**THE MIDDLE SNAKE RIVER AND THE HILLS CANYON: UNIQUE BEAUTY WHICH MUST BE PROTECTED**

Mr. CHURCH. Mr. President, my native State of Idaho is blessed with many natural wonders in the least of which is the Hells Canyon which we share with our sister State of Oregon. This magnificent gorge, the deepest on the North American continent, was cut by the relentless meanderings of the mighty Snake River.

In this land of incomparable beauty with its splendors in the peaks and passes of mountain lakes, wildlife flourishes and any man who ventures into the area comes away singing its praises.

Recently Ted Trueblood, whom I have known for many years and who is no stranger to the Hells Canyon, set his thoughts about the Hells Canyon down on paper. In a delightful and highly informative touch I could hardly find in the recent July issue of "National Wildlife," the magazine of the National Wildlife Federation, Ted describes his highly personal feeling for Hells Canyon. I call attention to this article which so clearly points out the need to save this last remaining stretch of the Snake River from damming and commercial development. I only regret that the beautiful pictures which were taken by an equally well versed Hells Canyon hand, Ernie Day of Boise, cannot be reproduced in the Record.

I ask unanimous consent that Ted's article, "You May Never Know the Middle Snake Canyon," appear in the Record, as follows:

**YOU MAY NEVER KNOW THE MIDDLE SNAKE CANYON**

(By Ted Trueblood)

In the Spring of 1949 there were no dams on the Snake River for 450 miles above its junction with the Columbia, Arville Smith and I could reach, beside a big trout pool near the upper end of Hells Canyon and watch the seething water roll with incredible speed.

The Snake was rising with the spring runoff and sturgeon were on the move, the usual highly personal indication that the river is coming up to straight out of the water and fall back with a splash that echoed of the cliffs in two states, Oregon across the river, Idaho on our side.

An hour earlier Arville had landed a six-footer that weighed about 100 pounds. Eventually, one of the big fish picked up my bait. It jumped, and we agreed that it would weigh at least 500 pounds, maybe 600. I had a powerful rod, a star-drug reel, and 250 yards of 80-pound-test line. My tackle had been in the Snake for years... I knew the fishing was good and my only regret was that the beautiful pictures which were taken by an equally well versed Hells Canyon hand, Ernie Day of Boise, could not be reproduced in the Record.

I ask unanimous consent that Ted's article, "You May Never Know the Middle Snake Canyon," appear in the Record.
The Middle Snake has been good to me. I have camped on its shores many weekends; I have spent countless hours birdwatching in its many wetlands. I have hunted for the native mule deer and mountain quail and the three kinds of grouse on the higher slopes. I have hiked the introduced chukars and California valley quail. I have never hunted the native whitetail deer, elk, nor bear, nor the introduced turkeys, though they are all there. I have fished for the native steelhead, salmon, trout, and sturgeon, and more lately for the introduced chum, king, Coho, and chinook mouth bass.

It was the basis that Ernie, Woody, and I were after on this last trip. With our human cunning we had figured out just where they should be at that particular time. Our logic seemed sound to us, but not to the bass. We caught only small ones, the largest less than two pounds.

The time came—too soon, as always—to leave our pleasant camp with its grove of magnificent trees, its river filled with small-mouth bass. We were after the biggest winners! We had evaded the rapids, avoiding the rocks that showed above the surface of the swift water and, as we approached, mellowed the memories of those that were revealed only by swills or bores.

We docked a few hundred yards downstream, unloaded the gear, and carried our gear to the waiting car. Then we drove up the steep, rocky trail to the top of the dam and stopped. We walked to the edge and looked down at Hells Canyon Reservoir below.

The sight was shocking. The once fast-flowing river of the dam was choked with algae. Streaks and strings and patches of it drifted with the breeze. Sickly green mingled with billows yellow. There was not a boat in sight, though we had seen many anglers along the dark, flowing river below the dam.

As we turned back to the car, Woody said something I won't soon forget. "What we need," he said, "is a few more dams. Then we can have this all the way to Lewiston."

U.S. VIOLATION OF U.N. SANCTIONS AGAINST RHODESIA

Mr. McGEE. Mr. President, it was with interest that I read the colloquy of Thursday, June 14, between the distinguished senior Senator from Virginia (Mr. HANKEY) and the distinguished senior Senator from Louisiana (Mr. LONETON), and the distinguished Senator from West Virginia (Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD).

I was particularly interested in the colloquy since it concerned the issue of the United Nations’s violation of the U.N. sanctions against Rhodesia.

Since I was not present when this discussion took place—in part I had no notice of it at all—I would like to take this opportunity to respond to various remarks made during that colloquy. Although I will not address myself to all the arguments at this time, I plan to do so in the near future.

At the time, I thought it important to make it clear that I felt this colloquy was an unjust and unfair attack upon our Ambassador to the United Nations, Mr. John Scali. I also think it was important to make it clear that I, too, have taken an oath upon entering the office of U.S. Senator to uphold and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States. In this oath, and I have checked to make sure I am correct in making this statement, nowhere do I have sworn to uphold and defend all laws except the United Nations Participation Act of 1945. Since the United Nations Participation Act on our Constitution and international processes, and since I sincerely believe in that oath I took, I could not, in good conscience, support any effort in this body to proclaim that I am bound by that act, and, as a consequence, put me in the position of violating my oath. The action taken by this body the past 2 years has put us in violation of a duly constituted law of this Nation—a law that was subject to intensive scrutiny on the part of the U.S. Congress and a law which the Congress, in its wisdom, saw fit to give its approval. Therefore, and I emphasize this point, I could not approve any action on the part of this body which would place me in violation of my oath to uphold and defend the Constitution and the laws of this Nation.

Our Government is sustained by a principle of faith, and it is for this reason that I would vote against this action of the United Nations. In order for our Government to perpetuate itself, our system demands faith on the part of its participants. This does not mean that we can select and choose only those facets of our Constitution and our laws to which we, as individuals, have determined we owe our allegiance. There is an authority higher than our Constitution which allows us to ignore those laws with which we do not agree. If we allowed this to happen, it would spell immediate disaster for our Nation. Chaos would reign supreme.

There is an effort in this body to obscure the real issues involved in the United Nations Participation Act. As a member of the United Nations Security Council, the United States has been good to me. I have been recognized for 5 minutes.

As we speak, an attempt is being made to prevent the United States from participating in a Security Council resolution, or in this case, the Security Council’s action in imposing sanctions against the United Nations.

There is wording in this resolution which would allow us to ignore those laws with which we do not agree. We cannot, and I have checked to make sure I am not making a factual error, can “dictate” what laws the U.S. Congress can or cannot pass, but rather whether the United States.