

was diagnosed with dengue fever. She rested as much as she was allowed to, increased her fluid intake and recovered within a few weeks.

The party kept moving all summer trending southwesterly toward Cambodia. Betty Ann and Hank both developed malaria. Hank, who is 53, a decade younger than I as this moment, was 16 years older than Mike, who was 37. By the way, Michael Bengé survived all of this, and 20 years older than Betty Ann who was 33. He seemed to get much sicker than they did and have more difficulty recovering.

And in addition to the malaria, the terrible jungle skin diseases tore ugly running sores into him, and these itched maddeningly. Their North Vietnamese captors would do nothing for them, and there was little the Americans could do for each other except to huddle together for warmth against the cold monsoon rains which were now upon the land.

One morning Blood complained of chest pains. Betty Ann examined him and told Bengé the older man had pneumonia. A short walk away was a Communist base camp, complete with hospital facilities. Mike pleaded with the officer in charge of the group that Blood be taken there. His pleas were denied. It took Hank three days to die. He was buried in a shallow, unmarked grave beside a jungle trail. His earthly remains are still there. Mike and Betty Ann were allowed to say prayers over the grave. Then the party moved on.

They crossed into Cambodia, turned north, then east. By late summer, they were back in the vicinity of Ban Me Thuot, where they had been captured. By now, scurvy had loosened their teeth, and their gums bled constantly. Mike and Betty Ann were covered with running sores; their hair had turned white and came out by the fistful. Betty Ann was anemic and suffering terribly from dysentery. They wondered to what purpose they had traveled and suffered all these months; they seemed to be going nowhere.

Still, they encouraged each other and tried to keep each other's spirits up. Mike told Betty Ann of his family's ranch in Oregon and of his three-year hitch in the Marine Corps. Betty Ann told Mike of growing up in Africa's Ivory Coast, where her American parents were missionaries. They starved. They chewed at pieces of buffalo hide they found on the mountain trails; and they grabbed bamboo shoots and munched at them.

Ill and tired himself, Mike worried more and more about Betty Ann. She seemed to be giving out. Their captors showed her no mercy. When she lagged on the trails, they would slap her, knock her down, pick her up, drag her. She kept getting to her feet, moving on.

The monsoon rains hatched out the worst scourge of the Asian jungle, the blood-sucking leech. By September the jungle foliage was covered with leeches. They were shiny black, and some were enormous. They brushed off by the hundreds onto all who passed. One day Mike found himself following a trail of blood—*anemic, dysentery-wracked Betty Ann's*. When they made camp that evening, she was too weak to pick off the leeches that covered her. Mike removed them, then tried to carry water from a nearby creek to bathe her. He was not strong enough, though, and could get no help. Again he implored the officer in charge, pointing out that there was a North Vietnamese battalion encamped close by. Surely, it would

have a doctor or a medic who could help Betty Ann. Perhaps he would have some medicine, some food for her, something. She was dying. The officer in charge was not interested.

Betty Ann was five days dying. Like Hank Blood, she was laid in a shallow, unmarked grave near a jungle trail. Mike prayed over her. Then the party moved on.

Mike developed beriberi. His legs swelled so that he could barely lift them. When he came to a log he had to sit down and lift one leg at a time over it with his hands; and he dared not sit down unless there was a tree close by, so he could pull himself up again. His captors continued to do nothing for him but to keep him moving and to feed him a small ration of rice daily. It occurred to him that they were waiting for him to die. But, suddenly, he knew something they did not know; he was not going to die. Someone had to survive, to make it known what had happened to Hank Blood and Betty Ann Olsen. It was up to him and he would do it, no matter what it took. He would do it by putting one foot ahead of the other, living one hour at a time, for as many steps and years as it took. He was going to do it.

They walked on, into a village near the Cambodian border. The wretched prisoner was displayed to the locals. "Look at this American," his guards shouted. "He's been riding in cars and airplanes too long. He can't even walk."

Bengé, who was fluent in Vietnamese, spoke up in reply: "It is not true," he shouted. "I have walked halfway across your country. These men have starved me almost to death. I have beriberi and dysentery and malaria, and they have given me no medicine, no care of any kind. And yet I am alive, and I go wherever they take me."

The villagers muttered among themselves. The soldiers hustled Mike Bengé out of the place. They took him back into Cambodia, which they called the Land of Milk and Honey.

And the story goes on and on. They take him into a village. Here Mike was ushered to a cage-like hut in a stockade area of the base. U.S. Army Lieutenant Stephen R. Leopold, captured on May 9 of 1968, 3 months after Mike, a green beret officer who occupied a cage of his own, he watched Bengé approach. He guessed him to be over 60 with his white-haired beard and the way he used a stick to limp along. Soon the two were communicating.

Bengé discovered that Leopold learned new Latin and asked to learn the language. Leopold's presence in a Communist cage was ironic. Only 24, he was not long from the campus of Stanford where in 1965 and 1966 he had been editor of the Daily, the Stanford newspaper.

In that capacity he had mounted cogent stands, like I was doing at the time on a television show, I, BOB DORNAN, against the conduct of the war under LBJ and had favored restricting American involvement only to military advisers, only to trained South Vietnamese to fight their own war, and like so many other editorialists at the time, BOB DORNAN on television and radio, he had not had his way. I always had what I call the Dornan pipeline: air power, sea power, and nobody on the ground in Vietnam until they could speak Vietnamese, and that would choke it down through the language

schools at Monterey and what eventually became Rosslyn, and yes, I was not just a willing person to sign off on this undeclared war.

The point I am making here, Mr. Speaker, is that although Hank Blood and Betty Ann Olsen were civilian missionaries, Michael Bengé, if he had died on that trail with them was a worker for the United States Government sent into a combat area working in the field with our men under orders, and someone said to me:

"Who cares about these civilians? They all make \$100,000 a month while I, flying naval aircraft, was only making 5,000."

□ 2200

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Michael Bengé was not making \$100,000 a month. He was making a GS salary lower than probably an Army major or Navy lieutenant commander. No. Just this one civilian aspect is treacherous.

Let me tell the Members about this book. There are passages in here of such medieval, unholy, vicious torture, with 20 of our men beaten to death by three Cubans, that the fact that someone who had dodged the draft three times, the third time actually giving up an induction date of July 28, 1969, to have an administration led under those circumstances, removing the trade restrictions, normalizing relations, removing the combat status, so if we located live Americans we could not even pull off a covert raid, although I would hope somebody would do something like that, direct action; and now we are driving for the Vietnamese to get an ambassador appointed, and then the battle starts for most-favored-nation status.

The people who gave the orders to torture to death our military men, like Ron Stewart, Norm Schmidt, Ed Attergerry, J.J. Connell, "Freddy" Frederick, Ken Cameron, a man called, in the forefront of the book, "the faker", who now we know was Major Earl Cobiell, beaten insensate, lashed across his face with a strip of rubber from a tire, and would not even blink, and this foul-mouthed Cuban who became a brigadier general and was sent to the U.N. named Fernandez, and nobody in my country had the guts to arrest him. These people were tortured to death: Tom Benson, Roberts, and then it is dedicated to Betty Olsen and Hank Blood. I will read again from this book.

RECESS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Pursuant to clause 12 of rule I, the House stands in recess subject to the call of the Chair.

Accordingly (at 10 o'clock and 1 minute p.m.), the House stood in recess subject to the call of the Chair.

□ 2355

AFTER RECESS

The recess having expired, the House was called to order by the Speaker pro