

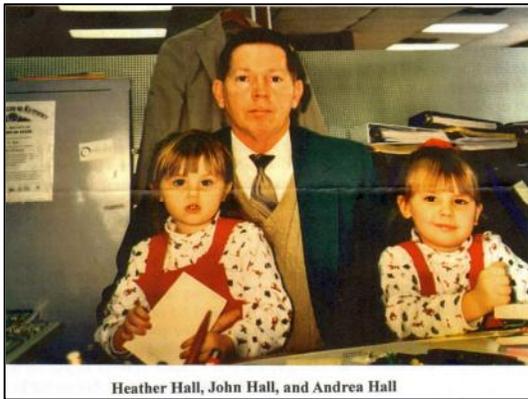
By John F. Hall

I came across an old office picture taken around the year 2000. My wife, Paula brought my two granddaughters, Andrea and Heather to my office. Looking at that picture, I



decided to write a story about events surrounding that office. Prior to going to work there, I was working for a plumbing contractor, as was my son, John, on Fort Campbell. We were renovating houses in one of the enlisted housing areas. We were cutting out sections in the concrete floors to install new drain pipes. The houses had the power turned off. I was wearing thick construction bibs. Somehow, I slipped into the cutout floor and hit my right leg on a sharp concrete edge, below the knee. Several days later, my leg developed cellulitis, a potentially serious skin infection that was beginning to spread. I first went to the Murray Hospital. I had a reaction to the oral medication they gave me. I was still in the 100th training Division in Louisville. Paula came with me to Drill. My leg got worse and we went to the emergency room at Jewish Hospital.

In the emergency room, they cut open a small section of my leg and removed several



blood clots. After we returned to Cadiz, I told my son that I was getting too old to be working construction. I had frost bite on my left hand from my military service, and working in the cold weather was taking its toll on me. I have a BS degree in business and 19 college hours in accounting. I took the state accounting exam. I was an Army veteran, so I was given military hiring preference. I was interviewed and hired as a Compliance Officer in the Hopkinsville, Kentucky Revenue Office.

My wife took the picture in the Hammond Moving and Storage building. The Revenue Office was renting office space in that building while a separate office building was being constructed. One part of my job involved issuing Kentucky sales tax permits. One day, over 16 years ago, a taxpayer came into my office and requested a sales tax permit. He was working for Raben Tire, and he decided that he wanted to go into business for himself. After I issued him a sales tax permit, we began a conversation about what he planned to do. He said that he going to buy an existing business in the Indian Hills section of Hopkinsville, on Canton Pike across from the fire Station. I knew the owner of that business. The EPA made him pull up the buried gas tanks and the contaminated soil under the tanks. It caused him to declare bankruptcy.

As we continued our conversation, we discussed what it takes to be successful when first starting out in business. I wrote down on a sheet of plain paper 12 things that he needed to do to be successful. The last thing that I put on that list was this: "Give credit only to God. Everyone else pays cash or uses a credit card." The taxpayer keeps that piece of

paper in his office. The last time I went to his business for tires, he proudly reminded me how that list helped keep him business.

My first direct contact with two Internal Revenue Service (IRS) agents began during the April tax season. I use computer programs to electronically file both state and federal income taxes. The two IRS agents would come to my office to file their state and federal income returns. The IRS agents have this “zero mistakes” things. If there was a mistake, that they made, they could fall back and claim that I made the computer error. The IRS agent were always courteous and polite. But the IRS has been weaponized by politicians going back to the late 1960s.

Writing from experience, I became a favorite target of the IRS when Richard Nixon was President in 1969. I wrote a polite letter to President Nixon and complained that the TVA was not complying with the Congressional mandate to keep certain fields in the Land Between the Lakes (LBL) mowed. When I lived in Golden Pond, I helped to farm one of those fields. One day, as I was disking a field behind my father-in-law's house, I nicked a copperhead snake. When I made the turn and came back, I noticed the snake coming towards the tractor. I put it in neutral and jumped off the tractor. I ran to the house to get a .22 caliber rifle. When I came back, I saw the snake circling the tractor. It was raising up lookin for me. When I could get a clear shot, I put 20 rounds into that snake.

I guess that my letter to the White House made those in power think that I was a radical student protester. I was put on an IRS hit list. Here I was, as poor as a church mouse, going to college on the GI Bill. The Bill only paid for books and tuition. I had to borrow money to survive. My wife, Paula was a GS-Z, clerk working on Fort Campbell. We lived in a small mobile home. I had a part-time job working at the campus post office, between classes, at Murray State. Every tax year, the IRS would audit my income tax return of \$10 or \$15. I still get audited every year.

When my late mother-in-law was a widow, I would do her state and federal income taxes at my house. One year, she owed the IRS eighteen cents (\$.18). I got the IRS on the phone. They first asked her if it was okay if I spoke for her. She agreed. I said this to the IRS agent: “I work for the Kentucky Department of Revenue. Why are you scaring this elderly widow taxpayer over eighteen cents? I will have her write a check for one dollar (\$1.00). That way, you will owe her money.” The federal government is hiring 85,000 additional IRS agents. I think they should change the name of the IRS to the Internal Revenue Disservice (IRD).

I enjoyed working at the Kentucky Revenue Office. I had promised my oldest granddaughter, Andrea, that I would eat lunch with her everyday, unless I was out of the office on a sales tax audit or away on Army Reserve duty. I would be the first to go to lunch early. I would drive to Heritage Christian Academy (HCA), a few miles from the office. I would sign in and go to Andrea's classroom. I would sit on a tiny plastic chair, around a small plastic table. I would open my sack lunch and eat with Andrea and five of her classmates. Then I would return to the Revenue office. I would man the office while

the other employees went to lunch. I worked at the Kentucky Revenue office for seven years and decided to retired.

John F. Hall

*Read stories by John F. Hall and others at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>