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IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LOSS AND SUFFERING OF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES OCCASIONED BY THE WAR IN VIETNAM

Mr. MANSFIELD. Mr. President, on behalf of the distinguished minority leader and myself, with Memorial Day just around the corner, I send to the desk a Senate resolution and ask for its immediate consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. NUNN). The resolution will be stated by title.

The assistant legislative clerk read as follows:

A resolution (S. Res. 117) commemorating the loss and suffering of the dead and wounded members of the Armed Forces occasioned by the war in Vietnam.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

There being no objection, the Senate proceeded to consider the resolution.

Mr. MANSFIELD. Mr. President, this week the Senate approaches its Memorial Day recess, a time when the Senate ad-

joins to join the Nation in honoring those who have made personal sacrifice for their Nation in time of war. In preparing for this occasion this year, the Senate has gone on record to single out specifically for special tribute those missing in action as a result of the war in Indochina. In past years, the prisoners of that war whom we welcomed home a short time ago were similarly honored.

It is hoped that America will recall the others who are not MIA's and who are not POW's. It is hoped that America will remember those to whom we owe, I believe, special recognition and more from a grateful land. These are the casualties whose numbers comprise the largest single adverse statistic of the war in Vietnam. I speak of the dead and the wounded, and it is in their behalf and to honor them that the distinguished minority leader and I rise in the Senate today to present the resolution now before the Senate.

The war in Vietnam may be over and the prisoners may be home. Not coming home, however, are the 56,244 American GI's who were killed in this tragedy.

And coming home broken both in body and in spirit are many of the 303,635 American GI's whose wounds left them torn and maimed, at times legless or armless or sightless, surviving only as living testaments to the waste and tragedy of this war in Vietnam. Their numbers alone contain 25,000 paraplegics and

quadruplegics. Countless more are bedridden, mangled, confined to wheelchairs and otherwise left with scars that mean imprisonment—imprisonment not for just 2 years, or 6 years, or 10 years, but imprisonment for a lifetime.

And what about those 56,244 who returned to America in coffins? To them and to their families is owed the highest tribute. They made the supreme sacrifice. They gave their lives.

The war in Vietnam may be over. But I pray that we never terminate our regard for the thousands upon thousands of casualties of that war—the dead and those in homes and hospitals across the land who are threatened no longer by death but who are instead threatened by the indifference of society no longer at war.

To them and to their families, on this Memorial Day, just as to the families of the missing and to the POW's, is owed not just the thanks of a grateful Nation but a pledge of justice, equity, care, and concern for their well-being now and forever.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the RECORD the last casualty list, dated January 27, 1973, and extending from January 1, 1961, as well as an article published in yesterday's Washington Star, entitled "Notes of a 'POW'—Doing a Life Term."

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

NUMBER OF CASUALTIES INCURRED BY U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL IN CONNECTION WITH THE CONFLICT IN VIETNAM, CUMULATIVE FROM JAN. 1, 1961 THROUGH JAN. 27, 1973

	Army	Navy ¹	Marine Corps	Air Force	Total		Army	Navy ¹	Marine Corps	Air Force	Total
A. Casualties from actions by hostile forces						5. Deaths:					
1. Killed.....	25,373	1,092	11,478	495	38,438	(a) From aircraft accidents/ incidents:					
2. Wounded or injured:						Fixed wing.....	90	166	144	761	1,161
(a) Died of wounds.....	3,516	146	1,451	48	5,161	Helicopter.....	2,389	66	432	75	2,962
(b) Nonfatal wounds:						(b) From ground action.....	28,114	1,194	12,361	149	41,818
Hospital care required.....	96,802	4,178	51,392	931	153,303	Total deaths ²	30,593	1,426	12,937	985	45,941
Hospital care not required.....	104,718	5,898	37,202	2,514	150,332						
3. Missing:						B. Casualties not the result of actions by hostile forces					
(a) Died while missing.....	1,689	187	5	440	2,321	6. Current missing.....	103	1	14		118
(b) Returned to control.....	54	5	2	35	96	7. Deaths:					
(c) Current missing.....	258	142	96	724	1,220	(a) From aircraft accidents/ incidents:					
4. Captured or interned:						Fixed wing.....	276	187	46	290	799
(a) Died while captured or interned.....	15	1	3	2	21	Helicopter.....	1,875	55	242	19	2,191
(b) Returned to control.....	57	7	12	8	84	(b) From other causes.....	4,995	636	1,392	290	7,313
(c) Current captured or interned.....	87	169	26	309	591	Total deaths.....	7,146	878	1,680	599	10,303

¹ Navy figures include a small number of Coast Guard casualties.

² Sum of lines 1, 2(a), 3(a), and 4(a).

NOTES OF A "POW"—DOING A LIFE TERM
(By Pete Rios with Rob Warden and Terry Shaffer)

CHICAGO.—Of all the shots fired in a battle, one sounds different from the rest and you know, instinctively, that bullet has your name on it.

I know this because I was a U.S. Army medic in Vietnam. I heard it over and over from the guys I patched up on the battlefield.

And I know because I definitely heard the bullet that got me. Rifles and machineguns were blazing all around, and one crack was more distinct than any other. It was for me.

I had been in Vietnam six months. The life expectancy of a medic was only three or four months.

My number came up on July 19, 1966, two days before I was scheduled to leave Vietnam for a rest period. We were in a reactionary platoon, intended to back up another group on a search-and-destroy mission.

We were waiting when suddenly the radio man from the other platoon screamed over the horn, "My God, there are Viet Cong all over the place." Then we went into the main battle in choppers. We landed in a mine field. We lost complete ships carrying men. It was complete chaos.

I was moving cautiously from body to body, carrying my aid bag, looking for a few who weren't beyond help.

I was on one side of a dirt bank in a rice paddy, and the first sergeant yelled to me to get a man lying on the other side. I told myself I would count to three and jump over, and I did. One, two, Three.

Crack! I heard the one that got me.

When I fell to the other side, I was paralyzed. Already, my body was drawn up, twisted, and I hurt all over. Even my lips and my tongue hurt. My eyebrows hurt. It was just one tremendous charleyhorse.

The first sergeant grabbed me, and I remember him shaking me and screaming, "Doc, Doc, you okay?" then he turned, and

I will never forget the words, "Oh, my God, Doc's dead."

I wasn't dead. I wasn't. I kept thinking, "I'm alive, save me!" But I couldn't talk or move and the sergeant moved on to someone else. I never saw him again.

Lying there, I guess I became religious all of a sudden. I was making these vows, thinking, "God, if you'll make me live, I'll do this or I'll do that."

Charlie—that's what the GIs called the Viet Cong—came over and took my 45, my aid bag and some other equipment. He kicked me in the left hand to see if I was alive. God, my heart was pounding so loud I knew he would hear it. But he didn't.

I couldn't see what was happening around me, but I heard moans and cries for help from others in my platoon, and I heard shots. Then all was still.

The man who saved me was named Grayson, a black man from Ohio who, a little earlier, had been my very first patient in

that skirmish when he caught some shrapnel in the chest.

Although he was badly hurt, he managed to drag me about 80 feet to a bush area.

I don't know how we could laugh when we were lying there about to die, but we did. Grayson was making wisecracks. I'm a Mexican-American and I broke up when this black guy says, "Lookit, of all the guys, why do I gotta die with you—a member of a minority group?"

Off in the distance, we could see a chopper, just a speck in the sky. But we didn't know if it would come down for us.

It was a famous trick of Charlie to wipe out a unit and then dress up in the uniforms they took off the dead to get a chopper down. Then they'd blast the hell out of it.

For some reason Charlie didn't try that in this case. But we couldn't expect the guys in the chopper to know that.

That's when Grayson really used his head to save our lives. He ripped off my fatigue jacket and took his off. Then he put his body across mine, forming a black and white "X" visible from the air.

The purpose of this was to show the pilot he was black. "I know he never did see a nigger Charlie," Grayson said.

When the chopper flew over us, we could see it was just an observation ship, carrying two men, and we knew it couldn't take us. But the pilot signaled that he would send someone back for us.

I had no sense of time, so I don't know how long we were there before the other chopper came. But they got us out of there, God bless them. As we were being taken out, I could hear the ping of rifle bullets hitting the bottom of the helicopter.

Grayson and I were the only ones who came out of there alive, and this created a great psychological bond between us. We absolutely went bananas, crying and screaming, when they tried to separate us. The doctors understood and even let us go to surgery together, not separating us until the anesthesia took over.

After a little while in the field hospital, they flew us to Saigon and we were in a big military hospital there.

A lieutenant colonel came in our room right after we got there to present us with the purple heart. Passing out purple hearts probably was his main job. He had dark glasses, just like Gen. MacArthur's, and a cigarette holder. His khakis were starched so much I don't think he could bend over, and the nurses were around him like bees on honey.

He gave us a little talk about how we had served with honor, and said he was proud of us.

What disillusioned me, and it was to be the first of many disillusionments, was that they misspelled my name on the award. Although I always go by "Pete," my real name is Adolphe. They spelled it "Adolfe."

I guess it's not important. But it seemed to me that if a colonel is going to come and tell you what a great credit you are to your country, they at least ought to go to the trouble to find out how to spell your name.

A week later we were flown to Travis AFB, Calif., and psychologically we were in pretty bad shape because we knew we were permanently disabled. But we had adjusted enough that we could be put into different rooms.

We were to spend only one day at Travis and go to Andrews AFB in Washington to be treated at Walter Reed Army Hospital.

When I woke up, the doctors at Travis gave me a strong sedative. Then they told me Grayson had died during the night.

It was a tremendous shock. He was the best friend I ever had or will have and, you know, I don't even know his first name.

At Andrews I was greeted by another lieutenant colonel. So help me, they must print those guys. This one didn't look like he could bend over either, and he repeated almost

word for word the little speech I had heard in Vietnam.

But the program at Walter Reed was fantastic. They made you do things for yourself. For instance, I had to feed myself from the start. The first day, I held a bowl of corn flakes with my chin on my chest and spilled most of them all over my neck. But I got better at eating corn flakes as time went on.

By the end of the first week, I could operate a wheelchair. I went on physical therapy for as long as I could take it, up to eight hours some days. By the end of my two-month stay, I could walk with leg braces and crutches.

Then I was discharged from the Army, which made me ineligible for further treatment at Walter Reed but qualified me for veteran's benefits. I left Walter Reed on Oct. 16, 1966, to come to the Hines VA Hospital near Chicago, my hometown.

It was another world.

Two days after I arrived at Hines, I had my first physical therapy appointment and I was looking forward to it because of the progress I had made at Walter Reed. That morning, I put my braces and my pants on and walked on crutches down to the physical therapy room.

The doctor took one look at me and said, "I thought you were a young (recent) injury." I told him that was right, that I had been wounded just a little more than three months earlier.

"Well, it's impossible for you to walk," he said.

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "You can see I am walking, can't you?"

"Young injuries," he informed me, "never walk so soon."

So I walked back to my room, took off the leg braces stood the crutches up in the corner and went back to physical therapy in my wheelchair.

That seemed to please the doctor very much.

One night not long after that, we were having a pillow fight in the ward. I knew that's childish, but what the hell. Anyway, I let one guy have it with a pillow and, in the process, threw my right shoulder out of joint.

It really hurt, and everybody was yelling, "Nurse, nurse!" She came right in, but wouldn't help me. "You deserved it," she said. "You deserved it, having a pillow fight at your age." She just turned around and left, saying she had to work on some charts.

I didn't get to see a doctor until about an hour later. Since I had thrown my shoulder out before, I knew what had to be done. But the doctor didn't seem to know. I tried to explain it to him.

"Use the simple fulcrum method," I said. "Don't tell me what to do," he snapped. "I'm the doctor."

Well, he tugged and pushed awhile, and when it became obvious that he wasn't accomplishing anything, he got me on a litter and took me to the emergency section.

They called the orthopedic doctor on duty. He took one look and used the simple fulcrum method, just like I had asked the doctor on the ward to do in the first place.

On another occasion, I had an upset stomach. I have irritable bowels, which is common among paraplegics. "Nurse," I said, "I think I'm going to have diarrhea." I asked if I could have Lomotil, an antidiarrhea drug.

She said she wasn't allowed to give a patient medication without the doctor's orders. "Look," I said, "do I have to get diarrhea before I can have anything for it?"

"That's about the way it is," she said, and she wouldn't ask the doctor.

Well, I got diarrhea, of course, and then the nurse gave me Kaopectate, an awful-tasting creamy liquid that cures diarrhea for some people.

I protested that Kaopectate never worked for me, but the nurse said she would wait

and see. It took her about an hour and a half to figure out that I was right. Then the doctor agreed I could have Lomotil.

I suppose what I object to is always being categorized as "a patient." There is a nurse, a patient. There is a doctor, a patient. Never Pete Rios. You are in a wheelchair, so you are "a spinal-cord injury"—not a person. You are 30 years old, and you've had more than your share of experiences, but you are treated as if you were a child.

For instance, an aide brings you a menu before meals. The menu has no purpose. If you don't like something, you don't mark it on the menu. But you get it anyway. "This is good for you," the nurse says.

You get a monthly allotment check from the government because of your disability. You are legally entitled to the money and don't owe an accounting to anyone. But that doesn't stop a social worker from coming around to ask how you spent it.

Since you are "a patient" and expected not to think, you should not ask questions about your own body. You don't need to know why your bowels won't work, why you can't have sexual relations, why you are spastic, why one foot is colder than the other one, why you have pain.

Oh, we have had classes and a nurse puts an anatomical chart on the wall. "This is your spinal cord," she says, pointing to the chart. "This is where you are injured." In sum, you are to accept pain because you are supposed to have pain. Lesson concluded.

When I came to Hines, it seemed that people who can't get jobs digging holes on the outside come to work for the VA. For example, there was a man who worked in the spinal injuries section at Hines who didn't seem to like anybody too much. I called him Badass.

We have one portable telephone in the section for 40 patients. It is supposed to be the patients' phone, and while some of the paraplegics can get to another phone, the portable one is the only means of communication that the quadriplegics have with the outside.

The employes aren't supposed to use the portable phone. All they have to do is walk about 30 feet out into the hall to use another phone. But Badass continually made and received calls on the patients' phone, and he tied it up for 15 to 20 minutes at a time.

One night, a good friend of mine, Jam Imperiale, who is a paraplegic, had the phone beside his bed and received a couple of calls for Badass. But he would not let them talk to Badass. He said they should call back on the staff phone.

And one of them did, apparently telling Badass what Imperiale had said. Imperiale had just gotten into his wheelchair when Badass came in and literally yanked him out of the chair and hit him in the back.

Imperiale complained to the nurse, who was afraid to do anything about it. But Badass threatened to kill Imperiale if he ever caught him outside the hospital.

That weekend, Imperiale had planned to leave the hospital. But when he got to the front door, he saw Badass and three other guys sitting in a car. One of them raises up a baseball bat to scare Imperiale. It scared him, all right. He didn't leave that weekend and, in fact, never left again until he was discharged to go home.

One of the unfortunate things about the wonderful personality of Badass was that it was contagious. Everybody who worked with him seemed to adopt his style, and before you knew it, some of the patients had to pay bribes if they wanted to be turned over in bed or get water or have their urine bags emptied.

It's understandable why some employes are inclined to look for payola. Some of them have families and they earn no more than \$550 a month before deductions. They see the

helpless patients they're allegedly caring for as easy marks. A totally disabled man with a service-related injury gets about \$1,400 a month from the government tax free.

Some of the employes also supplement their incomes by acting as "rum runners" for patients. Only a few will do this, and they'll do it only for patients they trust implicitly. Otherwise, their necks would be in a noose. The way it works, essentially, is that if you want a half-pint that costs \$2.50 in a liquor store, a runner is at your your service for a total price of \$5.

Narcotics and even prostitutes are available through the same system. I admit this isn't extremely widespread, but I personally regard it as a serious scandal. The hospital officials contend that, since there are about 14,000 patients at Hines, a small society, it shouldn't be astonishing that you find essentially the same vices and problems that exist in the larger society.

I have been disappointed to find that the public seems cognizant only of the fact that many Americans (about 47,000) were killed or missing in Vietnam and that the remaining hundreds of thousands who served there came home. Nobody seems to think of the fact that 153,000 were wounded or that 7,750 came back blind or with missing or useless legs.

Sure, you read in the newspaper that a dozen or so were wounded from time to time, but that doesn't convey what really happened. If you want to see the aftermath of all the gory splendor of Vietnam, just take a stroll through the second-floor spinal injuries section at Hines.

Few Americans, to be sure, considered Vietnam a noble conquest, and we certainly didn't come back to tickertape parades. It was different than World War II and Korea, when, so I understand, all America seemed to be shouting, "hooray for the veterans!"

People not only don't give a damn today, but some of them are downright antagonistic toward you.

Once when I was out of the hospital, I went into a bar to keep a date with a waitress. A drunk at the bar turned to me and yelled, "You came in here in that wheelchair because you want a free drink. I know your kind. I had polio, but I had enough guts to get up."

I tried to ignore him, but then he came over and whirled me around in the wheelchair and threw a drink in my face. "There's your free drink. I won't buy you another one."

God, I wanted to walk then. I prayed, "Just two minutes, Lord." I prayed to the devil, "if you want my soul, just let me walk two minutes." But nobody answered my prayers.

Another time, I went with a young lady to a downtown restaurant where there was a long line of people waiting to be seated.

A waiter came over to us and said, "I have a table ready for you." He wheeled me around several couples who had been waiting longer than we had.

The restaurant had a special section set aside for wheelchairs—not to put you where you wouldn't be seen, but a place where you could be comfortable and still not feel shunted aside. I thanked the waiter.

Then a woman who had been waiting in line a long time came up to me and said something about respecting your elders. She berated me for being disrespectful to her and asked, "how did you get hurt anyway?"

I said I was shot in Vietnam.
"Well," she said, "you certainly deserved it."

Thirty seconds, Lord, please.

Once I was in an elevator in my wheelchair and more and more people kept crowding on it. A woman tore her dress on the brake of the chair. She blamed me for it, rather abusively.

But I was ready with a classic come-back: "I hope, madam, that in the next life our

roles aren't reversed, so that I won't rip my dress on your wheelchair."

The VA merely reflects the attitudes of the public and the White House. The public would prefer not to be reminded of us, and the president shows his gratitude by trying to cut VA benefits by \$7 billion.

And where do you suppose are the people and the flags? They were greatly in evidence for the returning prisoners of war. But their absence now goes to show, I think, that either you were killed in Vietnam, you were a prisoner, or you just don't count.

Most severely disabled veterans, frankly, are not overly impressed that an American prisoner spent 22 years in China or eight years in Hanoi. We're glad, of course, that they came back.

But now we are the only POWs.
Guys who are blind or crippled are going to be POWs as long as they live.

There is no time limit—not eight years, or 22—on that kind of imprisonment.

Mr. SCOTT of Pennsylvania. Mr. President, I join the distinguished majority leader in offering this resolution. We have paid our respects and shown our honor and pride in the prisoners of war and the missing in action, and it is only suitable that at this Memorial Day period we note for the Nation our grief and theirs at the loss of these great and fine and valued Americans who made the supreme sacrifice.

As the distinguished majority leader has noted, many of these returned veterans are permanent POW's living with their disabilities, adjusting as well as they may to the world to which they returned after they had done their duty and had followed the precepts of duty, honor, and country and had served valourously and honorably.

Of the dead, there is a ceremony at remembrance day time in Australia where a verse is repeated every year. It is known to every Australian, it is known to many Americans, and I conclude with it in this tribute to the dead:

They shall grow not old,
As we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them
Nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution (S. Res. 117) was unanimously agreed to.

The preamble was agreed to.
The resolution, with its preamble, reads as follows:

S. RES. 117

Whereas, This Nation's participation in the war in Vietnam has ended and all American prisoners of war have been returned; and

Whereas, Since 1961, 56,244 men have given their lives in the service of their country in their tragic war; and

Whereas, Since 1961, ~~635~~ **303,635** men have returned from Southeast Asia casualties of this war, many thousands of whom have been returned with bodies and spirit permanently broken and scarred by the wounds of war,
Be It

Resolved, That the United States Senate mourns the death of all these courageous Americans, commemorates their memory, and recognizes its obligation especially to those Americans returned with broken and dismembered bodies who shall be imprisoned the rest of their lives as a result of these tragic hostilities, and Be It Further