

The problem is that even the easy decisions have been tied up in so much red tape—extended studies, appeals and litigation—that a logjam has developed that must be broken. If we are to arrive at a timely solution, then all sides must take their blinders off and give some attention to the other side's point of view.

I know that at least part of the reluctance of the lumber industry to accede to more wilderness stems from a fear that the areas identified in RARE II as being best suited for multiple-use will not actually be opened for logging, but instead will remain snarled in a bureaucratic morass.

Those fears are not unfounded. When RARE II is completed at the end of this year, the Forest Service will recommend that a number of the roadless areas be made wilderness by act of Congress. But no one in the Forest Service, or elsewhere, knows what will be done with the so-called "multiple-use" lands, the roadless areas not selected for wilderness or further wilderness study. Present thinking is that these areas would be returned to multiple-use management after the issuance of the required environmental impact statements. That route would be effective only if the final environmental impact statement is not subsequently challenged. However, any person or group whose members use any roadless area for any purpose, be it just an occasional walk in the woods, would probably have standing to challenge the legal adequacy of such a statement. That is what happened in the first roadless area review. Thus the opening to resource development of any of the multiple-use areas could be delayed for years if the environmental impact statements were challenged in the courts.

As I see it, one way to finalize multiple-use decisions reached in RARE II is the same way it is done for wilderness decisions, namely, by act of Congress. The enactment of appropriate legislation would assure that the areas slated for multiple-use management will be opened for development without inordinate delay.

Perhaps, such legislation could follow the formula used earlier this year to successfully resolve the controversy over the Gospel-Hump roadless area in Idaho.

For years, the future use of this area of the Nezperce National Forest had been in dispute. Idaho conservationists wanted to see the magnificent alpine uplands of the region protected as wilderness, while local timber companies had long planned on cutting trees on the lower elevations of the area. Although the Forest Service spent several years trying, it just couldn't resolve the Gospel-Hump controversy and eventually had to suspend several planned timber sales within the area, threatening log supplies for the mills.

In late March last year, I helped bring the two sides together to seek a common agreement.

After several months of serious give-and-take, the wilderness advocates and the local businessmen finally came up with a joint plan for the area and, at their request, I introduced legislation to implement their allocation and management decisions. As is true with any compromise, neither side got everything it wanted. However, the recent enactment of the Gospel-Hump package has led to the creation of a splendid new upland wilderness, along with the release for multiple-use management of 137,000 acres of prime commercial forest land. Congress, in effect, said, "If we are going to make this upland area wilderness, then we must take those lands surrounding the wilderness which do not need further study, and which are best suited for development, and free them from further administrative appeals and litigation."

The Gospel-Hump approach, if it could be successfully applied to RARE II, would be one way to reach some final decisions

about some of the remaining roadless areas and, in the process, bring a greater measure of certainty to the wood products industry in the West.

CONCLUSION

The judicious and responsible stewardship of our forefathers has left us with an immense patrimony of valuable forest lands. In coming years, as demands on our forests continue to grow, so will the challenges to forest management. If we meet those challenges, if we strive to preserve and perpetuate our woods, to balance carefully competing forest uses, and keep an eye on the future, only then will we have a rich inheritance to pass along to our progeny. Only then will it be possible to say, at the end of our years, "We did our part." ●

ANGOLA: THE BLACK STRUGGLE AGAINST COMMUNISM

● Mr. GARN. Mr. President, when Americans think of anti-Communist freedom fighters, they tend to think of Hungarians struggling against Soviet guns in 1956, or Czechs fighting almost unarmed against Soviet tanks in 1968, or they may think of Berliners risking and losing their lives to breach the satanic wall that divides a free people from a subject one. Occasionally, they may think of Cubans rotting in the jails of Havana, or holding out in the hills of Camaguey, or refugees embarking on frail rafts from Cambodia or Vietnam. Though communism may have become respectable to many of the important people of the world, it has never earned the respect of the unfortunate masses condemned to live under its yoke. And, it is encouraging that they resist, whether we understand and support their struggle or not.

Today, in southern Africa, there are new freedom fighters, created by the Cuban-backed Communist victory in Angola. Determined to drive out the Cuban occupation forces, and to end the rule of Castro's puppet regime in Luanda, this new anti-Communist resistance operates over large areas of northern and southern Angola, and has confined the authority of the Marxist regime only to those areas which its troops can constantly patrol.

It may have escaped the attention of White House aides, busy ferreting out human rights violations in South America, that the Cubans are not alone in repressing black Angolans by force of arms. The Marxist puppet government is also propped up by several thousand Nigerian troops, who in fact are patrolling the cities of Angola so that the Cubans can beat the countryside in search of anti-Communist guerrillas.

And who keeps the Nigerians there, Mr. President? Lt. Gen. Olusegun Obasanjo, military dictator of Nigeria, who a month ago welcomed President Carter to Nigeria with open arms, and lectured the United States on democracy and colonialism. At the time, President Carter told reporters:

It'll be hard for General Obasanjo and I to find differences between us. We have a good relationship and a good basis for discussion.

And last week, President Carter welcomed Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia to our own shores, stating that the two of

them have the same view of what Africa should be like. Then Kaunda denied to reporters that there was anything at all wrong with Cuban troops being in Africa. After all, he said, they were invited.

If President Carter sees eye to eye with General Obasanjo, and shares Kenneth Kaunda's view of Africa, he is extremely naive. Unfortunately, the foreign policy he shapes affects all of us. We cannot easily escape being implicated in the inept foreign policy emanating from the Carter White House. Fortunately for the sake of freedom in southern Africa, there are some, like the Angolan freedom fighters who are less concerned with diplomatic niceties between heads of state than they are with the dirty job of fighting Cuban and Nigerian mercenaries in the field.

A headline in the London Sunday Telegraph of April 2 tells the story: "Cubans Wipe Out 70,000 in Angolan Terror." No doubt President Carter missed the article, busy as he was preparing an attack on wicked American lawyers and doctors, but for the edification of Andrew Young, or anyone else who thinks that Castro's mercenaries are a "stabilizing force" in Africa, I ask that the entire article be printed at this point in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the London Sunday Telegraph, Apr. 2, 1978]

CUBANS WIPE OUT 70,000 IN ANGOLA TERROR (By Norman Kirkham)

Cuba has unleashed a reign of terror across northern Angola in a hidden war against Right-wing guerrillas.

Civilians have been machine-gunned and hundreds of villages bombarded or burned down during an offensive to try to stamp out opposition to the Marxist Government.

More than 70,000 civilians are estimated to have died so far at the hands of thousands of Cuban and African troops. Women and young girls have been raped and their homes looted.

I talked to survivors of the holocaust during a two-week trek of 300 miles into the Angolan bush with a platoon of the guerrillas from Dr. Holden Roberto's National Front F.N.L.A. army.

DAWN ATTACKS

Tanks and armoured cars with helicopter support have attacked sleeping villages at dawn and people have been shot down as they tried to escape. MiG jets are also bombing forests with napalm to try to force out fleeing refugees.

I learned that the attacks are being followed by compulsory evacuation from the insurgent north of thousands of children aged between 10 and 17 who are being flown out for "education" in Havana.

Parents too terrified to try to resist the Government orders believe that their children are wanted for cheap labour on Cuban sugar plantations and that they will never see them again.

Villagers told me that those who tried to question the actions of the Cubans and Government troops were liable to be shot. Hundreds of civilians had also been rounded-up and taken to prison.

The Cuban depredations have been spread over the last six months and in several previous purges of the north which have not been publicised because the Government of President Neto has kept Western journalists and observers away from the areas of conflict.

I was smuggled across the Zaire border to join the F.N.L.A. guerrillas and was the first

British journalist to be allowed to accompany them.

During our arduous journey through deep forest and hill country I found ragged, barefoot refugees whose children are dying for lack of medical attention. A total of one million are believed to have fled from their homes and are trying to hide in the bush.

Dr. Castro has sent 25,000 Cuban troops to help President Neto fight the F.N.L.A. and the separate army of the U.N.I.T.A. independence movement which controls wide areas in the south.

Despite its overwhelming superiority in fire power the Cuban force has suffered heavy losses over the last three years.

Up to 8,000 are believed to have been killed, and several thousand more casualties have been flown for hospital treatment in Russia and Eastern Europe to avoid a hostile public reaction at home.

The Cubans have been following up their northern offensive in the last few days by dispatching reinforcements southward to launch a similar campaign against U.N.I.T.A.

We moved cautiously, Indian file, through the rain forest and shoulder high elephant grass. It was one of those limpid African mornings, silent with heat, which overwhelm one with a sense of peacefulness. Nevertheless, scouts had been sent on ahead of us; there was danger, even here. And then, as if to confirm it, we saw a Mig fighter bomber flashing silver against the sun high overhead. It looked innocent enough. But up there at the Mig's controls, scanning the bush below through his cockpit canopy, was a Cuban pilot. How many helpless refugees had he strafed, I wondered. How many villages had he napalmed?

Not far away, across a range of hills shimmering in the heat, there were more Cubans, I knew. And Russian tanks . . .

We were in the heartlands of Northern Angola, deep in the bush. My companions were 20 guerrilheiros of the Frente Nacional de Libertacao de Angola, with whom I had already travelled more than 100 miles, on foot, to reach this point along the grim trail of carnage we had been following. In the eyes of the Marxist Government at Luanda and of its supporters in Moscow and Havana, these men were terrorists; in their own, they were members of the F.N.L.A. army fighting to rid this vast, primitive land of a cruel and foreign-dominated dictatorship.

What I had already seen in the course of my arduous trek with the guerrilheiros tended to confirm their own image of themselves. There was ample evidence that Cuban-led Government troops had resorted—and were still resorting—to appalling repression of the Northern Angolans. From panic-stricken villagers I had learnt of dawn massacres, the machine-gunning of unarmed civilians, of pillage, rape and indiscriminate napalm attacks. At least 70,000 men, women and children have been killed so far (a figure which may even be an underestimate according to observers in London). Entire communities have been wiped out.

Standing there amid the quietness of the African bush, shading one's eyes against the brilliant sunlight, it required an effort of the imagination to think in terms of such atrocities. But there was the Mig, twinkling menacingly overhead. . . .

Literally hundreds of villages across Northern Angola have been attacked, most of them over the past six months, in an offensive to drive out the anti-Government guerrillas and their supporters. The same merciless tactics have been used repeatedly to crush selected targets, with Russian T 52 tanks and armoured cars manned by Cubans, surrounding villages at first light and then unleashing a hail of machine gun, mortar and bazooka fire.

Sometimes the villagers are rounded up

and taken to prison. Often those who do not escape are simply mown down outside their homes. Women and young girls are raped. Huts are stripped of furniture and valuables. Churches are demolished and bibles burned.

While I was inside Angola I learned of a new horror: an edict had been proclaimed by the military authorities in Luanda that children aged between 10 and 17 from "rebel" villages should be evacuated to Cuba. Officially they are undergoing this forced emigration so as to be educated and indoctrinated as good little Communists in Havana. But their bewildered parents believe the real reason is that they are to be used as cheap labour on Cuba's sugar plantations. A contemporary version of the slave trade? The irony would be staggering if these poor people turned out to be right. And the extent of Cuban influence in Angola today suggests that their suspicions may not be ill-founded.

Dr. Castro's biggest expeditionary force in Africa, 25,000 troops, has been flown and shipped from Havana to Luanda over the past three years. With them have come 50,000 Cuban civilians and technicians, 5,000 Russian advisers and another 14,000 helpers from Eastern Europe to form the spearhead of Communist imperialism looming over so much of the continent.

Few details of Angola's hidden war have filtered to the outside world. The Marxist regime of President Agostinho Neto, which is threatened by separate guerrilla forces in both the North and South, does not permit Western observers or journalists to witness the military operations of those who keep him in power. So I had entered the country by the back door, slipping across the border from Zaïre, then moving south to meet refugees in the Madimba region.

My mission was first suggested several months ago at an interview in a Maida Vale flat with Mr. Daniel Chipenda, General Secretary of the F.N.L.A., and confirmed with another envoy who introduced himself as "Mr. Pedro" over coffee in the lounge of the Great Northern Hotel, Kings Cross, a popular meeting place for commercial travellers.

John Banks, the ex-paratrooper who helped to recruit 250 British mercenaries to fight for the guerrillas two years ago, was also there and his presence was to cause an unexpected hitch in my plans.

The guerrillas took the precaution of informing Special Branch of their intentions to take a Fleet Street journalist to Angola, and the Foreign Office reacted promptly by issuing a public warning that the F.N.L.A. was again in contact with British mercenaries. This in turn brought a threat from the Angolan Government to shoot Britons on sight—not a very comforting development. The rumpus was to delay my departure for Angola by three weeks, but at last I received instructions to fly to Kinshasa, in Zaïre, where the stage was finally set for my long walk in the sun.

NO PRISONERS

In Kinshasa Dr. Holden Roberto, President of the F.N.L.A. is permitted to maintain his unofficial headquarters; although the guerrilla activities there are always kept discreet, hidden from the public gaze. His villa is protected by high walls and steel gates in a hilltop suburb of the city; it was from this compound that our party set off under cover of darkness, wearing civilian clothes.

In a battered open truck, a 12-ton Nissan with leaking radiator and bare tyres, we headed south for 250 miles, taking the main route to the old Congo trading port of Matadi, then turning off along a red dirt track towards the Angolan border.

By 3 a.m. the hills and forests of southern Zaïre were lost in heavy, humid blackness. Shanty villages of tin roofs and thatch were fast asleep as we roared past, but startled goats and once a browsing antelope leapt

from our path. The Nissan thumped and lurched precariously on the twisting, plunging track, the hard-baked surface riven by deep rainwater gullies.

Our roller-coaster ride continued for an hour until, just before first light, the lorry ground to an exhausted halt in the centre of a village on the edge of Angola. I was hustled to a large, brick-built house and told to snatch a brief rest.

Later, we crossed the border in single file, taking a path along an open hillside. After travelling a few miles, we picked our way into a copse which screened half-a-dozen grass huts: the F.N.L.A. command post for the Zaïre Province. Here the platoon was kitted out with a motley collection of hard-worn combat uniforms and armed with equally varied weapons—Russian, American and Belgian carbines and an Israeli Uzi Machine pistol. Some of the younger soldiers were in rags, and the bearer boys had no boots.

Commandante Manzanza Ranca, 33, who leads a guerrilla battalion and first fought to free Angola from the colonial yoke of Portugal 14 years ago, explained that his men relied on captured guns and equipment. Each rifle had come from a dead soldier. The implication was clear: no prisoners are taken; no quarter given in the battle for Angola.

We discussed our plans over a meal of elephant stew served up in tin plates on a bamboo table—a somewhat disappointing culinary experience in view of the meat's beef-like flavour. Then we were ready to move out. I had been warned to travel light and the camp cook, "Papa" Pierre, came to my rescue by offering to carry my pack. During the following days I quickly grew to appreciate the importance of his help. So arduous were the conditions that even a few kilos would have been too much for me.

A team of veteran bush fighters had been carefully chosen to protect me. Apart from Commandante Ranca, the other leading members of our platoon were Commandantes Antonio Matutuka, Domingos Sozinho and Afonso Pinto.

Ranca padded along in his rubber plimsolls a few yards in front of me throughout our journey, carrying his Belgian automatic slung like a club across one shoulder, the pockets of his fatigues jingled with cartridges. He had been involved in an ugly clash with the Cubans a few days previously and it was plain he was anxious to avoid more trouble while the V.I.P. white mah was around.

Matutuka, at 47, a somewhat fatherly figure, was always impeccable in olive green with high leather boots and forage cap, spoiling the effect rather by carrying a noisy transistor radio. He surprised me by reading long passages from the New Testament in French as we sat round the campfire at night. Sozinho wore a Belgian paratrooper's beret and carried an anti-tank launcher, while Pinto, a comparative youngster of 32, affected a rakish leopard camouflage uniform and spent much time fondling a hand grenade.

The guerrillas would chat to each other in African dialect and often spoke Portuguese and French as well. But they knew no English, so I was accompanied by an interpreter, Political Commissar Paulo Moniz. He had a tendency to confuse his languages in moments of excitement, with amusing results: "Do not be alarmé, Mr. Norman, if you herren der guns. It is the chasse for viande."

There were six private soldiers in the column as well as "Papa" Pierre, our kindly general factotum, who led a group of bearer boys, marching with food stores, pots and pans piled on their heads in traditional safari fashion.

It hadn't taken long after we had left the command post and headed across the

hills for me to realise that our trek would be an endurance test, a struggle to stay on my feet. A walk with the guerrillas in Angola is not to be recommended for paunchy middle-aged journalists. In the open the tall grass hid countless holes and ruts. In the woodlands there were impenetrable mazes of exposed roots and black mud; vindictive creepers and vines clutched at legs and head.

ENEMY TROOPS

The sun would build a wall of heat during the day with temperatures reaching between 80 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit, causing constant dehydration, turning the throat to sandpaper, the tongue to dried leather. Streams and rivers were plentiful and I found I could not drink enough water, however cloudy. I purified it with iodine tablets. At night, we slept beneath the trees and I rolled up in the red, white and yellow F.N.I.A. flag to try to keep away from the mosquitoes, ants and flies.

Our food was often dry and tasteless; manioc root, rice, funge (a moist dough), baked bananas, sardines and occasionally buffalo stew or a stringy chicken. I tried to live much of the time on sour green oranges, lemons, melons and plums gathered as we moved along.

I lost nearly a stone in weight during the long haul and suffered severe pains and swelling in my feet and legs. The diet and exhaustion began soon to take their toll and at rest points my companions would wave towels and splash water at me, trying to revive hope in the loser's corner.

Nevertheless, on our first day we managed nearly 40 miles across the great cordon of rolling green hills which guards Northern Angola, our path plunging us frequently into valley forests where parakeets screeched and fluttered among the broad-leaved palms. We made camp that first night on a wooded hill-top overlooking the Cuban garrison of San Salvador, and "Papa" Pierre inflated an airbed for me under the remnants of a straw-covered shelter (the air, needless to say, leaked away quickly, depositing me on the rock-hard earth and reminding me, as if I should forget, that the days ahead held little in the way of comfort for us).

Above our camp site, MIG 17s and 21s shot across the sky and we could hear Cuban troops moving along the nearby roads in armored cars and jeeps. Yet we were comparatively safe. Our enemy could never hope to control the limitless bush and was reluctant to venture regularly far off the beaten track. The hills and forests were the domain of the guerrillas and their friends, and here our platoon could move freely so long as strict precautions were taken.

FLEEING CIVILIANS

An estimated one million refugees have fled from villages and towns to shelter in the northern bush areas, and as we continued our journey south, we found several of them lying wounded or ill along our path. One woman nursing an injured leg told me that she had lost her family but had herself managed to escape when a column of 6,000 refugees had been ambushed by Cubans and African troops near San Salvador. The column, escorted by guerrillas, had been crossing a roadway when the trap was sprung. A helicopter gunship had strafed the fleeing civilians, killing 125.

On our second day, we began to pass through the blackened ruins of villages and refugee encampments. Larger settlements near San Salvador seemed to have escaped damage, and I noticed that some of the shanties along the roadway were decorated with red and black posters proclaiming the Neto Government—apparently an attempted insurance against Cuban depredations.

We spent the night in a bamboo grove. Suddenly, out of the darkness, a lantern procession arrived from a nearby village bringing meat and beans to feed us. Our visitors stayed chattering and staring while we ate greedily, excited yet frightened by the presence of the guerrilla platoon and a British journalist.

Our column set out each day at dawn, walking for four hours before breakfast, the pace certain and rapid. There was no pausing, no stopping to tie a bootlace.

On our third day, the guerrillas' determination to hurry forward proved irksome for "Papa" Pierre and the bearer boys. We were passing a tempting group of orange trees and they decided to stop for a while without permission to pick some fruit. When they tried to catch up, they took a wrong turning in the dense bush, with the result that we had to spend an evening in the forest bereft of food supplies. It was a bleak prospect. Then Ranca sent out three men to find something for the pot. To my dismay, the hunters returned within half-an-hour, carrying the body of a three-foot-tall monkey, a handsome creature with russet fur and large button eyes, shot down from the canopy above us. Despite my misgivings, he made a stew of rich, spicy meat.

When "Papa" Pierre had rejoined us, we emerged from the bush to march along the open road near Madimba, 40 miles south of San Salvador, a route ambushed and mined regularly by the guerrillas. They had blown up the bridge at Ngemba and my companions proudly showed me the wreckage of an Army truck and a half track transport as we passed a string of roofless hamlets.

At Melonga, we left the road again and spent a miserable, shivering night on a river bank teeming with mosquitoes. But at last we were near the main refugee villages which were our goal. I don't know how far I could have gone on the next day: I was parched with thirst, footsore, numb with the accumulated fatigue of the past few days. And then quite suddenly we emerged from a copse of towering silver gum trees to find the scattered grass huts of our first refugee camp, Recou.

SICK BABIES

In a way, I soon discovered at Recou, the refugees in this part of Angola were not too badly off. The forest is generous. It provides the materials for their temporary homes. Food is not scarce. Outside the doorway of my hut at Recou, chickens scratched in the brown dirt while young girls squatted pounding maize with heavy poles; and on the straw roofs, carcasses of young antelopes were drying in the sun. Soon there was a procession of gifts for me: half a dozen eggs, a bowl of bananas, a buffalo steak.

Our hosts also made us welcome with huge gourds of palm wine—a milky coloured fluid taken from the trees by cutting the bark near the base and collecting the juice. The potent brew seemed deceptively mild, something like lemonade. We drank from pint mugs, wishing it were beer.

But the less picturesque aspects of these people's predicament quickly asserted themselves. The 300 or so refugees around Recou were managing to survive by farming and hunting, but the lack of medical supplies was clearly acute and disease had begun to spread. Some of the children had the pinkish hair of kwashiorkor, the debilitating illness resulting from malnutrition, and others were anemic. Mothers brought their sick babies to show me as they talked of their desperate flight from the Cubans.

In each village, as we moved on from one to another, a meeting was called to greet me and I was asked unanswerable questions. Why had Britain, America and the Western democracies turned their backs on Angola? Why had Russia and Cuba been allowed to take over without challenge? I could think

of no ready replies. I could only promise to do what I could to make known the plight of their people.

Refugees travelled miles from areas laid waste beneath the Cuban heel to see me. They told of villages bombarded by Cubans and African troops all over the provinces of Zaïre and Ulge during the previous six months and of several previous purges. The worst hit districts, they said were Vamba, Bembe, Nsanga, Ntoni, Kikila, Casilla, Bessa, Monteiro, Tundu, Nkoko, Kimansende, Sanaga . . . a roll-call of misery and terror.

A broken chair was brought for me to sit in the shade of a thorn tree while the refugees stepped forward one by one, arms folded, to recount their stories—as if giving evidence to the District Commissioner, I thought, recollecting colonial scenes from stirring adventure novels like "Sanders of the River."

Maria Madalena, aged 32, from Sangui: "I was one of a handful of people to survive out of a community of 700. I have five children. They were taken away and killed and my husband has disappeared."

VILLAGE RAIDS

Antonio Tusadila, 50, from Nova Calpemba: "Cuban, Russian and African troops were knocking on doors looking for anyone who supported the F.N.L.A. We tried to get to the bush. They followed, shooting, and about 40 people were killed. The African troops said that anyone with money would be shot. . . ."

Diowadu Lundu, 25, from Nsunga, Ambrizete: "The troops came to the village at 6 a.m. when the people were still asleep—and simply opened fire. Then they burned down the huts. About 50 people, children and old women among them, were killed. Several hundred more villages in the Ambrizete area have been raided as well. . . ."

Peleclana Talanga, 55, from Senge: "The troops came and set fire to our homes driving us out to the forest. Then a helicopter began shooting, killing and wounding. We have lost everything. . . ."

The catalogue continued as I talked to dozens more. The Cubans in San Salvador had raped teenage girls, repeatedly forcing them one after another. . . . Bodies had been dumped in local rivers. . . . Stolen household goods had been shipped out to Cuba.

My conversations with the refugees continued for several more days. And then my departure was delayed for 24 hours by an enforced rest: Commandante Matutuka who acted as doctor to the platoon, told me that I had a fever and slight dysentery. Armed with a fearsome hypodermic, he injected penicillin into my behind.

Then he used a razor blade to cut festering insect bites from my body, while "Papa" Pierre prepared a chicken broth to strengthen me. Although I was sick after drinking it, the injections and some sulphur tablets pulled me round. We set off home.

At first we made 20 miles a day, then 30, hurrying back to Zaïre, once again sleeping in the open and praying for rain which never came to cool the daytime heat. This time our march took us through areas where British mercenaries fought for the F.N.L.A. against the Cubans two years ago, and my companions spoke glowingly of the Britons' exploits. They even praised the mercenaries' leader, the notorious Cypriot "Colonel Callan," who ordered the shooting of a dozen of his men and was himself later executed in Luanda.

"Callan was a man with two faces," I was told. "We called him doctor and he was hard and brave. He was also a sadist who would accept no excuses for failure so long as his men had the right weapons."

As our platoon neared San Salvador again, we were forced to scurry for cover to hide from reconnaissance planes. They meant another wretched night, hidden in a manioc plantation. In the morning, a party of villagers came to tell us that within the previous few days Government troops had arrived

with orders that the children of the region aged over 10 were to be sent to Cuba.

The young man who led the delegation said that some parents were fleeing to Zaïre with their children but that most would accept this monstrous Diktat without protest. "We have no choice but to agree. The troops do what they like and anyone who argues is likely to be shot."

The rate of our marching increased because we had lost time and the final stages became more and more of an ordeal. I developed acute muscular pains and protested to Rancan. "Il n'est pas bon, Commandant Vous me mettez dans l'hôpital." But my companions made no response as I slipped and stumbled along. They stood impassive, leaning on their rifles, when I insisted on resting. They are dedicated men and think no more of marching great distances than the Zulu Impis of old. I thought. I had ventured into their agonizing struggle for survival and my petty discomforts were of no account in a land of suffering.

But was their suffering worthwhile, I wondered. Could their struggle succeed?

Throughout the trek our platoon had taken elaborate precautions to stay in areas of maximum cover and to escape detection by patrols of Government troops. It seemed painfully obvious to me that the ill-equipped F.N.L.A. was no match for stand-up trials of strength against Soviet tanks, MiGs, "Stalin Organ" rocket launchers and missiles. Instead their tactics must always remain those of the ambush, the booby trap and the road mine.

They claim to have 17,000 men in the field. President Neto's forces also have to contend with the 7,000-strong guerrilla army of the Uniao Nacional da Independencia Total de Angola (U.N.I.T.A.) in Southern Angola, while hundreds more are fighting to free the Cabinda Province in the North West.

With the tide of rebellion swelling and his economy in ruins, Dr. Neto can today claim allegiance of perhaps 2.5 million of a population totalling nearly six million when he took power three years ago. Hundreds of thousands have fled to exile.

It is true, too, that despite their lack of sophisticated weapons, the guerrillas in the North have succeeded in severing the vital Benguela rail link and now menace most country roads so that they are used only by armed convoys. Yet all the major cities and towns remain in the firm grip of Cuba and Russia and such is the Kremlin's confidence that the territory is being developed as a base for Communist expansion in neighbouring countries. A camp has been set up at Missoa de Boma, South-Eastern Angola, where 25,000 Africans from Rhodesia, South West Africa and the Shaba Province of Zaïre are being trained in use of artillery and heavy equipment.

What, then, are the prospects in the struggle for Angola? Dr. Roberto, the F.N.L.A.'s veteran 54-year-old leader, has powerful friends in Africa, and not only in Zaïre. The South Africans and some of the former French African territories are also thought to be sympathetic. He still gives an impression of confidence in final victory, quarrelling bitterly with the supine acceptance by America and Britain of the Communist takeover.

When I met him at his Kinshasa villa, he was relaxing in a bright floral shirt and slacks, and as always hiding behind dark glasses which give him a slightly sinister appearance. Although the room was expensively furnished and decorated with a large pair of intricately carved elephant tusks, he sat on a sofa with threadbare armrests, reminding me that his organisation is short of money, deprived now of ample funds once made available by the American Central Intelligence Agency.

BITTERNESS

He immediately launched into a swinging attack on America, Andrew Young, President Carter's U.N. ambassador and special adviser on Africa, who had described Cuba as a stabilising influence in Angola, was behaving like a crypto-Communist, a fellow traveller, he said. Washington's reaction to the oppression of Russia and Cuba could be compared with Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement at Munich.

Whatever Roberto's hopes about Western involvement, however, the truth is that the only real hope for the guerrillas is to turn Angola into "Russia's Vietnam," forcing an eventual withdrawal by the Cubans who have shown little stomach for the fight. Dr. Castro has been compelled by the Kremlin to commit his large forces and he has had to conceal a heavy cost in lives and wounded to avoid a hostile public reaction at home. Between 7,000 and 8,000 Cubans are believed to have been killed over the three years of fighting. Several thousand more have been flown out to hospitals in Russia and Eastern Europe instead of being returned to Havana to spread discontent.

Certainly it seems that the conflict will continue to tear Angola apart for the foreseeable future, and while Western Governments sit back either unknowing or uncaring, thousands more refugees will die.

As we completed our journey and I pondered the events of my two weeks with the barefoot guerrillas, I remembered a British diplomat with a penchant for poker who had described the F.N.L.A. to me as a "busted flush." His assessment was sweeping but perhaps Holden Roberto still has a few strong cards to play. Even so, I doubt whether his army can prevail without much more outside help. . . .

We made our final camp on the leafy bank of the river forming the border with Zaïre and rested there a day until it was time to drive back to Kinshasa and a plane for London. At the last moment, when we reached Njili Airport, there was one more obstacle to negotiate before I could leave: an argument with Passport Control because it seemed that I should not have been given a visa to enter Zaïre in the first place!

Eventually, however, I was allowed to hobble on to my plane and soon we were climbing into the night, turning for home, away from the anguish of Angola and the lost people whose pitiful reproach will stay with me: "Doesn't the world care about us?" ●

BATES FABRICS, INC.

● Mr. HATHAWAY. Mr. President, Bates Fabrics is a key employer in Lewiston, Maine. There had been some financial problems at this textile mill but with the spirit and determination of the employees the company has been revived.

Saturday's edition of the Washington Post has an excellent article on the success story of Bates Fabrics. It is a tribute to the skill and tenacity of the citizens of Lewiston. It also is a point of pride for the cooperative efforts of private industry and the Federal Government to assure continued employment opportunities for the people of Maine.

I ask that the text of the article be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

WORKERS ARE OWNERS AT BATES' MILL
(By Maxwell Wiesensthal)

LEWISTON, MAINE.—The 1,000 employees of Bates Fabrics, Inc., will receive a first-hand report tomorrow from their offices on how well their business performed last year.

The 1,000 are the owners of the sprawling 125-year-old textile mill. They purchased the concern last year from Bates Manufacturing Co. with the help of an \$8 million loan from the First National Bank of Boston, 90 per cent of which was guaranteed by the Farmers Home Administration.

Bates Fabrics, according to company officials, is one of the nation's largest employee stock ownership trusts.

Last week the first distribution of 35,000 shares of stock was made. The average worker at the mill was credited with 40 shares of stock valued at 90 cents a share. The shares were placed in separate accounts set up for each worker, who is to receive the proceeds when he reaches age 65. The distribution of shares was based on each worker's 1977 annual salary.

As the bank loan is repaid, a portion of the 4 million shares of outstanding stock held by the bank as collateral for the loan will be released and credited to the employees.

Robert T. Hickok, Bates' president and board chairman, said that when the 25-year loan is repaid the mill will be fully owned by the employees.

Raymond St. Pierre, Bates' treasurer, in an abbreviated report to the mill workers, said 1977 sales fell slightly to \$23.8 million from \$24.2 million in 1976. Earnings amounted to \$20,000 compared with \$68,000 in the previous year. But \$906,000 of the \$8 million debt was amortized.

Hickok said the net profits figure doesn't tell the real story of how well the company did last year.

In addition to amortizing the loan by \$906,000, the company paid \$322,000 in interest and had a \$650,000 adjustment credit on cotton purchases for a total of more than \$1.8 million in gross profits.

"I'd say we had a banner year," said Hickok.

The change in ownership has had little impact on the lives of the mill workers, most of whom are of French-Canadian extraction, descendants of immigrants from Quebec who poured into Maine at the end of the 19th century to work in the expanding textile and pulp mills.

Denis Blais, vice president of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union of America, the union which represents the mill hands, doesn't see employee ownership as a financial blessing for the workers, although the union supported it.

"I see it as a better chance for the plant to survive because the vultures are gone," he said. "The previous owners of Bates viewed the mill simply as a source of quick profits. Much needed capital improvements were left undone."

The new management plans to build the working capital and purchase new equipment to enable Bates to remain competitive with southern mills. Last year \$600,000 worth of new equipment was installed in the plant, Hickok said. This year as much or more money will be spent on modernization, he added.

The Bates name has become synonymous with bedspreeds, which constitute 85 per cent of the mill's production. The remainder is drapes and table cloths. The top of the line is sold under the Bates name, and goods of lesser quality are sold unbranded to chain and discount stores.

The test of labor-management relations came last month during negotiations for a new union contract. ●

OLDER AMERICANS MONTH

● Mr. BENTSEN. Mr. President, President Carter has proclaimed the month of May as "Older Americans Month." In keeping with this spirit, I participated