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the south, holding it right at 95 knots. That's the key speed for short-field landings. I touched down, put the flaps up and started hitting the brakes even before the tail came down. I steered around the mortar holes, but I just didn't worry about the rocket pods. We hit a bunch of them and kicked them aside.

"Then I saw the end of the runway coming up much too fast. That was the first time all day I was scared. I had to make a decision: Do I really slam on the brakes and probably tip her over, or do I take a chance on the overrun off the end of the strip? I decided to take a chance on the overrun. It was grass and soft dirt, and littered with these empty fuel drums, but it worked out real fine.

"After using up about 20 yards, I hit the left brake hard and swung the bird around in a big cloud of dust. I gave it a lot of power and taxied back down about two thirds of the runway. Jump waved to me from the weeds, and I stopped as quick as I could, about 200 feet past him. I hit the parking brakes and unstrapped to go and get him." Bullets were thumping into the plane, one of them two feet from his head. (Crewmen later found 19 bullet holes.)

At this point the other three A-1E pilots were flying strafing runs 50 feet off the ground. The lead pilot, Lucas, had just been hit hard, and his cockpit was full of smoke. "I told him, 'You're burning,'" says Hague. "Better get the hell out." He said, 'Roge, can't leave Bernie yet. We'll make one more pass.' I expected the bird to blow up in his face any second. I said, 'Roge, I'm Winchester!' (meaning out of ammunition). He said, 'Roge, me too, but they (the enemy) don't know that.' So we all made the last pass dry." For this bit of gallantry and leadership, Captain Lucas has been recommended for the Silver Star.

NEON-RED EYES

Jump Myers still could not believe what was happening. "Even after I had seen Bernie make his teardrop and come in to land from the south, I was thinking, *Well, they got another one.* It wasn't until he had taxied back past me and waved that I knew. *Why, that crazy s.o.b. has come in here to get me out!* I started running for the plane."

To Jump Myers, who set a record for the sprint at Williams Air Force Base, Ariz., back in 1943, the run seemed an eternity, although it took only 10 to 15 seconds. He was dashing down the middle of the runway in full view of every North Vietnamese who happened to look his way. "The gunfire was deafening, and bullets were whining all around. My shoulder blades were really puckering. I can tell you I made that run as fast as any old man of 46 ever could."

"I was just about to jump out and go get him," says Fisher, "when I saw these two big red eyes leaping up at me over the back edge of the wing. They were so red from the smoke that they looked like neons."

"I grabbed one handhold on the side of the plane," says Myers, "and then just scrambled across the wing on my hands and knees and dived into the cockpit head first, my legs flailing all around. Bernie grabbed me and set me right side up again. Then he just whipped the butt end of the plane around and really clobbered the power."

NUMBER ONE

"The takeoff went real nice," says Fisher. "Real nice" is one of Fisher's favorite phrases, and his highest accolade about his own flying that day. "I had to give the bird full power, dodge the mortar holes and use up the last foot of runway, but I had hit flying speed by then, so I just lifted her off. I held her right down on the bottom of the valley until we got out of the tube. Then I just took her right up through the hole in the clouds and leveled off.

"Jump couldn't talk to me because he didn't have a radio headset. He gave me a couple of hugs and held up a finger, meaning 'number one.' He was a mess—mud all over, and the smoke from his flying suit stunk up the whole cabin. But we couldn't help turning to each other and laughing all the way home to Pleiku."

As soon as Lucas got above the clouds, just behind Fisher, he hit a lever that bypassed his hydraulic system, and the fire in his cockpit began to subside. "I thought that was where the trouble was, but I couldn't do it any sooner," says Lucas. "You want your hydraulics working in the middle of a fight."

Heroism, and carnage, did not end then at Ashau. That afternoon the Special Forces survivors got orders to evacuate the camp. That day and for the next two days choppers scoured the area and picked up scattered groups of survivors.

Bernie Fisher and Jump Myers landed at Pleiku just after 1 p.m. on March 10. Myers was whisked off to the flight surgeon, who gave him some drops for his red eyes and told him that otherwise he was in splendid shape. Then they were both ushered in to see the deputy commander of the 7th Air Force. By the next day Fisher's recommendation for the Medal of Honor was already being drafted.

Before going back to flying missions in their A-1E's, Fisher and Myers took a leave in Bangkok.

"What can you do with a guy like Bernie?" says Jump Myers. "I would like to furnish him with a year's supply of whiskey. But he doesn't even drink coffee. So I bought him a Nikon camera—he's the biggest camera buff in the squadron—and had it engraved, Asahu, March 10, 1966. For the first few days I felt like a dead man walking. I couldn't believe it. Then I got over that, and it's great to be alive."

IMPACT OF ELEMENTARY AND SECONDARY EDUCATION ACT UPON INDIVIDUAL CHILDREN

Mr. MONDALE. Mr. President, we have heard much in the past 20 months of the new Elementary and Secondary Education Act, and of the vital new resources that it has made available to schools throughout America to attack one of our most urgent educational problems—the teaching of deprived children. Unfortunately, too often the impact of this new program is measured by the amount of money which is being spent. Seldom do we hear of its impact on the individual children whose very lives hang in the balance.

I am, therefore, most happy to be able to bring to the attention of the Senate a recent article entitled "A New Dimension for the Silent Ones," published in the Minnesota Journal of Education for January 1967. It is an anonymous article, written by a teacher who describes her work to help four children, ages 7 through 10. Far from being able to participate normally in school activities, the children were unable even to speak in the presence of their classmates. The teacher tells how, through patient effort, these children gained the confidence, one after another, to communicate and to learn.

Mr. President, I think this article tells more about the meeting and potential of this new legislation than any graph or table of statistics that has yet been pro-

duced. I ask unanimous consent that it be printed in the RECORD.

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

LAW 89-10 ADDS A NEW DIMENSION FOR THE SILENT ONES

(NOTE.—The Minnesota teacher who contributed this article to the Journal wishes to remain anonymous to protect the identity of the children she describes. The time she spent with them was made possible by 89-10, Title I, a federal project which enables local school districts to develop a program for educationally deprived children.)

One of our most gratifying projects made possible by 89-10 Title I cannot be measured or evaluated by any testing device known to us. We submit the following teacher observation type of evaluation as evidence of progress in the project. The project evolved with and revolved around a family of four educationally deprived children. The children will be referred to as "A" (a girl, age ten), "B" (a girl, age nine), "C" (a boy, age eight), and "D" (a boy, age seven).

CONCERN BEGINS EARLY

We first became concerned about "A" during the school year of 1961-62. As a kindergarten student, she did not respond to any of the activities presented to the class. She did not experience the joy of counting out brightly colored objects, responding to likenesses and differences in sounds, creating a work of art at the easel, modeling an object from clay, being a story character in a dramatization, sharing a favorite possession or experience during Show and Tell, dashing across the playground to be first in line, giggling over a shared secret, or any of the other countless things that kindergarten children find so delightful.

In fact, she was the most pathetic looking child I had even seen. She entered the classroom every morning wearing the same sad-faced, mask-like expression. Her expression remained the same all day long all year long. We never knew if she enjoyed an activity because she never uttered a word or sound and never smiled. If attention was focused upon her, she seemed to "freeze" and look at you with the helpless look of a trapped animal. All efforts to bring "A" out of her little silent world seemed futile. We never knew how much she had absorbed during that year. "A" was put in a first grade classroom the following year under the assumption that she would perhaps respond in the presence of her classmates where she might not with a strange group of children. "A" began to respond with a barely audible whisper in the first grade.

We enlisted the help of a psychologist from a nearby mental health center. Several classroom observations were made by the psychologist and conferences were held with the classroom teacher. The parents were contacted and agreed to take "A" to the mental health center for consultation and testing. We noted no improvement in "A" following these sessions. The mother told me during a parent-teacher conference that she terminated the sessions at the center because during the questioning she suspected that they were putting the blame on her and her husband and the home environment. She said they would never go back or have anything to do with the center in the future.

Each year, following "A"'s enrollment in our school, another member of this family enrolled in kindergarten. They came with varying degrees of "silence." "B" would answer with a "ya" or "no" and was not as passive as "A" had been. She would not take part in a conversation or answer any question that couldn't be answered by a "ya" or "no." "C" was the least silent of the group

but far from being a normal-acting kindergarten student. "D" was a repetition of "A" in every respect. Each child was moved ahead each year with their own age-group. "A" had never spoken above this barely audible whisper and "D" didn't even whisper. Each teacher had been haunted with the questions "What can I do?" "How can I get them to respond?" "Why must they go through life like this?"

DISCOVERY BRINGS PLAN

One morning, during a ride around the bus route, the superintendent noted that when these children got on the bus they chattered away in their own jargon. We didn't even know that two of them could make a sound. Thus the inception of a plan! Let's put these four children in one class and maybe with the security of their siblings they will respond. Faced with the problems of not having the time or a teacher for a special class, he could not put his plan in operation until the advent of 89-10.

On March 1, 89-10 brought a new dimension to the lives of these little silent ones. I was given time each day to have supplemental reading classes so I reserved a special time for these four. They were a bit fearful of the situation at first but gradually the shell of that silent world cracked! I read to them, talked about pictures and directed my questions to "B" and "C" because I was sure they would respond. They did so I asked about their farm animals. "A" wanted to get in on the conversation but found she couldn't get my attention until she spoke aloud. After that first awful moment of uttering a word aloud in my presence, she continued to speak in her harsh, raspy, and unused voice. "D" also spoke his first words that day, also harsh in quality. It was a bit difficult to understand them because they'd developed their own jargon in communicating at home. I dismissed them, and I'm not ashamed to admit that I wept my thanks to God for having had the opportunity to break down the barrier. I had known "A" for almost five years and to my knowledge this had been the first time she'd uttered an audible sound.

Now we knew that there was hope in being able to teach these children to read and to learn in the other areas of the curriculum. They continued to respond, relax, smile, laugh, and tease. When they left my room, they would revert to silence so we knew that we would have to bring another person into the picture gradually. Our librarian was the next person that they accepted. They would not respond to any children I brought into the room. I worked mainly with instruction in reading and even "D" was able to read in a pre-primer by the end of the school year. One of the last days of school, he read orally while the librarian was in the room.

SUMMER PROGRAM A SUCCESS

During summer school, I was given the opportunity to work with these children for three hours daily for six weeks. We worked in various areas of the curriculum with emphasis on reading and math. A lesson in handwriting was practiced daily. I tried to include many self-expressive activities such as the retelling of the story the librarian had read to them, explaining a painting they'd created at the easel, describing how a character from a record looked or perhaps walked, making up a story, acting out episodes from their reading book story. We sang and played records, keeping time to the music by bouncing a ball, skipping, walking, hopping, or jumping as the rhythm demanded. Much time was spent trying to correct their pronunciation of words they had learned incorrectly. They seemed to enjoy every minute of it and were so sur-

prised when it was time to go home for the day.

We had such a time getting the children to talk, now during summer school I was presented with another problem. They all wanted to talk at the same time so we practiced taking turns. I noted some progress with each child each day. Most of the teachers were in my room at some time during summer school and the children responded freely. One day it was necessary for me to substitute for another teacher so I took my four to her classroom and was delighted to find that they would read orally with about 15 other children in the room! We made some visits to some of the other classrooms with equal success. One morning my class did not appear and it puzzled me because they usually had perfect attendance. About 9:30 they appeared, hot and tired, because they had walked the three-and-a-half miles from home because they missed the bus that morning!

I was pleased by a comment made by a sixth grade boy, a passenger on the children's bus. He said, "Gee, those kids are sure different now. The little boys will come to the back of the bus and talk to us now." The driver-training instructor remarked that the children had talked with him freely. The nurse was surprised to be greeted with a friendly "Hi" by "D" whose eyes she was unable to check during the school year because he would not respond at all during checking time.

Great progress has been made thus far but there is so much more to be accomplished. This experiment has been a highlight in my teaching career and I'm grateful for the experience.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S TRIBUTE TO ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Mr. GRUENING. Mr. President, on an occasion given by the Washington chapter, Guardians of Israel, in honor of Mr. Leonard Bernstein, who was presented the Eleanor Roosevelt Humanities Award, this talented man made a very moving address paying tribute to that great First Lady, Eleanor Roosevelt. It is an eloquent appreciation of the woman who was for many years the First Lady of our land and subsequently, I think it may fairly be said, the First Lady of the world. The award was presented by James Roosevelt.

I ask unanimous consent that the recent address made by Leonard Bernstein be printed at this point in my remarks.

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

Ambassador Roosevelt, Mr. Justice, distinguished guests, my dear friends, I wonder how many of you have had the experience of standing in the Nation's Capitol, surrounded by persons of overwhelming stature and distinction, and receiving an honor of this magnitude. How can I possibly tell you what it feels like—the dream-like buoyancy, the sense of being airborne? It is a glorious feeling; but it carries with it a penalty—the penalty of having to make a speech. It is a price I am willing to pay, and a small price at that. At any rate, a small speech.

Part of this dream-of-glory feeling, comets, as I said, from the fact that this is Washington, and from the brilliance of this assembly. But the feeling is enhanced by the knowledge of the good cause for which we are gathered tonight, and by the presence of so many dear friends and colleagues. But over and above all this, there hovers a halo,

a name—the spirit of that woman in whose name this award is given me. I have always revered the name Eleanor Roosevelt, and always shall: and to have my name linked with hers on this medallion is a transcendental experience. You see, I grew up in what might be called the Roosevelt generation—a generation that not only loved and trusted President Roosevelt, but which lived in terms, was moulded in his image. I was 14 years old when he first came to the White House, and I was 26 years old when he finally departed it. And all those twelve years, in all that welter of activity and emotion we all ways looked to our President, taking strength from his mind, his intelligence, his articulateness, his compassion, his elegance.

And through it all, moment by moment, behind him and beside him stood Mrs. Roosevelt: Those two figures were inextricably merged in my mind; the same intelligence and compassion streamed from them both. Of course the climax of my young life would have been to meet them: I never had that privilege, while the President lived. And then, on that sorrowful 12th of April, 1945, I cried tears for the first time since I had been a child.

But Mrs. Roosevelt remained, and I did have the privilege and the joy of meeting her. And slowly, as I came to know her better, a miracle occurred: She was my friend. It was then that I was finally able to separate her from the double image I had adored as a college boy: It was then I began to perceive the marvels of which she as an individual was composed. These marvels have been cited and recited now for so many years that they are almost clichés now: Her goodness, her limitless energy, her clarity of thought, her simplicity, her intuitive rightness, her courtesy, her inexhaustible patience—all virtues that are so easy to put down these days. They are almost forgotten values, those old-fashioned virtues. You'll hear people say, "Yes, she was a real old-fashioned do-gooder." Do-gooder. What a lamentable word! These days to be a do-gooder is to call forth a sneer; but, dammit, she was a do-gooder, and I will bless her for it all my life! God grant us more do-gooders in this perilous and cynical world of ours. Give us back a few of those old-fashioned virtues: patience, courtesy, moral fearlessness, plainness of living—why, we would sit at dinner in her crowded little apartment, and if there should be a last-minute guest, his chair would as likely as not be an end table with a shawl flung over it. Even more to the point, it could just as easily have been her chair.

But her greatest virtue, and her greatest triumph, was her relation with time, her fiercest enemy—time, the grim enemy we all struggle with, all our lives. I don't know how Mrs. Roosevelt did it, but she did conquer time. She had time for everything and for everyone—unrushed and unreluctant. I have always tried to emulate this astonishing quality of hers, and I have always failed. How did she do it? She was always there. If there was a mouth to be fed, a thirsty mind to be filled, a captive to be freed, a stranger to be made welcome, a mourner to be comforted—she was there. If there was a banner to be raised, a myth to be exploded, a wrong to be righted, a gulf to be bridged—she was there. And she was all there, without tension or impatience: She gave herself totally. Can we do less?

Can we afford to do less, now that time is running out, now that madness is rampant beneath the cloak of affluence, now that patience and concern and clarity of thought and good will are no longer just old-fashioned virtues, but matters of life and death?

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for the Eleanor Roosevelt Award: It binds me to her forever.