

an hour. There were six people in the car. One of them jumped out with a pipe in his hands, it just happened so fast, and I believe to my knowledge, he was too high to give me a hard blow on the head, if it was I would have been dead today. His stomach was on top my head when I hit the ground. I got up very quick. Fortunately I know how to defend myself, I hit him pretty hard to knock him out.

The next guy came up and he hit me on the side of my arm. I was in a state of shock, I don't recall what I did, both of them were on the ground I saw fear in their eyes, when the car backed up the other guys jumped up from the car, from the side of the car and had an object in their hands. I panicked and I ran all the way to the Office. But I would like to say this much, I am only thinking about deaf people. It is not safe for them to walk in the District. They communicate with their hands. Anybody can see them communicate with their hands, they come up from behind them and attack them.

There are approximately 5,000 deaf people in the metropolitan area, Maryland and Virginia. I don't know what I should say actually because I think the District should be moved up now looking to get into a better bargaining position for employees where they work in the Government Printing Office and all other branches, not only there but people walking on the streets these days.

I can speak all afternoon and say what I want to say, but I just want to give specific information that should be known.

Mr. BROXHILL. That was a very effective presentation.

Mr. HINES. What he didn't say, being a deaf mute it is hard for him to hear, he can speak as you can see, what he didn't tell you is he is a karate expert and a black belt degree and he left two of those gentlemen who attacked him laying in the street, but you can see a man who has that ability to protect himself with five people after him it doesn't offer too much, and if he had stayed where he was they probably would have killed him or he would have killed them. There are about 200 deaf mute employees working in the Government Printing Office, majority at night.

Mr. LANDES. I think it is maybe 200 of them. I don't even know half of them. I have been introduced every night since I have been there for one year since yesterday.

Mr. URBAN. My name is Joseph R. Urban. On May 31, at 11:00 on my way to the night shift at the Printing Office I happened to look back after I had parked my car and I saw two characters seemed to be in a haste and I thought just like the expression, will it be my turn tonight, and then I thought this looks as if it is going to be my turn.

So I thought I would walk on and cross diagonally at this intersection and to an open corner where I thought they wouldn't bother me and I would wait for some other people to walk to the Printing Office which would be about three blocks.

As I was, as I had crossed about three-quarters of the intersection I heard running footsteps, more fortunate than this young man next to me, so I pretended I didn't know what they were running and I waited until they were close behind me and I turned suddenly and one of them confronted me and I hit him and knocked him down, and the other one got me from behind and I was flat on my back, I kicked, and swung, they kicked me in the side of the face. They got my wallet, all my keys, and they didn't get my watch, they broke my glasses and I