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ropes of international finance and gain the confidence of foreign officials.

If progress can be sustained and the dollar glut replaced by a shortage, the administration will be in a position to resume pressing for additional reform of the international monetary system. The issue of reform has been deadlocked since the dollar came under attack, but Europe may be amenable to change once the dollar is no longer acting as the financial fuel for expansion.

According to those who foresee a possible dollar shortage, a lot depends on a continued holddown on the outflow of private capital. Mr. Salant believes that this drain will decline naturally, but many others are less sure.

[From the New York Times, Mar. 24, 1965]

**WARNING VOICED ON WORLD FUNDS—DILLON CITES THE DANGER OF A RESERVES SHORTAGE RATHER THAN EXCESS—U.S. DEFICIT HOLDS KEY—FUTURE LEVELING OF PAYMENTS BALANCE WOULD AFFECT THE HOLDINGS IN THE WEST**

(By Edwin L. Dale, Jr.)

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon, making his final appearance before a congressional committee, said today that the "danger" for the world in the future would be a "shortage of international reserves rather than an excess."

Mr. Dillon told the House Banking Committee that this danger would rise "since our balance of payments is about to be brought into balance."

Deficits in U.S. international transactions supply reserves to other countries by adding to their dollar holdings.

The occasion for Mr. Dillon's testimony today was consideration by the committee of legislation authorizing the United States to accept a 25-percent increase in its quota in the International Monetary Fund, along with a general increase of the same amount by the other members.

**RAYBURN HOUSE MEETING**

It was the first meeting of the committee in its new and impressive hearing room in the recently opened \$100 million Rayburn House Office Building.

That additional costs on the building—it has been called the most expensive in the history of the world—were still being incurred was made clear by pounding of carpenters on the roof that frequently interrupted Mr. Dillon's testimony and brought forth quips by the committee members.

Representative WILLIAM A. BARRETT, Democrat, of Pennsylvania, in a reference to recent U.S. gold losses, said he thought the pounding must be by Frenchmen.

The questioning was generally friendly, and the committee is expected to approve the legislation.

**ON QUOTA INCREASES**

Mr. Dillon rejected suggestions that the European countries had not contributed sufficiently to the fund-quota increases, though he agreed that the United States would have welcomed extra quota increases by countries such as France that declined to accept them.

Mr. Dillon emphasized that world reserves were "adequate at the present time," especially if augmented by the newly enlarged credit facilities of the fund.

When the United States "gets into balance," he added, the nations "will need to consider whether some other form of reserve asset than the dollar will be needed."

He said, however, he did not think a decision would be required "until we have been in balance for a year or two or three—until we can see the effect of our being in balance."

[From the Washington Post, Mar. 18, 1965]

**REVERSING THE OUTFLOW**

Although one must be cautious in interpreting evidence after only 1 month, it would

appear that the administration's program for eliminating the balance-of-payments deficit is working very well, perhaps too well for the comfort of those Europeans who never hesitate to excoriate this country for its profligate ways.

Writing from Paris, Bernard D. Nossiter reports the Commerce Department and Federal Reserve Board programs which have been set up to stanch the outflow of dollars are beginning to pinch like a tight shoe. There has been a sharp increase in the Eurodollar rate—the interest rate on dollars borrowed in Europe—and concern in the European financial press lest a reversal of the dollar outflow precipitate a deflation.

While this country is still some distance from the goal of eliminating its payments deficit, European fears of deflation are well founded if somewhat premature. In addition to the upward pressure on interest rates, a reversal of the dollar outflow will reduce the volume of capital investment in Europe and inhibit the growth of international liquidity, the monetary reserves that are essential to expansion of world trade.

The dangers inherent in the elimination of the U.S. payments deficit can be averted through the creation of a new international monetary unit, a substitute for dollars and gold in the reserve coffers of trading nations. But the basis for an agreement on international monetary reform has not been achieved, and until it is Europe will suffer from the disciplinary actions that it urged upon the United States.

**CONGRESS SHOULD BACK BAIL REFORMS**

Mr. MONDALE. Mr. President, I was most honored to cosponsor S. 646, S. 647, S. 648, and S. 1357, bills to modernize and reform an unfair bail system at the Federal level. I have received encouraging support for my position in this matter; and I ask unanimous consent that an editorial from the Minneapolis Tribune be reprinted at this point in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

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

**CONGRESS SHOULD BACK BAIL REFORMS**

National efforts to reform bail systems deserve encouragement from Congress this year when it considers procedures in Federal courts.

Under the American system of law, the only reason for bail is to secure the presence of an accused person at trial. Yet studies have shown that freedom between the time of arrest and trial too often is determined by financial ability, and that high bail is sometimes used to keep defendants in custody.

These procedures have been denounced by the Department of Justice, by the National Conference on Bail and Criminal Justice in Washington last May and by the results of such experiments as the Manhattan Bail Project in New York. In its first 3 years, that project released 2,195 selected defendants solely on their promises to return for trial, and only 15 failed to do so. The rate of default for those freed on bail was three times as great.

That study and those being carried on in at least 10 other cities indicate that consideration of community ties—rather than just financial ability—might release perhaps half of all criminal defendants with little or no bail and at no greater risk than in the present system. At the same time, poor defendants would not be dependent on the whims of professional bondsmen for freedom.

Three bills already have been introduced in the Senate and House to change present procedures, and an omnibus bill supported

by the Department of Justice and the White House is expected next month. In addition to modernizing an unfair system at the Federal level, passage of one of these measures would be a clear invitation to States and cities to do the same.

**JOB CORPS LEADERS HANDLE BOYS OF ALL BACKGROUNDS AND PROBLEMS**

Mr. MONDALE. Mr. President, the war on poverty has enlisted many talented youth leaders to guide and harness the restless energies of young men out of school and out of work.

The Washington Daily News has performed a splendid service by sending its reporter, Samuel Stafford, to the Job Corps camp at Catoctin, Md. His three-part series of articles tells how Troy Weaver, a 34-year-old camp counselor who once played with the Harlem Globetrotters, has managed to deal with the fears and hopes of young boys who recently have arrived at this youth conservation camp near Washington, D.C.

I am sure that the war on poverty will enlist many fine young men like Troy Weaver. His experiences illustrate that it is possible to inspire despondent young boys to better themselves.

The State of Minnesota is proud of the pioneering efforts of Vice President HUBERT HUMPHREY and my colleague in the other body, JOHN BLATNIK. For years, they urged Congress to launch a youth conservation corps. This program will not overnight undo the damage which poverty and lack of opportunity have done to thousands of young people. It will, however, make it possible for what good there is in every person to have a chance.

Last year, it was cynically said that it would be cheaper to send poor boys to Harvard than to send them to Job Corps camps. It is obvious, however, that boys with medical problems, reading difficulties, and lack of motivation to stay in school are poor candidates for Harvard. The early successes of the Job Corps, however small, indicate that the vision of Vice President HUMPHREY and Representative BLATNIK and the many others who encouraged this program was well conceived.

Therefore, I commend to all Senators these articles which appeared in the Washington Daily News; and I ask unanimous consent that they be printed in the RECORD.

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

**THAT'S ALL WE DO HERE—WORK AND EAT**  
(By Samuel Stafford)

Troy Weaver jumped out of the yellow bus with the agility of a basketball player and turned to watch his boys debark.

They were a sad-sack lot of teenagers and they knew it. Unskilled, short on schooling, they possessed only the clothes on their backs and a large measure of hope that this at least might be a start to somewhere.

Ten of those who stepped self-consciously off the bus at Camp Catoctin, Md., the Nation's first antipoverty program Job Corps conservation camp, were Negroes, the other 10 white.

Troy Weaver, 34, camp counselor who once played with the Harlem Globetrotters, said,

"C'mon, men, you're Job Corpsmen now \* \* \* Nothin' to be so sad-mouthed about. This is your big chance. Mud? Yeah, we got lots of mud. You boys gonna work, turn that mud into grass \* \* \* When do you eat? Man, that's all we do here, work and eat."

Some of the boys smiled and others made feeble jokes, and Troy Weaver continued to practice his specialty, which is getting along with the kids whom society somehow overlooked.

"See that bulldozer over there? Some of you may be driving it some day. You work hard, you can go all the way."

#### LONG DAY

That's the way it had been all the way up from Baltimore on the bus.

Talk their language. Kid them, needle them, irritate them, roughhouse with them if they're in the mood. But always listen to them. Be square, never lie, and never lose contact.

For Troy, who used to work with slum street gangs and teenage dope addicts in New York and Cleveland, the day had begun badly. The new boys—some from northern city slums and others from ramshackle Midwest farm villages and hillbilly coal towns—were to assemble in Baltimore, and Troy was to bring them to camp at about 11 a.m.

But two Corps recruits from Connecticut missed connections. And a New Jersey boy somehow got lost en route.

It was nearly 2 p.m. when the bus reached camp. The foul-up threw the schedule 3 hours behind, and created later problems for the staff.

There was a welcoming speech by Al Maxey, the softspoken director of Camp Catocin who used to be a Yellowstone Park ranger, and then a hurry-up lunch, after which the 20 new Corpsmen assembled in the recreation room.

Troy, in slacks and a campus sweater that buttoned down the front, talked easily to the boys.

"How about some of you new boys stand up and introduce yourselves," he said.

A boy got up and stammered, "I'm Steve \* \* \* I'm Steve Fil \* \* \* Steve \* \* \*." His face reddened. "I'm Steve (long pause) \* \* \* Fil \* \* \* Fil \* \* \* Filippo, of New Haven."

"Fine, fine," Troy Weaver said. Other recruits introduced themselves.

Troy said, "Now the clothing situation is bad. We got here late and probably can't do much about it today. Each of you was supposed to get a complete duffel bag, pants, shirts, and so on. But they won't be here till later. We expected larger boys than we have."

He and other staff members checked the boys to make sure they'd been issued blankets, pillows, towels and such.

#### THE FUTURE

Then Troy said conversationally, "There's a wealth of things you can learn to do here to equip yourselves for the future. You can say to yourself, 'What am I now \* \* \* what would I like to be?' and you can fill in with what you need. We give 10 hours a week in the education building in reading, arithmetic, typing and other things you need to get a job."

"We work on the principle that you can do better if you teach yourself \* \* \* and we'll function as guides. We start you just where you are in reading and arithmetic and bring you up."

"You grade yourself. If you cheat, you cheat yourself."

Two or three boys looked puzzled.

Staff members explained that the Corpsmen would be divided each day into three groups: "work details"—carpentry, plumbing, electrical or other craft shops, building fire trails and other chores—counseling and educational sessions.

"I'd like you to think of this as a little city," Troy said. "It may sound bad to you, but somebody has to collect garbage. We need a mailman. Somebody has to put up the flag."

#### FIRST LETTERS

He urged the boys to write home after supper.

"Write, 'Dear Mom, Dear Sweetheart, Dear Sugarpie,'" he said. "I at least got to Catocin. I think it's great. Or 'I think it's the worst place in the world.' Anything you want."

"Where do you get stamps?" a farm boy asked shyly. Another boy wanted to know where to get a lock. The questions were answered.

Troy dropped naturally into the role of older brother.

"You want to say to hell with it all," he said casually, "you got problems with your girl, you come to old Troy."

He talked about the Boys' Council, formed the night before by corpsmen who had arrived earlier, about off-hours trips to nearby towns to see basketball games or movies, and plans for building a ball field come spring.

"It's a good place," he said. "Maybe you think, 'I failed in school,' but there are no failures here."

#### HOME

The new corpsmen were told they could smoke anywhere in camp, but were expected to empty any dirty ashtrays they saw.

"We'd like each boy to think of this as his home," Troy said.

"Can your family come and visit you?" a boy asked.

"Sure, I don't see why not," Troy asked whether anybody had any gripes, and a tall Negro boy rose and said, "I'm disappointed. I thought once I got down here in this noman's land, I could pull down a broken heap and fix it up."

Troy thought about this.

"Well, of course, under Job Corps rules, no cars are allowed at the camp," he said.

"I mean just fix it up so when I leave in 2 years I'll have a heap."

"Maybe that's not a bad idea," Troy said. "You're among the first Job Corpsmen in the country. If there's going to be any changes in the program, you'll help make them."

Another boy said, "If your wife's having a baby, can you go home?" (Very few of the boys are married.)

Troy laughed. "I'd like to see anybody keep me here if my wife was having a baby," he said.

"What about girls?"

"We're going to try to work up some social entertainment—and that means boy meets girl."

#### ALLOWANCE

Teachers Maurice Robinson and Warner Cheeks and Work Leader Jim Troxell explained other details of the program. The corpsmen were told they would get \$30 spending money to start with, and a lump sum of \$75 for "dressup clothes."

They will be credited with \$50 a month, and if they send half of this home each month, the Government will match it with another \$25.

"I think it's pretty nice here," a boy named Herman volunteered.

When the orientation program was over, the boys adjourned to play ping pong and cards and listen to records. Some of the strangeness was beginning to wear off.

After supper, Troy flopped wearily on his bed.

"Whew," he said. "Rough day."

But his troubles were only beginning.

A young man entered the room and announced: "One of the new boys says he's going home."

And Troy went off to see what he could do.

#### A LOST BOY IS FOUND AND LOST AGAIN

(By Samuel Stafford)

Troy Weaver, the counselor at Camp Catocin, Md., the Nation's first Job Corps conservation camp for school dropouts lay on his bunk, eyes half closed, listening to the confusing blend of laughter, the ticktock of ping pong balls and driving rock and roll from the recreation room next door. It had been a hard day.

Some of the new arrivals had gotten in late, due to a mixup, and all of the boys were far from home, and some seemed bored and edgy.

Troy listened for signs of trouble, and it came in a rush. A boy burst into Troy's room.

"Troy," he said, "one of the guys who came today wants to leave. He said he hates it here."

#### HELP

The messenger was one of the old boys from a group of Job Corpsmen who had come to Camp Catocin a few weeks earlier.

Troy sighed and got to his feet. "Looks like one of those days," he said, and followed the boy through the crowded recreation room and out the front door.

Another boy materialized out of the darkness. His name was Perryman and he was one of the old boys, too.

Perryman nodded at a thin blond, pimply-faced boy beside him, and told Troy Weaver: "He says he is going to catch the next bus out. Maybe I can help with the problem."

Troy said, "Thanks. I will let you know what happens."

#### INTRODUCTION

Then he put his arm around the blond boy, and said, "I forgot your name."

"Richard," the boy said. "I come in from New Jersey."

"Oh, you are the fellow who was lost, came by car. Well, you have had a bad day all around, have you not?"

Troy, arm still around Richard, said, "let us talk about it in my office."

They walked through the mud in silence for a few moments, and then Troy asked gently, "What is wrong? You homesick?"

Richard's eyes were nearly hidden under the blond thatch. His hands trembled and his lower lip quivered. He wore a dirty blue windbreaker and tan cotton pants.

"Yeah," he said, "I guess so."

"First time you have been away from home?"

"Yes." Richard looked at the ground.

They neared the door of the education building, and Troy, with the sure instinct of one who has been on many streets before, asked softly, "Who is it you miss?"

"My dog, Cindy," the boy said.

"Just your dog?"

"No, my brudder, too. I thought my brudder was coming along with me. My brudder got turned down. He always lost out on every Government thing he ever tried for."

#### WHEN?

They entered Troy's cubbyhole counseling office. Richard, tears welling up, dropped into a chair. Troy sat on the edge of his cluttered desk.

"When did you decide to leave, Richard?" Troy asked, gazing into space.

"The minute I walked into this place." Richard's jaw worked violently. "My fodder and I thought I was going to Oregon. I didn't know I was coming here till I got on my way."

Troy laughed, but not harshly. "Be glad you're in Maryland," he said. "It's a lot longer trip home from Oregon."

A trace of a smile crossed the boy's face before he allowed himself to become miserable again.

INTERESTS?

Troy gazed at the ceiling, scratched his head, yawned, and casually asked, "What is it you like to do?"

The forlorn lump of a boy in the chair stirred uneasily. "Well," he murmured, "play the guitar, I guess."

"You play the guitar we have in the rec room?"

"I plunked it a little."

"You met your roommate yet?"

"No."

Troy said, "You haven't even been in your room yet. Have you seen any of our bulldozers?"

"Well \* \* \* no." The boy's hands still trembled.

"My point," said Troy, "is that you don't even know what we do or the programs we have and you want to leave. You think that's right?"

"I guess not," Richard said hesitantly.

"Have any idea what you want to learn?"

"Well, I thought I might want to drive a bulldozer."

A SPARK

Troy's feigned torpor vanished.

"Well, didn't you see those bulldozers lined up out front when you came in?" he said. "You can learn to run one here. But there's other things to do, too. You make your bed at home?"

"I don't sleep on a bed \* \* \* I sleep on a couch."

"Live in a big house?"

"No, a little house."

"What's your father do?"

"He paints boats." Richard wiped at his tears with a grimy sleeve.

SCHOOL

Troy let the silence gather. Then he asked, "When did you quit school?"

"Eighth grade."

"Why?"

Richard made a face and shrugged. "I didn't like it. They call you names and things. I told 'em I was quitting and I did."

"You like anything in school?"

Another shrug. "Spelling and reading was okay, but I hate arithmetic."

Troy informed him that the would have to learn arithmetic to handle bulldozer work.

"I dunno," Richard said. "I just don't like it here. My folks told me if I wanted to come home, just come home. I guess my mind's made up."

HIS CHOICE

Troy Weaver said, "I'm not going to try to talk you into staying. That's up to you. All I want you to do is give us a chance."

Silence from Richard.

"What else do you like to do?" Troy asked. "You like movies?"

"Not very good. Maybe monster movies. I just like to be alone."

"Why?" (Gently.)

"I don't know", Richard said, biting his lip.

Troy said, "Maybe I can fix it up for you to get a roommate. Maybe that boy, Perryman, who wanted to help you \* \* \*"

"I don't care," Richard said with a shrug. "I mean, I'm not going to start a fight with him or anything, but I don't care."

PRECURSOR

"You know, a week ago Perryman wanted to leave," Troy said.

"Yeah but somebody stopped him outside the gate and made him get into a truck."

Troy grinned. "That was me," he said. "Only I didn't tell him to get into the truck. I just talked to him and afterward he got in. It was his decision. You like girls?"

"No."

"Well, that's up to you, too, but you can't just keep leaving everything that doesn't work out for you." "You know, Richard,

some day you're going to have to leave your father, mother, and dog, and you have to get ready for it. You're almost a man. We can help you get a driver's license and other things."

SPORTS?

A long pause. Then, "Do you like sports?" "No. Just weight lifting and karate."

"Well," Troy said, "we've got a Marine sergeant here who knows weight lifting, and we got a gym. Didn't you see that yet, did you? Didn't give us a chance."

Richard smiled sheepishly.

Troy got up and left the office to handle another problem, and when he returned, he said, "Well, what do you think?"

Richard, smiling faintly, said, "I guess maybe I'll stick it out. \* \* \* But seconds later, he shook his head and muttered, "No, my mind's made up. I was stupid to think I'd like it here. I'm going."

Troy faced the boy and said, "Nobody makes you stay or go. Nobody pushes you here. We all get lonely. I'd like to see my wife and kids down in Washington, but I'm lucky to see them once a week. Maybe I can move them up sometime. I came up to Catocctin because I believe in it and I like the work. I like the kids—and, Richard, I want you to consider me a friend."

He left it at that. But later he and Maurice Robinson, a teacher at the camp, decided to have Billy Tucker, a small, talkative 16-year-old Virginia country boy, room with Richard and try to cheer him up. But 2 hours after this decision was made Billy announced in the recreation room that he, too, was going home.

Two Negro boys promptly talked him out of it. "The food's too good," one of them said.

Later that evening, Troy look Richard along when he drove to nearly Thurmont for cigarettes. Troy gave the boy half a dollar, which Richard refused at first, but finally he accepted it and bought some cigarettes, too.

A dispute was brewing in the recreation room when they got back to camp.

James Blackmon, who wears a pearl in his right ear—a badge of his old New Haven, Conn., club—and James Truesdale, nicknamed "Moose," of Camden, S.C., had disagreed on the choice of TV programs, and the argument was escalating.

Troy, Maurice, and other staff members soothed the combatants and Blackmon and Moose were told to straighten up by the Boys' Council, formed mainly of "old boys" at camp.

"We never had trouble like this, and we don't need it," said Ray Martin, 17, son of a Kentucky coal miner. "We got a big chance to make good here, and we don't want to spoil it."

EXIT RICHARD

Troy flopped wearily on his bunk. It had been a tough day.

"When they get a full crew of 100 corpsmen here," he said, "I'll be afraid to leave at all."

But then he said, "Funny thing—after they've been here about 3 days, they settle down and they're OK."

As for Richard, he hung around camp for 2 days, brooding, and then he joined up with two other homesick boys and left for home.

"Those guys are crazy," said a boy who watched them go. "Government give 'em a good chance and they throw it away."

A DAY WITH SOME BOYS JUST BEGINNING

(By Samuel Stafford)

Recently, I conducted a highly-unscientific attitude survey among some adults I had reason to believe were broadminded.

"Give me," I said, "your impressions of a typical school dropout."

Their collective portrait showed a hard, delinquent kid, too dumb or too lazy to make it in school, who therefore spent much time in the streets, preoccupied with girls and other mischief.

But when I stayed at Camp Catocctin in the mountains of Maryland, the Nation's first Federal Job Corps rural camp for dropouts, this boy was nowhere to be seen.

Instead, I found an assortment of boys—Negroes and whites, some from big cities, North and South, and some from Midwest farms or Appalachia's dreary mining towns—most of them shy, meek, uncertain, suggestible, vulnerable, and anxious to please.

"We have no kids with bad records here," said Al Maxey, Catocctin's director, "although a few have had scrapes with police. We're not geared to handle juvenile delinquents."

And a Catocctin staff member said, "One thing I've noticed. The kids here aren't nearly as sophisticated as juvenile delinquents I've known."

Camp Catocctin, only a mile from Camp David, the Presidential retreat, and 61 other conservation camps throughout the country, eventually will house 100 boys each. Other Corpsmen will learn trades in larger urban camps.

COUNTRY BOY

Billy Tucker, a pint-sized, talkative 16-year-old from a Wise County, Va., town so small "you can spit from one end to the other," dropped out of school in the seventh grade. He has eight brothers and sisters, and his father, he says, "hasn't worked 7-8 years, ever since he got mashed up in a coal mine."

Billy helped out some by "choppin' wood." He has few interests. "I only like to swim and fish," he said. He is crazy about the food at Catocctin. "Best butter I ever ate," he said wolfing down two platesful.

CITY FELLOWS

Henry Lee Epps, Jr., 17, a Negro from a broken home in Baltimore, is one of the original 9 boys who opened the camp 2 months ago. He is expected to ease the way for succeeding waves of Catocctin Corpsmen.

Henry is an enthusiast.

"Why'd I join up?" he asked. "To get to be somebody, that's why. My grandma saw about the Job Corps in the paper and told me about it. I like it here."

Bill Keefer, 20, comes from Uniontown, Pa., a town whose future often has looked as dark as its old buildings.

"My dad worked the Buckeye and other coal mines," Bill said. "Then, about 6 years ago, there was an explosion. His insides were messed up and he had to go on relief. Eight kids in my family. I quit in eighth grade. I wasn't burning up the course and my family needed the money I earned. It's good here. I want to get more schooling, maybe learn to run heavy equipment."

THE MIDWEST

When I first met Bill, he was showing Herman Singleton, 19, a Galesburg, Ill., farm boy, how to iron his pants.

"My dad," Herman said solemnly, "got killed when I was a baby. Grindstone flew apart and hit him."

Herman has eight brothers and a sister.

"I quit after tenth grade," he said without bitterness. "I couldn't get along. It was just a little bit too hard. I farmed, picked corn, did baling, and disking. I read about the Job Corps in the paper and took the tests. I think it's pretty nice here. I want to get my high school diploma and learn mechanics on foreign cars."

KENTUCKY BOY

When I first met Ray Martin, 18, he was earnestly listening to Herbert Grimm, foreman of camp roads and trails, who was operating a huge front-end loader. Ray had

seen him plowing through the dirt, and asked him to show him how it worked. Mr. Grimm had obliged.

Afterward, Ray said, "I want to learn everything around here. Mostly, I'm interested in mechanics."

Ray comes from Whitesburg, Ky., and has 11 brothers and sisters. He dropped out of school in the seventh grade. ("I couldn't hack it, things were tight, I had to go to work.") He ran a motor in a coal mine and later read about the Job Corps, and signed up.

Like several of the original nine boys who opened the camp, Ray has blossomed into a camp leader and a moving force in the newly organized Boys' Council—an important liaison between corpsmen and staff.

How did his family like the idea of his joining the Job Corps?

"Liked it real smart," Ray said.

I discovered Richard Tyndall, 17, a small, blond boy from Dillon, S.C., doing pushups in the latrine.

"Gained 5 pounds doing these exercises," he explained. "Come around a year from now and see me. I'll be like Atlas. The Government's doing a good thing for us here."

Gregory Ratliffe, of Baltimore, a remarkably thin boy, was filling cans with cement to make his own barbells.

"When I quit school, man, I wasn't never goin' back," he told me. "Got a job as bus-boy, laborer, all that. Goin' nowhere. Then I saw the Job Corps thing."

#### REVELLIE

Organized exercise at the camp has typical hurdles to overcome.

First Sgt. Samuel Griffiths, a muscular health food addict on loan from the Marine Corps, directs the physical education program.

One recent morning, he sat in the recreation room, waiting for the boys to fall out for calisthenics at 6 o'clock. A few boys straggled into the room. Clearly the Sarge was disappointed.

"Maybe it's the weather," he ventured. "A little drizzly out."

Later, when no new exercisers appeared, he said, "Can't understand it. Usually, we get a full turnout."

So a call was put out for Troy Weaver, Catoctin's chief counselor and a former Harlem Globetrotter basketball player. Troy rampaged through the barracks, pounding on doors, deftly turning aside excuses from his sleeping charges.

"Calisthenics, men," he boomed. "How come you old men ain't out of the sack yet? Bad example to the new men. Let's go, let's go."

A colored boy named Moose said, "I ain't goin' to take no exercises, got a bad foot."

Troy said, "Get a nurse's certificate," and kept pounding on doors.

The barracks soon emptied and Moose was left alone. Reluctantly, he joined in calisthenics, a victim of group pressure.

#### CONFIDENCE

At breakfast, the Sarge ladled protein powder ("It makes you feel tiptop") out of a can to fellow staffers who regard this food-and-fresh-air fanatic with amusement, awe and respect. They know his value in building morale among the boys.

"He makes the corpsmen feel like tigers," a colleague said.

An attempt to show the boys what life can offer—and how they can get it—is apparent in all the staff work.

Troy is giving an attitude test to new recruits.

"What this place really means is that if the other guy can do it, you can do it too," he says. "You want a swimming pool, a maid, a big house in the country, breakfast in bed?"

There is a chorus of "Yeses."

"Well," Troy says, "You can have these things. But it takes money. You have to work to get the money. And you have to have a job to earn money. And you have to learn to get a job."

#### TRADES

The boys at Catoctin will learn such crafts as auto mechanics, plumbing, heavy equipment operation, and forestry, while maintaining the campsite and refurbishing nearby parks.

A few critics have suggested that the Job Corps is designed to be a "showpiece" in the anti-poverty war. They say only the "good kids" are admitted—that the program will not touch many delinquent boys who need it most. Where, such critics ask, does one draw the line in accepting or rejecting a boy on the basis of his police record? Do you accept a boy with a school truancy record, but turn an auto thief down?

What will happen to all the bitter rejects among hopeful applicants?

#### A REPLY

A national anti-poverty office official said, "This kind of carping is ridiculous. The national office does not do the screening. Local offices—like the United Planning Organization here in Washington—do it with the help of social workers, the boy's church if he has one, juvenile authorities, school officials, and police."

"If all of these people decide a boy probably will benefit from the program, then he is a good bet to be accepted. Anyhow, only about 1,000 or so have been screened throughout the country out of more than 125,000 applicants, so how can anybody criticize the screening process so early in the game?"

That mistakes will be made is conceded. To restore some measure of hope to a boy in peril of losing a race he never ran is a delicate chance and altogether exciting undertaking.

Al Maxey, the former Yellowstone National Park ranger who now directs Camp Catoctin, puts it like this:

"It is like being the first plow that goes through the virgin snow at Yellowstone. That is a lot more fun than being one of the 10 or 12 plows that follow along behind."

#### MINNESOTA'S PARTICIPATION IN INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION YEAR

Mr. MONDALE. Mr. President, the year 1965 was designated by the United Nations and by a proclamation by President Johnson as International Cooperation Year. The President has called on all Government agencies, his executive staff, and other citizens to do everything in their power to encourage and develop projects that will prove to the world that we believe peace and good will throughout the globe can be maintained through cooperation.

One of the first of such projects developed after months of negotiations between Midland Cooperatives, Inc., of Minneapolis, Minn., and the Dominican Government, and resulted in a refinery project that has matured to the point where formal construction activities will start within a very short time.

Midland Cooperatives, Inc., is a large regional cooperative, with headquarters in Minneapolis, and several hundred member cooperatives scattered through several Midwestern States. I am well acquainted with Midland's management and its board of directors. All are to be commended for the initiative and courage they have shown in successfully negotiating an oil-refinery concession with

the Dominican Government. The covering agreement reflects the kind of cooperation that has played such an important role in the development of our own country, and I am confident that it will be the foundation of similar results with the people of the Dominican Republic.

As a part of the agreement, Midland is setting aside a sum in excess of \$500,000 a year that will be used to develop and promote the cooperative movement at all levels in the Dominican Republic. Furthermore, Midland is lending the Dominican Cooperative Institute the necessary equity capital whereby the latter can be a full and equal partner in the ownership of the refinery. It is the plan of Midland to train Dominican nationals in its refinery at Cushing, Okla., so that the maximum number of Dominican citizens will participate in the operation of the new facility. At all levels of the Dominican society, American cooperatives are already showing an interest and a direct participation.

Murray D. Lincoln, who for many decades has been a leader in the cooperative movement in the United States, is to be commended for the initiative he showed. Midland's general manager, A. J. Smaby, and his associates, Milton B. Zeddies and J. A. Bierbaum, did an outstanding job in handling the final negotiations for the refinery agreement. Mr. Smaby has for many years been an active participant in the international cooperative field, and is chairman of the board of the International Cooperative Development Association, a member of the board of the International Cooperative Development Fund, a member of the central committee of the International Cooperative Alliance, a member of the Inter-American Cooperative Finance Institute, and a member of the board of the Cooperative League of the U.S.A.

Dr. Donald Reid Cabral, president of the Triumvirate of the Dominican Government, and his associates, are also to be commended, because any decision such as the one involved in this project touches upon every political and economic facet of the Dominican Republic's national life.

Recently, the Export-Import Bank approved a \$5.5 million loan to assist in the financing of the construction of this refinery. This action reflects most favorably on the judgment and initiative displayed by Harold Linder, president of the Bank, and his staff.

I think it of importance that recognition be given this major breakthrough by American and Dominican cooperatives, since it will not only benefit our people, but also will be an example to others of what can be accomplished by using the cooperative approach.

It is fitting that this event happened in the year proclaimed by our President as International Cooperative Year. We in Minnesota are proud that so many Minnesotans played vital and active roles in this unprecedented venture.

#### AUTOMOBILE-TIRE SAFETY

Mr. NELSON. Mr. President, the Federal Trade Commission recently held 3