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millionaire. His progressive views on all public questions are a part of him now as they were years ago.

Throughout many years Ted Lamb has distinguished himself for his services in behalf of underprivileged. In the course of my many years practicing law in Ohio I was familiar with his achievements as a lawyer and his services as a humanitarian not only in behalf of members of labor unions but in behalf of unemployed and underprivileged men and women.

From time to time Edward Lamb has spoken out vigorously for trade relations between our Nation and the Soviet Union and Communist China and with Cuba. He believes that trade promotes friendships and that the customer-dealer relationship would bring nations closer together just like it does for individuals.

Mr. President, recently Edward "Ted" Lamb returned from 2 weeks in Cuba.

I ask unanimous consent that the report on the trip made by Edward Lamb following his return be printed in the RECORD.

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

TOLEDO, OHIO, August 6, 1970.—Edward Lamb, Toledo industrialist, returned today from two weeks in Cuba and told the following anecdote:

On March 22, 1969, Mr. Lamb discussed with Fidel Castro in Camaguary Province the possibility of producing several consumer products, using sophisticated mechanized equipment. He told of his American production of plastic shoes with foreign-made machinery which he had acquired in West Germany and Italy. He gave Prime Minister Castro samples of the shoes and furnished him with brochures and literature of the Italian and German equipment manufacturers. On June 10, Castro sent three engineers to Italy and Germany, and on July 5, the representatives of the shoe machinery manufacturers were in Cuba bidding for the equipment business.

The Cubans purchased the equipment and installed it in a plant in Havana and began production on December 5, 1969. Castro stated in his July 26 speech that "The Cuban plastic shoe production has now reached more than 30,000 pairs a day in a plant with 300 workers operating 10 machines." The plant will shortly produce daily 60,000 pairs of shoes with a few more machines now being installed. Each machine has 10 stations and processes up to 200 pairs of shoes an hour. The equipment is operated 24 hours a day with four 6 hour shifts. The Havana plant presently produces only women's shoes but is has already supplied every woman in Cuba with at least one pair of the new vinyl shoes. Mr. Lamb said the quality of the production, as far as wearability, color retention and even styling, is equal to anything which has been turned out elsewhere. Another plant which will produce men's shoes is under construction in Santiago in Oriente Province. The total plastic shoe production will amount to 30,000,000 pairs a year by mid-1971.

Prime Minister Castro emphasized that this vinyl shoe story provides a remarkable model of the use of technology to satisfy consumer needs with a minimum of human labor. There will soon be twice as many of the new vinyl shoes as are now being turned out in the leather shoe factories. The present production in the leather plants uses 19,000 workers turning out only 18,000,000 pairs of shoes a year. However, the new equipment will produce more than 30,000,000 pairs of vinyl shoes a year with less than 1,200 workers.

Mr. Lamb who sat on the stage in Havana and listened to Castro's account of the at-

tempts to mechanize their fields and factories said that in his opinion, *no country in the world has shown a greater receptivity to technological progress than now exists in Cuba.* He said that "the building of schools, housing, road construction, dams for the irrigation of the fields, and many recreation centers are an inspiring sight and that the United States should not 'kid itself' about the improvements now taking place in the Cuban economy. They have domestic problems, as do we, but the fact is that the Cuban people are seriously attacking those problems and they are not involving themselves in foreign adventures. Like any developing nation, Cuba has need for foreign know-how and Havana University has recruited 185 teaching specialists for the new fall term."

Mr. Lamb attended a luncheon given for foreign industrialists who are doing business with Cuba and these included important Swedish, Italian, Japanese, French, Spanish, Canadian and other businessmen from the non-socialist countries. One guest wisecracked, "This is an open meeting—open to any foreign multi-millionaire with know-how for sale!"

"The American boycott of Cuba is unfortunate," Mr. Lamb said, "and outside of its moral implications merely drives a lot of good business into the arms of foreign producers." This was the third trip Mr. Lamb has made to Cuba within the last 15 months, and he stated that the Cuban people are vigorously improving their social and economic conditions. He expressed the hope that the American people will demand all the facts and the truth about Cuba. We must have an objective look and then determine whether our "national welfare and security couldn't be better advanced by a policy of peace and friendship with our neighboring country."

MARK TRICE

Mr. SAXBE. Mr. President, I should like to add my voice to those that have been raised in the last few days for Mark Trice, an unusual man, indeed. One of the first men I met when I came to the Senate was Mark Trice, a fixture in this body for half a century. Mark was a tremendous help to me in my fledgling days in the Senate. What is even more significant, and typical of the man, however, is that he continues to be a great help—even though the class of '68 supposedly has learned its way around in the last 20 months or so.

At any rate, I want to commend Mark Trice, our distinguished secretary to the minority of this body, on the occasion of 50 years of dedicated service. His wisdom, competence, fairness, and judgment have aided us all at various times. His service has brought honor not only to himself, but that honor extends to this body, his family, and his friends.

Mark Trice has seen many Senators come and go in the last 50 years. In numerous ways, his life has touched theirs. I could continue at length about this man whom I have known a relatively short time. But let me conclude with this observation: Mark Trice has helped me to do my job. I can pay him no higher tribute.

PLIGHT OF CHILDREN OF MIGRANT FARMWORKERS

Mr. MONDALE. Mr. President, in the course of the testimony presented before the Migratory Labor Subcommittee, the Select Committee on Equal Educational

Opportunity and the Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, we have heard numerous references to the plight of the migrant farmworker. Recently, this was reported also on a nationally televised documentary by the NBC network.

I have just received a letter from a teacher in Seattle, Wash., which describes in moving detail the conditions under which these children are forced to live. It is an incisive letter, Mr. President, which tells among other things how even a free lunch can be a negative experience for a child when, in order to receive it, he must place his poverty on public display.

I should like to have Senators share Miss Oyler's concern for those she calls "the little children with the dancing eyes and the singing names." I therefore ask unanimous consent that the letter from Miss Elaine Oyler be printed in the RECORD.

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

JULY 27, 1970.

DEAR SENATOR MONDALE: I am writing to tell you, "Gracias, gracias, gracias." Your probe into the migrant living situation is not only desperately needed but a most humanitarian gesture. My association with the migrant has been in Colorado where the total population is primarily Spanish-American. I am a school teacher and have worked in a Title III school. The locale in which I lived, the Poudre Valley, produces sugar beets which is the major agricultural crop harvested by these people. Let me preface my remarks by saying that your comments on the "Today Show" were quite accurate. Having been deeply involved with these people it is no stretch of the imagination to state that their living conditions are "not to be believed". In many articles and newscasts I have been familiar with of late, the states of Florida and Texas are pointed out as being particularly bad in terms of housing conditions and labor relations. I do not have a vendetta against Colorado, I simply can't imagine these states being any worse.

After hearing your many investigations I am sure you can empathize with how it feels to be a Spanish-American (many times native born) living in this land of plenty. I ask you though, to please regress for a moment and imagine yourself age six, Spanish-American and away from your family for the first time in your life . . . you are attending a rural public school. To begin the year, more often than not you must enter school six weeks to two months late. This is because your parents have been picking the late summer crops and have not settled down to the five month off-season lull until now. In school everything sounds strange to you. The little children in your room are doing some elementary reading but they are doing so in English. English, this is the language you hear when you go into town to the supermarket or what your parents speak to the "Anglo's". You decide for the time being you will like your teacher. When you came into the room she met you with a warm, friendly smile and pleasantly said, "Hello, I'm Mrs. Brown". She took you by the hand, introduced you to the class and then showed you to your seat. In front of you sat an "Anglo" girl who did not even look up from her book when you sat down. Behind you was a Spanish boy like yourself, but he was different. Boy, were you surprised when you found out that he did not speak Spanish! Mrs. Brown then brought over some books and asked you to step to the back of the room. She began to ask some questions but all you could do was look blankly at her

because everything seemed so strange and foreign. "Juan, have you ever been to school before?" "Juan, do you know your alphabet?" "Juan, how far can you count?" In desperation, Mrs. Brown calls Carlos, another Spanish boy to the back of the room. She asks him some questions and in Spanish he asks if you know how to say your alphabet and count your numbers. "Si, uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez". "No, no Juan, you are in school now, you must speak in English". By this time the room is getting noisy so Mrs. Brown asks you to come to her desk. There she gives you a box of crayons and several pictures to color. At your desk you stare at the crayons for awhile and then gingerly, with all your fingers wrapped around the crayon, make some marks on the paper. Why couldn't Mrs. Brown understand that you have never had a crayon in your hand before and if you make a mess, she will think you dumb and stupid.

Finally a bell rings and you are told that it is lunchtime. Who eats lunch? At home it's cornmeal in the morning and frijoles and tortilla's at night. Carlos comes over to you and together you go down the line to the lunchroom.

There you must stand in another line in which you are given a piece of paper with "FREE" stamped on it. You don't know what it means but if they are going to feed you and you don't have to pay for it, you don't care what it says. Never, in your entire life have you seen so much food. You like the lady who is dishing it out. She looks so clean and friendly and you hope she won't forget you too are coming through the line or the food will not run out before you get there. On your tray you see a paper container and a straw. You ask Carlos if it is "cafe" and he says, "Noh, leche". You think to yourself, leche (milk), that is the stuff they give little babies. I wonder what it tastes like? Carlos then directs you to a small table in the far corner of the room. At this table are several other Spanish children but they are much older than you. You ask Carlos why you don't sit with the other children in your room and he tells you that your table is where the "free lunch" sit. In just a few days you learn what it means to get "free lunch."

On the playground you decide to stick to Carlos like glue and he is nice about it. You see the other children playing games and long to be playing with them but no one asks you. Finally while Carlos and you are throwing rocks into a dried-up mud hole one of the boys from your class decides to talk to you. "Hi ya, Mex! Where'd they drag you up from?" About the time you are being asked this you see several other boys closing in on you and the next thing you know, feel yourself being punched all over your body. At this same moment, the dutiful playground supervisor comes around the corner, sees a scrap and before you can believe what is happening to you, you find yourself in the principal's office and she is saying, "Oh those — Spanish. The first day at school and already a fight. I don't know why but it seems the whole bunch of them are so angry?" Your first experience with the principal is memorable. A great, gigantic man with a mean look in his eyes, who spoke very fast. Too bad you could not understand what he was saying to you. He asked you what happened and Carlos began to speak for you but the principal quickly shut him up by saying, "Let the boy speak for himself". "What was this fight all about Juan?" "Who started it?" "Come on, speak up boy". "Noh, noh comprendo, senior".

Back in your classroom, Mrs. Brown greets you once again with a smile. The children are dancing and singing to a record. Mrs. Brown asks you to join in the circle but several of the children won't break it to let you in. Finally Mrs. Brown gets in the circle herself and brings you in but you can feel the little girl who is holding one of your hands sure wished she wasn't. You know every-

body knows this and wished you could run out of the room but Mrs. Brown has a strong grip on your other hand. Later, while the children are getting their afternoon drink you can see the little girls pointing at you and giggling. You ask Carlos what they are saying and you're told they are laughing at your pants and shoes. So what, they were good enough for Manuel and Jose, why not me? And what if your shoes did have cardboard in them. You know you must make them last as there is not enough money in the winter when there are no crops to pick. You were clean though. Mama had washed all of your clothes special because you were going to school and you knew this was a job for Mama who had to carry the water from the big cistern in the camp. You then looked at your hands and knew why the little girl had not wanted to hold yours. Sure they had blisters on top of blisters but that is what you get when you hoe sugar beets. In your family, if you're big enough to hoe beets you work, even if the hoe has a sawed-off handle.

Soon the day ends and you must walk back the way you came to the place where you were told you would be picked up by the man who owns the camp your family is now living in. At this place you must wait and wait and wait. Finally he comes, you climb into the back of the truck and as it pulls into camp never did anything look so good as to see Mama, Papa and the babies in front of your cabin. "Como esta, Juanito" you hear Mama calling. Spanish, it was the best sound in the whole wide world. Now you knew you were really home.

In many schools around this nation where the Spanish-American migrant child attends they are being drastically short-changed. We, as educators, speak of meeting the needs of all the children, of planning behavioral objectives and yet, in many areas, the Spanish-American are a foreign entity and just don't "fit in". Many Spanish-American children are suffering from acute learning disabilities, many of these physiological in nature. You spoke of the conductive hearing loss. This exists but I feel there is a problem far more pressing than this. It is the permanent loss of intellectual capacity due to prenatal and postnatal malnutrition. If these children do not get the proper amount of protein at the optimum time (prenatal period and the first 12 months of life) they can develop permanent learning disabilities. After this period of time, there can still be some damage but not as extensive. This has serious implications as to their ability to integrate material correctly, hence, being able to read and write. I became fascinated with this area because I had a little boy in my room who was severely malnourished in early life and as a result, was totally apathetic (minimal autism) at the age of 5½. I am not working with these children any more but they are still very much on my mind . . . and in my heart. I am trying to help them in another way by working on a M.Ed. specializing in specific learning disabilities children develop because of a lack of early protein in the diet. This is a new and open field, but one that needs to be looked into more severely. There are implications here for why children in "poop-up programs" such as Headstart do not maintain their acceleration, why many people of this lifestyle are so apathetic in attitude and why the cycle of decadence evolves. I choose to feel that it *all* does not depend on the socio-environmental conditions as does Hurley.¹ Research says that there are now definite physiological changes in the biochemical and neurological makeup of individuals subject to early malnutrition. If you are interested in this area there are many competent men who can give you intense detail. May I suggest the work of Dr. Joaquin Cravito of Mexico City, Dr. Fernando

Monckeberg of Santiago, Chile and Drs. Delbert Dayton and Merrill Read of the National Institute of Child Health and Development, Growth and Development Branch.

I will close this letter to you by saying, thank you again for your interest. I call these children, "the little children with the dancing eyes and singing names". Please sir, please . . . help them to get their fair break in life.

Most Appreciatively,
ELAINE J. OYLER,
Seattle, Wash.

CIVIL RIGHTS AND THE GENOCIDE CONVENTION

Mr. PROXMIRE. Mr. President, statements by organizations dedicated to the advancement of human rights was an integral part of last spring's hearings on the Genocide Convention by a special Subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee. Mr. Bayard Rustin, the distinguished chairman of the Executive Committee of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights and Mrs. Katherine L. Camp, president, U.S. section, of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom have been strong supporters of the Genocide Convention. Their statements stress the importance of ratifying the convention in order to reaffirm the fundamental U.S. commitment to human rights and human dignity.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the statements be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the statements were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

STATEMENT OF BAYARD RUSTIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE ON CIVIL RIGHTS

The Executive Committee of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, at its meeting on April 29, 1970, unanimously endorsed ratification of the Genocide Convention.

Many of the 125 national civil rights, labor, religious and civil groups that participate in the work of the Leadership Conference have already expressed their individual support of ratification. It is our hope that endorsement by the Leadership Conference will help focus the Senate's attention on ratification of the Genocide Convention as a civil rights issue.

When the United Nations, our own country included, adopted the Genocide Convention in 1948, it was in direct response to the most heinous crime of this century: the murder by Nazi Germany of more than 6 million men, women and children, simply because of religious, ethnic or political minorities. The intervening years have only made ratification of the Convention more imperative and the reluctance of the U.S. Senate to act, in more than 20 years, a matter almost beyond comprehension.

Lately in this country we have heard members of the black minority express the fear that concentration camps and gas chambers may someday be prepared for them. It is a pernicious fear; and it persists in spite of disavowals by the highest officials of government.

One way to demonstrate that the fear is groundless is for the Senate of the United States to ratify the Genocide Convention.

Seventy-five countries have already ratified the Convention. We must, too, if we are to convince our citizens and the world that we mean what we say; that we are ready to go beyond mere professions of high principle and take an unequivocal stand against the monstrous destruction of groups of people because of their birth or their beliefs.

¹ Rodger Hurley, *Poverty and Mental Retardation: A Causal Relationship* (New York: Vintage Books, 1969).