

others including Montana's Governor Marc Racicot expressed their respect and appreciation for her life's work.

I would also like to express my profound respect and admiration for Patty Callaghan and what she has done for eastern Montana. Public service can bring out the best and worst in people. With Patty, her compassion and caring has only deepened. Eastern Montana desperately needs this commitment to its communities.

Thank you, Patty. We wish you the best and look forward to seeing you again soon. ●

#### HATE SPEECH ON NET

● Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, I would like to draw my colleagues' attention to an editorial in the November 17, 1995, issue of USA Today, called Hate Speech on the Net.

As many of my colleagues are aware, college campuses have been at the center of the debate over hate speech. Several universities have established restrictive rules on speech and have punished students with probation or even dismissal. These rules, while certainly established with the best intentions, do raise serious issues of free speech.

As Americans, we are allowed to say what we want, as long as it does not threaten public safety, no matter how much it may offend others. Voltaire is credited with saying, "I disagree with what you say but I am ready to fight to the death to preserve your right to say it." I would like to add: and then I will speak out against what you have said. As this editorial points out, a recent episode at Cornell University illustrates that a better response to hate speech is often an eloquent reply.

I ask that the full text of the editorial be printed in the RECORD.

The editorial follows:

[From USA Today, Nov. 17, 1995]

#### HATE SPEECH ON THE NET

A tasteless but not harmless college prank got the national attention it deserved this week when four Cornell freshmen made the mistake of sharing their raunchy degradation of women via the Internet.

The four sent an e-mail message listing "75 reasons why women (bitches) should not have freedom of speech." After the message was spread—and attacked—they expressed "deep remorse." In an apology published in the campus newspaper, they insisted they didn't mean any of the things they wrote.

Please.

If they didn't mean to trash women, why was their list so demeaning, degrading and threatening? If they meant to share this list with just a few of their buddies, why did they send it on the Internet, where so many other students pulled up the list that at least one school's computer system crashed?

Their juvenile attempts at humor included such sexist slaps as: "Big breasts speak for themselves." "Female drunks are annoying unless they put out." "If she can't speak, she can't cry rape." Other suggestions were simply too vulgar to repeat.

Freshmen with the brains to get into a prestigious Ivy League college should have known this list was not harmless fun.

Cornell acknowledged this episode "offended, angered and distressed." But its judi-

cial administrator concluded Thursday that the students did not violate the college's code of conduct.

That judgment will further infuriate those outraged by this sexist attack. But this sorry tale takes a turn for the better.

As the students' bad taste became public, the e-mail response was so loud and large that it brought a prompt response from the university.

The students now have "offered" to attend gender-sensitivity training, perform community service and apologize in person to senior Cornell administrators.

Had the students been denied the right to make their sexist views public, those views might have gone unchallenged and unchanged. All of which shows again that the best remedy for offensive speech is not a restrictive rule but an eloquent reply. ●

#### TRIBUTE TO MS. ELEANOR L. CARTER

Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, I would like to commend one of my constituents, Ms. Eleanor L. Carter, on the occasion of her retirement from the Federal Government.

Ms. Carter, a native of Chicago, IL, will retire as a claims representative with the Social Security Administration after 35 years of service. She started work on August 11, 1960 as a "balancing clerk" for the U.S. Department of Treasury. After a year of service, Ms. Clark transferred to the Social Security Administration, and after several promotions, she continues to be an asset in her capacity as a claims representative.

Mr. President, I join Ms. Carter's family and many friends in congratulating her on an exemplary career, and wishing her all the best for the future. Illinois has benefitted greatly from her superb service.

#### COMPUTER BETTORS CAN BE SURE OF LOSING

Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, Richard Roeper, who is a regular columnist with the Chicago Sun-Times, recently had a column headed, "Computer Bettors Can Be Virtually Sure of Losing," which I ask to be printed in the RECORD in full after my remarks.

It is not simply an editorial column with that conclusion. Mr. Roeper goes into the specifics of what happened to him when he placed bets.

Some people wonder why we should have a commission to look at the whole phenomenon of legalized gambling in the United States.

It is spreading rapidly, and I don't know what we do about the phenomenon of computers and gambling, just as one example.

The column follows:

[From the Chicago Sun-Times, Dec. 10, 1995]

#### COMPUTER BETTORS CAN BE VIRTUALLY SURE OF LOSING

(By Richard Roeper)

"The technology will allow people to bet on anything they choose to, and if it's legal, someone is sure to set up a service."—Bill Gates, discussing the potential for gambling on the Internet in *The Road Ahead*.

Sooner rather than later, you're probably going to be able to sit at a computer in your home office and lose everything you own, including the computer you're sitting at in your home office.

Such are the perils of gambling and the wonders of technology.

Lately there's been a lot of talk about setting up "virtual casinos" on the information highway—onscreen gambling emporiums that will be constructed on computer networks so that you won't have to fly to Las Vegas or even drive out to Aurora to play craps or roulette or poker. All you'll have to do is log on, enter an access code, provide a credit card number and bingo!

Bingo. They'll probably have that, too.

If you win, you'll receive electronic credits. If you lose, you'll be charged on your next Visa or American Express statement.

This is a frightening concept. As it is, real casinos are designed to provide a cushion between you and reality. The absence of clocks, the lack of windows, the waitresses providing you with complementary drinks, the conversion of hundred-dollar bills into toyish black chips that you flick around like bottle caps—all are tools to make it easier to separate you from your money.

And it works. Those huge, tacky, gleaming, zillion-dollar palaces in Las Vegas are owned by the folks who are taking the bets, not the folks who are making the bets. They build the 5,000-room hotels and the cages for the white tigers and the pirate ships and the fake pyramids with your money.

Still, at least when you bet with chips, you're vaguely aware that they represent real money. Watching a stack of those chips shrink can be a painful experience; you can see and feel some proof of the fact that you're losing.

Others around you, including the employees of the casino and your fellow gamblers, also provide some stimuli. But if you're alone at a keyboard, there's no human element, nobody to cluck in sympathy when you lose, or slide some chips your way when you win. There's no sense that you're truly risking your money. So it will be ridiculously, tragically easy for the gambler to log on and lose a huge chunk of money in a single session online.

I put this theory to the test by playing a three-day round of blackjack on my personal computer and keeping a record of my "wins" and "losses."

The game on my Windows '95 program is called "Dr. Blackjack." Little boxes at the top of the screen keep track of wins and losses for each session, as well as a running tally for a player.

Monday, 8:43 a.m. I set the computer for \$50 wagers and tell the electronic dealer to deal—and our respective cards appear on the screen almost instantly. With a click of the mouse, I can then decide to stay, hit, split, double down, even buy insurance against a dealer blackjack. As soon as I make my decision, the computer plays out the dealer's hand in literally the blink of an eye, much faster than the slickest human dealer.

By 9 a.m. I'm up \$450, each winning hand accompanied by an electronic deedle-deedle-dee! of joy, each losing hand stomped on by a sharp buzzer.

After two hours I'm at the \$500 mark in winnings. A nice round number, so I sign off. Don't have a stack of chips to pocket, don't have a dealer to tip.

Monday, 4:47 p.m. My plus-\$500 total is waiting for me when I sign on. I'm playing with the casino's money, so I up my wager amount to \$100 per hand.

Monday, 5:03 p.m. Down \$2,300. That is not a misprint. During one stretch I lost nine hands in a row. A note appears on my screen, telling me I've lost too much in one sitting and should take a break.