



A publication dedicated to the preservation of a classic and timeless vehicle

June 2003
Number 36

INSIDE:

LETTERS

COACH TALK

- WATER HEATER VENTING II
- ATWOOD DOOR
- REFRIGERATOR WON'T COOL
- HEAT SATURATION
- TANKS, SENDERS AND MONITORS
- NSF LISTING
- IAPMO LISTING
- AM RADIO INTERFERENCE
- AMMONIA SMELL
- COOLING UNIT
- REFRIGERATOR VS. GFCI BREAKER
- LIQUID/VAPOR SEPARATOR VALVE
- CARBON CANISTER
- GOLF-CART BATTERY WIRING
- EXHAUST LEAK
- STETHOSCOPE

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

THE INFERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

by William C. Anderson

Led into one of the cubicle offices of the Internal Revenue Service, I looked at the comely young lady who had risen from her desk to greet me.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Anderson," she said, extending her hand.

"And I you, Mrs. Hastings." I shook her hand. "You don't look like a vampire," I said wittily.

"Contrary to popular opinion, all IRS auditors do not suck blood, shy from garlic, or turn into bats. Please have a seat, sir." I took the proffered chair in front of her desk. "So you're a writer."

"I say I am. My editors and book reviewers often don't agree with me."

"I've never audited a writer before. I hope you'll bear with me."

"I've never had a full audit before. We'll just tip-toe through the mine fields hand in hand."

She gave me an odd look as she opened a voluminous file. "First, I have no problem with you deducting your office-in-home expense. You have established yourself as a professional writer. In fact, I've even read one of your books. Something called *Taming Mighty Alaska in an RV*."

I grinned expansively. "Splendid. Did you like it?" "No."

My grin evaporated. "Sorry about that."

"But my husband did. He has absolutely no taste in literature."

"May we move right along, Mrs. Hastings?"

"Yes. As I told you in my letter, there are three items on your 2001 tax return that require an explanation. First, the barbells." She flipped through her file. "Here it is. You claim a deduction of \$65 for a set of barbells you donated to the Salvation Army."

"That is true."

"How much did you pay for the barbells?"

"Sixty-five dollars."

"How long did you have them?"

"Approximately 10 years."

She gave me a wry smile. "You did not take depreciation into account when you made your deduction."

"Depreciation?" I looked at her askance. "How in blazes can barbells depreciate?" They're made of cast-iron. Bought them for my son. Only times they were ever lifted was when my wife dusted under the bed."

"Nevertheless, we must figure in some sort of a depreciation table..."

"No, we mustn't. Not on barbells. If they had been found in King Tut's tomb, they'd still be good as new. If anything, they've appreciated over the years."

"Well," she said as she puckered her brows, "I'll take what you say under advisement." She checked her notes. "Next item: You did deduct a depreciation on your motorhome. Would you care to explain that?"

"Happy to. Motorhomes *do* depreciate. And since I use my motorhome in my business..."

"Just how do you justify that, sir?"

"Simple. I have published three books on RVing and numerous magazine articles. I do columns for the Cadillacs of the RVing magazines, *MotorHome* and *GMC Motorhome News*. Naturally, I have to have a motorhome to do my research."

She mulled this. "Research?"

"Of course. I can't write about RVing if I don't get out and RV—do my homework. The Infernal Revenooers never question the goodly amount of taxes I pay on book royalties. They must not question the expenses required in producing that income."

"I see." She studied me out of the corner of her eye as she chewed this. "I'll make a note of that." She turned to her file. "One last item: entertainment expense."

"Lay it on me."

"You have listed one item of \$247 for hotel-room renovation. Would you care to explain how that would be entertainment expense?"

"Certainly. I had to buy new drapes and wallpaper for a room in the Holiday Inn when I was

Continued on Page 9