The problem is that even the easy decisions have been tied up in so much red tape—embarrassing and scandal—"that a logjam has developed that must be broken. If we are to arrive at a timely solution, we must take the loggers off and give some attention to the other side's point of view.

I know that at least part of the reluctance of the timber industry to accede to more wilderness stems from a fear that the areas identified in RARE II as being best suited for multiple uses will actually be designated for logging, but instead will remain snared in a bureaucratic morass.

This is not only 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 if it were found that the environmental impact statement is not subsequently challenged. However, any person or group whose membership--use any roadless area for any purpose, for multiple uses instead of for logging in the woods, would probably have standing to challenge the legal adequacy of such a statement. That 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 it is, one way to finalize multiple-use decisions reached in RARE II is the same way it is done for wilderness decisions, namely, by legislation. The enactment of appropriate legislation would assure that the areas slated for multiple-use management would 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 made into a wilderness, whereas the local timber companies had long planned on cutting trees on the lower elevations of the area. After spending 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 businesspeople 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 legislation has led to the creation of a splendid new upper Nezperce trail--along with the release for multiple-use management of the 137,000 acres of prime commercial forest land. One local person, comment, said, "If we are going to make this upper Nezperce area a wilderness, then we must take those lands surrounding the wilderness which do not need further study, and which are most suited up in the 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 and inviolate forest lands. In coming years, as demands on our forests continue to grow, so will the challenges to the Forest Service's ability to manage the challenges, if we strive to preserve and perpetuate our woods, to balance carefully competing forest uses for 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, Castro's puppet against Soviet rule in 1956, or Cambodia, Laos, or Vietnam, but that is not true. There are an estimated 12,000 Angolans fighting against the Marxist government in Angola. Determined to drive out the Cuban occupation forces, and to end the rule of Castro's puppet regime in Angola, this new anti-Communist resistance operates over large areas of northern Angola. The United States government and the United Nations have sanctioned the forces and movement.

Though communism may have become respectable to many of the important people of the world, it has never earned the respect of African people. Angola is 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 ANGOLAN TERROR

(Reprinted by arrangement with the London Sunday Telegraph)

Cuban has been machine-gunned and hundreds of villages 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 guerrillas from Dr. Holden Roberto's National Front F.N.L.A. army.

DARK 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 the 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 off for "educational" in Havana.

Parents too terrified to try to resist the Government orders believe that their children are to be sent to run sugar plantations and that they will never see them again.

Villagers told me that those who tried to question the actions of the Cuban and Government troops were liable to be shot. Hundreds of civilians had also been rounded up at dawn and then shot.

The Cuban depredations have been spread over the last six months and in several pre-war districts 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 children on the roads. These children are suffering from lack of medical attention. A total of one million are believed to have fled from their homes, seeking to hide in the jungle. 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.T.I.A. Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has pledged movement which controls wide areas in the south.

Despite its overwhelming superiority in flights, planes and tanks, Castro's forces have 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.

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.A. and the National Front. We moved cautiously, Indian file, through the rain forest and shoulder high elephant grass. After long hours of walking, silent with heat, which overwhelmed one with a sense of peacefulness. Nevertheless, I was very careful and there was danger, even here. And then, as if to confirm it, we saw a MIG fighter bomber flashing silver against the sun. I was too late. But we were safe enough. But up there at the MIG's controls, scanning the bush below through his cockpit, 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... the front lines of Northern Angola, deep in the bush. My companions were 20 guerrilleros of the Frente Nacional de Libertacao de Angola, with whom I had already traveled 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 fighting a war against an enemy that had been carefully chosen to protect me. Apart from Commandante Ranca, the other leading members of my platoon were Commandantes Antonio Matutika, Domingos Sosthino and Afonso Pinto.

Ranca paddled along in his rubber pants, a few yards in front of me—through the jungle to the point. On the way, he was constantly mentioned. So was Pinto. He was the noisy radio man and the camp cook, 'Papa' Pinto, came to the rescue by offering to carry my pack. During the following days I slowly 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. He had been carefully chosen to protect me. So had been the camp cook, 'Papa' Pinto, came to the rescue by offering to carry my pack.

What I had already seen in the course of my journey was only a fraction of the situation. The guerrilleros tended to confirm their own image of themselves. There was ample evidence that Cubans and their allies had reached a point and were still reeling—apalling repression of the Northern Angolans. From panic-stricken refugees, who are dying for food, to pillaging, 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 amidst the quietness of the African bush, shading one's eyes against the brilliant sun, I was struck by the imagination to think in terms of such atrocities. But there was the MIO, twinkling menacingly overhead...

In fact, hundreds of villages across Northern Angola have been attacked, most of them over the past six months, in an offensive which required an expert idea of the terrain. It was a war of movement on the frontier, with Russian T-55 tanks and armoured cars manned by Cubans, surrounding villages at first light and then unleashing a hail of machine gun, mortar and rocket fire.

Sometimes the villages 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 burned.

While I was inside Angola I learned of a new horror: an edict had been proclaimed by the military which states that children aged between 10 and 17 from "rebel" villages should be evacuated to Cuba. Officially, any Cuban forces en masse so as to be educated and indoctrinated as good little Communists in Havana. But their bewildered parents believe the real reason is to free more land for slave 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 there have come 50,000 Cuban civilians and technicians, 5,000 Russian advisers and another 14,000 helpers from China and the Middle East. The regime is now geared to the export of Cuban oil to Portugal and other countries in the Middle East. The regime is now geared to the export of Cuban oil to Portugal and other countries in the Middle East.

But there is no end in sight. The conflict is not yet over. We have had many close calls. The guerrilla's hidden war filtered to the outside world. The Marxist regime of President Agostinho Neto, which is threatened with a collapse 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 Zaire, then moving south to meet refugees in the Madina region.

My mission was first suggested several months ago at an interview in a Malga Valley flat with President Miguel de Moura, 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 travelers.

And the Foreign Office reacted promptly by issuing a public warning that the F.N.L.A. was again using British mercenaries. This in turn brought a threat from the Angolan Government to shoot Britons on sight—not to be held in a demilitarized zone. The rumpus was to delay my departure for Angola by three weeks, but at last I received instructions to fly to Kinshasa, in Zaire, where the stage was finally set for my long walk in the sun.

NO PRISONERS

In Kinshasa Dr. Holden Roberto, President of Zaire, who was keen to maintain his unofficial headquarters, although the guerrilla shareholder activities have always been kept discreet. His villa is protected by high walls and steel gates in a hilltop suburb of the city; it was from this compound that the Norwegian embassy covered of darkness, wearing civilian clothes.

In a banded open truck, a 12-ton Nissan with leaking radiator and bare tires, we were hunting for the man route to the old Congo trading port of Matadi, then turning off along a red dirt track towards Kinshasa.

By 3 a.m., the hills and forests of southern Zaire were lost in heavy, humid blackness. Shanty villages of tin roofs and thatch were fast disappearing as we started 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.

The journey continued for an hour until, just before first light, the lorry ground to an exhausted halt in the centre of a group of battered huts. I was hustled to a large, brick-built house and told to snatch a brief rest.

Crossing the border in single file, taking a path along an open hillside. After travelling a few miles, we picked our way into a copse where we secured half-a-dozen of the F.N.L.A. command post for the Zaire Province. Here the platoon was hit out with a motley collection of hand-woven combat uniforms and armed with equally varied weapons—Russian, American and Belgian carbines and an Israeli Uzi Ma- chine pistol. Some of the younger soldiers were in rags, and the bearer boys had no boots.

Commandante Manzanza Ranza, 33, who led a guerrilla battalion and first fought to free Angola from the colonial yoke of Portugal 14 years ago, explained that his men had never been so outnumbered. Each rifle had come from a dead soldier. The implication was clear: no prisoners are taken, no distinctions are given among enemy.

We discussed our plans over a meal of elephant stew served up in tin plates on a table set up in the center of the cooking area. The culinary experience in view of the meat's beef-like flavour. We were ready to move out. I had been given a little level at the camp cook, 'Papa' Pinto, came to the rescue by offering to carry my pack. During the following days I slowly 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. He had been carefully chosen to protect me. Apart from Commandante Ranza, the other leading members of our platoon were Commandantes Antonio Matutika, Domingos Sosthino and Afonso Pinto.

Ranca paddled along in his rubber pants, a few yards in front of me—through the jungle to the point. On the way, he was constantly mentioned. So was Pinto. He was the noisy radio man and the camp cook, 'Papa' Pinto, came to the rescue by offering to carry my pack.
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 victuals for the night were satisfactory; 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 anywhere. On our third day, the guerrillas' determination to hurry forward proved irksome for "Papa" Pierre and the casual soldiers. We were passing a tempting group of orange trees and they decided to stop for a while 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 branches were too small to hold the pan without collapsing. I was at the top of the group, carrying the body of a three-foot-tall monkey, a handsome creature with russet fur and large button eyes, hanging from a cane top above us. Despite my misgivings, he made a stew of rich, spicy meat.

When they 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 by the guerrillas. A sheet of water blew up under 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 huts.

At Melona, 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, and I could see we had 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. Their living conditions, as far as I could determine, provided them with the materials for their temporary homes. Food is not scarce. Outside the doorway of each hut, especially those in the brown dirt while young girls squatted pounding maize with heavy poles; and on the straw roofs, chickens and goats were drying in the sun. Soon there was a procession of gifts for me: half a dozen eggs, a bowl of bananas, two bottles of palm wine—hugs 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 refugees were managing to survive by farming and hunting, but the lack of medical supplies was clearly beginning to tell. Some of the children had the pinkish hair of kwasholore, the debilitating illness resulting from malnutrition, and others were afflicted with fever. Our sick babies to show me as they talked of their desperate flight from the Cubans.

In an earlier conversation with one of a soldier, a meeting was called to greet me and I was asked unanswerable questions. Why had the war begun? Why did the Western democracies turn 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 from areas held by the Cubans and the Cubans from areas held by the refugees. They told of villages burned by Cubans and American troops all over the provinces of Zaire and Angola, burning the grain and destroying the home and livelihood of several previous purges. The worst hit districts, they said were Vambu, Bemba, Nsanga, Mwata Kuba, Mwata Kabila, Musimba, Mumbwe, and Mumba. They described the wreckage and dislocation of entire villages.

A broken chair was brought for me to sit in the middle of a room in the house of one of the refugees. The chair was a remains of colonial scenes from stirring adventure novels like "Banders of the River." Maria Mubanga, aged 22, from Sanguit: "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."

Antonio Tusaclla, 50, from Nova Calpessa: "Cuban, Russian and African troops were known on doors—I wasn't sure. They supported the F.N.L.A. They tried to get to the bush. They followed, shooting, and about 40 people were killed. They said that anyone with money would be shot."

Diouwadu Lundu, 25, from Nzanga, Ambrizete: "The troops came to the village at 6 a.m. when the people were working in the fields. They 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 rashed as well."

S. From Sengu: "The troops came and set fire to our homes driving us out to the forest. Then a helicopter began to strafe the area, shooting, killing, burning. 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. Bodies household goods had been shipped out to Cuba.

My conversations with the refugees continued for several more days. And then my mission was to take back to Kampala, the capital of Uganda, this enforced rest: Commandante Matutuka who acted as doctor to the platoon, told me that he had been killed in action with a fearsome hyperdemic, he injected penicillin into my behind. It was due 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 20, hurrying back to Zaire, once again sleeping in the open and praying for rain which never came to cool the daytime heat. This time our aircraft took us through areas where British mercenaries fought for the F.N.L.A. against the Cubans two years ago, and my companions were showing signs of regretting their experiences. 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 a hard man. He wouldn't accept any excuses for failure so long as his men had the right weapons."

In our conversation, we also discussed banana plantations. In the morning, a party of villagers came to tell us that within the previous few days Government troops had arrived.
The young man who led the delegation said that some parents were fleeing to Zaire with their children, but that most people accepted this monstrous Diktat without protest. "We have no choice but to agree. The troops of the Bates Fabrics, according to 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 of an ordeal. I developed acute muscular pains and protested to Kangan. "Il n'est pas bon, Commandant" he said, "Vous ne vous reposes dans l'hospital." 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 impi 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.

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

Whatever de la Bergerot's hopes about Western involvement, however, the truth is that the only real hope for the guerrillas is to turn Angola into a South East Asian "Vietnam." The once-determined Cuba has 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 hospitalized in Russia and Eastern Europe instead of being returned to Havana to spread discontent.

Certainly, the conflict will continue to tear Angola apart for the foreseeable future, and while Western Governments sit back either unknowing or uncaring, there is no hope. Britain has nominated its ambassador to Angola, and the United States has now recognized its government. The battle for Angola is over.

600,000 pounds were 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 are in Zaire. 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 are under firm control of Cuba and Russia and such is the Kremlin's confidence that the territory is being developed as a Soviet bloc outpost, and even more.