

February 9, 1967

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD — SENATE

S1859

EXECUTIVE
RE7
FG130
PU1-2

Finally, AID has mobilized the vast intellectual resources of American colleges and universities to attack the problem of the shortage of educated manpower which is one of the biggest obstacles to progress in the developing world. Teams from 71 American universities are at work overseas on AID-financed technical assistance missions in 38 countries; many other of our colleges and universities play host to foreign scholars and technicians whose visits to this country for advanced and specialized training have been financed by AID. More than 210,000 students are enrolled in normal schools and teachers colleges established with AID's help in 37 Asian, African, and Latin American countries.

Almost as serious as the shortage of teachers is the shortage of textbooks in many countries. AID funds have provided more than 8 million textbooks for the schoolchildren of Central America and 2 million textbooks for elementary school pupils in Ecuador.

The statistics are impressive but the needs are staggering. We must continue to lend our support to the task of meeting these fundamental needs.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Hackney, one of its reading clerks, announced that the House had passed a bill (H.R. 4573) to provide, for the period ending on June 30, 1967, a temporary increase in the public debt limit set forth in section 21 of the Second Liberty Bond Act, in which it requested the concurrence of the Senate.

HOUSE BILL REFERRED

The bill (H.R. 4573) to provide, for the period ending on June 30, 1967, a temporary increase in the public debt limit set forth in section 21 of the Second Liberty Bond Act, was read twice by its title and referred to the Committee on Finance.

CHESS IN THE ARMED FORCES

Mr. CANNON. Mr. President, a report of progress is in order at this time for a unique program and for a distinguished gentleman who is well known and highly esteemed by a majority of my colleagues. I refer to the annual Armed Forces Chess Championship Tournament and to the Honorable George E. Reedy who presided at the Chess Awards Dinner in the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel, Washington, D.C., November 18, 1966.

This annual opportunity for chess players in the services is a project sponsored by the American Chess Foundation of which Gen. David M. Shoup, retired Commandant of the Marine Corps, is honorary president. The foundation has the cooperation of the U.S.O., U.S. Chess Federation, and the American Legion; the endorsement of the Secretary of Defense and the military and naval services.

I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Record the text of Mr. Reedy's speech as given at that occasion.

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

SPEECH BY MR. REEDY

It is with a feeling of mild surprise—perhaps even bafflement—that I find myself presiding over the awards dinner of the Armed Forces Chess Championship Tournament.

A word or two is probably necessary to explain this remark.

As a boy, and later as a college student, I became an addict. But the great period of chess in my life came within a few weeks of VJ Day—which found me on Guam as a very junior Air Force officer.

I believe that there are many people at the head table and in the audience tonight who will recall the predicament in which the Air Force found itself in the Pacific during the period of readjustment that followed the ceremonies aboard the battleship *Missouri*. The demobilization program had been worked out with the infantry and with conventional Air Force organizations in mind. I presume that for such TOs the system worked quite well—at least I hope someone got some benefit out of it. But the B29 Wings of the 20th Air Force were not organized conventionally and instead of a gradual diminution of strength, we very quickly found ourselves totally unable to put air craft into the air.

The demobilization process was a "selective" process and, with what appeared to be diabolical ingenuity, the process selected out and sent home virtually all of the key maintenance men leaving behind air crews with unfixable planes.

This meant several thousand men sitting around a quite modern Air base hacked out of the jungle of Northwest Guam with time—and nothing but time—on our hands. As red-blooded American boys, we set out to fill that time. And since the boy-girl coefficient on Guam was somewhat lopsided (and art galleries were few and far between) we turned to contests of skill and chance.

We started out with the highly touted game of poker—theoretically the supreme source of bliss for the American male. We graduated from straight stud to deuces wild; then to seven-card, low hole card wild and ultimately to an incredible version called "night baseball." (On this one, you bet the cards and then dealt them.) The stakes became higher and the hours at the gaming tables became longer. Gradually, the heretical thought crept into our consciousness that the game was a crashing bore.

We switched to bridge. We played every form of bridge that was conceivable. We devised new systems of bidding. We organized duplicate tournaments. At one point, we reverted to whist in our frenzied search for an analgesic to boredom. Finally, bridge ran out and we found ourselves playing grand slams, no trump, doubled and redoubled with all the enthusiasm of Tom Sawyer at a dancing class.

It might surprise you to learn that the next step in our progression was the fine old game of checkers. We rediscovered the delights of what most of us had considered just a small-town sport played by "old timers" next to a cracker barrel in the general store. To this day I am grateful to the game and refuse to allow it to be derogated in my presence.

Eventually even checkers failed. And then was launched the most intensive period of chess in my life. The Officers' Club, which we had built ourselves after the cessation of hostilities, became the scene of virtually continuous chess games. The Ruy Lopez evoked more avid discussion than the charms of Rita Hayworth. The Scotch gambit was debated with greater heat than the quality of the Suntory Scotch whiskey which we had found stashed away in caves. The Giuoco piano was the basis for wilder arguments than the fairness of a point system which had awarded a bronze star for sanitary engineering to a corporal who had distinguished himself during the war by spraying latrines with a slit gun.

It was about that time that someone in

Wing Headquarters going through the 201 files discovered a carefully kept secret—that in civilian life I was a newspaper man. Before I knew what was afoot, Captain Reedy of a bomb group became Captain Reedy the Public Relations Officer of a bomb wing. I had an office, a corporal as an assistant and a geographical separation between myself and my chess-playing friends. There was no more to do and I cast about desperately for some form of activity. One day, I made a find—a book called the "Golden Treasury of Chess" which had been donated by some thoughtful citizen to the Armed Forces and had made its way clear across the Pacific to a library on Guam which contained little else except some well-thumbed detective novels and unbelievable quantities of the *National Geographic*.

I set up a chess board in the Public Relations Headquarters of the Wing and started to play through every game in the book, beginning with a 16th century classic of Ruy Lopez. I played as ostentatiously as I could, hoping and praying that a General—or at least a Colonel—would walk through Wing Headquarters some day and ask me what I was doing. I intended to tell him.

Unfortunately, no one with any greater rank than a Major came my way and he expressed only the most perfunctory interest. It was quite obvious that the Stars and the Eagles were sharing the predicament of the man with the two silver bars. Inspections of Wing Headquarters were few and far between, and nobody really cared.

My demobilization number came up about the time that I had reached a game between Lasker and Capablanca in 1921 and I went home. The book did not help to speed up my departure from the Marianas. But it did help to preserve my sanity—I hope. I left the chess board on the 28th move where Lasker had just executed a brilliant "check" (which involved a wisely rejected offer to sacrifice his queen) and I am not sure even now as to the outcome.

Some day I will return to Guam and proceed to Northwest Field, which, I understand, has been given back to the jungle) and, if the board is still in place, which it probably is, play out the rest of that game.

I do not believe that this experience would qualify me as a chess master. However, it did teach me something about the fundamental quality of chess itself.

It is always a matter of great amusement to me to hear the game described as sedentary. So many of my friends have remarked, "How can you possibly have the patience? How can you sit for so many hours without making a move?"

The truth is that chess is far from a sedentary game except to the observer. Furthermore, it is far from a gentle game. It is, in fact, the most savage form of contest that has ever been devised by mankind and I suspect that it is this quality which has made it so popular throughout the centuries.

The objective of the game is to kill a monarch (some philologists trace the phrase "check mate" to a Persian expression meaning "the King is dead.") The slaying is accomplished by mounting a coordinated attack which involves an array of extremely deadly people beginning with a murderous Queen and ranging down through most militant Ecclesiastical authorities; viperous Knights; Juggernaut castles; and relentless foot soldiers.

It is a mental savagery, of course, and involves bloodshed only on the rare occasions where a loser becomes so outraged at the discovery of the duplicity in the Scholar's Mate that he draws a derringer from his hip pocket and shoots his opponent on the spot. Incidentally, I would advise all of you who undertake to teach the game to a tyro to frisk him carefully before the match. No one likes to be fooled under any circumstances. But to be fooled at chess involves an extra degree of excruciating agony and outrage. You will no-

February 9, 1967

tice that I myself guarded against the possibility of reopening old wounds by referring to the combination as a "Scholar's Mate" rather than by the more descriptive title of "The Fool's Mate."

The fact that the savagery is entirely upon an intellectual level most of the time accentuates rather than diminishes the effect upon the players. It means that the pent-up anger which is aroused by a successful gambit cannot find the release which comes from the physical exuberance of football, lacrosse or the fine old Gaelic sport of hurling. It is quite possible at the conclusion of such milder games as these for sweating, blood-stained youths to shake hands amicably and walk away in the firm realization that their wounds can be healed with bandages and oil of wintergreen. But when your losing opponent shakes hands with you at the conclusion of a chess match, it is well to keep a careful eye on his left hand to be certain that it does not reach for a concealed stiletto. You must remember that he has none of the alibi inherent in contact sports to save his wounded pride. He cannot claim that the sun was in his eyes, that the grounder took a tricky hop, or that the wind was against him. He must frankly face the fact that his King has been killed and it was his own fault. There is no conceivable compensation for his ego other than retaliation and revenge at some future date.

It is rather appropriate that I appear here tonight surrounded by some of the Generals who would have been so welcome at the Headquarters on Guam in the fall of 1945. I hope that we can get together after this dinner so I can give them my long deferred explanation of what a chess board was doing on that table at Northwest Field. I also hope that they will agree with me that this game which we are honoring tonight is one that should be continued and pressed with all possible dispatch.

Frankly, I feel that the great value of chess to humanity is its savagery. I still prefer theoretical savagery to the other kind and it may well be that the day will come when disputes between nations will be settled bloodlessly at the chess table which, I assure any non-chess players who happen to be in the audience, is intellectually as gory as any battlefield but physically less damaging to the participants and observers.

DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Mr. BYRD of Virginia. Mr. President, I rise to invite the attention of the Senate, and in particular the attention of the commercial airlines in the aviation industry, to the desirability of Dulles Airport.

I am prompted to speak on this subject as a result of the phenomenon which occurred this past Tuesday during the heavy snowstorm which hit the eastern seaboard.

While Kennedy International Airport in New York was closed, and Washington National Airport was also closed, all during that time flights were being dispatched from Dulles Airport and aircraft were being received and landed there.

This is one of the great airports of the world, and I predict that as the years go by, it will become one of the most used airports of our Nation.

I feel that the progress that has been made in developing Dulles International Airport has been slow, although roughly a million passengers utilized that facility this past year. I think the aviation industry needs to direct greater attention to the great possibilities that exist at Dulles International Airport.

In that connection, I ask unanimous

consent to insert in the Record following my remarks an editorial published in today's Washington Post, captioned "Dulles Airport."

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

DULLES AIRPORT

It is to be hoped that Tuesday's great storm may have brought to the attention of the aviation industry a phenomena of which it evidently has not been aware previously: that there is a great international airport outside of Washington which has a fine operating record. Dulles Airport continued to receive and dispatch flights during hours when both Kennedy International Airport in New York and Washington National Airport were closed.

Sooner or later this great facility—with good claim to being the best airport in the world—will be used to its capacity. That it is currently used chiefly as a standby facility for airports less fortunately located is no reflection on the airport. But it is a reflection on an industry that seems unable or unwilling to make good use of the best facilities on the Eastern Seaboard—best in terms of safety, convenience for passengers and efficiency for aviation.

Mr. RANDOLPH. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. BYRD of Virginia. I yield.

Mr. RANDOLPH. Mr. President, I wish to associate myself with the comments just made by the Senator from Virginia in reference to the use of Dulles International Airport. I feel that his observations are timely. He set forth the splendid services at that airport among the three airports in the so-called metropolitan area, which includes Friendship Airport, given to scheduled airline operations during the recent storms in the East, those storms closing airports in several areas, including New York City.

Dulles International Airport is truly an airport of the future. It was built for the future, but we want it to be used now, because it is also an airport of the present. I hope that the request which was made from the floor by the Senator from Virginia, will in greater sense, be heeded by the trunk lines of this country and those carriers which engage in overseas operations.

Dulles International Airport is truly international in character. It was constructed originally on a sound base, because the Congress, frankly, brought it into being. It is not an airport in any sense regional, State, or city; it is an international airport.

I congratulate the Senator from Virginia. I join fully in the sentiments he has expressed.

Mr. MONRONEY. Mr. President, will the Senator yield briefly?

Mr. THURMOND. I am glad to yield to the Senator from Oklahoma.

Mr. MONRONEY. I compliment the distinguished Senator from Virginia. This airport, as has been said, is the finest airport in the world. I think it is a disgrace to the Nation's Capital, however, that so few international flights originate or use this great airport, which is international in nature.

It would seem to me that as the various domestic and foreign airlines extending service beyond the borders of this country apply for new rights, they

should be urged by the Civil Aeronautics Board and by the President of the United States to give better service to the Nation's Capital than is now given.

Practically all flights are oriented toward New York City. It seems to me Dulles International Airport should be utilized as a coterminal or extension of the New York terminal, so that people visiting the United States would not have to transfer, in New York City as so many have to do each day, to reach Washington, D.C.

We must use this great investment that we have established, with the great safety it offers, greater than that of any other airport in the world. I think those of us who are concerned about airports are very anxious to see Washington become the Nation's air capital as well as the Nation's Capital of our Government.

Mr. BYRD of Virginia. I wish to thank the distinguished Senator from Oklahoma and the distinguished Senator from West Virginia for their kind interest in the development of Dulles International Airport. The remarks they have made will be tremendously helpful to the appropriate development of Dulles International Airport, and I express my appreciation to both of them.

LT. ROBERT J. HIBBS, OF IOWA

Mr. MILLER. Mr. President, in his letters and conversations, 2d Lt. Robert J. Hibbs of Cedar Falls, Iowa, felt that there was no question in his mind why we are in Vietnam.

As his father, Walter E. Hibbs, put it: "He thought it was absolutely necessary."

Last March 5, Lieutenant Hibbs sacrificed his life for what he believed to be "absolutely necessary."

On January 26 of this year, his father stood at attention in the North Area Gymnasium at Fort Myers to accept the Nation's highest award for combat valor, the Medal of Honor, which Lieutenant Hibbs was posthumously awarded for his heroic actions in Vietnam. It was the ninth such medal awarded during the Vietnam War and the first to an Iowan.

Lieutenant Hibbs lived and fought in the best traditions of this great Nation. He did not die in vain, for his actions will live on as a testimonial to those who will follow him in Vietnam and in the military service.

In his death, Lieutenant Hibbs gave meaning to life.

Mr. President, a very heart-warming and moving story about Lieutenant Hibbs was written by Nick Kotz of the Des Moines Register's Washington bureau on January 27, and I ask unanimous consent that this article be placed in the Record.

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

[From the Des Moines Register, January 27, 1967]

MOOREST IOWA FAMILY ACCEPTS MEDAL OF HONOR FOR DEAD SON
(By Nick Kotz)

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A dairy manager from Cedar Falls, Ia., stood at attention Thursday to hear what the United States Army had to say about his son.

RECEIVED
FEB 23 1967
CENTRAL FILES

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 15, 1966

MEMORANDUM FOR:

Mrs. Juanita Roberts

EXECUTIVE

ME 4-3/A*

RE 7

PR 6-1/A*

PR 13-2/A*

DUNTON, JAMES G.

USO CLUB
451 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.
(783-9363)
USO LOUNGE
Union Station
(347-2665)

In 1965 the President autographed a copy of the Inaugural Book to the Armed Forces Chess Champion.

On this Friday, November 18, the winner of this year's tournament will be announced.

If appropriate, could you please have the attached picture autographed?

JAMES U. CROSS

the seventh annual
open with a luncheon
11, move to the
play ending on the
inner and Reception
18. The American
Monday evening, the

Veterans Day, we
nament by coming
in-Chief and
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would hope that you
ons to the new chess
finalists would have

o arrange for the
nament to visit the
November 18. 9:00 A.M.

ng whatever you
y appreciated by

good wishes --

Nothing else sent to
Central Files as of 12/5/66
E.H.

JAMES G. DUNTON
President

Executive Director
Isabel A. Powell
Associate Executive
John G. Metcalf, Jr.
Assistant Executive

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YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS • NATIONAL CATHOLIC COMMUNITY SERVICE • NATIONAL JEWISH WELFARE BOARD
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NATIONAL CAPITAL USO, INC. IS A UNITED GIVERS FUND MEMBER

9 October 1965

Juanita:

I believe that the President would like to autograph the Inaugural book to the 'Armed Forces' Chess Champion of 1965 as requested in the attached letter.

If he does autograph the Inaugural book, we will arrange for an appropriate presentation when the tournament party visits the White House on November 13.

I recommend the inscription in the attached letter:

"To the Chess Champion
of the Armed Forces with
the congratulations and best
wishes of the Commander-
in-Chief. "

/s/
JAMES U. CROSS

Attachments

Ltr dtd 9/13/65
Inaugural Book

HGR:gt

JAC Files
Dispatched
18 Oct
EXECUTIVE

PR 6-1/A*

AUTOGRAPH FILE/A*

PR 8-2/A*

PR 20

RE 7

FG 1-2

DUNTON, JAMES G.

EF
MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

EXECUTIVE

GI 2-5/21*

RE 7

(3)

March 31, 1965

MEMORANDUM FOR JUANITA ROBERTS

* The playing cards were furnished free of charge
by the United States Playing Card Company of Cincinnati,
Ohio. x

Similar cards have been furnished to former
Presidents and other famous personalities.

We have 1000 pairs (2-deck pack) on hand (less
what he has given away). Another 1000 pairs are being
held at the factory in Cincinnati. We can get these on
3-day's notice.

Mr. Allison Stanley, President of U.S. Playing
Card Company has been thanked by me by phone.

Jack Valenti

[Handwritten signature]

7/11/64
JAY H. BROWN
JACK SPARKS
FRANK C. ERWIN, JR.
JACK D. MARONEY
WILL G. BARBER
E. BARNHAM BRATTON

Alison
LAW OFFICES
BROWN, SPARKS & ERWIN
918 BROWN BUILDING
AUSTIN 1, TEXAS

EXECUTIVE

FA 5

RE: 11

ERWIN, Frank C. J.
GREENWOOD 2-5456

November 11, 1963

Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson
Vice President of the United States
LBJ Ranch
Hye, Texas

RE: Health Research Facilities Application
FR-03117-01S1 by M. D. Anderson Hospital
and Tumor Institute of The University
of Texas

Dear Mr. Vice President:

Both the treatment and research of cancer at the M. D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute are now seriously impeded by lack of sufficient space. At the present time we are heavily engaged in trying to finance a six and one-half million dollar expansion program for the hospital.

It now looks as if we can get the other five million dollars from private and public sources if, but only if, we get favorable action on our pending application for \$1,418,968 in Health Research Facilities funds.

The application will be considered by the National Advisory Council on Health Research Facilities at its meeting in Washington on November 26 and 27. Even with a favorable recommendation from the Council, it will still be up to the Public Health Service to determine if and when the grant will be made, but an unfavorable recommendation from the Council would probably be fatal since the competition for the available (Title VII) funds is very keen.

The funds applied for require the applicant to provide matching funds, and we will have our matching funds by the first of this year. However, in order for us not to lose part of the money which we now have in hand, the contract for the