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bination of a Commission that consistently and repeatedly ignores the consumer protective purpose of the present Act and the pervasive energy shortage—which has enabled some 10 or 15 multinational oil companies to enrich themselves while devastating the rest of the economy—legislation is surely appropriate. Unfortunately, S. 692 would serve only to worsen the problem rather than solve it, and by adding to inflationary pressures within our economy, work to the disadvantage of the vast majority of the American public.

A brief history of gas pricing will demonstrate why this is so. Prior to the advent of federation regulation in 1954, gas sold for slightly less than 10¢ per Mcf. During the Eisenhower era, from 1954 to 1961, both price and supply increased dramatically: the average interstate price increased from 9.5¢ per Mcf to 16.5¢ per Mcf, while the volumes sold in interstate commerce increased from 5 trillion cubic feet to 8 trillion cubic feet. During the Kennedy-Johnson era, from 1961 to 1969, prices were held relatively constant, increasing from 16.5¢ to 17.5¢ per Mcf, but again the volumes sold interstate increased dramatically, from 8 trillion cubic feet to 13.5 trillion cubic feet. The present Nixon-Ford era—during which the Federal Power Commission has been staffed by Commissioners none of whom believes in regulation—has witnessed the worst of all possible results: an unprecedented increase in price, from an average 17.5¢ per Mcf in July 1969 to a December 1974 average of 32.5¢, with the growth in interstate sales halted and indeed declining slightly after 1972. And under existing FPC policy, the average price will continue to rise sharply, since the FPC has recently raised the "new gas" price—which is, in fact, applicable to much old gas—from 20–26¢ per Mcf to 57¢ per Mcf (including all allowable adjustments).

Given this past history, it can no longer be rationally contended that higher prices will produce more gas. On the contrary, the industry has learned well that so long as the government's response to energy shortages is to allow ever higher prices, the industry's financial interest lies in maintaining the shortage. Various members of the oil industry have stated publicly that their sharply increased earnings in 1974 were the result of higher prices that more than offset decreased production, and that they expect continued high earnings in the future from higher prices despite declining production (see, e.g., Wall Street Journal, April 30, 1975, pp. 14, 25).

No one suggests that either the world energy supply or the world energy price is in any way related to operation of a free market: the price is fixed at five times its 1973 level and perhaps 100 times the cost of production by the OPEC cartel, and supply is artificially restricted by the cartel to maintain that price. Yet the Administration's policy of importing that cartel price as the standard for domestic prices has been a prime factor in both this nation's inflation and its recession, and while enormously lucrative for the international oil companies beyond their wildest dreams, it has been an unmitigated disaster for the rest of the economy. *Fortune's* latest listing of the 500 largest industrial corporations records the stark facts: of the seven most profitable industrial companies last year, six were oil companies, even after they revised their accounting methods to show reduced book profits, and one can only wonder to what extent these excessive profits have led directly to the creation of the multimillion dollar political slush funds now being reported by so many major oil companies.

In discharging its functions under the Natural Gas Act, the response of the FPC has been to ignore the Congressional mandate to assure consumers of reasonable prices in favor of the Administration policy of penaliz-

ing the consumer. The 57¢ new gas price promulgated last December by the FPC is virtually triple the new gas ceiling set by the Commission in 1969—an increase for a regulated commodity far exceeding the rise in the cost of living. The response of the proposed legislation would not only endorse fully, but would surpass, the FPC's unfortunate approach, in the hope that the industry can be induced by price incentives to increase production to meet the needs of the American economy. As noted, however, while the financial interest of the oil industry rests in maintaining the shortage (and thereby maintaining the OPEC prices for domestic production), the continuing viability of the rest of the American economy is seriously threatened by these inflated energy costs—the increased profits of the major oil companies have been at the expense of the auto industry and the housing industry and indeed of virtually every other industry. One of the great virtues of natural gas—two-thirds of which has historically been used by industry—has been its low cost; quadrupling its price (and the present bill would quadruple the 1970 price level) will drive many industries to the wall, particularly in the present situation where, as the auto industry's experience shows, higher product prices frequently mean lost sales.

The crux of the problem is that, at present, the decision to increase energy production rests in the hands of the 10 or 15 international oil companies, whose economic interest lies in restricting production. The Consumer Energy Bill, introduced in the last Congress, recognized this basic fact, and proposed a federal corporation to undertake oil and gas exploration, and similar bills, introduced this year, have proposed a national energy supply corporation. Whatever one may think, as a philosophical matter, about the federal government entering the oil business, the hard fact is that the present system is not working and shows no promise of working. Congress can raise the price of gas (or permit the Commission to raise it), but so long as the decision to increase energy production continues to rest with the international oil companies, the choice is simply whether we shall have a shortage at 25¢ per Mcf, or at 50¢ per Mcf, or at 75¢ per Mcf. Since higher prices will not solve the shortage, but will send another wholly avoidable inflationary and recessionary wave through the economy, S. 692 should be shelved, and serious work started on legislation to create a national energy supply corporation. In the meantime, immediate short-term relief could be obtained through Congressional investigation into withholding of supplies and stockpiling of drilling equipment by the major oil companies; similar investigations on a rather narrow scale by the Federal Power Commission have in fact produced additional supplies for the interstate market, and reports of stockpiling, which has prevented smaller producers from bringing discovered reserves to production, have become increasingly well documented, see Wall Street Journal, May 21, 1975, p. 38.

In 1969, natural gas was priced at 17.5¢ per Mcf and was in plentiful supply. Granted that there have been inflationary pressures on costs since 1969, there is no way that the American people—already deeply disturbed by sharply higher fuel and utility bills—can be reconciled to a quadrupling of gas prices by Congressional fiat in 1975 at a time when oil company profits are at an all time high.

#### CHILD AND FAMILY NEEDS

Mr. MONDALE. Mr. President, I call the attention of my colleagues to an article in the June 1, 1975, edition of *The New York Times Magazine* entitled, "The Children," by Ned O'Gorman. I believe

that this poignant description of young lives too often doomed to suffering, disease, even death in our cities will be of particular interest to my distinguished colleagues. These children underscore the great need for comprehensive health care and family assistance services that can prevent their senseless tragedies and restore their rights to full, vibrant lives.

I ask unanimous consent that the article be printed in the RECORD.

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

THE CHILDREN—WHO WILL SAVE THEM FROM UNHINGED FAMILIES, INERT AGENCIES, MEAN STREETS?

(By Ned O'Gorman)

In New York City, the children of the oppressed are under sentence of death. The very young, babies just born, are thrust from the beginning into a world learned in ways of slaughter. No time for saving them. The die is cast in the cradle. Death proceeds on its way to blight their bodies and their spirits. Hope, joy, wonder, all are mauled, wrecked and fated to end in the grave, whether that grave be the streets, jail or some well-tended cemetery.

I write of New York City, Harlem especially. I have worked there nearly 10 years in a nursery school I started in 1966. (I call it a liberation camp.)\* I will write of children I know now and have known in the past. They came to us out of torments that would make stones weep. I write of what I have seen. I have added nothing. I have imagined nothing. I have seen poor white children in Kansas, Irish kids in Dublin and boys in Chile slipping as quickly as Harlem children into the abyss. The children I see each day are dying. I must ask myself what I can do to release them and their kin from the killers that have pursued and caught them. I am in Harlem, then, to save children from their guardians (blood kin or not), from the streets and the oppressors in all their masks. The law suffers from an overwhelming passivity in the face of this epidemic of child abuse and its attendant horrors. There are not enough investigators to probe into the lives of these children; and once the process is begun, the change sought in their lives takes months of tedious red tape to get underway and often simply peters out.

Families move, refuse to give the child up, suffer monetary change of heart, deposit him in the hands of respectable kin for a while and abort investigation. It is time now for agencies and individuals who hold themselves responsible for the lives of these battered, suffering children to study with vision—and science—the meaning and function of the family, to ask whether a family has the right to impose its destructive manners and style on the innocent and to find ways to bring change into these children's lives with curative intensity. The community, the state, the churches, the courts, the law, politicians, educators must say No! to those who cripple children. They must offer them a revolutionary purpose and stop the slaughter.

What we all must seek is a way to speak for the children of the oppressed, a way to become their surrogate will to live. We must seek, too, to tell the oppressed that they are oppressed and that unless they move to change their lives, the state in its work with these children will simply have to become a tyrant to be effective.

\*The nursery school is privately supported. We get no Federal, city or state aid. We employ a staff of four, all of whom are from the community. We accept any child who comes to us, feeding each breakfast and lunch.

In three rooms of an apartment above a dry cleaner, Tommy lived with his mother, her friends and roaches. He was 2. Since his birth, he had been constantly sick. Lead poisoning had landed him in the hospital for a month. His skin was ashen. He slept all day, seldom ate and staggered into my school now and then, when I could persuade his mother to let him come or when she needed us to babysit. The spirit had gone limp in him and from his eyes shone a fabrication of life.

One morning, one of our workers told me his mother had sold him to a woman she met in a clinic. I bounded up to Tommy's flat and found him there with his mother and a strange couple. The woman had Tommy in her arms. His mother sat by the stove. I asked if she had sold him. She said no: She had given him to those people. How much, I asked, did you get? She said, "I did not sell him."

I went back to my school and asked the workers for more information. She was paid \$800 for him, they told me. I phoned a friend in a child-care agency and asked what I ought to do. I phoned Tommy's mother's social worker (a lady assigned to her by the welfare department to keep tabs on her life) and asked her to come up to talk to all of us. My God, I thought, you simply cannot sell a child. The social worker investigated and made calls here and there, and by the end of the day some agreement had been reached that the prospective parents in the clinic and Tommy's mother would meet the next day with the Bureau of Child Welfare. They never did. Tommy, mother and couple vanished. I saw Tommy some months afterward with his natural mother. I asked her where he lived. She said in Brooklyn. I looked in Tommy's eyes. He was dead.

Recently, just some weeks ago, I heard that she had had another child and sold it on her first day home from the hospital.

Why did I have to go through such trouble to get little Tommy out of the clutches of his mother and those buyers? My effort to become Tommy's surrogate will was a failure. I had no power. I had no proof. The social worker seemed bland, bored and so fearful of hurting people's feelings that from the beginning I knew Tommy was going to be sold and there was nothing I could do about it.

Barbara was Billy's 3-month-old daughter. Billy was a desperado, a street bandit who shot dope, beat up old ladies, yet yearned more than anyone I have known in Harlem to be a good man.

He brought Barbara to the nursery directly after she came home from the hospital. He had her in a lovely carriage and he had gussied her up in a pink wool suit and a white cap. He adored her. Then, a day later, he came to tell me she was dead. She had gotten a cold, was taken to a doctor, was brought home, put to bed, and when they came to fetch her in the morning she was cold and stiff with no life in her. I went to the funeral. She was laid out in a tiny coffin in a pink dress with a cross clutched between her hands. Billy rose up at one moment during the service and knelt to kiss her.

He asked me to try to get some information for him about the cause of her death. I wrote to the coroner's office, but heard nothing. I called Senator Jacob Javits' office and got nowhere. Gradually, she was forgotten. The child died as if she had never lived. Was it crib death that took her or inaccurate medical information, or medical directions ineptly applied? Did the child die of exposure? (One child I knew did die in such a way, sleeping through the coldest winter night of 1974, near a window in which each pane of glass was broken.) Did the child die by foul means? Did someone in an act of despair simply smother her?

I ask these questions with considerable trepidation. I know that what I have re-

ported, even though I have seen it all happen, will be criticized as being gloomy, as casting doubt on an entire community's ability to care for its children. I think that such a criticism is in part justified. I am gloomy. I do criticize the people of the community as much as I criticize—attack, I think—the law, the church, the government on every level, in their indifference to this slaughter of the innocent.

Carita loves Lennie. I do not know many mothers who can say, as she does, with such depth of feeling, "I love my son." She would willingly give him all that is good, but she is unhinged, wrecked—and a victim. Her past was filled with troubles. She drank and seemed to have little will to fend off men. Her apartment was a ravaged horror: roaches in the icebox, urine-soaked sheets in piles on the floor, broken glass everywhere.

Lennie, 9 years old, fragile, overwhelmingly lucid, wandered around, missing nothing, watching his mother destroy herself. His brother, brain damaged, a hulking 6-year-old child, overweight, stumbling, voiceless, lurched about the rooms. Once, he nearly drowned in a tub filled with filthy water. Twice, Carita set fire to her bed, and twice Lennie called the Fire Department. Agencies came and agencies went. Men with serious intentions appeared, judged what they saw as horrendous and did nothing. One fellow gave her a month to improve her lot, get to Alcoholics Anonymous and straighten up her flat, but I told him she never would be able to do it, and indeed she didn't. I said if Carita wanted to go to hell that was her business; it was our business to save Lennie. But everything was covered with a hushed kind of good manners. ("Carita's privacy must be protected," a good lady told me.) I knew it was going to be impossible to do anything.

It was as if I stood on board a ship and delirated with the captain if we ought to throw a life jacket to a drowning child before we got his mother's permission. Lennie went on and on in that hell, until finally his mother moved to another apartment worse than the one she left and hauled her children along. Lennie hung on. I picked him up in the mornings to take him to school. His little body and spirit were large enough at that moment to store away the nightmares in some corner of his mind. In a week, though, he began to fly into rages, run away from school, sulk, make up tales, refuse to do class work and weep when I had to return him home. By then, Carita had a new gentleman caller. (One day, Lennie saw a stranger rape his mother.) Lennie spent the hours away from school on the stoop of his apartment house in the midst of one of the worst heroin quarters of the city. Finally, after months of hassling, he was made the ward of a good woman with a house on Staten Island. It took four years to get him there. Carita once said to me, "I love him so, but, Ned, I don't know what to do. Help me, Ned." I could not. No one could.

A few days ago, I discovered that Lennie must now leave his foster home. He will be sent to a therapeutic school in the country. The past has taken its vengeance on him. He is still a vibrant child, but the fabric within him is crumbling. The foster care he received was absurd from the beginning: His father whom he sees twice a year will not free him for adoption. His surrogate will to live has not been heard. Thus, the agencies and schools responsible for him will have to share the burden of Lennie's fate.

I had stood and watched Rachel and Henry for almost two years. Both of their parents were dead. They lived with their grandfather, an ancient gentleman, crippled with arthritis, who sat the day long in his urine-soaked pajamas. Eight-year-old Rachel and 6-year-old Henry grew into the filth as if they were nourished by it. I came as often as I could to get Henry into the light of day,

while Rachel went to school. Henry's speech and gait were faulty. (Often, the first faculty that has been stricken in the children we meet in our school is their ability to speak. It is usually diagnosed as a speech defect, but most often I have found it to be simply the result of hearing bad English, listening to nothing but television and being spoken to hardly at all.)

Henry is crippled by a numb resignation. He had never experienced affection, meted out wisely, consistently. He did not know what to do with feeling. He sought life and comfort, and saw nothing but a ruined television set that flashed white, jagged lines across its surface, an oven reeking with old fat, a frying pan with 2-day-old chicken covered with roaches and his grandfather rotting away in his armchair. His world was an open grave. Agencies came, agencies went and nothing ever happened, until last year when Henry and his sister were taken away to a foster home. But what of the years, six of them, when he traveled back and forth along the street chained like a mongrel to his suffering?

Stella is 3 and nearly mute. There is nothing clinically wrong with her. She merely does not know yet how to talk. Her mother stands in the doorway of her apartment like a chained totem. Stella smiles a mute smile when I see her in the morning, jumps up a little and runs toward me. She looks at nothing, recognizes nothing. She has no notion of what to do with toys, blocks, crayons, scissors.

She loves to play with Link, a boy of 3, who, like Stella, has developed over the months, since he has been coming to my liberation camp, from a screaming, weeping mess into a beautiful little boy, stricken but fighting to know his world. Stella, mute; Link, awash with nerves and chaos. Link's mother, like Stella's, is a woman of intense unhappiness. Her life, her children, her flat, all are in a state of rigor mortis. Nothing changes from day to day; her eyes grow duller and duller; she never laughs, and the children take on her morbidity.

I do not doubt that the mothers I write about love their children. Yet it is a love that lacks patience, understanding, science. I love flowers. I do not think any sight in this world delights me more than a crocus. But the intensity of my love does not qualify me to become a curator at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden: I have not one whit of knowledge of how to prevent blight, how to stem a ravaging weed. Nor do I know the difference between a rare tropical plant and poison ivy. I have a brainless love of flowers, as Stella's mother and Link's have a brainless love for their children.

Stella is a victim, as a flower might be, and her future lies in her mother's power over her. It is absolute power.

Nate rules his household with irrefragable violence. His five children are all broken figures, products of their parents' tragic battles that rage day and night. The household reverberates with barrenness; broken furniture, a refrigerator that does not work and a berserk television set. Bennie, at 5, is so dirty that when I lift him onto my shoulders dirt flakes off his wrists and neck. None of the children can yet speak one clear sentence. (Their ages are 1 to 11.) Welfare evicted them from their flat. Now they are living in a hotel downtown until they are moved into a housing project. It will be the same there, one house of torment to another. The dirt will thicken on Bennie's neck and wrists, and in some way it will penetrate his spirit. One day, he will explode, do violence to himself, or to another, and the headlong plunge toward death will be over.

Daniel, now 19, came to my school when it first opened. He was 9 then. A year ago, I saw him in a doorway on 128th Street. I had remembered him as one of the loveliest kids on the block. He had a special kind of hilarity

about him, a clean, direct presence. But when I said hello he looked at me, eyes and body in an embattled, razor-sharp fury. I walked down the street and turned once toward him, and he heaved a Coke bottle at me. I ducked. He missed me by an inch, I've not seen him since.

I seek in my work the power of the surrogate will. Mute Stella, Lennie, Henry, Rachel, Link, Tommy and others I've known would have survived had some law imposed healing in time. (Am I saying these children are lost? I think I am.) The space that lies between a court's or an agency's awareness of a child's agony and the removal of that child from the locus of destruction is often the space in which the final sickness takes over with such intensity that no matter what happens later the game for that child is up.

I think often of Jeremiah, retarded from birth, but alive with that special gift of sagacity often given the stricken child. He lived with his mother for years in utter depravity. He was not fed; he observed every perversity and every form of violence. Dope, liquor, death rocked over him. Agencies came and agencies went—looked, were appalled but did nothing. One morning, he woke up and beside him, on his bed, was a dead junkie. Then, finally, he was borne off by his friends, his belly hard as a rock with malnutrition. Projectile vomiting shook him when he was given a bowl of warm cereal. In his eyes was the fixed stare of the blasted spirit. He is now in a foster home with a mother who loves him. But why did he have to suffer so long?

What can I suggest as solutions to the calamities mentioned here? Is it, first, perhaps a problem of literacy—not merely the ability to read and write but the ability to read one's own place in time? The ability to see what is happening around one's family, within the home, in the streets. I must find a way to teach the oppressed man and woman how to decipher the oppressing world so that they can wage war against it.

What I seek is a revolutionary literacy. Might not a massive effort by the state and city to invade the streets with 24-hour centers of healing be a beginning toward this new awareness of life? I think of storefronts where parents could get quick help in problems of nutrition, rashes, earaches, bruises, colds—all those debilitating crises that can, if never seen to, infect a child's growth; libraries and minischools where people could come to read, talk, draw, even watch television, where the oppressed could begin to come into contact with the bounty—not the debris—of the world. I think of all the space that goes to waste in Harlem: the All Saints Church on 129th Street, open for Sunday services, funerals and weddings, but shut tight most of the time; the All Saints school with two unused top floors; brownstones waiting to be rebuilt. I think of the block, how it could be such a force for change. If there were some folk on the block who could organize a kind of court where troubled parents could come and seek help, then perhaps the sense of alienation that Carita feels might burn into a sense of hope. But, in this land, such an act of communal ardor is hard to achieve. In China, where I visited in 1973, it has been achieved, but here in our community where everyone seems to know everyone's business, where not a sparrow which falls or a child who dies goes unrecorded in someone's memory, there is a vast silence, a reticence that allows things to proceed on their deadly course with hardly a sigh to note the carnage.

Would it be possible for the Rockefeller Foundation and the Ford Foundation together to build a community of healing in Harlem, with a staff of doctors, nutritionists, teachers, psychiatrists, ministers (if they were needed), lawyers, judges, scientists who would give their time to discovering ways of creating a revolutionary life? Such a place is

not a romantic dream. I would like to offer Carita the choice of joining such a community with Lennie and his brother, and becoming so strong there and so filled with hope that the past and its wounds would be cured, the present would be teeming with joy and the future filled with promise. But such a community of healing must have behind it some clout so that, as I have mentioned before, if Carita refuses to go, it will be made clear to her that Lennie must—or he will be hauled off, now or later, young or old, in a cheap coffin, perfectly dressed, to a grave in an earth that nourished the evils that killed him.

#### TREATMENT OF HOUSE REPUBLICAN PAGE

Mr. GOLDWATER. Mr. President, well, what do you know—the world finally has learned how the Democrats treat an honest man or even the subject of honesty itself. Yesterday a Republican page in the House of Representatives had the courage to call the recently passed tax relief bill what it was and is and always will be “uncalled for and ineffective.” All Daniel McKee did was speak the truth and whammo, he was fired. Mr. President, let that be a lesson to all: When dealing with the new breed Democrats never be honest, never speak your mind, never even think for yourself. It is plain dangerous if you want to continue in an employed status.

Mr. WEICKER. Amen.

Mr. GOLDWATER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the RECORD an article from today's Washington Star.

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

PAGE BANISHED FOR CRITICIZING CONGRESS—  
LETTER CALLED TAX REBATE A PRETENSE FOR VOTES

(By Betty James)

A page who criticized Congress in a letter to the editor of The Star was banished from the floor of the House of Representatives after the letter appeared yesterday.

The page, Daniel R. McKee of Lafayette Hill, Pa., criticized Congress for passing the tax rebate even though he got \$100 back himself.

Mr. McKee, Republican page overseer for the House, said the rebate was “uncalled for and ineffective” and a “very good example of congressional action which was taken solely on the pretenses of getting votes and appealing to the people, rather than acting on a proposal that would get the country out of this economic standstill.”

The letter was illustrated with a picture of McKee, 18, in front of the Capitol.

According to reliable reports, the chairman of the Democratic Patronage Committee, Rep. Thomas E. Morgan of Pennsylvania, who has jurisdiction over pages of both parties, became furious when he read the letter and wanted to fire McKee until he realized McKee would be leaving next week anyway. McKee graduates on Monday from the Capitol Page School.

McKee's sponsor, Rep. Lawrence Coughlin, R-Pa., strongly protested McKee's being barred from the floor and will take the case to the House floor today if McKee is barred again or any other retaliatory action is taken.

Mitchell A. Rosenfeld, Coughlin's administrative assistant, said Morgan assured Coughlin that McKee would stay on the payroll and graduate from the page school but gave no assurances regarding his future access to the House floor.

Coughlin believes that “a page doesn't give

up his constitutional rights when he comes to Washington,” the aide said.

David Smith, legislative assistant to Morgan, denied that Morgan was angry about the letter to the editor and said the congressman was “surprised that anyone would think he is so petty.”

Smith said Morgan wasn't the one who ordered that McKee be barred from the floor and didn't have any objection to McKee's being on the floor today.

McKee said Jack Russ, the chief Democratic page, asked him to stay off the floor yesterday. Russ replied to press inquiries with “no comment.”

McKee said he was out in the morning and “came back to all these rumors that I was going to be fired and not be able to graduate.”

McKee's letter reportedly angered some legislators on both sides of the aisle, but he isn't sorry he wrote it.

Why did he write a letter that was bound to ruffle congressional feathers?

“I was sort of upset that I got so much back,” he said of the tax rebate.

In his letter, McKee wrote, “For the past nine months I have had the distinct honor of serving as a page in the House of Representatives. I have had the opportunity to see our Congress in action—or not in action, depending on how one looks at it. I was just wondering if our national leaders would like more than the \$19 that I paid in income taxes from my earnings of last year.”

McKee went on to say that he worked from Sept. 11 to the end of 1974 in the House and during that 3½-month period the federal government withheld \$519 from his total earnings.

“My tax refund amounted to \$400. This ordinarily would have meant that I paid \$119 in federal income tax,” he wrote.

“But what does the Congress do? They ram through an uncalled-for and ineffective rebate program that provided me with a \$100 check.”

“I would like to pose a question. How can our government, that would already have been operating at a deficit of over \$40 billion, afford to have a rebate program that will up that figure by \$22 billion, and allow me to pay only \$19 in federal income tax?”

“This is a very good example of congressional action which was taken solely on the pretenses of getting votes and appealing to the people, rather than acting on a proposal that would get the country out of this economic standstill.”

#### WATER POLLUTION CONTROL

Mr. MUSKIE. Mr. President, in 1972, the Congress comprehensively revised Federal water pollution control policy. The 1972 Clean Water Act established a minimum and uniform regulatory regime for the control of the discharge of effluents into the navigable waters of the United States.

Prior to the enactment of the 1972 amendments, Federal responsibility for water pollution control was limited to approval of State water quality standards and associated implementation plans for interstate streams. Interstate streams were defined administratively to include only a small portion of the Nation's surface waters. Few sources of pollution were actually subject to Federal abatement action. The result was an inadequate unsystematic water pollution program which was in no way responsive to the Nation's demand for clean water.

The only significant enforcement tool available to the Environmental Protection Agency was the little-known 1899