

The Daily Tar Heel

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The Right To Dissent

Editor's Note: Following are excerpts of the \$2,500 winning essay by Stanley A. Wolpert of the College of the City of New York. The contest was conducted by the National Council of Jewish Women.

To the teacher, to the scholar on the high road of reason leading to truth, academic freedom is society's green light. It signifies, "You go, you who have been tested and tried by your teachers and colleagues, you who have learned through arduous study and long years of disciplined labor how to use honestly and objectively the tools of scholarship, the books, the logic, the facts of history and the natural world, you who have mastered the art and science of education, investigation and clear thinking, you go on unafraid, go as Prometheus went—steal more of the fire from Olympos." And if at the end of his road the scholar arrives at conclusions in conflict with popular opinion, or not in keeping with the current phase of an evolving national policy, or inimical to powerful groups in society, academic freedom means that no government or newspaper or individual will be permitted to force a retraction of those conclusions, to ban or burn them, to punish in vengeance their champion. It means that in the world of ideas, the stock of weapons is strictly limited to better ideas.

But in time of tense conflict, or violently competing ideas, of fear, insecurity and confusion, many people contend that the staunchest advocates of intellectual freedom are corrupters, subverters of all social values, and must therefore be silenced. In Greece there was a Socrates, in Germany, a Martin Luther, in Italy Galileo Galilei. Stubborn men these, curious men, peculiar and disturbing men who dared challenge the very gods and the rules of the earth, for the sake of conscience, in the service of truth.

Unless the teacher is free to question and dissent, the student's mind will emerge from school, not strong with wisdom, but at best heavy with information. The teacher who tailors his opinions to the cut of popular pressure will hardly encourage bold inquiry in his classroom. Men who will one day govern themselves must first learn to think for themselves.

There is no greater challenge to test the mettle of democracy's defenders than the current threat to academic freedom. Since the "cold war" has become warmer in Korea, hawking patriots and understandably worried democrats have successfully managed to trim the wings of . . . (academic) . . . freedom . . . A far greater danger than any statutory restriction threatens the life of academic freedom—the subtle and silent fear, self-censorship. No university is an island divorced from the passions of the community out of which it has sprung. When the social atmosphere is charged with suspicion and clamors or conformity, when in the market place the greys of opinion are increasingly forced into areas of black or white, when the mere suspension of judgment on subjects of vital controversy is labelled "abetting the enemy" . . . instructors become more cautious, students cynical and apathetic about the very issue that will most strongly affect their future lives and the lives of their children.

Freedom will not be saved by men who have so little faith in her strength that with every sign of totalitarian attack they flee from her finest outposts and race into the arms of tyranny and suppression. Those who would shield our youth from the dangers of incitement forget Oliver Wendell Holmes' statement that "every idea is an incitement." Those who insist their only interest is national security forget Mill's warning that "A State which dwarfs her men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished."

Daily the meaning of academic freedom is defined by the student who insists upon his right to be guided, not led or driven in the direction of truth and understanding; by the teacher who resists all doctrinaire shackles, faithfully following the light of reason and conscience; by the administrator who values free inquiry above the largess of monetary endowments.

Harvey Bradshaw The Grail

When the veterans of World War I returned to the Carolina campus in 1920, the problem of disunity between fraternity and non-fraternity men on the campus was a serious one. To help solve this and other problems, a group of 13 young men founded the Order of the Grail and set about their task of making our campus a better place to live and work.

They chose the Chalice or Cup which legend says Christ drank from at the Last Supper as the mystic symbol for the knightly way of life which they would seek. The miraculous power of this Grail was well-known in the middle ages and King Arthur's knights made long pilgrimages in search of it.

The present Grail Room in Graham Memorial was given to the Order in the early 1930's on the condition that they furnish it and allow other campus organizations to use it—a condition willingly met as a service to the University.

Since then in this room the generations of Grail members have met around the round table there. Here the symbolic cup is kept and the wall decorations carry out the Arthurian theme. Plaques on the walls list the members' name since the founding of the group.

Each year since 1920 the Order has selected 13 sophomores and juniors to take up the quest—over 400 students in all. The honor of being asked to join has come to be the highest which can be bestowed upon a sophomore. The fraternity-non-fraternity problem was met by selecting seven from one group and six from the other each year, and alternating the majority. The initiation is a highly secret ritual. This year there are seven non-fraternity initiates.

Besides their foremost project, the Grail has become known for its inexpensive, informal dances, its scholarships (six per year of \$150 each), its recognition of worthy, unpublicized services to the campus, and its primary purpose of service to the campus as a whole and its continual efforts toward harmony.

John Gibson It Was So-o Big

Concerning the sizes of fish, especially the ones that get away, and the number of women who have fallen victim to a fatal charm, one cannot usually take at face value the statements of an American. But in most other matters, Americans are usually honest. Indeed, with many of the "typical middle class" Americans, honesty reaches the proportion of what the sociologist calls a cult. "An honest man is the noblest work of God." "Honesty is the best policy." Etc., Etc. This is all very fine, yet one wise author has pointed out "the only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity." Such a disadvantage has reached serious proportions in the present world situation. Americans believe most of the things that are told them, especially from "experts," a title which is most willingly given to any dapper stranger. And, as most other people, they especially believe the things they want to believe. Even in this latter sphere, however, they outdo most of the rest of the world. I would like to talk about three situations in which such pure credulity is actually or potentially very dangerous.

First is our treatment of "ex-Communists," those former enemies who have seen the light of day and have decided to turn over a new leaf. There is probably no better way to get an audience in Washington than by claiming to be an ex-Communist. There is certainly no better way to get your ideas totally accepted. While there are many persons who have given up Communism, and this is hopeful, there are many others who have not, yet would claim to have done so if it were to their advantage. I do not particularly go for some of the actions of Senator McCarthy, yet suppose tomorrow a "self-confessed" communist were to admit that five years ago he and Joe plotted the overthrow of the government. Whatever else he is, I am rather sure that Joe is not a Communist, yet who would believe him? There is no better way to put the finger on an important and loyal American (or an unimportant and disloyal one) than

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A. Z. F. Wood, Jr. The New Edition

As I signed the pledge on my ethnology exam, I barely refrained from disturbing the other students with a great "Huzzah" of elation. For, among other things, it meant that I could sell my ethnology book and purchase Hemingway's *Green Hills of Africa*, which I had seen in a beautiful new reprint while browsing in the Intimate Bookshop.

Down to the Intimate I skipped, whistling merry little tunes, and being very thankful that I had bought the ethnology book new and it was a six-dollar book. As I walked into the shop, I didn't hesitate, but walked straight to the back counter and plunked down my toughly-bound, well-kept, unwritten-in medium of exchange. The lady at the counter looked at the book, then in her card file, and announced that she could give me ninety cents for it.

My blithe smile changed to disbelief and then to dismay. "Ninety cents! But that was a six-dollar book and I've taken good care of it." And I thumbed through the book to show the nice lady that there wasn't a blemish on it. "I'm sorry," she said (and I think she was), "But we're not sure whether they'll use this book any more or not. You see, the Book Exchange won't tell us down here whether a book is going to be used any more or not. If we buy the book, and next quarter, they use another book or another edition of the same book, we'll be stuck. Have you ever tried to sell an ethnology book?"

I hadn't tried to sell an ethnology book until now. I saw what she meant though. "How can you buy and sell textbooks at all if you don't know what books are going to be used?" I asked. "The students tell us. And we do get stuck many times." I mumbled something about the Clayton Anti-Trust Act of 1914 and then said, "Look, I'll be back in a minute. I'm going to the Book Ex and see what the scoop is."

"If they're not going to use the book," she said, "I'll still give you ninety cents for it."

As I walked out, I glanced covetously at the shelf where *Green Hills of Africa* was, and if there had been a picture of something alive on the cover, it would surely have leered at me. The book looked as far away as Africa itself.

At the Book Ex, I was told that my little six-dollar gem was worth less than the paper it was printed on so far as the Book Ex was concerned. My book, they said, was out of date. It was only the twenty-third edition and next quarter they would use the twenty-fourth edition. I asked what the difference was between the editions, and I was shown that on page 549 of the new edition, on the first line, the word "or" had been changed to "and". (Later, on a hunch, I secured a copy of the twenty-second edition and noted that the word on the first line of 549 was "and". I never did find the twenty-first edition, but I have been told that the word in that book on page 549 was "or".)

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ACROSS

- Source of cocaine
- Father (poet.)
- Seaport in Algeria
- Refuse of grapes
- Trapped liquids (Old Du.)
- Additional
- Guido's lowest note
- Starchy, edible root
- Cover
- Fish
- Cleaning rods for guns
- Destruction
- Past participle of "be"
- Disease of rye
- Correct
- Crucifix
- Prophet
- Wiener-wursts (slang)
- River (Eng.)
- Land-measures
- Praise
- Helium (sym.)
- She made first American flag
- Disorderly disturbance
- Line of juncture
- Flourish
- Touchy (slang)
- Finishes

DOWN

- Unit of dry measure (Heb.)
- Deviated
- Former money of account (Port.)
- Midday
- Brays, as an ass
- Woody perennials
- Unable to hear
- Conflict
- Appearing as if eaten
- A billow
- Mend a hole
- Droop in the middle
- Fish
- Belonging to me

Yesterday's Answer

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9				10			
11		12		13			14
15		16		17		18	
19	20		21		22		
23		24		25			
26		27		28		29	30
	31		32		33		
34	35			36		37	
38		39		40		41	
42		43		44		45	
46		47		48			
49				50			

THE TEEVY STATION NEEDS A NEW MANAGER. I CANNED THE OTHER. HOW ABOUT YOU?

CAN I TOO? EXCEPT ON WEEKENDS WE NEVER TRY TO PRESERVE OURSELVES, SIR.

NO NO! I MEAN HOW'D YOU LIKE THE JOB? I HAVE AN UNERRING EYE FOR CHARACTER AND I LIKE THE CUT OF YOUR JIB.

YOU MAY STOP USING THE EDITORIAL 'WH' DIE. THE JOB MEANS YOU'D WRITE THE TEEVY PROGRAM FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS . . . SUCH AS "SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING."

I KEEP SEEING THREE OF YOU—BETTER GET NEW GLASSES.

GOOD, YOU RUN OUT AN' GET THE GLASSES WHILE I UNCOOKS A JEROBOAM OF TRUTH SERUM.

AND I'LL POUR—CAUSE TRUTH NEVER RINGS.

THEY'S DOWN. DO AH GIT THE JOB?

NO! YOU TOO INSANITARY! WE WANT A NORMAL AMERICAN GIRL! ALICE IS THE NAME. NIGHTMARE ALICE.

THIS IS A FAVORITE. IT'S A "PASSING" HOW LONG YOU WANT ME TO KEEP 'EM UP THAR?

LUNG IS ENUFF! I'LL PUT 'EM DOWN!