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nominating Abernathy for mayor. Several seconds were shouted from the crowd, but then a white woman, also apparently pre-coached, came before the microphones to second the nomination.

IT'S OFFICIAL

Abernathy then shouted to the crowd, "Are you ready for the motion?" He was answered by shouts of "yes."

"All in favor say aye," Abernathy shouted. The crowd dutifully answered, "Aye." All opposed say nay," he continued. There were no nays. Abernathy announced that the ayes "have it," and then asked for a vote of acclamation, which he got.

He made his first appointment—the Rev. Jesse Jackson of Chicago, to be "city manager" and said he and Jackson would have offices in the new city hall.

Keeping with the happy, pep rally mood of the meeting, Abernathy said he was looking for a place to live in the city so he could carry Mrs. Abernathy over the threshold.

"We got to stay with you. If we go up we all go up together. If we go down, we all go down together," Abernathy said.

He said the community would elect a city council, and establish a sanitation department—"you don't want any diseases breaking out here"—a health department and a welfare department. He said the city doesn't need a sheriff or police chief and changed the name of the marshals to "peace keepers."

LODGING OFFERED

He then called on Bevel to get the people ready for the demonstrations, today. But before Bevel could speak, Abernathy pointed to a man in the crowd in front of him who apparently asked to be recognized. The man suggested that Abernathy spend the night in his hotel since he was unable to find housing.

Abernathy then turned to the crowd and asked, "Is it all right with you if I stay in a hotel tonight but come in tomorrow?" The crowd answered yes.

Jesse Jackson then took the microphone and said, "It is important that we make decisions ourselves and not let the press kill our leaders."

He said Abernathy had begged to be permitted to stay at the campsite, but that the staff was worried about the leader because "you ain't got a whole lot of Abernathys around. I don't want him around here every night. They (white folks) protect their leaders. I don't want him down with me. I want him to stand on my shoulders. . . . We have a leader and to give him pneumonia (to prove a point) is like casting pearls to the swine." The crowd shouted its approval as Abernathy stood by impassively.

DOMESTIC FOOD ASSISTANCE ACT OF 1968

Mr. MONDALE. Mr. President, on May 16, I introduced a bill called the Domestic Food Assistance Act of 1968. This bill is aimed at ending the endless cycle that now exists in this country of hunger, poverty, sickness, and death among the poor.

On May 17, I had the opportunity to visit Resurrection City and to view at first hand some of the things the citizens' board of inquiry had found about "Hunger, U.S.A."

An article written by Robert C. Maynard, and published in the Outlook section of Sunday's Washington Post, adds an important dimension to our understanding of the problem. For the hunger problem is not an abstract thing. It is something more than statistics. It is people. Mr. Maynard's article well documents the devastation in terms of health, ability to work and learn, even ability to

seek redress of grievance, all of which can be attributed to hunger.

Mr. President, we must and can overcome the problem of hunger in this land. I am confident that a comprehensive attack on starvation and malnutrition such as that included in my bill will help us do just that.

In the hope that vivid realization will stimulate the kind of response we need to the hunger problems before us, I ask unanimous consent that Mr. Maynard's article be printed in the RECORD.

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

THEY ARE BORN HUNGRY

(By Robert C. Maynard)

The streets of Frogtown are paved with dust. The houses are shacks that sit on silts. In Savannah, a stranger usually finds his way by noting the names of streets on stone markers, about four feet high, that stand on each corner. But they do not stand in Frogtown; they lie on their sides because the dust will not sustain their weight in an upright position.

Thus a stranger in Savannah's Southwest Negro ghetto can never be certain what streets go which way. He has to rely on the street urchins, who come up and beg, "Mister, can I have a penny?" Sometimes the urchins don't know the names of the streets either. "Who you want, Mister? You want Mama Dee? She live in house right over dere."

When strange men come to Frogtown, they are looking for "Mama Dee." Kids of 5 and 6 already know that, even if they don't know the name of the street on which they live.

A couple of hundred miles from Frogtown, on a road off Highway 80 in Demopolis, Ala., the car was making great bumping noises as it negotiated the craters in the mud road. A little boy with sores on his arms and mud caked on his brown knees watched the car from behind a tree.

The car stopped and the driver smiled at the boy. He turned and fled like a frightened deer down a small path and into a house made of tin, with planks of pine wood where the windows should have been.

DOOMED BABIES

Dr. Alan Mermann loves children, which is why he is a pediatrician. He was talking about children being asleep. "It was the first time I had seen children just walk into a classroom and fall asleep."

He was describing Negro children in Lowndes County, Ala., where he did a study and came to the conclusion that the Negro children there were doomed to incomplete lives at the moment of conception. Lack of protein in the mother's diet, lack of prenatal care and lack of proper diet after birth would prevent their brains and bodies from developing.

The U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, to which Alan Mermann gave his views on the health of the children of Lowndes County, has collected masses of numbers and facts on the condition of Negroes in the Alabama Black Belt. Dr. Mermann, a Yale pediatrician, said that life for Negroes is ten years shorter than life for whites living in the same county.

That is an abstraction, a statistic arrived at by working with charts and slide rules and vital statistics from the State Health Department. One might hear it and grasp its meaning, or one might fail to sense its importance until one met Mrs. Haynes.

A BORROWED DRESS

Mrs. Haynes wore anklets rolled around the tops of her shoes. The varicose veins in her ashy brown legs stood out like cords. The faded cotton dress had been borrowed from a neighbor for the occasion of her appearance

before the Civil Rights Commission in Montgomery, 40 miles from her home in Dallas County, Ala. Her hands had a hard sheen, as though the skin were plastic.

What Alan Mermann's numbers failed to convey in meaning was inescapable in the face of Mrs. Haynes. Her elongated face is almost fleshless and her eyes are shallow in their sockets. She holds her head at an angle as she sits before the commission. The television floodlights give her skin a pallor almost corpse-like.

"How old is Mrs. Haynes?" a reporter asks another sitting at the press table. He says the records show her age as 42. "Forty-two!" the first newsmen says. "She looks like 60."

Mrs. Haynes is the mother of six children. She lives in a shack comprising two rooms, but the roof over one of them leaks when it rains, so in fact they live in one room, all sleeping in two beds.

There water supply and their toilet facilities are a creek or a spring 100 yards from the house. Their light is a kerosene lamp.

Mrs. Wade was sitting opposite Mrs. Haynes that morning in Montgomery, also testifying. What had she had for dinner last night? "Oh, we ate good last night. We have greens and cornbread." Some nights, after the Federal food stamps have run out, the sole meal of the day is "milk bread." That's bread soaked in milk, and perhaps it will be the diet of the Wade family for ten nights.

THE SHOCK OF BOUNTY

Eli Johnson was transfixed. He comes from a family whose circumstances are the same as Mrs. Wade's. They both live in Selma. But this particular evening, 18-year-old Eli Johnson was far from home, in Atlanta.

He was standing looking at a buffet table with hundreds of pounds of food on it, including two 30-pound roasts of beef. He looked at it for a full minute. He literally did not know what to make of it.

An Atlanta matron, one of those who had prepared the food, gave him a gentle shove. "Go on and eat," she said. "Go ahead, son."

Rich Negro Atlanta, which proudly boasts more Negro millionaires than any other city in the country, had outdone itself. The Poor People's Campaign was coming through that afternoon and they decided to do it up right in the town that gave birth to Martin Luther King Jr.

Eli Johnson was in a mild state of shock. He lifted a chicken bone off the table and started to walk away. The woman showed him back toward the white-clad chef, who was carving off huge hunks of rare red meat for the Poor guests. Eli Johnson took the meat on his plate and walked toward a chair in Archer Hall at Morehouse College.

There are statistics that say that Eli Johnson will have a lifetime income one-third of that of a white youth of the same age and the same number of years of schooling in Dallas County, Ala. Those statistics are important for what they tell us about the state of our Nation.

But there is Eli Johnson, uncertain of taking a piece of roast beef; Mrs. Wade with her milk bread for ten days; Mrs. Haynes with her gaunt, aged face at 42; Dr. Mermann's sleepily children who are protein-deficient before birth; the boy who is frightened of cars and strangers, hiding in a tin hut, and the children of Frogtown, who understand hunger and corruption before they know the name of the street on which they live.

These are the faces of black Southern poverty.

Only young Eli Johnson is on the Poor People's March. It is almost gratuitous to say so, but the rest were too poor to come. Across the South of this Nation, there are families and people who are unaware that there is any place where life is different from the hunger that they see and feel daily.

Washington is a remote place and talk about doing something to change the daily

condition is dangerous talk. Demanding can be deadly.

A WATERY ABATTOIR

"Mr. Charlie is a terrible creature," said the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy in Birmingham one night a couple of weeks ago. He went on for three grisly minutes speaking of the "untold" number of black bodies yielded up every spring by the Pearl River that runs through Mississippi.

And James Bevel, a top associate of Mr. Abernathy in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, echoes him by saying: "There is a conspiracy out to murder off black people."

Hosea Williams, another top SCLC official, after being told one day that he could not lead a march in Montgomery because the lack of a parade permit made it illegal, said:

"Of course it's illegal. Whenever black people want to do anything for themselves, it's illegal."

And the Rev. Andrew Young, walking along the route of march during a Memphis demonstration, talks with a reporter friend about the Alabama Black Belt, where Selma and Lowndes County are. He says:

"The oppression has increased. They are trying to drive Negroes out by whatever means because now that they have the vote—with their overwhelming numbers—they could take control. The oppression is systematic."

None of these men is a radical black nationalist. Each, in his own way, has demonstrated what their slain leader, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., tried in his lifetime to make clear: The nonviolent civil rights movement is determined to seek change through tactics that do not set race against race, color against color or culture against culture. But it is safe to say now that SCLC's leaders see different handwriting on the wall.

AND NOW A DIRCE

They always sing as they march through the towns and cities bidding the poor and the oppressed to join and come to Washington for the great confrontation with the seat of power. Usually the songs are gusty, determined anthems: "Oh, Freedom," "Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around," "We Shall Overcome" and "Freedom, Freedom, Freedom."

Lately, another has slipped into the repertoire, almost so naturally that one accustomed to hearing the singing might not notice. J. T. Johnson, the rich baritone, often leads it: "This May Be the Last Time." It is sung mournfully, almost dirgelike.

Mr. Abernathy has said it in words, as has all of the SCLC leaders: "This may be America's last chance."

The bearded Mr. Bevel, his voice shrill with indignation, warns that black people have become a liability for white America. Slave labor first, cheap labor next and now a burden as nonlabor.

Worse than that, a restless people with a tragic history, disrupting in pursuit of a share of the wealth, may through their activities and their weakness already be goners.

"I am here to tell you," Mr. Bevel says to a huge Memphis rally, "that white America is on the verge of liquidating her liability—black people."

POOR WHITES ABSTAIN

So the hunger in the Southland, the rats in the big cities, the lack of medical care and education in both city and country—all of it has come together for SCLC as never before. It has taken on a meaning larger than accidental injustice. It has become a death knell for a people, and thus for a whole nation as well.

It seems not long ago that only the most radical were speaking of conspiracies against black people. Now SCLC, always militant but never alarmist, fears that the forces of re-

action are on the move against blacks the Nation over.

To avoid any tight racial circle, SCLC was determined from the beginning that the Poor People's Campaign would not be accused of being the black people's campaign. It wanted the whites of Appalachia, the Indians off the plains and the Spanish-speaking people from the Panhandle and the cities. But the others have not come in significant numbers for a variety of reasons.

The whites of Appalachia, as one observer put it, have nothing but their whiteness to set them apart. To join in such an effort would erase even that sop to ego in a Nation of white power.

"If these whites in Mississippi had any sense," Mr. Young was saying in the hearing of several state highway patrolmen in Edwards, Miss., "they would be in the Poor People's Campaign." But he was conceding what ideologues have recognized in this country for years: Race identification transcends class interests.

That this is especially true among the poor is evidenced by the failure of Mr. Abernathy's crusade to capture the imagination of poor whites with a program that would help them as much as it would Negroes—full employment or guaranteed annual incomes.

One SCLC executive, after being chided by reporters for organizing on the wrong side of the tracks in Marks, Miss., told an anecdote that illustrates SCLC's dilemma: "We had just gotten into town and we started to go through the white neighborhood toward city hall. We looked across the street and saw this tough group of white cats looking over at us. And I said, 'Y'know, these are the guys we should really be organizing; the blacks already have the message.' We looked over at them again and got that hard, mean stare, and I said, 'Now, maybe not yet. They don't look ready for us.'"

It has been SCLC's position that the power structure that preserves poverty among Negroes does the same among whites, and that in fact the poverty of one is essential to the maintenance of poverty among the other.

A large firm that decided to locate a plant in rural Alabama discovered that its potential production employees could not pass a simple industrial aptitude test. The failure rate was essentially the same regardless of race.

The simple fact is that the schools of the rural South, because of their lack of funds and their archaic practices, perpetuate ignorance among whites and blacks alike. That the ignorance among blacks is more rigidly maintained is a matter more of degree than of substance.

Perhaps therein lies SCLC's failure to capture the imagination of poor whites. Perhaps it is that persistence of ignorance, presided over by men with 19th century mentalities, that forces Abernathy's crusade to be for minorities rather than all poor people.

SIGNS OF TOLERANCE

For all of that, there are signs that the South is changing. Mr. Abernathy led a march across Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma a couple of weeks ago to show that it could be done; marchers who tried it three years before were tear gassed and mauled.

And Hosea Williams, in a memorial service for Dr. King on the steps of Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in Montgomery, stood a little more than 100 yards from the Capital, where Lurleen Wallace's body lay in state, and said:

"If Montgomery is a great city today, it is not because the Wallaces made it great but because Martin Luther King was the pastor of this church in this city."

In Savannah on a sultry Saturday night, a group of newsmen—a very integrated group, as it happened—dined sumptuously at one of the city's finer restaurants with no incident beyond a stare from time to time.

In Greenville, S.C., a Negro who was lost was offered the escort services of a motorcycle policeman, and throughout the deepest South the restaurants and motel facilities that were once exclusively white have ceased to be so.

"Another racist myth bites the dust," someone mused at dinner in Macon, Ga., one evening. Again, Negroes and whites sat eating together in what was not long ago an all-white restaurant. The waitress represented the dead myth.

The owners had once complained that if Negroes came there, the waitresses would not serve them. This particular waitress made such a point of being cordial that somebody wished aloud that her attitude could be exported to the North.

POLICE SMOOTH WAY

Following the Southern Caravan of the Poor People's Campaign, the striking difference was in the police and city officials generally.

Although Charleston, S.C., called in the National Guard, Police Chief Trenton T. (Tally) Tillman made it clear to his men and to white Charleston that the marchers were to go through without any difficulty. He cleared traffic and offered other services in a quietly efficient manner that suggested that he had been clearing the way for civil rights marchers all of his career.

Perhaps the most ironic omen of change was in Macon: a deputy chief of police, riding a motorcycle, admonishing a white citizen to "get that car out of the way and give these people room to march."

It is not too cynical to suggest that the local police through the South realized that their towns were not direct targets of the demonstration. Traffic would be tied up for a couple of hours, but then the caravan, after taking on some local Negroes, would be leaving for the next town.

Hosea Williams, in Edwards, Miss., to the local whites:

"You all are glad to see these niggers leaving Mississippi, but you ain't gonna be glad to see these niggers coming back."

And the exceptions, the challengers of even that small amount of change in attitude by local police: Detective John W. Martin Jr., of the Danville, Va., Police Department, going one day ahead of the caravan all the way from Mississippi, warning police departments that the demonstrators were armed and dangerous.

Perhaps that says most about the change. Nowhere was he taken particularly seriously; it probably helped that the FBI went behind Martin and reassured the local police.

A REFLECTED ATTITUDE

Local police, of course, are public servants of the ownership class. Unless that class in the South either changes its composition, its attitude or both, the police will continue to carry the image of oppressors. Thus Eugene Patterson is important to the issue.

Blond, self-assured and full of Southern grace, he is a member of the Civil Rights Commission. Toward the end of the commission's five days of hearings late last month in Montgomery, Hosea Williams was called to the stand.

It was one of those appearances that hush the house. Dressed in a white tuniclike shirt and a black blazer, Williams probably gave one of the longest single answers on record in commission proceedings.

Asked to describe the SCLC and its work, he began in Montgomery, describing Dr. King and the Montgomery Improvement Association, which led a bus boycott that went on for 381 days—and won. Dramatically, he described the evolution of the nonviolent movement, the Freedom Rides, the sit-ins, the search for justice in housing, jobs, education and equal justice before the law.

SCLC he said, is not opposed to "Rockefeller and Ford being millionaires. But we should

not have to live in the Buttermilk Bottoms of Atlanta, the Watts of Los Angeles and the Harlems of New York." Instead of spending "billions to put man on the moon, we should spend billions to put men on their feet," Williams told the commission. "This land," he nearly thundered, "is our land."

ASHAMED OF REACTION

The recreation hall of Maxwell Air Force Base was still when he finished. Then Eugene Patterson, publisher of the Atlanta Constitution, one of the South's great newspapers, spoke.

His fellow white Southerners, as well as all Americans, Patterson said, would make a "grave mistake if they did not heed what Mr. Williams is saying." He traced his own reaction to the very events Williams had described.

He was disturbed by the bus boycott, he said, because it disrupted the order of his region, but looking back, he was "ashamed at my reaction." And the same for the Freedom Rides and the sit-in movement, the voter registration drives—all of it. Finally, he said, "men do change," and, for all that the movement has done, "this Nation should be profoundly thankful."

Interracial groups being able to dine graciously in Savannah's charming restaurants is the movement's doing, just as it is the movement's doing that Macon County, Ala., has a Negro sheriff. And probably, but for the early 1960's, it would have been impossible for the Southern Caravan to be escorted through the South by helpful motorcycle policemen.

All of those advances in a region that has been retarded by the most primitive of human passions—the passion of hate out of hand and to be cruel for the sake of color—simply prove what is known: Racism need not prevail if strong men will it otherwise.

AN UNANSWERABLE QUESTION

But Mrs. Haynes is dying of starvation by inches. Mrs. Wade's children live on less protein in a month than middle-class children get in a day. Eli Johnson needs more than one good meal in Atlanta. And as for the children of Frogtown and the boy in Demopolis, they need everything.

They are the ones left behind by a movement that benefited those who were already on their way. Mrs. Haynes, in the most pathetic moment of her testimony, was asked what would make her life better. She stared in bewilderment at the very audacity of the question. She never answered. She could not conceive of an answer.

It was women like Mrs. Haynes pleading to Dr. King for relief in Marks, Miss., that brought tears to his eyes. Explaining to Mrs. Haynes what "Resurrection City" in West Potomac Park has to do with her would probably be very difficult, and for different reasons from those for which it would be difficult to explain to Sen. Eastland.

But the SCLC people think that in their effort lies the answer to the question Mrs. Haynes could not answer. And they think that time for Mrs. Haynes and for the Nation is running short.

ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OF GEN. JOHN L. HINES

Mr. BYRD of West Virginia. Mr. President, I think it would be appropriate for us to pay tribute today to one of the Nation's oldest living soldiers.

Retired Army Gen. John L. Hines, a native of White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., is celebrating his 100th birthday today at Walter Reed Army Hospital.

General Hines, who was affectionately nicknamed "Birdie" because of his springy gait, succeeded Gen. John J. Pershing as Army Chief of Staff in 1924.

He held that distinguished post for 2 years before replacing the late Gen. Douglas MacArthur in command of the Philippines.

An article published in today's Washington Evening Star relates that after dancing with him one day in London, the late Lady Astor said General Hines was "the best thing ever to come out of West Virginia." That was quite a statement from a lady who was reared in neighboring Virginia.

Mr. President, I extend to General Hines best wishes on his 100th birthday.

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

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

FORMER ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF: GENERAL HINES, 100 TODAY, RECALLS DAYS OF PHIL SHERIDAN

(By Herman Schaden)

Gen. John Leonard Hines, a former Army chief of staff who remembers when Phil Sheridan held a comparable post, is celebrating his 100th birthday today.

Celebrating may not be the best word, since Gen. Hines has never been much for ostentation, but his family and intimate friends are marking the day with a little ceremony in his room at Walter Reed Hospital.

"His mind is reasonably quick and he can bring back military memories dating to the days when Sheridan was commanding general of the Army," said a friend, L. Robert Davids.

As one who had done considerable research in such matters, Davids said Gen. Hines is the first high-ranking government official to reach the century mark.

"He probably best fits that description popularized by one of his Army colleagues—that 'Old soldiers never die, they just fade away,'" said Davids, realizing that Gen. Hines has been publicly unnoticed since his retirement 36 years ago.

In his time, Gen. Hines was very much in the news. The son of Irish immigrants, he was born May 21, 1868 in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., and managed entrance to West Point despite a one-room schoolhouse education. Called "Birdie" Hines by his Army football teammates because of his springy step, he graduated in 1891.

An Indian fighter in Montana when the Spanish-American War broke out, he insisted on getting into the Cuban action and won several decorations.

"En route he 'requisitioned' Teddy Roosevelt's plush troop train in Florida and got Col. William Wherry's troops to the disembarkation point ahead of the Rough Riders, who arrived later in a coal car, dirty and angry," Davids said Gen. Hines was fond of recalling.

Wherry must have been impressed; for later he gave his daughter, Rita, to Gen. Hines in marriage. They had two children, Mrs. Alice Cleland of 6200 Oregon Ave. NW. and Col. John L. Hines Jr. of 4438 Reservoir Road NW.

Gen. Hines' long military career closely followed that of another soldier who spent his later years at Walter Reed, Gen. John J. Pershing. They were together chasing Pancho Villa in Mexico in 1916-17.

In World War I Gen. Hines rose from lieutenant colonel to major general with the American Expeditionary Forces headed by Pershing—a record of battlefield promotion equalled only by Stonewall Jackson.

Gen. Hines was known as a dazzling horseman and, perhaps paradoxically for one of his nature, a gay blade on the dance floor. Dancing with him in London after the war,

Virginia-bred Lady Astor hailed him as "the best thing ever to come out of West Virginia."

Gen. Hines drew high praise from Gen. Pershing, and it was not surprising that the former was selected to succeed Pershing to the top Army post on the latter's retirement in 1924. Hines had the tough job of keeping the bare-bones post-war Army in fighting trim.

One of his unhappiest duties was to order the general court martial for Gen. Billy Mitchell's denunciation of military air force policy.

"Gen. Hines was greatly disturbed by the whole affair," Davids recalled. "He had no quarrel with Mitchell's long-range forecast regarding the influence of air power and had great respect for his judgment."

After his two-year term as chief of staff, Gen. Hines replaced Gen. MacArthur in command of the Philippines Department and on his 64th birthday, retired to return to his native West Virginia.

He has been at Walter Reed almost two years. His visitors there have included a famous former Army chief of staff named Dwight D. Eisenhower and one of his former junior officers of another day, retired Gen. Charles Bolte.

Gen. Hines' son, Col. Hines, also was a West Point graduate and highly decorated soldier in World War II. He was hit by a mortar shell at Frankfurt, and lost his sight, but manages to lead an active life.

GI IS SLAIN BY SHOTGUN BLAST ON STREET HERE

Mr. DODD. Mr. President, Tuesday morning, May 21, 1968, began and ended this way for a Hyattsville soldier home on leave before being shipped to combat in Vietnam: He was shot in the face and killed by a single blast from a sawed-off shotgun as he stood on the street in front of a restaurant.

There is no more moving argument for strong Federal firearms controls that include rifles and shotguns than this tragedy.

The story was reported in today's Washington Daily News.

I ask unanimous consent the article be printed in full in the RECORD as a reminder that rifles and shotguns are used by assassins and should be controlled under any law passed by this Congress.

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

[From the Washington Daily News, May 21, 1968]

GI IS SLAIN BY SHOTGUN BLAST ON STREET HERE

A Hyattsville soldier, home on leave before shipping off to Vietnam, was killed early today in front of an Irving-st restaurant with a single blast of a sawed-off shotgun, police said.

Homicide detectives said that Pvt. Michael Feathers, 19, white, of 3622 Deane Drive, was standing on the sidewalk in front of the restaurant near 14th-st when a man approached, exchanged a few words with him, and then snatched the shotgun from under his coat.

The man fired point-blank at Pvt. Feathers, the charge striking the soldier in the face.

A suspect was arrested a short time later and police identified him as Arthur Luke Marshall, 21, white, of 1315 Edgewood-st, Kensington. He was charged with homicide.

HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR HUMAN RIGHTS NEEDED

Mr. PROXMIRE. Mr. President, protection can be afforded human rights and