

The Daily Tar Heel

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Friday, October 3, 1930

Senatorial Snoopers In North Carolina

Congressman Pritchard and his fellow Republicans aspiring to represent North Carolina in Congress will doubtlessly welcome the threatened visit of Senator Nye and his fellow investigators to North Carolina. Timed as it is to occur just before the general election in November and the visit of President Hoover the Republican leaders possible anticipate gathering a few dissatisfied Democrats of a type into the Republican field—that promised land of privilege and prosperity.

We, despite the press reports emanating from Washington, cannot put much faith in the purpose of the committee's investigation of North Carolina's primary. Perhaps 70,000 votes were stuffed into the ballot boxes and perhaps thousands of New York dollars were poured into North Carolina, but it is highly improbable. It's too much like the talk Mr. Pritchard has been passing around on how the Democratic party has departed from the principles of Jefferson and Jackson and has sold its birthright to the Pope, General Motors, and the Empire State Building.

The whole affair smacks of Republican propaganda and Republican schemes to capture a place in the Senate and to retain their two rather precarious seats in the House. It's good

campaign talk for Mr. Pritchard. But it doesn't ring true. North Carolina has managed to run its elections decently enough for the past thirty years without the aids of Sherlock Holmes' only rivals. In fact, fraud and corruption are almost foreign to North Carolina.

But at least we do not need the Republican high priests to tell us how to conduct a Democratic primary. We'd like to know just why they're so interested.

A Better Penal System

Within the past year instances have occurred which have aroused a storm of criticism among the citizens of this state. And rightly, too, if the element of justice is to be considered at all. The penal system of North Carolina is badly in need of a complete revising and installation of better and more capable officers.

Last summer during the intense heat, a young negro convict died, his death allegedly resulting from the horrible treatment he received from the convict camp bosses. This prisoner was serving a sentence of ninety days for violating the prohibition laws, and yet he paid the highest penalty exacted of man.

In another section of the state it was reported that the convict bosses were found in a drunken condition. The superintendent was ordered to discharge them, but this was not done until a second order was given. At this same place the prisoners stated that the treatment they received was anything but human, some of them being tied to trees, deprived of food, and tortured with other outrages.

Such a state of affairs is indeed deplorable. No matter what a prisoner's crime may be, he should be regarded as being at least a human. And when a state with a government like that of North Carolina cannot produce a better penal system than that of the present, then something needs being done.

OPEN FORUM

HOPE FOR THE FRESHMEN

This year's array of freshmen is fast becoming adjusted to the strangeness of their new surroundings. With the first quarter well under way, the new men are showing unmistakable signs of casting off the feeling of novelty, and are falling in like old-time veterans. Without mercy, the professors have launched forth their initial plunges into the realm of learning.

Whatever he expected, the new man soon realized that it was more or less a matter of do or die with him, so that by now the majority have formulated definite ideas of the meaning of college, and have decided that after all there are other things of importance than football and co-eds.

Aside from learning that only a conscientious application of one's abilities will make the grade, he has been thoroughly drilled in the method of distinguishing between a "bull session" and a "cow session," the purpose of the arboretum, the logic of being school spirited, the literary merits of the Carolina Buccaneer, the beauty of male bare legs, et cetera.

In fact, not a stone has been left unturned in the effort to give him a big send off, and with such preparation, we are hoping that he will find few obstacles to deter him in making his first year a very profitable one.—W. T. L.

The North Carolina chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity announces the initiation of James Baylan Thompson of Raleigh.

WRITE ANGLES

By Vass Shephard

The bootlegger is fast becoming as much, if not more, of a social asset as any of our lawyers, doctors, and preachers. Just the other day Wilson Caldwell, owner of the most modern and efficient still in Orange county, avoided prosecution by contributing \$100 to charity. Such a donation in these hard times is not to be spurned. What the state needs now is bigger, better and more philanthropic bootleggers!

The campus cops will soon be baffled, no end. It is hard enough for them to keep the battalion of motorcycles from using the sidewalks as highways, but with the introduction of Austins to the town, and the appearance of the Sears and Roebuck speedster in the near future, there will be no way of keeping the library porch from being a parking garage and the lower campus paths a racetrack. Probably the Old Well will be used as the only safety zone in the University.

There is still a mystery shrouding the process by which the Chapel Hill law prohibiting "leg shows" in the neighborhood of the village can tolerate co-eds.

However, our fair sister-students have had a very beneficial effect upon heretofore slothful students. The library, once a place to be avoided, is now thronged by students and sight-seers. The Salvation Army itself could not effect a more complete round-up.

Mandeville Webb has introduced the new "library glasses" to the campus. One lense is focused for short ranges, such as is useful for studying History. The other lense is for long distance observation, such as is useful in studying anatomy under the table ten feet away. His motto is: Let not thy right eye know what thy left eye ogles at.

The University was host to some very brilliant ladies, apparently from Durham, the other day at the football stadium. Among the high-lights of the repartee were such remarks as, "I can't say it's as pretty as Duke's but it's right pretty, though. . . . You know, my dear, I can tell twice as much about a team from watching them practice than I can in a game; look at that man in the back changing his hat. I wonder why they all have to fall down; it would be so much better to look at if they did a little bit more running around than lying down all the time. . . . Hasn't Mr. Collins got pretty legs." And still they let 'em vote!

Musing over cigarette ads, one could wonder if Old Golds would help the Carolina cheering to any great extent. Also, "On the field it's grit; in the spinach it's terrible." Pardon it please, Mr. Chesterfield.

ARTISTS PETITION AUTHORITIES FOR CHARTER GRANT

(Continued from first page) ing in these types of arts.

William Steene and F. F. Bradshaw, dean of students, have been selected as advisors of the club. The members are as follows: R. H. Mason, J. L. Sherill, E. H. Gibson, Ned Wheeler, O. H. Weeks, Mack Webb, Ted Newland, Sybille Berwanger, M. P. Hiller, Karl Sprinkle, Dewey Holt, Thomas Loy, W. C. McCannless, W. L. Mason, Florence Yancey, Bobbie Mason, John McCoy, Julia Irwin, J. Allen Suther, Edward Gibson, R. C. Crofts, William I. Long, Witfield Cobb, Jr., Leonard Fox, Jack Sherill, Rachael Crook, Closs Peace, and Marion Tatum.

Co-Edna Comments

By Edna Morisette

The latest wrinkle in the Romeo and Juliet racket seems to be to serenade the sweet young things by telephone. On Tuesday night a group of "wandering" minstrels called the second floor of Mrs. Spencer's Hall and gave us a little musical treat—two numbers to be exact. So sweet of them! But that isn't all. They didn't want the rest of the girls to feel slighted so they came around in person, parked their T-model (or what have you) on the side next to the president's mansion and proceeded with their vocal exercises. We give them a rising vote of—well, call it appreciation.

Have you ever seen a co-ed study math? Then you've missed a lot. The procedure is usually something like this:

"If you have the radius and one point on a circle given, how do you get the equation of the fool thing . . . hello Sally . . . nothing much, just math . . . have some candy . . . yeh, I heard it, but I simply can't believe it . . . y'know anybody that's going to Durham this afternoon? I have some shopping to do . . . sh-h-h, there goes the phone . . . it's so provoking with two more Ednas on the very hall with you . . . for me? Thanks. Hello-o-Who? . . . Jus' fine . . . what . . . I'll ask her but I'm sure she has a date . . . I'm sorry, goo'bye . . . New, let's see, you use one of these formulas. . . Naw, I don't mind, go ahead and play it . . . put on "I Still Get a Thrill." . . . I just love that . . . aren't you crazy about Maurice Chevalier's "Sitting On a Rainbow." . . . What! You'd be crazy about him sitting anywhere? . . . that's too much. I'm going down on second and get Mary to help me with

this math . . . I've studied over an hour and I simply don't understand it . . . I just haven't got a mathematical mind.

Tea And Repartee At Co-ed Social

The co-eds of Spencer Hall 'tee-ed off' yesterday afternoon at four o'clock with a record throng of femininity parading their Sunday-best to their next-door neighbor, proving the old, old statement that a dress looks better when on than hanging in the closet next to the old wash dress hat's four years old. The usual line of chatter went its rounds, and the ball of conversation was deftly passed from one to the other, with no one holding a buttered statement too long for fear of having waited so long that the damsel in the next chair had had time to think of a long-winded experience about a trip to Washington when she saw, yes, actually saw Lindbergh! And he smiled at her! Yes, she knew he did because nobody else was around at the time.

In deference to the teas in the North or the Teas in France and England tea was served. Don't ask me what they serve in the aforementioned place because I don't know—I've only heard—but there is always a chance. The cakes were good and the decorations tastefully arranged—but whether they were noticed is another story and for a more expert writer. The conversation was the thing and now everybody knows about everybody else and next Wednesday they'll meet again to report—not that it matters but gives one an excellent chance to tell secrets and talk about ones-self.

Those who regard the new tariff as wholly without merit, forget that it's a political lifesaver for us Democrats.—Weston Leader.

Civic Group Meets

The citizenship department of the Community Club met in the Episcopal Parish house on Wednesday afternoon, October 1, at 3:30 o'clock. Mrs. J. M. Valentine presided over the meeting. Plans were made for work this year on highway beautification.

ALUMNI REVIEW FOR OCTOBER IS NOW OFF PRESS

(Continued from first page) will be continued each week during the football season as a separate pamphlet.

A feature characteristic of the Review is continued in this issue, namely "Keeping Up With the Classes," which gives an account of the activities of members of the graduating classes of the University from 1873-1929.

Alumni Secretary J. Maryon Saunders prophesies more improvements and features for forthcoming issues of the magazine.

FOR SALE

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LOST

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R. R. Clark

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