

# Panty Raiders Try Again; Police Use Smoke Bombs To Stop Mob Of 2,000

## At Least One Student Injured In Two Hour Demonstration

by Daily Tar Heel Staff Writers

They did it again.

A militant mob of over two thousand Carolina males stormed McIver and Smith dormitories between midnight and 2 a.m. this morning for the second time in a week. Police smoke bombs failed to restrain the crowd, alternately shouting "We want panties" and "We want Pogo."

They were unsuccessful, however, in their attempts to invade the coed sleeping quarters. At least one student was arrested and another injured in the violence which started shortly before midnight when a core of half a dozen students gathered near Everette dorm shouted, "Let's raid the coeds again."

Administration personnel, bolstered by a police force of twenty including state troopers and night watchmen, staged a futile attempt to disperse the milling throng of aroused skivvy snatchers. Chancellor Robert House mounted a stone pedestal outside McIver and pleaded "In the name of God and yourselves stop this foolishness and go home."

One student, wearing a black mask, escaped from a squad car after being seized by police officers while other raiders deflated tires on a station wagon belonging to Durham newspaper photographer Roland Giduz in protest of incriminating flash shots.

Carolina athlete Tom Cahill emerged as the hero of the evening by declaring to the mob "I know I may be making a jackass of myself, but either we raid the dorms or we go home. There's no sense in mulling around." Of all the student government leaders on the steps of McIver, Cahill was the only one who spoke urging the crowd to go home.

The disturbance came to a quiet close at 2:30 a.m. when small organized groups of students circulated through the rioters shouting "Let's go home." Frank Daniels, chairman of the Men's Honor Council, "If necessary we will investigate into the summer. However, we are not a police force."

In a final statement, Chancellor House said "I want them all kicked off the campus."

## The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where it is published daily, except Monday, examination and vacation periods, and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed \$4 per year, 1.50 per quarter; delivered, \$6 and \$2.25 per quarter.

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## Characters We've Known

We who have enjoyed reading the Daily Tar Heel's column entitled "Characters I've Met," are very much disturbed by one serious omission. The most characteristic character has characteristically been neglected. Thornton MacKendree Long, the column's originator, is the gentleman of whom we speak; a true character in his own right.

"T Mac", as he is called by his innumerable friends and acquaintances, is a campus "comedian" of the first water. If you have gone "Pogo," "T Mac" is chiefly responsible, for he has pushed the "Peoples Possum for President" with the vigor that is typical of all that he does. He's not one of the campus "Big Wheels" that you hear so much about; he's bigger! This is because he has a fantastic ability to make something out of nothing, the likes of which we've never seen. For instance, he and another character of his, who both smoke pipes, got together one day, and formed the Carolina Pipe Smoker's Club, commonly known as Die Whatcha-ma-callit. He pushed and pushed in his own quiet way until now Die Something-or-other is an efficiently functioning part of the Carolina way of life.

I'm sure that many of his friends would be insulted if his name was not linked herein with the Order of the Golden Bear, (a campus inter-organizational organization). He has worked tirelessly in such fields as extension, so that the Order now has original rites to chapters on all Lunar and Martin campuses, not to mention the campuses of the U. Va., Cornell, Iowa State, and South Carolina.

Alpha Phi Omega is another one of "T. Mac's" pets. He's not only very active locally, but is a national officer and has travelled all over North and South Carolina installing chapters of this service group.

Summing up Thornton's activities isn't an easy job. He's a member of PiKA social fraternity; He's receiving a Naval supply corps commission on June 2nd, having weathered two quarters of Lt. Woodall's "Hand-saws and Clawhammers"; He's a Supreme Chancellor of the Chancellor's Mid-Afternoon Toddy Club; And he has lent his moral and physical support to Five stud poker and meals for just about every worthwhile organization and activity on the Carolina campus.

If by some remote quirk of fate you have not already met this character of characters, just hunt the nearest party. Odds are 15% to 4 that you'll see a cloud of smoke, which is attached to a pipe, which is attached to an impish sort of grin, which is attached to a rotund ball of fun, which is T. Mac Long, our nominee for All-Campus, All-Conference, All-American, character of the year. A. Einstein and H. Cohen.

## Turntable Topics

by Mickey Rouse

Boy-oh-boy have I caught unadulterated you-know-what for my comments on the West House boys in my column last Sunday. Honestly, I have never been so completely shocked. The main reaction, it seems, is that the boys thought I was being sarcastic. I can say with all sincerity that sarcasm was the last thought in my mind. I do not know any of the boys, but I do know that I get a big kick from their music and various activities.

After reading my article again, I suppose it could be taken out and out sarcasm. No kidding, I hate to sound mushy but I hope you will forgive the implications that weren't supposed to be read in.

This is my first quarter at Carolina and I have been terribly impressed by everything—especially the music I have only to open a window to hear. I love it! As "Tenderly" is one of my favorite tunes, I was particularly impressed by the rendition given by the truly talented trumpeter.

In regard to the "two aspiring young rivals of the Eddie Arnold set," I certainly meant no pun. I adore all kinds of music and hill billy is no exception. I did not mean to offend these two gentlemen by such a remark; I fully realize that their voices are uncommonly good.

Elaine Gibson, a young lady who lives next door, has submitted the following letter to the TAR HEEL. Evidently she is much more qualified in judging their talent; I bow to her superior talents. Excuse me, I guess I am being sarcastic here. "In Defence of Folly?"

"From my window in Smith Dormitory I can see and hear just about everything that goes

on at West House"—and it just happens that my window is closer to West House than that of the author of Sunday's column entitled "Turntable Topics." And if we must limit our comments to this phase of West House's activities, just for the musical record," by far the most outstanding talent West House boasts" is its complete repertoire! At the hour of six (p. m., of course) besides hearing the young man with the horn, it is entirely possible, if one is lucky, to hear a complete ensemble composed of some of Carolina's most talented and popular musicians. The two "Eddie Arnold aspirants", who sing in a style Miss Rouse had rather not compare to anyone, just happen to possess two of the richest voices on campus—one of which has received notable acclaim in previous years both in Glee Club work and with Hank Beebe's Bell Tones. Those who are not so fortunate as to live in Smith, however, may hear this paragon of resonance and tone on any juke box from here to New York for the price of no nickel.

"Before I leave the enchanting music of the West House boys, I must tell you that a piano player occasionally gives out with his notable talent"—and to this year's freshmen and possible transfer students who do not move in the inner musical circles, I want to verify Miss Rouse's phraseology. This "piano player" aside from "giving out with his notable talent" in polished renditions of Gershwin and Gilbert & Sullivan, not to mention the banut of classical and semi-classical, also "gives out" with original compositions on the side, the professional quality of which leaves no one who heard his clever scores for either of the Playmaker musicals, Sweep It Clean (48), Apple Tree Farm (49) or Capers of 1951 with room for doubt.

It seems that poor Miss Rouse has evidently heard only the dull scraps of clever practice and fascinating improvisation of these artists that chance to drift Smithward. Is it possible that she does not appreciate the behind-the-scene drudgery which always precedes masterpiece? Or does Miss Rouse sit down and dash off her own masterpieces with no need of the before hand drudgery of investigation and clarification.

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# A SALUTE To The CLASS OF '52

IF THE chief reward of living in a college community is that one is constantly surrounded by youth, the compensating penalty is that one is constantly losing one's good friends.

We mention this so that you'll understand if there's a small wry note in our voices as we congratulate you on your graduation. We think you're swell, and we wish you every good thing, but doggone! we surely do hate to see you go.

It's been fun having you in the shop, swapping wise cracks or book gossip. It's been fun trying to out-guess you, so that the book you planned to order would be right there on the shelves. We hope you've enjoyed it half as much as we have.

We hope that, of the load of learning you're taking into the world, some small part is due to the existence your ramshackle bookshop. We hope that your years have laid the foundation for a life whose satisfactions will be beyond the destructive reach of playful economists. But most of all we hope—and we know it's a bit selfish of us—but we hope that from time to time you'll have a chance to drop in and say hello to your old friends in

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