

## ORDER FOR RECOGNITION OF SENATOR YOUNG NEXT FRIDAY

Mr. BYRD of West Virginia. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that on Friday next, immediately following the remarks by the distinguished senior Senator from Georgia (Mr. TALMADGE), the distinguished Senator from North Dakota (Mr. YOUNG) be recognized for not to exceed 15 minutes.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

## PROGRAM

Mr. BYRD of West Virginia. Mr. President, if the distinguished assistant Republican leader has anything to say, I shall yield to him for that purpose. If not, I will proceed with the statement of the program for Monday.

Mr. President, the program for Monday next is as follows:

The Senate will convene at 12 o'clock noon. Following the recognition of the two leaders under the standing order, the junior Senator from West Virginia (Mr. BYRD) will be recognized for not to

exceed 15 minutes. This will be followed by a period for the transaction of routine morning business for not to exceed 15 minutes, with statements limited therein to 3 minutes. At the close of the routine morning business, the Senate will resume the consideration of the conference report on the extension and the revision of the draft.

At 3 p.m., two rollcall votes will occur consecutively on the following:

First, the International Convention Relating to Intervention on the High Seas in Cases of Oil Pollution Casualties; and

Second, certain amendments to the International Convention for Prevention of Pollution of the Sea by Oil.

Following the two rollcall votes, the Senate will resume consideration of the conference report on the draft.

## ADJOURNMENT UNTIL MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1971

Mr. BYRD of West Virginia. Mr. President, if there be no further business to come before the Senate, I move, in accordance with the previous order, that

the Senate adjourn until 12 o'clock noon on Monday next.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 40 minutes p.m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, September 20, 1971, at 12 noon.

## CONFIRMATIONS

Executive nominations confirmed by the Senate September 17, 1971:

## U.S. ARMY

The following-named officer, under the provisions of title 10, United States Code, section 3066, to be assigned to a position of importance and responsibility designated by the President under subsection (a) of section 3066, in grade as follows:

## To be lieutenant general

Maj. Gen. Harris Whitton Hollis, ~~xxx-xx-xxxx~~  
~~xxx-x~~ Army of the United States (brigadier general, U.S. Army).

## IN THE NAVY

The nominations beginning Guy Harold Able III, to be lieutenant, and ending Margaret Anne Zuger, to be lieutenant, which nominations were received by the Senate and appeared in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD on August 6, 1971.

## EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

## NATIONAL HIGHWAY WEEK OBSERVED—NATIONAL ROAD SYSTEM CONTINUES TO GROW IN SERVICE TO AMERICAN PEOPLE

## HON. JENNINGS RANDOLPH

OF WEST VIRGINIA

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Friday, September 17, 1971

Mr. RANDOLPH. Mr. President, the week of September 19–25 has been designated National Highway Week and it is appropriate that we give notice to the contribution of the American highway system to the continued growth and strength of our country.

Roads have been an increasingly important means of transportation from the earliest days of the frontier when primitive trails were hacked through the wilderness. These first arteries bear no resemblance to the great superhighways that today connect every section of our country. But there is a direct link between the two in the steady growth and refinement of the highway system.

The Federal highway program has been in existence for more than 50 years, giving the Federal Government a major role in the development of better highways.

America has come to be increasingly reliant on motor vehicles of all types for the transportation of goods and people. More than 108 million vehicles now use our streets and roads and this number is growing yearly.

The Interstate Highway System is the most ambitious highway program ever undertaken and has frequently been called the greatest public works project in the history of the world. It is difficult to argue with this conclusion when we see the vast improvements in highway transportation that have been made possible by the Interstate System. The inter-

states are now more than 75 percent completed and their impact on the country has been great.

Highways, however, are more than just a means or transportation. They have a significant impact on many aspects of our national life. Highways not only determine what people will eat and where they will go on their vacations, they also influence where and how people live, the development of whole regions and levels of economic prosperity enjoyed by communities throughout the country.

From the beginning, Federal involvement in highway development has been one of partnership with the States. This is a joint effort that has grown over the years and has been successful in providing the world's most advanced highway system.

While we have made greater progress in developing our highway system, we know that it is far from adequate and far from perfect. There is a large and dedicated team composed of government, industry, and individual citizens constantly at work to make our roads better and more responsive to the needs of our country. It is these individuals that I salute during this National Highway Week of 1971.

## MINNEAPOLIS HEALTH HEARINGS

## HON. DONALD M. FRASER

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. FRASER. Mr. Speaker, during the hearings I recently concluded in Minneapolis a new organization was represented by Mr. Thomas P. Cook. Mr. Cook is the executive secretary of the Hennepin County Medical Society and the

new Metropolitan Health Care Foundation. A statement explaining the foundation's activity is included.

Mr. Cook, and another witness, Dr. Walter McClure, representing the American Rehabilitation Foundation, discussed health maintenance organizations. In Mr. Cook's view the success of HMO's depends on three factors: First, public acceptance; second, professional acceptance; and third, the ability of HMO's to meet the health needs of society at a reasonable cost. He further indicated that there was very little resistance to the idea of HMO's, but that their future success was not guaranteed.

Dr. McClure has worked long and hard on proposals to establish HMO's. In his statement he emphasized a number of aspects of HMO's and how to create them.

He discussed the incentive system that would be built into the HMO concept. On the one hand these organizations would receive more money for the greater number of people they enroll, providing an incentive to increase their enrollment. On the other hand, preventive medicine would be emphasized since that avoids the high cost of curative medicine. Professional staff members of HMO's would receive additional financial incentives to keep their members well. Dr. McClure argued very persuasively for Congress to improve the delivery of health care while continuing to debate the improvements needed in financing health care.

Also, Dr. McClure discussed the role of insurance companies and Blue Cross as part of a new system. He sees the role of insurance companies as managers and marketers for the newly established HMO's. At the same time, however, Dr. McClure made a strong case for stringent Federal regulations of HMO's while favoring lesser day-to-day regulation in terms of "tinkering regulations."

During the discussion, in response to a question concerning whether or not it was possible for HMO's to be profit-making, Dr. McClure stated the following:

These organizations are not cheap to set up. An immense amount of planning, organization, and marketing has to go on. If the federal government is going to finance this effort, this means the federal government will have to discover funds in the budget that are not presently there. Therefore, it seems to me that in order to start these organizations initially we are going to have to heavily tap private capital. I do not see how private capital can be tapped under present non-profit arrangements. I would start out with the following thought that presently physicians are profit-making individuals and that organization into profit-making organizations suffers the same difficulties as in the individual case. I don't think that there is a problem with a profit making HMO as long as the rules are set well and well-regulated. Regulations and quality control is a part of this system. . . . Moreover we feel that the HMO concept because it has a contractual relationship to care for the individual allows us to judge from the health status of that individual the performance of the HMO. Under our traditional system we have no way of knowing what the quality of care being received by a person is in terms of the provider who provided it because there may be dozens of providers providing who take no responsibility for the health of the whole person.

The letter follows:

HENNEPIN COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY,  
Minneapolis, Minn., February 27, 1971.

HON. DONALD M. FRASER,  
House of Representatives,  
Fifth District, Minnesota:

The Hennepin County Medical Society has long expressed a continuing concern for the ever-rising cost of health care in our metropolitan area.

For some twenty months now we have been putting together a Health Care Foundation. When in operation this Foundation will include all seven counties in our Twin City Metropolitan area. We hope to have the Foundation in operation about April first.

Through an on-going program of Peer Review the Foundation hopes to relate to all aspects of the health care field.

The Foundation will concern itself with the quality of health services.

With the frequency of the attending physician's services for conditions treated on an ambulatory basis.

The Medical justification for admission to the hospital as a bed patient.

For the work-up and treatment while hospitalized.

A determination as to whether or not the duration of hospital stay is reasonable and medically acceptable.

And to concern ourselves with the reasonableness of fees for professional services.

The Foundation will work closely and continuously with the Blue Shield and Blue Cross health service plans—and with all major companies providing insurance against the cost of health care in this metropolitan area.

We are hopeful that in due course we will be able to render similar services to all Welfare agencies functioning in this seven county metropolitan area and eventually to provide like services for the "Medicare & Medicaid" programs.

Material identified with the Health Care Foundation is respectfully submitted at this time.

THOMAS P. COOK,  
Executive Secretary, Hennepin County  
Medical Society and Metropolitan  
Health Care Foundation.

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## AMERICAN PUBLIC WORKS ASSOCIATION TO PUBLISH BICENTENNIAL HISTORY OF PUBLIC WORKS

### HON. JENNINGS RANDOLPH

OF WEST VIRGINIA

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Friday, September 17, 1971

Mr. RANDOLPH. Mr. President, in 5 years the United States will celebrate the 200th anniversary of its independence. Many groups are already at work on their plans for participation in the national observance. I fully anticipate that the American bicentennial in 1976 will be a great demonstration of the strength and vitality of our country as well as a review of our history and the renewal of our dedication to the principles on which our Nation was founded.

The American Public Works Association recently conducted its annual congress and equipment show in Philadelphia. Meeting in the city where our Nation was founded, the association adopted a resolution accepting as its project for the bicentennial observance the compilation and publication of a history of public works in the United States from 1776 to 1976.

Throughout our history, public works activities have performed an important role in the building of our Nation. It is, therefore, appropriate that such a document be prepared, and I know it will contribute to a fuller understanding of our country.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the resolution adopted by the American Public Works Association on September 11 in Philadelphia be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the resolution was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

BICENTENNIAL RESOLUTION, CONGRESS HALL,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Whereas, public works, constituting as it does the physical structures and facilities required to house all types of governmental functions and provide water, power, waste disposal and transportation service to the general public, has contributed significantly to the growth and development of the United States; and

Whereas, there is a general tendency to take public works facilities and services for granted, not realizing how such people are actually dependent upon such systems, particularly in urban communities; and

Whereas, members of the American Public Works Association are now assembling in the historic City of Philadelphia for the 1971 Public Works Congress and Equipment Show, while members of its Board of Directors, House of Delegates and Advisory Council, consisting of the Past Presidents of the Association, are now convened in joint session in Congress Hall where the founding fathers of this Nation took historic action of far-reaching significance to all mankind; and

Whereas, President Richard M. Nixon has officially proclaimed the Bicentennial Era to extend from 1971 through 1976, and has requested that appropriate steps be taken to mark the observance of the 200th Anniversary of the United States of America; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, that members of the constituent bodies of the American Public Works Association assembled here this eleventh day of September, nineteen hundred seventy one,

do hereby adopt and authorize as the Association's official Bicentennial project, the preparation and publication of a history of public works in the United States from 1776 to 1976 so that future generations may benefit from a comprehensive review of public works in perspective; and be it further

Resolved, that the Executive Director be requested to seek the cooperation and endorsement of this project by the Senate and House Public Works Committee of the United States Congress and that he be charged with the responsibility of making appropriate arrangement for the successful completion of this project by early 1976 and empowered to enter into agreements and incur such expenditures as may be required subject to their approval by the Board of Directors.

## PEACETIME USES OF THE MILITARY—ENVIRONMENTAL ENGINEERS

### HON. ABNER J. MIKVA

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. MIKVA. Mr. Speaker, many of the problems currently faced by the Armed Forces stem from the fact that up until now, the only clearly defined function of the military has been to wage war and defend the Nation from military attack.

What does such an Army do in a time of peace? Some meaningful function must be assigned, other than waiting around for a war to develop, if the military is to be able to attract enough volunteers and maintain enough morale to insure that we will have a ready and alert force if and when military defense becomes necessary.

Prof. Morris Janowitz of the University of Chicago, a distinguished sociologist and military analyst, has developed an exciting idea for peacetime use of the Armed Forces. He suggests employment of the military in various aspects of community service, working in the public interest in areas which are not being pursued either by private industry or by civilian governmental units.

An Army which builds housing where decent low income housing units are desperately needed, an Army which applies its engineering capabilities to combat air and water pollution and solid waste disposal problems, an Army which assists in providing medical and social services to urban and rural problem areas—an Army which preserves its potential for defense while performing currently for peace—this is the kind of Army which may begin to attract substantial numbers of capable young Americans who are hungry for opportunities to serve their country in a meaningful way.

I insert in the RECORD the text of a brief statement by Professor Janowitz outlining his ideas for a new peacetime posture for the military:

THE ALL-VOLUNTEER ARMED FORCE AND ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL

(By Morris Janowitz)

By 1975, the United States military will be an all-volunteer force and it will stand near one and one half million men. With the exception of over one hundred thousand men stationed in Western Europe the bulk of the men will be located in the United States, and

hopefully they will be operating under an effective doctrine of flexible deterrence.

Such a force will have the capacity for effective involvement in the handling of broad range of domestic emergency work and for participation in environment and pollution control. Within the military there are younger officers who understand the importance of these tasks for the military. The basic issue is not as Traditionalists seek to argue that the military should be engaged in its primary military mission and not be diverted into secondary goals. To the contrary, participation in these missions is essential to its vitality and sense of responsibility. The military in the United States has traditionally participated in civilian-type activities, but the content and scope of these tasks are now undergoing drastic change. Especially in a period of deterrence, the military must avoid a purely negative role, crucial though that may be. It must avoid a sense of underemployment and boredom, especially among its junior officers.

Clearly, the military cannot engage in tasks that are better performed by civilian agencies. Clearly, the essential issue is to make use of the standby and unused resources of the armed forces. These resources are too extensive not to be effectively engaged in contributing to the solution of domestic needs. Clearly, the special capacity of the military hinges on its public service ethic, its ability to respond to emergencies and to improvise in the use of its resources.

In a democratic society, the military cannot be encouraged or permitted to over-extend its boundaries. The military cannot be expected to assume broad educational functions in a democratic society or make up for the defects of the inner-city schools system, although it can offer a second chance to a limited number of youngsters. Moreover, in a democratic society it must be removed from domestic police surveillance functions. Its role in domestic disorder is also very limited; it can serve only as a temporary back-up force when local institutions are unable to handle their situation. Even under those circumstances we have learned that military forces most often serve best as auxiliaries to local civilian officials.

The military are already involved in a variety of national emergency functions and these assignments need to be broadened and made more effective. The military operate extensively the handling of the effects of natural disasters—floods, hurricanes and the like; these are situations which require their flexible resources. Forest fighting is a typical area in which their role could be expanded. To natural disasters should be added the ever increasing scope of man-made disasters; oil spills, power failures and chemical and atomic accidents. The armed forces are indispensable in a variety of air and sea rescue work of civilians, to which is being added on an experimental basis, medical evacuation especially of road accidents, where alternative facilities are not available.

However the major frontier, rests in the area of environmental control and in the handling of particular aspects of pollution and resource destruction. The Corps of Engineers have moved in this direction but only the first steps have been taken. The scope of a desired program must tap the basic resources of the armed forces.

First, a central planning unit needs to be established in the Department of Defense to examine how existing or modified units of the military can use their standby resources effectively for environment control. Most military units have a positive contribution to make. Second, the study and analysis of environmental problems and pollution control need to be added to the topics of the military academies at West Point, Annapolis, and Colorado Springs and to the advanced schools of the armed forces. Third, experimental programs need to be estab-

lished for within the frame of existing military requirements. Four, the military career itself needs to be restructured so that military personnel can be rotated into special assignments or assigned to civilian agencies for longer and shorter periods of time. Such rotation will prevent the military from becoming socially insulated from American society and help prepare them for second careers after retirement.

#### PROFILE OF GEORGE HARTZOG, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

### HON. STROM THURMOND

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Friday, September 17, 1971

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, the New Yorker magazine for September 11, contains an article presenting a profile of George Hartzog, Director of the National Park Service. The article, written by John McPhee, describes George Hartzog and the effective manner in which he administers the National Park Service.

The article points out that Mr. Hartzog is a self-educated man who was a licensed local minister at the age of 17, taught himself law, and later passed the South Carolina bar examination. He is originally from Smoaks, S.C., but his family moved to Waterloo, S.C., where he studied law when their farm failed. George Hartzog still preaches wherever he can in churches around Washington and feels that in his present position he is performing a mission as necessary and constructive as the ministry.

The National Park Service is only 50 years old, and Mr. Hartzog is the second Director to come up from ranger. The article states that his two principal goals as Director of the National Park Service are to maintain the park system's vast existing apparatus and at the same time to give it a new emphasis toward cities.

I personally know George Hartzog to be highly qualified and competent both by his native intelligence and ability, and his extensive and successful experience in the National Park Service. His achievement to his high position is truly a credit to a self-made man. This article is an excellent profile of the life, personality, and professional competence of an outstanding American. I ask unanimous consent that this article be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the profile was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the New Yorker magazine, Sept. 11, 1971]

#### PROFILES: RANGER GEORGE HARTZOG

In front of the Hotel Astor, some years ago, a policeman was doing what he could to improve the flow of traffic when a tall and youthful man stepped off the curb and approached him. "Excuse me, Officer," he said. "My name is George Hartzog. I'm a ranger from Great Smoky Mountains National Park." It is, of course, impossible to say what ran through the cop's mind at that moment, but something stirred there—perhaps a sense of collegiality, however distant. Hartzog, for his part, feeling bewildered in this

milieu, was attempting not to show his extrinsic fear. He had never been and never would be comfortable in New York. He gestured upstream into the river of metal that was moving south, one way, around them. "My wife is about to come down through here in a yellow station wagon," he said. "I told her I'd be waiting for her, and she should be here any minute. Would you help me get her out of the traffic?" "Ranger, you stand right here, and when you see your wife, point her out," said the cop. Two minutes later, the yellow station wagon appeared under the big advertising signs and moved past Lindy's and Jack Dempsey's and McGinnis of Sheepshead Bay and on into the zone of the Astor, where the policeman, paralyzing the traffic of the city, cleared out an acre of the avenue and guided Mrs. Hartzog to the curb.

When Hartzog was nineteen years old, he went to work in the law offices of Padgett & Moorer, in a one-story frame building on Jerferies Boulevard, in Walterboro, South Carolina. Padgett had died, and Moorer needed assistance. Hartzog, who knew shorthand, worked as stenographer, typist, and general clerk. Before long, he told Moorer that he would like to read law, and that he would like Moorer to be his law school. Moorer, a thin man in a black suit, made no immediate response, but finally took from a shelf the four volumes of Sir William Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England." "They're in Old English," Moorer said, meaning that the s's would appear to be f's. "Read them. If you're still interested after that, I'll think about it." Hartzog read Blackstone, and Hartzog's aspirations somehow survived. So Moorer took him across the street to the Colleton County Courthouse, got out an enormous pile of deeds, mortgages, and probate papers, and put him to work on a land-title case. Moorer told Hartzog to copy everything as quickly as he could, and Moorer went off to play golf. It was a blazing August day, followed by a dense and unrelenting August night. Hartzog got the permission of the county clerk to remain after hours in the courthouse, and he sat there all night. "I did it," he said to Moorer in the morning, giving him a completed memorandum. Moorer showed Hartzog another lawbook, and talked over with him what he read there. He took him back to the courthouse and had him copy more papers. This went on for thirty-three months, and then Hartzog sat for and passed the bar examinations of South Carolina.

Hartzog, who is now Director of the National Park Service, has on his office wall in the Department of the Interior a framed admonition from George Washington: "Do not suffer your good nature, when application is made, to say 'Yes' when you should say 'No.' Remember, it is a public not a private cause that is to be injured or benefited by your choice. On a table beneath the quotation is a telephone console (a garden of square buttons, seventeen in all) through which application of one kind or another is made to Hartzog all day long—an office day that begins at 7:30 a.m. and almost never lasts less than twelve hours.

He sits beside the console in a leather armchair. He punches one of the buttons. "Yes, sir? . . . How are you? . . . Fine . . . Put any kind of restriction on me you want, and I'll come back for oversight reporting and all the rest." He punches another button. "Joe, it's cheaper than transporting 'em to jail. If it's good, why should you quit? And if it's good, why shouldn't you do it?" Hartzog lights a Garcia y Vega cigar. He uses a silver-trimmed walnut cigar holder, and the entire rig extends about twelve inches from his mouth. As he talks, he smiles and grins, as if his gestures as well as his language were going out over the line. All this smiling has put crow's-feet in the corners of his eyes. He is in his early fifties, and his face is still

youthful, even delicate. The skin is soft. His eyelashes are long.

His eyes are bright, and they do not move when he is talking. In Washington, he has become overweight to the point of medical concern. Most of the excess is concentrated in the space between the arms of his chair. His hair is thin, and he is growing bald at the temple. He wears a dark suit, a white shirt, a striped tie, and a shell-inlay Indian ring.

Hartzog's deputies—his deputy for legislation, his deputy for operations—sit down with him at eight-fifteen. The Director expects everyone else to work as long hours as he does. They talk about a ribbon-cutting in Maryland, a photographic safari in Wyoming, exposure, publicity, and wilderness. "Is wilderness a zone of use or is wilderness a physical state?" Hartzog's voice is loud—signifying nothing more than animation, but to people who don't know him it can sound like anger. "Don't pass over my question," he says when someone changes the subject, but the question is really rhetorical.

Wilderness, as seen from this corner of the Department of the Interior, is a zone of use. Hartzog puts down his cigar and lights a cigarette. The meeting expands into a conference room, where pictures of the Secretary of the Interior and the President hang side by side on a wall. The top of the Secretary's head is hung so that it is level with the President's chin. Twelve people, Hartzog's central staff, now surround the Director, and he lights another cigar. In all, some thirteen thousand people work for him, and these vary from Washington policemen to wilderness rangers, naturalists, historians, and men who pick up papers on the ends of sticks. Hartzog is the administrative overlord of one one-hundredths of the United States. His dispersed domains cover nearly thirty million acres. He has not only the national parks, and territories equally remote, but also parkland and other properties in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis, and eight thousand acres of the District of Columbia. He is the janitor of the White House. He runs the Statue of Liberty, and all the national monuments, cemeteries, seashores, parkways, battlefields, military parks, historical parks, and recreation areas. The clock above the door says 9 a.m. Hartzog picks up a paper clip and bends it open so that it resembles a propeller. While he talks, leaning forward, forearms against the conference table, he spins the paper clip. "Justice wouldn't file the suit because there was no money. I waited a year to have some paper in your hand so you could agree with Justice."

"We have supporting data."

"That's what you told me last year. How's the pay cost? Does it hurt or is it just annoying?"

"We can live with it."

"There's a disallowance of pay-increase values. If the savings didn't come about through lapses, we would have to have a reduction in force. I just don't think you can get an item like that through Congress. They're not going to give you any Washington-office support costs. I want to get the thing to the Office of Management and Budget, though. I don't see any point in fiddling around with it. That's what stripped the gears last week."

The National Park Service is more than fifty years old and has had only seven directors. Hartzog is the second to come up from ranger. His two principal goals are to maintain the park system's vast existing apparatus and at the same time to give it a new emphasis toward cities. Implementing his programs, he attempts to inform, influence, entice, flatter, outguess, and sense the mood of congressmen, senators, and various members of the Administration, including his own overlord, the Secretary of the Interior. There is much laughter around his conference

table, shot through with moments of high-pitched intensity. The men seem to care a great deal about what they are saying, and they apparently understand one another, although their language, to the laity, is unintelligible.

"Supplemental itself does not give you positions," the Director says.

"We'll understand it better when we get more feedback," says one of his deputies.

"The report has been surnamed. We'll know something soon."

"We want to get something down that's serious as a foundation for budget figures."

"A talking document."

"It will smoke out Management and Budget."

"Every time we try to do something, they ask for another study. They've been studying the hell out of me for seven years."

"You won't know anything if there's insufficient input."

"Or if you don't understand what the broad parameters are." Laughter.

"O.M.B. won't put up money for experimental programs."

"Are we the lead agency?"

"Yes."

"We'll need to supplement our in-house capabilities."

"Amen."

"Then we'll be able to monitor the full flow of the effort when it is in gear."

"We can tool up to do this by 1972, particularly if we reprogram it."

"We're spinning our wheels."

"Be careful," Hartzog warns. "If you send them a tentative figure for 1972, that becomes your ceiling, and at this stage we need that sort of thing like a Buick needs a fifth hole. Any more questions?"

Hartzog is a master of transitions, from subject to subject or meeting to meeting. He keeps a conversation in flight just as long as he feels it is getting somewhere, and then he puts it down. "Take the numbers out of the back of it," he concludes. "Put a new map with it, write letters, and say, 'Here it is.'"

The persons, populations, and places beneath these punch-card blocks of language gradually emerge. What these people have been talking about—among other things—are a group of islands in Lake Superior, certain areas of the City of New York, the south-Florida ecosystem, and Everglades National Park. The Park Service is making a national lakeshore of the Apostle Islands, an hour's drive from Duluth, three-hours from Minneapolis. Local speculators, as is frequently the case, are gumming the procedure. The Park Service would like to establish a vast recreation area among beaches and islands around the entrance to New York Harbor. Problems there only begin with speculators. But the Apostle Islands and the gateway beaches of New York are near people—nearer, that is, than Yellowstone—and the park system needs to go to the people now. Yellowstone National Park was established in 1872 and was the first thing of its kind in the world. It set an international example. But Yellowstone is a long way from the East River, and another example is coming. Hartzog wants to clean up and, in a limited way, to develop big areas of beach and harbor front, and then to connect these places to Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant with a fleet of fast-moving boats that charge no fares. The plans are well along. Meanwhile, he has to protect what he already has. The Everglades are drying up, because something called the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District—a project of the Army Engineers—is intercepting water and diverting it to agricultural use. For two days, Hartzog has been on the phone to senators who are holding hearings on the subject.

Further threat to the Everglades appeared in the form of a stupendous jetport to be

placed in the swamps near Miami. The Park Service and conservation groups—not always friends—joined to block the jetport, and they were successful, but, in compromise, a jet-training airport has been established instead, and it is now up to the Park Service, protecting the swamps, protecting the Seminoles and the Miccosukees, to monitor the various forms of pollution that come from the site, including noise.

"What is the psychological effect of noise on an Indian?"

"Who the hell is capable of doing that kind of research?"

"The University of Miami."

"It will be in the environmental plan." "O.K. Photograph the draft and let the task force on Big Cypress have it."

Hartzog puts out a cigarette and unhurriedly lights another cigar. He is like a man with a rake, steadily burning leaves.

Word of crisis reaches the room. The roof beams at Wolf Trap Farm have sheared. Wolf Trap Farm is in Fairfax County, Virginia, and there the Park Service is building a performing-arts center that includes a theatre big enough to accommodate more than six thousand people. Invitations have been sent to Mrs. Nixon, a large piece of Congress, various Cabinet members, and ambassadors from countries on all levels of economic development to collect at Wolf Trap for a ceremony focussed on the topping out of the roof, the beams of which—laminated, six feet thick—have just cracked. Joe Jensen, Associate Director for Professional Services, quietly explains to everyone what queen-post trusses are and how, under excessive strain, they may shear. Slowly—or so it seems—the import of what is being said comes clear in Hartzog's mind, and then he speaks rapidly and his voice is sharp and hard.

"Where are the sheared beams?"

"They're lying in the parking lot."

"And we're supposed to have a topping-out ceremony with the roof beams lying in the parking lot? You're not going to kid the press to the point of thinking you're having a topping-out ceremony in a building that has a structural defect so that you can't put a roof on it. You've got the First Lady involved. You don't involve her in a sham. Call Mrs. Nixon's people and tell them we don't think we should go ahead with the ceremony." A man on Hartzog's right gets up and leaves the room.

"The structure is safe enough, George. You're not worried about anyone getting hurt, are you?"

"I'm not worried about anyone getting hurt, except politically."

The crisis is abruptly dropped.

"I need a superintendent at Chamizal like a Buick needs a fifth hole, but I got one, because he is locked into the budget," Hartzog says. "I don't want that to happen again." He raps his knuckles on the table. "Senator Bible is complaining about our slowness on the Craters of the Moon Wilderness Area. I want that tied into the next budget appeal. And we've got to move on Alaska. Alaska is hot right now. What is the list of the things we want?"

"Klondike Gold Rush International Historical Park, Wood-Tikchik National Recreation Area, the Lake Clark Pass, extensions to Mount McKinley National Park, Gates of the Arctic National Park, and the St. Elias Range—fifteen million acres in all."

"Before you assign someone to the theme study, I want you to touch base with Pat Ryan. Any more questions?"

The Park Service archeologist, smoking Kools, begins to talk about a Park Service underwater-salvage plan involving ancient shipwrecks off the Florida coast. He wears a string tie secured with a silver-and-turquoise shell-inlay brooch. Hartzog lets him talk for a while, then says, "Any more questions?"

"St. Catherines Island, on the Georgia

coast—do we want it? The foundation that owns it wants to get rid of it."

"Do we want it? I don't know. It's not in the study plan."

"Yes, it's one of three we want."

"Any more questions?"

"You know about the arson at the Richmond Battlefield?"

"Yes. Disgusting. How much damage?"

"Thirty thousand dollars."

"When are the Connecticut River hearings?"

"Thursday. In Hartford."

"Nothing else? That's all, gentlemen."

Hartzog hurries back to his console, and moments later he is again on the phone, while his secretary orchestrates incoming and outgoing calls. He punches a button. "Senator, I want you to know I've gone the last mile with these people. Make a deal with them and it turns to ashes. We simply aren't going to have enough water. Not nearly enough water. . . . Yes. . . . Thank you. . . . Thank you, sir. I deeply appreciate it." Punch.

"Congressman, you and I have been through this sort of thing before, and we knew that in a situation like this a lie goes around the world before the truth gets its britches on." Punch.

"Senator, I want you to know I've gone the last mile with these people. . . . Yes. . . . No. . . . Yes, I knew you'd tell me honestly, that's why I called you." Punch.

"Better hold off, Joe, I have the Secretary rolled up enough now, and I think if you were to throw a restudy in there at this time you'd kill it." Punch. A fresh cigar.

"No. It's very simple. The Indians have the government over a barrel. We can't force those Indian lands into this, because both tribes have now changed their minds and want to stay out. The Indians are listening to their white brother the real-state speculator." Punch. Puff.

"Mr. Secretary, I appreciate your returning my call. It's about this photographic safari in Yellowstone. I'd like very much to give you this exposure. You would inaugurate it, then we'd take you off and bring you out." Punch.

An incoming call informs Hartzog that the White House feels it is too late to stop the ceremony at Wolf Trap Farm, because the invitations have all gone out. Hartzog, staring into the floor, is quiet for two minutes. "Then just don't call it a topping-out ceremony," he says at last. "Whatever you do, change the name."

It is noon. He gets up to leave, explaining to his assistants that the meeting he is going to is secret. "It's with the Idaho delegation," he tells them, "and it's so secret they won't even let their staff in on it. But when I come back, I may have a national park."

By the door is another framed quotation. This one says, "Great Spirit, grant that I may not criticize my neighbor until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."

For two hours now, Hartzog has been sitting in a boat on the Buffalo River doing the closest thing to nothing at all. He is fishing. Fishing is his only recreation. The Park Service stocks bass and bream in Prince William Forest Park, near Washington, and Hartzog sometimes goes out there for what he contemptuously calls "put-and-take," but the Buffalo, in Arkansas, in his idea of the real thing, and there is almost nowhere he would rather be. He says he feels he has to "stay close to the deck," though—to Washington, interior, to Capitol Hill, to the console—and so he allows himself to make such a trip only once every three or four years.

The Buffalo River rises in the Boston Mountains. Wild and free-flowing, it drops to the east for a hundred and fifty miles through Ozark forest terrain. It is punctuated with rapids, and it has cut canyons five hundred feet into limestone. Infrequently, it passes small farms, which are for the most

part abandoned, and in the river below such farms are islands of coarse gravel. Hartzog's boat is anchored in the stream just beyond the tip of a gravel island. The anchor is a two-foot piece of railroad track. Hartzog, casting rod in hand, cocks his wrist and flips a crawdad in a high, silent parabola. It falls, and splats near the riverbank—a skillful cast. He wears desert boots, white socks, a fading shirt and old gray trousers, a suede jacket, a baseball cap. He has a string tie with a shell-inlay clasp that was made by a Zuffi about a hundred years ago. After some minutes of silence, he says, "The gravel came from erosion from that hardscrabble farm. That was before we learned what contour plowing was about. And by the time we learned what contour plowing was about, the people had moved to the city, and contour plowing was irrelevant." He casts again. Splat. More silence.

Hartzog, who ordinarily holds intense conversations with at least a hundred people a day, appears at this moment to be drinking the silence. The fishing is terrible, but he doesn't seem to care. The river is full of twigs, leaves, and specks of forest trash. It is swollen four feet above its normal level, and only ten days earlier it was twenty-eight feet above normal and in savage flood. "She's perky. Oh yeah, she's real nasty," says Hartzog's boatman, whose name is Cal Smith. The boat is a johnboat, twenty feet long, narrow, flat-bottomed. Hartzog sits near the bow in a strapped-down director's chair, and Smith is in the stern beside a nine-and-a-half-horse Johnson outboard. Smith is a big man with heavy bones, frankfurter fingers, lithic jaws. He grew up by a quiet stream in Missouri. His father used to tell him what the bullfrogs were saying to each other when they conversed in the night. "Come around, come around," said Mr. Frog. And Mrs. Frog's answer was "Too deep. Too deep." Hartzog laughs a big, shaking laugh at the story of the frustrated frog. So Smith tries another one—about President Roosevelt gettin' in trouble with a gal named Pearl Harbor. Hartzog's laughter has the same volume but is somewhat forced this time.

Hartzog tells Smith about a moonshiner who took up counterfeiting and made a fifteen-dollar bill. He gave it to a country storekeeper, asking for change, and he was given two sixes and a three. Smith almost chuckles himself out of the boat. The silences between these stories are long ones, without a nibble. That flood really stirred up the river. The engine of another johnboat whines impatiently several hundred yards downstream. This one contains Hartzog's friend Anthony Buford, and Buford's boat is now heading back upstream, apparently to rendezvous with Hartzog's. Buford is a middle-sized man with a leonine head, deep facial wrinkles, and a gruff, gravelly voice. (A third boat, beyond sight around a bend, contains Hartzog's two sons, one of them under ten and the other in his twenties.)

Like Hartzog, Buford is a self-educated lawyer who grew up against a rural background—in his case, southeastern Missouri, where he now has a big farm. Buford is an aggressive man. He aggressively raises quarter horses. He aggressively raises peerless cattle. He was an aggressive attorney, before he retired. He was general counsel of Anheuser-Busch. Hartzog and Buford got to know each other when Hartzog was the chief Park Service ranger at the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial, in St. Louis. It was Hartzog who took a set of plans that had been lying dormant for fifteen years and built the great arch of St. Louis. Those who know the story of the arch say that had it not been for Hartzog there would be no arch. Hartzog the Ranger is a hero in St. Louis, but at this moment he is not a hero to Tony Buford. "God damn it, George, this river is a mess. There is no point fishing this God-damned river, George. The fishing 's no good."

Hartzog looks at Buford for a long moment, and the expression on his face indicates affectionate pity. He says, "Tony, fishing is always good." The essential difference between these friends is that Buford is an aggressive fisherman and Hartzog is a passive fisherman. Spread before Buford on the bow deck of his johnboat is an open, three-tiered tackle box that resembles the keyboard of a large theatre organ. Buford has fished at least nine places while Hartzog has been anchored at the gravel island.

Hartzog flips another crawdad into the air. Splat.

"God damn it, George, I think we ought to pull our lines in, turn up the engines, and go for the White River. We could be near there by sundown, make camp, and be ready to fish the White in the morning."

A long period of quiet follows while Hartzog contemplates the tip of his rod. The quiet is so prolonged, in fact, that Buford becomes impatient and tells his boatman, Preston Jones, to move on and try another spot. "Under that cliff," he says. "Maybe that's where they're all hiding."

The cliff is a high limestone wall that has been striped by dripping water. Beyond the rim of the cliff is a forest of red oak, white oak, cedar hickory. On the other side of the river, where the ground is lower, are groves of sycamore, locust, and willow. The strata of the limestone are level—flat lines reaching out beyond the peripheries of vision. Below them, and above the bend, is a run of white rapids.

"We've got to have this river," Hartzog says. He wants to make its entire hundred and fifty miles a national river, which means that the Park Service would buy the river and all the riverine lands necessary to—as he puts it—"protect its overview." The opposition consists of the Army Corps of Engineers, which would like to arrest the Bufalo with flood-control dams, and private owners who are against the intrusion of the government in any form; but Hartzog thinks he can get the river for the Park Service, and he will work to get it as long as he needs to. "It's just unspooled," he says. "People haven't found it yet."

He stretches his legs a little and leans back, watching the tip of the rod. He would like to see the tip move in short, erratic arcs. That, after all—that brief, dactylic burst up there at the end of the fibre-glass rod—is what he is supposedly waiting for. He pushes his baseball cap forward on his head, as if he were about to catch a nap in a dugout. There are five eyes on his rod. He sights through the last one into a patch of flat blue among high mounds of cumulus. He finds a fragment of cloud loose in the blue and he frames it steadily in the fifth eye while he waits for the glass to bend.

From five hundred feet in the air, Jamaica Bay looks something like the Okefenokee swamp—mud islands, dry islands, fringe vegetation, mottled marshland. Hartzog points to the hull of a wooden ship, its ribs protruding from the water. He points to a flight of geese descending toward a landing. He points to two men on horseback, cantering along a dirt road at the water's edge. In the background of the riders, wiggling in heat waves, is the Empire State Building.

The aircraft is a big, boat-hulled Sikorsky helicopter borrowed (with crew) from the Coast Guard. Hartzog and members of his staff are flying over the proposed gateway National Recreation Area. They came to survey the terrain and to discuss how best to bring a natural and recreational environment—offering light, air, and quiet—close to the masses of the city. But, just now, pointing is the only way Hartzog can communicate. Strapped tightly into a bucket seat, he is beside an enormous open doorway, and his ears are covered with heavy black plastic cups that appear to be some sort of audio headset but are connected to nothing. The

headset simply blocks sound. Each person in the cabin is wearing one. Printed instructions warn that the plastic cups should be kept firmly in place "to minimize ear damage due to high-frequency engine noise."

A little ear damage is apparently routine—all part of a day with the Coast Guard. The chopper circles, doing eighty miles an hour, and the pilot turns it on its side to provide an optimum view. There is nothing but a seat belt between Hartzog and Jamaica Bay. The open doorway—now beneath him—is so large that a mature camel could fall through it, let alone the Director of the National Park Service. On a map, Hartzog circles Jamaica Bay with his finger, indicating that he wants all of it for the Park Service—twenty square miles.

The helicopter moves across Rockaway Inlet and along the Breezy Point peninsula—first over Jacob Riis Park, then over the Nike bunkers of Fort Tilden, and on to Breezy Point itself. Breezy Point, the lower extremity of Queens, is the southernmost tip of Long Island. It reaches out into one side of the entrance to New York Harbor in much the way that Sandy Hook, New Jersey, reaches into the other. Together, Sandy Hook and Breezy Point are pincers in the sea that constitute a kind of gateway to the city. The Park Service would include the whole of each peninsula in the Gateway National Recreation Area, where twenty million visitors a year would find swimming beaches, surfing beaches, pavilions, restaurants, promenades, golf courses, tennis courts, playing fields, bike trails, hiking trails, surf fishing, pier fishing, campgrounds, picnic zones, amphitheatres for the performing arts, a museum of marine life, a cultural and educational center, "creative open spaces," "nature areas," and "walk and wander" areas for solitary ambles by the sea.

Hartzog points down to sand dunes. The outermost two hundred and thirty-two acres of Breezy Point peninsula have never been developed. Although they are an integral part of the City of New York, they are as pristine as they were when Verrazano discovered them. The chopper moves out over ribbed blue waves and flecks of whitecaps—New York Bay. Now framed in the open doorway—and two miles distant—are the flypaper beaches of Coney Island, three and a half miles of people. Hartzog's ferries—fast single-screw pontoon airboats, shooting around the harbor like waterbugs—would siphon people from Coney Island and spread them out into Gateway's twenty thousand acres. Hartzog holds in his hand a copy of the Gateway proposal, a map-filled booklet that flutters wildly in the breeze. He folds it back to show a map of the ferry system, trussing the harbor.

The chopper descends. Two miles south of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, almost in the lane of the giant ships, are two small islands. The helicopter hovers over them. The northern one has three trees on it. It is called Hoffman Island. The other—Swinburne Island—has no trees at all. Only one New Yorker in, say, fifty thousand has any idea that these islands exist. Hartzog envisions, among other things, an outdoor restaurant there beside the sea lanes, the big ships slicing by. The chopper moves. A gust rips into the cabin and tears several maps from Hartzog's hands. Clutching the remaining sheaves, he writes on one of them, in shorthand, "There goes half my park."

"Any government agency has its own personality, and George knows his bureau. He knows what's happening here in Interlor, he knows what's happening in Morro Castle, and he knows what's happening at Mount McKinley."

"The personality of the Park Service is changing as it becomes an organization that reflects Hartzog. The Park Service is vital, active, and on the ball today, and has great esprit de corps."

"He's very hard on his people. He cracks the whip. And he has a short fuse."

"He is too august, too removed a figure."

"He never asks the next guy to do what he wouldn't do himself. He's demanding, but his example is high."

"He has the service idea. His attitude is that people should be willing to move from one post to another. They should do what they're told. He inspires both respect and fear. This is true of any strong man."

He is so politically inclined that he shuffles and changes things constantly. The poor old bureaucrats around here don't know quite where they're at."

"We used to be trying to catch up on development in established parks, but George is trying to find the needs of the seventies. Those who identify the natural scene as the true purview of the Park Service think of him as a renegade."

"He reacts emotionally to people. He's way up on them or way down. He snoops around the parks, and if everything is O.K. the superintendent is great. If not, the guy is finished."

"If it rains, it's the superintendent's fault."

"With his own staff, he will delegate, but the delegation is only good while the delegate operates exactly the way George would operate if he were the delegatee."

"This building is loaded—it's stuffed—with people who are overridden by personal ambitions. But that is not true of George. I never have a fear that I'm being used and that when I'm used up I'll be discarded."

"Instead of being preoccupied with the process, he is preoccupied with the idea. I've never heard him discuss reasons why things can't be done."

Hartzog lights his seventh cigar. He says, "People, people, people—they're coming out of my ears." The door of his office opens and in walks the superintendent of Yosemite National Park. His name is Lawrence Hadley. He is in Washington to confer with the California delegation to Congress, and Hartzog has fifteen minutes to sift Hadley's thoughts before Hadley goes to the Hill. The superintendent of Yosemite is a young and strong-appearing man with dark features, dark hair, and a suggestion of melancholy in his face. He wears a silver watchband with turquoise inlay and a large silver-and-turquoise shell-inlay ring. He speaks softly and with an unpretentious air of absolute competence. He is Hartzog's idea of the Park Service personified—a man who does anything well and is ready to serve anywhere any time. Hartzog is confident that when Hadley and his wife are asked abruptly to change their personal plans and go to an airport to meet an official visitor, they will do so without pause or regret. Hadley grew up in Maine, where his father was the superintendent of Acadia National Park.

The word is that Hadley may one day succeed Hartzog as director of the Service, and that Hadley will soon be transferred to Washington. Meanwhile, the problem of Yosemite Valley is the sort of thing he ought to be dealing with, for the Yosemite's problem is population pressure as expressed in the invading automobile, and if solutions can be found there, where the pressure is most intense, the solutions may be applied throughout the national-park system. Yosemite Valley has a flat floor and sheer granite walls. It is about six miles long, and has been penetrated by a roadway from the west. Driving into it is like driving up through a drain and out into an exaggerated bathtub. The vertical walls of the valley in places are three thousand six hundred feet high, and for an automobile there is only the one way in and out. With its plumbing waterfalls, its alpine meadows, and its granite pinnacles, the Yosemite is in all likelihood the most exquisite cul-de-sac on earth, and each year about

seven hundred thousand cars go in there.

"The automobile as a recreational experience is obsolete," Hartzog says. "We cannot accommodate automobiles in such numbers and still provide a quality environment for a recreational experience." Accordingly, Hadley will ask Congress for three hundred thousand dollars so he can close at least a part of the valley to automobiles and carry people through the closed area in chartered buses. Hartzog says that eventually he would like to block cars from the valley altogether and possibly build a funicular that would lower people into the Yosemite from the rim. To transport people around the valley floor, he contemplates the use of electric trains, which would run on rubber tracks. As Hadley and Hartzog talk, it becomes increasingly apparent that everything they are saying rests on the assumption that the visiting public has the right to be carried from place to place—that the right to vehicular transportation, privately or publicly provided, now comes under less question than the right of freedom of assembly or freedom of speech.

The Park Service tried elephant trains in Yosemite for a period of ten weeks. The valley was stuffed with cars, but people got out of them and spent twenty-five thousand dollars on the trains, at three dollars and fifty cents a ride. "People want some alternative," Hartzog says. "No more roads will be built or widened until these alternatives are explored. We want to give people a park experience, not a parkway experience. We need to limit access to parks and wilderness. We've simply got to do something besides build roads in these parks if we're going to have any parks left. We need controlled mechanical access. We can put parking lots outside the parks, then take people in with public transportation. When you get too many people, simply shut off the machinery. If we get rid of the automobile, we can have more people. No one knows what the carrying capacity of Yosemite is for human beings alone. I don't think you can stay bound up in this knot you've been in of roads and trails and more roads and more trails, Larry. You've got to end it. The beauty is that you can take a dynamite stick and blow up the pavement and then all you have is a hole there and you can fill up the hole. I'm not inflexible on anything except that I'm going to get rid of the damned automobile and I'm not going to get rid of people in the process."

Hadley, thoroughly coached, departs for Capitol Hill. As he goes out, Nathaniel Owings, of the architectural firm Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, comes in. Owings wearily says, "Hello, George," sits down, takes out a handkerchief, and wipes his brow. He is middle-aged, middle height, middle weight. He, too, wears a turquoise ring. He is, as it happens, chairman of the Advisory Board of the Park Service. Immediately, he says what he wants. He is redeveloping the Mall—the sweeping greensward that runs between the Capitol and the Washington Monument—and he wants to put a subway entrance in the middle of it. Hartzog's eyebrows rise. Some of Owings' ideas are untraditional; the Mall would not be everybody's first choice as a site for a subway station. Owings says, "The Mall doesn't have to be just for monuments, George. It can be for living. The subway station won't be junk and crappy, I guarantee. There is nothing that says we can't put the subway entrance where the people are."

"With that idea, Nat, we can start something new in planning," Hartzog says, with a booming laugh.

After Owings leaves, Hartzog begins assembling papers. He punches the telephone console and says, "Ed, just make sure of one thing. Whatever you do, just make sure there's no tree on top of that structure at Wolf Trap Farm." Papers in hand, he hurries out. He has an appearance of his own on Capitol Hill.

"I stay pretty close to the deck," Hartzog says as he rides across the city in a chauffeur-driven unmarked patrol car of the United States Park Police. "If the Congress of the United States is going to hold hearings on my legislation, I ought to be there to testify." He has only once permitted himself a trip to Europe, and that was just a fast tour of England, France, and the Netherlands with a governmental committee sent to study historic preservation. He will travel, though, to the remotest corner of any state in the Union to please a senator or a significant congressman. Remote corners of distant states can be, in a sense, integral segments of the deck. He once made a speech at the Cherokee Strip Living Museum, in Arkansas City, Kansas, for example, because Joe Skubitz asked him to go there. Arkansas City is in Skubitz's district. Skubitz is the ranking minority member of the House Subcommittee on Parks and Recreation. Among other things, Skubitz promised Hartzog on this visit that he would arrange with Wayne Aspinall, the chairman of the committee, for a hearing on Hartzog's proposal for a Buffalo National River. Hartzog is tireless. He knows that in Washington the shortest distance between two points often includes a trip to Kansas. So he goes. He fears flying, but he goes. He speaks. He drinks. He grins. He guffaws. And he comes home with a hearing (or the promise of one) that might otherwise not occur. He travels, too, as an evangelist for his causes. Wherever something is up—Florida, Minnesota, Arkansas, California—he goes to talk to farmers, freeholders, Indians, or entrepreneurs and tries to show them what he wants to do, and why. "These things go slow," he says. "You don't make any converts at a big meeting. You have to get one man talking to one man. The opposition always has the advantage at first, because a lie goes around the world before the truth gets its britches on. You've got to get the facts out onto the table so the local people can see them."

Where the success or failure of all this effort is measured, of course, is on Capitol Hill, in hearing rooms, where Hartzog presents and defends his programs. Now he gets out of the car, tells the driver to wait, and, looking over his papers as he goes, hikes the long corridors of the Senate Office Building. In the hearing room are folding chairs, carafes of water, maps of the Everglades, and a raised platform where seven senators sit at a curvilinear table.

"Each time I think I have agreement with the Army Corps of Engineers and the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District, it turns out to be ashes in my mouth and papier-mache," Hartzog tells them. He speaks strongly and colloquially, reviewing aspects of the training jetport and of the water system of southern Florida. He also talks about fifty-eight thousand acres of inholdings—private lands within Everglades National Park—that he would like Congress to condemn and buy. What he says is clear and is obviously well prepared, and this, among other things, has earned him the high regard of the men on the platform. They say that when he speaks he always knows what he is talking about, and that this puts him in something of a minority among bureaucrats making appearances on the Hill. Hartzog has friends and enemies in both houses and both parties, because, in the words of Congressman John Saylor, of Pennsylvania, "he's willing to stand up and fight—he has a healthy respect for Congress, not a callous disregard, but he's willing to stand up and fight. Some days I wouldn't trade him for anyone in the world, and some days I could kill him."

In 1969, when rumor spread that Hartzog was about to be replaced, congressmen and senators heated up in sufficient numbers to evaporate the rumor. They think he is the most industrious director the Park Service has ever had. They admire his effort to give

new directions to the park system, and they feel that he has drawn into the Park Service people of very high calibre who might not have been there. They are sympathetic to some of Hartzog's problems within the Administration. "Sometimes he gets clobbered by the Secretary of the White House," Saylor has said "Sometimes he comes in here in a straitjacket. He is not always free to act as an individual. He is told policy. It takes a strong, strong man to overcome the political shenanigans that go on here in Washington. His is supposed to be a nonpolitical job, but it's not."

"George has too many irons in the fire," Aspinall once said. Aspinall is in his seventies and is covered with spikes, and from him this is uncommon praise. "George is a little too fast for his own good. He skips over details. He is a buldier without considering the cost of the building. So I say to him, 'No, George, back up and start over.' He has the personality to be able to back up. He is a personable, lovable character, a very fine companion, a complete public servant."

Hartzog taps together his papers on the table before him, thanks the senators above him, and leaves the hearing room. He walks about thirty feet down the corridor, opens a back door to the hearing room, goes in, takes one of the senators aside, and says to him privately, "You really hit the sciatic nerve in there, Alan, and unless this committee gets this thing we'll probably get the short end of the stick again."

When the Director of the National Park Service goes on a camping trip, survival in the wilderness is not an issue. His party on the Buffalo consists of nine people, four of whom are professional rivermen, paid to do all the work. One is a full-time cook, and he rides alone in the "commissary boat," which is crammed to the gunwales with food. Mornings, the cook runs on ahead, so that when lunchtime comes and the other boats catch up with him he has already set up a tent fly to create shade, a table and chairs are beneath it, and dozens of pieces of battered-dipped chicken are gurgling away in deep Ozark fat. At night, he fries multiple pork chops or big individual steaks and covers the meat with fried potatoes. His breakfasts compound cords of dark bacon with eggs and pancakes fried in bacon grease. The cook's name is Karl Hudson. He is not light on his feet. He has a mustache, and he seems to radiate anachronism. He could be a wax museum's idea of a cook in the Civil War. In fact, the whole campsite seems to be ready for Mathew Brady. The big iron skillet. The tall black coffeepot. The two wall tents. The folding cots. The canvas armchairs. The tent-fly kitchen. The heavy iron stakes. The sledgehammer.

The tents are pitched by the rivermen, who set up the cots and carefully line the sleeping bags with white percale sheets. Tony Buford pours a drink. There are worse things in life than Scotch on the Buffalo. Buford has had his way all day, for he finally succeeded in disengaging Hartzog from the swollen river, persuading him to turn up the engines and shoot on downstream in anticipation of better fishing on the morrow in the White. Every so often, the Buffalo drops enough to make a rapid—to leap with haystacks, with gardens of standing waves. These rapids would give a feel of the river to people in canoes, but the johnboats go through the white water the way automobiles go across wet pavement—no pitch, no roll, no river. Now, at the campsite, young Edward Hartzog is fishing for big channel cats. He is using minnows. His father calls to him, "Try a warrum." Edward reels in his line and tries a warrum. He is in the second grade, and his brother and sister are in college. Friends say that when Edward was born Hartzog's age went down ten years.

The family lives in an old remodelled farmhouse on a big lot surrounded by a rail

fence, in McLean, Virginia. They raise chickens. A small brook runs through the property—a wet ditch, really—and Hartzog from time to time promises to clean it out and build a series of dams. The brook disappears into an uncut thicket known as the Bird Sanctuary. There is a burro as well. Hartzog hitches her to a two-wheeled cart and, with Edward at his side, races around his land shouting "Gee!" and "Haw!" "Many men are captains of industry, but when they get home they are mice," one of Hartzog's close friends has said while observing this scene. "George is the captain at home." His wife, Helen, is from Massachusetts, and is described by their friends as a Yankee trader. She sells real estate, and buys and sells antiques, which she stores in an unoccupied house next door. The two buildings stand very close to a county highway. Hartzog's front yard is mostly gravel and is barely large enough for the bug Volkswagen in which he drives to work. Inside the house, over a stone fireplace, is an oil painting that consists of a field of miscellaneous red dots traversed by a bulging black line, thick with dried paint. The title of this painting is "Nature." It was given to Hartzog in appreciation of, among other things, Hartzog's modern approach to the natural world.

Edward has caught a big channel cat. Hartzog is elated. "I told you to stop poor-mouthin' those cottonpickin' fish," he says to Buford. Edward draws the catfish into the shallow water. Sinister and spiky, it looks like a drifting mine. "Be careful," Hartzog warns him. "He'll fin the daylight out of you." The big cat occasions a series of stories told by the rivermen about even bigger catfish caught in the Buffalo, in the Ohio, in the Mississippi, in the Arkansas. And the catfish series, in turn, leads to a sequence of expanding stories about deer. Orville Ranck, who is tall, one-eyed, slim, and old, remarks that it was he who shot the second-largest deer ever shot in the United States. Preston Jones, brown and thin as a cowboy, looks away. Jones is working on a Coleman stove that he found a few hours ago, full of muck and sand. He knows who owned it—a couple who were camping on an island in the river when the twenty-eight-foot rise occurred two weeks ago. The couple climbed a willow and were clinging to its uppermost branches when the sheriff of Marion County came along in a search boat and made the rescue. "Their eyes were like a treeful of owls," Jones says.

"When you camp on these rivers, you've got to have land to your back," Hartzog comments.

"On the other hand," Jones tells him, "I've seen big bears come out of the woods here, fighting like hell." This occasions a series of stories by the rivermen about enormous bears they have known, and Hartzog throws in a story of his own about a bear in the Great Smoky Mountains. Two tourists were feeding this bear by the roadside when a Cherokee drove up. (There is a Cherokee reservation just outside the park.) The Cherokee got out of his car, shot the bear, put the bear in the back seat, and drove away while the tourists stood there with their mouths open and popcorn in their hands.

Under Jones' meticulous attention, miraculously hand, the Coleman stove is sputtering with flame. Even its thinnest tubes were packed with the muck of the flood, but one of its burners is now blazing in yellow spurts. Gradually, Jones works down the flame to a hard copper blue. Looking up, finally, he says, "Orville, tell us about the time you shot the second-largest deer in the United States."

"I can't see too well. I have only one good eye. I lost the other to a fishhook," Ranck explains—and how this led to the second-largest deer in the United States was a simple matter of optics: anything smaller

would have escaped his attention. One fall, Ranck went to Meeker, Colorado, because near Meeker is a narrow mountain pass through which thousands of Rocky Mountain deer move on their annual migration. So many of them go through there, Ranck says, that they resemble driven cattle. They even raise a dust cloud, Ranck crouched on a ledge so close to the deer that he could almost reach out and touch them, and to improve his chances he had equipped his rifle with a large telescopic sight. All day, he sat there looking point-blank at the deer through the big lens, and finally he saw the great buck, the second-ever largest deer. Its tines were multiple and fine. Moving the crosshair across a wall of venison, Ranck stopped it just behind the animal's shoulder, and he fired. The buck turned the second-largest somersault ever seen in the United States, and it lay on the ground, its four legs kicking in the air.

"How much did it weigh, Orville?"

"Five hundred and twenty-two pounds." Jones looks away.

Buford, who is unimpressed by deer of any size, says, "One thing that surprises hell out of me on this river is that we haven't seen any snakes."

"I saw twenty-four today," Jones says.

"You don't say. What kinds did you see?"

"Mainly moccasins. Some cottonmouths."

"I grew up with cottonmouths and rattlesnakes," Hartzog says. "Where I grew up, you never stepped over a log. You stepped on it, or you might wish you had."

In the Geechie section of the South Carolina coastal plain, streams had names like the Little Salkehatchie and the Hog Branch of Buckhead Creek; swamps were called Tony Hill Bay, Bull Bay, the Copeland Drain; and the big Edisto River, an entral of continual oxbows, flowed through marshlands miles wide. On the higher ground were pine-woods, small cleared farms, dirt roads, and every two miles a church—Bulah Church, Bethel Church, Mount Olive Church, Tabernacle Church. Reaching into the pinelands on a single track, trains of the Hampton & Branchville Railroad stopped at hamlet crossroads, and picked up turpentine and rough-cut boards and the produce of the small farms. One place they stopped was Smoaks. Hartzog was born in 1920, in Smoaks.

His father was a dirt farmer who worked about a hundred and fifty acres and also had a stand of loblolly pine. His grandfather had farmed the same land. The house the family lived in was paintless and weathered. A large porch wrapped around a front corner, and there was another porch off the kitchen, in back. There was a pump in the yard, between the house and the outbuildings—the smokehouses, the chicken houses, the barn. Hartzog's first school was a one-room building by the Edisto. Whenever he could, he fished the river for red-breasted perch, catfish, pike, and bream. At home, he learned early to "plow a mule," and he helped his father grow cantaloupes, cucumbers, watermelons, corn, green vegetables, and cotton. His father was also a hunter and a fisherman, and he had a big sense of humor. He could tell stories all day without repeating himself. He sent his watermelons to New York and his cotton to Columbia, and before the Depression the family had "cash income"—apparently as good a one as any farmer's in the area, for George Hartzog, Sr., was the first man in that part of the country to own a Model T Ford. After it was delivered to him, he drove it without knowing how. He kept shouting "Whoa! Whoa!" at the car as it circled the farmhouse out of control. "Whoa! Whoa." Finally, it wedged itself between two trees.

Hartzog always signs his name "George B. Hartzog, Jr.," although his father has been dead for many years. It is as if he were reluctant to add, however minutely, to the era-

sure of his father's existence, remembering, as he does with something just short of bitterness, how his father's relatively good life was suddenly knocked apart—his hope and eventually his health broken by the great economic depression. When Hartzog, Sr., shipped his watermelons to New York, the railroad agent sent him a bill instead of a check—freight costs for carrying produce that found no market. The price of cotton dropped to five cents a pound—a figure lower than the cost of picking and shipping it. So the Hartzogs' cotton was left in the field, where cattle, in their hunger, ate it. The family had no money at all. "For a dirt farmer who had been put out of business life became a very simple issue: Did we have something to eat or didn't we have something to eat? This was the poverty level of zero. My father became a severe asthmatic—a combination of pollen and nerves. He did odd jobs, farming. He tried to hang on, but he couldn't." One day when Hartzog came home from school, his father, his mother, and his two younger sisters were standing in the yard helplessly watching the house burn. A bed was all that had been removed to the yard before the intense heat stopped further salvage. While the house was burning to the ground, flaming debris fell on the bed and destroyed it.

Hartzog is walking on the beach at Sandy Hook. The big chopper is down and silent, but its high-frequency engine noise still rings in his ears. The wind is gentle, coming off the ocean. The day is warm. Coney Island was covered with people, but over here in New Jersey, Hartzog's party aside, there are only two on this broad stretch of beach. They are soldiers, sunbathing near their car, which has a Nebraska plate. The major part of Sandy Hook is a military base, Fort Hancock—a thousand acres reaching out into New York Bay. Its huge, curving beach is spectacular, with the open ocean in one direction and the skyline of the city in the other. Hartzog, in his black suit, black shoes, looks like a preacher, not a bather, and he starts to preach. "The selfishness of the military in terms of the recreational needs of people in urban areas is unbelievable," he says. "It is pointless to lock up an area like this when people need a little sun in their faces and water on their backs. Each of those soldiers over there has two miles of beach to himself."

Fort Hancock is prime duty. Soldiers bring their girls here, and the couples get lost together on the enormous beach. Officers live in houses designed by Stanford White, a Nike tracking site is here. The general in charge of all Nike installations from Boston to Philadelphia presumably could live anywhere he wished between the two cities, and he has chosen Fort Hancock. Ospreys nest in the telephone poles, and herons in rookeries among the dunes. The central landmark is the oldest operating lighthouse in the United States. New Jersey rents a small piece of the peninsula, at its landward end, from the Department of Defense. The rented area is called Sandy Hook State Park and is the most heavily visited park in New Jersey. People press in there by the thousands, but the beach is quite narrow where it is open to the public, and the dunes behind it are green with deep growths of poison ivy. When the tide comes in, the ocean shoves the people into the poison ivy.

Hartzog, on the broad Army beach, continues. "We've asked the military to surrender these lands for recreational use," he says. "Beach land simply needs to be made available. The military usually claim that they have to have places like this for military recreation. They need it like a Buick needs a fifth hole." Sandy Hook is almost the least of Hartzog's ambitions toward military land. He wants Vandenberg Air Force Base. He wants the Aberdeen Proving Ground. He wants Quantico, Fort Belvoir, Eglin Air Force Base, the Naval Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field, and Forts Barry, Baker, and Cronkhite

on the Marin Headlands of San Francisco. He wants at least a dozen other military principalities as well, all close to cities, and all, in his view, being now given a mistaken priority. He thinks he could get the Department of Defense out of Fort Hancock in two years. Other difficulties would remain, though. Reaching out as it does into the mouth of the Hudson, Sandy Hook catches a high percentage of what the river disgorges, and the beach near its tip is blemished with flotsam—plastic bags, plastic bottles, plastic buckets, rusted cans, little bits of Albany, the tenth part of Troy, and hundreds of acres of driftwood. When trees die in the Adirondacks, they go to Sandy Hook. Rangers could take care of the cleanup, but not on an hourly schedule, and all that plastic would have to be stopped at its source. The Park Service thus joins, as it has all over the country, the general fight against pollution, and not simply against things that float. The feasibility of the Gateway project depends on an optimistic view of what can be done about river and ocean pollution. Right now, when striped bass are caught in the waters of Sandy Hook they sometimes have fin rot, and cataracts over their eyes.

"In 1960, Congress said no to the arch. Any other Park Service ranger would have said, 'O.K. Where am I to be sent now? Back to the Great Smokies? Out to Alaska to count blankets?' But not George. He kept at it until funds were appropriated."

"George was a lawyer. That's why they had him in St. Louis. The Park Service had never built anything bigger than an out-house before."

"When the arch was halfway up, the contractor was losing money, so he stopped work, saying the structure was unsafe. Two legs, three hundred feet high, were sticking out of the ground. Hartzog said to the contractor, 'Listen. I ordered an arch and I want an arch.'"

"In the pecking order of park superintendents, the superintendent at St. Louis is not very high. I just spotted him immediately as a good leader, a driving type, full of enthusiasm and interest. I met him on the Current River, in Missouri, in 1962. We were trying to make the Current a national river, and a group of us made a two-day float trip there. George went on the trip. He and I rode in the same boat, and I felt that in those two days I really got to know him well. It was a situation of utter informality, heightened communication. We went skinny-dipping at night. It was in September, and chilly. But this was a group of outdoor people, who were in their element. The Current was going to be the first national river. We hadn't done anything like it before. George knew all the arguments, all the facts, although the Current River is a hundred and fifty miles from St. Louis and the project was not part of his job. Later that year, I heard he had quit the Park Service, because he thought he had no future in it. I went to St. Louis and looked him up and asked him if he would come back and if he thought being director was enough of a future. He said, 'Mr. Secretary, I surely do.'"

Hartzog is busy catching trout. This river—the White River—is everything Tony Buford said it would be. Cal Smith, the riverman, has to work hard to keep Hartzog's hook covered with corn. The bait is canned kernel corn. The boat is anchored in a broad patch of dancing water. The corn drifts down through V-shaped riffles and, almost every time, disappears into the mouth of a trout. The White River is the dream of thousands, who come from all over the United States to fish it. It is broad, cold, clear, shallow, and frequently broken by the aerated rips that seem to intoxicate trout. The White River comes out of Bull Shoals Dam, near Lakeview, Arkansas.

The water impounded on the other side of the dam is so deep that it is very cold



near the bottom, and it is this cold water that comes shooting out of the penstocks and forms the river, which is green and beautiful and as natural as a city street. The White River grows toward the end of the day. Around 5:30 p.m., people start turning on lights, heating up ovens, and frying pork chops in Fayetteville, Little Rock, Mountain Home, Memphis. The river rises. More people, more pork chops—the river goes on rising. Turbines spin in Bull Shoals Dam. The peak comes when one million pork chops are sizzling all at once and the river is so high it flows around the trunks of trees. Then it starts going down. While Arkansas sleeps, the river goes down so far that the trout have to know where to go to survive. At 6 a.m., a small creek is running through the riverbed, viscous with trout. Then people start getting up in Fayetteville, Little Rock, Mountain Home, and Memphis. The fatback hits the frying pans. Up comes the river, cold, clear, fast, and green. Trout are not native down here. There are no trout in the Buffalo. They can live in the White River for a hundred miles below Lakeview because of the refrigerant effect of the dam. The trout are born in a federal hatchery near Norfolk, where they are raised on dry meal. They are stocked in the White River—ninety-six thousand trout a month in the summer—creating what most of the sport fishermen who have been here would call a paradise. Smith strings corn like pearls on Hartzog's hook, one kernel after another, completely covering the metal from eye to barb. Hartzog flips the bait into the stream. Vapors rise from the cold river. The line and the rod vibrate. It is difficult to tell whether the vibration is from the strike of a trout or the pull of the current. Once more it is a trout. Hartzog reels the fish in. It flips once to the right, once to the left, and lolls by the boat as it is netted. The trout is nine inches long. With a pair of forceps, Smith takes the hook out of the fish's gullet. Then he re-beads the hook with corn while Hartzog tells him about Hazel Creek in the Great Smoky Mountains. "There hasn't been a stocked trout put in that creek in three hundred years," he says. "Mountain people have been fishing Hazel Creek since European civilization moved over here. And there's only been one kind of trout in there, ever, and those are wild trout. I fish for the fun of fishing and there's a real difference between a hatchery fish and a wild fish. One good bass out of the Buffalo would be worth more to me than six hundred trout out of here. Tony and the boys can stay here if they want. I'm going back up to Buffalo."

Hartzog believes that he was the youngest preacher ever licensed in the state of South Carolina. ("The Lord has looked out for me all my life.") He began preaching when he was sixteen, and the following year—1937—he officially became a licensed local minister. He preached all over the area—in Smoaks, in Cottageville, in Walterboro—and for a time he was assistant minister at the Bethel Methodist Church in Spartansburg. He gave his sermons in Baptist churches, too. In that part of the world, a Baptist was defined as an educated Methodist.

Hartzog's family had moved into Walterboro when the farm failed at Smoaks. His father got a job as a ticket agent for the Greyhound Bus Lines, and his mother became county supervisor of W.P.A. sewing rooms. A tall woman, severe and serious, she seemed to believe fundamentally in work. "She worked hard. She pulled the family through. She believed you couldn't fail to achieve anything if you just worked. She encouraged me and instilled in me the responsibility for working." The law ultimately attracted Hartzog as a kind of practical replacement for his first ambition, which was to spend his life in the ministry. In 1937, he entered Wofford College, in Spartansburg, to study Methodist theology and become some-

thing more than an unpaid travelling preacher, but he had to drop out of college after one semester for lack of money.

He went home and worked at any jobs he could find. He cooked and washed dishes in an all-night beanyery. He pumped gas at an Amoco station. He typed forms and letters for the National Youth Administration. He worked around the clock. At night, he was busboy and desk clerk at A. J. Novit's Lafayette Hotel. From 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., he watched the teletype machine for reservations coming in, and he carried bags when the people showed up. "In a service establishment, you learn a lot about human beings," he says. Novit paid him one dollar a night.

Hartzog had no idea that he was underprivileged. To the contrary, he felt lucky to have encountered people who opened doors for him, first to the ministry and then to the law. He went on preaching. No one in his congregations seemed to mind that a teen-ager was giving them the Word. He still preaches whenever he can, in churches around Washington, and to his congregations he has explained his work in the Park Service by saying, "I feel that I am performing a mission as necessary and constructive as a ministry."

Hartzog has never seen anything quite like the Silver Gull Club, Beach 193, Breezy Point, Queens. This wide, low structure rambles lumpy all over the beach and on piles out over the ocean. The Park Service has learned something peculiar about the way the people of New York use their beaches. On Coney Island, on Jones Beach, on Rockaway Beach, more than half the people prefer never to put a toe in the ocean. The Silver Gull Club caters to this majority. It lifts its clientele above the ocean, and even above the beach. The waves of the Atlantic lap helplessly at the club's cantilevered undersides. Above decks, there are three swimming pools, four hundred cabanas, and a cocktail lounge called the Crystal Palace. Families spend five hundred dollars per season to go to the Silver Gull, where they can be close to the ocean but free from contact with the wild sea, and free from contact with its gritty edges.

This is outermost Queens, the middle of the proposed Gateway National Recreation Area, and Hartzog's brochure indicates that the Silver Gull and everything around it will someday be cleared away. The streets in that part of the city are largely deserted in winter, and they are used as unofficial, illegal dumps, where trucks make deposits in the dead of the night: rotting timbers from razed buildings, ash, smooth tires, shards of concrete, stripped and crumpled automobiles—tons upon tons of junk. "One of the greatest things that could happen to this country would be just to clean it up," Hartzog says. Detritus is nothing new to him. The national parks are for people, and people leave junk wherever they go. Park rangers become so disgusted they can't wait for the season to end, so the people will go away from the parks. People throw trash over the rim of the Grand Canyon, the world's deepest and widest wastebasket. So much trash goes into the Grand Canyon that the view is smirched. For this reason, ranger trainees are sent to Grand Canyon National Park to learn mountaineering. They go down on ropes and climb back up with things that tourists throw over the rim. In Yellowstone, visitors throw junk into the thermal pools. The temperature of the pools is two hundred degrees. Rangers have to rake out the junk. In Washington, D.C., people throw tires, washing machines, refrigerators, mattresses, and automobiles into the Potomac and the Anacostia Rivers. The Park Service cleans up the mess with a thirty-five-foot landing craft. The Park Service has used a scuba team to collect all the junk that tourists throw into the Merced River, in Yosemite Valley. Cans and bottles retrieved

from Lake Powell, in Utah, fill five barges a week. "Learning how to pick up trash better than anyone else is a significant achievement in itself," Hartzog says. In his view, the most heroic achievers in this line are the trash gatherers of Coney Island, and Hartzog from time to time sends his superintendents there to give them a whiff of the major leagues.

The skeletons of five six-story buildings and two fifteen-story buildings stand on Breezy Point, above the trash. The Wagner administration condemned these buildings when they were under construction, because they represented an encroachment of high-rise upon a beach area. The Park Service plans to finish the two fifteen-story buildings and turn them into cultural centers and low-cost hostels. Beyond the skeletal buildings, bent and twisted chain-link fencing topped with barbed wire separates the developed wasteland from the virginal dunes of Breezy Point. The ocean, pounding, is visible through the fence. Hartzog, in a government car, says he is allergic to chain-link fencing and barbed wire and can't wait to get rid of it. The car swings around and into the Breezy Point Cooperative—twenty-eight hundred small one-story houses, on a compact grid of streets. A third of the houses are equipped for year-round use. The cooperative covers four hundred and three acres in all, and its future is a sensitive political issue. In Hartzog's brochure, the area now filled by the Breezy Point Cooperative is designated as "creative open space."

The car turns onto Cross Bay Boulevard and moves toward the middle of Jamaica Bay. "We're about out of the opportunity to set aside wilderness areas," Hartzog says. "What we need to do now is to set aside areas close to or in the cities. City people are dying of social pollution, and they need room to move in." Park Service projects like New York's Gateway are planned or are already under development in Washington, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Corpus Christi, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Rangers used to spend nine months of their one-year training period assigned to a national park; now they spend the same nine months in a city, and rangers and administrators throughout the system get a Lewis and Clark feeling whenever they contemplate asphalt jungles and urban skylines. Their enthusiasm to bring the national parks to the people may entail the removal of some people—such as, quite possibly, the people of Broad Channel, an island community in Jamaica Bay. Hartzog's car is cruising down the central street of Broad Channel, past Audrey Murphy's Lounge, the St. Virgilius Parish Hall, and dead-end streets that reach like fishbones into the bay. The people of Broad Channel lease city land. They and their predecessors have been there for over seventy years. The community has a population of five thousand now—in a thousand houses, most of which are covered with tarpaper decorated to resemble brick or stone. The outermost houses are on pilings. Sewage, untreated, goes into the water. Ultimately, the Park Service would like to depopulate Broad Channel altogether.

Adjacent to Broad Channel is the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge. Hartzog stops and takes a walk. "This is the world's only wildlife refuge that has a subway station," he observes, and this is true: the IND stops there. Moving along a sand trail with the midtown-Manhattan skyline in clear view, he sees egrets, bitterns, black ducks, ruddy ducks, a muskrat, rabbits, quails, and phalaropes. More than two hundred and fifty species of birds inhabit Jamaica Bay, and various kinds of mammals, and uncounted varieties of fish. Jamaica Bay embarrasses the ecological crisis. Jamaica Bay is in all likelihood one of the most polluted bodies of water in North America. It pulses with wildlife.

A ranger walking with Hartzog says, "Those fellows out in Yellowstone didn't know what they're missing."

"They haven't learned that all the wilderness isn't in the woods," Hartzog tells him. "Good Lord, what's that?"

"That's a horseshoe crab," the ranger answers. "It's one of the oldest forms of life."

Hartzog slaps his way through a cloud of mosquitoes, then stops to watch two Canada geese land in a freshwater pond that is isolated from the saline bay by grass-covered hummocks. Twenty minutes later, he registers at the Hotel Taft and sends the ranger out for a pint of whiskey. They have a drink in Hartzog's room before going to Mamma Leone's for dinner.

Responding to the buzzer, Hartzog picks up his office telephone, speaks his name, listens, smiles, and the smile widens into a grin. He draws deeply on his cigar, No. 11 today, blows out a billow of smoke, and at the same time reaches for a fresh cigarette. He puts down the receiver, picks it up again, and asks his secretary to call various senators. "We won the Everglades hands down," he tells her. "Isn't that fabulous?" The Senate Public Works Committee has just put the mark of Cain on the Army Corps of Engineers.

Hartzog calls the Secretary of the Interior, tells him the good news, chuckles once, guffaws twice, wreathes himself in puffed smoke, and afterward says, "That man is saltier than fat pork."

An architect from Louisville is waiting outside the door. "He's got some ideas on how I ought to run Mammoth Cave, so I'm going to let him come in here and tell me how to run Mammoth Cave," Hartzog says. "Send him in."

The architect is a tall man with a weathered face, and the distillate of what he has to say is this: "There's a commercial hub developing on your periphery down there, and it's all junk and crud."

The Park Service owns land in something like a five-mile radius around the entrance to Mammoth Cave. Near the property line—as on the edges of many parks—honky-tonk agglomerates. "I talked to those people down there about zoning," Hartzog says. "Zoning?" they said. "Zoning?" I had the impression that I was in a foreign land."

Mammoth Cave is so mammoth that it reaches underground even beyond the boundaries of the park. The architect now tells Hartzog that surface pollutants from the junk and crud of the commercial hub are seeping down into the cave. Hartzog thanks the architect for this unattractive news, and for alerting Washington to still another threat to the environment—speleological pollution.

Three men from the General Services Administration come in, ushered by one of Hartzog's assistant directors. The General Services Administration is about to demolish the office buildings on Constitution Avenue that were put up as "temporary" structures during the First World War. The three men try to make a deal with Hartzog for a small piece of land they would like to use for a U-turn for trucks. "That's like trading a bucket of coal for two buckets of ashes," Hartzog says. "I gave that up when I left the Ozarks. I want a *quid pro quo*. If you help me get the entire U.S. Congress off my back by opening another access to the Key Bridge, I'll happily give you your U-turn." When the office buildings go down, the Park Service will take over the land they now stand on. The assistant director says that lawns will fill the space. "The hell they will," Hartzog says. "Nat Owings wants to put rose gardens and a restaurant there. The last thing we need in downtown Washington is more grass. We've got grass coming out of our ears in this city, and in summer we let it turn brown. We're up to our noses in horticulturists who don't know enough not to water

grass when it gets hot. We need more vistas like a Buick needs a fifth hole. I don't think this is Paris. The strength and heart of Washington is to reflect this country, which is virile and informal and friendly."

Alone again, Hartzog punches a button on the telephone console and says to his secretary, "I want a copy of the language that the Senate Public Works Committee passed today."

Representatives of the Student Conservation Association file into the office. Hartzog settles into his armchair and lights a cigar—No. 12, 7:20 p.m., the last working smoke of the day. The Student Conservation Association is more or less a private, contemporary version of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Its members labor for the Park Service, building trails, building cabins. Hartzog watches them with a recruiter's eye, looking for rangers. Most of them are in high school, and he tries to nudge them toward his kind of curriculum. "I'm looking for social scientists, not just natural scientists," he tells them. "It's not enough just to interpret the natural phenomena of Yellowstone. I want people to staff big recreation areas near urban ghettos." One thing that emerges in this interview is that some members of the Student Conservation Association are paid five hundred dollars a summer for doing the same work as Park Service seasonal employees who are paid fifteen hundred dollars. Hartzog explodes, picks up the phone, and orders that a supplemental one thousand dollars be given to every student in such a situation. After the S.C.A. representatives leave, he blasts away at one of his assistants, who answers, "But I staffed it out with Management and Budget, the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, the Department of Labor, and the Hill!"

"You're missing my point—I'm not articulating my point," Hartzog says. "I'm concerned about these youngsters. What they're trying to say to us, if they're trying to say anything, is that the Establishment is a bunch of hypocrites, and I kind of agree with them."

There is a buzz in the console. One of his calls to the Senate Office Building has gone through. He picks up the phone, and says, "Senator, I just called to say I deeply appreciate what happened on that south-Florida vote. I detected your fine hand in there, and..."

All afternoon, he has been on the Buffalo under five-hundred-foot cliffs, catching nothing and caring less. A hawk swoops across the blazing sun. It is a day of high, thin cirrus and pale-blue sky. "Look at that old buzzard sashaying around," Hartzog says to Cal Smith. "Now he's just a speck a-riding away. My Lord, what a beautiful place this is! We need this river real bad, and we're going to have to get it. There ought to be something around those bushes, Cal."

"Well, there sure had ought to be. This is a pretty deep pocket back down through here."

Smith puts a crawdad on Hartzog's hook, and Hartzog releases a high, soft shot toward the bushes. Splat.

Thirty minutes go by. Nothing whatever happens.

"There ought to be something where that little stream comes in there, Cal."

"Well, there sure had ought to be. There's always a pretty deep pocket in there by those little streams. There must be an old boy out there huntin' and makin' the rounds lookin' for crawdaddies. I just know it."

Another crawdad sails through the air. Splat. Thirty minutes go by. Nothing happens. Hartzog talks, almost to himself, about his parks. He talks about the big trees in Sequoia in the early morning, about the eerie moods in the rain forests of the Olympic Peninsula, and about rangers' airboats in the Everglades—the worst way to see the park. "You've got to be still, and in being still

you see everything," he says. "The most beautiful thing I have ever seen in a national park is snow falling into the Grand Canyon. Reds, oranges, pinks, and browns come through the white snow. It falls quietly. It really helps you sort out all of life." He is silent for some minutes, watching the tip of his rod. "We're building a Museum of Immigration inside the base of the Statue of Liberty," he goes on. "Some of the things young people are protesting about are the very things that brought people to this country—personal involvement, achievement, commitment, the worth of the individual. We haven't perfected the system. It's a good system. A birthright. Youth today has its opportunity in perfecting the system, not rejecting it. 'Tear it down,' 'Burn it up' is the antithesis of what they are trying to say. The same things motivate them that motivated the people who established the system."

Slowly, the tip of his rod bends toward the river, then nods rapidly, four times.

"Snag?" says the riverman.

"No."

The line begins to run. Hartzog lets it go. He feeds it out through his hand, waiting, guessing, judging his moment. The line runs out. Then Hartzog, after five and a half hours of almost complete inactivity, makes his move. He stops the line, lifts the rod, and sets the hook. The line is taut and moves quickly across an arc of the river. It moves back. It moves in, and he reels the slack. It tightens, and the rod bends, throbbing, to a symmetrical U. The fish makes a final lateral dash, breaks the surface, and flies through the air—deep cordovan brown with a broad black tail, a two-and-a-half-pound wild bass.—JOHN MCPHEE

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM JENNINGS  
BRYAN DORN SPEAKS TO THE 53D  
NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE  
AMERICAN LEGION

HON. OLIN E. TEAGUE

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. TEAGUE of Texas. Mr. Speaker, the American Legion recently concluded its annual national convention in Houston, Tex. During the proceedings of this convention, the vice chairman of the Committee on Veterans' Affairs, the Honorable WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN DORN, of South Carolina, addressed the members of the major commissions of the American Legion. BRYAN DORN is one of the greatest Members to serve in the House of Representatives, and he has been especially effective in his service on the Veterans' Affairs Committee. Not only is he vice chairman of the full committee, he is chairman of the all important Subcommittee on Compensation and Pension which oversees a \$6-billion annual program affecting more than 3 million veterans and their dependents. This is the largest single program in the VA budget. Congressman DORN is also a ranking member of the Subcommittee on Hospitals which oversees a \$2-billion program which treats wounded, sick, and disabled veterans. The average daily patient census in VA hospitals is almost 85,000. Nearly 850,000 veterans receive inpatient care annually under this program. Over 8 million receive outpatient care.

Mr. Speaker, BRYAN DORN has a most comprehensive insight into our veterans' program and veterans' problems in general which is reflected in the address he made to the Legionnaires in Houston. I am pleased to include the text of his remarks at this point in the RECORD:

ADDRESS OF CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM JENNINGS  
BRYAN DORN

(Remarks of Congressman WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN DORN, South Carolina, vice chairman, House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, and chairman of its Subcommittee on Compensation and Pension, to a joint meeting of the Economic, Legislative, and Veterans' Affairs and Rehabilitation Commissions of the American Legion, meeting in Houston, Tex., August 27, 1971)

I welcome this opportunity to be presented to a great group of Legionnaires by Clarence Horton, Chairman of your Legislative Commission. I am glad to see my friend Bill Ayres, former member of the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, from Ohio—we sat on the Committee for many years and I know of his dedication to the veterans of our country, and the long hard hours he put in on that Committee.

Our Committee on Veterans' Affairs is perhaps the most nonpartisan Committee in the Congress of the United States and I am pleased for that because you get to know Members of the other party there better than in any other Committee. Their chief concern is for the veterans of this country, their dependents, and in keeping America strong. On that Committee you learn to love these men regardless of their party.

Commander Chamble's presentation of the American Legion's legislative program to the Veterans Affairs Committee was truly outstanding, and he is making one of the greatest National Commanders in the history of the American Legion.

I bring you greetings from Chairman Teague. He is a great chairman, as you know, doing an outstanding job in the Congress, and has been chairman of the Committee during the greatest era in the history of veterans legislation, an era known as the Era of the Veteran. He has perhaps pioneered more legislation through the Congress, with the able assistance of men like Bill Ayres, than any man in the history of the United States, and I am proud to serve under him.

We have this year, as you know, created a Veterans Affairs Committee in the United States Senate. After all these years, after the fight you made for a committee, which really was just and due recognition of the veteran in the United States, finally we have a Veterans Affairs Committee in the Senate, just organized this year. It is set up, and we expect great things from that committee, but we are still the committee on the House side that carried the ball all these years.

You have a great legislative commission in Washington. The American Legion National Headquarters is doing an outstanding job on K Street in Washington. This is the age of salesmanship, public relations, advertising. There is nothing wrong with the word lobbyist—you have a lot of them in Washington. When we want to know something about legislation they are experts and we don't hesitate to call on them. Herald Stringer and your men in Washington are experts on veterans legislation and we need the type of advice they can give us. We are grateful to them and to you for permitting them to serve so ably and well in Washington.

Much legislation is before the Congress. Not as much as in the 91st Congress—the last Congress passed more veterans legislation, beneficial legislation, than any other Congress in the last 20 years. We do not have quite as much to do in this session of the Congress, due to the fine job done in the last session on veterans affairs, but we do have some bills up. One that you know about is the

direct housing loan bill for veterans. It is difficult for some of us to understand why other housing programs, with a subsidy in them, should be expanded and more money appropriated for those programs, while the funds for direct housing loans to veterans has been impounded, and we hope this legislation will pry loose this money which I think is urgently needed in a program which has saved the federal government \$218 million, not a subsidy at all but a program which makes money for the government.

You know about our cemetery bills. We have several of them before the Committee. We have been conducting hearings about the national cemeteries, and as you well know, those who are buried in national cemeteries lived at one time or another within 50 miles of the national cemetery, so the vast majority of American veterans who pass on are not affected by the national cemetery, or do not request to be buried there. We are considering several other bills to expand the national cemeteries. It would take vast sums of money, so we are thinking about other legislation, perhaps another national cemetery at Manassas, Virginia, near Washington, plus one in each state, or in regions. The Chairman has a bill which would allot the veteran more than the present burial allowance, permitting a veteran to be buried at a place closer home. This is one of the issues before the Veterans Committee being hotly debated throughout the country. There is no more room at Arlington National Cemetery. Something has to be done. This does have the urgent attention of the Veterans Affairs Committee.

You know what we have done in the House of Representatives about state nursing homes—made it possible for veterans to stay longer, and in private nursing homes, and I think this is only just, because many of our veterans are in a state where they cannot be moved in and out.

We have this year appropriated more money for nurses, doctors, and have recruited several thousand doctors under that increased appropriation and nurses and technicians, to keep our veterans hospital program going. You are aware, of course, of the assault being made almost constantly on our veterans hospital and medical care program. We have the finest program in the world, and it should be maintained at average daily patient census—85,000 beds. Congress did not permit Administration proposals to make a cut back to 79,000. This would have been the equivalent of putting 13 to 15 VA hospitals out of business. I think that this proposal was unwarranted at this time in our program when our veterans are returning in even greater numbers than ever before. We need this hospital program that was so ably developed and fought for and inaugurated by The American Legion during the 20's. It is the greatest hospital program in the world today and I think it is run as efficiently and as dedicated as any program or any medical service in the world today, and we do want to maintain this program at the highest peak of efficiency so as to continue to take care of the veterans of our country.

One bill I want to mention in particular is HJ Res 748, which would provide for a \$15 million appropriation annually for six years to create five pilot medical schools in connection with existing VA hospitals where there is a surplus of room perhaps in the present installation. The Chairman first introduced a bill, others followed and joined in introduction of the bill. Several reasons were behind the introduction. One was a shortage of doctors, nurses, technicians, lab assistants, generally throughout the United States—50,000 doctors short, and we were falling behind in the general medical standards for the American people. We have some communities with no doctor at all. There is one county in my District where we had to take OEO—poverty—funds and subsidize

a doctor so he could go into the community. In another county they subsidized with state and county funds the salary of a doctor to minister to the people who lived 20 to 25 miles from any other doctor. This is a problem throughout the United States. It affects medical care for veterans. In some areas we cannot get people to move to them. In others we have a sufficiency of doctors, technicians and nurses, but in some of our VA hospitals this is the greatest problem, to get people to come into those communities. So we have passed a bill and hope it will be adopted by the Senate which will be a pilot program. If it works we may do it in other places. Five new medical schools will be established somewhere in the United States to be decided by the Veterans Administration, in conjunction with the VA hospital similar to what happened in Shreveport, La. Instead of waiting two years they got the medical school planned and opened and in two years had the first class registered because they had some surplus room at the VA hospital there. I believe this program is necessary. I believe it will work, and I hope it will become law and we shoulder this responsibility of keeping our program vital and alive for the veterans of this country. I think this will be a step in the right direction. This bill also calls for \$15 million annually over a 6-year period to help existing medical schools in conjunction with VA hospitals. It is not solely confined to new medical schools, but to help old medical schools as long as they are in conjunction with a VA hospital. This I think is a good program.

Another bill we have passed this year concerns a problem affecting the whole nation—drug abuse. We have had it brought to our attention in a forceful manner these last few months. Something had to be done with 50,000 veterans—and that is a very conservative estimate—addicted to hard drugs, largely as a result of service overseas for our country. I maintain that a man or woman who is addicted to drugs or became addicted while in the service of his country, under extenuating circumstances quite often, such as the mud, filth and mire of a country like South Vietnam, with casualties going on night and day without even seeing the enemy—I can well understand a man who becomes addicted; he is just as sick as one with malaria, hepatitis, typhoid fever in Vietnam. It is a major national problem, and something should be done, and we cannot delay this program any longer. A man wounded in that fashion is as much wounded mentally and physically as one hit with gunfire. I hope our bill will become law. It will provide clinics to treat one addicted to drugs just as though he was a wounded veteran. Not only that, we are providing another clause to clarify the situation between honorable and dishonorable discharge. We know that it is possible for a veteran to serve honorably and get a dishonorable discharge because of drug abuse or something he committed while under the influence of drugs. To turn that man out on society, we are not providing that he be given an honorable discharge but that he be treated so that he won't be turned loose on society. This is something new but this gray zone needed to be clarified, and in this legislation we are doing so. We also provided for a federal court to commit someone who is a veteran and who is endangering society because of his addiction or mental problem as a result of excessive hard drugs, to commit him to Fort Worth or Lexington in connection with our mental health program, or other clinics, so that he can be treated while at the same time preventing his going out in society and doing some of the things which are causing so much crime in our country today.

These are some of the things we are doing. Our committee is very concerned with this problem, this drug business, one of the major causes of crime, delinquency, and

other problems related to it. I do hope it will become law, and we can treat these people who were wounded in service in this fashion mentally and physically.

I even go further and say that some day we will have to face the problem of alcoholism and provide for the treatment of a veteran who became an alcoholic. I know of men in combat who never touched a drink but under those same extenuating circumstances he might become addicted to alcoholism. Certainly he should be treated because he was wounded in that fashion by his service to his country.

Many problems face the Committee. You have the problem of inflation. I am supporting the President in his efforts to curb inflation, because inflation is the greatest enemy I can think of in veterans benefits, compensation, pension and annuities. You provide for a certain scale one year, and within a year it is destroyed because of the insidious evil effects of inflation. We must make the American dollar count in veterans affairs, and I might say in national defense.

Right here I want to commend The American Legion. You not only have come up with a program for veterans, widows and orphans, but you have consistently since 1919 advocated measures for a strong national defense which, in my opinion, had they been adopted by the Congress, would have prevented World War II. They put our fleet in mothballs, and they courtmartialled, or tried to courtmartial, Billy Mitchell for saying that a bomb could sink a battleship, and it took Pearl Harbor to prove what he had been saying for 20 years. The American Legion in every national convention since 1919 has advocated a strong national defense. When Hitler was building his Panzer and Stuka dive bombers we had one bomber at West Point. We were saved by the ocean, and we had two or three years to build, which put America back in the defense business. Next time you won't have five minutes. The American Legion is again fighting today at a time when there are those who are seeking to disarm this country. Inflation not only hurts the veteran but it hurts national defense. We appropriate a defense dollar one day and it is eaten up by inflation the next day. Soviet Russia does not have that problem. When they appropriate a dollar it goes into national military hardware, and that puts us at a tremendous disadvantage with inflation. You heard what was said about the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean and losing control of the seas in the world. I could not think of anything more tragic to our nation, which is a small country compared to Russia and India, to the survival of this country and the cause of freedom all over the world, so you really have your work cut out for you.

I was glad to see you have 2,700,000 members—I wish you had 10 million members; it would be the greatest factor for peace. You hear people talking about peace—peace signs, flower signs. The only real force that you can have to preserve and insure peace is to be strong. Yet today they tell me that in the first strike we would be at a disadvantage in the Sixth Fleet alone, the number of ships that would be sunk in five minutes. This is true in the Indian Ocean, and around the world. We must keep this nation prepared to prevent World War III, and to preserve the peace. It is hard to get this through to people who would destroy the armed forces. You cannot ask people to do right and expect them to. They are looking for an opening, for weakness. The greatest challenge to you and the American people is to make this nation supreme on the sea and in the air and in space so that we can be a factor in preserving peace and preventing war which would destroy the world.

I want to say this to The American Legion. I remember you had your problems

with demonstrators. Many of the young Legionnaires forget—you had your problem with demonstrators in St. Louis in May 1919 when they jumped on the platform and tried to keep The American Legion from being organized because you were for God and Country. There are a lot of people against God and Country. They had to be physically ejected by force from the platform in St. Louis before you could be organized. They were not satisfied with that. A few months later, on November 11, 1919, at your first national convention in Minneapolis, they caused trouble, and on that same day, in Centralia, Washington, four Legionnaires were killed as they marched down the street unarmed on Armistice Day.

So there was a lot of opposition then to The American Legion even being organized. I see those same elements at work in America today. Some of them criticize The American Legion; some of them indicate or try to say you are the organization that wants to take over America. Nothing could be further from the truth. The American Legion is the greatest organization that I know of in the world today for peace, for stability, for law and order, to preserve the liberty and freedom for all of our people. Look at Boys State, Boys Nation—I have never seen finer work being done in Americanism than is being done by The American Legion. Your oratorical contest; American Legion junior baseball, the Legion leading youth. People talk about communicating—you have involved them, you are working with them, and they are going to meet the challenges of tomorrow in the same fashion you met the challenges of our country in this last generation. Over 60% of all major league ball players in the United States played on your junior teams. The American Legion can be proud, and I challenge each of you to go home when this convention is over and get more and more people in the Legion.

The GI Bill: talk about legislation! In all the history of the world in any country this was the greatest investment in tomorrow which you supported and helped fight through Congress. Ten million American men and women were trained under the GI Bill, at a cost of \$19 billion. I remember some of the folks after World War II said this would lead to socialism, put education in the hands of the government. We appropriated \$19 billion, 10 million men and women were recipients of that benefit, and already it is estimated they have paid back into the federal treasury approximately one billion dollars more than they would have had they not been educated, by increased income. This is the best piece of business in the history of the world, government or otherwise. Most of these people are home owners today. I did not mention local taxes, church dues, etc. which they pay. One billion dollars into the United States treasury more than they would have paid had we not made that original 19 billion dollar investment, and that is only the beginning, because the average age is 52.

Let's get more of these Vietnam veterans to take advantage of the bill we have for them. They talk about unemployment, lack of jobs. We have this GI program. We are making every effort—the Committee and the Veterans Administration—to see that these veterans are properly informed about it overseas and upon their discharge. It is a problem. We want them to take advantage of it, and the widows and dependents who are eligible.

Again I want to thank you and say how proud I am to be associated personally with an organization which has no ulterior motive, an organization which is for God and country and for the veteran and his widow and orphan, to try to seek justice and mercy for these people in time of peace who fought so gallantly on the battlefields of the world and on the sea and in the air. You have a

noble purpose. I am proud to be a Legionnaire, to be associated with your efforts for America, for tomorrow, for God and country.

## POWER INDUSTRY MAKING PROGRESS IN REDUCING POLLUTION

### HON. JENNINGS RANDOLPH

OF WEST VIRGINIA

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Friday, September 17, 1971

Mr. RANDOLPH. Mr. President, I continue to be gratified by the progress made by American industry in reducing pollution. Hardly a day passes that I do not see evidence of responsive action by industry in our national effort to eliminate the unnecessary contamination of the air we breathe and the water we drink.

The electric power industry, on which many heavy demands are being made to increase the supply of available electricity, is hard at work to meet these demands without contributing further to our national pollution problems. At the same time, this vital industry is making substantial strides to reduce pollution from its existing plants. A recent news story in the Dominion-News of Morgantown, W. Va., reported on progress made by the Allegheny power system to comply with air pollution regulations of the State of West Virginia. This is a further example of the efforts to which industry is going to reduce pollution.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that this article, written by George A. Crago, and published in the Dominion-News, be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

#### ALLEGHENY POWER PLANS ANTI-POLLUTION DEVICES

(By George A. Crago)

Allegheny Power System is making plans to bring the Albright Power Station in Preston County in compliance with state regulations on fly ash and sulphur dioxide gases, a spokesman for the electric utility said yesterday.

Ray Purdum, manager of the Albright station, said, "We intend to install equipment or make necessary changes in Albright Power Station operation so that the stack emissions will conform to West Virginia air pollution regulations."

West Virginia's regulations governing power stations are expected to be announced within the next six months, the utility spokesman added.

Purdum disclosed that preliminary engineering tests and studies are now being conducted at Albright to determine what changes in the station may be necessary to meet state emission standards. Albright station went into operation in 1952.

The station manager said that engineers from Allegheny Power Service Corp. have installed sampling devices to measure the amount of solids and gases that remain in the station's exhaust after they pass through dust collecting devices now in use.

Albright is owned jointly by Monongahela Power Co., and the Potomac Edison Co. Those two firms and West Penn Power Co. make up the Allegheny Power System.

Allegheny Power Service is responsible for engineering at Allegheny member facilities, including Albright.

Allegheny Power said the West Virginia

Air Pollution Control Commission is expected to issue regulations for power plants by next Jan. 31, along with a date for compliance.

"One of our problems," Purdum said, "is that we do not know specifically what these regulations will require."

Once the regulations are published and a compliance date is set, the engineers will proceed to complete the necessary changes at Albright, the station manager stated.

How permissible sulphur dioxide limits will be measured under the state regulations will serve as the criteria. They may be measured at the point of emission from the stack, or the check could be made at ground level, it was explained.

Unit No. 3, the largest at Albright, was the first generating unit in the Monongahela Power service area to have an electrostatic precipitator installed.

The collection of flyash from stacks has been greatly improved in recent years and the precipitator at Albright is not as efficient as later models, Purdum noted.

He said Fort Martin Power Station north of Morgantown has an efficiency of 99 per cent.

Units No. 1 and No. 2 at Albright now have mechanical flyash collectors.

Purdum said high stacks help to minimize ground level concentrations of gases. He added that stations with high stacks usually meet federal standards for ground level sulphur dioxide concentrations.

High stacks take gases above the inversion level where they are dispersed and diluted by air currents. Ground level concentrations of sulphur dioxide are avoided through this method.

Removal of gases from the exhaust poses another problem. Switching to low-sulphur fuel is the best and most practical method of eliminating exhaust gases, but Purdum said "low sulphur coal is not readily available in the Albright area nor is it available elsewhere except at a premium price."

The station manager anticipated that "low sulphur fuel oil could likely be a substitute for the coal now being used at Albright in case local coals are not acceptable under the new regulations."

Allegheny Power and other utilities along with coal companies and numerous research organizations are seeking feasible methods to remove sulphur dioxide and other gases from furnace exhausts.

Removal of such gases can now be accomplished in the laboratory and some programs have reached the pilot plant stage where tests are made under actual operating conditions. Full size demonstration units also are under construction, Purdum said.

Both wet and dry "scrubbing" processes are being researched and efforts are being made to remove sulphur from the coal prior to its being burned. Conversion of coal to oil and gas also is being studied.

Purdum said use of oil instead of coal would create an economic problem and that miners "now employed by the mines furnishing coal to APS stations would be seriously affected by the switch to an alternate fuel."

Purdum noted that Fort Martin station alone furnishes year-around employment for 500 miners.

And, the station manager added, "The higher cost of the alternate fuel would also show up on each customer's bill because of the fuel cost adjustment clause now in effect in Monongahela's new rate schedule which is under study by the Public Service Commission pending final approval."

APS is conscious of the need for changes in the flyash collection system at Albright, the station manager stated.

Allegheny "is acutely conscious, too, of spending money that eventually would be added to the customer's bill. To build a system into the station now without knowing

what efficiencies may be required later could result in extremely costly modifications of that system."

Concerning the new state regulations, Purdum said that "We will be as anxious as any citizen of Preston County to have Albright station meet these regulations."

A group of citizens some months ago picketed the plant in protest against flyash emissions and gas exhausts at the Albright station.

#### FED SABOTAGES THE FREEZE

### HON. JOHN R. RARICK

OF LOUISIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. RARICK. Mr. Speaker, recent reports of the Secretary of the Treasury's strong stand against the demands of the IMF and his refusal to accept their planned agenda to devalue the dollar mislead the American people into believing that the financial institutions are serious about combating inflation and observing the President's wage-price freeze.

Many have already forgotten that the President beat the international money people to the punch by detaching the U.S. dollar from gold and allowing it to float, thus in all practicality devaluing the U.S. dollar before the IMF demands.

Unfortunately, the international bankers are only playing politics with the American spirit and determination. While wages and prices are frozen—while the individual American citizen is voluntarily tightening his belt in a valiant effort to save the American economic system from possible destruction that has been brought on by gross governmental overspending—the Federal Reserve Banking System announces it will begin trading, buying, and selling, in securities issued by Federal agencies other than the Treasury Department.

Such a practice can only be inflationary; it can only establish more paper credit. The Fed during these crucial times now decides to use its power to issue paper money to purchase Government agency securities—a practice that can only create more printing press money and spur inflation as well as push this Government further and further into debt. Likewise, dumping additional paper money into the economy during the period of the "freeze" can only have the effect of devaluing the outstanding currency by circumventing the President's proposal.

Government debt caused by deficit spending—the primary cause of inflation—must be reduced. The Fed's entrance into the bond market with agencies other than the Treasury cannot do this—it is an inflationary measure that clearly contradicts the President's "new economic policy" and sabotages any effort to control inflation.

The Fed's announcement, strangely enough, comes precisely at the time of the IMF negotiations.

I ask that related news articles be inserted in the RECORD at this point.

The articles follow:

[From the Washington Post, Sept. 17, 1971]

#### FED TO BEGIN TRADING GOVERNMENT SECURITIES

The Federal Reserve Board said yesterday its open market committee will begin buying and selling securities issued by federal agencies other than the Treasury Department.

Five years ago Congress gave the Fed the authority to make such purchases.

Rep. Wright Patman (D-Tex.), chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, said the Fed decision, while belated, will be of assistance to the housing, export, and agriculture industries.

The Fed, on its part, said it was not making the move in order to support "individual sectors of the agency market," or to channel funds into issues of particular agencies.

Many government agencies, such as the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, issue notes and securities such as making loans to savings and loans associations. Moves to broaden the market for these notes have received support from Congressional and industry sources.

The open market committee buys and sells government securities with a view to controlling monetary aggregates. For example, when it wishes to contract the money supply, it directs the New York Federal Reserve Bank to sell securities thus sopping up funds banks might otherwise lend.

Nearly all open market operations are in Treasury securities. The Fed has about \$65.7 billion of Treasury obligations in its open market account, a spokesman said. There are a total of about \$162 billion marketable Treasury securities outstanding today.

The spokesman said about two-thirds of the roughly \$47 billion in agency securities outstanding would be eligible for purchase under guidelines the Fed put out yesterday. However, only 10 percent of any agency issue outstanding may be purchased by the open market committee, the guidelines said.

It will not purchase any issue in the secondary, or resale market, until at least two weeks after issuance. All open market committee operations are in the secondary market.

Patman, in his statement yesterday, said Congress should consider giving the Fed authority to "purchase directly from agencies" rather than having to go through the "dealer tollgate" of the secondary market.

The Fed wants to confine its open market operations to affecting money aggregates, not to stimulating aggregates, not to stimulating specific credit markets. It said its new authority is aimed at both widening the base of the system's open market operations and adding breadth to the market for federal agency issues.

[From the Washington (D.C.) Evening Star, Sept. 17, 1971]

#### UNITED STATES, NINE NATIONS SPLIT ON MONETARY CRISIS

(By Andrew Borowiec)

LONDON.—The world monetary crisis deepened today amidst much acrimony between the United States and its major trading partners.

After two days of often bitter debate, the finance ministers of the capitalist system's 10 richest nations adjourned without as much as a hint of solution.

They did agree to hold another meeting Sept. 26 in Washington on the eve of the conference of the International Monetary Fund.

At this stage it is seriously doubted that a breakthrough can be achieved by then.

There is no agenda for the Washington Group of 10 meeting except for a vague instruction to deputy finance ministers and a special working group to "explore ways and means of reforming international monetary arrangements." This is precisely what the

ministers themselves failed to accomplish at their meeting which ended yesterday.

In Europe, the failure of the London meeting was regarded as accentuating the crisis opened Aug. 15 by President Nixon's decision to allow the dollar to float, and at the same time imposing a 10 percent surcharge on imports.

Comment of the financial circles, editorialists and officials was generally anti-American, underlining the serious and still growing rift between the United States and the rest of the capitalist world.

The issue centers on Western Europe and Japan's demand for at least a partial formal devaluation of the dollar amounting to adjustment of its parity toward gold presently pegged at \$35 an ounce. The figure of \$40 an ounce has been mentioned as a possible solution.

#### U.S. REFUSES TO DEVALUE

The United States has been steadfastly refusing to bow to these demands in its quest to gradually reduce gold's importance in monetary dealings.

Instead, the United States wants the strongest West European nations to revalue their currencies upward. The move would obviously harm their exports to America.

The Europeans also argue that if gold formally remains at \$35 an ounce and other currencies move upward, it would make the dollar worthless in its relationship to gold.

The United States, represented at the London meeting by Treasury Secretary John B. Connally, also appealed to its trading partners to help improve the American balance of international payments. Connally spoke of the goal of \$13 billion, which most Europeans regard as exaggerated. The balance of payments includes all transactions, private and government, except short term capital movement.

The United States feels it has adopted enough measures to cope with the crisis and now is the time for the rest of the world to do its share, partly out of gratitude for U.S. aid after World War II.

Connally, conference sources said, has insisted that no formal devaluation of the dollar will take place. He was reported satisfied with the present system of floating currencies which so far has lowered the value of the dollar on most European exchanges by a maximum 3 percent since Aug. 15.

This attitude has left the United States virtually isolated as the bulk of West European nations is pressing for a set parity system. Of the countries represented at the London conference, only West Germany appeared to be willing at least to sympathize with the American point of view. West Germany's attitude is largely motivated by its continuing political dependence on the United States.

In addition to the United States, the group of 10 includes Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Canada, Sweden and Japan. Switzerland sent an observer.

London financial circles expressed widespread fears that measures taken by individual countries might result in a full-scale trade war. However, the relative stability of the currency markets so far somewhat attenuated this pessimism.

But the Europeans are generally becoming reconciled to the fact that the United States is not about to eliminate the 10 percent import surcharge. Consequently, retaliatory measures are likely.

The danger of the situation that might result from the surcharge was stressed by the Geneva-based General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, a 56-member organization dedicated to easing world trade restrictions.

The GATT last night unanimously adopted a report describing the surcharge as incompatible with the existing agreements and urging the United States to withdraw it "within a short time."

The GATT report also stated that the other members of the organization had a full right to take countermeasures.

[From the Washington Post, Sept. 13, 1971]  
IMF ANNUAL REPORT OUTDATED BY MOVE TO FLOAT CURRENCY

(By Hobart Rowen)

The International Monetary Fund yesterday released the text of its 1971 annual report, asserting that "the basic principles of the Bretton Woods system are sound and should be maintained and strengthened."

But as the press release accompanying the report indicates, events have overtaken the report. Prepared late in the spring, it was approved by the executive directors on July 29, just a couple of weeks before President Nixon on Aug. 15 threw a monkeywrench into the Bretton Woods system by detaching the U.S. dollar from its link to gold.

Thus, in contrast to the stability of exchange rates around agreed-upon par values—the essence of the Bretton Woods system—the U.S. dollar, the deutschemark, the Dutch guilder, the Canadian dollar, and the Japanese yen are all "floating" in violation of IMF rules.

There is considerable pressure, of course (much of it emanating from the IMF) to restore the fixed-rate system as soon as possible, albeit with some greater degree of flexibility, as was suggested at last year's annual meeting in Copenhagen.

But with this year's annual meeting due to get under way in Washington next Monday, the major powers have yet to agree on a new set of exchange rates that could be the basis for re-vitalizing the Bretton Woods system.

The IMF's report has once again pinpointed the U.S. balance of payments deficit as the key problem, because of a current account surplus (trade) too small to cover heavy capital and government expenditure abroad. The report could not foresee the mid-year worsening of this picture (the trade account itself has slipped into deficit) and in no way anticipated Mr. Nixon's dramatic steps of Aug. 15.

#### POLICY RECOMMENDED

The report did, however, reiterate last year's suggestion of an "incomes policy" for the U.S. (and other industrial countries) to help control inflation.

The fund's basic recommendations, as written prior to the U.S. initiative, did not go beyond what had been discussed before, namely, slightly wider margins around par, and "temporary deviations" (floats) from par value obligations.

It spoke favorably of the creation of Special Drawing Rights (SDRs) but warned that regulation of this one segment of monetary reserves did not provide adequate control of total monetary reserves. The point was the amount of dollars in international reserves had gotten out of hand, but there was no specific recommendations on what to do about it.

The total increase in international reserves of some \$16 billion in 1970 was labeled "exceptional and disquieting." The report ducked offering a conclusion on whether this swelling of reserves, mostly in dollars, would affect future allocations of SDRs. (The next issue, for 1973 and later, must be decided upon in 1972). The report diplomatically suggested that a decision might "more suitably" be made later.

#### RESERVES GROW

Reserves held in foreign exchange increased \$14.1 billion, or almost 50 per cent in 1970, mostly in claims denominated in U.S. dollars. This expansion resulted in a marked shift in the composition of total reserves. At the end of the first quarter of 1971, foreign exchange accounted for nearly

50 per cent, gold for less than 40 per cent, and SDRs for 6 per cent. Twenty years ago, foreign exchange was less than 30 per cent of total reserves, while gold was two-thirds (there were no SDRs).

Major growth in foreign exchange came from the U.S. deficit, and from a \$5.5 billion in official holdings of Eurodollars. The report took note (by interference, approvingly) of the decision made earlier this year by major European central banks to refrain from further placement of funds in the Euro-currency market, or withdraw them when necessary.

[From the Washington Star, Sept. 12, 1971]  
WORLD STRUGGLE OVER THE DOLLAR

(By J. A. Livingston)

On Sept. 27, the money masters of the world gather here for the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund, hoping against probability to put the Humpty-Dumpty monetary system together again. They have a week to achieve what is likely to take years of trial, error, negotiation, and compromise.

After a meeting in Paris, Paul A. Volcker, U.S. under secretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs, said: "It is a mutually difficult situation that will take some time to work out."

The IMF objective is made clear in its 1971 report: To strengthen what has been shattered—the 27-year-old Bretton Woods system of fixed exchange rates.

Under the Bretton Woods agreement, the dollar became the world's monetary yardstick. The United States undertook to convert dollars into gold at \$35 an ounce, and this established the rates of exchange of other currencies. Example: If the German mark were four to the dollar, or 25 cents, and the French franc five to the dollar, or 20 cents, then the franc would be four-fifths of a mark and the mark one and one-quarter francs.

An exchange rate is like a marriage. It demands compatibility of domestic economic policies—wages, prices, productivity—among nations. Compatibility implies that a nation will have a balance-of-payments surplus with some countries, offset by deficits with others.

For the United States, the marriage has deteriorated into inconvenience. Domestic policies didn't gee with external obligations. The emphasis on high employment generated a long run of balance-of-payments deficits. The U.S. exchange rate—the price of the dollar—became misaligned.

Domestic wages and costs advanced. This year U.S. imports are expected to exceed exports. That hasn't happened since 1893. And in August, foreign passenger cars wrested 20 percent of the U.S. market from domestic manufacturers. So, the United States now must price itself back into balance-of-payments equilibrium—become "more competitive" in world trade.

The world's finance ministers and central bankers have a common objective: To revamp the monetary system before debate degenerates into distrust and distrust into dog-eat-dog retaliation, with tariffs, quotas, and restrictions.

Within that objective, U.S. officials want to bring U.S. balance-of-payments into equilibrium and regenerate faith in the dollar. To this end, the U.S. seeks:

1. An increase in the price, or exchange rates, of major currencies relative to the dollar. This would raise prices of foreign goods coming to the U.S. market and trim prices of U.S. exports.

2. Reductions in trade and tariff barriers against U.S. goods.

3. Widening world responsibilities. Japan and Germany, as well-to-do industrial nations, could participate to a greater degree in supporting U.S. troops in Europe and Asia

and in giving aid to under-developed nations.

Two methods of currency realignment are being argued. The U.S. way is a one-stage process. The dollar stays put, while West Germany, Japan, the Netherlands, France, Great Britain and other countries raise the value of the mark, yen, guilder, franc, pound.

[From the Chicago Tribune, Sept. 10, 1971]  
F.D.R.'s GAME WITH PRICE OF GOLD

(By Walter Trohan)

WASHINGTON.—There is nothing sacred about the price of gold at \$35 ounce. It must be remembered the price was set by Franklin D. Roosevelt almost 40 years ago, when he launched the spiral of tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect.

In his diaries, the late Henry Morgenthau Jr., F. D. R.'s secretary of the Treasury, tells how Roosevelt raised the price of gold from \$29.01 an ounce on the London market toward his goal of \$35 ounce. Every morning F. D. R. would meet with Morgenthau; Reconstruction Finance Corp. Chairman Jesse Jones and Dr. George F. Warren, a farm and monetary expert, to set the price of gold in October and November of 1933.

Roosevelt, according to Morgenthau "would lie comfortably on his old fashioned three-quarters mahogany bed. A table stood on each side: On his left would be a batch of government reports, a detective novel or two, a couple of telephones. On his right would be pads, pencils, cigars, his watch and a plate of fruit. Hearty and refreshed after a night's rest, he would eat his soft boiled eggs," while others reported on the behavior of gold and commodity prices.

On Nov. 3—with a range of 19 to 22 cents to add to the price of gold—F. D. R. took one look at the worried Morgenthau and suggested a rise of 21 cents.

"It's a lucky number," Roosevelt said with a laugh, according to the diaries, "because it's three times seven."

Later Morgenthau confided to his diaries, "If anybody ever knew how we really set the price of gold thru a combination of lucky numbers, etc., I think they would be frightened."

Many are frightened now about the decline of the dollar in world markets, the freeze of wages and prices, the 10 per cent tax on imports, and various measures being taken to strengthen the economy. However, we are reaping the whirlwind of 40 years of inflationary spending and policies. Pandora's box was flung open long ago, and there is a grave question that it can be closed in 90 days.

Forty years ago the public debt was under \$20 billion. Today it is over \$400 billion, more than the combined debts of all the other nations in the world. It is racing toward \$1 trillion. The government has had only one answer—to set the printing press rolling out dollars. Wages were increased, and prices, so that there would be more dollars to tax.

Building machine operators get almost \$40,000 a year in some areas with no investment or investment responsibility. Bulldozer operators get \$32,000 a year for a 40-hour week. Warehouse handlers who need few brains and little muscle, get more than \$10,000 a year. Building tradesmen get \$20,000 a year and better, truck drivers get around \$15,000 a year for a 40-hour week, and ordinary shop workers around \$10,000.

No one begrudges them such pay in these days. If they get substantial raises these are eaten up by new taxes and rising costs, so they must struggle to keep their place on the treadmill.

The Rev. Frank Rottier of Toulon, Ill., says that the policies and programs of the last 40 years "have so completely . . . molded the revolutionary retrocession of our

American free enterprise way of life and its political principles that they are now gone. For businessmen, companies and corporations no longer run their own industries but are under the heels of Washington edicts of structural control by government and union accords."

Dr. Rottier concludes an open letter to the press media by declaring: "Unless we return to the God of Gods for the continuity of life, we will soon find ourselves in the ashes of our own destruction. For it is God who changes times and seasons; who removes kings and sets up kings; who gives wisdom to the wise, and knowledge to them that have understanding; who raises up the enemy to destroy; who makes fools out of those who say there is no God in economics and hold to the satanic fallacy of believing if everything were controlled and government-ed everyone would have enough and be satisfied; thus denying any sin in our economics of daily life and its need for pardon [His Son] and the timely adjustment therefore that we may live."

[From the Washington Post, Sept. 10, 1971]  
RESTRAINT URGED IN FIXING NEW MONETARY RATES

(By James L. Rowe, Jr.)

Yale economist James Tobin yesterday said the world's major nations "should take their time in constructing new international monetary arrangements."

He told the Congressional Joint Economic Committee the nation should be in "no hurry to restore fixed exchange rates. We do not want to invite a return to the crises and difficulties of the last 12 years."

Tobin, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Kennedy, also said some of the President's stimulus proposals should be made temporary rather than permanent.

He said long-term federal budget projections "have shown how little there will be" in the budget for programs supported by both political parties. He said the proposed investment tax credit and the repeal of the automobile excise tax should be temporary measures so as not to give away federal tax revenues permanently.

Tobin said President Nixon had performed a great service by cutting the tie between the dollar and gold. But he said the nation should not regard the exchange rates which the market produces over the next few months "as equilibrium rates which can safely be frozen in a new fixed rate system."

He cited several reasons why the floating rates over the next few months will not produce equilibrium rates, including:

Intervention by governments into the market and special regulations by governments "to keep their currencies from appreciating too much or too fast."

Erratic behavior by speculators and private traders until they "gain familiarity with the new system."

Barriers to trade and capital movements "that are, or should be temporary."

Tobin cautioned against reestablishing a world monetary system "under which the United States can run deficits but has no way to alter dollar exchange rates in order to correct them. We should not have a system we have to destroy, as President Nixon did last month, in order to gain the initiative that other countries have to set the exchange value of their own currencies."

The economist said that other countries, as well as the United States, have protectionist devices. He said, "The whole bundle ought to be reconsidered and a large part of it mutually negotiated away before any new international monetary system is established, certainly before fixed rates are restored at parties reflecting these distortions."

He also suggested that gold be demonetized. "Any role that gold might play in future international settlements can be performed by 'paper gold' at the International Monetary Fund. Existing national reserves of metallic gold should be converted into paper gold at the Fund," Tobin testified. He said the U.S. should not raise the price of gold.

On the domestic side, Tobin said the "more stimulus that occurs during the wage-price freeze the better, because in that period increased spending will be channeled almost wholly into greater output and employment."

He called the administration's liberalized depreciation allowances—which permit businessmen to write off the cost of investing in new plant and equipment 20 per cent faster than they could have—a weak spending incentive. The \$3.9 billion per year the allowances are expected to slash business taxes are a "windfall," he said.

Tobin testified that if the investment credit, which would allow businessmen to deduct from their tax bills 10 per cent of the cost of new investments, is passed by Congress, the new depreciation allowances should be abandoned. Wilbur Mills (D-Ark.), chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, is said to favor such an action.

Tobin also said it was no time to abandon welfare reform. "There is plenty of slack in the economy, and the increased spending of the beneficiaries of welfare reform would be welcome."

[From the Christian Science Monitor, Aug. 27, 1971]

NIXON SHAKES UP CURRENCY SCENE

(By Richard C. Ninneman)

GENEVA.—Whether one admits that Bretton Woods has been officially scrapped or not, Aug. 15, 1971, will go down as a watershed date in international monetary history.

Moreover, whether one likes the manner of the unilateral action of the United States, this is probably the only way change could have come.

It has become clear that some European nations and most notably Japan were not taking action quick enough to please the United States to bring their currencies into line with the U.S. dollar. And it had long been assumed that the U.S. would not allow the piecemeal nibbling away at its gold stock to continue once it got down toward the \$10 billion level.

A shock action was the only response left to the U.S. to get action from its free-world partners.

The impact of the shock, however, may make it more difficult to put things back together again. Sensitivities have been bruised. And the United States, though still accounting for close to half the free world's economic strength, is no longer in as strong a position as it was when the major economic powers met in New Hampshire in 1944 to plan the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank.

There are two parts to the problem. The first should be resolved the quickest.

First, what should the U.S. dollar be worth in terms of the major trading currencies?

Second, what is to be done about international reserves, with the U.S. seeming to block an increase in the gold price, and the rest of the world increasingly queasy about holding onto the growing amount of deficit dollars afloat abroad?

The matter of the worth of the U.S. dollar illustrates the undue—and unappreciated—burden the United States has had to shoulder as a reserve currency nation.

It simply could not devalue, as could other nations, when domestic inflation made its goods less competitive. As long as the dollar

was tied to gold at \$35 an ounce, the only way to devalue was to raise the gold price—which most monetary experts have thought to be a step backward—or to get other nations to revalue upward, which only a few have done.

By "unhooking" the dollar from gold at least temporarily, the U.S. is forcing others to have a look at what the dollar is really worth in terms of their own currencies.

My own judgment is that most nations do not actually think the dollar is seriously overvalued, and that in Europe at least the change in currency values vis-a-vis the dollar may range around an average of 5 percent.

#### TRENDS IN THE SIZE OF WELFARE ROLLS

### HON. HARRY F. BYRD, JR.

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Friday, September 17, 1971

Mr. BYRD of Virginia. Mr. President, the Wall Street Journal of August 30, 1971, included an excellent editorial on the trends in the size of the welfare rolls.

The editorial notes that after a period of sharp increase, the total of welfare recipients leveled off in April and declined in May. The reaction of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was to express concern over the decline.

The editorial maintains, and I agree, that what HEW really should worry about about is not a tiny decline but rather the huge increase which preceded it. Secretary Richardson testified before the Senate Finance Committee that in an 18-month period ending last spring, welfare rolls increased by 50 percent.

I ask unanimous consent that the text of the editorial, entitled "The Welfare Problem," be printed in the Extensions of Remarks.

There being no objection, the editorial was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

#### THE WELFARE PROBLEM

The welfare rolls have been climbing rapidly for years. The program for aid to families of dependent children covered 2,200,000 persons in 1957, 4,600,000 in 1967 and 10,200,000 today. The growth leveled off last April, and in May the rolls actually fell by 16,000. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare is disturbed by the drop.

"We are concerned about this situation because the needs of welfare recipients have not lessened—they, too, are under financial pressure," says Welfare Director John D. Twiname. It's quite true, of course, that the dip in the rolls came when the economy was inching along rather than booming. It seems economic pressures have forced a number of states to cut benefits and restrict eligibility. But it seems to us what HEW ought to be worried about is not the infinitesimal drop in a period of economic slack, but the huge rise during periods of economic boom.

Mr. Twiname's remark, in fact, strengthens our growing conviction that the biggest problem with welfare is the thinking of those who administer it. How much better off we would be today if sometime during those years of a boom economy, HEW officials had said, we're concerned at the rise, because it's hard to see how the needs of welfare recipients are soaring so rapidly.

#### UNITED STATES SHIFTS POLICY TOWARD U.N. OVER CHINA RESOLUTION

### HON. DONALD M. FRASER

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. FRASER. Mr. Speaker, on Saturday, September 11, Mr. Charles Bailey, a staff correspondent for the Minneapolis Tribune wrote a story on a major shift in the U.S. policy toward seating the People's Republic of China in the United Nations. Mr. Bailey reported that Ambassador Bush to the United Nations had been authorized to revise existing American proposals toward admission of the Peking government of China in the world body. This report followed hard on the heels of reports from the State Department that the United States was having difficulty in lining up cosponsors for the two resolutions concerning the admission of the People's Republic of China.

These original resolutions were worded so as, on the one hand, to declare the expulsion of the Taiwanese Government from the world body an important question requiring two-thirds vote and, on the other hand, a proposal to admit the People's Republic of China to the United Nations. The Japanese Government, after intense 2-day negotiations in Washington refused to cosponsor the former resolutions.

On September 16, two stories appeared in the Washington Post and the Washington Star. Mr. Anthony Astrachan reported from the United Nations on a meeting scheduled with Ambassador Bush to sound cut governments on the change in position reported by Mr. Bailey. Mr. Sherman's story from the Washington Star followed Mr. Astrachan's story from the Post. All three of these stories indicate that the U.S. Government is undertaking a major shift in its policy toward the seating of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations. Because of its importance for American foreign policy, I am including all three stories in the RECORD as they occurred. The latter two stories confirm the report written earlier by Mr. Bailey. He is to be commended for his efforts at investigating journalism.

The articles follow:

#### UNITED STATES OFFERS TO DEAL ON U.N. CHINA SEAT—FEAR OF TAIWAN EXPULSION LEADS UNITED STATES TO FAVOR PEKING FOR SEAT ON SECURITY COUNCIL

(By Charles W. Bailey)

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The United States, seeking some way to prevent the expulsion of Nationalist China (Taiwan) from the United Nations (N.U.), is ready to support the seating of Communist China on the powerful U.N. Security Council as well as in the world body's General Assembly.

George Bush, U.S. ambassador at the U.N., has been authorized to revise the American proposal on the China issue to make clear that this country will not object to taking the Security Council seat away from the Nationalists and giving it to the Peking government.

The action, revealed by State Department officials to key congressmen Friday, amounts

to an admission by the Nixon administration that its original strategy for dealing with the Chinese issue has failed, and that taking the Security Council seat away from the Nationalist regime is the only way—and not a sure one at that—of forestalling outright expulsion of Taiwan from the U.N.

Originally, the administration hoped that by merely backing the admission of Communist China to the U.N. it could pick up in return enough votes to prevent the ouster of Nationalist China. When Secretary of State William Rogers announced the U.S. policy on Aug. 2, he carefully avoided making any specific commitment on the related question of which Chinese government should get China's permanent Security Council seat with its important veto power.

But, as administration officials told the Tribune yesterday, Bush and other U.S. diplomats quickly discovered that many other governments would not go along with the U.S. "two China" strategy unless the Communists also were given the Security Council seat that the Nationalists have held since the U.N. was founded 26 years ago.

Without such a grant, U.S. diplomats concluded, there was no practical hope of preventing General Assembly adoption of an Albanian proposal which would both admit the Communist Chinese and expel their Nationalist rivals from the U.N. and all its agencies.

There is still serious doubt, officials in Washington conceded yesterday, whether the Nationalists' U.N. membership can be saved even with a U.S. concession.

Officials said yesterday that the precise form of the new U.S. proposal has not yet been worked out, but they said it would at least "affirm" the right of the Communist Chinese, once admitted to the U.N., to take the Security Council Seat assigned by the U.N. Charter in 1945 to China.

(China was given the permanent seat as one of the major World War II allies in the war against Germany and Japan. The other permanent seats on the 15-member council went to the United States, Soviet Union, Britain and France. Each of the five permanent members of the Council has a veto power over Security Council actions.)

Communist China, its supporters and a growing number of normally pro-U.S. U.N. members argue that admission of the Peking government to the General Assembly alone would neither satisfy the Communist Chinese nor reflect the realities of power in the world.

A number of diplomats at the U.N. and elsewhere have argued that failure to offer Peking a Security Council seat as well as U.N. membership would result in Communist Chinese refusal to come into the world body—and thus leave the troublesome issue still unsettled.

This attitude reportedly was the principal reason why the United States failed to win sufficient backing for its original proposal, which would have left the Security Council question unsettled until after the General Assembly acted on the admission of Peking and decided whether or not to let the Nationalists stay, too.

By conceding the Security Council issue in advance the Nixon administration hopes to gain enough votes to win passage of its two-stage proposal—to admit the Communists (and now to offer them the Security Council seat, too) but also to make any move to expel the Nationalists an "important question" requiring a two-thirds vote.

#### UNITED STATES SOLICITS VIEWS ON CHINA AT U.N.

(By Anthony Astrachan)

UNITED NATIONS, Sept. 15—The United States has invited representatives of about two dozen countries to meet here Thursday morning in an effort to put the American resolutions on Chinese representation into



final shape and to find cosponsors for them.

The meeting will be part of the continuing consultations the U.S. Mission has been conducting on China, but it will be the first such meeting in a month.

It is expected to amend a U.S. draft resolution so as to award Taiwan's Security Council seat to Peking. The draft resolution, as it now stands, calls for the seating of Peking and the continued membership of Taiwan in the General Assembly. A second draft resolution makes the expulsion of Taiwan an important matter that must be decided by a two-thirds vote of the General Assembly.

Possible cosponsors, including Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines, have made plain that they regard America's "dual representation" efforts as hopeless if it does not explicitly give Peking the Council seat.

The Assembly will choose between the American proposals and the traditional Albanian resolution to "restore the lawful rights" of Peking and expel "the representatives of Chiang Kai-shek."

Thursday's meeting was first disclosed in Washington today by State Department spokesman Charles Bray, to the surprise of many people in the U.S. Mission here.

No American official has said on the record that American resolutions will specify Peking for the Security Council seat. Yet Secretary of State William P. Rogers has given broad hints in that direction and U.N. diplomats are virtually unanimous that the American effort has no chance of success if it does not give the seat to Peking.

Neither Bray nor U.S. sources here would predict which countries, or how many, would actually attend the Thursday meeting, though sources here said, "We will be hearing a lot of people we haven't heard from." Attendance will be a key to likely cosponsors. The Americans still want Japanese cosponsorship, but diplomats here said they would be surprised if they get it.

Both here and in Washington, U.S. officials have insisted that Peking may be willing to come to the United Nations even if Taiwan remains, despite Peking's repeated public statements to the contrary. They have offered no evidence but has suggested that Peking might disguise any willingness to be "flexible" on the matter.

Both Taiwan and Albania, two of the principal antagonists in the China debate, assert that Peking means what it says and will not come to the United Nations if there is any sort of dual representation. Both countries have distributed press releases here with the full text of a statement to this effect by the Peking Foreign Ministry—Taiwan as part of its propaganda against any admission of Peking and Albania as part of its drive against dual representation.

While the Americans still sought cosponsors, the Albanian resolution found its 19th co-sponsor last week—Nepal. Both the 19 and the Americans have apparently agreed that though they will be fighting for priority, the fight should not start until after the assembly's general debate, probably in the middle of October.

THE UNITED STATES FOR PEKING ON U.N.  
COUNCIL

(By George Sherman)

The Nixon administration has decided to endorse Communist China for the key Chinese seat on the U.N. Security Council in hopes of preserving Nationalist Chinese membership elsewhere in the United Nations.

A meeting in New York today was expected to reveal how many other governments will join in sponsoring the new American package of resolutions on Chinese membership. Thirty-eight countries, including Japan, have been invited to the U.S. Mission for the meeting by U.S. Ambassador George W. Bush.

The General Assembly opens its annual session on Tuesday. Officials here concede that the tide is running strongly in favor of membership for Peking. Debate over Chinese representation now is scheduled for mid-October.

EARLIER EFFORT FAILS

As a result, State Department officials say, the United States has shifted tactics. In August, Washington circulated a draft package of resolutions which would have given both Peking and the Taiwan government seats in the General Assembly, but which made no mention of the important Security Council seat. That exercise failed, with only two other governments—both small Central American republics—agreeing to co-sponsor it.

In particular, Japan, Australia and New Zealand—key Pacific allies—said they would not support this two-China policy first stated by Secretary of State William P. Rogers on Aug. 2, unless the resolutions put Peking on the Security Council.

Nationalist China, under heavy pressure from Washington, has now said privately it will accept this formula if it is allowed to remain in the General Assembly. Foreign Minister Chou Shu-kai is here today conferring with Rogers before going on to the U.N. opening.

Discussion at today's meeting was to center on this substantive resolution, officials said. But the other part of the package, a procedural resolution, is also vital to the American strategy.

This calls for the General Assembly to rule that expulsion of the Nationalist government is an "important question"—thereby requiring a two-thirds majority to pass.

U.S. officials reason that at least 60 of the 127 U.S. members that have diplomatic relations with Taiwan will want to retain that government in the United Nations. They are hoping that still other governments will find the new U.S. resolution on a Peking seat in both Security Council and General Assembly fair enough to prevent a vote for total expulsion of Taiwan.

State Department press officer Charles W. Bray III said yesterday the American position on the important question vote "is a very strong one, we have a very good chance to win and we will make every effort to do so."

He said the "basic objective" is to retain a seat for Nationalist China, and that "all our tactics, and the position we eventually take, will have this objective as a purpose."

The chief American target is an Algerian-Albanian resolution which combines admission of Peking with a blanket expulsion of Taiwan. Communist China has said repeatedly in public that it will not join the U.N. so long as the Nationalists remain.

But yesterday, for the first time, Bray suggested officially that Peking might become "more flexible" if the General Assembly accepts the American resolutions. He did not present any evidence of this however.

THE SELLING OF THE MYLAI  
MASSACRE

HON. RONALD V. DELLUMS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. DELLUMS. Mr. Speaker, by now most of the world is familiar with the gruesome details of the Mylai massacre; few people know the story behind the release to the public of those details.

In the current issue of Evergreen magazine, a former Cleveland Plain Dealer

reporter describes what happened when ex-Army photographer Ron Haerberle came to him with pictures of the horrors at Mylai.

I feel in some ways that this article by Joe Eszterhas presents as much an indictment of current American mores and ethics as does the tragedy of Mylai. Commercialization of tragedy, international business intrigue, harassment of Haerberle and Eszterhas instead of those persons responsible for the massacre itself, all these happened.

I am also disturbed to note that since publication of this article Mr. Eszterhas—a prize-winning reporter over the past 5 years—was fired by the Plain Dealer. Let me quote to you from a letter I received from another former Plain Dealer writer:

Several former PD reporters I have talked to in Washington were quite surprised that such drastic measures should be taken in retaliation for this story. The story is excellent and extremely well written.

Joe used the same perception he applied to covering page one stories for the Plain Dealer in writing this article. It gives insiders the impression the Plain Dealer can dish it out, but not take it.

As far as My Lai is concerned, it seems entirely plausible that the confusion and lack of strong leadership described in the story is the same kind of decision-making that probably led to My Lai. The mistakes and uncertainty expressed in the article seem surprisingly similar to the events described by men who took part in My Lai. What do you think?

The question is, of course, rhetorical. The implications are not. Society castigates the Eszterhas, the Haerberle, but not the ethics which create a Mylai. Perhaps because it is simple to identify an individual rather than any single component of the bureaucracy or the military, it is easier to aim at the heretics—the persons who point out the tragedies—rather than at the causes for tragedy themselves.

At this rate, I urge my colleagues to read this important article:

[From the Evergreen, October 1971]

THE SELLING OF THE MYLAI MASSACRE

(By Joe Eszterhas)

Ronald L. Haerberle really hoped the pictures wouldn't cause anybody any trouble.

He was a photo major at Ohio University, an average upper-middle-class nice guy, essentially apolitical, not the type to plan very far ahead, but confident that somewhere up the road was a split-level life in the suburbs, a wife active in the PTA, children going to Sunday School.

When he got drafted, after basic training he found that instead of making him a photographer, the army was making him an engineer. He did not like the prospect of being an engineer, especially with a war going on, and he launched a campaign of flattery. He took pictures of his officers and their wives and girlfriends in his spare time, presented the pictures to them as gifts (of a Trojan nature, as it turned out), and hoped that his true talents would be recognized. The campaign finally paid off in Hawaii, in the nick of time, three weeks from engineer status in Vietnam. He was made an official army "combat" photographer.

Not the medal-of-honor sort, he spent most of his time in Vietnam shooting sugar-and-molasses-barracks public relations photos: GIs handing Vietnamese kids Hershey bars; bloodied medics saving blond, blue-eyed Nebraskan lives. But two weeks, before his

Vietnam tour was to end, bushwhacked by some stray Robert Capa-esque notion of journalistic heroism, no *Man* magazine tales to tell in front of the suburban hearth, he and a friend, Jay Roberts, an army combat correspondent, volunteered for a mission they understood would be a "hot one." He took two cameras: an army Nikon with black-and-white film, and a personal black market Nikon with color film. He and Roberts took their little early-morning helicopter ride.

He knelt next to GIs firing tracer bullets into babies, watched heads pop off like jumping beans, snapped sequences of the clumps of bodies, ate lunch a few miles down the road, flew back to his base, and handed over the rolls of film taken with the army camera. He kept the color films. It was a good day for photography: the light was fine, the sun was perfect, the shadows were excellent.

Two weeks later, his whopping war story encapsulated in memory, he ended his tour of duty, left Vietnam, and went back to Ohio. The son of a mid-management steel company executive, he toured the Ohio Kiwanis and Lions Club noonday circuits and presented his slide spectacular after lukewarm roast beef dinners.

"Vietnam: As One Veteran Saw It!" was the way the Kiwanians advertised his lectures. He showed the slides of the GIs handing Hershey bars to the kids, the medics saving lives, and the clumps of bodies at My Lai. He explained at each luncheon that the clumps on his screen were the result of an American search-and-destroy mission. The Kiwanians either acted like they hadn't heard him or walked away muttering, "War is hell." There were no questions, but a few complimented the quality and composition of his photographs and assured him he'd have a great future.

He stayed in Fairview Park, the white upper-middle-class suburb where he was born, sharing a bachelor's apartment with a friend, concerned about the usual things: parties, pregnancies, money, the boss. There was a sleek candy-apple-red Corvette at a lot near his apartment he fell in love with. He was doing all right, gaining weight, making a little money, and the memory of that day at My Lai did not bother him at all. The slides were stashed in a back drawer of his bedroom chest, not far from a box of Trojans. He had lost one slide somewhere—he wasn't even sure where—probably in Hawaii with a girlfriend.

1. He noted his singular experience of war had not changed him much. The only change: he found himself humming, a new and annoying habit. He especially hummed when he was nervous, and, strangely, could not remember humming like that before the day he was helicoptered into the village in question.

He worked as an industrial supervisor at Premier Industrial Corporation, a manufacturing firm near downtown Cleveland, and, one day in August of 1959, he got a call at the plant from two men who identified themselves as army CID agents. They understood, they said, that he had pictures of something that had happened in Vietnam one day. They said they were investigating whatever it was that had happened. Ron said that he had turned in his black-and-white pictures right after the "incident." The CID men said they understood that, but somehow the black-and-white had gotten "lost." Could he meet them? Could he come to their hotel that night?

He met them at the Holiday Inn with his slides. The two agents had a slide projector with them, and the clumps of bodies were flashed against the bright pink Holiday Inn walls. They invited him to the bar to have a drink.

The agents told him it was his patriotic duty to give them the slides. Ron told them he'd be happy to give them duplicates. Ah, they said, but they really needed the origi-

nals. Ron said he was sorry and the CID settled for the duplicates.

He and one of the agents kept drinking. Near the end of their evening, half-stiff, the agent looked at him bleary-eyed, a southern jaybird, and said: "You were right, kid. Don't give those slides to anybody. You can sell that—— for a million bucks."

Ron thought about that, but only in his daydreams. In September he was more concerned that the army still hadn't paid him the \$10.46 slide-duplicating costs and he decided to send them another bill. Then, in October, Seymour Hersh of the Dispatch News Service started writing about the alleged massacre in the place called My Lai, and Ron Haerberle started thinking more seriously about the million bucks the CID agent had told him about. He didn't want to cause anybody any trouble, but the way he figured it, he wouldn't be the one blowing the whistle. Sy Hersh had already done that. It wasn't like he'd be rattling on anybody.

2. I got a call one afternoon at my desk at the *Plain Dealer* from Ron Haerberle, who said he thought he might have a story for me. He said he wanted to come up to the office to talk about something too private for the phone. I figured he was a crank. I said that was fine, except I didn't have time to chit-chat. I was right on deadline, doing a story about a Czech Apache.

He called me back the next day. He said he had gone to school with me at Ohio University and had admired my "real courage" in putting out the school newspaper. He especially liked, he said, my campaign to boycott a Norman Luboff concert in favor of a Bob Dylan appearance and my crusade to oust a student government president named Buck Fetters, nicknamed Duck Feathers.

"If you could go after old Buck Fetters like that," he said, "you'll print the story I've got to tell you." He told me he had these war pictures and I said, "Sure, bring them over, we'll have a drink."

He brought his pictures over and I looked at them and we went to have our drink and talked about old Buck Fetters. "Well, I've got to check on this," I said, back in the office, and sat Haerberle down, a bit high, on the rewrite desk.

I took his army serial number and his dates of service and called the Pentagon. I wanted them to confirm that a guy named Haerberle had been in the army, in Vietnam, and at a place called My Lai. The colonel in charge of public information said it would take a few weeks to confirm all that. "That's a real mouthful," he said.

I told Ron we'd be held up for a few weeks. "There's an easier way," he said. "This guy named Daniels, Captain Aubrey Daniels, has been calling me all the time. He's some kind of a prosecutor. Why don't you call him and ask him about me?"

"Why does he keep calling you?"

"To make sure I don't give the pictures to anybody."

I called Captain Aubrey Daniels in the Judge Advocate's office at Fort Benning and told him in front-page cigarsmoke tones that I had all these massacre pictures and was going to run them in the paper the next day. "You can't do that," he said.

"Why not?"

"You're going to violate the rights of a lot of guys who were over there," he said. "Besides that, Haerberle was there as an army photographer and those are army pictures."

"So you're confirming that he was there," I said.

"What?" Daniels said. "What? You're putting words into my mouth. That's not fair."

I told Ted Princiotto, my night managing editor, a hard-nosed, alley-tough guy typecast by Jack Webb, that we had a world scoop.

"Aww," he said, "—— the scoop. We've got a moonwalk tomorrow."

After a while he tore himself away from his maps of the moon and came into the photo studio and looked at those technicolored clumps of bodies.

"Jesus Christ," he said. "——, man, this is great stuff."

"Well," I said, "what about the moonwalk?"

"—— the moonwalk," he said, "it's just a routine moonwalk."

The *Plain Dealer*, in its unflinching quest for a Pulitzer Prize or a mention in *Time's* press section, didn't pay even pennies for information—though it did deduct pennies from the paychecks of temporary summer employees who charged too much for mileage. The *Plain Dealer* turned down an exclusive account of the Pueblo incident, offered for one thousand dollars. Tom Vail, its publisher, is a peripatetic, periscope guy. *Newsweek* once said he looked more like F. Scott Fitzgerald than a publisher. His use of "terrific" has gained national attention. He endorsed Richard Nixon, albeit reluctantly, and enthusiastically endorsed the Nixon kitchen: "The food is super and under President Nixon we are back to the best French wines."

Considering all the *Plain Dealer's* inbuilt handicaps, Ron and I mapped out a plan. Let the *Plain Dealer* carry some of the pictures and the story, and the million bucks would be sought elsewhere. The *Plain Dealer* would be a showcase for the rest of the vampirish journalistic netherworld. Others would see the pictures, suffer scoop spasms, and the price would rise. The *Plain Dealer*, understandably, after some highlevel deliberation, was only too happy to accept the arrangement and its role.

(A year later, to his credit, Vail, talking to reporters about some of the jelly-on-the-knee fallings of his newspaper, said: "You know, I couldn't understand why, after they saw those pictures, they had to call me and ask if we should really get involved in running them.")

The way the executives finally figured it, the story could very well mean the Pulitzer Prize, maybe even the coveted mention in *Time's* press section. And ever since *Esquire* gave the *Plain Dealer* its journalistic dubious achievement award in 1965, the frustrated upper echelon was looking for *Time* or the Pulitzer to wash the blood away. In 1965, an obscure hirsute *Plain Dealer* copy editor named Robert Manry, who didn't much like talking to his colleagues on the desk, took a sailboat across the Atlantic Ocean. Before he left, short of cash, needing repairs for his little boat, he offered the *Plain Dealer* his exclusive account for three hundred dollars. He was summarily and sternly turned down; a con man and a kook who had no business gallivanting across the ocean when he should have been working on the desk. When half the world's press started writing about his trip, three *Plain Dealer* staffers were assigned to Falmouth, England to cover Manry's joyous and celebrated arrival. At the same time, the other daily in Cleveland, the *Press*, nationally noted for its inquisition of Dr. Sam Sheppard, alleged wife-killer, started carrying daily front-page, mid-oceanic interviews with Manry, done by a Scripps Howard reporter who rented a boat and met Manry at sea. The first day the *Press* interviewed Manry at sea, the *Plain Dealer* wrote about the death of his pet turtle.

Desperately grasping for shards of global glory, the *Plain Dealer* chartered a plane to parachute Manry a sweatshirt that said: "Plain Dealer, Ohio's Largest Daily Newspaper." The plan visualized Manry landing in Falmouth in the glare of the world's press as a sunburst *Plain Dealer* promotion. Instead, Manry took the sweatshirt from the water, wrapped his garbage in it, and threw it to the sharks.

Looking at Haerberle's slides, I wasn't sure, I told our pratfallen executives, most of whom had been promoted since the Manry

"incident," that the pictures would get us the Pulitzer Prize, but I thought the mention in *Time's* press section was practically assured. They were very pleased and characteristically generous. They offered me, on the spot, a cornucopia of benevolent paternalism.

Some immediate problems had to be ironed out. The story, I pointed out, would have to wait a day—to appear on the morning of November 20th. Until then, we needed to make black-and-white prints of the slides. That would be very difficult, an editor told me, because we couldn't trust our photographers. One of them would be sure to make prints himself and pirate the massacre at beer-money rates. The editor suggested I take the slides to an old photographer in our commercial department who usually took pictures of party dresses and gourmet meals. The old man hadn't taken news photos since his drinking days with Elliot Ness. This photographer, I understood, didn't read the paper, dreamed of retiring in the desert to craft Indian jewelry, and wouldn't know the significance of the slides he was reproducing. Just to make sure, though, it was suggested I stand next to the photographer in the studio as he worked and wait until he finished. "You never can tell," the editor said. The old aspiring Indian jeweler performed his task splendidly. He asked no questions and, when he finished, continued taking pictures of a Thanksgiving Day meal complete with cranberry juice.

A more serious problem was keeping the black-and-white prints in a safe place overnight. Since some word would certainly filter around the office, intense security precautions were in order. But the editor said there was not much we could do about that. "We don't have a safe," he said. "We never had a need for it." He said the black-and-white prints would be placed, overnight, in a back drawer heaped with rejected job applications. "No one ever looks in there," he said.

Then, the next day, the 19th, we would have to guard the black-and-white prints from the staff members in the office. The prints would have to travel a long and dark road—from the city room to the composing room. The editor assured me that problem, at least, was easy to solve. An assistant city editor would be assigned to gumshoe the prints around the city room. The man would not mind body-guarding the clumps of bodies. And after some deliberation we concluded we were reasonably sure the man wouldn't steal them himself.

4. The road from journalism school to massacre dealer is not as dark a road as the one from the city room to the composing room. In many ways it is a well-lighted and direct one. A journalism prof once told me he didn't really feel like a reporter until, working for a midwestern daily, he was assigned to poke his hands into the wounds of slain gangsters to verify the coroner's accuracy. A hyperthyroid old-timer who won the Pall Mall Big Story Award for his coverage of a Dillinger jailbreak once said you weren't a real hardnose until you watched an autopsy while eating a cheeseburger.

I began my journalistic metamorphosis boycotting Norman Luboff as a senior at Ohio University. I won the William Randolph Hearst Memorial Foundation Award as the nation's outstanding college journalist. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., in yellow-striped tie and shirt, patted my cheek and called me "Kid!" Lyndon Johnson was supposed to give me a gold medal but was too busy on the ranch that weekend. Hubert filled in for him. Hubert said that, as a Hungarian refugee, I was a fine example of America's greatness. Typically Humphrey-esque, he mispronounced my name and showed me a portrait of Dolly Madison on his office wall. "Do you know who that is, son?" Hubert asked. I was even interviewed by Radio Free Europe.

After that kind of beatification, I worked for a while in Dayton, Ohio, the cleanest town in America. It says so right on the wastebaskets. I didn't last long there. I was assigned to do a home-is-the-hero piece about the son of the president of the Chamber of Commerce, a returning Vietnam veteran. The Vietnam vet had an ear on his key chain. He asked me to feel the ear and said it was Charlie's ear. He said he'd killed Charlie outside Saigon one day and cut his ear off with a bayonet. He said he'd bottled the ear in an empty One-A-Day Vitamin vial before he put it on the key chain. I couldn't do the story and, tarred and feathered, left the cleanest town in America.

I was lucky the *Plain Dealer* hired me. The *Plain Dealer* could not have been anxious to hire Hungarian refugees. In 1943, a Hungarian refugee shot and killed the business manager of the *Plain Dealer* in his office. The refugee said he wanted to become the William Randolph Hearst of the ethnic penny press and needed some money. Poor man, like most ethnics he was taught that in America the streets are paved with gold. The business manager paid for the *Plain Dealer's* historic stinginess and Hungarians paid for the refugee's marksmanship.

Nevertheless, with the ghost of this mad Magyar killer peering over my shoulder, I prospered. The editors, pulling puppet strings, gave me good play; a five-year-old boy watched his little brother killed by an intruder; an eighty-one-year-old Greek immigrant was beaten to death; two boys fell in a mudhole and died; a man shot a boy setting off firecrackers; a twenty-three-year-old honor student, wanting to publish her first book, robbed a bank with a toy pistol; twenty-six skydivers died when they parachuted into polluted Lake Erie; fifty-two people died when the bridge they were on collapsed during rush-hour traffic. As the years went by, the front-page bodies given public burial under my byline increased. But Mylai was the biggest body count I had ever worked on.

I did not feel very un-American writing about an American massacre. When I was a kid, I almost died in the cellar of a Hungarian house because Americans were firebombing all the civilian population centers. Curtis LeMay was in charge of those bombings. But there were no pictures of any of that. No photographers were around to take pictures of those civilian dead. The Kiwanians never asked questions, and Curtis LeMay was transmogrified into a vice-presidential candidate.

Where were you then, Ron, where were you?

5. Ron told his story matter-of-factly. It was March 16, 1968, and he and his friend, Jay Roberts, assigned to the 31st Public Information Brigade at Duc Pho, volunteered for the mission at Mylai 4 to catch an inning of war.

"We came in on the second lift, which came about a half-hour after the first. We landed in the rice paddies and I heard gunfire from the village itself, but we were still on the outskirts. There were some South Vietnamese people, maybe fifteen of them, women and children included, walking on a dirt road maybe a hundred yards away. All of a sudden the GIs opened up with M-16s. Besides the M-16 fire, they were shooting at the people with M-78 grenade launchers. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

"Off to the right, I noticed a woman appeared from some cover and this one GI fired at her first, then they all started shooting at her, aiming at her head. The bones were flying in the air chip by chip. I'd never seen Americans shoot civilians like that. As they moved in, closer to the village, they just kept shooting at people. I remember this man distinctly, holding a small child in one arm and another child in the other, walking toward us and pleading. The little girl was saying 'No, no' in English. Then all

of a sudden a burst of fire and they were cut down. They were about twenty feet away. One machine gunner did it.

"There was no reaction on the guy doing the shooting. That's the part that really got me—this little girl pleading and they were just cut down. I had been on the ground maybe forty-five minutes at this point. Off to the left, a group of people—women, children, and babies—were standing around. The machine gunner had opened up on all those people in the big circle and they were trying to run. I don't know how many got out.

"There were two small children, a very young boy and a smaller boy, maybe four or five years old. A guy with an M-16 fired at them, at the first boy. The older boy fell over to protect the smaller boy. The GI fired some more shots with a tracer and the tip was still burning in the boy's flesh. Then they fired six more shots and just let them die. The GIs found a group of people, women, babies, and some girls. This one GI grabbed one of the girls, in her teens, and started stripping her, just playing around. They said they wanted to see what she was made of and stuff like that.

"I remember they were keeping the mother away from protecting her daughter. She must have been around thirteen. They were kicking the mother in the ——— and slapping her around. They were getting ready to shoot those people and I said—Hold it. I wanted to take a picture.

"They were pleading for their lives. The looks on their faces, the mothers crying, they were trembling. I turned my back because I couldn't look. They opened up with two M-16s. On automatic fire, they went through the whole clip, thirty-five or forty shots, and I remember actually seeing the smoke come from their rifles. The automatic-weapons fire cut them down. I couldn't take a picture of it. It was too ——— much. One minute you see people alive and the next minute they're dead.

"I came up to a clump of bodies and I saw this small child. Part of his foot had been shot off and he went up to this pile of bodies and just looked at it, like he was looking for somebody. A GI knelt down beside me and shot the little kid. His body flew backwards into the pile.

"I remember thinking: What's going on here? I mean, what the ———?"

6. His friend, Jay Roberts, said:

"I was a senior combat correspondent attached to the 31st Public Information Brigade at Duc Pho and I was the editor of *Trident*, the brigade newspaper. Until that day, I hadn't seen any combat. The army wasn't interested in combat, they just wanted features. Ron and I filed more hometown hero stories and I filled *Trident* up with all kinds of topical stuff about road clearings and ———. The only time I ever got shot at was by a sniper who couldn't hit anything. When the rounds started hitting about twenty yards away I suggested to Ron that we should get out of there.

"At seven-thirty a.m., right on schedule, the choppers swept over Landing Zone Dolly and picked Charlie Company up. As the choppers got close to the area we could see a lot of smoke on the ground and lots of gunships in the air. They were like puppies. The squad we were assigned to was getting its combat orders by walkie-talkie from Captain Ernest Medina. Medina had a reputation of being a damn good soldier. Some of the guys called him 'Mad Dog' Medina because he was such a hard disciplinarian.

"About halfway across the rice paddy to the village we noticed a small group of people running down the other side of the road. Our men open-fired and pushed across the field. No fire was returned. When we got to the road we saw a dead woman on the other side. A little kid was standing by her. I got back to that area a couple of minutes later, we were wandering around, and I saw the

kid was dead too. Two guys came out of the paddy nearby. They were both killed. I know because I saw one guy's head fly off.

"We went into the village and met Medina at the outskirts. That was around nine o'clock. He told us there were eighty-five KIA so far. We went on into the village. There were guys killing cows and pigs and others burning the hooches. Some seemed eager, others were just doing a job. I saw one guy with a ninety-pound pack cutting down cornstalks one by one. I know that you've got to destroy the enemy's resources. It's an old tactic and a good one. Sherman's March to The Sea. You've just got to.

"One GI was digging for buried weapons. One was chopping down corn. One was interrogating an old man and two children. I understand the old man was killed later but I didn't see him killed. God, those cows die hard. They had them in small pens, the size of a desk. They shoot them paff paff paff and the cow would just go moo. Then paff paff paff moo. They shot and stabbed all the animals, which were in effect support units of the VC. They didn't seem to like to kill cows and pigs.

"A couple of GIs brought out three women—one old woman, a younger, middle-aged one, and a teenager. Real pretty girl. They started hassling the teenager, shouting, "VC Boom Boom." The old lady moved in scratching and shouting and kicking between the girl and the soldiers, trying to protect her. The soldiers were shouting at the girl, tearing her clothes. Then one of them turned around and noticed Ron taking pictures. And they left off, sort of turned away as if everything was normal.

"We turned around and I heard one of the guys ask, "Well, what'll we do with them?" And another guy said, "Kill 'em." I heard an M-60 go off, a light machine gun, and when we turned back around all of them and the kids with them were dead. We walked through the village and noticed bodies burning on a front porch. The bodies were lying in a straw hut that had been pulled down from the road. Then we saw them dragging this guy from a hooch. He was dead. They threw him down the well to poison it.

"The thing that shocked Ron and me most though was a young kid. He couldn't have been more than six or seven years old. His face was bloody. His nose and mouth were fleshly and bloody and his arm was practically coming off. And the kid wasn't shouting or crying or anything. Ron moved in to photograph him, getting real close for some close-ups. He was about three feet away from the kid, focusing. Along comes a GI with an M-16, takes careful aim, and shoots the kid three times. Ron watched the kid being knocked back across his camera frame from each shot. I guess the guy would have claimed that it was a mercy killing. I mean that kid probably would have died from exposure or something. But we were an arm's length from the kid's face.

"There was M-16 and M-1 and M-60 fire going off all the time, sort of sporadically. All the time we were there, they were setting fire to the hooches. They were doing it on orders from the officers in the area. You got to remember that all this happened about the time the word "destroy" was being taken out of search-and-destroy operations by General Westmoreland.

"And it was just about this time that they found the old man with the pants coming off. The interpreter was asking him questions and the old man didn't know anything. He just rattled something off. Medina was there at the time and somebody asked him what to do with the man. Medina said: "I don't care," and walked off. He was busy making sure the place was destroyed and giving orders. After a moment I heard a shot and the old man was killed. They weren't taking any prisoners, you know.

"About thirty meters outside the village

there was this big pile of bodies. This really tiny kid wearing only a shirt—he only had a shirt on, nothing else—he came over to the pile and held the hand of one of the dead. One of the GIs behind me in the village dropped to a kneeling position thirty meters from this kid and killed him with a single shot.

"Ron and I left by chopper before noon to go over and see how Baker Company was doing. We had lunch with them. How could we eat lunch? Hell, I've seen soldiers eating their lunch sitting on top of corpses.

"None of the soldiers seemed bothered about it. I remember telling some of my buddies in the PIO about it. They acted like they didn't believe us. Ron and I thought about it a lot, but neither one of us is very much of a banner carrier.

"Back at Duc Pho I wrote about it for the brigade paper, *Trident*. I said a hundred twenty-eight Vietcong had been killed in a furious battle. I played it up like it was a big success. For one thing, Ron and I didn't think we'd done anything wrong. We didn't want to go to a military jail either. We were scared of the army. Besides, there was always the feeling we might hurt the country a little bit.

"For what? To make a few bucks?"

7. Ron and I were going over details, closeted in a *Plain Dealer* conference room with a tape recorder, coffee, cigarettes, and a wallful of front pages. I turned the tape recorder on and Ron started describing the little boy shot back into the pile of bodies. The tape recorder was supposed to act as a poor man's lie detector and spot conflicting details. Its value was minimized, though, by Princiotto, the night managing editor. "What the hell," he snorted. "We're not saying this thing happened. We're saying this guy says this happened. How do we know if he's lying? We can't send people there to check it out."

A photographer came in and told Ron to make some hard-hitting faces so we'd have our art to illustrate his art. Ron twisted his face, pushed his eyebrows up, made sweeping gestures. The photographer asked him to cover his eyes and look morose. Ron looked morose. The photographer told Ron to relax and speak normally.

"You got a fisheye lens?" Ron asked.

"I don't think it would work here," the photographer said.

"I wish I'd had a fisheye that day," Ron said. "That would have been something, huh?"

The photographer had his Nikon inches from Ron's face.

"The automatic-weapons fire cut them down."

Click-click.

"I couldn't take a picture of it."

Click-click.

"It was too much."

Click-click-click-click-click.

"I couldn't believe it."

"Okay," the photographer said, "that's great."

8. I thought about *Life* magazine when I thought about the million bucks. I remembered their exclusive big-money account by the girl who was taken into the Pennsylvania woods by a mad-dog hermit. I knew they had turned Abraham Zapruder's 16mm. camera to gold. I knew they owned the astronauts.

I told the *Time* magazine stringer in Cleveland that we had seventeen slides of the Mylai massacre in perfect color taken by a trained photographer. "Are you sure the quality is good?" he asked. "They don't run any stuff unless the quality is good." Assured, he called a friend—the *Time* stringer in Detroit. The *Time* stringer in Detroit called the *Time* bureau chief in Chicago. The *Time* bureau chief in Chicago called the *Life* bureau chief in Chicago. The *Life* bureau chief in Chicago called the *Life* national affairs editor in New York. Gerald Moore, the na-

tional affairs editor, called me. The entire Rube Goldberg process took forty-five minutes.

Gerald Moore said he wanted Haerberle and me on the next plane to New York. I asked if I could bring my wife. "Bring all your relatives," Moore said. I asked if the expenses would be paid "Everything will be paid," he said.

I called Ron and told him they wanted us up in New York right away.

"——," he said, "I can't go tonight. I've got a date."

"What about the million bucks?"

"If it looks good," he said, "call me and I'll go up tomorrow."

I called my wife, a former police reporter, told her about the massacre, and said I had a surprise—a free trip to New York. She was overjoyed.

"Will they wire the money?" she asked.

"They'll pay us back up there."

"What do you suggest we use for cash?"

"Well," I said, "I suppose we'll have to cash a check."

"We can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because it will bounce."

I thought about that a while and said:

"Well, we'll borrow some money."

"It's too late tonight," she said.

And since it was too late to borrow any money, it meant we couldn't fly up that night.

I called Moore back, told him Ron had a bad cold and that I couldn't make it up that night. What could I tell him? How can you explain about borrowing money when you're going to ask a guy for a million dollars?

"Why not?" he asked.

"Ah, personal reasons," I said.

"Are you a white-knuckled flyer?"

"No, no, nothing like that," I said.

"We could wire the money," he said.

"No problem," I said, "no problem."

Late that night, thinking things over a bit, grasping for perspective, I talked to Ron again:

"Listen, man, I think a million is a bit excessive. What do you say about a hundred grand?"

"Well, all right," he said, "if you're sure."

9. The first bid for the massacre at Mylai was made by Associated Press picture editor Hal Boyle before the pictures appeared in the *Plain Dealer*, before we ever got to New York's Gotham Hotel.

William M. Ware, executive editor of the *Plain Dealer*, called Hal Boyle in New York and told him the Associated Press could put no pictures of the Mylai massacre on the national wire because of copyright restrictions. Boyle didn't like it and asked to talk to me.

Assured of the pictures' photographic quality—"You're sure they'll reproduce?"—he offered \$20,000 "on the spot." I said it was not enough.

"Twenty-five," he said. Still not enough.

"Listen," he said, "what do you think this is? You can't sell those pictures for more. What happens if the Pentagon releases those pictures and you don't make a cent on it?"

"Try and convince them," I said.

"Well," he said, "I warned you."

That he did: for the next ten days, the Associated Press, making no further bids, was pounding on the Pentagon's door, trying to convince the generals that the best way to get even with those un-American moneymakers (us) was to give the pictures to the AP for free.

10. My wife and I got to New York the next afternoon—six hours before the November 20th edition of the *Plain Dealer* would carry the pictures; the penny pony players lined up in the newspaper's lobby would become some of the first Americans to see the carnage at Mylai. We checked into the Gotham Hotel, where reservations had been made for us by *Life* magazine.

I had been mulling over our \$100,000 demand on the plane, wondering how I would couch the demand, hoping the words would come without a bob of the Adam's apple. It is not easy to ask for \$100,000 when you are worried about a tip for the cabbie. The seventeen technicolor slides were in a black briefcase which I hugged to my lap and which I had used, in my days at Ohio University, as a lunchbox.

Half an hour later, I was in Gerald Moore's office in the Time-Life Building as Moore wordlessly lifted each slide to the light, shook his head, and reached for the next one.

We walked the slides over to their photo art section where Life Assistant Managing Editor Phil Kunhardt asked for them and, after three slides, paled.

"My God," he said, "I presume you want to sell these."

"Well, yes."

"How much did you have in mind?"

"One hundred thousand dollars," I said, as firmly and evenly as I could, feeling very weak.

Kunhardt gave me a long and fixed look, and his pale face reddened and then turned a medium purple. He looked away before he spoke and his eyes caught on the slides.

"It's, ah, too late tonight, of course," he said. "Come back and we'll discuss it in the morning."

"By the way," Moore said, "don't sell it to anyone else until we talk to you."

"Will Haeberle be here?" Kunhardt asked. "What could I say? That he had a date and couldn't come? That he would rather not get involved?"

"I'm not sure," I said, "he's pretty busy." "Well, I really think he should be here," Moore said. "After all, he is the photographer."

I went back to the Gotham to call Ron and caught him before he went out.

"Listen," I said, "it looks pretty good."

"Oh, yeah, how much?"

"Well, I threw the hundred thousand at them and they didn't say no."

"Huh, you don't think we could get more than that?"

"Well," I said, "I don't know. I think you'd better come up."

"Can't you handle it?"

"I think they want to ask you more questions."

"What for?"

"They want to hear more details from you," I said.

"Ah, hell," he said. "Well, all right. But I can't come up tonight. I'll take the first plane in the morning. And listen, I've been thinking about our security."

"Security?"

"Yeah, we're in a funny position. What if the word gets out that we're selling this stuff and the army tries to do something. Or the CID or the FBI or the CIA? What if this phone is tapped?"

"I guess I never thought about that," I said.

"I mean," he said, "they do have assassins, like the Beret that rubbed out that counter-spy, you know?"

We agreed he would fly up under a phony name and I'd make the reservation for him at the Gotham under still another name.

"I don't trust those guys," he said. "Maybe the guys at Life can get us private dicks or something."

Hoping the phone wasn't tapped, with the door bolted, the windows shut, and the shades pulled, I called the Plain Dealer to make sure none of the black-and-white prints had been stolen.

The city editor laughed. None of the prints had been stolen but we had another problem.

The printers, belonging to an adjunct of the Teamsters Union, angry about four men they claimed were being harassed by one of S. I. Newhouse's recently imported overseers, had walked off the job.

The Plain Dealer was in this fateful position:

For one of the few times in the quotidian rag's history, it had a story of international significance which could, conceivably, die stillborn on the city desk.

Looking at it in retrospect, as far as the greening of the massacre is concerned, a strike would have been a godsend. As it turned out, the Plain Dealer's appearance on the streets the next day would cost us \$70,000.

11. The printers went back on the job forty-five minutes before the penny pony players paid a dime for a look at the Mylai massacre.

There, at the top of the page, six columns wide, was the clump of bodies. The outline said: "A clump of bodies on a road in Vietnam. A glaring headline next to it said: "Exclusive."

"This photograph will shock Americans as it shocked the editors and staff of the Plain Dealer. It was taken during the attack by American soldiers on the South Vietnamese village of Mylai, an attack which has made worldwide headlines in recent days with the disclosures of mass killings allegedly at the hands of American soldiers. This photograph and others on two special pages are the first to be published anywhere of the killings. This particular picture shows a clump of bodies of South Vietnamese civilians which includes women and children. Why they were killed raises one of the most momentous questions of the war in Vietnam."

The other headlines on the page said: "Cameraman Saw GIs Slay 100 Villagers" "Senate OK's Draft Reform, Lottery Eyed for January"

"Gunmen Blind Tellers With Tear Gas" "Conrad, Bean Start on Second Moonwalk"

12. Ted Princiotto, once praised for his reporting by J. Edgar Hoover, has never been overwhelmed by fame. Thanks to that, the Plain Dealer easily shrugged off the first serious attempt to assassinate the credibility of the pictures.

The first salvo came a few minutes before midnight, less than an hour after the strike threat had been averted, less than halfway through the first press run. The caller said the pictures were phony and, in the national interest, begged Princiotto to stop the presses.

"Listen," Princiotto said, "I don't have time to talk to you right now. We're on deadline."

The caller said that in his esteemed opinion there was no relationship between the photos—that "a photo of soldiers marching through the paddies has no connection to the village scenes or bodies."

"The pictures don't prove that anything took place," the man said. "You're doing a disservice to America." He said he had some experience with photographs and it appeared to him "the whole thing is a hoax." Princiotto, in his characteristic way, got rid of him as gently as his nature, on deadline, permitted.

The caller was internationally known combat photographer David Douglas Duncan—in Cleveland that day promoting his latest book—a retired U.S. Marine Corps lieutenant colonel, and the only photographer to have unlimited access to the President of the United States.

13. Less than an hour after the residents of Cleveland got their sneak preview of the massacre at Mylai, the telephone in Room 801 of the Gotham started ringing. (Not for nothing is the Plain Dealer known as "The Starter.") It didn't stop ringing for three days.

All the Plain Dealer reporters stringing for the National Enquirer and Midnight magazine and the London Daily Telegraph-Sun-Times-Mirror made breathless offers—congratulations and pittances.

The Plain Dealer's criminal courts reporter,

a friendly soft-underbelly Canadian, who keeps his family's linear sword on his suburban walls, stringing for one of the London tabloids, called to say:

"I have spoken to my superiors in London and they have empowered me to make you an offer of twenty-five hundred dollars for exclusive world rights."

"—," I said.

"It's a very fine offer," he said in his best Toronto cockney. "I would advise you, speaking now as a friend, to accept it. You never know, the price might go down."

James M. Naughton, a friend, formerly the Plain Dealer's politics editor, a recent addition to the New York Times Washington Bureau, called hoarse-voiced to say that his national editor had just gotten him out of bed.

"Look, Eszterhas," he said, "do me a favor. I know you guys are interested in Life. I know the Times won't offer any money, but, for God's sake, will you talk to them? As a favor to me? They'll send someone over."

Messrs. Simor, Goula, Tsudo, Palotelli, Lucentini, Hauser, and Blythe—whom Ron would refer to as the SS—representing most of the major European magazines, all made bids and all seemed personally affronted by the \$100,000 price tag.

"I demand to speak to Mr. Haeberle," one heavily accented gentleman said. "Who are you? Are you keeping Mr. Haeberle away from his public? Can you be trusted? Mr. Haeberle is an international figure now. You must permit the press of the world to speak with him. You have aroused the curiosity of the world. You must live up to that responsibility."

At two in the morning, I met in the hotel bar with a young reporter from the New York Times. The reporter asked that the Times be allowed to run the pictures, "if you have some handy," and tried his best to conduct an interview concerning Ron's actions at Mylai that day.

"When Mr. Haeberle gets here," he said, "we will of course want to speak to him too, but right now we're on deadline."

The Times man seemed personally affronted when I told him the exclusive pictures and account would be sold as a package and that, therefore, I couldn't tell him anything.

"But these are basic questions," he said, "and, after all, we are the Times. Certainly you won't hold us to that."

Still unsuccessful, he got angry: "This is absurd. You're not a journalist. You can't be a journalist and treat the Times this way. You are a public relations man."

At seven in the morning, my friend Naughton called from Washington again.

"They just got me out of bed again," he said. "The guy we sent over said you insulted him. Do me another favor. Gene Roberts, our national editor, wants to talk to you. Can you go over there and talk to him?"

"We're going to be pretty busy," I said. "I don't know."

"Oh, all right then," he said. "I'll see if he can meet you at your hotel sometime."

At ten to eight, Ron walked into the hotel lobby, red-eyed and wearing wraparound sunglasses, going past a Daily News reporter in a trenchcoat who was haranguing the desk clerk about Mr. Haeberle's room number.

Ron had shared a coach seat on his flight with a man who, reading the front page of the Plain Dealer adorned with his picture, turned to him and said:

"They shouldn't let the newspapers get away with all this —."

We walked over to the Time-Life Building, passing the trenchcoated Daily News man again, taking great care crossing at intersections. Ron was still talking about the CID the CIA, and the FBI.

"They better give us the dicks," he said. "When we got to the Time-Life Building, a bevy of mini-skirted secretaries was paying

homage to a television set. Astronauts Charles Conrad and Alan Bean were walking around on the moon. Conrad was humming. His humming was off-key. Ron was humming along with him.

"Whoopee," said Conrad. "Man, that may have been a small one for Neil, but that's a long one for me."

"Hey, that's neat, I don't sink in too far. Dum-de-dum-dum, dum-de-dum-dum," Conrad hummed. "Man, I feel like Bugs Bunny."

14. While Bugs Bunny cavorted on the moon, patriots and character assassins cavorted in Cleveland.

After the pictures appeared, the readers of the *Plain Dealer* did not care that Tom Vail had once slept in Lincoln's bed at the White House. It did not matter that he had once chatted with President Johnson in his pajamas.

The *Plain Dealer* got more telephone calls that day than ever before in its history. It was terrible. To editors who view three negative phone calls to a story as incontrovertible evidence that a reporter is incompetent, the phone calls meant prolonged stupors of melancholia. They were forced to twist their sterile pieties to our defense.

Some even appeared on television, talking in *Columbia Journalism Review* terms about the story. You understand, the hierarchical party line held, the *Plain Dealer* does not say this happened. The *Plain Dealer* says a photographer alleges that this happened.

One sealed envelope was personally delivered to a news editor. In it, final proof was offered of Haerberle's sinister un-Americanism. Damning, self-condemning words appearing under his signature, an invitation to an office party. "We promise a good time for all at next week's party, especially chicks, guaranteed." Haerberle's holding an orgy, inviting his company's virginal pink-cheeked secretaries.

Clevelanders never mince words. The fact the *Plain Dealer* had endorsed Carl Stokes, a black mayor, was bad enough. But these pictures, to many of them, were the work of communists or communist dupes.

Dear Editor:

"I firmly believe that a newsman will sell his soul and lives of GIs for a byline in the *Plain Dealer*. This confirms that truth is stretched more than rubber. Integrity among newsmen is far more rare than virtue among prostitutes."—J.L.R., Youngstown, Ohio.

"The exposure and publicity given the story of supposed American atrocities in Vietnam was ill-advised at a time when negotiations are underway. The *Plain Dealer* through gaining national attention has offered the enemy another opportunity for propaganda. This reporting is not in the interest of the peace we seek."—H.C.A., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

"I strongly object to the placement of a picture of war dead or any other equally sordid material on the front page of the *Plain Dealer*. While such a picture is certainly newsworthy, I feel it can do a great deal of harm in such a conspicuous position of the home-delivery edition. To a young child whose perspective about life is limited, and to whom everything is immediate and close to home, the concentration of impending doom and death can be severely damaging."—G.A.G., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

"Whatever the motives, the *Plain Dealer*, by publishing the picture of civilians killed in Vietnam, became a highly rated candidate for an award for betrayal of our dead in Vietnam."—J.R.S., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

"Just what does Ronald L. Haerberle think war is, a picnic? Sure civilians get killed, what else does he expect? I think it's pretty ridiculous to make such a fuss over the killing of Vietnamese civilians."—Mrs. R.D., Alliance, Ohio.

"I think the *Plain Dealer* staff is sick for

printing the picture of the dead Vietnamese. How many mothers, fathers, and wives have lost their loved ones in Vietnam? Put that in your *Plain Dealer*."—G.K., Parma, Ohio.

Later that day, there was some good news. The vice-president had alerted newsmen in Washington that he would have some things to say about the news media. The *Plain Dealer* hoped for a vice-presidential mention. Maybe, besides the Pulitzer Prize and the mention in *Time's* press section, the *Plain Dealer* would be immortalized by a defamatory vice-presidential panegyric. But, alas, the *Plain Dealer* was not singled out and Tom Vail would call his general attack a "great service."

Question: The vice-president denied any intent to intimidate the news media, but is there intimidation implicit when the number two elected official of the nation makes a statement or speech such as he made last night?

Vail: I do not feel that Mr. Agnew is threatening anything. I do feel that the news media does overreact and that it is terribly sensitive about itself; maybe all businesses are this way, but I feel the vice-president is doing a great service in getting the media to examine itself, and we are trying to produce, as far as the *Plain Dealer* is concerned, a very balanced report. Whether it is always perfectly balanced, I doubt.

15. I was sitting in Gerald Moore's office at *Life*. Moore had his feet up on his desk, inches from the slides, and was rambling on about a turquoise Indian watchband he was wearing. He was killing time. For some reason, we were being stalled.

We were taken on a tour of the building. Finally, after great deliberation, Moore explained that in other parts of the building, frantic phone calls between executives were deciding the price tag to be put on the slides.

Some time around eleven, with Ron returned from a tour of their photographic facilities, Moore told us *Life* was interested in "some kind of an arrangement."

Over lunch, we asked if our names could appear on the cover of the issue that would carry the pictures.

"Well, ah," Moore said, "we usually don't do that unless its someone like Mailer or Hemingway."

"I don't know," Ron said. "I mean, no one else took any pictures."

Two martinis later, Moore told us:

"Guys, I'm going to give you some advice. You have to be cool about all this. Your actions in the next few hours will determine whether or not you're going to pick up a great deal of money—more money than you'll probably ever make at one time again."

We listened and didn't say much. When Moore left, we talked about what he had said. We had a tactical problem. Was Moore a friend or was he a point man on some camouflaged assault team? I thought we could trust him. Ron said he thought it was a con.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I figure they are trying to knock the price down and he's trying to soften us up. So I don't think we should give it to them unless we get the price. I think we should get tough."

We had an hour to kill, Moore told us, before Dick Pollard, *Life's* photo editor, would make the concrete offer.

"Men," Pollard said, an hour later, "after a great deal of deliberation, we have decided we don't want to act, in the eyes of the public, as brokers for massacre pictures. Therefore we've decided to make an offer which will give us the exclusive rights to the pictures. We will decide whether we will sell the pictures to anyone else and we will decide whether we will run the pictures ourselves. You'd be yielding all rights if you agree to these terms."

"What amount were you thinking of?" Ron said.

"Seventy thousand dollars," Pollard said.

We asked for a huddle and went into a corridor, followed by a hundred secretarial

eyes. Everyone in the building seemed to know what was going on.

"What do you think?" Ron said.

"I think the money's good," I said. "but I don't know about all this talk of not running the pictures. If they don't run the pictures, you probably could have gotten a better price from the CIA."

"Yeah, I know," he said, excited, "but I figure we can get much more than that. Hell, if they're willing to give seventy, just like that, they can give more."

"I don't know, man," I said. "I think Moore was trying to tell us something over lunch."

"—, no one else has the pictures. No one else is going to run them, let's go for higher." When we went back into the room, Ron said:

"Well, I figure you can go higher than that."

"What were you thinking?" Pollard asked. "Around a hundred and twenty thousand," Ron said.

Pollard whistled. "That's a lot of money," he said. He said he had to make some phone calls and we left the room.

When we came back in, after another huddle and another debriefing concerning Moore's prophetic-or-cunning martini advice, Pollard said.

"We can't make a decision on that kind of money. Hedley Donovan is at a board meeting in Chicago. He'll be here tomorrow. However, we can make a final offer of ninety thousand dollars."

We went back to the corridor again. Ron hummed.

"Nah," he said, "if they get up to ninety thousand like that, then they can go up to one-hundred. If they don't do it, then we can get it from some of the other guys we talked to."

When Pollard heard it was no deal, he grinned. He seemed pleased.

"Hell," Ron said, "if you people really want the pictures, then let's get Donovan here tonight. He can fly in. Tell him to come in tonight from Chicago."

Pollard seemed incredulous. "We can't, ah, tell Mr. Donovan something like that," he said.

"We'll give it to someone else then," Ron said.

"Listen," Pollard said, "we've played the game fair with you guys. What difference does another night make? We'll give you five thousands dollars for an option to expire at noon tomorrow. We can talk tomorrow. That doesn't obligate you to sell to us, just to give us till overnight."

"You'll give us the five tonight?" Ron asked.

"Well, a letter of agreement."

"Cash?" Ron asked.

Pollard said it was a little late and he didn't think they could drum up that much cash in the office, but they could give us a few hundred dollars in advance.

"Well, all right," Ron said, "until noon."

When we got back to the hotel, Gene Roberts, the national editor of the *Times*, and John Morris, the picture editor, were waiting for us in the bar.

"You have to understand," Roberts began, "that running the pictures in the *Times* will help you. It will authenticate your pictures. So far, they have only appeared in the *Plain Dealer*, and who cares about the *Plain Dealer*? If we run them in the *Times*, then it will be a matter of historical record."

The day was getting long on —.

"Do you want to buy the pictures?" I asked.

"The *Times*," Roberts said, "doesn't want to be in the position of buying massacre pictures. We want to help you sell them, though."

"— the *Times*," I said. I'm really getting tired of hearing about the *Times*."

"Joe," Roberts said, "I think you're being

very unreasonable about all this. I'm surprised. I've been looking around for a while for another reporter on our national staff and your name came up. You guys have to understand you're dealing with the *Times*. You can't deal with us the way you deal with the others. We're talking about certifying the accuracy of these pictures historically."

"We're talking about a historical steal," I said.

Morris turned to Ron.

"Who is this punk?" he asked, pointing to me. "What is he, your agent? You can't listen to him. Don't you have a mind of your own? Does he run your life?"

"Oh, I can run my life all right," Ron said. "Look, guys," Roberts said, "there is no reason to get upset about all this. We'll pay your travel expenses and your expenses here."

We laughed at him. In a few hours, the price had gone from a million to \$100,000 to \$70,000 to \$90,000 to \$120,000 to travel expenses.

"We'll do this, though," Roberts said. "We'll fix you guys up with the best broker in the world. That way we won't get mixed up in selling the pictures and at the same time you'll do all right."

When we finally rejected the *Times'* offer and got rid of them, Roberts shook his head and said, "Joe, I'm disappointed, very disappointed."

We hurried to the room, two guys sun-struck in the Big City Desert, and reached for the gin.

At 2:30 that night, Jeremy Blythe, an unctuous Englishman, calling for the *London Daily Mail*, said he was trying to put together a consortium of magazines willing to buy the pictures.

"The price is one hundred thousand is it, Joe?" he said.

"It's gone up, Jeremy. It's one-twenty."

"Dear," he said, "that will be more difficult."

He called back at six o'clock and said he had arranged the package of bidders willing to pay \$120,000.

We had agreed to meet in Dick Pollard's office at noon. High noon in the desert sun, I figured, would bring the magic offer. The \$5,000 option would expire and we'd get a \$120,000 check.

Other things happened that day, lost in flashes and humming, the quicktakes of phantasmagoria in the glare of international attention:

Lines formed that day at *Plain Dealer's* Washington Bureau in the National Press Club building for copies of the paper. But the lines formed for nothing, because the bureau chief and his three reporters spent a good part of each morning vying for that day's two *Plain Dealers*, and the visiting reporters had to content themselves with just a quick look.

Finally, when the South Vietnamese embassy, for the first and only time in its history, called the bureau for extra copies of the *Plain Dealer*, more were ordered.

"Are you taking these papers to Saigon?" a reporter asked an embassy official.

"Oh, no, nothing important," the official said. "Just for our interest."

The same reporter, later Thursday, talked to a Pentagon official who had heard the massacre pictures had appeared in the *Plain Dealer* that day.

"Have you seen them?" he was asked. "Christ no," the official said, "I don't give a — about what appears in the *Plain Dealer*. Who sees that? It's *Life* magazine we're worried about."

There were, too, during time-outs at Time-Life, shadowed dealings with the journalistic netherworld.

One call was from a man representing one of Japan's largest news magazines.

"We want to buy your pictures, yes?" the man said.

The inevitable question: How much?

"Five hundred dollars."

The inevitable reply: No.

"It would be very wise of you, sir, very wise, to sell us the pictures for that amount because if you do not sell them, we will steal them."

This, evidently, was a difficult kind of bidder.

"Steal them?"

"Of course."

"We'll sue you," I said.

"But, ah, it would take, oh, thirty years in the Japanese courts for the case to come to trial."

"How could you steal them?"

"Very easy, sir. We would copy pictures that were in the *Plain Dealer* newspaper."

I couldn't bring myself to believe all this and turned him down.

"Very well then," he said, "we will steal them. Pleasant talking to you."

(He wasn't kidding. The pictures were more widely circulated in Japan, it turned out, than any other country—including the United States.)

Another call was from a genial Italian who said he represented a newspaper in Bologna and was offering \$30,000 for the pictures and a story with a "special slant."

"For Italian rights?"

"But no, for Bologna," he said.

"How can a paper in Bologna offer thirty thousand dollars for the pictures?"

"You see, I have friends."

"What do you mean, friends?"

"Friends, signore. How can I say it? Friends from behind the curtain."

"The curtain?"

"The other side, you know, the Iron Curtain."

The Iron Curtain rights were turned down.

That afternoon in Cleveland, a jet landed at Hopkins International Airport. One man got off. He took a taxi to the *Plain Dealer*. He told the people at the *Plain Dealer's* promotion department he had come all the way from London to pick up fifty copies of the issue with the famous pictures. The *Plain Dealer* promotion people, very happy they worked for such a famous organization, smiled and basked in their importance. The man got back in the cab and the jet with his fifty *Plain Dealers*. Impressed that he had come from so far so fast, the promotion people didn't even charge him the \$5.00.

Thanks to his efforts, the pictures of the Mylai massacre appeared in England faster than anywhere else. English piracy would scoop the Japanese buccaneers.

Thursday night, while the selling of the massacre was delayed by a \$5,000 option and Hedley Donovan's alleged board meeting continued in Chicago, the massacre was being stolen.

17. Friday did not look like it would be a propitious day. That morning's *Times* had reported the sale by Paul Meadlo, a Mylai veteran, of a dramatic interview for the sum of \$10,000—all of which would go to Seymour Hersh's Dispatch News Service. Here we were in New York, with sales being made as far inland as Indiana, and the pictures still unsold.

At breakfast with the *Times* hit men, Roberts and Morris, Gene Roberts began the spiel again as Morris glared. They were like two robbery squad dicks—Roberts the nice guy, Morris the blackjack man. The meeting ended on a much harsher note than the last one. "— yous" were exchanged and we all rushed from the coffee shop—Roberts and Morris to their Times Square hideout, Ron and I, we thought, to the bank.

At 11:30, after another time-killing tour of the Time-Life Building, Gerald Moore ushered us into Dick Pollard's office.

"Listen, guys," Pollard said, "we've weighed all the considerations and we've decided we aren't interested in bidding for world rights. We're interested in U.S. rights only."

We grinned, confident that at noon Jeremy Blythe and the consortium would hand over their \$120,000.

At 11:45, deadpan, Dick Pollard said:

"Bad news, guys, I hear the *New York Post* will be on the streets in a few minutes running Haerberle's pictures on the front page."

"How can they do that?" I asked.

"I don't know," Pollard said. "I presume they photographed them from the pages of the *Plain Dealer*."

"Isn't that illegal?"

"I don't know," Pollard said.

He called Ted Majeski, the picture editor of the *Post*, and asked if it was true.

Majeski told Pollard they had copied the *Plain Dealer* pictures and it was legal because "his right [Haerberle's] to the pictures is dubious because he was an army photographer," and "national interest" demanded the pictures.

At noon, Jeremy Blythe appeared, pale-faced, without the \$120,000.

"Everything is falling apart, lads," he said. "The *Post* is running the pictures and I hear that most of the London papers will have the pictures in their evening editions."

"We'll sue them," I said. "They can't do that."

"I don't know, lads," he said, "I don't know. That will be very difficult. You'll have court costs and it probably won't get to court for four or five years."

"How did they get the pictures?" I asked.

"Well, the only way, I presume, is that they took pictures of the pictures in the *Plain Dealer*."

(We would hear about the mysterious Englishman who got the fifty papers much later.)

"What can we do?" I asked.

"Not much boys, but you have to count me out. With the pictures appearing all over the world, no one wants to pay any money."

Ron and I huddled in our corridor again.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I think we got —."

"—, —, —," he said.

He was facing the wall, tapping it with his hand. Inside, the secretaries had taken a typing break again and were grinning at us.

We decided we needed a lawyer. I called the *Plain Dealer* and the assistant to the publisher suggested a firm: "The best one you can get." Royall, Moegel, Rogers, and Wells. The lawyer recommended was named Caesar Petaskie. (We did not know until much later that the law firm's Rogers was William P. Rogers, Secretary of State.)

I called Caesar and told him it was an emergency. Unless we acted fast, the massacre would be completely stolen. Caesar said he would send telegrams to the major New York papers and newsmagazines advising them the pictures were copyrighted.

"What else can we do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said.

"So what do we do now?" Ron said.

"— them, let's go home. They're going to have to pay if they want to run the stuff. I think they're playing a game."

"—," he said.

We went back into Pollard's office. Pollard suddenly looked like he was very busy and didn't have much time.

"Are you people still interested in buying them?" Ron blurted.

Pollard looked out his window, then back at us and after a long pause, said, "Yes, we are. We are prepared to give you twenty thousand dollars for U.S. rights."

"Okay," Ron said.

A letter of agreement was quickly typed up and signed. We waited for the phone calls with other offers, but the phone was silent. Finally, *Der Stern* and the *London Sunday Times* called and offered \$6,000 and \$3,000 which were quickly accepted.

"You know you guys made one very serious mistake," Pollard said. "You had those

pictures run in the *Plain Dealer* and you didn't think anyone would use them."

"You mean steal them," I said.

"Yes, I suppose you can say that," Polard said. "But look at it this way: chalk it up to experience. That money would have gone into the air fast anyway. We gave some guy a lot of money, about sixty thousand for some footage a few years ago. So what happens? The guy gives up his store and goes to Miami and blows it on the ponies. His whole life was ruined. It's probably better for you that it all happened this way."

*Der Stern* sent a reporter over armed with pearl-handled walking stick and the manner of a storm trooper. He insisted Ron answer his questions about the "German angle"—Were you ever in Germany? Do you have any relatives there? Are you sure?

We finally got away from the storm trooper and ate at Mamma Leone's. It was a funeral meal.

"God," Ron said, "we could have made ninety thousand dollars."

I was drinking five-minute shots of scotch and wished for the first time in my life that I was back in Ohio, working on a hearts-and-flowers dog story.

"That ——— German," he mumbled. "He was more interested in my German relatives than in the goddamn massacre."

He didn't know then that among the rewards for his efforts connected with the massacre would be just that: the discovery of a German relative!

"DEAR MR. RONALD HAEBERLE: I have read your name in the German newspapers and I suppose you are son of my nephew, Charles Haberle, who was with Sunshine Newspapers in New York. My father and your grandfather would then be brothers. If this is so, I would like to hear from you. I am pensionary and my wife and myself are living in the Black Forest. I wish you Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the Black Forest.

"ALBERT HAEBERLE.

"WITTENSCHRAND, WEST GERMANY."

18. While *Life* magazine had paid \$20,000, it turned out the next day that some of their editors still suspected the pictures were phony. Ron and I called it the "David Douglas Duncan influence."

During a six-hour session with Gerald Moore, Ron went over the details again and again as Moore tested his accuracy. Hours after the sale, pictures were sent to *Life* reporters all over the world. They sought out Mylai veterans and asked them if they remembered separate scenes. Their editors' fears would finally be laid to rest by a veteran in Mississippi who, shown the pictures, took them to his grandmother and sobbed: "This is what we did in Vietnam." The old woman collapsed.

But we also had other things on our minds that day. That morning's *Times* carried this auspicious item:

An AP story quoted a Pentagon official at a conference in Brussels saying the Pentagon was seeking ways in which Haberle could be prosecuted for "hindering the investigation."

Moore told Ron it seemed "unlikely but possible" that the Pentagon would press charges on anything since he was out of uniform.

That morning's *Times* had also included another of Ron's pictures. Our hit men—the protectors of historical accuracy—had decided on a helist of their own. The *Times* does things with style, though, and their theft was the most brazen of the lot. Beneath the picture of the clump of bodies was the caption, *Ronald L. Haberle*.

Late that afternoon we got an emergency phone call from the *Plain Dealer*. The photo chief, an ex-marine who still carried a marine corps lighter and lead pencil, needed help. He wanted, immediately, special delivery, the black-and-white prints of Haberle which the photographer had taken in the conference room at the *Plain Dealer*.

"You're costing us money," he said. "Get them here as quick as possible. A lot of people want to buy his picture."

Thanks to the *Plain Dealer*, Ron's Mylai pictures were stolen all over the world. But thanks to the *Plain Dealer* a market still existed for his picture all over the world.

There wasn't much left to do in New York. Ron left early Monday morning, in a new striped shirt and tie, cash in hand ready to buy the candy-apple-red Corvette.

At *Life* magazine, the editors had decided not to put one of the pictures on the cover, fearing newsstand buyers would be repulsed. An antelope went on the cover.

Back at the *Plain Dealer*, everyone was interested in the most relevant question: How much?

The day after Ron bought his Corvette, a radio station headlined: "Ron Haberle, the massacre profiteer, bought a new Corvette yesterday."

I was overwhelmed by calls from veterans and others who claimed to have evidence of other massacres.

An old woman said she had proof her son had been killed because he refused to take part in the killing at Mylai.

Two men called claiming they had massacre pictures of a massacre in a Montagnard village—"all kinds of pictures of GIs killing"—and of a massacre where GIs allegedly took refugees to sea and dumped them overboard. "How much can you get?" both men asked. Neither man was willing to talk in person.

My telephone calls were divided between massacre tipsters, cranks, and stockbrokers who had read the overblown \$100,000 payment stories. "This is a good deal, Joe, and we can really cash in," they said. An insurance salesman came to the office and castigated me for my irresponsibility when I turned him down.

Ted Princiotto came back from a trip to Japan and, not knowing of the Japanese thefts, was amazed at the progressive nature of Japanese journalism. "They really had that stuff fast," he said.

A columnist in the *Akron Beacon Journal* wrote a column criticizing the *Plain Dealer* for carrying the pictures. The man held that what had happened at Mylai was not really newsworthy. He described how, during the Second World War in the Pacific, he had himself photographed holding several Japanese heads.

There was, too, the personal mail:

A clipped five-column picture of Ron which appeared in another midwestern paper (taken by the *Plain Dealer* photographer). A typewritten message on top of the picture above the back of Ron's head, which said:

"It's too bad they didn't kill you when you were in Vietnam as they are a bunch of animals—our boys shouldn't be there but you, a gun would be good for you."

Scrawled with red pencil, with an arrow pointing to his left eye: cut throat SB you." Red-pencilled onto his right cheek, from his sideburns to his nose. "You will get it."

A blood-red line went from his right ear, around his throat, to his left ear, where there were the words: "Dead you ———."

And:

"Commie Eszterhas: Too bad you couldn't cash in on the photos *Life* magazine has and poured out your venom against our country—by a far shot not yours. It will be very interesting to hear what the authority (FBI) has to say and not some biased, stupid commie. Why don't you go back to your foreign country and run down its government. I have the first article to read of yours that has ever upheld our government, but I suppose that is all you can expect of anyone with a name like Eszterhas. Probably never lived so good until you landed in this country. From someone who loves this country and have had two sons serve it—that is probably more than you ever done, like all our dirty hippies. Most

of them would serve Israel though and very eager to send the money they make here over there." Anon.

The *Plain Dealer*, meanwhile, wanted to show its appreciation: \$500 checks for Ron and me!

"You don't have to tell anyone else on the staff about it," I was told.

20. The *Plain Dealer* got neither the Pulitzer Prize nor the good mention in *Time's* press section, but Ron did win the Sigma Delta Chi Photography Award. He won \$500 and a gold statuette. He read about the award in the *Plain Dealer*. He called Sigma Delta Chi officials and asked why they hadn't notified him. They said they'd been looking for him but couldn't find him. A week later he got the gold statuette. It was broken into little pieces.

21. Christmas was bountiful. Ron ordered a specially built, souped-up stereo ensemble and a tape deck, along with a plane ticket to Hawaii. He gave a friend a few hundred dollars worth of abortion money. I gave my wife a gold necklace.

The Christmas mail brought, special delivery, a wall-sized poster of the clump of bodies in full color. The poster was put out by a peace group. Underneath, in big red letters, were the words: "And Babies? And Babies." © *Ronald L. Haberle*.

22. I saw Ron often in the months after that. His new Corvette was stolen, and he bought another. He went to Switzerland and Hawaii a few times, and I went out West. I was walking down a street in Tijuana one afternoon when I heard a yell: "Hey, Eszterhas," and Ron came out of the shadows, eating a taco.

On that same trip, at the Whiskey A Go Go in Los Angeles, with the Iron Butterfly ripping away, there was a light show. Slides: of John and Yoko; a Chicago cop wielding a billy club; Bonnie and Clyde. And then against a wall and over the ceiling, a slide of the clump of bodies at Mylai. And the band played on.

Ron went back to Premier for a while, viewed by his bosses with envy, but also with a kind of All-American respect: they were massacre pictures, sure, but the kid had made what they thought was \$100,000. For a time, during a truckers' strike, he drove a truck back and forth from Chicago, dodging Teamsters patrolling the highway with shotguns and rocks. Then he tired of the routine at Premier—he was fitting West Coast trips into weekends—and he quit. He was looking for a job. His photographic credentials were, after all, excellent.

He applied first at the *Plain Dealer*. The *Plain Dealer* had acted eternally grateful for his photographs and their international fame and, he figured, they might hire him for \$170 a week. He was wrong. He was told, in the most politic executive way, that all the photo jobs were filled but that he would be put on a waiting list. He figured his pictures had given him a "bad image" and tried to convince the *Plain Dealer* to run another page of his photographs. This would show the other side of the war—the other half of the Kiwanis Club show: GIs handing Hershey bars to the kids. The *Plain Dealer* refused.

He hunted jobs in Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, and Miami. Everywhere he went, it was the same story. No jobs, a place on the waiting list, we'll call you. He noticed too, at each stop, that they were interested until they learned that he was the Ron Haberle who had taken "those" pictures. He kept his trips down a bit and started looking for any kind of a job.

He spent a night with Jay Roberts, the writer who had been with him at Mylai and who had gone underground. Jay's hair was down to his shoulders, his beard flowing, and he was making himself unavailable to trials and committees, living his life in bits and pieces. Ron debated joining Jay but decided



against it. "I'm not a hippie," he said, "I'm not built like that."

One day the rear end of his second new Corvette broke down and he traded it in for a new one.

I went back to holdups and berserk fathers and warm, cuddly front-page puppies. On the afternoon of May 4th, my city editor sent me to Kent State University, where National Guardsmen killed four students. The city editor told me to "get some art."

I walked around Blanket Hill, with blood on the pavement and bullet holes in the trees, talking to kids, working my tape recorder, asking about pictures.

I saw Ron a few days after that, walking around with a bagful of shiny Japanese photographic equipment, trying out the new Corvette. He said he was thinking of going down to Kent to do some shooting.

"Man," he said, "I wish I could have been there. No clouds; the sun was up; the color would have been great."

I had heard him say that before, in another context. We stood there, next to each other, not saying anything, avoiding each other's eyes.

Nathanael West wrote: "Miss Lonelyhearts, 'I advise you to give your readers stones. Explain that man can not live by bread alone and give them stones. Teach them to pray each morning: Give us this day our daily stone.'"

"Aww, what the ———," Ron said, "let's get a beer." And after a while we did.

#### THE 32D ANNIVERSARY OF INVASION OF POLAND

### HON. FRANK ANNUNZIO

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. ANNUNZIO. Mr. Speaker, today marks the 32d anniversary of the tragic invasion of Poland by the Soviets. On September 17, 1939, the military might of the Soviets was thrown against Poland's eastern frontier. Unaided and unprepared, the Polish people fought valiantly against the invaders but succumbed in a matter of days to the pressure of the Soviet forces on the east and the enormity of Hitler's military machine on the west.

The Polish people were among those who suffered the most from the inhumanity of World War II—not only did they lose approximately 6 million of their population—but they have continued to pay in loss of their freedom and individual rights under the postwar Soviet regime.

Following the end of the war, after the German troops were expelled, the only foreign troops left in Poland were those from the Soviet Union. And through the coercive presence of their military forces, the Soviets subdued the Polish population and established a Communist-dominated government. The courageous Polish spirit, however, has not been crushed. It has remained steadfast and has demonstrated itself time and again, as evidenced in particular by the Poznan uprising in 1956.

However, on this 32d anniversary communism still maintains a firm and steady grip over Poland. Mr. Speaker, I know I speak not only for myself but for thousands of Polish Americans who reside in the Seventh Congressional District of Illinois, which I have the privilege to represent, when I express the hope that

the Polish people may one day be fully rewarded for the heroism and patriotism they have demonstrated since that fateful day—September 17, 1939.

Today, as we observe this anniversary in the House of Representatives, we look forward to the day when Poland shall once again join the community of free nations and enjoy the fruits of democracy and self-determination which they so richly deserve.

#### A COMPENDIUM OF CURIOUS EVENTS REPORTED BY THE CENTER FOR SHORT-LIVED PHENOMENA

### HON. LUCIEN N. NEDZI

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. NEDZI. Mr. Speaker, not widely known, the Smithsonian's Center for Short-Lived Phenomena is a global monitoring service of natural events which quickly reports to the scientific community unusual occurrences in the natural world so that they may be studied and recorded. Established in Cambridge, Mass., in 1968, the Center now has a network of nearly 3,000 sources.

A recent issue of the Scientific American contained a review of the Center's annual report. In my view, this article provides a lucid description of the excellent work of the Center which deserves wider publicity. Accordingly, I insert the Scientific American review in the RECORD.

#### A COMPENDIUM OF CURIOUS EVENTS REPORTED BY THE CENTER FOR SHORT-LIVED PHENOMENA

(By Philip Morrison)

Annual Report 1970, by the Center for Short-Lived Phenomena, Smithsonian Institution, Cambridge, Mass. (\$5). On April 8 an early-rising resident of West Hartford, Conn., saw "a bright streak like a bomb bursting." Later, at 6:00 a.m., Paul J. Cassarino of suburban Wethersfield awoke to find plaster on the floor of his living room. A meteorite weighing three-quarters of a pound had fallen through the plywood roof to lodge halfway through the ceiling!

Something of Cassarino's sense of celestial intimacy was transferred by postcard within a day or two to the many thousands of friends and subscribers of the service of the Center for Short-Lived Phenomena. The card told the facts, as telephoned to Cambridge by the very men who identified the rock as a *bona fide* meteorite. (It was a common kind of chondrite, and it was in the hands of expert analysts before the week was out.)

The Center for Short-Lived Phenomena has been at work since January, 1968. It grew out of efforts to "catch a falling star"—more prosaically to bring a freshly fallen meteorite into the laboratory quickly enough so that information about the cosmic ray intensity in space near the earth, perishably locked in short-lived radioactivity, would not have fully decayed. It was clear from the start, however, that many kinds of "fast and accurate information on the occurrence of short-lived natural phenomena" would be of interest to scientists in several disciplines. Today the center has 3,000 registered correspondents in some 150 countries; these scientists or organizations report nearby short-lived events and follow up on their first alerts, and in turn they receive the reports of similar events around the world. The chief resource of the center is the global communications network of the Smithsonian

Astrophysical Observatory, which uses commercial, NASA and other Government circuits. The center stays in touch with event areas as the events are in progress; it immediately alerts those persons and agencies that might quickly respond, and within 24 hours dispatches postcards that broadcast the alert; then it forwards authentic data and conclusions as study of the event proceeds.

This 300-page book, with maps and photographs, its text in unjustified typescript, indexes the work of the center from its very start. The bulk of the book is a summary of the 113 events in 51 countries that the center reported during 1970. These events fall into four classes. Earth-science events are just under 50 in number; they include 19 major earthquakes, 32 volcanic eruptions, tsunamis, landslides, floods, storm surges and more. Biological events are even more varied; they include oil spills and other major pollution events as imminent threats to the web of life, and they extend to events remote from the hand of man, such as the migrations of animals, blights and epizootics. The astrophysical events are mostly fireballs and meteorite falls (plus recurrent moonquakes!). Archaeology and anthropology claim such occurrences as the discovery of a ruin soon to be flooded or the first contact with a new group of people. The unifying theme is the need for on-the-spot scientific study of the event before its course is run; naturally this interest overlaps with, but is not the same as, the interests of the government agencies all over the world that are generally responsible for resource control, rescue and relief.

Tragedy is present, since everywhere the lives of men remain at the mercy of the largest forces of nature. The terrible November storm surges of the Bay of Bengal were Event No. 100 of 1970; the event was of course intensively reported in the regular news media, but the summary here (by Dr. M. Q. Khuda of Dacca) is eloquent in its simplicity. Although many hundreds of thousands died, "no permanent change in the land mark is visible." Mankind is perhaps most vulnerable along the many mouths of the Ganges. The avalanche that entirely buried Yungay in Peru under some 10 feet of mud in the earthquake of May, 1970, is described with equal care.

Late this summer the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley from its Canadian head to the Gulf can expect a cyclical peak in the number of migrating monarch butterflies; 1970 was the first of the two peak years that recur on a six- or eight-year cycle. Thousands of the bright-yellow-and-black creatures can be seen on a single tree. The cycle is the result of an interaction of the insect and a virus.

Why do whales beach themselves? Here is the account of the stranding of about 150 false killer whales, animals weighing less than a ton each, on a shelving Florida beach. Towed to sea by boats, they immediately swam back to beach themselves all over again. After a second towing effort perhaps a third of the animals found their way out to sea. On autopsy there was no sign of bacterial disease, but it was noted that the water was abnormally cold.

The crown-of-thorns starfish, that hungry predator on the living polyp of the hard madrepora coral, continues to spread alarmingly over the Pacific, again for uncertain reasons. The notorious Malaysian frog war of last November is reinterpreted; afterward there were tadpoles aplenty. Those 10,000 frogs were making love, not war. Deception Island, a drowned volcanic crater 500 miles south of Cape Horn, blew up in the wintry August of 1970. Its dust and ashes were "probably the most important [for] the last three years or so. It seems that the Dust Veil Index will be somewhere in the range between 150 and 500 (Krakatau 1883 eruption equals 1,000 . . .)." No one was there;

the first news came from Antarctic bases some 50 miles away, where a rain of black ash covered the entire area to a depth of millimeters.

By December, 1970, people had visited Deception; a photograph was published recently. The center's main purpose was thus fulfilled. Indeed, more than 84 of the events it reported in 1970 were investigated. But he who stays at home—amateur, student, teacher—can share a little of the investigator's excitement and awe at the changing fabric of our world by reading the center's alerts. There are services matched to all budgets and all levels of specialization. You can arrange for notice by wire, by airmail card or by weekly or even monthly batches, in each class of events. Schools and museums should be particularly interested. The cards supply just those details of place and time, with cogent appraisals, that the news services often omit.

The performance of this pioneer office is not faultless: the Annual Report—with much too bland a title—could be improved by greater editorial resources. It is nonetheless splendid reading as it stands; the "real time" services are even better and the future holds more. Surely the center is the first form of what someday will be a knowing and prescient worldwide public monitoring service both for action and for thought.

Long live the Center for Short-Lived Phenomena!

#### MINNEAPOLIS HEALTH HEARINGS

### HON. DONALD M. FRASER

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. FRASER. Mr. Speaker, at the hearings I held in Minneapolis recently, an important contribution in support of the Health Security Act of 1971, H.R. 22, was made by Mr. Dave Roe, the president of the Minnesota AFL-CIO, and Mrs. Bea Kersten, the director of community service for the Minnesota AFL-CIO. Mrs. Kersten brings to the question of health care a wide background in community service with individuals and groups attempting to reform our present system. Mr. Roe has worked long and hard throughout Minnesota for health reform and is one of the leaders in efforts to improve the system.

An extremely fruitful question-and-answer period followed Mr. Roe's statement. That statement is printed in its entirety below. In response to one question, however, concerning the need for prompt improvement in the delivery of health services, particularly in view of the rising medical costs, Mr. Roe made the following statement:

This thing is moving so rapidly with regard to medical costs; the labor movement is starting to take a very serious look in possibly building our own clinics and taking care of our own people. If the Government is not going to give the proper consideration to some sort of control, if the doctors and the medical facilities are going to continue to let costs run rampant, we are going to have to give a lot of consideration to this proposal.

As is apparent from Mr. Roe's and Mrs. Kersten's testimony, the availability of health care for many in this country is a sham. It is indeed good to know of their support for the Health Security Act of

1971, a bill that would eliminate the inequalities and would control the costs indigenous to our present system.

The testimony follows:

#### SUPPORT FOR HEALTH SECURITY ACT OF 1971

The Minnesota AFL-CIO is completely in support of the proposed Health Security Act of 1971, the bill now pending before the U.S. Congress. The proposal, which is H.R. 22 in the House and S. 3 in the Senate, will enable every Minnesotan and every American to enjoy comprehensive quality health care. The statistics underline the need for this program and speak for themselves. With existing health insurance programs, babies in 17 other countries have a better chance of living to age 1 than they do in the United States. Baby boys have a better chance in 21 other countries and baby girls in 9 other countries of living to age 1. Two hundred million Americans—99½% of our citizens still have no dental health insurance coverage. 122 million, 58% of our citizens, have no coverage to pay for visits to the doctors and dentists offices or for home visits. In short, the cost of a major illness is so expensive that 9 out of 10 Americans are unable to pay the high cost of care without severe economic sacrifices.

Every other western country in the world has a national health plan and citizens in no other country pay as much as we do for health care according to our information.

Recently, February 16, a representative of the national AFL-CIO was in Bloomington, Minnesota to speak to staff members of the Fairview Hospital. The mere fact that he was invited to speak to a group of doctors is a sign that their attitudes are changing at least in regard to a system for national care. Although I might add until he got them back on the track they were more concerned with wages and the likes of that than for the specific purpose of health care which we came to talk about. The office of the national AFL-CIO is now getting more requests from the medical groups for speakers than they can fill. There seems to be one major problem which those who provide the medical care, the doctors, don't understand. This is the problem of gaining access to decent medical care.

The fact that a doctor may have the world's best training concerning medical problems doesn't mean that he automatically understands the practical, social, economic problems involved in getting medical treatment. Some of your speakers last night alluded to this problem—these are people seeing the doctor and not numbers.

The fact that the amount of time a doctor spends in learning the techniques of good medical care probably means that this doctor doesn't have any time to develop social problems and understand what you face if you're elderly and low-income or middle-income persons seeking medical care. The Medical School at the University of Minnesota, for example, still does not teach any course for doctors dealing exclusively with the delivery of health care. Some of the doctors are starting to get this exposure. So, in closing, the Minnesota AFL-CIO believes that the best solution to the problem of health in this state and the country is the Health Security Act of 1971.

#### MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN— HOW LONG?

### HON. WILLIAM J. SCHERLE

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. SCHERLE. Mr. Speaker, a child asks: "Where is daddy?" A mother asks:

"How is my son?" A wife says: "Is my husband alive or dead?"

Communist North Vietnam is sadistically practicing spiritual and mental genocide on over 1,600 American prisoners of war and their families.

How long?

#### THE NORTHERN IRELAND SITUATION—A REPORT: NO. 3

### HON. MARIO BIAGGI

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. BIAGGI. Mr. Speaker, this Nation has established itself as the protector of freedom and democracy in the world. Its institutions have served as examples for numerous other emerging nations. In the past we have been known for our outspoken position against oppression and tyranny wherever it existed.

Something has happened to the United States in recent years, though. Hungary was run over by the Soviet oppressors and the United States did nothing. Czechoslovakia tried to reinstate freedom and a semblance of democracy, but the United States stood idly by as their ambitions were crushed. Today another people in Europe are under the yoke of oppression.

Perhaps the people of Northern Ireland are not thought of as being denied freedom and human dignity, but the fact is they are. Under the Special Powers Act, British soldiers are systematically taking people from their homes and detaining them for indefinite periods. Their presence has been the single most powerful contribution to the state of war in the province. People feel they are forced to strike back when they are backed against the wall.

And the oppressed people of Northern Ireland have been fighting back. Yet, deplorable as all this violence and oppression is, the British Government continues to mark time hoping the problem will go away. It is time for this Government to speak out strongly in support of the people of Northern Ireland.

From the press reports, a person might glean that the only shooting is being done by the IRA provisionals. However, the following two reports that I will insert in the RECORD following my statement point out that the problem of violence is widespread on both sides. I commend them to my colleagues' attention:

REPORT ON THE INVESTIGATION INTO THE SHOOTING OF SEAMUS SIMPSON (AGE 21) OF 53 MALCOLMSON STREET, ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1971

(By Eamonn MacMoruma)

The shooting of Seamus Simpson, a young married man, aged 21 years, occurred on Wednesday 17th August, in the early afternoon. It was difficult to pinpoint the exact time of the shooting, but at a conservative estimate, it would appear to have taken place somewhere in the region of 3.15 p.m.

The deceased was shot on the pavement, outside No. 43, Rosnareen Avenue facing Rosnareen Road, which runs in a direct line from the Shaw's Road into Rosnareen Avenue.

## ARMY VERSION

The British Army version of the incident, states (as reported in the "Irish News" on Thursday 12th August) that the deceased was shot because he was a "nail-bomber."

## SITUATION IN AREA BEFORE INCIDENT

At approximately 1.50 p.m. 15 to 20 soldiers stated in statements I, IV, V, and VII to be wearing black berets and in statement VI to be Anglicans, entered the area. (They were identified as the same troops who had been patrolling the area, during the previous days.) The eye-witness in statement II states that they came up on the green (which is at Shaw's Road) in two Saracens and the witness in statement I quotes one of the registration numbers to be—57 EK 66—(This witness copied that number down onto a piece of paper at the time of the incident and produced it to me when making the statement.)

At this time they met with no opposition or provocation of any kind whatever. The area was very quiet with children playing in the streets and women standing at their doors talking. Troops came into Rosnareen Road from behind the barricade which was at the Shaw's Road end of the road firing C.S. gas and shooting rubber bullets, and as quoted in statement V (made by one ex-serviceman) and VI, using live ammunition as well. They made a charge down Rosnareen Road, firing C.S. gas indiscriminately and as quoted in statement V, inviting the women out to fight. During the course of the afternoon, the soldiers, under the direction of a tall, fair-haired sergeant (VO smashed many windows and deliberately put gas into at least two houses, one of which is inhabited by the McCarville family. (I)

By this time a crowd of youths had gathered and had begun to hurl bottles and other miscellaneous objects at the troops. The troops continued to reply with gas, rubber bullets and live ammunition. The roofs of numbers 43, 45, and 47 Rosnareen Road have bullet holes in them, while a bullet went through the window of number 37, Rosnareen Road. (VII)

The stoning of the troops was continued by the youths and five of them were arrested. They were taken out of a house belonging to the Nolan family and made to lie down in the middle of Rosnareen Road while riot was progressing.

The riot continued up and down the street with the army breaking more windows as they were pushed back towards the Shaw's Road. They greeted every act and deed perpetuated by themselves with elation. They had pushed an ice-cream van down Rosnareen Road and into the garden of a house in Rosnareen Avenue. This was retrieved by youths and used as a barricade.

It was at this juncture that the deceased made his recognizable appearance. He came into Rosnareen Avenue from Tullagh Park, carrying a tri-colour on a pole. He rallied the youths behind him and led them in a few charges against the soldiers. It could be said, somewhat dramatically, that by this action he 'signed his death warrant' by making himself easily recognizable. The two eye-witnesses in statement IV claim that at no time did the deceased throw any missiles.

It was firmly stated by the quoted eye-witnesses and by and by many other residents that at no time during the riot was any substance of an explosive nature i.e. neither petrol nor nail bomb, used. As was stated by one of the witnesses, they were not expecting an attack or else they would have been ready.

After leading one of the attacks, the deceased moved back towards the houses in Rosnareen Avenue. The troops at this time were (i) behind the barricade at the Shaw's Road end of Rosnareen Road. (ii) in the garden of the flat belonging to Mr. William Rafferty and (iii) one soldier on the balcony at the back of the maisonettes. The deceased walked back to the houses in Rosnareen Ave-

nue and handed the tri-colour to another youth. It was at this point that a burst of fire rang out—about twelve (iii) and Seamus Simpson fell back towards the hedge between Nos 43 and 45 Rosnareen Avenue. He sustained a bullet wound in the side and it appears to have passed right through, leaving an exit-wound. He crawled approximately ten yards and lay there and began to bleed. This was outside the door of No. 45, Rosnareen Avenue, and the spot is now marked by a cross.

Several youths went to his aid but were obliged to withdraw, by a volley of gas, which was fired at them when they approached Seamus Simpson. Two soldiers, under cover of an armed guard, rushed across and grabbed him by the feet and proceeded to drag him along the length of Rosnareen Road to the barricade—a distance of approximately eighty yards, over stones and broken bottles, on his back with his head bouncing upon the ground. He was then dragged across the barricade and thrown on to the green. Father Fullerton, a curate from St. Theresa's Parish, left the home of Mr. Aldo Bernardo, 21, Rosnareen Road, to attend to Seamus, but was prevented from doing so by soldiers. Also he was refused permission to accompany the youth to the hospital in the Saracen into which he had now been thrown. Members of the Knights of Malta were also frustrated in their attempts to attend the youth and a St. John's Ambulance man had his satchel searched by military as he also tried to send aid to the youth.

The majority of opinion favours the view that the shot came from the barricade at the Shaw's Road end of Rosnareen Road. The witness in statement VI states that the shot could have been made by the soldier on the entrance left of the barricade, while stating that he believed that the shot was fired by the soldier on the balcony at the back of the maisonettes, which overlook that part of Rosnareen Avenue.

At the beginning of the narrative I deliberately stated that the "shooting" of Seamus Simpson occurred where it did and made no reference there and anywhere else, that he was shot dead. After being hit the youth was able to crawl about five to ten yards to where the cross is now and it was here that he commenced bleeding as is borne out by the witnesses and by the marks upon the ground. It is therefore safe to assume, that he was still alive at this point. (He was shot straight through the side.) It was at this point that the soldiers started to drag him up Rosnareen Road. This brutal treatment and that which he was to receive at the barricade and refused medical attention, must be deemed in some measure to be instrumental in his death. (I must add that here I am making a personal assumption based upon the facts presented to me.)

## CONCLUSIONS

The statement that the British Army were responsible for the shooting and the subsequent death of Seamus Simpson, there can be no doubt. Why he was shot poses conflicting statements. The Army state that Seamus Simpson was a 'Nail-Bomber'. The residents of the area firmly and categorically deny this charge. They say that there was nothing, used by the civilians involved in that riot, other than stones and bottles. The Army would probably then claim that he was about to throw a 'nail-bomb' but the eye witnesses quoted in the attached statements, all state that he was shot immediately after he had handed the tri-colour to another youth and therefore he would have had no time to prepare a bomb of any description. Soldiers were quickly on the scene after they had shot him to remove the body and they have not as yet stated that they found any explosive substance in his possession. There was no accidental explosion when he was shot and it is extremely doubtful if any of those who tried to remove Seamus when he fell could have removed anything. Also the range to the barricade was far too great to throw

anything and the only people who would have been injured were those civilian youths involved in the riots. And at any rate those witnesses quoted here and anybody else that I spoke to have all stated that the deceased had nothing in his hand when he was shot. The only reason for his death would appear to be the fact that he made himself a target by carrying that tri-colour. Another debatable point regarding the deceased is the reason for his being present at the scene.

There is no doubt that Seamus Simpson was a member of the Provisional Wing of the I.R.A. and he was accorded the honour of a volley of shots as his cortege passed Beechmount Avenue, on the day of his burial—an honour for those people who die on 'active service.' Therefore the theory may be justly put forward that he was an 'agent provocateur' But one must remember that he was a native of the immediate surrounding area and may have been emotionally involved in the riot. (e.g. carrying of tri-colour.) while on a visit to his parents' home or on the other hand it may have been a mixture of the two.

The behaviour of the British Army as stated by witnesses, must be censured. They received no provocation for the attack upon Rosnareen Road. In the opinions of some of the witnesses they 'behaved like animals' and treated all that they did as a cause for amusement and elation including the shooting of Seamus Simpson.

## DEATH OF LEO MCGUIGAN

(By Eugene MacEldowney)

On the evening of Monday 8th of August 1971, the Protestant families living in Cranbrooke Gdns, Farrington Gdns and Velsheda Pk decided to evacuate their homes. There had been gunfire in the area on Saturday and Sunday nights and one soldier had been killed. There had also been gunfire in the area on the morning of Monday 9th and one civilian Patrick McAdorey had been killed. (see separate report.)

As the Protestant families were leaving their homes the houses were systematically fired. This resulted in the loss of Catholic owned property as well. Eventually the people living in predominantly Catholic Estoril Park which backs onto Cranbrooke Gdns became fearful that their houses might also catch fire and so Catholic men and youths arrived in Estoril Park to assist in removing furniture from these houses. One man Mr. Bernard Morris also evacuated an elderly crippled Protestant lady from her home in Cranbrooke Gdns because she was in danger of being burned alive in her home.

As this was going on a stone throwing confrontation developed between Catholic youths and Protestant youths over the yard wall which connects No 2 Estoril Pk and the Belfast Corporation Bus-depot. In all about 25 Catholic youths were involved, an unknown number of Protestants were involved.

One Catholic youth, Thomas Gillespie, was right up at the foot of the wall when he heard gunfire coming from the direction of Cranbrooke Gdns. He ran down the garden and back into the street where he crouched behind the wall of the B.C.T. Bus depot. Looking up he saw a long haired civilian aiming a gun from the back bedroom window of No 17 Cranbrooke Gdns which backs onto Estoril Park. This house belonged to a Catholic family who had left because of the burning going on in the street.

When Gillespie looked up again the civilian fired and shot off the little finger and the top of the third finger from Gillespie's hand. He looked round and saw Leo McGuigan who had been with him all day lying wounded on the ground. Another young boy, John Savage, 12 years old was wounded in the forehead, eye and shoulder.

A lady who is a volunteer in the Order of Malta and who was further down Estoril Park with friends, heard someone shout "Keep down, he's ricocheting bullets off the

wall." The next thing she remembers, the three youths were wounded and Leo McGuigan was lying on the ground. She ran to give medical assistance and found the youth was still alive. There was a wound on his forehead but she could feel no exit wound which led her to believe the boy had only suffered a flesh wound. He was crying "Don't leave me, don't leave me." She comforted him and told him he was going to be alright.

The three youths were then taken to the top of Estoril Park where a motorist agreed to take them to the first-aid centre in Butler St. As the car was driving off a soldier who had been standing on Ardoyne Rd at Lipton's Supermarket came running down with a dressing in his hand to attend to the boys but the car was moving off by this time. He shouted after the car to halt.

Leo McGuigan was dead on arrival at Butler St School. All witnesses are adamant that he was shot by Protestant sniper.

#### ABOUT THOSE BICYCLES ON ROCK CREEK PARKWAY

### HON. CRAIG HOSMER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. HOSMER. Mr. Speaker, the following statement by the Director of the National Park Service has been submitted to me. It was requested due to the fact that several Members complained about the disruption of automobile traffic at this commuter bottleneck:

#### ABOUT THOSE BICYCLES ON ROCK CREEK PARKWAY

For sometime, specifically since last spring, several influential, interested individuals and organizations promoting the use of the bicycle as a commuter and recreational vehicle have urged us to promote and encourage opportunities for bicycle use. The use of bicycles on the C&O Canal Towpath, on the Mall and in East Potomac Park has been promoted.

We have closed portions of Beach Drive in Upper Rock Creek on weekends exclusively for bicycle use. In the past several months, we have paved 5½ miles of trails specifically designed for recreational bicycle use.

As a result of discussions with interested groups, which include the D.C. City Council and the D.C. Department of Highways and Traffic, it was agreed that we should test the degree of interest and the feasibility of a commuter bikeway in the lower Rock Creek Park area.

A two-week test was planned from Monday through Friday during morning and afternoon rush hours from September 13 through September 17, and September 20 through September 24. The test was undertaken jointly by National Capital Parks and the D.C. Department of Highways and Traffic, and consisted of setting aside one lane for the exclusive use of bike riders during the above rush hours. The portion of the Rock Creek Parkway involved covered 2.1 miles from the Shoreham Hill complex to the intersection of the parkway and Virginia Avenue, near the Harry Thompson boat center. Virginia Avenue was involved, by the District, from Rock Creek Parkway to 19th Street and Constitution Avenue.

Bike use the first day totalled 50; 269 the second day; 194 the third day and 163 the fourth day. A traffic tie-up on Monday, September 13, brought forth numerous complaints by motorists; however, it should be noted that the traffic jam was not caused by the bicycle commuter test. The problem was a broken water main which flooded the parkway near the intersection of Old Constitu-

tion Avenue and Ohio Drive. Automobile traffic throughout the remainder of the test has moved without difficulty.

With this showing of substantial interest by bicyclists, I have authorized the paving of an existing unused bridle path which parallels Rock Creek Parkway from the Shoreham Hill to Virginia Avenue. This bikeway, Washington's first bikeway created for both commuter and recreational use, is scheduled to begin operation on Monday, Sept. 20.

Due to the opening of this new bikeway on September 20, the current test will be discontinued after the Friday evening rush hour, Sept. 17.

This new bikeway follows precisely the existing but unused bridle path, riding activities having shifted in recent times to upper Rock Creek.

There will be no destruction of trees or natural values. A grader is being used to prepare the base for paving. The width of the bikeway is 6 feet, the standard for bicycle trails in National Capital Parks. The cost of this 2.1 miles of trail is estimated at \$35,000, which is consistent with the per mile cost of bicycle trails previously constructed in this area. Funds have been allocated to National Capital Parks from the Washington Office.

The original volume of complaints by motorists have virtually dropped to zero and now National Capital Parks reports that they are receiving large numbers of incoming calls applauding and supporting the concepts and principles of expanding the opportunities for use of the bicycle.

Never at any time was it contemplated that a long-term continued use of one lane of Rock Creek Parkway for bicyclists would be perpetuated. We simply sought to establish the degree of interest and feasibility before implementing the obvious solution, which was the use of the adjacent, parallel, unused bridle path which could be paved and used exclusively by bicyclists without conflict with automotive traffic.

We will continue to give close attention to this operation.

#### MINNEAPOLIS HEALTH HEARINGS

### HON. DONALD M. FRASER

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, September 17, 1971

Mr. FRASER. Mr. Speaker, Mr. Maurice McKay is the general manager of the Group Health Plan of Minnesota, an organization founded in 1955 as a consumer-sponsored prepaid plan. The plan serves the entire community including Federal, State, and university employees as well as private firms and trade unions.

The following statement was presented by Mr. McKay at the recently concluded health hearings I held in Minneapolis. As he points out, a group health care setting provides innumerable benefits. In this particular program, members saved \$1 million in hospital premiums. By emphasizing preventive care, a 1966 study showed that members spent fewer days in the hospital. And finally, group health day-hospital rates were significantly below the average charges for nongroup health hospitals.

I commend Mr. McKay's statement on the very real benefits of group health to all of my colleagues:

#### STATEMENT BY MAURICE MCKAY

The plan operates through modern medical centers, one in Minneapolis and one in

St. Paul, and a third one will be started in St. Paul very shortly. Physicians associated with the Group Health Plan are compensated on a salary basis. Payment to physician groups is on a capitation basis. Group Health of Minnesota operates much the same as the larger and better known Kaiser Plan of California and HIP of New York. These plans are known as pre-paid group practice plans or more recently as Health Maintenance Organizations, HMO. These organizations are usually distinguished by the following characteristics. The health services provided are rendered by doctors practicing together as a group in several specialties. The health services are substantially complete with the exception of dental care. The method of physical payment is usually that of salary or the pooling of six monthly payments. There is emphasis on early treatment and preventive health services. There is less reliance on hospital care and more reliance on outpatient care. Rewards for keeping the patient healthy are built into the system of physician payment. There is usually broad community representation in the governing body of the prepayment plan and there is a concern for quality standards in this type of system of health care.

In 1970 Group Health members enjoyed savings in excess of a million dollars in hospital premiums as compared to Blue Cross and the insurance companies in this area. Because planned members have full outpatient care at the Group Health Centers, they tend to use substantially less hospital care than persons who are insured under Blue Cross-Blue Shield and similar types of plans that do not provide office visits, check-ups, immunization and preventive medical services. In a comparison of Group Health Plan hospital costs with those of Blue Cross, it is found that premiums range from \$5 to \$18 a month less per family and from \$2.50 to \$5 less for employees without dependents. That is monthly. A study of medical and hospital services used by federal employees and dependents in 1966 revealed that persons enrolled in prepaid group practice plans used an average of 408 non-maternity hospital days for each 1,000 enrolled persons. This compares to 876 hospital days for persons enrolled in Blue Cross-Blue Shield and commercial insurance plans. This represents a savings of 468 days of hospital care for each 1,000 persons enrolled in the group practice type of plan.

In 1970, Group Health's average daily cost for hospital care was \$92 a day. This produced savings in hospital cost to Group Health members of \$43,056 for each 1,000 persons enrolled in the plan and we had a population in 1970 of about 30,000. We now have a population of about 40,000. This represented an overall savings to that population of \$1,291,000 in hospital costs alone. Though it is more difficult to make a comparison of medical costs, that is, physicians' services, we are confident that had we purchased the medical services that we rendered through our clinics from private physicians on a fee for service basis, we would have paid far in excess of what it cost us for physicians salaries, administrative services and overhead.

The public is not generally aware or well informed on the breakdown of medical costs. They are often of the opinion that surgery represents the major cost item in medical services. Actually, year in and year out non-surgical office visits far and away exceed the costs of surgery, including obstetrical care. Group Health finds that the cost of outpatient care, including office visits, outpatient specialist consultations, check-ups, immunizations, eye examinations, and related services exceed the cost of all in-hospital medical services, including surgery and OB. Though the public does not ordinarily realize this, the insurance actuaries very well do. Hence, visits to doctors' offices for the previously named services are not ordinarily covered. Moreover, the public is

unaware that the great majority of people do not have enough medical services in any one year to satisfy the deductibles in major medical programs. These programs do not ordinarily cover preventive medical services and eye care, unless it is for the treatment of the eye. They don't provide care for immunizations and well child care and things of this kind. These services are provided by the Group Health Plan and similar types of programs.

Among the federal employees, it was found that only 28.9% of the 7 million federal employees independent in 1966 received a covered medical service, non-maternity, in that year. Turning this around, it means that 70.1% received no benefits from their health insurance. In contrast, 85.5% of the federal employees independent who had a program like Group Health had covered services in that period. Insurance is largely a numbers game based upon statistical likelihoods of a condition occurring or not occurring, but it is not a health care program. The insurance company does not concern itself with whether a doctor renders a good or a poor service. They are not concerned with the availability of doctors. They are not concerned with the qualifications of physicians, and, in fact, they are not concerned about anything in the matter of health care delivery.

In summary, good health care will remain costly even if delivered in the most economic arrangement, but when good health care is delivered by an antiquated and inefficient system the cost becomes prohibitive to large segments of the community. The high cost of health care is not that the doctors are overpaid. It is that the prevailing system of payment encourages uneconomic practices, especially in hospital use. National priorities in health care are lacking. Such priorities as do exist are determined in the medical marketplace by the patient's ability to pay and by the doctor's ability to earn. Better and lower cost health care requires a national educational effort and a reorientation of physician and public attitudes about health care delivery and payment. It requires the encouragement of a more efficient system of health care delivery in payment and it requires national legislation that will permit freely competing systems to all and demonstrate their merits. If a national health bill is to increase the availability of care and more equitably distribute it, if it is to restrain costs and raise standards, and if it is to create a health care system satisfying to the doctor and to the public, then that bill must establish a system of rewards for efficiency totally lacking in the present fee for service system and also lacking in our medicare and medicaid legislation.

#### FIELD SCOVELL: A MAN AND HIS CITY

#### HON. OLIN E. TEAGUE

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. TEAGUE of Texas. Mr. Speaker, Columnist Bob Galt has written one of the finest articles and his subject was one of the finest men I have come to know in my life—Mr. Field Scovell of Dallas, Tex. The article to which I have reference appeared in the Sunday, August 15 edition of the Dallas Times Herald and under leave to extend my remarks in the RECORD I wish to include it:

FIELD SCOVELL: A MAN AND HIS CITY

(By Bob Galt)

This big fellow was making enough noise for three nightclubs full of celebrating pa-

trons. But he really wasn't celebrating. He was cursing Catholics, Irishmen and along the way put the blast on the Cotton Bowl.

The scene was a South Bend nightclub last November. Notre Dame had just beaten the big fellow's team, LSU, and was only hours away from announcing a return to the Cotton Bowl for the second straight year.

At an adjoining table, Field Scovell stirred restlessly in his chair. His glasses were low on his nose and he threw a hard stare over them. His fingers drummed nervously on the table. He occasionally took a deep sip from the "Shirley Temple" before him. Finally, he leaned over and tapped the man on the shoulder.

"Fellow, you have a terrible case of the lous. Why don't you shut your mouth?"

Field Scovell, age 63, had just reverted to his youth. His toe had been stepped on and he was challenging the stepee. The man had slurred one of Scovell's great loves—the Cotton Bowl. The fact that the Cotton Bowl is in Dallas only compounded the remark. Dallas—that's his No. 1 love.

There was no trouble. Scovell, in his deep raspy voice, talked and the big fellow listened. Within minutes they were laughing and joking.

Dallas' goodwill ambassador of sports had struck again. As all Scovell's friends will tell you, the LSU man's life was enriched that night. He got to meet Field Scovell.

Scovell, head of the Sports Commission of the Chamber of Commerce, perhaps knows more people and is known by more people than any man in Dallas. He spent over 50 years here and that represents 50 years of service to the city. The former Texas A&M football player has been an elected official only once. He served three years on the school board. But Scovell long ago lost track of the committees he's headed, of the drives he's fronted. He's no politician, just a super salesman. His sole product is Dallas.

"Field tends to explode too much, he's too sensitive to be a politician," says longtime friend U.S. District Judge William M. Taylor. "You have to be a little thick-skinned to be in politics. But I'll tell you one thing: If I ever ran for state office he'd be my campaign manager."

Scovell is thankful he has a job that allows him freedom to dash around the nation representing the Cotton Bowl or any other sports event connected with Dallas. He's a vice president with Southland Life. He joined the company in 1952 after spending over 20 years in the sporting goods business. Scovell's job is one of public relations. Southland could have never hired him as an insurance salesman.

"John W. Carpenter was the chairman of the board and he kept trying to hire me," recalls Scovell. "I told him, 'Look, the sporting goods business is all I know, and every day that I really pay attention I learn a little bit more about the business. I don't know a damn thing about insurance. He told me just trust him. I did.'"

Scovell had the assurance he would never have to leave Dallas, which is what really counted.

Earlier, Rawlings Sporting Goods of St. Louis—one of three athletic supply firms Scovell worked for during his earlier years—came up with an offer. He could become a vice president with the company. Ahead, he was promised, was the presidency.

"I wasn't aware you were moving your home office to Dallas," he told a Rawlings official.

"We're not," said the man, a bit dumbfounded. "It's staying in St. Louis."

"Well, I'm not interested then," said Scovell.

Scovell laughs about the incident. "They never did really understand why I wouldn't move, bless 'em."

The love for Dallas was too strong.

"I'm in debt to this city," he says now, "and I have this great fear I won't live long enough to pay it back."

Scovell remembers "all of the great and kind people of Dallas," of the many helping hands he received as a youth.

Scovell has never strayed far from the path of sports. He was an athlete through high school and three years of college until the great depression forced him to go to work as a posthole digger to help support his family. He was in the first class when North Dallas High opened its doors in 1922. And Scovell was the first youngster to answer the call for football drills.

E. D. Walker, Doak Walker's father, was an assistant coach at North Dallas. Like everyone who crossed paths with Scovell the teenager, Walker remembers him for his toughness.

"Jack Wilson was the head coach then," said Walker. "The first day of practice we were talking and he said, 'I like that kid with the bulldog face. He's tough looking.' Field was. I remember one day coach Wilson called him over and said, 'Lad, what would you do if I slapped you in the face?' Field looked at him for a second and said, 'Sir, I'm afraid I'd have to hit you back.'"

Brooks Conover, principal of an Irving grade school, was one of Scovell's teammates at North Dallas and Texas A&M.

"When we were freshmen at A&M we were playing a baseball game against Austin High," says Conover. "Scovell had that big voice then and was good at riding people. I think that's why he was assigned to coach in the first base box. Scovell really gave the Austin pitcher a tough time."

"The Austin coach kept objecting," he continued. "When the umpire wouldn't do anything the coach decided to do it himself. He went down to remove Scovell. They went to fist city right there and Scovell decked him."

Conover himself almost squared off against Scovell a few years later. He became the head coach at Ennis High and found himself short a game official one Friday night. He put in a quick call to Scovell in Dallas.

"I've forgotten what the play was, but Scovell made a call I didn't like," he said. "I started protesting and maybe got a little violent. I slammed my clipboard down and Scovell threatened to throw me out of the game. We got in a pretty good shouting match. I told him it would be a long time before I ever invited him back, and he told me not to worry that he wouldn't ever be back. There's no way, though, you can stay mad at Field Scovell. We ended up that night at my house drinking coffee and laughing about it."

Scovell said, "Brooks has forgotten what I did. Every time he'd open his mouth I'd penalize him. I penalized him so many times the other team had a first-and-goal from his one. But you know what? That team couldn't score. Brooks might still be mad at me today if he had scored."

Rooster Andrews, an Austin sporting goods executive, has known Scovell for years.

"I've heard it told that the only man who ever kicked Field in the rear end and didn't get challenged for it was coach D. X. Bible. One day in practice, coach Bible kicked the fire out of Scovell and knocked him down. Scovell leaped up and was ready to fight, but his good judgment took over. Field's always been known to be a level thinker at just the right time."

Bible, now living in retirement in Austin, laughs and says, "Well, you know how those stories grow by the years."

Bible has kept up with Scovell's career. "I know he has given a lifetime of service to advance the best interest of sports. It was obvious early that Field was going to do something in life, was going to be a leader."

"I always told my players you had to pay the premium if you wanted to reap the dividends. Field paid his. He'd always roll up his sleeves and throw himself into every play. He's done that all through life."

Conover recalls a time when Scovell had his feelings hurt by Bible.

"Field had a lab class and was late com-

ing to practice," he said. "Coach Bible had been lecturing us about some play changes. Field rushed up just as he was finishing. Coach Bible didn't know he hadn't been there all the time. He turned to Field and said, 'Okay, Scovell, what did I say?' Field told him he didn't have any idea and started to explain where he had been.

"Coach Bible wouldn't let him open his mouth. He ordered him to return to the lockers, get dressed and leave. The more Field tried to explain the madder Coach got. He finally grabbed Field by the seat of the pants and marched him off."

Scovell laughs and says, "He didn't just take me over to the sidelines. He took me right down the middle of the field, in front of everybody. I later told the other players they should have heard what I had to say to Coach Bible when we reached the end zone."

What?

"I said, 'Yes, sir.'"

Scovell is known today throughout the Southwest as "Mr. Aggie". He's the first fellow friends run to when they've heard a new Aggie joke. Somehow, he manages to hold his composure.

"There's no bigger Texas Aggie than Field Scovell," says Times Herald editor Felix McKnight, a lifelong friend and A&M classmate. "Aggie jokes really hurt him. He can get fighting mad again at times."

Scovell and wife Mary have two children. Sue is now Mrs. Jim Lavender of Fort Worth. John is married and serving in the Army. Both attended Texas Tech where John was the starting quarterback two seasons.

Scovell, naturally, wanted his son to go to Texas A&M. But he wasn't about to tell him so.

"I told John it was his decision. I didn't want to influence him. I didn't want him to wake up every Monday and say 'I'm here because my father was here.'"

McKnight adds to the story by saying, "John came to me one day. He was at a loss what to do. He said, 'Dad won't even talk to me about it.'"

Scovell took some ribbing from a few of his Aggie buddies when John packed for Lubbock. One, with a few drinks under his belt at a party, was really upset. He demanded a straight answer to a question, "Which team will you pull for when Texas A&M plays Texas Tech?"

"I was trying to think of a good answer," said Scovell, "when Darrell Royal stepped up. I knew he was at the party, but I wasn't aware he had heard the man's question. I'll never forget what Darrell said. He didn't even look at the man. He just said, 'You know, Field, a fellow who would ask that question either hasn't had a son or if he did, he didn't love him very much.'"

"That's just the way I felt. I don't care if your son is confined to Sing Sing, if there's a football game and the team with the stripes gets the ball you're going to pull for the stripes."

Scovell gained many new friends through his children's association with Texas Tech. And he picked up a new duty, one he likes. Gov. Preston Smith named him to the Texas Tech board of regents in 1969.

John Scovell distinguished himself at Tech, but it isn't likely people will be telling "John Scovell football stories" years from now the way folks talk of Field Scovell today.

"I was great," says Scovell with a grin. "I made two all-conference teams—my mama's and my papa's."

Scovell was famous for his classic football battles with the late Gordy Brown, an outstanding tackle at Texas. Brown attended old Bryan High in Dallas. He and Scovell fought each other for three years in high school and continued the battle into college. Scovell was an end in high school and a guard at A&M.

Although Scovell and Brown often drew blood from each other on the field, they were the closest of pals away from the game.

Friends, as well as Coach Bible, say Sco-

vell had his greatest game in 1928 against SMU. The Mustangs were favored but the Aggies deadlocked them, 19-19. Scovell was paired against Pony lineman Marion Hammon, who was to become an All-American tackle the next season.

"It was a great man-for-man battle that day," said McKnight, who was in the stands. "Field was the underdog, but he was the winner."

Scovell was a winner that day in more ways than one. Prior to the start of the season he found a used Model-T Ford he wanted. The price was \$50, but Scovell couldn't raise it. He turned to Julius Schepps, an A&M ex, for a loan. Scovell was to pay back a couple bucks a month.

"Julius came into the dressing room after the SMU game," said Scovell. "He was a pretty big A&M fan, but it scared me. I was behind in my payments. He said, 'Scovell, how many payments have you made to me?'. I told him I had made one for \$2.50 and another for \$5. He reached out, grabbed my hand, smiled and said, 'Scovell, you've paid me back enough. The car is yours.'"

After dropping out of A&M, Scovell spent some time in Wichita Falls, his birthplace. But he didn't see any future in the posthole digging game and was soon back in Dallas to apply for a job as a lifeguard at the old White Rock pool.

"I went to the parks department to be interviewed for the job," says Scovell. "I was told to come back in three days. I needed that job, and I didn't think a few recommendations would hurt. I had several friends call the man. When I went back the fellow said, 'Look, kid, I'm sick and tired of all these telephone calls telling me what a great man you are. If I hire you, can you stop the calls?'"

As for the job, he said, "It was great. The hamburgers were cheap at the concession stand and they let me sleep on top of the bathhouse at night."

Scovell had saved enough money by 1931 to go into business for himself. He bought an old service station on the corner of Cole and Fitzhugh.

"I lost everything in that venture, including my car."

Scovell also lost some money to a robber who surprised him one night at the station.

"He had this gun on me and told me to hand over my money. I opened the cashbox and started counting it out, 'five, ten, fifteen'. He stopped me and said not to count, that he'd do it. I told him, 'Like hell, fellow, I want to know how much I'm losing.'"

After a few months of doing odd jobs for a Dunlap representative, Scovell showed up in Austin in 1932 to work for C&S Sporting Goods. This was the beginning of the most colorful side of Scovell's life.

"George McCullough was the boss," he said. "When he hired me he said he'd give me a choice of \$100 a month or would put me on flat commission. I told him I didn't know anything about selling sporting goods and had better play it safe with the \$100. He said, 'No, you're going on commission. If you can't sell enough to make \$100 a month I'll fire you any way.'"

McCullough tossed a car key to Scovell. "You'll find a pickup truck out back. You can get a roadmap down at the service station on the corner. May God be with you."

Scovell was officially a traveling man.

Jack Gray, a former Texas Longhorn star, remembers Scovell the salesman.

"Everyone called him 'Scovell of the Aggies'. I'm sure there were a lot of people who didn't even know his first name. They'd just say 'Here comes old Scovell of the Aggies.'"

"I had a lot to do with that name," said Scovell. "I had to establish a beachhead. I was an Aggie in orange territory, a real oddity. Everyone at C&S was a Texas ex. I wanted everyone to know I was different. I'd just introduce myself as Scovell of the Aggies."

Scovell stayed with C&S until 1940 when he moved on to Rawlings.

"I took over Scovell's territory when he left," said Andrews, his old Austin pal. "That's the toughest paid of shoes I ever tried to fill. He was more than just a salesman. Here's a guy who loved everybody—the kids, their mamas and their papas. He'd go into a coach's house and end up in the kitchen stirring gravy with the man's wife. He'd not only get a free meal but sell a hundred jock straps at the same time."

"He'd sell you and you didn't ever know you'd been sold until you got the bill," continued Andrews. "Field wouldn't go into a school and just see a coach or a superintendent. He'd visit with the secretaries. He'd sweet talk 'em and give 'em a box of candy. I know damn well Field got some orders when he didn't even have the low bid in. Those secretaries would make typing errors in his favor."

Scovell's travels took him to El Paso, and, naturally, across the border to Juarez. It was there he turned "teacher".

"There was this old fellow with a one-man band," said Scovell. "I thought it would be great to teach him the Aggies Fight Song so he could play it every time I came over. I spent seven years and a lot of money on beer on that fellow. Every time I'd come back he would have forgotten most of it, and he'd say 'remember me'. I'd sing it to him again. The only part he was really good on was the 'saw varsity's horns off' part. That made it worthwhile."

Scovell started settling down a bit in 1939 when he went to Graham High to make a sale and met a teacher named Mary Dupree. She was to become Mrs. Scovell on Dec. 6, 1941—the day before Pearl Harbor.

"I didn't know I could stir up that much hell by just getting married," laughs Scovell.

Mary moved back to her home in Mt. Vernon to teach shortly before she married.

"I don't think her folks were too proud of me," said Scovell. "They didn't show me off much. People would ask Mary's mother what that young man did for a living. She'd very shamefacedly admit, 'He's a drummer.'"

Mary Scovell says, "He's the same now as he was the day I met him. He knew everybody then and he knows everybody now. I never cease to be amazed at the number of people he knows, people from every station in life."

If Mary wanted to be lazy about it, she could prepare dinner for Field in a hurry. He has two great loves—jalapeno peppers and ice cream.

During a recent hospital stay Scovell received many flowers from his friends. He appreciated them, but not near as much as he did a gift from old buddy Blackie Sherrod. He presented Scovell with a jar of jalapeno peppers.

Scovell's favorite stopping place in Lubbock is the In Town Inn. The restaurant keeps jalapeno peppers in stock to chop up in his breakfast eggs.

Mary says her husband's famous temper flares on occasions.

"He's funny. I could burn the dinner and he wouldn't say a thing. But let him drop a spot of gravy on his tie and he blows up. He isn't mad for long, but he can really explode at times."

Scovell comments on his temper by saying, "I've had quite a few Sunday suits that I didn't get to wear as often as I would have liked. I had a bad habit years ago of over-matching myself. I don't like to think that I've mellowed too much. I like to think that some common sense hit me."

"Scovell has always moved in circles where an alcoholic beverage can be found. But he hasn't had a drink in over 20 years."

"I decided one day there were a lot of things in life I wanted to do, and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to find all the time I needed. I took stock to see if I was wasting my time on anything. I just didn't see any need to drink. I quit."

But Scovell is not against others drinking. "If I had to make a choice, I'd rather be a drunkard than a prude."

Since he gave up beer and an occasional highball, Scovell has been drinking "Shirley Temples," said Scovell. "She explained that a Roy Rogers was the same thing as a Shirley Temple and that it sounded much better for a man to order a Roy Rogers."

Scovell, with his busy work and sports schedule, manages to find time for the church. He's an elder at the Preston Hollow Presbyterian Church and attends every Sunday he's in town.

"I feel very strongly about my ties with the Fellow up there," he says. "I'm afraid I've been a pretty heavy load at times. It's been kind of a one-sided arrangement. I've gotten more from Him than He's gotten from me."

Scovell says he's always tried to help others, especially youngsters. He received a heavy helping of support during his college days from the late Marion Church, a Dallas lawyer. Church provided him with financial aid.

"When I left A&M I went to see Marion. I told him I wanted to pay him back and wanted to work out the arrangements. He said, 'I'll let you pay me back if you agree to do it according to my terms.' I agreed, and he said, 'Later in life, if you get the chance, I want you to help some youngster to get an education. That's all the payment I want.'

"I started to argue with him, but he stopped me and said I had agreed to the terms. I've never forgotten that. Fortunately, I've had the occasion to help a few youngsters, but I don't feel like I should take credit for it. All the credit goes to Marion Church."

Church, Scovell says, was a gentleman with great compassion for his fellow man. Scovell is the same way. All of his friends use a common word when talking about him. That's "thoughtful."

Dallas real estate man Jim Hudson has known Scovell since his North Dallas High days.

"Field has got to be the most thoughtful person in the world. For years and years, until she died, Field always sent my mother a Mother's Day card. She loved him, too. She lived to be 93, but she was sure she would die before then. She made out a list of pallbearers 20 years before she died. She'd get mad occasionally and scratch off a name. Field's name was on the first list she ever made out. It never came off."

Scovell is known among his friends as the world's champion note-sender.

"I've never seen anyone as thoughtful as Field," said McKnight. "He must send out hundreds of birthday notes each year. He's constantly sending out hand-written notes to his friends. I'm sure he sends out at least 500 notes a year."

Scovell does a lot of his note-writing at a time when many of his friends are still in bed. He checks into his 10th floor office in the Southland Building every morning at 7 o'clock.

It is there he sits and looks out over the city he loves so much. He thinks of the past, but mostly of the future.

"There are so many fine young men coming up, so many potentially great leaders in our city. I know they're out there. They'll eventually take over and do things so much better than I've ever done them. When one of those young men comes to the front I enjoy just sitting back, pointing to him and saying, 'Look at him go. Isn't he a dandy?'"

But a lot of people in Dallas are not in any hurry for the youngsters to move up, especially if they're going to crowd Field Scovell.

Scovell of the Aggies is still hanging tough.

## THE OLD: DOES ANYBODY CARE?

### HON. WILLIAM L. SPRINGER

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, September 17, 1971

Mr. SPRINGER. Mr. Speaker, the following is the fourth of a series of eight articles on the problems of elderly people by Carol Ann Smith in the Champaign, Ill., News-Gazette. This article was published on September 1, 1971:

RETIREMENT: "I STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT"

(By Carol Ann Smith)

For the bulk of the population, retirement from the working way of life is inevitable—it is ordained by the company they work for. Others will retire because they want to, and others will work until the day they die.

The majority, however, will be retired. At the age of 65, on a specified day a working career will end.

"It was really strange," one man recalled. "One morning I got up to go to work and the next day I didn't. I walked around the house for an hour trying to figure it all out. I still haven't."

Retirement means the end of a social role, and it also means a drastic cut in income. Patterns of allocation of resources indicate that the average retired person has not, of his own volition, saved toward the day of his retirement.

He has perhaps a pension coming from the company, but his major asset will be the house he lives in and has, in all probability, paid for.

Indeed, in Champaign County, the past year's experience is that living here has required annual expenditures almost matching the annual income, leaving no room to save significant amounts against eventual retirement.

The pattern here is reinforced by the fact that the economy is a consumer economy: it depends on spending money, not saving it. Thrift is not really considered a virtue.

And so at 65, the average worker who retires can perhaps depend on a company pension. In all probability it will not be large.

But most workers can depend on Social Security and most of them have to. It may very well be the only income they can depend on.

The latest statistics indicate that there are 11,488 beneficiaries of Social Security in Champaign County. In the month of December, 1970, a total of \$1,640,000 in Social Security benefits were paid in all categories.

Experts at all levels agree about certain aspects of the Social Security system: it is among the most effective and successful institutions ever developed in the United States, it represents one of the most far-reaching public education programs ever accomplished in this country, and it is probably the most efficient bureaucracy in United States government.

One authority in the field goes so far to say that the Social Security Administration officials are "respected by the Executive Branch, the Congress and the public for their competence, devotion and honesty."

The system has two basic objectives: to guarantee minimum income support for the aged, the disabled and dependent survivors and to help moderate the decline in living standards when the earnings of the family head cease because of retirement, disability or death. The goals are independent since benefits go to families at all income levels.

It is financed by contributions from the employe while he is working and by the employer. The contributions go into a trust fund, and if the worker has become eligible, he will receive monthly checks which are not subject to federal income taxation.

The system is considered by some as a type

of transfer payment—a transfer of funds from the young worker to the aged retiree. It is considered by others as "social insurance"—a worker pays in and then collects when he becomes eligible.

It is not a voluntary system, and it is what economists call a "regressive tax." The tax applies only to a certain level of income and when that earnings limit is reached, the tax is no longer collected.

Some workers will pay the tax for an entire year, while others will pay only for a few months. Income tax, for example, is progressive—as long as you are earning, you are paying tax.

In 1970, the maximum taxable earnings was \$7,800 with an employe's tax rate of 4.8 per cent. In 1970, anyone who earned \$7,800 or more paid \$374.40 into the trust fund.

A wage-earner who went into the system in 1937 when it became operative, has, if he paid the maximum each year, paid \$3,765.60 into the trust fund.

Charles Thompson is district director of the Social Security Administration for Champaign-Urbana and the area.

"A lot of people come in here, saying that they paid in \$200,000—they are talking about taxable earnings," he said. "Nobody in the country has paid more than \$3,765.60 into the trust fund."

There is no "need test" for Social Security—one simply has to demonstrate that he has attained covered status, fully insured status. He need not prove that he "needs" the money.

"We'll do everything we can under the law to establish that status," Thompson said, and indeed federal courts have interpreted the Social Security Act as favoring inclusion rather than exclusion from beneficiary status.

There is one test, the so-called "earnings test," which dictates that no one receiving Social Security benefits may earn more than \$1,680 a year or more than \$140 in any month. If the test is violated, reductions are made in benefits and can reach the point of obliterating the Social Security income.

It is a complex test in many ways, and Thompson describes it as the thorniest problem for the administration to explain.

Experience has indicated that earnings test and all, Social Security does foster early retirement and then discourages active work participation until the age of 72 when the earnings test is lifted.

Early retirement means the drastic cut in income, drastic to the point of devastation.

"We know that a lot of people simply can't live on what those checks bring in each month," Thompson said, "but there just isn't anything we can do about that. We try to get them everything they are entitled to, but that is as far as the law will let us go."

The average Social Security check in Illinois is \$125.07 per month, and according to Thompson, Champaign County comes close to the average.

The recent increase in benefits account for some of the figure and the number of persons who have fully insured status at full benefit level is also part of the picture.

But talking to a Social Security beneficiary may well reveal that many are receiving less than that.

"I've never talked to anyone getting more than \$97.50 per month," one caseworker told The News-Gazette. "And that's all they've got."

## HOW ILLINOIS HANDLED ITS ATTICA

### HON. ABNER J. MIKVA

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. MIKVA. Mr. Speaker, it is a little known fact that nearly 20 years ago, Illi-

nois witnessed an incident which was painfully similar to the events which have wracked Attica State Prison over the past week.

Dorothy Storck has written a dramatic story in Chicago Today, September 15, 1971, describing the incident at Illinois' maximum security prison in Menard which took place in 1952.

The story describes the courageous handling of the uprising by Governor Adlai Stevenson, who took time out from his presidential campaign to come to Menard and quell the disturbance.

On a more melancholy note, Miss Storck's column also reminds us that not much has changed for the better in our prisons in the past 20 years, in spite of violent confrontations and official promises.

I would like to insert Miss Storck's article in the RECORD, and to express my hope that a similar piece need not be written 20 years hence.

The article follows:

RIOT! BUT WITH A BIG DIFFERENCE

(By Dorothy Storck)

In the early blast of the fall morning the state troopers moved in.

The National Guard was standing by, on alert as they had been for the last two days of this four-day prison crisis.

Outside the prison walls the wives and relatives of the guards who were hostage clutched at each other and tried to clutch at the authorities, begging them not to go in with arms.

Their men were in there, with knives at their throats.

The prisoners had shown their hostages. They had marched the guards out, one by one, so they could be seen by the observing team of officials and reporters.

The convicts had threatened to hurl their hostages from the top of the 50-foot cell tier if gunfire or violence was used to break up the prison riot.

One guard-hostage was dragged to the barricades by a convict and thrust toward the mediation team.

"How would you like to see this man's head roll in the yard?" the convict yelled. He held a crude knife to the guard's throat. "How would you like to see him all cut up?"

The inmates had listed their demands. They wanted better food. They said that altho the prison had a hog farm attached to it, they never saw ham on their dinner table. They demanded better medical services. They said prisoners were dying and no doctor ever came.

They demanded more liberal parole laws. They said they would not release their hostages unless the governor agreed to fire the parole board and the prison warden.

They wanted a promise of amnesty.

The governor sent in a representative, who asked them to talk to him "man to man" about their grievances.

They said they wanted "the big boss, the governor himself."

The spokesman said the governor was busy. He said there would be no "mass reprisals" if the inmates gave up the hostages. But, he added sternly, "disciplinary action might be taken as each man's case was considered separately."

By the third day of the riot the rumors were growing that the prisoners were sitting the throats of the hostages. No food or water was coming into the prison. The inmates were eating cats, the word came out. And they had broken open the water mains to drink.

The negotiating committee of newsmen and officials was getting nowhere. Amnesty, pardon for the crimes they were committing in taking over the prison. That was the de-

mand. And only the governor could answer them. In person.

"We want to see the big boss," the inmates chanted.

So he came to the small farming town where the prison was. He cut short his campaign for the presidency of the United States against the redoubtable Republican soldier in the closing hours before the election and came to stand in the prison yard, in full sight of the convicts.

The state director of safety, Michael Seyfrit, delivered the ultimatum.

"Attention East cellblock. I am calling to you to immediately release the guards unharmed and return to your cells. If you do this you will be immediately fed and your committee will meet with the governor to discuss all your grievances. We will use any force necessary to restore order."

There was no reply. Ten minutes after the ultimatum the state police fired warning shots. They then moved in. Gov. Adlai Stevenson of Illinois moved in with them, into the cellblock.

The convicts began backing toward their cells. One a tough lifer, held on to his hostage. A trooper fired a shot. It caught the convict in the hip. He released his hostage. That was the only casualty. All seven guards came out alive.

The riot in Menard, the maximum security state prison in Illinois, had ended after four days. And Adlai Stevenson drove back thru the brisk fall afternoon to Scott Air Base, 45 miles away, where a plane was waiting to take him to Pennsylvania, one of the states he needed to win against Gen. David D. Eisenhower.

That was Oct. 31, 1952.

We are told the things have changed a lot in 19 years.

There is now a "political consciousness," we are told, among prisoners—who are now 85 per cent black.

Well, the inmates at Attica did ask for permission to be "politically active." Presumably to shout "Power to the People" at curfew time.

And they demanded, if sprung, to be flown to a "nonimperialistic country." They did not name where that might be.

Most of their demands had to do with food and privacy and medical care and related human needs. They also wanted the warden fired, and they wanted to talk to the "boss" Just like the inmates at Menard.

At Menard in 1952 the boss came. At Attica in 1971 the boss sent word he couldn't make it.

Now maybe the governor of a state should not be at the beck and call of a bunch of convicted toughs. Forty-one lives at Attica, in the perspective of modern highway deaths and Viet Nam casualties, isn't much.

And maybe things have changed that much in 19 years.

#### MINNEAPOLIS HEALTH HEARINGS

##### HON. DONALD M. FRASER

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 16, 1971

Mr. FRASER. Mr. Speaker, a number of spokesmen for the health insurance industry testified in support of legislation to correct some of the deficiencies in our health care system at the hearings I recently held in Minneapolis.

Mr. Lynn Elling, who is a life insurance underwriter, discussed one of the proposals under consideration. He also provided insight into the talents that insurance professionals can bring to reform efforts.

The health insurance industry favors a proposal, according to Mr. Elling, that would recognize five necessities. Mr. Elling delimited these proposals. They are: First, an emphasis on increasing the supply of health professionals; second, an emphasis on ambulatory care; third, a redistribution of health resources through better health care planning; fourth, an equalization of costs; and fifth, emphasis on upgrading the quality of health care.

Mr. Elling also discussed the talents of the insurance salesmen and managers. It is his opinion that these men and women, through their professional training, can translate complex and confusing health insurance proposals into simplified explanations which fit an individual's needs. Also these men and women would be able to coordinate all of the various proposals that may exist under a future health insurance plan.

#### CHILD DAY CARE, CHILD ADVOCACY, AND CHILD DEVELOPMENT PRO- POSALS

##### HON. JOHN R. RARICK

OF LOUISIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, September 17, 1971

Mr. RARICK. Mr. Speaker, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the nation." Historically, in America as in all free countries, parental hands have rocked the cradles and the people ruled the nations. Conversely, in totalitarian countries, the government rocked the cradles and ruled the people dictatorially and mercilessly.

As Congress resumes its deliberations following the summer recess, we find ourselves confronted with several legislative proposals in a variety of forms but all seeking to turn control over the lives of our children in some measure to the Federal Government. If enacted into law, these measures would further undermine and lead to further deterioration of the family, locally controlled public school systems, and religious morals. The projected goals seem to be a planned collectivist society similar to that of Russia, Red China, and the kibbutzim of Israel and consequently the demise of individual freedoms secured to our people by the Bill of Rights.

This House has already passed H.R. 1 which directs the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to establish, with the concurrence of the Secretary of Labor, standards for child-care services. The Senate on September 9 passed S. 2007, a \$5.9 billion funding for OEO, but included in the bill was money for a comprehensive child-care program for all children, rich and poor alike. And I suggest that this is but the start in the program to federalize America's children.

If Congress or the bureaucrats were to come right out and proclaim that they were going to take America's children away from parents and home and put them all under Federal control, custody, and ownership, the parents of America would rise up in protest and indignation. The program would be reminiscent of



Hitler's children. So, what is bad must be disguised to appear good or at least economically beneficial in order to be sold to an unsuspecting citizenry.

Many Americans who are disgusted with inflation and the welfare load have been made to feel that day-care centers and child advocacy will somehow create jobs for working mothers and reduce welfare rolls.

Certainly if this were so, and employers needed workers from the nonworking mothers' labor market, they could do as some industries have done by establishing day care centers for their working mothers. Working mothers might also be granted tax deductions for day care tuition and expenses. It is not necessary for "Big Brother" Government to exploit a new political field by spending tax dollars for new buildings, social workers, and a new breed of Federal employees.

But strangely enough, those parents who would balk at being told the Government is planning on taking over their children, under the soft sell of helping others, are being persuaded to give up their children—a little bit at a time and actually believing the Government is right and doing good.

And then too, we have that small group who has been convinced that Government—the taxpayers—has a duty to help rear children, so the parents have more leisure time and need not be bothered by the problems and expense in the rearing of their own children.

If the people of America were aware of the details of H.R. 1 and of S. 2007 I have little doubt that they would oppose them vehemently. Members of this body should examine the tactics used in achieving Senate approval of the bill S. 2007.

First, the comprehensive child care program was buried within a bill bearing a noninclusive title. Second, the witnesses at the hearings on the bill were proponents in favor of the bill. In the five volumes of testimony, not one person appeared opposing the bill. Seemingly the bill was favored by everyone. More nearly correct, OEO neighborhood service centers, legal aid groups, and others sympathetic to the bill were alerted to send letters and telegrams in favor of the bill while no group of concerned parents or taxpayers' groups was invited to testify. Finally, the tactic of pressure from below was applied by such groups as the Day Care and Child Development Council of America, founded by Elinor Guggenheimer. Mrs. Guggenheimer was reported in Washington as a member of the National Policy Council of the Political Caucus urging Congress to provide day care centers the day S. 2007 was approved.

The intrusion of the Federal Government into local public education through liberally interpreted Federal laws and bureaucratic edicts backed up by Federal judges under the emotion of compelling racial balance has turned the once-prevailing atmosphere of order in our schools into disorder and chaos. Acceptance of integration as a status quo in turn called for the next step—busing to achieve racial balance. The busing of schoolchildren away from their neighborhood, a practice approaching ethical

and cultural genocide, is also a training program for the parents to condition them to accept future things to come by teaching them to yield to governmental paternalism.

Now that the Federal Government has gotten its political iron foot inside the door of the local schoolhouse, the provisions of the various bills for child development programs extend progressively toward the day when the Federal Government assumes complete control over children commencing at birth and our schools become child development experimental laboratories.

In a report of the Joint Special Education Study Group regarding the report of the Joint Commission on the Mental Health of Children and Youth, July 1970, the following recommendation for legislation is made:

Congress and the States should initiate legislation which would enable public schools, on an experimental basis, to become comprehensive child and family service centers.

The two mechanisms being suggested most frequently for accomplishing the "new society"—a term used by a leading exponent of child development legislation—are the day care center and the child advocate.

#### DAY CARE CENTER

Dr. Edward P. Zigler, HEW's head of the Office of Child Development, has stated that at the core of the Nixon administration's children program will be revolutionary day care centers which will not just provide facilities and care for children of mothers during their working hours but will concentrate on full child development between the ages of 1 and 6. More than one bill authorizes and directs the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, to establish child development programs and services as follows:

Specially designed health, social, and educational programs (including afterschool, summer, weekends, vacation and overnight programs);

Dr. Zigler made the following points concerning day care centers: First. A massive day care center program across the Nation serving children from all social and economic backgrounds is a primary need of the country today; Second. Bringing children together at an early stage of life—first 6 years—is one of the best ways to achieve socioeconomic integration; Third. Such a massive program would cost billions of dollars annually within a few years; and Fourth. The care and concern for children in the Israeli kibbutz is advanced beyond what we have.

A study made by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare points out that a day-care center which ministers to a child from 6 months to 6 years of age has more than 8,000 hours to instill in the child values, beliefs, fears, behavior patterns, and can so mold the child as to greatly affect his mind, personality, and future potential.

What values could parents expect the Government experts to instill in their children? The Joint Commission on the Mental Health of Children whose report influenced the child development program states:

Moral behavior might be defined as behavior which conforms to those standards which a society establishes as being good or right for which the group administers disapproval or punishment if transgressions occur.

This concept of "communal" democracy as moral behavior should be wholly unacceptable to most Americans, especially Christians, whose moral standards are not determined by majority vote of the crowd or by guidelines of the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare but by the Commandments of God.

The imparting of moral, spiritual, and social values to children should take place in the home and is the responsibility of parents not politicians. Where in the Constitution does the Federal Government achieve such power, duty, or right? What moral, spiritual, and social values could the Federal Government espouse except political training to perpetuate the policies of its leaders? Yet, proposed legislation for Federal child development programs provides that the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare will prescribe these standards.

#### CHILD ADVOCATE

At the White House Conference on Youth of 1970, which made numerous recommendations, some of which are reflected in the legislative proposals for child development programs, a forum chaired by Judge James J. Delaney of the Colorado Juvenile and Family Court provided these data regarding a child advocate: First, the child advocate would be the day-to-day protector of children's rights in nearly all areas of child concern; second, the advocate would intervene when a child's "liberty or health are jeopardized, whenever he is deprived at home, schooling, medical care, property rights, entitlements or benefits, or is subjected to involuntary treatment." For example, if a child is severely beaten by parents, the advocate might step in to get medical attention. If a child is suspended or expelled from school, the advocate might negotiate with the school on his behalf. The child advocate would also secure legal services for children who are arrested. In short, the child advocate would supposedly protect the rights of children against those whom he considers to be abusive and unjust parents, teachers, and police officers.

The child advocate would "reach aggressively into the community, send workers out to children's homes, recreational facilities and schools, develop new services, contract for others and modify existing services agencies so that the range of needs discovered is matched by the range of services available. They would assume full responsibility for all education in the community as opposed to schooling—including pre-primary education, parent education, and community education."

The intent to convert schools into child development laboratories by the bureaucrats who would prescribe regulations and guidelines in the administration of the proposed child development programs is clearly shown through pilot programs which are already being conducted even prior to the enactment of legislation. To date, six grants totaling \$655,000 have

been awarded for child advocacy demonstration projects.

In a "Program Administration Manual for Child Advocacy Demonstration Projects," of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare—January 8, 1971—we find the following information:

The Bureau of Education for the Handicapped and for the National Institute of Mental Health are interested in jointly supporting grants for innovative child advocacy demonstration projects to be operated within school neighborhoods. These pilot projects are intended to strengthen neighborhood resources and competence for facilitating optimal development of children. The ultimate goal is to improve total community resources and the delivery of services for the emotional, social and educational development of all children within the neighborhood, with special emphasis on improving the environmental systems for children presenting behavioral or developmental problems. Funding could be awarded to public schools or school agencies, community mental health agencies or any other type of combination (or consortium) of community or other non-profit agencies which would assure effectiveness and visibility of the project.

The purposes of a child advocacy program include but are not limited to "insuring that all children in a designated area have access to whatever human services they need, which are currently available in the community" and "identifying needed direct preventive and remedial services that are not available, and mobilizing resources to indicate those services."

Additional HEW guidelines to be followed by local applicants in submitting an application for a Federal child advocacy grant state:

The structure of the proposed advocacy system to be developed should be conceptualized to show how it will influence improvement of the environmental system affecting behavior of children (e.g., how it will improve behavior settings and relationships to significant people with whom the child interacts on a regular basis); how it will influence the development of mechanisms for creating new systems within the neighborhood which could improve the mental health of children; how it will develop continuous systematic linkages between the education agency and other community services on behalf of an individual child; how it will follow the needs of an individual child beginning at the infant or nursery school level and continuing into adolescence.

Infant is defined as "a very young child, usually from birth to 10 months; baby." (Thorndike-Barnhardt Dictionary)

#### IEWS OF PROPONENTS OF CHILD DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMS

It is significant in any discussion of proposed child development legislation to consider the views of its proponents—both individuals and groups.

According to a report of January 23, 1970 from the Jerusalem Post, a U.S. Congressman conducting a study of education in Israel with a delegation of the Select Subcommittee of the Committee on Education and Labor stated that the U.S. Government "rather late in the day is thinking of setting up a network of communal day-care centers." After leaving Israel, the subcommittee was to go to Soviet Union to study the Soviet educational system.

From the "Comments on Kibbutz Education Life by a Kibbutz Member Recorded at Kibbutz Ayelet, Hashahar on January 16, 1970" as published in the U.S. Government report of the Select Subcommittee of the Committee on Education and Labor the following account is given at page 50:

Now we come to the children on the Kibbutz. Women go to confinement in our local hospitals, and after three days they return to us. They put their children in the baby houses straight away. They also have the opportunity, the option, to take their babies home to their house and look after them there for the first six weeks . . .

Here we don't follow that system. After the first six weeks end, the babies go to the baby house. The mothers still come and feed them; breast feeding or bottle feeding at regular intervals. The mothers work only a four hour day until the baby is six months old, and after that the babies move on and go to a toddler house.

And then we move up into the kindergarten which groups larger number of children, groups of 10, 15, or 16 children being looked after by various women . . .

Then they move on at the age of 11 to the regional school we have on this kibbutz. We have children from 3 or 4 different kibbutzim attending this school until the age of 16. . . . Then most children go straight through school unit 18, until they go into the army.

Dr. Urie Bronfenbrenner, a participant in the 1970 White House Conference on Children, praised the Soviet system:

Communal forms of upbringing have an unquestionable superiority over all others.

When these contracted families (i.e., those who have placed their children in the communal institutions of upbringing) recognize that it is not sensible to expend so much work on maintaining an independent household for just two people, the family as an economic unity, having fused with other families and become incorporated into a large economic collective, will dissolve within the context of the future social commune.

Spokesmen of the National Education Association have likewise praised the Russian educational system. In an article in Today's Education, journal of the NEA of January 1969, the following forecast for the 1970's is found:

As non-school preschool programs begin to operate, educators will assume a formal responsibility for children when they reach the age of two.

Services to be offered . . . of major importance . . . early referral to coordinating social agency for treatment of psychobehavioral problems.

Biochemical and psychological mediation of learning is likely to increase. New drama will play on the educational stage as drugs are introduced experimentally to improve in the learner such qualities as personality, concentration, and memory. The application of biochemical research findings, heretofore centered in infra-humans subjects, such as fish, could be a source of conspicuous controversy when children become the objects of experimentation.

Enrichment of the school environment in the seventies—especially in the ghetto—to "create" what we now measure as intelligence by improving experimental input also will become more accepted. Few are likely to make an issue of efforts to improve educational opportunities for the deprived child. However, there could be a tinderbox quality to the introduction of mandatory foster homes and "boarding schools" for children between the ages of two and three whose home environment was felt to have a malignant influence.

In other words, "mental clinics" are

to replace schools and "indoctrination" replace education. In fact, preparations for training the "clinicians" for elementary schools have already been started. The U.S. Office of Education of HEW using taxpayers' money has provided for the development of a clinician training program. In a final report dated January 1970, entitled "Feasibility Study: Behavioral Science Teacher Education Program," we are told that the Behavioral Science Teacher Education Program—BSTEP—is designed to achieve the development of a new kind of elementary schoolteacher who is basically well educated, engages in teaching as clinical practice, is an effective student of the capacities and environmental characteristics of human learning, and functions as a responsible agent of social change. BSTEP provides the elementary teacher with particular sets of behavior and mental processes to function as practioner specifically trained to give comprehensive aid to a client.

HEW's "Pacesetters in Innovation" is a compilation of HEW projects to advance creativity in education—PACE. The PACE program is authorized and funded under title III, supplementary centers and services, of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965.

A study of these projects, which are being funded in school districts throughout America, manifests that the public schools are to be the primary instrument for changing human nature. Specially trained individuals known as "change agents" are expected to effect the changes in individuals through group dynamics, group interaction, and sensitivity training. For example, HEW project No. 001-996 provides for "experienced teachers from model or pilot schools to act as change agents through staff rotation."

Project No. 001-783 calls for a 5-day resident laboratory in human relations and sensitivity training for teachers as team members prior to the introduction of team teaching in the school system.

That HEW planners do not plan to tolerate dialog or dissent to the changes they desire to effect in America's children is evidenced by project No. 002-230 which states:

Forces which block the adoption of new ideas will be identified, and ways to overcome these forces will be explored.

It also provides that:

Emphasis will be placed upon sensitivity training and interaction.

Dr. Edward P. Zigler, the appointee of President Nixon to be the "Nation's advocate for all children" as head of the Office of Child Development, is reported to have stated:

People don't recognize the monumental nature of this legislation and what effect it can have on the country in 20 years.

He has reportedly praised the care and concern for children in the Israeli kibbutz, the underlying principle of which is "To each according to his need and from each according to his capacity."

Once the Federal Government usurps the role of the parent in rearing of children, one man—the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, an unelected planner—would dictate standards for programs vitally affecting children dur-

ing the precious years of infancy, childhood, and youth regardless of parents' wishes.

And let us be perfectly frank. The child development programs make no mention of economic status, age or parental consent. Parents are to have no choice in the matter. The language of some of the legislation makes it clear that the child development programs are designed for all children. Who would have ever thought a few years ago that parents would be jailed for refusing to permit their child to participate in so-called sex education programs or to be transported miles away from their home or out of their neighborhood to attend a distant school? Yet, this is happening in America and this is just the start.

Under the provisions of the child development programs, Government bureaucrats would decide what food children will eat, what is to go into their minds, the psychological tests and experiments, sensitivity training, and even the drug treatment they should undergo.

The term "day care center" can be misleading. A more descriptive term is "child development facility." The express language of proposed legislation would delegate such power and authority to the Heath, Educational, and Welfare Secretary to make him a dictatorial czar over our children. Consider that the language of H.R. 6748 authorizes and directs the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to design and set standards for "health, social, educational programs, including afterschool, summer, weekend, vacation, and overnight programs." The times indicated include 24 hours of every day in the year. Apparently no time is planned for the children to be with their parents. Perhaps, the Secretary would be kindhearted enough to allow parents to visit their children occasionally on weekends as parents are purported to be able to do in Russia and Israel. The proposed child development legislation should be considered a declaration of war against all parents who love their children.

The sudden clamor for enactment of legislation to provide child development, child advocacy, and child day care centers comes in the wake of two reports whose recommendations in some measure appear to have been incorporated in the language of proposed bills. These two reports are of the Joint Commission on the Mental Health of Children and the 1970 White House Conference on Children.

The report to the President of the White House Conference on Children is a shocking and radical document. It is replete with ideas and recommendations destructive of individual responsibility and freedom regarding direction of the lives of children and families. It even questions the matter of "who owns the child and who is to determine his freedom."—the parent or the government.

By in effect rejecting the Christian doctrine of original sin, the White House Conference on Children bases its conclusions on a false premise of the nature of man.

According to the report of the White House Conference on Children:

The primary tasks of families are to develop their capacities to socialize children, to enhance the competence of their members to cope with the demands of other organizations in which they must function, to utilize these organizations, and to provide the satisfactions and a mentally healthy environment intrinsic to the well-being of a family.

The traditional American family relationship of father and mother living in the same house with their children is referred to in the White House Conference on Children as a "nuclear family." But times are changing, we are told, and so must the family change. The conference report recommends legal approbation of these types of families:

(a) Commune family, monogamous—Household of more than one monogamous couple with children sharing common facilities, resources, and experiences: Socialization of the child is a group activity.

(b) Commune family, group marriage—Household of adults and offspring known as one family where all individuals are married to each other and all are parents to the children. Usually develops a status system with leaders believed to have charisma.

(c) Unmarried-parent-and-child family—Usually mother and child where marriage is not desired or possible.

(d) Unmarried-couple-and-child family—Usually a common-law type of marriage with the child their biological issue or informally adopted.

(e) Homosexual-couple-and-child family—The child is informally or legally adopted.

Apparently believing that it is the function of the Federal Government to minister to the needs of all children and their families, the White House Conference on Children, advocates the following:

(1) A child advocacy system at national, state, and neighborhood levels to delineate the needs of children and families, to promote solutions, to authorize studies, to hold hearings, and to promote the goal of healthy children and healthy families.

(2) Block workers appointed to help people living in individual blocks to support families in their block, to know who moved in and who moved out.

(3) Mental health services, legal aid, day care centers, food programs, protective housing, housing and recreational facilities, adolescent activity clubs, a 24-hour information source, etc. etc.

(4) Approval of the Report of the Joint Commission on the Mental Health of Children which emphasizes the need for comprehensive services for the mental health of children and youth.

(5) Neighborhood human service centers as the most efficient and effective means of gathering and providing human services for children, youth and families.

(6) Parent and child care centers (0-3 years).

(7) A free, federally supported public

education in the United States for children at age three.

(9) Because of the growing influence of child's peers, parents should encourage interracial, inter-cultural association of children across economic lines. Small low cost housing units, sprinkled purposefully in suburbia, and fully integrated schools would substantially enrich the value, understanding, competence, and self assurance of America's growing children.

(8) Because of the growing influence of have some control over their lives—to establish Child Power—institutions and programs that affect children should be required to actively involve children in their planning and decision making processes.

(10) Children in schools should have the freedom to express ideas verbally and in print; as well as by wearing buttons, badges, armbands, or insignia; should have freedom from corporal punishment, and freedom to follow their own taste in clothing and grooming.

(11) A reexamination should be made of the extent to which a child is entitled to seek medical and psychiatric assistance, birth control information, and even abortion without parental consent and over parental opposition.

(12) To establish a commitment to provide and promote diverse forms of leisure opportunities to all children without regard to their race, culture, sex, geographic location or economic status.

(13) All construction of housing, business, industry, and service facilities (such as hospitals) which receive federal funds should be required to provide developmental child care services, either by including such services in the construction or ensuring permanent funds for participation in existing or planned facilities.

(14) To achieve population stability, the poor and blacks should reproduce more and middle class whites should reduce their natality.

These are only a few of the scores of ideas, suggestions, and recommendations voiced at the 1970 White House Conference on Children funded by the taxpayers.

The suggestions voiced at the conference if implemented would lead to chaos and confusion and would turn this country into a totally socialistic society. Promotion of child power is intended to place the child in conflict with parent, teacher, law enforcement officer and his own peers.

The various legislative proposals include some of the suggestions of the White House Conference on Children. If these powers are delegated by Congress to HEW, we can expect to see all of these administrative guidelines.

And as the blueprint to kidnap America's youth using government and law as a vehicle, develops into a clear and present threat, our President in his address before the joint session of Congress said:

Regimentation and government coercion must never become a way of life in the United States.

Following his speech, the Senate passed S. 2007, to fund day-care centers for all children through age 14, for rich and poor alike.

1970 WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE ON CHILDREN