

drenched by tropical cloudbursts, for it was into the rainy season, and bitten to within an inch of his life by the hordes of tropical insects. For months he endured semistarvation and the ravages of malaria, dysentery and beriberi. His hair and beard grew long and wild, his skin was covered in sores and scratches, his voice grew cracked and feeble, his eyes burned fever-bright his clothes hung in tatters. He had no means of knowing what was happening in the outside world, no knowledge of the course of the war, of the liberation of the Philippines, the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the American landings in Japan, the Japanese surrender to General MacArthur on board the battleship *Missouri*. But he did notice that no more American P-38 fighter-bomber planes were coming over dropping napalm, and that there seemed to be a lot of trigger-happy Filipinos about, whom he was careful to avoid.

World War Two had been over for weeks when Sakakida decided his condition was so desperate that he ought to attempt to reach help. Finding himself close to the Asing River, he resolved to follow it downstream, hoping to reach the sea, but he was so ill he could only make painfully slow progress, and sometimes he blacked out. Then one day he spotted some movement among the trees ahead, a group of soldiers coming up the hill, and he drew as close to them as he dared. The soldiers carried equipment and wore helmets and uniforms which were strange to him. They were clearly not Japanese, nor obviously American, and his first thought was: "God! Now they've got Germans out here!" Not until he was within earshot of the men and could hear snatches of their conversation did he suddenly, ecstatically, realize that they were Americans after all. At first he was afraid to come out of hiding for fear they would take one look at his wild Japanese appearance and shoot first and ask questions later. But eventually euphoria overcame his caution, and madly waving his arms and yelling as loudly as he could, he stepped out of the jungle for the first time in months.

"Don't shoot!" he yelled. "I'm an American! Can't you see? An American!"

The soldiers were extremely skeptical. Sakakida hardly looked human, and certainly not American. They took him to their battalion headquarters, an outfit which turned out to be a medical evacuation unit posted in the forward areas to collect stragglers. To the CO of this unit Sakakida identified himself as an intelligence agent captured by the Japanese at the outbreak of the war, and he gave his serial number (10100022) and other pertinent data to back up his claim. The officer was also extremely doubtful about all this but agreed to put through a telephone call to the CIC Field Office, and two hours later two CIC lieutenants drove up in a jeep, leapt out and identified the weary agent as one of the men they had been ordered by General McArthur's headquarters to look for. Then they bundled Richard Sakakida into the jeep and drove him to the Bagadec Field Office of the First CIC Region of the 441st CIC Detachment. He had come home at last. An uproarious welcome engulfed this lone survivor and a festive banquet was laid out in his honour, with fried chicken and beer and white bread and fresh butter and other good things. Having lived for months on nothing but herbs and grasses, such sumptuous fare proved too rich for him and it took him a week to recover from the effects of the most memorable binge in his life.

Sakakida was hospitalized for a week, then sent to Manila for de-briefing. His story was so extraordinary that he found people needed a lot of convincing he had not been a collaborator with the Japanese. At Christmas 1945 he was at last sent home to Hawaii for two

weeks' leave, one of which he spent in hospital with malaria and a high white corpuscle blood count. Then it was back to Manila, where he was assigned to the War Crime Investigation team, locating and identifying guilty parties, aided by the Japanese predilection for keeping records and diaries. He testified in the trial of General Yamashita and later in the trial of the American traitor of Corregidor, Sergeant John David Provoo. Commissioned in 1947, he sought a transfer to the air force and was subsequently posted to Japan, finally retiring in 1975 as a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Air Force. Today Richard Sakakida is alive and well and living in California—and happy to avoid the ballyhoo that attends most national heroes.

Richard Sakakida and Arthur Komori were among the only members of the CIC Detachment in the Philippines—the "Lost Detachment"—to survive the war. Others known to have survived included Special Agents Lorenzo Alvarado, John Lynch, Ralph Montgomery, James Rubard and Clyde Teske. Most of the rest died in Japanese hands. Both these brave Nisei were awarded Bronze Stars for their work which, in the words of their commendation, "they performed with complete disregard to the danger in which they found themselves." These two Nisei, the citation continued, "are a credit to their people and to the United States Army." Of Sakakida's exploits over and above the call of duty, his friend Komori had this to say: "His successful duping of the Japs is the finest story of counter intelligence within enemy lines. His recovery was considered even more important than the capture of General Yamashita, the conqueror of Singapore."

THE BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, as of the close of business Monday, January 29, the Federal debt stood at \$4,987,704,420,651.53, about \$13 billion shy of the \$5 trillion mark, which the Federal debt will exceed in a few months.

On a per capita basis, every man, woman, and child in America owes \$18,931.76 as his or her share of that debt.

LT. COL. B.G. WRIGHT

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I congratulate B.G. Wright, who has served on my staff as a Fellow from the Army National Guard, for this promotion to Lieutenant Colonel. B.G. has been a very active member of my staff for the last year, handling a variety of issues in the broad areas of national defense and foreign policy in the context of my work on the Armed Services Committee and as the Ranking Democrat on the Appropriations Committee.

He has been a full participant in the complex and demanding life of the Senate, and has assumed growing responsibilities within the legislative process. In this context, he has been responsible for developing and drafting policy memoranda, legislative amendments, talking points, and floor statements. He has developed rapidly an unusual acuity for the chemistry and movement of issues in the often confusing milieu of the Senate legislative process, and the floor consideration of national defense legislation.

In the context of our Committee work he has drafted authorization and

appropriations language and recommendations in a wide variety of areas, including: the budget of the Department of Defense and the State Department, U.S. policy toward Bosnia, and the annual budget for world-wide military construction projects. In all, his work has been outstanding, timely, with a sure foundation of good judgment, a fine knowledge of the English language, a pleasing writing style and an ability to make a good argument. His work, in fact, has been outstanding even in the comparison to the general group of Fellows that serve in the Senate on an annual basis, and I have been very pleased to request that the Army National Guard leave him with us for another legislative session.

In the same time, B.G. Wright has attended to his other duties in the Army National Guard, and also to his very unusual duty of serving as a White House social aide. In the process of this latter position, he was requested by name to assist President Clinton in hosting 150 Heads of State for the United Nation's Fiftieth Anniversary in New York.

The Army National Guard has had the good sense to permit B.G. to remain on my staff for an additional year, and I have no doubt that he will continue to grow and contribute to the life of the Senate in the coming year. I look forward to his work, his exceptionally pleasing personality, and his good character. I again congratulate him on a well deserved promotion to Lieutenant Colonel and wish him all the best in his Army career.

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS

Mr. PELL. Mr. President, I strongly oppose the effort to defund the National Endowment for the Arts. Playing games with the budget appropriations in this manner is contrary to the Nation's welfare. The intent to incapacitate and slowly dismantle the agency by obstructing the planning and grantmaking processes appears to be a deliberate attempt to terminate Federal support for the arts and to deny Americans access to their cultural heritage.

Some may believe that the arts will be able to generate the local support necessary to sustain themselves, but I am fearful the opposite will be true. Local dollars are already stretched to capacity. Major arts funders such as the Rockefeller Foundation, the Pew Charitable Trusts in Philadelphia, and the James Irvine Foundation in California have stated publicly that foundations will not and cannot replace Federal funding. Corporate giving has declined in recent years despite economic growth and there is little, if any, reason to believe that will change. The commercial entertainment industry continues to resist investing in the source of much of its talent. Further,