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REFORM CRIES HAVE A HOLLOW RING

TWO Democrats and five Republicans on the Senate Expenditures Committee assumed a weighty responsibility yesterday when they rejected President Truman's plan to reorganize the Internal Revenue Bureau.

One of those who made a last-minute plea for the plan was Chairman Cecil King (D-Calif.), of the House Ways & Means committee that has been investigating irregularities in the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Continued appointment of Collectors of Internal Revenue on the basis of political obligation, instead of experience and competence, in my opinion just will not work.

Another was Robert L. McCormick, research director for the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report, said Mr. McCormick told the plan is "unfortunate" because the plan, while not perfect, is a good one.

GOODBYE FOR NOW TO UMT

UNT seems to be a dead duck, at least until after the November election. After the 1952 election, Mr. Ashworth contended to send the bill back to committee.

Against such testimony as that, plus the convincing arguments of the new, tough commissioner of Internal Revenue, John B. Dunlap, Senators opposing the plan have put up the weakest of arguments: (1) non-local men might collect taxes in their states; (2) it won't save much money; (3) most of the BIR men fired so far were under Civil Service.

They do not mention the one thing which, in our opinion, has motivated the opposition in the Senate—the reluctance to give up the appointment of the 64 collectives, among the juiciest political plums left to members of the Senate.

It is true, of course, that a system doesn't matter so much as the individuals within the system. Some politically-appointed collectors make good records.

Collected By Bill Sharpe

TURPENTINE DRIPPINGS

Farwell Nice Noise (Fray's Elliptical, Washington Times-News) Like an aching tooth, I miss the sound of a railroad. For the past two and one-half years I lived in Kansasville, most of which is strung along the Southern Railway main line.

For the first seven months I lived in a boarding house on S. Main St. The railroad ran through the back yard. Trains shook the house, literally. All conversation or sleep ended while the trains thundered by.

These men were Congressman Hamilton C. Jones, Bernard Deane and Durham. Maybe they lost some votes by taking their stand. But in our book they made points.

LET'S KEEP UP THIS TRUTH CAMPAIGN

THE Government has suddenly boosted a logging part of its information and propaganda program. Friday night Secretary of State Acheson explained recent NATO action to a radio and TV audience.

Also Tuesday, President Truman appealed to the people of Russia and China to drop their "senseless policy of hate and terror."

EVERY MOSQUITO FOR HIMSELF

AFTER several rather hopeful editorials in the past few days, we figure it's about time to view communism with a new eye.

What we want to view with alarm today, that voracious aboriginal plant indigenous to the Wilmington area, is threatened with extinction.

DOMINANT DAMES

WE ARE USED to seeing Dagwood Woodhouse hounded by his beautiful blonde. The dominant and designing female always gets her way—be it over Cy or Ben—under the tutelage of Mary Worth.

Shades of Popeye and Alley Oop! Have our cartoonists forsaken their sex? It's time for masculinity to assert itself.

FUTILE FABLES

while half bumper bumped. The angry deer whirled and rammed his antlers into the radiator, puncturing it. Hot and seething roams of alcoholic content. The deer freed himself and wobbled away.

Taft To Get Dixie Delegates, But Won't Carry Any States

By Joseph & Stewart Alsop



THE Republican situation in the South is just about the queerest feature of the current political scene. His mysterious outlines may be described by a postscript of the editors and political experts of twenty-three leading Southern newspapers.

First, the established Southern Republican leaders almost unanimously favor the candidacy of Sen. Robert Taft. But this, they say, they have run their state Republican parties for many decades like so many small, private enterprises.

Second, the Southern popular surge in favor of General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower has caused a good deal of uneasiness among the party big game hunters in Alabama, Louisiana, Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia and Texas.

Third, however, Sen. Taft, the favorite of the professionals, appears to be highly unlikely to carry a single Southern state for his party, whereas Gen. Eisenhower would probably carry several of them. On this point, the expression of the Southern political experts is both frank and clear.

Example, B. S. Griffith, Executive Editor of The Charlotte News, writes that "if Truman is the Democratic nominee, Eisenhower could carry the state. I am confident Taft could not carry it."

Again, from Alabama, Fred Taylor, political analyst of The Birmingham Post-Herald, writes: "Taft has a big bulge in Republican organization support. But as for popular support, he is a long way from having a wide margin."

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He Got Cured

(Harriet County News) That little odd soul last week put a crimp in a lot of things, but one local man comes up with something new in the way of freesees.

Mr. The New Landlord (Mrs. Thea Davi, Zehlen Record) When our home was burned, my landlord went to Essex with it. A landlord, in case you are too young to know, is a thin, smoothly dressed piece of lumber, meant to be laid across the lap of a worker when cutting out material, writing, eating, etc.

Land Of Opportunity (15-Year Aged, Home County News) One of the local telegraph offices was confronted with the task of delivering a telegram that came in this week without the address of the person to whom it was to be delivered.

Reginald Redcovered (Glynn Shanks, Margston News-Herald) All the talk lately about Confederate money reminded me that I have a Confederate paper dollar. It may turn out to be worth something.

Michigan's Memory Fails (Michigan's Toole-housed Sen. Homer Ferguson would rather ask questions than answer them about the Institute of Pacific Relations.)

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Better Come Home Newbold, You're Asking For Trouble

By Robert C. Ruark

OUR bright-eyed, beaming boy, Mr. Newbold Morris, the scandalous, the reckless, the lawless, the one who ought to quit his job as High Extremist of the Democratic Party.

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Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON (The White House has washed it up, but clean-up is still in progress.)

The inside story is that Morris, depressed over the unreturned he was getting, decided that his assignment was "impossible" and decided to quit at a routine conference with Justice Department officials.

Truman being obliged to stay on, promised him a free hand, guaranteed full White House support.

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From The Wall Street Journal

AS REGULARLY as the quaking spurs turned to vigorous goid on the slopes of the Rockies, Elmer Endley, who lived in Foothillville, would buy a big game license, three quarts of Old Glen, two gallons of radiator alcohol (for victims of a landing back and head for the night). He had his usual luck this year. He had been just missed by nineteen hunters' bullets, had been bawled out by the game warden for hunting in restricted areas, and managed to explode his gasoline can stove and accidentally dropped his last quart of Old Glen on a rock.

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