see my mother. She proceeded to tell me what a shame it would be if my sister Helen who was the best scholar in the family could not attend college in Colorado with me. I agreed to help my sister with her tuition if she would work for her board and room. I went to Colorado to work for the summer and get ready for fall football.

The 1954-55 school year was fairly uneventful other than 1 worked as a dormitory counselor, had janitorial jobs while carrying 3-5 hours over the normal course load and played football. I was fortunate in that I always made good grades and was able to do all the other things that were assigned during the year. During the football season I injured my knee. In the spring of 1955, I had a knee operation in order to be able to play in the fall. Also, I had to pass a physical for the Air Force ROTC in the summer when I attended summer camp in the state of Washington. I worried about not passing the physical since I knew my mother wanted all five of her sons to serve their country. I ran the steps in the football stadium an hour every day throughout most of the summer in order to strengthen my knee and hopefully pass the physical for the Air Force. I did pass in spite of the residual pain in the knee.

After Air Force summer camp I came back to start the fall football season of my senior year. I had been an end during my previous two years. After the knee operation, the coaches decided I should play offensive guard and still be a defensive end. In those days, players played both defense and offense. We played Oklahoma State in Stillwater, Oklahoma. I was 6'2" tall and about 185 lbs. On offense I was playing against a guy by the name of Sid Ryan who was around 6'1"tall and weighed 230 lbs. who later played professional football for many years.

That was one day when my mother's philosophy of determination, perseverence, and using my ability to the maximum was in question. By the end of the game I had a cut over my left eyebrow which would need stitches, my bottom lip looked like raw hamburger and my right eye had a goose egg under it which made me wish I had an armour suit instead of the one bar across the mouth area. I did have to leave the game twice because of these injuries. On the plane back to Colorado I remember thinking this was one day these Montenegro genes I inherited weren't up to that Irishman who let me out of town with my life. I hoped nobody would tell my mother about this encounter because she wouldn't understand that even a Yugoslavian can meet his match now and then. The coaches Don Mullison and Thurman McGraw, after seeing the films, were kind in their evaluation of me saying I had 1,000 lbs of guts and did manage to get in Ryan's way a few times!

I received by Bachelor's degree and a 2nd Lt's commission in the U.S. Air Force in June of 1956. My sister Helen was an honor student who went on to obtain a PhD and is now a Vice President of Academic Affairs at a midwestern university.

In 1959, my mother was to be operated on for having a malignant tumor in the upper left lobe of her lung. There was some question in those days about the outcome of any maglinant operation. So my mother decided she wanted to become a U.S. citizen just in case the "deck was stacked against her". Guy, who was a career officer in the Air Force, was stationed at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver at the time. Guy tutored her on the data needed to pass her citizenship test which would be done verbally because she couldn't read or write English. She answered all the questions to the satisfaction of the Federal Judge who asked her the final question before granting her the citizenship. "Are you proudest that your children are college graduates with advanced degrees or are you proud of some other fact?" She answered speaking broken English that she was proudest that her five sons had all served in the military for their country.

Dr. Arthur Prevedel, renowned heart and lung surgeon of Denver, Colorado and a family friend, undertook the surgery which turned out to be very successful. The State of Wyoming paid homage to my mother by selecting her "Mother of the Year" in 1970. She was honored in New York City with mothers from all fifty states who had won the award in their home state.

In August of 1982, my mother was hospitalized again, requiring heart surgery. Several of her children were there when the surgeon assisting Dr. Prevedel gave the rundown on the risks of such an operation as well as the convalescing period for a person the age of my mother. I was elected by the others to ask the delicate question on burial site should things not go well. She looked each family member and in broken English said, "you all go to Hell, me no going to go!" Again, the operation was successful and she is doing well. She is constantly traveling all over the U.S. visiting her children and their families. She bubbles over in enthusiasm when talking about her 13 grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

I am sure if you were to speak to my brothers and sisters they could relate many stories similar to mine about this grand lady who is our mother. They would verify that our mother was the glue that held us together until the process of success took place. Anja Mirich who is a staunch believer in the democratic principles of this country endorses President Reagan's comment on what a tremendous privilege it is to be an American and live in the greatest country in the world.

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