

Gambling Trials

The gambling trials of Thursday night are vaguely reminiscent of the Russian purges. A few students were brought up for trial. They were convicted and were set up as an example of what happens to bad boys who gamble. They were given sentences, and the Student Council assumed a pious attitude to what they were doing, although they admittedly all have gambled at one point or another.

It may be that the Student Council hopes by setting a precedent to get students away from their paths as professional card sharks and into the paths of righteousness through fear. They may be reminded that the Pilgrims came to America to escape religious and moral persecution.

There may be something wrong with gambling. It may be a disease that can permeate and rot a community so that all that is left is one big casino, but it seems quite doubtful. The funny part is that in a democratic society that avenue is supposedly open to all citizens, since a democratic society is supposed to protect the individual's freedom of choice.

However, to the majority of UNC residents gambling is not necessarily such an evil. Indeed, to some it is sport and some it is recreation, and to 99 1/4%, it does not mean the deprivation of an education. To the 1/2%, it may mean a deprivation, but it must be remembered that it was deprivation by choice, and at the age of eighteen a person is able by choice to make his own decisions. At some time or another he must learn to stand on his own two feet and take the responsibility for his actions. Neither the University, the Student Council, nor any other body has the right to dictate one's own moral conduct. None of these should serve as a substitute mother. Children should be weaned at a young age. Students should be morally weaned before they come to college.

It is still a question as to what authority the Student Council has to try students for gambling. It does not seem unbecoming a gentleman to gamble. Although it may be quite unbecoming if he does not pay his gambling debts. However, the latter is also not an area for the Student Council since the Student Council was not set up as a collection agency.

Student Council Chairman Jim Long has said that the Council's purpose was "to correct as well as protect," and protection may mean the secrecy that the trials are conducted under. Indeed, the Student Council rightly reveals no names, but Student Council proceedings are not sacred to civil courts, and the civil judicial can very well subpoena all the records of the Council, use the Council as witnesses, and reveal whatever names it wants to. Indeed, the Student Council's conviction is an open invitation to civil action. This is surely protecting the defendant in the best way possible.

As far as correction is concerned, those who do not believe gambling to be normally wrong, and this group is large and includes the editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*, the correction serves the purpose of showing that it is bad to get caught.

For the Council to set themselves up as the God figure of the campus and protect students from the evil of gambling is equally wrong. Part of an education is experimental. And perhaps the healthiest experience for a student is to gamble and lose, for he might not be quite so tempted to earn his living in this manner.

Apart from the sheer hypocrisy of the Council trying people for gambling when their own admissions say that they have gambled in one form or another themselves, they raise an interesting point. This is the question of when is gambling, gambling.

The answer they have tried to give is that gambling becomes gambling when the stakes get too high. But, this does not suffice. Some people can afford higher stakes, and some must gamble at lower ones. All who gamble are not evil. Even those who gamble at high stakes are not evil, provided they do not stack the deck, use marked cards, or other devices to win illegally. The answer to the dividing line question comes somewhere else.

The answer comes in the same place as the answer of freedom in any democracy. A person's right of choice ends where another's begins. Thus, it is not the stakes that are involved but how the game is played that is important. Most campus gamblers are honest. They have to be or they wouldn't find a game, a bet, or even a match.

The Student Council has been a very honest group in the past. They have done their job conscientiously and thoroughly. This is just one time that they have stepped into left field to catch a fly ball around the home plate.

The editor is willing to wager five dollars that they do not succeed in driving gambling from the campus. The editor is also willing to wager a bonus dollar that the gambling problem is not as big as the "responsible" student leaders would like to make out.

Holidays

Ron Shumate

Holidays are, as a whole, rather mad, mad, maddening, wouldn't you say?

Now that we've been back almost a week, we have almost rid ourselves of all the nightmarish occurrences of the two weeks.

Holidays begin rather routinely, with the mad rush to get packed and get away—supposedly back to serenity. But oh, no, not on your life.

The first night you get home you sit up until the wee hours of the morn—not watching the Jack Paar show—but talking over "things" with parents "Things" such as: "Are you getting enough to eat, Johnny dear?" (So who eats, ar-reedy?); and "You haven't let any of those boys up there talk you into drinking, have you, Johnny dear?" (He); and "Are we sending you enough money, Johnny Dear?" (Yes, \$25 a month is quite sufficient); and so forth and on and on!!

So, after convincing the parents of how virtuous you are, how hard you study, how much sleep you're getting, and all such things, you retire.

The next few days (or daze) you spend visiting and revisiting. And everywhere you go it's the same old story: "Have some fruit cake and coffee?" Fruit cake and coffee! Agggghhh! But finally you visit some kind souls who don't gag you with fruit cake and coffee. They offer you fruit cake and coffee.

Following Christmas day, "over the river and through the woods, to grandmother's house we go." And with a visit to "grandmother's house" come the inevitable: "My, my, hasn't dear little Johnny grown?" and "Now, Johnny, you listen to your old grand-dad. You watch out for those evil women up there. Back when I was in college . . ."; and "Have some fruit cake and coffee;" and on and on and it goes, in a never-ending cycle of frustration and utter disgust!

After one of "those" tremendous meals of grandmother's comes the "setting around and talking" session. The men-folk sit around and talk of old politics, old cars, old school-days (again) and how old their wives are. But, on the other hand, the women sit around and talk of new fashions, new affairs their neighbors are having, new babies, new hair-dos and new recipes.

Finally comes the long-awaited time of departure. They say parting is such sweet sorrow. It must undoubtedly be! You sit in the car with the motor running for 30 minutes, if you're lucky enough to get away that quickly.

And all those last minute good-bys are enough to make a preacher cry in his beer. They're almost as bad as first-minute bellows. "Now you beg good, Johnny dear." (You just watch my smoke, sister). "I still just can't get over how dear little Johnny's grown." (Aaaagghhh!). "Are you sure you don't want some fruit cake and coffee to take home with you?" (Double Aaaagghhh!). "I promise to write this week." (Well, that's the last we'll ever hear from you.)

After several days of recuperation, you visit some more, receive visits, eat you-know-what, and attend parties which come in rapid-fire succession. And the morning after headaches come in equally rapid-fire succession.

Finally, comes the final glorious day.

You frantically pack, at the last minute, look for text-books you never opened; and again those infamous last-minute good-bys.

After the last supper, you wind your weary way back to The Hill. And all the way back you wonder what you forgot. You finally remember as you enter the Beautiful Little University Village: your best pair of Sunday-go-to-meetin' shoes; four text-books and a 10,000-word term paper; your ear muffs; and two of your riders.

So, Monday it's back to classes. But for week on endless week you suddenly scream out in the middle of the night, as visions (No, not sugar plums) fruit cake and coffee flash across your mental screen.

"Have some fruit cake and coffee?"

"I'm Constantly On Guard Against You Spenders"



The Freedom To Travel

William D. Patterson

No truism of the modern world is more tired than to say we are living in an age of revolutionary change. Yet the strength of the platitude is in its truth. What is remarkable is that change should have become such a constant in our modern world that we no longer marvel at it.

A major part of this revolution has to do with movement—by sea and land as well as by air, but chiefly by air. Only a few years ago no more than 25 per cent of the Earth's surface was readily accessible to the average traveler. Today the figure is 90 per cent. The sociological implications of this almost universal accessibility are only beginning to be comprehended. In the case of the individual, for example, it means enlarging his personal horizon as it has never been enlarged before. For travel, in the most personal sense, is a unique medium of person-to-person communication. Some fifty million people are on the move annually across national frontiers. They are, quite literally, experiencing a new habitat, with all the advantages that increased personal scope has to offer.

But the individual is more than a unit of humanity in transit. He is a bearer of opinions, ideas, manners, desires; he creates effects and absorbs them. He can bring understanding or misunderstanding. In any event, he is now a major factor in the relationship among nations. Anything that interferes with his freedom of movement, therefore, not only runs counter to the dominant trend of living history but interferes with his potential usefulness. Indeed, to the basic American freedoms we must now add the freedom to travel. And any interference with the freedom to travel should concern the American people to no less an extent than interference with speech, press, religion, or assembly.

Yet the freedom of men to travel is being restricted in this country and elsewhere by the unwise actions of various governments, even as official policies in support of travel are widely and earnestly promulgated. In many cases, governments preach an open universe, but bureaucrats practice a closed world. In an official report to President Eisenhower on international travel, Clarence B. Randall, Special Assistant to the President, declared after several months' intensive study of U. S. tourism abroad:

"I hold the strong conviction that tourism has deep significance for the people of the modern world, and that the benefits of travel can contribute to the cause of peace through improvement not only in terms of economic advancement but with respect to our political, cultural, and social relationships as well.

"The freedom to travel is a dramatic freedom. It is a unique instrument of friendly, peaceful communication among the peoples of the earth . . .

should be at liberty to carry their particular image of America abroad—whether the State Department approves of that particular image or not. This image will be a varied one, or we are an enormously varied people. Our strength lies in the variety, not in any official image, processed, sterilized, and certified by a Federal agency. The travel industry, led by the IUOTO and The American Society of Travel Agents (ASTA), is aware of this strength and should be encouraged to support it.

Freedom for one should be freedom for all. Freedom to travel should be the right, not only of all Americans anxious to know the world around them firsthand, but of all visitors from abroad who would like to see the United States in order to learn in the words of President Eisenhower, that we truly are "a friendly nation and one dedicated to the search for world peace and to the promotion of the well-being and security of the community of nations."

The U. S. travel industry, as a prime agent of this contemporary revolution in international communication among the peoples of the earth, should resolve during 1959 to enlarge the freedom to travel and to defend the peaceful tourist against all who, for either political, economic, or security reasons, would restrict his free movement around the globe. Travel as a force for education in world citizenship and for peace and understanding among all nations, is a standard to which men of good will everywhere can repair. —The Saturday Review

Conspiracy

The Nation

Little Rock and Johannesburg, Arkansas and the Union of South Africa: the parallel is even closer than Anthony Sampson suggests. Governor Faubus and his merry men have now made the last desperate gamble of all racist demagogues—they have decided to make integration synonymous with communism. The Arkansas State Legislative Council, protected by armed state troopers, has been holding hearings in Little Rock to "prove" the predetermined proposition that "racial unrest" in that city is part of "the international scheme of the Russian Kremlin." J. B. Matthews, of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and State Attorney General Bruce Bennett, are the chief witnesses. The conspiracy began, it seems, some twenty-three years ago with the founding of Commonwealth College. Then along came the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, with its interracial membership and interracial committees. And in its wake were formed the Southern Conference for Human Welfare and, later, the Southern Regional Council. Four Negro colleges, the University of Arkansas and the College of the Ozarks were quietly "infiltrated" by contributors to the Southern Regional Council. Then the Fund for the Republic contributed "several thousand dollars" to the Southern Regional Council—a telltale circumstance, since "a Mr. Ashmore" is a member of the board of directors of the Fund. (This, of course, would be the Harry Ashmore of the Arkansas Gazette.) The gallant Mrs. L. C. Bates, who has led the fight to integrate Negroes in the Little Rock school system, is made a party to the conspiracy by reason of the circumstance that her husband contributed to the Southern Conference Education Fund.

All of this, of course, is in the savage repression pattern of the Union of South Africa. So if apartheid borrowed from "Jim Crowism," the debt is now being repaid: Jim Crowism is aping apartheid racism. Once again Governor Faubus has obligingly confirmed the most serious charges of his most severe critics. As rapidly as circumstances will permit, he is busily proving that he is a racist in the Strydom mold. The attempt to prove that "integration" is synonymous with communism will fail in Little Rock as eventually it must fail in Johannesburg; but before it does, some of Little Rock's foremost citizens are likely to be smeared their consolation—if such it be—is that they could not be smeared in a better cause.

Education

Hubart T. Steele Jr.

The following deals primarily with education at the University of North Carolina, but those things which I am about to discuss are not peculiar to Chapel Hill; they can be found in most institutions of higher learning in America.

Before public education reached the present level children were able to obtain very little formal education, almost none if their parents were not wealthy. Their education had to be obtained on their own by reading, questioning and observing. But then, how else can one learn? How can someone teach except to guide our minds to the proper references for us to learn on our own?

The National Student Association states that the purpose of a university is to perpetuate and enlarge the sum total of human knowledge. How can the sum total of human knowledge be perpetuated without knowing what came before? And how can one be expected to enlarge upon this knowledge without learning to think for himself?

Most college graduates know nothing of the intellectual heritage bequeathed to our civilization by the great cultures of the past. Furthermore, they have no inkling of the nature of our own civilization. They are totally unprepared to deal with present problems because they have never learned how these difficulties were dealt with before. This may be a challenge to their training, common sense and reasoning, but how much better it would be if they realized how helpful the past can be. The practice of Law is based largely on precedent, and justly so, because we can study our predecessors' handling of a particular case and profit by their decisions. The Greek and Roman Civilizations have much to offer if the student would just delve into them. But how many college graduates have read Plato, Aristotle, Augustine and others—all of whom lead to an understanding of the past? In our own Western background, Shakespeare, Milton and Chaucer are the only authors of whom students become aware.

Professors fill their lectures with facts taken directly from a text when they should be elaborating on those facts—relating them to other facts and ideas—so that one not only memorizes but also learns and understands. Class periods should be used for explanation, questions, and elaboration; if they are not used for these purposes, the student would be much better off studying and reading on his own with no restrictions whatsoever on class attendance. Many times these memorized but misunderstood facts are examined objectively. This is permissible if the instructor is interested in testing only the memorization and not the application of the facts. Could it not be possible that many are simply too lazy to grade subjective examinations?

Because of the influence of John Dewey on the American educational system, the emphasis on all levels of education has shifted from teaching people to think, to reason, and to understand, to that of teaching them how to make, to construct and to do, without ever understanding why. If, as Descartes said, cogito ergo sum, "I think, therefore I am," and if the quality which distinguishes Man from his lower relations on the evolutionary scale is his ability to reason, then mankind is currently losing his uniqueness and certainty of being and the course of evolution is in the process of reversing itself.

The apostles of Dewey's pragmatic theory profess to teach "learning by doing." But thinking cannot be taught by pragmatic, utilitarian methods. The fuel of thought is ideas. Unless the fuel is ignited, the process of accumulation facts is pointless. Those who profess this system should carry its philosophy one step further and say: "learn to think by thinking;" unfortunately, they do not, and most schools of education instill the primary and secondary school instructors with this method of teaching. They know the methods but not the subject. Students taught in this manner bring with them to college no ideas and so back to the primary levels they go, continuing the vicious circle. Who shall, ney, who is capable of breaking it?

Vanishing American

P. W. Carlton

Good old pre-registration is come and almost gone, but never forgotten. The strains and stresses of this hectic experience send unnerved students cowering to dark corners, where they remain until their flagging courage is sufficiently bolstered to face humanity. Some don't ever come out. They just hide until the next registration period arrives, at which point they sally bravely forth to renew their assault upon the portals of education. I have, in the course of my harrying experience with pre-reg., set down a record of some of the idiosyncracies of that ephemeral, little seen and highly sought after individual, the faculty advisor. The advisor is a man of many talents. He instructs, writes, does research and raises a family. This in itself is not so unusual, but the fact that he fulfills his obligations without being seen by anyone at all is an amazing feat. No matter how hard one looks, no advisor is to be found. On days when he's to be in his office, students nervously arrange for appointments and take seats outside the closed office door. Always there's someone ahead in line and he's inside. Hours pass. No students enter, none leave. Eventually the last hangers on give up and cancel their appointments. The secretary cheerily advises a return visit at a later date. This can go on for weeks. Always there's the closed door and dead silence. No one enters or leaves the office. Eventually one begins to notice that students are getting most of their advice thru the secretary, who acts as an intermediary between student and advisor. Paperwork is handled there also. Some sly students try to arrive at the office ahead of time so as to catch the highly elusive rascal coming in, but this never works. One enterprising young fellow reached South building just after 4 a.m. At 9 the secretary approached and he wearily arose, a triumphant gleam in his eye.

"I'd like to see my advisor please," he croaked.

"Sorry, there's someone in there now," she replied sweetly. He left school the next day.

Some students try to get him on the phone. This is squelched by such coy comments from the secretary as:

"He's in conference; he's OTL; he's instructing a course in basketweaving; he's doing research in Afghanistan; he's dead; he's playing tidly winks this afternoon with the chancellor." It's quite frustrating.

Recently, startling information has come to light. I have just returned from Dix Hill where I interviewed the one man who has actually seen his faculty advisor. He told a strange story. It seems that he waited outside the office until he couldn't stand it anymore. Then one day he got up and went in, causing consternation among his fellow waiters. The door snapped shut behind him and he was in a push office with no one. There was no one behind the massive. He looked carefully about, then ducked behind a curtain as the secretary. He was astounded as she addressed the empty desk concerning some academic matter. But he was dumbfounded when an ethereal voice gave a reply. The secretary left, thanking the invisible speaker cordially. Shaken, the student emerged and examined the desk for signs of life. Almost immediately he found the source of advice, a small black speaker sitting on the desk top. A wire led toward another part of the building. Cold dread seized the student but he resolutely determined to get to the bottom of this enigma and set out, tracing the wire through the next room and into the woodwork. Eventually he traced the wire into the sub-sub-basement, where he was confronted by a small door. A warning sign upon the door denied him access to the room adjoining, toward which the speaker wire ran. Throwing caution to the winds, he threw open the door and was overwhelmed by the odious sight before him. A metallic humming filled his head and nausea shook his frame.

At this point in the story he went to pieces and it took me 20 minutes to get the terrible secret from him. When I left they were putting the unfortunate fellow into a strait jacket.

I hesitate to reveal this secret to mankind, for it must surely destroy our confidence in truth. You see, the head advisor, that fountainhead of knowledge whence comes the decisions that affect our lives and plans, the great benefactor of college students is—UNIVAC.

But I'm not worried. Hee Hee. The butterflies will take care of me. Look how they fly in the air. Pretty butterfly. You aren't mechanical, I think I'll go weave a basket for Teedlemonger. He'll like that.

Seriously, it is a shame that the advisors are so overworked. Often these hard working people are inconvenienced in their desire to aid the students with their problems. Students, too, spend much valuable time waiting in outer offices when they could be putting it to better use. It would be highly desirable if something could be done to remedy this situation, thus alleviating the pressure on both faculty advisor and student. Let's hope it's done soon.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.



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