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**DOES THE SENATE DARE?**

Mr. CHURCH. Mr. President, Mary McGrory brings her acute perceptions into play in an article discussing the current debate in the Senate over a decision of President Nixon to send American combat forces into Cambodia. One dimension of the dispute, as she properly points out, is the difficulty confronting many Members, including myself, as we seek to reclaim for the Senate its self-discarded role in foreign policymaking. An erosion of will by the Senate during the cold war period to exercise its constitutional powers has played no little part in our present predicament. The Senate is now challenged to insist that it be readmitted to a coordinate role in the formulation of foreign policy, particularly with regard to the fateful questions of war and peace.

I ask unanimous consent that the article, published in the Washington Evening Star on May 31, 1970, be printed in the Record.

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

**DICK NIXON WEARS A HARD HAT**

The Senate was extremely polite, almost apologetic, as it wound the first delicate threads around the hands of a President bent on some unknowable venture in Indochina.

Sen. Frank Church, D-Idaho, one of its least partisan members and co-sponsor of the Cooper-Church amendment, explained that "no disrespect was intended" by this tentative, preliminary attempt at preventive detention of the war-making executive.

"We are strengthening the President's hand," said Church, "helping him overcome the evasions and foot-dragging by bureaucrats and foreign allies."

The language of the preamble of the amendment, which merely holds the President to his promise to bring all American troops "home" to Vietnam by July 1, was softened that even Chairman John Stennis of the Armed Services Committee, a fierce and unwavering hawk, said it was "meaningless."

The Senate is extremely nervous on its first expedition into composite dissent, which probably will come to a vote this week. Since 1967, individual members like Sens. J. W. Fulbright and Eugene McCarthy have formed and led resistance, but the Senate as a whole has been content to let the commander-in-chief, who is the proprietor of the flag, the defender of "patriotism" and the protector of "our boys," make all the decisions.

The Senate is not built for speed or defiance. Nor had it seen itself in the role of savior of the country, which it has now as-

sumed in the eyes of millions of troubled and despairing Americans.

Since Cambodia, it has been swamped by mail and besieged by lobbyists—not the old comfortable kind who bought them lunch, but lean and hungry hordes of students, housewives, doctors, lawyers and clergymen demanding justice and threatening retribution at the polls. The senators are told that if they could reject Carswell, they can reject the war.

The President is free of such pressures. He is surrounded by servants and courtiers in his splendid mansion. He is told by his staff that the men who oppose him never did or would vote for him, and merit his contempt.

While George W. Ball, former undersecretary of state, the celebrated, tame dove of the Johnson years, was telling the House Foreign Affairs Committee that "congressional consultations," not congressional curbs, were the answer, the President was receiving the construction workers, the most vocal and violent supporters of his Cambodian decision, in the Oval Room. The day before, he had seen the head of the far-right Young Americans for Freedom.

"I'm only a senator," moaned Warren G. Magnuson, D-Wash., when importuned by the Yale Law School student lobby to stand up to the President.

It is, to be sure, an unequal contest. The President has symbolic and actual superiority. He did not even tell the Senate he was sending troops into Cambodia. Eight thousand were over the border when the Senate, with the rest of the country, learned about this new expansion to shorten the war.

When the howls of outrage went up, the White House virtuously claimed "fear of security risks on Capitol Hill."

Sen. George D. Aiken of Vermont, dean of Republicans and ranking member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, sputtered, "I have never betrayed a president's confidence. He didn't tell us because he knew we would not approve."

The President reckons, apparently, that disunity and fear will strike the anti-war forces in the Senate, who, after they deal with Cooper-Church, must face the radical McGovern-Hatfield fund cutoff. His marksmen have no convenient personal target; the sponsorship is bipartisan. No stars have yet been born during the struggle and to date, no deep divisions. His spokesmen are invoking the prisoner-of-war issue to delay the vote.

It seems unlikely the Senate will part him from his money. For many of them, it would smack of regicide, and the presidency has become, partly due to the Senate's compliance, something of a monarchy.

What is needed more is an effort to separate the President from his memories and suspicions. He came of age in the 1950s, came into prominence as a Red-hunter and cold warrior. He was a leader in the hue and cry against the Democrats that they "lost China," never mind that we never had it. He is incapable of believing that the Democrats would not, some day, accuse him of "losing Indochina," even though some of them are committing their futures to the proposition that it might be the best thing that ever happened to this fractured and anguished country. The President has, in short, put on his hard hat, and the Senate is going to have a nasty, awkward time getting him to take it off.

**THE WAR'S DREADFUL TOLL ON VIETNAMESE CIVILIANS**

Mr. CHURCH. Mr. President, each week the Pentagon faithfully issues a body count of Vietcong and North Vietnamese military personnel killed as a result of American air and ground action. What the Pentagon does not tell the

American people each week is the gruesome toll of Vietnamese civilians of all ages who are killed or wounded.

However, Dr. George Roth, a member of the Committee of Responsibility composed of physicians, has seen the horrific effect of the war upon civilians.

A columnist for the Washington Post, Nicholas von Hoffman, reprints some of Dr. Roth's observations in an article published on May 27, 1970, in the Washington Post.

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:

"AN ELEGANT CONTEMPT"—A COMMENTARY  
(By Nicholas von Hoffman)

Dr. George Roth practices family medicine in San Francisco and teaches at the University of California medical school where he does not hold an academic title because he refuses to sign the loyalty oath the state somewhat quixotically demands of professors of mathematics, biology or medicine. Dr. Roth is a member of the Committee of Responsibility, a little-known organization dominated by dozens of physicians from America's most prestigious schools of medicine: Harvard, Columbia, John Hopkins, UCLA, Cornell, University of Pennsylvania and so on.

The committee's reason for being is to bring war-wounded Vietnamese children to the United States for the medical attention not available to them there. It would appear that there are many, many such children. Witnesses before Sen. Edward Kennedy's subcommittee looking into these matters have testified that civilian casualties probably run to two or three or even more hundred thousand a year. Sixty per cent of them are believed to be children, who being children, are less prudent and less able to protect themselves from the fire and steel, the flechettes and fragmentation shots which precede the imposition of a regime sufficiently democratic to meet rigorous American standards. These same witnesses estimate that 80 per cent of all civilian war casualties are caused by us and our allies, another testimonial to our superior firepower.

Since Dr. Spock and other peace creeps are associated with the committee, our government is inclined to view its work as a rather sneaky form of treason. Nevertheless, the committee perseveres in its reprehensive humanitarian goals; from time to time, Dr. Roth goes to Vietnam to find patients, and, if possible, smuggle them in to save their lives. He is recently back from his third ambulance-chasing trip. While there, he was able to inspect the medical facilities available to civilians throughout most of the country. He has written a report about what he saw and thought. Here are excerpts:

"... Cho Ray in many ways is the finest public hospital in all of Vietnam. We visited the pediatric ward. There were 25 children there in fairly depressing circumstances. Twelve of these were war injuries, two of them quite severe from flare burn. Apparently, the number of duds that are fired is very high, and the children find them and use them as toys and they explode... These flares were phosphorous and magnesium and gave rise to very severe, deep, penetrating burns with contracture, destruction of tissue and very often, unfortunately, the burns occur about the eyes with destruction of the cornea and irreversible blindness. There is not an ophthalmologist on the staff of the Cho Ray Hospital... X-rays are poor, all of them terribly overdeveloped and underexposed... Sterile technique is in essence unknown.

"... He (high American AID official) continues to talk about three civilian hos-

pitals which the United States government constructed in Vietnam. He is vague about the dates when this was done and, under questioning, agreed that it was not three but two, and he is not quite sure where these hospitals are. The point of fact is that they do not exist. This is typical of so much that Americans do in Vietnam. The myth is repeated again and again and it becomes a reality and the problem disappears because the myth satisfies the problems... He believes that there are more paraplegics created by Honda accidents than by military activity, and the implication is that the Committee of Responsibility ought to address itself to traffic control.

"The entrance to the orphanage (at Bienhoa) is marked by a sign which gives the name and below this a plea which says, 'Please do not shoot our children, they are all orphans.'... 2,200 children. The orphanage is now three years old and is supported almost exclusively by the Buddhist movement in Vietnam... The director stated that, in the past two years, 42 children had died... He stated that many of the children who died in the orphanage had died with sudden onset of abdominal cramping and diarrhea preceding to bloody stool and death. He spontaneously offered that it was his experience that the children tended to become ill this way shortly after large amounts of defoliants had been used just off the perimeter of the camp... The pillars of the building are made exclusively of shell cases from American mortars. The young monk who took us about offered the comment that these American contributions to the welfare of the children were most welcome.

"Massive numbers of empyema secondary to tuberculosis or pneumonia," Dr. Roth writes of his visit to a hospital in Nhidong. Empyema or pus in the lungs is, according to Dr. Roth, unknown where antibiotics are administered in the proper dosages, which, he says, is seldom the case in Vietnam, for he writes, "It is an unforgettable sight to see child after child walking down the halls with a chest tube protruding from his thorax, carrying his bottle filled with the yellow-green familiar pus."

One last excerpt concerning conditions in the hospital at Danang:

"There is no blood bank, and instead, blood is sent when it is outdated from the nearby military hospital. There are many problems, some of them quite severe, associated with giving outdated blood, particularly potassium intoxication. I saw blood being given that was over five weeks old. In the United States, it is not used after five days.

"We spent a very large amount of time in the burn wards. This is a quonset hut, a rusty dilapidated and dirty structure with 28 beds and 37 patients. There are no screens. The screen door lies on the ground outside. Children from the nearby pediatric medical ward are brought here each morning and, on little benches, school is conducted. The notion of bringing tuberculosis patients into a burn ward is so beyond my comprehension that, in telling of it, I am simply overwhelmed. The burn ward at Danang is purgatory and inferno and hell itself.

"In the fifth bed from the door, there is a nude 24-year-old woman, burned over 70 per cent of her body. She is dying very rapidly, and I suspect will not last the day. Her mother, black teeth, string hair, flits about like some great beetle, fanning madly to keep the flies from a woman who no longer can appreciate that they have settled on her burns. In the bed next to her, a 12-year-old, burned over 40 per cent of her body. This child is constantly in pain and, during the two hours we were there, we hear nothing more poignant than her endless whimpering.

"In the middle of the floor at the far end of the hut, there is a galvanized tub... I sat and watched as the nurse filled it with

cold soapy water. A 9-year-old girl, burned over 30 per cent of her body and who had grafts and is encased in bandages, comes and stands in the bucket. The child's mother is given a pair of sterile gloves, which she promptly proceeds to contaminate. She has a green plastic sauce pan. She stands beside her child and dips the water from the large bucket out with the pan and then proceeds to pour it over the dressings of the child, who each time screams as the cold water hits the burns. The woman, with a mad methodicalness, does this again and again, and the child screams louder each time as the water penetrates deeper each time through the dressings. Finally, the nurse comes and with forceps and scissors begins to remove the dressings. Each pull of the dressing is accompanied by a cry. Each pull of the dressing removes more of the graft, and finally after 30 agonizing minutes, the child stands lobster red and naked, trembling and crying in the water. The dressings lie on the floor. The child steps out, and the mother leads the child back to the dirty bed.

"The next patient comes and stands in the same water and with the same saucepan is similarly baptized. The whimpering and crying spreads like an epidemic as the child who is waiting becomes aware that in a few moments it will be his turn to suffer; he begins to cry, and it spreads from bed to bed. The cries bounce off of the metal of the Quonset huts and everything becomes unreal and totally inhuman and I wonder what I am doing in Danang in this hut watching people step in and out of a dirty bucket of water."

Back in this country a month now, Dr. Roth is still raked over by emotion. "A Vietnamese child dies clinging to life as my child dies clinging to life," he tells you in a condition that is near tears, and then stops to total up what the deaths, the pain, the unspeakableness will have gotten us in the end:

"If the Vietnamese hated us, they'd be exhausted and would have died by now, but they don't hate us; they have an elegant contempt for us. They call us big-nosed, and they say, 'One day you will go, and when you go, the rain will come and the rain will wash away your every smell.'"