

We Have Our Own Travesty

THE effort of the Talmadge forces in Georgia, and of stand-patters everywhere, to justify the Georgia unit voting system by comparing it with the Federal electoral college has always seemed absurd to us, and we're afraid it still does even though our betters, in the person of three Federal judges, have now concurred in that view. It is true that the electoral college, which allows each state one vote per Congressman, serves to temper the effect of the popular vote in presidential elections, but the vote is at least allocated on a basis of population. The unit system, on the other hand, achieves a deliberate disfranchisement of the voters of populous counties by bracketing the unit vote per county with an arbitrary ceiling (six) and an equally arbitrary floor (two).

We have not, however, belabored the point, although our restraint was based on no highly developed sense of delicacy concerning meddling in a neighbor's affairs. Rather, it grew out of the conviction that it would be bad grace for a newspaper published in a state which, by different methods, has chosen to do the same thing, to go about casting stones.

Our reference is to the peculiar state senatorial districts in North Carolina. At the recent meeting of the State Democratic Committee representatives from a few neglected counties raised the point that the formal, accepted rotation scheme among counties serves to deny them representation in the upper house of the Legislature. Nothing much came of the heated debate that followed, but it did attract attention to the peculiar manner in which the members of the North Carolina Senate are chosen.

In most states the Senate is made up of one representative from each county, but North Carolina has developed a system as unique in its way as Georgia's unit voting plan. First of all, the Constitution limits the Senate's membership to 50,

thereby necessitating the establishment of special senatorial districts. A logician, or, as Lynn Nisbet has put it, "a political novice," would naturally assume that there would then be 50 districts with one Senator each. Not so. North Carolina has 100 counties, divided among 32 senatorial districts, some of which have two Senators each. Hence the constant confusion and bickering over rotation, the system under which one county in a district elects a Senator one term, another county another term, and so on. The districts are based on population and there are seven counties—Pitt, Robeson, Guilford, Mecklenburg, Forsyth, Gaston and Buncombe—populous enough to constitute separate senatorial districts. There are six other small counties which, under the binding rotation agreements, manage to receive the same benefit by virtue of being the most populous county in a two-Senator district.

Why does North Carolina have such a strange and complicated system of representation? Is it to insure representation of districts which have geographical, economic or social uses? Not at all. Says Mr. Nisbet in his Raleigh correspondence: "A political novice innocently inquired of an old time Democratic warhorse why there aren't 50 districts with one Senator each. . . . The answer was prompt and emphatic: That would give too many Representatives."

We commend this travesty of representative government to our editorial colleagues who have expressed deep concern over Georgia's fantastic unit voting system. E. H. Malone of Franklin County was slapped down at the Committee meeting when he suggested that the Democrats propose a constitutional amendment allowing one Senator per county, but he insists that he will carry the fight to the Legislature alone. It seems to us Mr. Malone deserves the support of any states righter who believes that political reform, like charity, should begin at home.



People's Platform

A GI View of Caste

FAIRMONT
Editors, The News: A FEW days after the General Doolittle hearing on Army enlisted grips, I, in an interested mood, sat down and wrote my thoughts on the subject on paper. I then stuck it away and just today came across it again and after rereading it decided to send it on to you. Do what you will with it. It is as follows:

The hearing on the Army "caste system" has closed. What has been determined and gained? To my mind, exactly nothing. Who cares if the "brass" have elegant social functions and special privileges when they are given respite from the forward areas? If the officer has been properly schooled, both in the classroom and in the field, and is sufficient in his tactics, he has then earned the right to discriminate. Why not lay aside the bickering and turn all efforts toward finding the absolute cause of enlisted grips and doing something sensible about it?

Take a lesson from the enemy of the past and for a secure future, build up an efficiently trained Officers' Corps. Give the potential candidate plenty of incentive to want to be a part of this corps but by all means make the other professions it should be, intelligence, his courage, his plain initiative to the supreme test. Not the so-called "ninety-day wonders" of the past but a plan of three, four or five years of hard study and practical application to turn out a military man worthy of praise, and special privileges. With a potential organization of this sort there would be little need of continued selective service. Of a sufficient number, a highly skilled body of officers would in short order the nucleus of a mighty armed force.

A military career should be as interesting to young men as other fields of endeavor. But as with medicine, engineering, law and all the other professions it should begin by willful selection by the individual, and should be presented thoroughly in all phases by the instructors. Don't confuse this suggestion with West Point and Annapolis. This proposal should be thrown open to everyone under jurisdiction of the War Department and not come through appointment. Knowing one's job thoroughly would be the difference among the ranks and one's behavior at play could not be attacked.

—FRANKLIN BOAZ, Ex-Enlisted Man.

for the benefit of visitors here: those words are as follows: the pronunciation being almost as the same as in Baltimore:

- arn (ahrn) n. A metallic element. E. G., "Arn and steel are made at Spar's Pointing."
- arange (shin) n. A citrus fruit. E. G., "We had aranges and pruns for breakfast."
- ast (ast) v. To propound a question. "I ast your forgiveness."
- calvary (cal-vay) n. Body of horsemen.
- far (fahr) n. Combustion, conflagration. E. G., "After I run to the far, I was tard out."
- farst (fahr) n. A group of trees, woods. E. G., "The hies in Farst Spar's Pointing."
- fish (fish) n. E. G. "He lives in Farst Park."
- feesh (feesh) n. An animal living in water. (Used more or less provisionally.)
- hark (hark) n. Unpleasant. E. G., "Don't shee look harkle!" Note: This adjective is derived from the noun hark, meaning terror.
- hessie (hose-slee) adj. Selling in quantity. E. G., "He got the new tary for Ose-moote hessie."
- meeyun (mee-yun) n. A number—1,000,000, the thousandth part of a beyun. E. G., "There's a meeyun dollar in the pocket of his dast."
- meeyunair (mee-un-air) n. A person worth a meeyun dollars.
- payment (pay-ment) n. Paved surface of a road or sidewalk. E. G. "He slipped on the icy payment and busted his leg."
- prain (prain) n. Dried plum. Cf. arnge.
- semney (sem-ney) n. A number—70. E. G., "He lost semney dollars in the third race at Last."
- urble (tur-bul) adj. Inspiring terror (air). E. G., "I sure feel turble Saddy night."
- umpay (um-par) n. Baseball official. (Sometimes em-par.) E. G., "The umpay said, 'You're out!'"
- weeyun (wee-yun) Proper name. E. G., (Weeyun Shakespeare wrote Juvus Caesar."
- weel (weel) n. Rotating member, as on certain kinds of cranes. E. G., "I was wissling a tune wen the weel come off."
- well (weel) conj. During the time that. E. G., "Nero fiddled while Rome burned."
- workman (wuk-man) n. A man who works. E. G., "The workman was the tairkest man in the work."

The guide for this vocabulary is Mrs. Alberta Hennum in "The Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge." It is the farthest north settlement under the American flag. It is a very beautiful town. The way they use it. "You can get you one more gittin' of wood out of that log nurnus by n' give-out-out of list, listen, all you settin' rounders!"

And verbs flow freely into adjectives: "The travellin' tresser," the talkinest woman; the workinest man."

Those are sufficient to give the tourist an idea of the musical mountain language. It is much more delightful than the sturting cited above in the words taken from the Baltimore vocabulary and used sometimes by Chattanoogaans.—ALFRED MYNDERS, in the Chattanooga Times.

Nelson Swings Out

WASHINGTON DONALD M. NELSON, the man who directed American industry during the war as chairman of the War Production Board, has written a couple of old-fashioned books. He has written a book which will be released in a few days.

In it he takes a couple of healthy barbs at the War Department, which should stir up some hot discussion. His specific target is through the Army Service and Wartime Bureau, Gen. Brenton Somervell, since retired from the Army and the business executive. Nelson charges the Army with using underhand methods in trying to wrest control of the American industry during the war. He writes:

"But if they got complete authority over the disposition of the nation's resources they would inevitably produce disorder and eventually wreck the economy by undercutting the economy in such a way that it could not meet the needs of the war. This is the whole story. In their drive to bring military requirements the precedence over all others they would be bound to take actions which would have serious effects on our domestic institutions."

PHONY OFFERS PLANTED The thing that really bothered him, he says, was the way the Army "needed" him by planting phony offers about the damaging effects of WPB decisions when the Army itself had an unwilling part in the negotiations.

"It was really pitiable, the things said and done by a few of the men of the Army," Nelson said, "and I am sure they are doing it in either an inexcusable lust for power or in outright ignorance of how industrial production is accomplished and what is necessary for a sound economy to proceed."

He cites one of his first tangles with the Army. It was over the synthetic rubber and oil plants. This building program was competing with the Army's 100-octane gasoline plants.

The Army continued to argue that only those plants which would make synthetic rubber for military purposes should be built. Though it seemed fairly obvious to me that our industrial machine could not operate without gasoline, buses, and trucks needed around our factories. In any case, I decided to proceed with my plans.

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San Francisco CIVILIAN opinion has had a year in which it has almost been the end of the war. This emotional defrosting is a painful process; it is not a matter of a few days, but of a persistent, 24-hour-a-day kind, a chronic irritation which will not rise to great peaks, but it hardly ever leaves us.

It shows up in small matters as in big. There was a taxi driver who asked me \$5.00 to drive me across the Bay Bridge and a bit more. By the time he reached the point of debarcation he had raised the charge, by unilateral decision, to \$10. Meanwhile we had been discussing employment opportunities in New York, and as he took the money from my hand he queried me brusquely and closely on how he could get a job in the city.

IMPERSONAL SKINNING He did not wheedle, or even smile, in carrying out his overcharge, though it all might have been hardy, seemed to exist for him, as commencing with his own fret at life, he treated me casually, almost insultingly, as if I were a piece of skin to be skinned while I am being skinned, and it seems to me that in prewar days the irritability component of our postwar mood carried over to the postwar mood.

The resulting atmosphere is, however, one has a feeling that this is a year of irritation, before some of the tensions mount, and back up and seek that hot easy out which the emotions know so well how to obtain by means of a short circuit.

YEAR OF IRRITATION Perhaps we should try objectively to realize that this is a year of irritation, before some of the tensions mount, and back up and seek that hot easy out which the emotions know so well how to obtain by means of a short circuit.

TOURIST PARADISE ONE of the great opportunities in Alaska is the tourist industry. In Alaska you will see the most magnificent scenery in the world, everywhere in Alaska. One of the most beautiful and picturesque in the world will be to see the red tape now involved in establishing a tourist industry in the state. There are some people who are willing to spend millions of dollars in building a tourist industry in the state. They are willing to spend millions of dollars in building a tourist industry in the state. They are willing to spend millions of dollars in building a tourist industry in the state.

It's The People's Business, Admiral

ALL good patriots, we are certain, could see the bombs bursting in air by the rockets red glare when Bull Halsey roared, "We'll sail any damned place we please and it's nobody's damned business." Certainly the Admiral was giving emphatic voice to a great American tradition which bespeaks freedom of the seas for the American fighting fleet.

A few cautious editors have chided The Bull for his language, remarking that, even though he happened to be right, his timing was hardly calculated to promote friendly relations between the Soviet Union and the West. This, as always, seems to us ridiculous. It is time to lay away the legend of the thin-skinned Russian who takes quick offense to unfriendly words. The Russians are concerned with acts, not strong language.

And it was the Russian protest at an American act that prompted Admiral Halsey to his outburst—the act of sending units of the Atlantic fleet to Greece on the eve of a Greek election. This, said the Russians, is "gangster diplomacy," and even if we resent the adjective, we must admit that it is mainly the diplomacy of naked power politics.

But what is the official American explanation of the cruise of the aircraft carrier Franklin D. Roosevelt, which had its armed fighter planes spell out FDR in the skies over Athens? We are here, quote the Admiral in command, at the invitation of the Greek Government; our visit has no political implications. Our presence here is short and very unattractive word for that blatant hypocrisy, one that even Pravda has so far failed to use.

A Sure Cure For The KKK

WE like to think that it is no accident that there is no sign of a Ku Klux Klan revival in North Carolina these days, even though the nightshirt boys are bobbing up in Pennsylvania, Georgia, Tennessee and elsewhere with increasing frequency. We would certainly be the last to argue that the seeds that have been planted in the soil of the North Carolina soil, but we do believe that the forces of public opinion—the only sure cure for the hoodlums—are organized hereabouts on a permanent basis.

It was an area meeting of a recent session at Little Switzerland, at which leading Protestants, Jews, and Catholics of the state gathered as guests of I. D. Blumenthal, the Charlottean who has made his name there available to religious groups of all faiths. It was an area meeting of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and it was attended by people like Frank Graham of the University, Ben Cone, the Greensboro industrialist, Dr. Clyde A. Hayner of Guilford College, and Ourney P. Hood, the state banking commissioner.

One result of the meeting was the adoption of a resolution that reads: "(1) We unite in our respect for God, for His Holy Name, and for His teachings. (2) We respect the religious convictions of one another and we denounce bigotry and prejudice. (3) We unite in our respect for the life, the property and the character of our neighbor. (4) We unite to combat all elements of hate and prejudice in the world."

the entire United States fleet into the Mediterranean or anywhere else if it be necessary to support our diplomacy. Maybe it's that kind of a world; maybe it isn't our fault that it is. We can even stifle our passing regret that the engines of world politics have finally brought this proud republic to restoring to the Greek throne a weak, corrupt, and unwelcome monarch. But we can't swallow the pious words our State Department hands out to justify its use of force in the maintenance of the European status quo.

Bull Halsey says the deployment of the American fleet is nobody's damned business. With a partial exception, the movement of the fleet is the business of the American people. They have a right to be told the real reasons that prompted the Mediterranean cruise, just as they have a right to be told how far our relations with our Russian ex-ally have deteriorated and what, specifically, our overall diplomacy, now backed by force, is designed to accomplish.

It is time for President Truman to take to the radio with a full-dress review of our foreign policy, past, present and future. It is time for him to discount or justify the big black sheeheads Congressmen, Admirals, and State Department functionaries are making these days. The conviction grows, specifically, our overall diplomacy, now backed by force, is designed to accomplish.

Our relations with Russia are very much the peoples' damned business. They are, in fact, the people's primary damned business.

How We Tawk

WITH an almost-dazzling future as a tourist center, Chattanooga does not have to worry about visitors being unable to understand our language or to decipher our accent. This city drew its citizenship from many parts of the country and the lingo is a sort of a mixture usually understandable.

Some time ago Herbert Hoover, Jr., prepared a Baltimore vocabulary for tourists in the Baltimore Evening Sun. There are a few of his words which are used occasionally in Chattanooga, and the other in our community and in our country.

In a way this is a substitute for the legislation that Georgia and other states have been forced to rely upon to fight the Klan. And certainly it is a far more effective weapon for the men and women who gather round at Little Switzerland with a greater power for good than all our peace officers. They have evolved a creed that any Tar Heel can subscribe to without violating his private religious beliefs, or perhaps it is more correct to say a creed no man could reject who professes faith in God.

The Klan will never prosper so long as this attitude prevails in North Carolina. Tires are standing up nicely through the Summer heat, as those top-lared fenders, seen flapping on every side in traffic, sure do cool the rubber.

Dr. W. C. Pearson's U. S. To Make Alaska Tourists' Paradise Merry-Go-Round

(NOTE)—While Dr. W. C. Pearson is on a brief vacation, his column will be written by several distinguished guest columnists—today's by J. A. "Cap" Krug, Secretary of the State, who has just returned from an extensive survey of Alaska.)

A FEW days ago, I was walking down the wooden sidewalk of the Indian village of Metlakatla, Alaska. From the bestry of the white community I chanced the soft and solemn strains of "America" and "America, The Beautiful."

It was an inspiring sight and sound. It made me proud to be an American and to have a part in the building of a great empire there in the nation's farthest north and furthest west.

Metlakatla was the last of a dozen Alaska communities visited on a trip which took me and some of my associates the Interior Department 12,000 miles, half of it within the borders of the great territory of Alaska—an enormous and wonderful country. It is one-fifth as large as the United States.

Want Statedhood

RIGHT now, most Alaskans are thinking about statedhood. On every hand we heard advocates of statedhood. Nowhere did we hear opposition, although I was informed that some do exist.

The people of the territory are to vote Oct. 8 on a referendum question: "Are you in favor of statedhood for Alaska?" This is the first step. If the vote is favorable, as I judge it will be from the evidence of Alaskans' attitude, the territory's delegate to Congress will press statedhood legislation in the next session. Alaska's political future is bright, strong for statedhood. So is Gov. Ernest Gruening. So am I. Only under statedhood, I feel, will Alaska be able to get the patients to leave.

Representative Bob Poage, of Texas, has an answer. He believes Alaska should be at least three states. Then no one of them would be larger than Texas.

One of the most interesting places visited was Barrow. It is the farthest north settlement under the American flag, only 18 degrees of latitude from the Pole. The 800 Eskimo inhabitants turned out en masse to greet us, and one of the pictures will always carry with me is that of a young village descending to the beach to see us off. Someone started singing the hymn, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and soon every voice had joined in.

Samuel Grafton Temper Of The Year

thousands of Californians face real difficulties in making ends meet and finding homes, but that their problems are obscured—by the unending stream of news items about rightists and leftists, which much of the local press pays so devoted attention to.

There is a certain pent-up quality, too, to postwar irritation. It has difficulty in finding an object, and in releasing itself. The new Deal is gone, and a man, an evener's anger, which used to vent itself harmlessly against the person of Roosevelt, now remains damned up, unable to locate a target and be discharged. It is quite common to see a man, Mr. Truman, and yet a kind of orphan hate remains, seeking a proper villain to which to make attachment. Neither the end of war nor the end of Roosevelt has brought about quite the relief that the Soviet presence, with its different stripes longed for and expected, and the result is that there is a certain pent-up irritability which makes a good deal of muttering in a century of storms.

Suddenly, at this point, one has the feeling that perhaps some, at least, of our bitterness toward the Soviet presence, the concessions conceded stems from this almost universal need to find a focus for our anger. The anger, the great current anger all other angers are swallowed up and slaked, put to rest, is the anger of the slave, of the universal solvent of the schemists. There she stands, the biggest target in the history of history, and she is the target, her out, as men carry their assorted rages to the chief trading post.

Perhaps we should try objectively to realize that this is a year of irritation, before some of the tensions mount, and back up and seek that hot easy out which the emotions know so well how to obtain by means of a short circuit.

TOURIST PARADISE ONE of the great opportunities in Alaska is the tourist industry. In Alaska you will see the most magnificent scenery in the world, everywhere in Alaska. One of the most beautiful and picturesque in the world will be to see the red tape now involved in establishing a tourist industry in the state. There are some people who are willing to spend millions of dollars in building a tourist industry in the state. They are willing to spend millions of dollars in building a tourist industry in the state. They are willing to spend millions of dollars in building a tourist industry in the state.

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