

leader, accentuating the young soldier's Asian features. He could have been mistaken for the enemy, but for the uniform he wore and his New Mexican accent. Shells straddled the trench. The bugles and whistles grew louder as shadowy figures clambered up the steep, shell-pocked slope.

"Stay put," snapped the corporal. He yanked his bayonet from its scabbard and clamped it on his carbine. "Cover me," he ordered. He pulled himself from the trench, slithered a few feet on his belly and then sprang upright and charged the advancing enemy soldiers.

More than two years later, U.S. Army Sergeant Hiroshi H. Miyamura remembered that rainy night of April 24, 1951, as if it were yesterday. He had been the Company H, 7th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division, corporal who had "charged" that night. Now, on August 20, 1953, Miyamura climbed down from a Soviet-built military truck with 19 fellow prisoners of war at a place called Pan-nunjom, which he had heard mentioned while in a Communist Chinese prison camp in North Korea. He and his repatriated POW buddies were hustled into military ambulances for a 15-minute drive to another unloading point, Freedom Village, where doctors, nurses and medics took over.

Pale and undernourished, the newly freed Americans shucked off their faded blue Chinese uniforms and showered. They were examined by doctors, dusted with DDT and issued oversize fatigues. Each former POW was then handed a large canteen cup filled with ice cream. If the doctors declared them physically and mentally up to it, they were interrogated by intelligence officers and then led out to meet the press.

As Sergeant Miyamura (who had been promoted while in captivity) was led to the microphones and news cameras, he was greeted by Brig. Gen. Ralph Osborne, the Freedom Village commander, who raised his hands for silence. "Gentlemen of the press," the general announced. "I want to take this occasion to welcome the greatest V.I.P., the most distinguished guest to pass through Freedom Village.

"Sergeant Miyamura, it is my pleasure to inform you that you have been awarded the Medal of Honor." Miyamura was visibly shaken. "What?" he gulped. "I've been awarded what medal?"

During the nearly 130 years that the Medal of Honor has been awarded for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of life above and beyond the call of duty," none of the other recipients have learned about the honor quite the way that 27-year old Sergeant Miyamura did. Nineteen months before his release from captivity, a Medal of Honor citation dated December 21, 1951, had been filed away in the Department of the Army's tightest security vault. Classified "top-secret," it was finally removed from its Pentagon security vault at the start of Operation Big Switch, the exchange of POWs between the United Nations command and the Communists, and delivered to U.S. Eighth Army headquarters in Seoul shortly after the Korean armistice was signed in late July 1953.

General Osborne began reading aloud from the citation that had been handed to him less than a half-hour before. "On the night of 24 April, Company H was occupying a defensive position near Taejon-ni, Korea, when the enemy fanatically attacked, threatening to overrun the position. Corporal Miyamura, a machine-gun squad leader, aware of the danger to his men, unhesitatingly jumped from his shelter. . . ."

As the general continued reading, Sergeant Miyamura clearly recalled those events. A major Chinese offensive had cracked the U.N. line. The 3rd Division had been ordered to

pull back. H Company withdrew under a heavy enemy mortar barrage followed by two separate battalion-size probes. Miyamura was positioned between a light and a heavy machine gun, directing their fire. Shortly before midnight, the Chinese again advanced up the slope. He called out to his gunners, "Short bursts, short bursts!" and switched his carbine to automatic fire, squeezing off short bursts. He also hurled grenades down the slope.

The attackers were finally stopped. Twenty minutes or a half-hour passed. Then, enemy mortar rounds again fell along the ridgeline. Flares popped overhead, and the bugle calls and whistles resumed, along with shrieks of "Kill! Kill! Kill dam 'mericans!"

Miyamura hurled more grenades and emptied his carbine. The shadowy figures moving up the slope toward his position dropped before his fire. Off to his right, the heavy machine gun blasted away. There was silence from the .30-caliber light-machine-gun position on his left. He clambered from his hole and crawled to his left flank. The light weapon and its crew were gone. Had they bugged out?

No. A runner must have instructed them to withdraw. But why hadn't the runner touched base with him? Crouching low, Miyamura dashed toward the heavy-machine-gun position but stumbled across a body and fell flat on his face. A flare popped overhead, and he dropped flat beside the body. It was one of H Company's runners. No wonder he hadn't gotten the message to withdraw.

Miyamura found two of the four GIs in the machine-gun position hit by shrapnel, and he dressed their wounds. Instructing them to cover him, he clamped his bayonet on his carbine and left the emplacement, sliding down the slope toward the enemy. Minutes later, there were agonizing cries in the darkness from the direction he had gone.

"... Wielding his bayonet in close hand-to-hand combat, killing approximately 10 of the enemy," General Osborne continued. The Chinese soldiers had been cautiously moving up the slope when Miyamura suddenly appeared in their midst. Jabbing and slashing, he scattered one group and wheeled around, breaking up another group the same way. Miyamura then ran back up the slope and slid into the machine-gun position. He ordered the gunners and the two wounded riflemen to fall back; he would cover them. Suddenly he was alone and frightened. He leaned against the machine gun and waited. It didn't take long. Bugles and whistles sounded, and the "Kill! Kill!" chant of the enemy grew louder and closer.

"... As another savage assault hit the line, he manned his machine gun and delivered withering fire until his ammunition was expended," the general went on. Miyamura broke up that attack, and when he ran out of ammunition he began hurling grenades in the enemy's direction. It was time for him to withdraw, but first he had to destroy the heavy machine gun. He placed a grenade, its pin pulled, against the gun's open breach, then ran into a nearby trench.

Loping down the trench, Miyamura turned a corner and slammed into an enemy soldier. Both recoiled, but Miyamura was faster; he shot the Chinese soldier wounding him. The Chinese soldier then lobbed a grenade in Miyamura's direction, but he kicked it back. It exploded, killing the enemy soldier and wounding Miyamura in the leg. "... He killed more than 50 of the enemy before his ammunition was depleted and he was severely wounded," the general continued reading.

Miyamura recalled the nightmarish events leading up to his capture. The eastern horizon was beginning to grow lighter, and the

enemy soldiers were now pouring off the ridge he had evacuated. He spotted a friendly tank that had been staked out to cover the withdrawal, now preparing to pull out. Miyamura ran desperately toward it, only to stumble into American barbed wire. Sobbing in pain, he heard the tank rumble away.

"When last seen, he was fighting ferociously against an overwhelming number of enemy soldiers," the general continued. But that wasn't quite the way it happened, Miyamura remembered. He managed to free himself from the wire and dropped into a small shellhole, throbbing with pain from the barbed-wire punctures and from the grenade-fragment wound in his leg. Enemy troops swarmed down the back slope and walked by the hole in which he lay, ignoring what they thought was a dead GI. If he could last through the day playing dead, he might be able to make it back to his own lines when night fell. A lone enemy soldier stopped beside him and leveled a U.S. Army 45-caliber pistol at his head. "Get up," he ordered in English. "I know you're alive. We don't harm prisoners."

Four days later, a 3rd Division task force slashed its way back to the position Miyamura had evacuated. Miyamura was not among the dead GIs who lay there with more than 50 enemy dead, scattered on both slopes of his position.

Why was Miyamura's Medal of Honor citation classified top-secret? General Osborne explained: "If the Reds knew what he had done to a good number of their soldiers just before he was taken prisoner, they might have taken revenge on this young man. He might not have come back." Sergeant Hiroshi H. Miyamura, America's first secret hero, was formally presented his Medal of Honor by President Dwight D. Eisenhower in a White House ceremony on October 27, 1953.

Miyamura has since visited Washington several times as an invited guest at presidential inaugurations. A career as an auto mechanic and service station owner made it possible for him to send his three children to college. Miyamura is now retired in his hometown of Gallup, N.M., and "doing the many things that I now have time for." An avid freshwater fisherman, he spends much of his time trout fishing in the many lakes in the Southwest.

THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, at the close of business yesterday, Wednesday, March 21, 2001, the Federal debt stood at \$5,731,169,100,580.51, five trillion, seven hundred thirty-one billion, one hundred sixty-nine million, one hundred thousand, five hundred eighty dollars and fifty-one cents.

One year ago, March 21, 2000, the Federal debt stood at \$5,728,846,000,000, five trillion, seven hundred twenty-eight billion, eight hundred forty-six million.

Five years ago, March 21, 1996, the Federal debt stood at \$5,062,251,000,000, five trillion, sixty-two billion, two hundred fifty-one million.

Ten years ago, March 21, 1991, the Federal debt stood at \$3,446,260,000,000, three trillion, four hundred forty-six billion, two hundred sixty million.

Fifteen years ago, March 21, 1986, the Federal debt stood at \$1,982,089,000,000, One trillion, nine hundred eighty-two billion, eighty-nine million, which reflects a debt increase of almost \$4 trillion—\$3,749,080,100,580.51, three trillion, seven hundred forty-nine billion,

eighty million, one hundred thousand, five hundred eighty dollars and fifty-one cents, during the past 15 years.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

NATIONAL AGRICULTURE WEEK

• Mr. DAYTON. Mr. President, this week, as our Nation celebrates National Agriculture Week, I can think of no better time for Congress to begin the important work of addressing the urgent needs of our Nation's family farmers, ranchers, and rural communities.

Through the hard work and innovation of our farmers and ranchers, we have long been the most bountiful Nation in the world. The average American farmer produces enough every year to feed and clothe 129 other people. Nowhere else do so few feed so many.

Although only about 2 percent of our people work on the farm, agriculture remains a pillar of our economy. Twenty-one million Americans are employed transporting, processing, and distributing agricultural commodities. In Minnesota, agriculture represents 17 percent of the State's economy and employs roughly 22 percent of the State's workers.

Our family farmers and ranchers contribute as much to our national character as to our economy. The hard work and determination of our farmers has been the foundation and source of strength for our Nation since its earliest days. As they have done for generations, American farmers continue to meet adversity with the faith, fortitude, and ingenuity.

But as we enter the 21st century, America's family farmers and ranchers face a number of challenges such as continuing low commodity prices, the increasing consolidation and concentration in the agricultural economy and Congress' failure to establish a strong safety net to help when good times go bad. I believe we, as a nation, should focus on ways to support and strengthen family farms and rural communities while ensuring a vibrant, competitive agricultural marketplace.

I urge Congress to take immediate action to reverse farm and trade policies that have led to several years of low prices and driven thousands of producers in Minnesota and across the country out of business. What better way to honor the hard-working family farmers and ranchers who allow our Nation to enjoy the safest, most diverse, and most affordable food supply in the world.●

TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN GLEN O. WOODS, USN

• Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize an outstanding Naval Officer, Captain Glen Woods, as he completes 23 years of distinguished service. It is a privilege for me to

honor his many outstanding achievements and commend him for his honorable and faithful service to the Senate, the Navy, and our great Nation.

Captain Woods graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1978. Upon graduation, he entered flight training and earned his "Wings of Gold" as a Naval Aviator in February 1980. Assigned as a Maritime Patrol Aviator, Captain Woods has served in P-3 Orion squadrons in both the Pacific and Atlantic Fleets, compiling nearly 4000 flight hours. His most recent flying assignment was as the Executive Officer and Commanding Officer of the "Red Lancers" of Patrol Squadron TEN, home ported in Brunswick, ME.

From airfields located in Adak, Alaska, and Keflavik, Iceland, he has tracked submarines above the Arctic Circle. He has flown anti-submarine and anti-surface warfare missions supporting our carrier battle groups in the Mediterranean Sea, Arabian Gulf, North Atlantic, Western Pacific and the Sea of Japan. His crews tracked maritime shipping in the South China Sea, Red Sea, Mediterranean Sea and throughout the Indian Ocean. Additionally, he has operated extensively with our NATO Allies, flying from bases in Scotland, Norway, Iceland, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

Captain Woods also left his mark on a wide range of critical assignments ashore, serving as an instructor pilot, working on the staff of the Director of Naval Intelligence, and ending his distinguished career as the Deputy Director of the Navy's Liaison Office here in the Senate. His integrity, enthusiasm and foresight have earned him the admiration of me and my colleagues.

The Department of the Navy, the Congress, and the American people have been well served by this dedicated naval officer for over 23 years. Captain Glen Woods is a passionate advocate of the Sea Services and has been tireless in supporting the needs of the Sailors in the Fleet and their families. On behalf of my colleagues, I am honored to thank him for his service and to wish Captain Woods and his lovely wife Patti, "Fair winds and following seas."●

SALUTE TO THE 2001 NORTH DAKOTA CLASS B CHAMPION NORTH BORDER BOYS BASKETBALL TEAM

• Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, I want to congratulate the North Border Eagles who were recently crowned state champions at the 2001 North Dakota Class B boys basketball tournament in Minot, ND. The Eagles beat number-one ranked Cando, ND 74-65 in the tournament's championship game to claim the state's top spot in Class B basketball. I congratulate Eagles Coach Dave Symington, his coaching staff and the players on their accomplishment. Members of the team include Jacob Anderson, Aaron Bonaima, Mike Brown, Nathan Carrier, Anthony

Chaput, Matt Defoe, Dennis Delude, Warren Eagan, Kyle Rollness, Kevin Schaler, Travis Stegman, Chris Stremick, Chad Symington and Jason Tryan.

But I stand before the U.S. Senate not only to share with you the boxscore of the final game of the North Dakota Class B boys basketball season, but to tell you the remarkable story of how they got there. It's a story that many of you from rural States may recognize. Everyone, though, will be inspired by this story of teamwork and determination.

If you look on a North Dakota map, you won't find a community called North Border. That is because North Border is not one community, it is three different communities that have joined resources in education and athletics to compete against shrinking school enrollments.

North Border is a co-op of three small communities, Neche, Pembina and Walhalla, in the far northeastern corner of my state. The communities with populations of 434, 634 and 1,131 respectively are joined by rolling hills, County Road 55 and a common goal of maintaining a high quality of life for its residents while facing the realities of a population that is older and smaller.

The communities' high schools have a combined enrollment of less than 200. The schools formed the North Border co-op due to the low athlete numbers in boys basketball and other sports.

The schools agreed to rotate the location of practices and games to accommodate players and fans in all three communities. While the athletes had played together before in summer programs, the transition was challenging. The newly formed Eagles lost its second game of the season. It was against the Cando Cubs—the team the Eagles would eventually meet again in the state tournament. The Eagles soon began playing well together as a team and compiled a very impressive 23-2 record, including a victory in the regional finals over Fordville-Lankin avenging the Eagles' second loss of the season.

The team's birth into the state Class B boys basketball tournament was the first state tournament experience for either Walhalla or Neche, and the first time since 1955 that Pembina went to State. The Eagles received no beginner's breaks. All schools who made it to the tournament were strong teams and deserve praise for this accomplishment. The Eagles were paired against the defending state champion Fargo Oak Grove team in the first round. As they had all season, the Eagles relied on their defense and a strong balanced offense to move past Oak Grove and their second opponent, the Dickinson Trinity Titans, to advance to the championship game. Four players scored in double figures in the opening game and five players did the same in North Border's win over the Titans.

The two victories put the Eagles in the title game to face the team that