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RAY NOSAKA WITH CATCH OF SHEEPHEAD FISH ON CAT ISLAND, 1942. READ THE SECRET MISSION STORY IN THIS ISSUE.

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This is the second of two installments of an interview with Jim Lovell, Hq. Chapter. Jim was the first Executive Officer of the 100th; later, at Cassino, its CO. In the first installment, Jim took us on a path from his boyhood in Hastings, Nebraska, to teaching positions in the big public schools in central Honolulu; then through the early days of the war, formation of the 100th, stateside training, and overseas to North Africa. Jim's narration continues from that point.

A BASTARD ORGANIZATION - WHAT ELSE?

"To Colonel Turner, the men of the 100th were 'his boys.' He was local born (Hilo), and had fought hard to be given the right to organize and lead them when the concept of a separate battalion came into being. Given his unreserved faith in the loyalty and quality of his boys, it was not surprising to me that he was embarked on a kind of personal crusade. That is, he took it upon himself to fend off and counter any and every kind of prejudice and disparagement directed against the boys; to speak out in their behalf to any and all who would listen; to 'tell them off' when need be. His personal mission often seemed to be of more consequence to him than his military mission." Jim again talked about the two occasions most vivid in his mind which reflect Turner's all-encompassing concern for his boys. He had touched upon them in the first installment.

How To Put Down A Bigoted Chief Of Staff

The first was that day in early January, 1943, when the 100th had moved to Shelby, from McCoy. Turner's first chore was to pay a courtesy call on General Haislip, the commander of the 85th Division at Shelby. There, Jim introduced Turner to Colonel "Bull" Kendall, the general's Chief of Staff, who greeted him with an officious, "Well, Turner, have your Japs arrived?" Looking Kendall straight in the eye, Turner reeled him in: "The term Jap is an approbrium which is reserved for the enemy." It left the Chief of Staff bristling in his shoes.

Turner's Rubicon

Then there was that earlier confrontation when the 2nd Division from Texas moved into McCoy. Almost immediately, and especially on weekends, the neighboring towns around McCoy, like Sparta, turned into arenas as the boys from Texas deliberately set out to intimidate the boys from Hawaii with taunts and asides that struck home like poisoned arrows. Accompanied by bare knuckles and belt buckles, such uncalled-for behavior was just too much. So the 100th struck back - fist for fist and buckle and buckle, plus jujitsu. As the fights increased in tempo, Turner was confronted one night by the division commander, General Robertson, who demanded to know of Turner what he was doing about it all.

It was the classic military one-dimensional confrontation. Directed from the general's inviolate position of rank, the question was, simply, a fundamental exercise in the prerogative of the ranked. Circumspection,

therefore, called for the fundamental response on the part of Turner, to be topped off by a brisk salute and a sharply ejaculated, "Yes, sir!"

Said Jim: "One of the greatest services that Colonel Turner did for the boys was not necessarily defending them but speaking for them. Regardless of whether it was a presentation to the staff officers of General Ben Lear's Second Army or the members of the Chamber of Commerce of Sparta or the 5th Army officers at Mastagenem or at a meeting with General Ryder, or even in encounters with the likes of 'Bull' Kendall, he was always promoting his boys; telling the others what great fellows they were, of their trustworthiness and loyalty, and that they were brave and could do this and do that. That's the way he felt about his boys. He'd go overboard for them. And I think that was the greatest value he did for them.

"Some of the fellows wondered why he wasn't more active in training. But he had others to take care of that for him. That was their job; it was our job to take care of those things. So it was not necessarily what he did for them in things like that . . . but what he did with those around who had any influence over them, or those who gave the orders, or could dictate as to what happened to them. He dealt with those people."

Turner was here, there, most everywhere, speaking out for his boys. "He was like a one-man PR office," said Jim, "dealing with those people who were in the centers of influence." But what about his relationship with the boys themselves?

Replied Jim: "I think the real great thing about him was the individual admiration he showed for everyone that he could. Take the baseball team, for instance. He followed it all over. It was the greatest baseball team in the world, to him. And he went with the basketball team, ice or snow. Whatever it was, anytime there was something like that going on, any chance he had to pat the boys on the back, he was there, taking care of the boys. And I think this feeling of his permeated throughout the outfit."

At that moment of confrontation with General Robertson, Turner was still undergoing the trials and tribulations of organizing a bastard outfit and leading it through the early stages of its uncertain existence. From the very beginning, he had endured the "slings and arrows" of doubts and recriminations about the formation of an all-Nisei combat unit.

Basic to the military man's understanding of his role in life is unquestioned obeisance to the voice of command and authority, of the consequences of inattention to orders. But Turner, at this moment when his convictions stood on the line, must have felt the greater consequences to himself . . . if he could not be the master of his soul . . . to let his beliefs give way to the pressure of the two-stars who confronted him.

He had nothing to back him up but his implicit faith in his boys. But that was all he needed . . . and he cast his die.

In quiet, assured tones, Turner replied to the general that the fights were not of the 100th's making. And the 100th could not, of course, take on the whole of the general's division at one time. However, if it ever came down to that, the 100th would take on the 2nd, one battalion at a time!

"What Turner was really trying to do," continued Jim, "was to get the 2nd Division to lay off. After all, they had from 15-to-20,000 men. They could wipe us out! But at the same time he wanted to let the general know that we weren't afraid of him."

Two thousand years ago, when Pompey had ordered Julius Caesar not to cross the boundary between Roman Italy and the Po valley, Caesar defied the order and crossed the Rubicon river which formed one part of the boundary. "The die is cast!" he proclaimed, then marched onto Rome. Pompey fled, and Caesar became master of Italy.

For whatever the reason - the general could have been severely shocked, taken aback, by the boldness of Turner's unexpected conduct; then again, he may have inwardly reveled in admiration of Turner's stance; or, in that instant, he may have measured, in his mind, the reality of the gauntlet thrown down before him. Whatever, and it could have been for all these reasons . . . the attacks quickly tapered off that that. And Turner, with his boys, continued to march forward.

Salerno

The Allied 5th Army had made an amphibious landing at Salerno on the 19th of Septmeber (the year was 1943). At Oran, ten days later, the 100th boarded the S. S. Frederick Funston and left its North African staging area, headed for the beaches at Salerno. The 100th was part of the 133rd Regiment of the 34th Division.

"Early on the morning of the 22nd, we arrived at the beachhead at Salerno. And of course, all of this was a new experience for us; climbing down the ship's rope ladders and jumping into the bobbing landing crafts waiting for us below. It seemed that we were circling around in the waters for a long time waiting for everyone to be assembled. Then the landing crafts headed for the beach and as soon as they couldn't go any more, the gates came down and the men rushed out, in two columns, on each side of the boats. But many of the crafts never quite reached the beach; they got hung up on the reefs and sand bars. For those that got stuck in the sand offshore, many of the men went into the water over their heads. I personally went in up to my shirt pockets, where I had moved my wallet and my tobacco, to keep them dry. Of course, I was much taller than a lot of the men; pocket-high for me was over-the-head for many of the boys."

(The Navy man handling the landing craft in which Jim was riding made several attempts to hurdle the sand bar which impeded its way. He backed the craft off, then gunned it forward. After the third unsuccessful try, he lowered the gate and Jim was first off. The writer happened to be following Jim. Weighted down by his full-field pack and other impedimenta, he immediately sand beneath the waters. But buoyed by his pack, he came floating to the surface, gasping for air. He then managed to paddle forward until his feet touched bottom.)

To continue with Jim's narration: "Even the Jeeps landed in water which covered over the body of the Jeeps. Shigetani was driving the colonel's Jeep and as he sped out to the end of the landing craft, he took off like a launching pad and he landed in the water, almost completely out of sight! He had a snorkel on and was able to keep running until it hit the shoreline. It was quite an experience seeing those Jeeps catapulting off out of sight into the water. The colonel wasn't in the Jeep. He had earlier waded ashore.

"After landing on shore, the men went up marked paths to higher ground, then once assembled there, moved out to our bivouac area which was some five or six miles away, and awaited instructions to move out. E and F companies were taken away, one to guard an airfield and the other to guard an ammunition or gasoline dump. There were lots of explosions all around but no unusual incidents."

It's For Real

"Then the next day the Allies started a big push to get out of the Salerno pocket. After the 5th Army had landed at Salerno, they were almost pushed back into the sea by the German counterattack. This happened just before we got there. So now we went through the town of Eboli and were put on trucks and went cross-country and I remember distinctly going through a place called Battapaglia, which gave us a more realistic look at what war was all about. There, we saw many buildings with holes right through one wall and through another. They apparently had been hit by naval gunfire; hit by low trajectory shells.

"And on the side of the road were lots of horses, all swollen and bloated. They had died there. And you could smell the smell of burnt flesh coming from the tanks along the roadside. And I remember that night when we finally stopped, Colonel Turner asked me to talk to the officers. And I remember telling them that if there were any questions about where we were and what we were there for - that this was for real, just from the things that were visible that day. Turner wanted to be sure that the men understood how serious this thing was. I mean, they were all his people and he wanted to be sure they were taken care of."

The First Casualties

"Then afterwards we stopped at a town called Montemarano, then to Avellino. And on the 26th, we went on trucks and moved 126 miles up to San Angelo. Next morning, Company B led off down the road to Chiusano."

At this point, Jim turned to the book, "Ambassadors in Arms" to refresh his memory as to the events of that morning and began reading the account of how the first soldiers in the 100th were killed.

At about 10:00 A.M., as the 3rd Platoon turned a bend in the road, three German machine guns opened up, and mortar and artillery shells began to fall around the "zeroed in" road curve. Sergeant Shigeo (Joe) Takata said, "It's the first time, so I'm going first." Spotting one of the Jerry nests, he walked toward it, firing his automatic rifle. A piece of shrapnel caught him in the head. Dying, he managed to tell one of his men, who had crawled close, where the German gunners were. Before the enemy pocket was silenced, another soldier had died and seven more had been wounded.

Joe Takata played centerfield on the 100th baseball team. "His death, the first in the 100th, upset Colonel Turner very bad," said Jim. "He and I were sitting on a log that night and I could see that this thing had gotten to him real bad. His men were starting to get shot at, and killed. So I said to him, tomorrow, why don't you take the reserve company and let me take the front. And he said, 'Would you mind doing that for me?' And when we left that place above Chiusano, and the places that followed, he was visibly struck by all that was happening to his boys."

The Dead Of Benevento

"From Chiusano the battalion moved on up to Montefalcione, Montemiletto, and on toward Benevento. We were to approach the outskirts of Benevento and move into a bivouac area. But as we were moving along the road, Major Dewey came to us and ordered us to keep moving and not to go into bivouac as the town of Benevento belonged to the Allies. The Germans were gone and we had taken the town. And our mission was to go into town, cross to the left and secure positions on the hill and be prepared to support a river crossing the next morning. Unfortunately, all our heavy weapons had gone by another road and had not reached the spot where they were to join us. Consequently, we were not equipped to support the river crossing. As a matter of fact, our battalion commander, the S-3, the S-1 and the S-2 were all at regimental headquarters. And I was alone with the troops except for the company commanders and the junior officers.

"When we reached one of the main road junctions in Benevento, the street was covered with bodies, mostly K and L (of the 3rd Battalion, 133rd Regiment). We moved down the road into town which was a complete shambles. And there was no way we could cross the bridge to get on the other side of the hill we were supposed to occupy. We turned back toward the direction we had come, along a parallel road, and we put the entire battalion in a long alleyway, or lane, which was about 12 feet wide and possibly 10 or 12 feet high. After traveling a good many miles to see if we could find another way to cross the river, we found that that was impossible, except to wade across.

But We Were OK

"Rocco Marzano went with me for quite a while. We went up around a bend in the road and I thought there might be a bridge there but there wasn't. And when I came back I went through the column and told everybody to get up. By this time we were concerned about daylight so we finally moved the troops into the water. I think Tad Ota was the first guy right along side of me when we went across. And we were being fired upon continually and it appeared that the Germans might be using armor-piercing shells. They were landing in the mud of the river and threw up mud and water on the men.

"We went across to the third hill rather than the first hill. Soon as we were across, we had reports from each company. We had not lost a man. So I got on the radio and got Colonel Turner at Colonel Fountain's headquarters and reported that we had not reached our objective, that we were 300 yards mauka of our objective. And he said, 'How many men you got left?' He said he had had reports all night to send ambulances but I said that they were for the men of Companies K and L. I reported that we hadn't lost anybody. He said that he'd be right up. It was only a few minutes till I could see, down in the valley, that he and Dr. Kawasaki were coming across in a Jeep."

A Collaborator; Official Notices From The Top Dogs

"A sidelight of that encounter in town was when a young Italian man who had been a graduate of City College of New York pointed out to the CIA another Italian who had been very active with the Germans. That Italian was now hanging around the 100th. So the CIA picked him up and got rid of him. Then we moved back to a place near St. Georgia and we stayed there about eight days. During that time, both General Eisenhower and General Clark had issued orders that the 100th Battalion had gone into action and had accredited itself very gallantly. And although it had suffered casualties, it continued to advance on schedule. That was all." But the messages were indicators that the 100th had passed its baptism of fire, that initial contact so crucial to a unit's subsequent conduct, a point so stressed by General Ryder when the 100th was first hooked on to the 34th Division while in North Africa.

Chop Suey Fixings; First War Correspondent

"After eight days there, we moved out south of the town of Caiazzo, up the side of a hill that was very steep. We had stopped at the bottom and I remember an Italian man had come up and wanted to know who were the officers in charge and he wanted them to pay for some turkeys which had disappeared during the night. I sent him to see somebody, I don't know who, just to get rid of him. We moved out while he was gone, into a town called Montesarchio. And I remember this town particularly well. There was a monastery on top of the hill above the town. We camped near an apple orchard. We had been there only a little while and the men were coming in with their brass pots and they had eggs, green peppers, onions, and what not. It was a very agricultural community. The fellows really had a good hot meal of fresh vegetables and other things.

"Another interesting thing happened right there. Ring Lardner, that famous columnist, writing for Time magazine, interviewed us. I think he was the first one to interview us in combat." Jim did get to read the article, but has no recall of its contents.

Hit The First Time

Jim then told of the 100th continuing on toward Alife. At Caiazzo, they had to cross a bridge. The opposite banks of the river were very steep. And because the Germans were shelling the area with intermittent fire, about every twenty minutes, the men had to time themselves getting across the bridge. Once across, they had to be pulled up by hand to get up the steep banks of the road on the other side in order to stay clear of the road. But everyone did get across safely.

"From Caiazzo we moved on to Alife. That's when I was hit the first time. In my right leg. From a fragment of a 'screaming-meemie.' I started on my way out that night on the back end of a Jeep with nothing on but a raincoat, hardly. Finally got into an ambulance, to a hospital in Caserta. And after lying around in the hallway for some time, they put me between two saw horses, on a stretcher, and this fellow started probing for this piece of shell fragment in the leg. Finally he must have hit the thing and the blood hit the ceiling. They gave me sodium penathol, I counted to seven, and the next thing I knew, I found myself in bed. They woke me up every fifteen minutes

to take the pulse reading in my foot. I learned that they had tied off this main artery because they couldn't tie the ends together and if the other blood paths didn't build up pretty soon, I'd have gangrene. So they kept checking the pulse and they finally started getting a reading, showing that nature had rebuilt new blood paths."

AWOL From Bizerte

Jim was subsequently evacuated to Bizerte, North Africa, for recuperation. "After I could get up and around, I asked them what I could do to get some exercise. So they allowed me to walk down the hill a bit but warned me not to walk too far because if I used up all my blood, paralysis could set in. The British had moved in right below the hospital and the first thing they had done was to build a soccer field. So I used to sit on the wall by the field and watch them play soccer, then walk back up the hill.

"I was finally moved to a tent area; I don't recall the name of the town. Anyway, there was an airfield near there. I went there one day to see about some transportation. The officer said if I didn't have orders, he couldn't do anything for me. But as I started to walk away, a sergeant said, 'You're looking for a ride?' And I said, 'Yeah, I want to go back to Naples.' So he told me to be back at 6:30 in the morning and he'd have room for me. And he said whether there was anyone else with me. I said no but maybe there were others who might want to go, too. He said to bring along anybody I wanted. So I went back to the tent city camp, asked around, and found all kinds of fellows who wanted to go.

"But now we had a problem; we had to get some transportation to get out of the camp by 5:30 in the morning. So I went down to the motor pool and got a guy who said he'd have a 2-1/2 ton truck at my tent at 5:30. So I told the other guys and, gee, we had a truckload!"

(Eugene Kawakami, A Chapter, had been wounded at Alife at about the same time as Jim. He, too, was hospitalized in Caserta first, then evacuated to Bizerte. He was in one tent area, Jim in another. With nothing to do, he also itched to get back to the 100th and when he learned that Jim was of the same mind asked to take him along. Of course, nothing could be pre-planned. No one had orders, they were still convalescents, and if anything happened, it would be chance. Then one morning when Eugene went to Jim's tent, he was gone. No one knew where he had gone to or when he had left. The orderlies were concerned because Jim's wound was still bleeding and he needed medical care. But since he was not present for bunk check, he was listed as AWOL.)

"So we went down to the airfield and had Red Cross coffee and donuts. Pretty soon, the sergeant said, 'Major, here's your plane!' We all got on and were flown to Naples. There, we got into ambulances which took us to Il Duce Stadium, a stadium which had been built for the Olympic Games. And some fellows checked me in, and I had chow there. Then an orderly came up to me and said I was wanted in headquarters."

Desire, And Sheer Resourcefulness

"I went down there and there were two lieutenant colonels and they wanted to know who were all the men I brought with me. I said, 'I didn't bring anyone with me!' 'But there was a whole planeload of guys and we understand that you brought all these fellows over here. Where are your orders?' But again, I said I didn't bring anybody along; I was only trying to get back to my outfit, that's all. And my leg hadn't healed yet. So they said they'd talk to me again in the morning; this was about 8 at night.

"So I went back down to the kitchen and found out that there was a truck leaving the next morning. So I got in this truck; didn't even have time for a cup of coffee. And there were some other boys on this truck, too, going back; some of them the same guys who had come on the plane with me."

Back To The Outfit

It was while waiting for the truck to take him back to the 100th that Jim learned that Jack Johnson had been killed a day or two before. "Soon as I got back, I relieved Major Clough because I was senior to him, and I became battalion commander then."

When asked whether the hospital records ever caught up with him, after having walked out of the place, Jim replied, "I don't know that they ever did!"

And Into The Fire Of Cassino

It was certainly the toughest of battles. The 5th Army had broken the Winter Line of the Germans but the Allies now faced the more formidable Gustav Line. If it had been hell getting down to the approaches of the Liri Valley, that was only the prelude to the long battle for Cassino which began in mid-January of 1944. And by the time the 100th was to be pulled out of area, two months later, the place was to be known as the "Purple Heart Valley."

"It was about the third week of January when the 34th Division finally crossed the Rapido River north of the town of Cassino. The 100th was to go in above the city but below the monastery and make a turning movement to the left and come down into the city. The 168th Regiment was to go to Cassino along the mountain ridge to the monastery. And the 135th was to move into Cassino along the main road into town."

"When we jumped off at 6 o'clock in the morning, we could hear the 168th miles back. We knew that they would never be near the monastery by the time we got to our position. And the units coming down the road were met by heavy fire from tanks and artillery pieces. Consequently, they could not get into town and we found ourselves in an almost untenable position above the town and below the monastery. They were firing down upon us from the monastery and even one tank came up, and Awakuni knocked it out."
(See October 1978 issue of P-P Parade for Awakuni's story.)

Hit A Second Time

"Finally, about 1:30, somebody up on the castle must have been able to see me behind a wall and got me in the back legs with a machine pistol. I had four or five holes in me but they didn't seem to bother me as much as my right leg. About 4:30, I was able to crawl down from that position to another position and soon as it got dark I started to get out of there with the help of two of the men. And I kept saying how clumsy I was, walking; not realizing that I had been hit in the peroneal nerve and I had a foot drop. I couldn't lift my foot and I kept tripping."

Vive La Difference!

"It took a long time to get out of there that night, to the hospital. Fortunately, it was not a busy night for them. They asked me if I had any other holes besides those marked on the tag. I said I had a burn in my back so they took a picture and found a shell about an eighth of an inch from my spine.

"And the tag noted that I had one wound in my left cheek. And this doctor was poring all over my face trying to find that wound. And I finally said to him that he got the wrong cheek!"

"I landed in the same hospital which I was in the first time, the 38th Field Hospital from Greenville, North Carolina. They moved me to Caserta, then to Bizerte again, from there on a hospital ship to Charleston, South Carolina. From there, to O'Reilly Hospital in Springfield, Missouri."

The Same Old Bull-shit

Jim then recounted his experiences at O'Reilly, one of which included a Sunday radio program. Every Sunday, GI patients were invited to be guests on this radio program, an effort on the part of the city to extend the hospitality of the city to the patients. Jim was invited to be guest one Sunday but he suggested to the sergeant who ran the program that it would be better if he got the five other boys from the 100th who were then at the hospital. The sergeant was delighted. But why not have all six of them? So the six went to the station on Saturday for a dry run for the next day's program.

"That night the sergeant came to my home and let my family know that there wasn't going to be any show tomorrow. (Jim was allowed to call his family from Hawaii to be with him during his recuperation.) My neighbor, Judge Allen, who was part owner of the radio station, said that he would find out what happened; that this had happened once before. So he found out that it wasn't cancelled by the station but by the hospital. His suspicion was that the hospital had taken the action when it found out that Japanese boys were going to be on the program."

The Monday following, Jim ran into this nurse who mockingly asserted that he had gotten the works, didn't he? When he asked her what she knew about it, she said that she had had a date the night before with this lieutenant from the 19th Infantry. He had gone out with a gal from the hospital's PR office Saturday night and the PR gal had told him of a call

to her office earlier that day inquiring about Sunday's program. The caller was General Foster, head of the hospital. When informed by the lieutenant that the program was to feature some men from the 100th Battalion, that all-Japanese outfit from Hawaii, the general exploded and ordered, "Cancel the program! I'm not giving those goddamned Japs any praise!" This was the story that Jim's nurse friend repeated to him.

With this information, Jim then went to see the girl in the PR office. She condescendingly commiserated with him. "Wasn't it a shame what the radio station did to us?" And Jim replied, "Yeah, it sure was. I understand this has happened before." "Yes," she said, "that's the second time they've done it."

Jim then vented his anger. "Look. You can cut out all your bull-shit. I've got the whole story. We don't mind the cancelling of the program. We were invited to be on it. We did not ask for it. But I won't accept the remarks the general made."

"What did he say?" asked the nurse, still trying to play the game. "You're the one who repeated it!" cried out Jim. "And the last thing we're looking for is praise from the medical corps!"

"Well!" said the PR gal. "You can go see Colonel Himmelstein (the Chief of Staff) about this if you want to." Jim had already written to Delegate Joe Farrington informing him of the circumstances. And when he went to see Himmelstein, the Chief of Staff said, "You know how things like that happen. But you know what you can always do. You can write to higher headquarters." Jim shot back: "It's already been done. You don't have to tell me what to do!" "Oh. Is that so?" "Yeah!"

The upshot of it all was that shortly, the Chief of Staff received a red-bordered packet containing letters from the Chief Surgeon of the Army and General McNair, Commander of the Sixth Army, wanting a full explanation. In desperation, Himmelstein turned to Jim for help.

Jim met with the five boys and they all agreed that they had no complaints about their medical treatments at the hospital, its food, leave policy or anything of that nature. Their only complaint was against the general's remarks. Himmelstein said he couldn't accept that. Jim said that that was it. (According to Jim, when Foster was the CG of Tripler before the war and Himmelstein was then the Sergeant Major, their relations with the locals was the cause of much pilikia. And when Foster came to O'Reilly and found out that two dairy farms run by Japanese were supplying most of the milk for the hospital, he cancelled their contracts.)

Jim concluded: "In the end, the general assumed all blame. And I was suddenly offered all kinds of privileges - weekend passes to St. Louis, passes to the ball games, leaves for fishing trips, etcetera."

Final Days

"I was then asked whether I wanted to continue to stay at O'Reilly. I said I had to do something. So they sent me to Little Rock, to Joseph T. Robinson. I was the Executive Officer of a training battalion. And all

went well until one day, we were told to get our equipment because we were going to sleep in the woods. And I said, not me - I'm through with all that stuff.

"About an hour later, a guy hands me an order making me in charge of the officer's club. There were about 3,000 officers there. I stayed there about six months. Then I had to report to the medical board at O'Reilly and finally got my retirement for physical disability. Then I came back to Hawaii.

"I did one other thing while at O'Reilly. I had learned that they had put out an order that all men on limited service could be returned to a base closest to their home state. I wrote to Joe Farrington and got the order revised to include territory. That's how many of our boys were able to come home to Hawaii. There was a great bunch of them at Ft. Hood, Texas, and they were all able to come home."

An After-word About The Old Man

Jim, hit on the 22nd of October, had been in the hospital at Caserta for several days when the Old Man came to visit him. It was more than the usual visit of a commander for his wounded chief executive. Turner had come to say goodbye! He was leaving the 100th!

In a organization, the boss, more often than not, is also the eldest in the governing group. In that particularity, the term "Old Man" becomes a fitting eponym for the individual concerned. So it was with Turner. However, the term as applied to him meant much more than just that. It was, in effect, a concealment of the great love and admiration that the boys had for the man himself. And for Turner, it was an accolade for the great love that he held for the boys. A projection of this mutual affection and devotion is evidenced in the portrait of Turner which hangs above the entrance to Turner Hall in our Club 100. In it, the smiling Turner is a personification of the father image.

With the Old Man sitting at his bedside, Jim's thoughts harked back to the earlier days . . .

It was a time when the destiny of the Nisei boys was completely out of their hands. The outside island boys had been gathered together in the dead of one night and, theirs not to reason why, had been brought to Schofield to be merged with the Oahu boys; their organization into an all-Nisei unit had proceeded under a cloud of doubt and suspicion; in silence, the unit had left Honolulu Harbor for destination unknown; and an uncertain fate awaited them as they sped out of Oakland in trains with shades drawn. Under such circumstances, what was needed most was the steady hand of sympathetic authority.

In Farrant Turner, the boys could see one who bore himself with aplomb as he moved about among them. In the tenseness of the times, he maintained an air of confidence and assurance. Much older than the others, he projected a sense of calm . . .

News of the Old Man's leaving quickly spread through the front lines of the battalion. The first questions concerned his safety: Is he alright?

Was he badly hurt? How did it happen? None of these were germane.

Here one day, gone the next. Why? How come? These were the pertinent questions. The Germans had been mauling the 34th Division around the S. Angelo-Dracconi-Alife areas. In one particular action, the 133rd Regiment counted 59 men killed and 148 wounded. And 21 members of the 100th were dead, 67 had been wounded, and 4 lieutenants and a major had been hospitalized. (The numbers are from "Ambassadors In Arms.")

But the fight had to go on. Now, the 135th Regiment prepared to go on the attack. It asked Turner for a reconnaissance report along the line of the planned offensive. Tucked within the narrative in "Ambassadors In Arms" about the preparations for the upcoming action is this matter-of-fact statement: "Turner sent out a patrol and the lieutenant in command returned with a report that there were no enemy troops."

To Jim, this is the heart of the matter. "When the patrol had gone out on its mission, it could have been that the enemy was not around. Or the enemy could have pulled out, then later moved back in. Or the probings of the patrol did not go far enough. Any number of things could have been.

"But these are all conjectures. Only one fact remains. Based on the report of the patrol, Turner reported to his superiors that the enemy was not around. But when the 135th jumped off the following morning, it got clobbered."

Jim added that "we later learned that Colonel Turner had been relieved." Ambassadors In Arms records the following: "Turner was ordered to a hospital for rest. His superiors felt that an infantry battalion needed a younger, tougher officer who might be more ready to see his men shot up."

"As a matter of fact," recalled Jim, "the doctors and the commanding officer at McCoy tried to convince him that he shouldn't go into combat. But he was adamant. He had come this far and he wanted to go all the way. He was overage in grade but he was generally in good health though in McCoy, there was some question about his blood pressure."

Jim then told of the intense questionings he had to undergo by the FBI and other investigators when Turner was nominated to be Secretary of Hawaii. Why was he relieved, they kept wanting to know. If he had to give way under the pressures of combat, might he not likewise falter under the pressures inherent in the office of Secretary? Turner, however, survived the probings, as he had everything else that had stood in his way, and continued to serve Hawaii in an outstanding manner. And when he died in 1959 at age 63, he was felled by the one old adversary he could not quite overcome, heart trouble.

About Jack Johnson

At the time of Pearl Harbor, Jack Johnson was commanding officer of Company M of the 299th on Kauai. He was one of the greatest fullbacks ever to come out of the U. of Hawaii. He was also an incomparable punter. Through athletics, Jim and Jack Johnson got to be close friends, both great athletes. And in maneuvers, Jim was always available to lend Jack a hand. It was while recuperating from his first wound that Jim heard that Jack had been killed in

Cassino. Now, all the more, Jim knew that he had to return to the 100th.

"The story of Jack is that his father came to see me about two or three times when I came back," said Jim. "The story came out that Jack was lying in this mine field and the Germans had the place lined up so they had sweeping fire, about knee high, so anybody walking in there would get it. And when Major Dewey got hit, he was in the back of Jack. So they had to get him out first before they could reach Jack. Somehow, the story got back to Jack's father that they took care of this other guy and had neglected his son. He was very bitter about it."

One of the entrances to the main post of Ft. Shafter is the gate at the corner of Middle Street and the makai boundary of the post, just off the freeway. It used to be known as the Ordnance gate because part of the Ordnance depot was located at that corner. On November 23, 1962, the gate was renamed Johnson Gate, in honor of Jack Johnson. Jim was there at the dedication ceremony. In passing the gate today, you would never know that it bears a name because there is no engraving on the gate post, not even a plaque around, to indicate that it is dedicated to one of the toughest and finest officers of the 100th.

And Of Some Other Outstanding Members

"I think another person with great influence was Doc Kometani. Of course, we weren't supposed to have a dentist in the first place. And if we hadn't been the bastard outfit that we had talked about, we never would have had a dentist. And right at McCoy, he became our Special Services Officer. And he was our representative at a lot different functions. He was the one who got the uniforms for the baseball team, and all the trophies and cups and that sort of stuff. He did a good job at that. The team was one of his first loves. And then, in combat, he became a litter bearer. I guess he carried as many guys out of the battlefield as any guy around. And he was a counselor, and father confessor, to many. He did a tremendous job.

"And Chaplain Yost. He was one of the high spots of our military service. Devoted, faithful, willing, friendly to all - he was an outstanding person, with a great philosophy.

"Doctors Kainuma and Kawasaki were tireless workers, both very capable persons; two very skilled doctors. Kainuma was very seriously hurt on the way in to Benevento, when that convoy that had our heavy weapons with which we were going to support that river crossing went off the road, in the mud and rain. He was on one of those vehicles.

"The other thing I was very pleased with was to see so many of our boys, the original officers of Japanese extraction, move up. You see, we were pretty much saddled with . . . there was this idea that all these fellows from Schofield who had been enlisted men and got their commission when the war started (the so-called 90-day wonders) would fit into our outfit. I had a question in my mind whether this should have been a good choice or not. So it was good to see our boys moving up and getting to be company commanders."

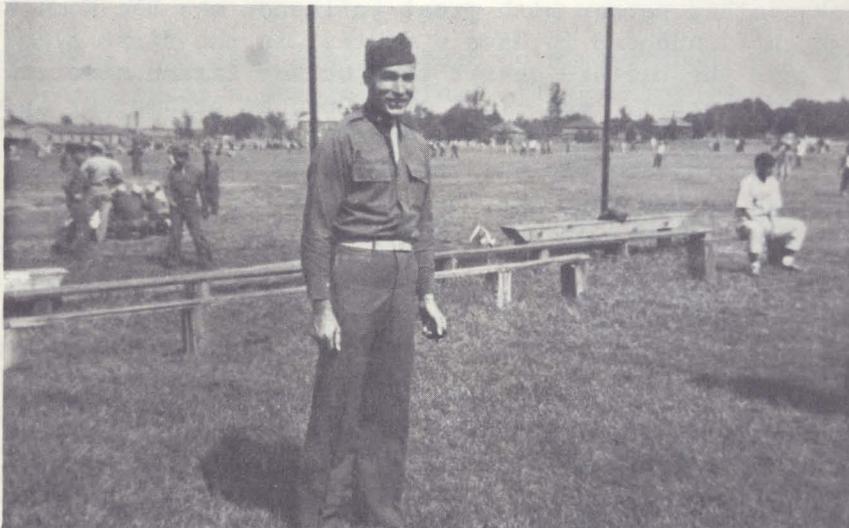
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A Biographical Sketch of Jim

Jim has spent 50 of his 73 years in Hawaii. A chronicle of his progress over that long span of time - from his beginnings in Hastings, Nebraska, to his current involvement as one of five court-appointed trustees entrusted with the dissolution of LTH, Ltd. - would require a bit of space. But, to touch upon some of the major ones: Higher education - started out at Hastings College and ended up at the U. of Hawaii (AB in Education plus graduate work); Civic - Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, General Contractors Association, UH Alumni Association, DAV, Club 100; Athletics - coach/athletic director at Washington Intermediate, Roosevelt, McKinley, 298th, 1955 College All Stars Hula Bowl; Teaching - Washington, Roosevelt, McKinley; Military - six years in Nebraska National Guard and ten with Hawaii National Guard, US Army from Oct. 1940 to Nov. 1945; Awards and Decorations - Unit Citation, Purple Heart w/Cluster, Bronze Star w/Cluster, Silver Star, Theater Medals and Victory Medal; Political - served in many positions, from Republican Party County Committeeman to delegate to the 1960 Republican National Party Convention in Chicago, and he almost pulled an upset victory when he ran for the Senate in 1954; Business - Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Lewers & Cooke assistant manager and lumber department manager, 1945 to 1957, and vice president and division manager, 1957 to 1970, Alii Manufacturing, Home Industries, Honolulu Wood Treating, Honolulu Dry Kilns, Wood Products Association of Hawaii.



Jim at McCoy
baseball field
- 1942

He has two children - son James, Jr. who lives in town, and daughter Maile Gene Sagen who lives in Iowa City. And there are three grandchildren, a boy and two girls. He and wife, Wilma, live in Salt Lake.

Jim is a devout and faithful Episcopalian. Over the years, he has held numerous posts in the Episcopalean diocese and is currently a member of the Real Estate Committee of the diocese in Honolulu. He is a member of St. Timothy's Episcopal Church in Aiea.

Jim weighed 185 while in combat, 193 today and he intends to bring it down to his former fighting weight. He maintains a keen interest in everything athletic but the one thing he doesn't do is bowl because of a limp in his left

leg, the result of years of favoring his right leg in order to give it a better chance to heal properly from that battle wound. But he intends to have the limp corrected through surgery.

So, other than being just a bit over his desired weight, that limp, and a slightly receding hair line, Jim, at 73, looks almost unchanged from his Executive Officer days in the 100th. And he says that he feels just as good. When he finishes up with his current job of winding up the affairs of LTH (Hawaii Thrift and Loan, backwards), that will be it. So he says. Meaning, presumably, that he will then have more time to spend on his garden and plants, music, card playing, outdoor cooking, golf, grandchildren - and whatever else may come along his way. And his pipe.

When Jim landed at Salerno, he made sure that his pipe and tobacco stayed dry. And in the months of combat that followed, it was not always easy to get tobacco so he'd stock up whenever he'd run into a Red Cross wagon. But getting his favorite brand, Edgeworth, was the greater problem. Often, he would be reduced to shredding tobacco leaves scrounged off the Italian landscape. But these burned his lips as well as his pipe.

Today, Jim has a collection of over 100 pipes. And his brand of tobacco is still Edgeworth. Some things never change.

Postscript

During the weeks of May 1942, everyone was aware that something big was about to take place. The Pearl Harbor Naval Yard buzzed with activity, large numbers of planes were flying westward, and security of facilities in downtown Honolulu was being stepped up. Then, on June 4, the Navy announced that Midway was under attack. The following day, the Hawaiian Provisional Infantry Battalion of 1,406 men silently slipped out of Honolulu Harbor. On the 6th, the Navy announced its smashing victory at Midway. How crucial was the battle to the fate of Hawaii? Its residents?

In a March 5, 1980 article in the Advertiser headlined "Japan planned to invade Hawaii," John J. Stephan, professor, Japanese literature at the UH, sheds new and fascinating information on the subject. According to Stephan, his recent examination of documents in Tokyo military archives revealed that after much debate in the councils of war, the military finally released three divisions for an invasion of Hawaii, tentatively scheduled for the period October 1942 - January 1943. At the same time, a submarine blockade would isolate Hawaii from the Mainland. What foiled the plans was the Navy victory at Midway.

George H. Kerr, an author of books on Asian affairs, adds a footnote to that history in an Advertiser story of March 18. Kerr, working out of military intelligence headquarters in Washington, recalls examining incoming documents indicating that Japanese oil tankers enroute to load at Mexican ports (this was before Pearl Harbor) were dropping off one- or two-man subs in Hawaiian waters to cruise around and practice landing operations in remote beaches of the islands. The subs were then picked up by the tankers on the way back to Japan. The procedure suggested that the Japanese were practicing for an attack on Hawaii long before Pearl Harbor. But apparently, military intelligence brass did not lend much credence to the reports.

And the following is a story headlined "Midget Sub Story Recalled" which appeared in the Star-Bulletin of February 27. It is reprinted with the paper's permission.

By Lyle Nelson
Star-Bulletin Writer

A Dec. 7, 1941, story in February 1980? Well, it's a matter of timing.

Visiting Honolulu friends this week is Charles L. Jackson of Wheaton, Md., who figured in the story.

Not long after the Japanese attack a midget submarine was found beached at Bellows Field in Waimanalo.

Exhausted and asleep in the sand was Ensign Kazuo Sakamaki of the Japanese Imperial Navy.

Two men found him and stuck a gun in his face. He became the first prisoner of the Pacific war.

The first man to get inside Sakamaki's submarine was Jackson, then a radioman assigned to the Pacific Fleet command staff.

"I went out in the surf and got inside Dec. 10 and found a chart of Pearl Harbor with the location of the battleships all penciled in," Jackson said last week. "I recovered the radio gear." The sub now is on display in Key West, Fla.

SAKAMAKI TODAY is a Toyota dealer in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Jackson met him for the first time last November in New York.

Jackson quite naturally has become fascinated with the story of the Japanese midget subs in the Pearl Harbor attack. He wants to write a book on it and expand on a story he

wrote for All Hands, a Navy magazine, two years ago.

The subs were to be coordinated with the aerial assault on Pearl Harbor but the plan was botched.

As Jackson points out, two were never found, but one must have been destroyed by depth charges from the destroyer Ward outside the Pearl Harbor entrance channel before the aerial attack. He thinks the other also is there somewhere.

A THIRD WAS found in that area in 1960 at a 70-foot depth, salvaged by the U.S. Navy and shipped to Etajima, Japan, where it is on display outside a military school.

"I feel the crew from that sub may have swum ashore (either to Ewa Beach or Fort Kamehameha) and then slipped away undetected," Jackson said.

"The hatch was found undogged (unsealed) and no remains, not even teeth, were found inside," he said.

One sub penetrated the Pearl Harbor entrance nets but was rammed later by the destroyer Monahan.

"We used that one as a fill for a pier being built at the Submarine Base. Today it's under concrete," he said.

"There were about 1,000 of them built in 1937," Jackson said. "There were 80 feet long and carried two men and two torpedoes."

SAKAMAKI SAID he was unable to enter Pearl Harbor as planned,

was bombed and disabled, and drifted to the beach at Bellows. He was to rendezvous with a mother sub off Lanai.

He tried to blow up the sub at Bellows but the charge didn't work. His shipmate was never found.

His POW days were spent at Sand Island, then Wisconsin and Texas. He asked permission to commit hara kiri. He asked the Americans to shoot him. They would not, he lamented later.

Selling Toyotas in Brazil is quite a different fate.

In 1941, Charles L. Jackson was a 23-year old Radioman Second Class on the staff of Admiral Kimmel. On the morning of December 7, Jackson had just got off the mid-watch (ends at 7 a.m.) at his Submarine Base station and was pressing his whites to go ashore when all hell broke loose. That was the end of his whites for a long time to come. On the 10th, he was sent to Bellows to retrieve communications gear from the sub beached there. He thinks he was given the

assignment because of his slight build - 5' 5" and 138 pounds. And he was also a gymnast so he says he had no trouble slipping his lithe figure down the narrow hatchway of the two-man sub.

The sub was subsequently sent on a nation-wide tour to sell war bonds. Holes were cut in the sub so people could peer inside. Millions of bonds were sold and it is estimated that enough money was raised to more than pay for the cost of rebuilding all the ships damaged at Pearl Harbor. That is the irony in the Sakamaki story, his greatest disappointment: Whereas he had come to cripple us, his sub ended up furthering the American war effort.

Jackson had walked into the S-B office one day to tell his story to Bud Smyser, the paper's editorial page editor. Smyser had just been reading Jim's story in the Parade; considering our interest, he graciously led the writer, through Lyle Nelson, to Jackson. The information about Jackson comes from Jackson in a couple of telephone conversations held with him.

In the S-B story, Jackson claims that he was the first man in the sub. The writer suggested, urged him, in fact, that he talk to Jim Lovell. Which he did. Now, he has some doubts about his claim. In the first installment, Jim told of how he was called to Bellows and that he had wanted to sink the

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sub with his artillery but the Navy said to hold it because they wanted the sub. Jim's recollection is that it was Toshio Kunimura (Hq Chapter) who first entered the sub and brought out the rations and what not, but Kuni says no, not him. And Jim cannot recall the guy whom he sent to accompany Sakamaki to Ft. Shafter to act as interpreter in the interrogation of Sakamaki. Jackson did not enter the sub till the 10th. He's been given a copy of the previous issue of the Parade and a copy of this issue is being forwarded to him in Maryland.

Then we come to Jim's Cat Island caper. As a follow-up, we suggested to Ray Nosaka (Baker Chapter) that he write of his experiences so he got together with Yasu Takata and their joint effort appears in this issue. But even while they were writing their story came a request from the Mississippi Coast Historical and Genealogical Society for information on our Cat Island experience. The society is in the process of updating the history of the several islands that dot the Gulf Coast, Cat Island being one of them. The request had been forwarded to Senator Daniel Inouye's office and came to us by way of the 442nd Veterans Club. A copy of the previous issue of the Parade bearing Jim's story of Cat Island has been forwarded to Mississippi, a copy of this issue to follow.

This overly long postscript is to keep you abreast of some of the ripples and swirls that form around your stories. You never know when they might bounce off from a luncheon or poker session to create spin-offs, or how they might affect some guy planning a project, or who might be helped in some way.

A trace here, a blot there. In the process, we come to a further appreciation of that bastard organization that was.

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Editor's Note: In the last (Jan-Feb 1980) issue of the Puka Puka Parade, a ballplayer was incorrectly identified in the baseball team photo. In the third row, standing just below Col. Turner and Major Lovell is AL Y. NOZAKI. He is the sixth player from the left, between Akira Akimoto and Henry Shiyama. Our apologies go to Al's mother and her family.



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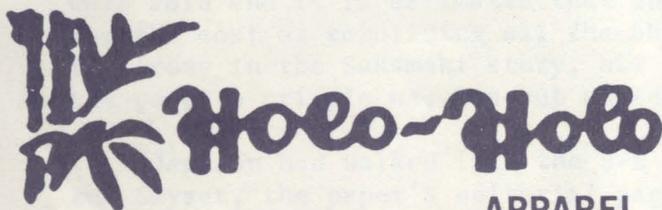
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THE SECRET MISSION OF THE THIRD PLATOON, BAKER COMPANY

by Yasuo Takata and Raymond Nosaka

INTRIGUE! SUSPENSE!

So it was on a cold winter morning when 25 bewildered men of the 100th Infantry bade farewell to their comrades at Camp McCoy. This is the story as written by Yasuo Takata with additional remarks by Ray Nosaka.

On November 3, 1942, Major James Lovell, Lt. Rocco Marzano and Lt. Ernest Tanaka with 24 members of the 3rd Platoon Baker Company (Robert Goshima, Masao Hatanaka (KIA), Noboru Hirasuna, Tadao Hodai, Masami Iwashita, Fred Kanemura, John Kihara, Tokuichi Koizumi, James Komatsu (KIA), Katsumi Maeda, Koyei Matsumoto, Toshio Mizusawa, Taneyoshi Nakano, Ray Nosaka, Seisho Okuma, Tokuji Ono, Robert Takashige, Seiji Tanigawa, Billy Takaezu, Takeshi Tanaka, Patrick Tokushima (KIA), Yasuo Takata, Mac Yazawa, Yukio Yokota, plus Herbert Ishii of Hq. Co. left for a destination unknown. We were secretly loaded into a transport plane. After we were airborne for several hours, we knew we were heading south following the Mississippi River.

Finally, we landed somewhere down at the end of the "Big River". Nobody was allowed out. Big Army trucks, completely covered, backed up right to the door of the plane and we jumped off into the trucks with our barracks bags. We saw no one, except the driver. As we drove off, no one could be seen, the airport seemed abandoned. We ended up on a pier where a boat was awaiting us. Nary a person did we see except the boat Captain and his two crewmen. As we left the pier we could see the people coming out of the warehouses onto the pier. We were asking each other "Why all the secrecy?" Nobody knew. Even Major Lovell would not tell us when we questioned him. He smiled and told us that we would enjoy the place we were going to and that it will remind us of home. Too, we were wondering why we had to answer the numerous pages of questions about our lives before embarking on this mission. After a smooth overnight journey on the boat, we finally arrived at Ship Island about 20 miles off Gulfport, a small flat island about 2 miles wide and 10 miles long with a nice sandy beach and fish galore. At first glimpse, we thought we were going to settle in old Ft. Massachusetts. No, we pitched in and cleaned out a barrack type building next to the Fort. This was to be our home for the next 4 months. At last our secret mission was revealed. We were to help train "Dogs!" For most of us the next four months were spent with dogs - Bouviers, Shepherds, Labradors, Retrievers, Russian Wolfhounds, Pointers, Collies, Bloodhounds, Boxers, Irish Setters, Airdales and Great Danes. These were to be trained to become scout, messenger, trailer, sentry, suicide, and attack dogs. After several days of goofing off, exploring the island and fishing, boating, swimming, the same boat came back early one morning to take us to Cat Island where the dogs were kept. This island was different from ours which was bare compared to the dense foliage we found here. It was sort of a jungle. The main growth being palmettoes and swamp infested with mosquitoes and alligators.

There we met the chief trainer, who was a rather old man of Swiss descent who spoke with a distinct foreign accent. There, most of us started out by training scout dogs. Five of us went to the mainland to train sentry type attack dogs. In the beginning, training scout dogs was fun. All we had to

do was to hide ourselves in the jungle with a jar of horse meat. Each dog trainer then sent his dog out to find us. When the dog spotted us, the trainer would fire a shot and we would drop dead with a piece of meat held in our hands in front of our necks. The dog would eat the meat and lick our faces. I don't know whether the dogs smelled the meat or our "Jap blood". When the dogs became too friendly, we used our whips, slingshots and rocks to chase the dogs away, so that they would not come too close. Some of the dogs were beautiful such as the red Irish Setters and the Collies. This training continued each day as long as the boat came to get us. When the weather was a little rough, the boat wouldn't show up. So the Brass decided to get their own boat. How they selected the captain from the Cat Island dog trainers was to pick the dirtiest guy in the bunch. Man did he stink and his clothes looked like they've never been washed. As far as seamanship, he must have rowed a boat around a small lake. But we had the best able-bodied seaman, for our Billy Takaezu became the one and only AB seaman in the 100th Infantry Battalion. The first trip we took on our (Ship Island) boat wasn't too bad. Our dog trainer captain put the boat on the reef several times but we were able to get off. For a while though we were wondering if we would have to swim to Cat Island. We finally got there.

On our second trip, it was fine going to Cat Island because we had a Coast Guard pilot with us. But on the way back to Ship Island, the engine conked out on us and we were stranded in the Gulf of Mexico. Instead of drifting in, we were drifting out and it was getting dark. Since we had no radio, Billy, our AB seaman, climbed the mast to burn his red flares. We must have started a submarine alert! Pretty soon, we had one Coast Guard picket boat standing along side. We asked for a tow. No dice, they claimed that they were on "Alert" therefore, radio silence, and all they could do was standby. Meanwhile, everybody was getting seasick. The 2nd picket boat appeared, then another, and another. We were surrounded by picket boats, but nobody would give us a tow. Talk about Army snafu, I think the Coast Guard was worse. About an hour later, the "All Clear" signal was given and we were towed to Ship Island, by that time most of the gang were so seasick, we were just throwing up. That was the end of our special dog trainer's beat, the Q38. The old boat, the J-79, with civilian Captain came irregularly with supplies. During the days it didn't come, the Coast Guard picket boats took us to Cat Island.

One day, when our supply boat came, we had a 60-70 mile gale blowing, and the civilian Captain refused to dock at our pier. He made motions for us to meet him on the other side of the Island. So we carried one of our row boats to the other side. In the strong icy wind the boat with the Colonel on board waited about 50-60 yards off-shore. James Komatsu rowed one of the boys to the boat successfully, but when he tried to row back, he could not make headway against the stormy wind. Everytime he raised his oars to take a new dip, the winds blew him back. We waited on shore with the wind blowing the stinging sand into us. Komatsu kept struggling, but he was being blown farther away from the boat and the shore. First, we waved to the boat's Captain to go and get him but he made no move. Finally, Taneyoshi Nakano who couldn't stand watching Komatsu drift away, stripped his clothes and dove into the cold water and swam about 100 yards to Komatsu, climbed in and helped him row back to shore. Since Nakano had no clothes except his BVD's, he was shivering so badly and turning blue, we rushed him to a hot shower. For this bravery, Nakano received the Soldier's Medal for heroism."

Time was running short, so finally most of us were transferred to Cat Island to pollute the Island where the dogs were, with the smell of "Jap" blood. Later results showed that this did not make any difference. There, we still trained with the scout dogs for several days by going to the training area with a barge driven by an out-board motor. Since the boys were grumbling about wading into the water, one day, Yasuo Takata made a driving run for the shore on full power and broke the shear pin of the propeller. That was the end of scout dog training for most of us. Only Pat Tokushima, Masao Hatanaka and Koyei Matsumoto were kept.

We then started training with attack dogs and bloodhounds as trailers. Some of us - Tadao Hodai, Yukio Yokota, Tane Nakano, Bob Takashige, Ray Nosaka, Toshi Mizusawa had been sent to Gulfport to train attack dogs under Sgt. Pierce. On Cat Island, we were farmed out to the different types of dogs. Attack dog: The German Shepherds - Komatsu and Takeshi Tanaka who was the official attack suit armorer later joined them. The Labradors and Chesapeake Bay Retrievers - Hirasuna and Kihara. The Russian Wolfhounds - Toshio Mizusawa and Robert Goshima. The Bouviers, Seiji Tanigawa and Takata. The Airdales - Fred Kanemura and Seisho Okuma. Koizumi was the number one attack suit patcher. The trailers: The Bloodhounds - Katsumi Maeda and Ray Nosaka. This left three of us on Ship Island. The caretakers were: Lt. Ernest Tanaka, Chief letter censor; Herbert Ishii, chief cook and Mac Yazawa, assistant cook.

For German Shepherds, Labradors and Chesapeake Bay Retrievers, we were live targets. While for the Russian Wolfhounds, dummies dressed in Japanese uniforms were used. To train attack dogs to hate us, we began by beating one dog at a time chained to a tree, with a knotted burlap bag. Can you imagine the dog growling, snarling and springing at you everytime you hit him with a burlap bag! It didn't take too long before the dogs were growling, and pulling on their chains when they saw us coming. Going thru this process we had no protection except our fatigue clothes.

In the next process, the dogs learned to bite the knotted burlap bags. This time we used a helmet with a neck guard, face mask, and hockey gloves. We held the knotted burlap in front of our neck, then at the trainer's command of "Kill, kill", the dog would rush at us for the knotted burlap at our neck. The dog would bite it and try to rip it away. There was one dog among the Bouviers who was very bright but tame (Dingo). I would hold the bag above my head and he would jump for it. But we had to watch for the wild ones, they were sneaky. Instead of going for you they came for your legs. You had to punch them or kick them away. It was like sparring, only you had a dog on the other side.

They then trained the "arm" dogs next. This time we also were the top half of a heavily padded attack suit. The burlap bag was looped from our right wrist and the dogs were trained to attack the right arm. When both dogs were ready, they learned to attack together. Since we were being attacked by 2 dogs, we wore a full attack suit. Although we did not receive any bites, we felt the bite through our suit. It was like a plier pinch. With Bouviers, the trainer had a long chain, to which he chained the necks of 9 dogs, and we had to go down the line before training with burlap bags, wacking the dogs. As you came to the first dog, you had the whole pack straining at their chains to get at you. This was the worst part of the training. You get scared because you have only your fatigues on and 9 dogs roaring to jump on you to tear you apart! Sometimes, we wondered, "What if the long chain should break?"

Thank God it never did happen. The dogs were just beginning to get the feel of it when the training was stopped.

An Army inspection team came when we had only one day of training with the dogs to attack in packs, with the assistance of a scout dog to spot us. The Wolfhounds were trained to slash at the throat, however, since they were big dogs, dummies were used. Mizusawa and Goshima set up the dummies with a piece of meat tied to the neck about 70 yards away. At the command: "kill" the dogs raced for the dummies and slashed the meat away from the necks of the dummies. Nosaka and Maeda started training Bloodhounds by dragging a piece of meat all over the Island. They knew every nook and corner of the Island. The Bloodhounds were intelligent because by the end of our training, they were able to trail them without the meat, anywhere they went. Sometimes, they tried to fool the dogs by going through water but the dogs were able to pick up their scent when they came back on land.

Although we were not used with them, other dogs were trained to become messenger dogs, and suicide dogs. The Boxers were used mainly as Suicide dogs. Dummy explosives were tied to the neck of the dogs and they were trained to enter dugout or a foxhole. The explosives were then detonated by radio.

We had better than bankers' hours during those dog training days. For those who did not want to eat breakfast, they could get up at 9:00 a.m. Then go out and train with the dogs for 1-½ hours and come back for lunch. In the afternoon, we trained with the dogs at 1:00 p.m. for about 2 hours and quit for the day. The gang was getting fat, what with all the eating they did and the beer they drank. When we came back to Camp Shelby, we were in no condition for infantry training.

The Cat Island was supposedly stocked with beer for 3 months, but the supply ran out in 3 weeks. Incidentally, the reason why so much beer was being consumed was that the drinking water was brackish, sulphur taste and smelled like rotten eggs.

Even when we took a shower, the soap wouldn't even raise a bubble. Lt. Marzano was the supply officer. He managed to get us enough for the rest of the training period. Another thing was the coal for the boiler. Guess the Army didn't figure that we buddaheads took a bath every night so the coal supply ran out also. The CO, a southerner, informed us that since we had used up the coal, we had to furnish a wood detail. We scrounged the island for dry wood and logs. We learned to turn over a log before we picked it up because sometimes you found coral snake under it. They were about a foot to 2 feet in length with beautiful colors. We Hawaiians have a natural aversion to snakes so no one got bitten. We were told that the coral snake had a deadly poison. We also carried buckets when we went to our training grounds, to pick up pine cones for our pot belly stoves to heat up our tents at night.

Alas, the training was coming to an end. According to the Scout Dog baits, their dogs could search them out anywhere, even in the trees. The Bloodhounds had the Japanese scent down pat and could trail Nosaka and Maeda anywhere. The attack dogs were just beginning to understand their mission to kill when the head trainer, the old Swiss, was asked to leave the Islands after the "Big Shots" from Washington inspected our program. They chose to continue

the program under Sgt. Pierce for another month with 10 of our boys. Sgt. Pierce was a sentry dog trainer of many years and brought his own trained dogs with him. We felt sorry for the Old Swiss because he had some good trainers while others had experiences only with a pet dog at home. The dogs also were untrained and had to be taught from scratch. Although he had the best dog "baits", it did not help much.

At the end of the extended dog training period, the 10 men returned to the outfit at Camp Shelby where Yokota and Hodai received the Legion of Merit for courageously fighting dogs under Sgt. Pierce's supervision. The high command finally concluded that the Buddaheads from Hawaii did not secrete a peculiar odor of their natural ancestors. They forgot to feed us "chazuke, koko and takuwan!".

SPORTS - RECREATION AND INCIDENTS -

Of course we have to mention the most sensational one first. Practically every night we had an "up-up" game going and all night since we didn't have to go to work until 9 o'clock, that is, if one didn't want any breakfast. The winners bought cases of beer for the rest of the gang and the serenaders and Ray with his guitar, had a bunch with him drinking beer with "pulehu" fish and oysters on the half shell for pupu.

They, Ray and his gang, sounded good at our Christmas Party. Kihara was the hit, though, with his hula. He danced with a hula skirt made from a type of "pili" grass. The main dish was the roast pig which had been faithfully fed and fattened from the day we had arrived on Ship Island. I didn't see Herbert Ishii kill the pig but I heard that someone went over to the Coast Guard to borrow some 30 calibre shells. We all had our rifles but no ammo. "Auwe, dey no trust us Buddaheads." I almost forgot the bucketful of shrimps which we got for half a buck. The Colonel, Lts. Marzano and Tanaka enjoyed the tempura style fried shrimps and didn't think anything about it until the CIA and Secret Service came to investigate the reports of strange soldiers stationed on Ship Island. After a thorough investigation, though, they found out only that two Hawaiians had rowed out to a shrimp boat to buy shrimps! Ono and Takata couldn't tell them we were Buddaheads training dogs so we told them we were Hawaiians, naturally. The secrecy was so rigid that all the letters written could not mention "islands", "dogs" or anything sounding like it. Lt. Tanaka being the censor, practically spent all his afternoons censoring letters. Too bad he didn't understand Latin for when I came home, I found out that he had blacked out a Latin phrase. Tokushima, Iwashita, and Takashige really kept the censor busy. He must have enjoyed it though. I could hear him chuckling while reading.

The best sport was fishing. There were fish galore like old Hawaii. "When the boat no come no mo kaukau, you get the bamboo pole, catch some Fiddler crabs for bait, go down the pier and catch fish for kaukau." There were a couple of nights when all the gang, even the up-up gang, went fishing. "The white trout dey run like hell. No nuff poles for everybody, so dey take turns with the bamboos. No need bait too. You just put white cloth on the hook. About 2 bags dey catch. But dey no forget da boys in Camp McCoy. Dey work hard to clean and dry 2 boxes of fish. Da dry fish pass the censor OK and on to Wisconsin."

There were plenty of mullet too, but they weren't biting. We used a 3-prong stick hook for awhile, but the fish got wise and wouldn't come close to shore. Then Slim borrowed a net from the Coast Guard, and caught the mullet by the bags. "Den one day, he see snake in da mullet pond. Pau, no mo fishing in da pond. But the good days no pau yet." Komatsu, Tanaka and Kanemura found an oyster bed and brought some back. The oysters didn't have a chance to get to the kitchen. A fire was made immediately and the oysters were eaten on the half shell. "Numba one pupu, dem! Just go slurp, slurp, slurp".

When the bed in Ship Island was cleaned out, they found more oyster beds on Cat Island. "Brudda, dem buddaheads tink dey get the Hawaiian Luau feet but one time on the oyster beds, pau. Auwe, the Luau feet all cut up. The next time dem bruddas all got GI shoes on!"

With the wide blue Gulf of Mexico all around us, we transplanted Hawaiians naturally went swimming. The water was rather cold, but invigorating. The haoles thought we were "pupule". They warned us about Stingarees but we never saw one. We looked for "tako" (squid) nary a one. The Coast Guardsmen told us there were flounders but we couldn't find any either. Maybe we missed them because we didn't know what we were looking for -- a fish with two eyes on the top and usually lying in the sand. Maybe if we had a torch we could have found them! But we were not permitted to do that.

We had a "little Pearl Harbor" at Ft. Massachusetts when we first launched the boats to go rowing. One by one the boats sank. Sabotage! Thanks to our master ship-fitters or boat fitters, Komatsu, Ono and Tanaka, the boats were fixed to remain afloat. But, there always was a gallon can in the boat for bailing just in case! Not that we didn't trust the workmanship of our ship fitters, but the materials they scrounged to caulk the boats with were in doubt!

The first thing we did when we landed on Ship Island was to explore the old fort. Although my memory fails me, I believe the "Man without a Country" was imprisoned in the dungeon first until taken on the ship. There were stories about treasures that the old pirates buried there, but no was interested. However, we did explore the fort and dug around a little and came across a small ditch running underground. We were puzzled by it, but finally concluded that it was their sewage system!

We had electricity most of the time from a Diesel engine generator, except when it broke down and our ace diesel mechanic, Hirasuna, took it all apart, but when it came time to put it back "Pau Kahana". No can do. We had to call Gulfport for a repairman to fix it.

The highlight of the dog training session came when we were given tickets to the Sugar Bowl game at New Orleans. They were good seats. The game was won by the Tennessee "Vols" over the Tulsa "Hurricanes".

The game was good but the chop suey we ate before the game was "mo betta". On the way to the stadium, we spotted a Chop Suey joint so we made the truck driver stop. When we went in, Ishii took over. He made the haole waitresses join tables to make one big one. Then he told them to call the number one Pake boss-man. When the boss came, Ishii told him to make us a family style Chinese dinner, never mind the cost. "Da boss alee samee "Lau Yee Chai" say me fixie numba one Chinee dinner." I don't remember

how many courses came out but we sure whacked a meal. The haole waitresses and the other patrons watched with big round eyes ready to pop out of the sockets! The waitresses said they never served that kind of dishes before and didn't know how to charge us. But no sweat, Number one boss he fixed us up and it was very reasonable.

There were many more incidents that happened, but time and space prohibits mentioning anymore at this time.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED?? We heard that there were many dogs used in the Pacific Theater of War. Whether the dogs we trained with were sent over, we were never told.

---- End



RAY NOSAKA, KATSUMI MAEDA and PAT TOKUSHIMA WITH THEIR CATCH, CAT ISLAND, 1942.

ABLE CHAPTER NEWS

by Tom Fujise

This space allocated to Able Chapter is valuable in terms of money spent, time involved and energy expended on it. Able Chapter would like to have make good use of this space. One way of putting this space to good use is for every member of Able Chapter to contribute something toward that space. Something could be your hobby, your gripe, or even your sales pitch if you have something to sell or to buy. Hard putting into words? We will help, call the member who writes this column.

If for example, your hobby is making cement pots for plants. Many of us would be fascinated to learn how the pots are made. And there are those of us who would be interested in purchasing a pot or two. Are you into real estate as many of us are doing these days? Here is a space to tell your Able members of your involvement. Then again, maybe, you may think that a good way of getting rid of those unwanted and unused items which are taking up valuable spaces around the house would be to hold a garage sale. A garage sale held by Able Chapter would get rid of your white elephants and at the same time fatten the Chapter treasury. Maybe you wanted to do so and reach all the Able members as well. Maybe you can let off steam and at the same time prod the Chapter into becoming a better Chapter. What do you as Able members think?

Beside the same Cleanup Day assignment as last year, Able Chapter had the added new task of cataloging all the trophies and souvenir items. And, also the photographing of each item. Under the able leadership of Alfred Arakaki and the many members who turned out to work, the task was accomplished smoothly and efficiently in record time.

March 22 was the date and Kanraku Teahouse was the setting for the annual stag party. About the same number attended this year's party and Chairman Biffa Moriguchi saw to it that everyone enjoyed himself.

Donald Nagasaki had surgery in the latter part of January and the word "work" was an unfamiliar word to him until about April. Hopefully, he will find the energy to start attending the regular meeting of Able Chapter by that time too. A speedy recovery Donald, from every member of Able Chapter.

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BAKER BUN-DITS

by Richard Oguro

Dirge of newsy items cuz events are - coming events - like Stag Night (Natsunoya - March 22) and deadline for March - April issue of the Puka Puka Parade is tomorrow (March 10). Auwe! Shikata ga nai (no can help). Will do some reminiscing - wartime stories neva been told before, publicly, I think.

By the way, a little birdie told me that former postal employees got together at the Chinese *Dragon* Restaurant, Hilton Hawaiian Hotel a few Saturdays ago (in the Valentine month, I think it was, Sa?) to wish "jo" Joichi Muramatsu a happy "YAKUDOSHI" 60th Birthday party! Welcome to the increasing ranks of Bakerities who have now attained that "ripe old age". Nowadays though, life begins at 60. So long life still ahead - BANZAI, JO! May we all live and be able to attain 100 years, for Club 100!

In February also, JI (Jimmy Inafuku) arranged for a small gathering at Suehiro's (February 23 - Sunday) for two couples from Oregon - returning from a Japan trip. They were M/M Tony Miyasako's and M/M Hiro Kido's. The former is a 100th Infantry soldier who served as a replacement company clerk (Dog) in Italy during the last several months prior to VE-Day 1945.

The wife (Miki) of Hiro Kido is a sister of a KIA Bakerite, Raito Nakashima, 3rd Sqd, 3rd Pltn. Local Bakerites attending this affair were M/M Sa Tanigawa, M/M Roy Nakayama, M/M Riki Tsuda, P. Anamizu, HK (Harry Katahara), "Momo" Taro-san - oldest living member of the 100th and DO. Other "guests" included Bob Ohigashi (Maui) and Minoru Nagasako (Hotei-ya) (Hon.). These latter two are also replacement company clerks of the 100th, and all in the same era with the rest of such company clerks, JI included.

Seems that such company clerks had a reunion of sort in Reno, Nev. in Nov. of 1978, a few weeks prior to the Club 100 Reunion in Las Vegas, Dec. 1978. Of the 12 such company clerks - 10 attended this first reunion ever since being sent home and discharged as a convenience to Uncle Sam (June '46). Seven came from the mainland and the 3, already mentioned, came from Hawaii, Bob, Minoru, and Jimmy. One CC is deceased and only one No Show, living in Wahiawa. A reunion (No. 2) is again being planned - for 1981 - in Hawaii. This first occurred in a swanky suite at Harrah's Hotel, Reno, wonder who was the "millionaire" in the crowd? Jimmy will be chairing this one in Hawaii.

After the Reno reunion, the Inafuku's being talked into it, traveled with the Miyasako's (remember, he is a Doggie?) and the Kido's to Wilder, Ore (don't ask me where it is, please!) for "R 'n R" and to savor farm life first hand! During this extended trip, while visiting with the Kido's, Mrs. Kido - Miki - talked about her KIA brother. Her Mama was there and so were the Miyasako's. The mention of Raito Naka-

shima, finally rang a bell and although Jimmy did not recognize a photo of Raito (in Class A uniform), he had been shown, he recounted the exact date, time, and place where Raito had fallen. Jimmy had been a rifleman then. That Raito had been killed right before Jimmy's eyes, at Castelpoggia, Italy during the North Apennine Campaign! Mama Nakashima was happy and grateful to Jimmy for filling in all the gaps - so was daughter Miki - they were sold on the 100th! Baker Chapter especially too! Besides, Mrs. Nakashima had another KIA son who was in the 442! They wanted to become part of Baker Chapter and in that way became affiliated with Club 100 - but Miki, who ia a constant companion of her mother, is not.

The Inafuku's, the Kido's and the Miyasako's have been pretty close. The latter two couples are constant business/traveling companions too. And then this gathering at Suehiro's, first time in Hawaii for the Kido's. Miyasako attended a 100th reunion previously.

At the February Baker Steering Committee meeting at Prexy Sakoki's sun-energy Palolo Avenue home, the matter of an honorary membership in Baker Chapter for Mrs. Kido was thoroughly discussed and heartily endorsed. At the subsequent Baker Chapter meeting (last Wednesday in February) again it was unanimously voted to request the Club 100 Board of Directors for a confirmation of Honorary Membership in Baker Chapter for Mrs. Mike Kido.

During Jimmy's era as company clerk, all company clerks of the 100th were housed at Regtl Headquarters - and there were 2 company clerks per rifle company and one pair also for the medics, making a total of 12 bunking/working together. Seems like Company B did make a little bit of history, during World War II, not recorded in the annals of the 100th.

1st Platoon, Company B, conducted the only known Bayonet "Banzai" Charge of World War II in Europe. Just prior to the push on Hill 600 prior to the 3rd Volturno River crossing, while reconnoitering an "open" area ahead and coming back into a "huddle" to compare notes, Captain TS and Lt. YK were fired upon from an undetected enemy MG nest hidden in a hedge. YK tumbled down into tall grass and remained motionless, Capt. TS whipped out a pistol, the only thing he had with him and returned fire, trying to protect the fallen Lt. Sgt. AN of the 1st Platoon came up to find out the score, went back to his platoon (1st), ordered them to "Fix Bayonets" and charged upon the hidden MG nest - only to find the enemy had flown the coop after inflicting all the initial damage they could do. YK, whom Capt. TS thought for sure was dead, was not.

It happened near Chiusano, not long after the Salerno landing. Company B was advancing toward a farmhouse when an excited native Italian woman confronted the Captain, jabbering something like, "parachu'te". TO, who was reported as an Italiano expert in Company B, was called forward. All that he could gather was that there was a mess of parachutes in that farmhouse. The Captain thought: "Good. Parachutes are worth getting his hands on!" So he ordered the company on a "search and find" mission.

Instead of parachutes, Company B captured a bunch of enemy German parachutists hidden in the haystacks adjacent to the farmhouse - and passed them along to the rear, while the company forged ahead!

Parents Day coming in April! Any Anniversary being observed? Additional grand keikis? Give DO a buzz.

To the many Bakerites who bought personally autographed copies of *YANKEE SAMURAI* from author Joe D. Harrington, especially, Harrington is no longer an earthling, but an angel. He passed away while researching on the 442/100 material in Washington D.C. on February 9, 1980. Au Revoir, Joe! Rest in Peace.

That is all for now.

DO

Proposed Itinerary: 36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION 1980 REUNION

Dallas, Texas, August 28, 29, 30, 31, 1980

FOR THE 14 - 16 DAYS TOURISTS

- Aug 22 Depart Honolulu for Flagstaff, Arizona. Upon arrival, if early enough, U-Drive tour to South Rim, Grand Canyon. 1st night in Flagstaff, Best Western Hotel.
- Aug 23 Early start. Tour to North Rim via Paige. On to Zion National Park, Utah and as far as Bryce Canyon (Utah), if can before returning to Flagstaff for 2nd night there.
- Aug 24 AM Take commuter flight - Flagstaff to Gallup. Pick-up U-Drive Tour to Petrified Forest / Painted Dessert (Holbrook, AZ). Summers are long daylight. Spend 1st night in Gallup. Get together with the Hershey Miyamura's.
- Aug 25 U-Drive tour to Albuquerque thence to Sante Fe, capital of North Mexico before returning to Gallup for 2nd night's stay.
- Aug 26 Early morning start - drive to Carlsbad Cavern (300 miles). Get there by Noon possibly and could get to the Caverns before closing time - no admittance to the Cavern after 2:00 PM. Best to check in at a motel in White City, 7 miles from the Cavern. Take in local scenery. And bed down for the night.
- Aug 27 Drive to Cavern, stay all day there. Back to Best Western, White City for 2nd night there.
- Aug 28 Early start back to Gallup for car drop-off. Spend night in Gallup. Take a different route back.
- Aug. 29 Early AM flight out to Dallas, via Albuquerque. Register for convention. Attend Hospitality Night function.
- Aug 30 AM U-Drive to: Shreveport, Miss? Houston? San Antonio? Attend Convention Banquet this night.
- Aug 31 Memorial Service. Final function of Convention. Convention closes at the latest by 2:00 PM. Leave for New Orleans. 1st night in New Orleans, Hotel Marriot?

- Sep 1 Take a tour of the Bayou country. AM Window shopping in French Quarters - Interesting place, New Orleans - lots and lots of "bargain stores", antique shops, etc., etc. And Bourbon and Canal Sts. "Honky-Tonks". 2nd night in New Orleans.
- Sep 2 AM Fly out to Orlando. U-Drive to Crystal Springs and then back track to Disney World. Try to take in Alligator wrestling exhibition. 1st night in Orlando. Stay at the Airport Hilton Motel.
- Sep 3 U-Drive to Cape Kennedy. Drive as far up to St. Augustine before returning back to Orlando for the 2nd night's stay there.
- Sep 4 AM flight to Miami. Tour of greater Miami - Miami beach front - all owned by the hotels fronting the ocean. Hardly any public beaches in Miami. 1st night in Miami.
- Sep 5 U-Drive to Key West, Florida the most southern-most point on the mainland U.S. South Point, Hawaii is now the most Southernmost point of the U.S.
- Sep 6 Homeward Bound - Miami to Honolulu via Los Angeles.

For those who have a few more days - can stay over the weekend (19 - 20 days)

- Sep 6 AM flight to Las Vegas - 1st day/night in Las Vegas.
- Sep 7 2nd day/night in Las Vegas
- Sep 8 Homeward bound. Las Vegas to Honolulu via Los Angeles.
(Could save a little flying home after the weekend - on Monday)

Or, still those who have all the time in the World - 22 days plus

- Sep 6 AM flight to Denver, Colorado. U-Drive to Pike's Peak? 1st night in Denver.
- Sep 7 Early start to Colorado Springs - Air Force Academy. Back to Denver to spend a 2nd night in Denver.
- Sep 8 AM flight to Reno. 1st day/night in Reno - Sahara.
- Sep 9 2nd day/night in Reno. Take in the Harrah's Auto Show.
- Sep 10 AM Flight to San Francisco. 1st night in San Francisco.
- Sep 11 Go home - to save on weekend travel rates, or stay for 2nd night in San Francisco.
- Sep 12 Homeward bound. San Francisco to Honolulu.
(Note: Could fly to Seattle for the weekend and fly home on Monday, Sept. 15. Also - instead of staying in Denver - nothing really to see there. Could possibly U-Drive to see Mt. Rushmore / Badlands of South Dakota).

By the way, all members of the 100th can become *Associate Members* of the 36th Division Association for \$5.00 this year.

The ante goes up to \$7.50 beginning in 1981. Any one wishing to join, regardless of whether you are planning to go to Texas or not, send me your name and address and telephone number with your \$5.00.

By the way, I am trying to get individual donations to buy a page in the Souvenir Booklet for a Baker Chapter membership listing - cost around \$40.00 for a full sheet. This convention is supposed to focus on the 442 / 100 so I am told. Although listed as beginning on Thursday, August 28, no registration this day, only an "Early-Bird" get-together is scheduled for this evening.

Let us have a meeting of all interested on Wednesday, April 3. At the March 5th meeting, only 4, representing a possible 3 couples and a stag were present. A few more couples joining in would make for a comfortable traveling group.

CHARLIE CHAPTER NEWS

by Ralph Ikeda

Most of us are "country" boys and as we grew up we often heard our parents say "Uchi no wa baka kara", which expressed modesty and the trait that a Japanese parent of that era never bragged about his or her spouse, children, or grandchildren. I am going to violate my father's code (a little bit) - and he may be turning in his grave and saying "baka ga!" But, I must speak out about the gals and guys of Company C.

First the ladies. After all these years when the men ran the Company socials and the gals helped by baking, cooking and doing K.P. - we asked them to run one of our parties. And they have, under the leadership of Lynn Shimizu, come up with a "Night", which at this writing, seems like a winner. We are going to one of the liveliest night spots in Waikiki for our umpteenth annual Husband and Wife night out. Of course, our gals can't belly dance nor can our men bite the sides of tabletops with our false teeth, but we can see how the young ones do it. It should be fun! I wonder if they serve lamb or mutton! "Pay your money and find out!", says the chair lady.

We men? Well, it involves volunteering for and participating in Club 100 affairs. I was very pleased to see that, while not spectacular, Company C had the most participation in the 1980 Installation party held at the clubhouse on January 27th. Twenty three percent of our active members came to the Installation party to show appreciation to the men who will be spending many hours this year working hard to carry on the traditions and good name of Club 100. Surely, participation could have been better but I recall that only a few years ago there was no chapter level interest for installation parties. The officers were installed in a completely empty Turner Hall or in the Board Room. The last few years are vast improvements over those past years and I hope next year would be better.

I give credit to George Hagiwara, Kazuto Shimizu, Jack Mizushima and Chicken Miyashiro for the fine work done by Company C during the general clean up day held on March 15th. Seventeen men and one lady from Company C turned out for the clean up day. Of course, I don't know the percentage turn outs for the other chapters but when last I counted, the names on the tally sheet showed that about 100 persons turned out to help - and 18 out of a hundred is not too bad, nor is 17 men out of an active membership of 66. Twenty six percent could be improved but it's not too bad.

I cite these figures not to brag about Co. C participation not to rile members of other chapters, but to try to point out the general complacency which seems to have crept into our outlook on life in general and Club 100 activities in particular.

Are we getting that old?

Men of Company C, do we bore you at our monthly meetings? Attendance is slipping badly but if the meetings are dull, please come down to the clubhouse on the third Wednesday of each month to help liven up the meetings. We try to keep the business meetings as short as possible and spend the rest of the evening sipping soda, beer and pupu, or whatever and just chewing the fat.

During our last meeting we found out that one member was quite a coin collector in his youth and now has mayonnaise jars full of old coins. Must be worth thousands of dollars now since ordinary silver coins minted before 1964 were selling for 18 times face value. A 1964 twenty five cent piece is now worth \$4.50. And he tells us that he hasn't had time to look for rare coins in his collection! Of course, we won't identify the coin collector for security reasons, but it was a very interesting discussion. This information came out when I said that very recently I learned that among my six grandchildren I found one coin collector and another was a pretty sharp coin trader. The collector is keeping one or two coins minted each year while the trader is buying silver coins or swapping coins and is taking advantage of the present trend of people turning in old coins for current currency to build up her "collection". Oh yes, the jaw breaker word for an expert coin collector is numismatologist but the Co. C member nor my grandchildren are not experts yet - but you never can tell.

I thought the discussion we had on old coins was very interesting.

Come to the Co. C meetings and tell us about your hobbies, trips to Japan or wherever, or anything at all. The only thing we have to worry about once the stories get rolling is that the parking lot closes at 11 am. And that time comes around pretty fast when the group starts telling war stories.

"Opposites attract."

Not as often as they repel. Data compiled by our finest sociological morticians tell a potent tale: The more alike a husband and wife are - in background, education, faith - the more likely it is that their marriage will be stable. Connubial storms are directly correlated with differences in background, culture, religion and tastes.

Moral: "Opposites may attract, but similarities endure." ❀❀❀

DOG CHAPTER NEWS

by Helen Nikaido

May we extend our deepest sympathy to Irene & Eric Abe, Chieko & "Biffa" Moriguchi (A) and Gloria & Ben Tamashiro upon the loss of their parents. Eric's father and "Biffa's" mother passed away early January and Gloria's mother in February.

"Get well wishes and a speedy recovery" to the following members who were under the weather recently: Tadayoshi Hamasaki, Richard Hara, Bob Taira, Ronald Watanabe and also to our Able Chapter friends; "Blue" Nagasaki and Tommy Nishioka.

There are about fifteen (15) couples who will be going to the Kauai convention in June. That's pretty good. Irene & Eric will be there, too. Incidentally, Irene is a former Kauai girl.

Dog Chapter's reunion will be held on Oahu the weekend of August 22, 23, and 24. Hope many of you neighbor island members and families will be attending. Chairman Eddie Yoshimasu, and assistants Richard Kondo and Conrad Tsukayama, are working hard planning for the reunion.

Karleen Chinen, daughter of Kay & Wally, is the producer for KHON-TV 2 News. We're proud of you, Karleen.

Our next family night will be held on Sunday, March 23rd. Co-chairmen for this affair are Richard Hara and Fred Toyama.

HEADQUARTERS CHAPTER NEWS

by Kenichi Suehiro

Our February 17th family nite affair was a flop, attendance-wise; however, it was well worth attending for those who remembered or were free to attend.

Calvin Shimogaki, our efficient chairman, fixed up his usual "out of this world" prime ribs and it was eat all you can. Shimogaki sez the next family nite will be on May 25th - Sunday, before Memorial Day. Be sure to place a reminder on your calendar. Menu will be Hawaiian Food.

We'll be missing the Otagaki's for a year, come April. Dr. and Mrs. Otagaki will be leaving for Washington, D.C. where he will serve as staff member for the Board of International Food and Agriculture Development Commission (BIFAD). We'll miss you. And if you must travel to the "Mabuhay" country, it might be prudent if you stayed away from the province where the Maui Trainees come from!

And Janet, show the "Washingtonites" how to do the various dance steps which you learned from Stu Yoshioka.

Robert and Nancy Nakamura are a traveling couple. They recently returned from Maui and will be in Japan next month and in D.C. in May. The Kajikawas are also travelers. Ruth was in S.F. recently and who knows where next. We parents are now grandparents therefore can't or don't care to travel as much - guess its circumstances.

Butter Pecan Pudding Cake

- 1 Package Yellow Cake Mix
 - 1 Package Jell-O Butter Pecan Flavor Instant Pudding & Pie filling
 - 4 Eggs
 - 1 1/4 Cup Water
 - 1/4 Cup Oil
 - 1/2 teaspoon Vanilla extract
- Blend all ingredients in large mixing bowl. Beat 4 minutes at medium speed of electric mixer. Pour into greased and floured 10-inch Bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 50-55 minutes. Do not underbake. Cool in pan 15 minutes, remove and cool on rack. Sprinkle with confectioners sugar, if desired.

Carrot Pudding Cake

- 1 Package Yellow Cake Mix
- 1 Package (4 serving size) Jell-O Vanilla Flavor Instant Pudding & Pie filling
- 4 Eggs — 1/3 Cup Water — 1/4 Cup Oil
- 3 Cup Grated Carrots
- 1/2 Cup Raisins, finely chopped
- 1/3 Cup Chopped Walnuts
- 1/2 teaspoon Salt
- 2 teaspoons ground Cinnamon

Blend all ingredients in large mixer bowl. Beat 4 minutes at medium speed of electric mixer. Pour into 2 greased and floured 8 x 4-inch loaf pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes, until cakes spring back when lightly pressed and begin to pull away from sides of pans. Do not under bake. Cool in pans 15 minutes; remove and cool on racks. Frost with Orange Cream Cheese Frosting.

ORANGE CREAM CHEESE FROSTING. Blend 1 tablespoon butter or margarine with 1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind until smooth. Alternately add 2 1/2 cups sifted confectioners sugar and 1 tablespoon orange juice, beating after each addition until smooth.

Submitted by Mrs. Ruth Watanabe, Dog Chapter

CONSUMER TIRE

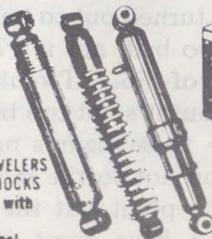
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HAWAII CHAPTER NEWS

by Walter Kadota

Most of us red-circle our Installation Night dinner date as the "event of the year" on our social calendar. Wives go ga-ga over it, as do the Pahoehoe Anthurium Growers Association members. Also Mrs. Charles Brenamen and Taku Okajima's golfing champions. The intimacy and good fellowship atmosphere that pervades throughout the evening touches members and non-members alike and we've had feelers from another veterans' group to consolidate theirs with ours. But we recall it was Taku O. who said "no dice", citing the case of the pullout by "them very buggers" from the AJA Veterans Council relationship setup, some time ago.

Larry Hirokawa, who seems to get better each year handling the M.C. chores, installed the following officers: Kazuma Taguchi, president; Seitoku Akamine, vice-president; Eugene Eguchi, secretary; Roger Kawasaki, treasurer; Tarush Yamamoto, auditor; and James Maeda, ex-officio.

Larry, who gets his zodiac readings from Los Angeles, and who predicted a good year for the L.A. Rams last year, once again gave out the pluses and minuses for those born in the Year of the Monkey, but made no reference to the old saw about "monkeys sometimes fall down from tree."

Incoming president Kazuma Taguchi made the usual speech about being railroaded into the job, laying down the ground rules of his regime and reminding his listeners that they better show up at the February regular meeting when committee members will be named. If you're there you can exercise your privilege of declining. Otherwise you're automatically in on whatever committee you've been assigned.

This approach may work out just fine. The moaners and groaners and the retirees who just want to vegetate, if given responsibilities, will come through like the samurai that they are at heart. Anyway, we noted down the date on the little black book passed out by Larry Tanimoto, compliments of LT TV and Appliances.

Outgoing president James Maeda introduced the guest speaker of the evening, Dr. Lenny Fields, Professor of East Asian History, of the University of Hawaii Hilo Campus. Jimmy did his best to prod Harry Oda into enrolling in the professor's special class in Japanese Culture Study so that Harry O. would stop talking b.s. with a straight face, the next time he takes a tour group to Japan.

The good professor stuck to his theme on images of Japanese culture and history. Of particular interest to his listeners was in reference to the confrontation between the Kamakura Shogunate and the Cloistered Emperor's Imperial Court during the Kamakura Era of Japanese history. This, because of the TV series that comes on Thursday nights, which sometimes conflicts with our meeting night.

Taking a cue from Hirokawa, the talk ended in plenty of time for the women-folks to scurry home and view the final segment of KIKU'S AMERICAN MONOGATARI TV movie.

Here's the lineup on committees for the year:

Year-end party: Richard Miyashiro, Takeo Miyao, Masao Fujimoto, Shigeru Ito, Hiromu Kobayashi, Charles Nishimura, James Mitsuda

AJA Veterans Council: James Maeda, Seitoku Akamine, Stanley Ushijima, Wallace Yamagata, Shigeru Ito

Memorial services: Yasu Iwasaki, Stanley Ushijima, Motoyoshi Tanaka, Larry Kodama, Shigeru Ushijima

Installation Night dinner: James Maeda, Porky Furuya, Susumu Hata, Bob Ishimaru

Nomination: Larry Hirokawa, George Inouye, Seitoku Akamine

Visitation: Yasu Iwasaki, Stanley Ushijima

Puka Puka Parade: Walter Kodota

Public Relations: James Maeda

* * * * *

Retired: Wallace Yamagata, Shigeru Ushijima

Died: Roy Kazuto Izumi, bugle boy of Co. F in Stockton, California.

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KAUAI CHAPTER NEWS

by Ben Morimoto

At this moment of reporting (March 6, 1980) there has been no headline news here on Kauai. Everything in our daily lives seems to follow the daily routine. As in all chapters the members as the years roll by add another year to their age. In the last report I failed to mention that Jack Hada has joined the "Over the Hill" gang to happy retirement hours after many years with the Postal Service. Soon after January 1980 rolled by Soichi Hiwa joined the ranks, and the end of June will see Masao Yotsude and Mako Takiguchi will be retirees.

All names mentioned above are of D Company which make about 33 percent of our chapter membership. At the end of June with the new additions about 50 percent of the members will be retirees.

At the first meeting held in January, Muggsy Morikawa appointed Mitsuru Doi to be in charge of Friday night's affair. Hopefully we are banking on Masao Yotsude to catch the big ones for the night. At the next meeting we hope the total of members and guests coming can be known for much planning goes with the numbers.

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MAUI CHAPTER NEWS

by Tom Nagata

Maui Chapter held their March meeting at the Arisumi Brothers recreation hall on Thursday evening, March 6 with 2-term President Tadao Sato in charge. Wives were invited to this chicken hekka dinner meeting. Bingo games were played after a delicious dinner of hekka, salads, cake and coffee. Co-chairmen for this dinner meeting were hardworking Charles Mizoguchi and Isoji Iwaishi. They were ably assisted by the following ladies: Mrs. T. Sato, Mrs. R. Iriguchi, Mrs. J. Gushiken, Mrs. W. Kaneshina, Mrs. C. Mizoguchi, Mrs. I. Iwaishi and Mrs. J. Miyagawa. Cakes were donated by Mrs. Gushiken, Mrs. Mizoguchi and Mrs. Iriguchi. Donors for the bingo prizes were the following: T. K. supermarket, Valley Hardware Store, T. Sato, R. Iriguchi, and S. Yamato. Bingo games were run by Willie Goo, Nobuyoshi Furukawa and Akira Ishikawa. Kaoru Moto registered incoming members. Thank you all for making this dinner meeting a most enjoyable one.

Our Mother's Day dinner will be held at the Maui Lu restaurant in Kihei on Saturday evening, May 10th. Kaoru Moto and Richard Iriguchi are the co-chairmen for this dinner.

Ronald Higashi, picnic chairman, announced that we will hold our annual anniversary picnic on June 8, Sunday, at the Waiehu Beach pavilion.

Our "get well wishes" go to Shiro Yamato, who was hospitalized recently. Tadayoshi Hamasaki and Tsukio Yamagata were re-admitted to the hospital and we also wish them speedy recovery.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Kiyoshi Hotta, who lost her mother recently, Mrs. Hatsu Anzai.

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER NEWS

By Tad Hashimoto

On Saturday, January 19, 1980 we had our 100th Installation Dinner at Julie's Restaurant in L.A. The menu was charbroiled New York Steak, green salad, baked potato and hot apple pie for dessert.

Approximately 50 persons with guests Jim and Evelyn Nouchi of Charley Company and the president of the 442nd Ass'n. of So. Calif., Frank Fukuzawa and his charming wife, Nami. Frank thanked everyone for the invitation and with Frank giving the oath of office installed the officers of the 100th, Buddy Mamiya President, Lloyd Seki Vice President, Kaz Furuto Secretary, Bill Miyagi Treasurer and delegate Monte Fujita.

With Eric Abe as MC and with the help of Buddy Mamiya and Young Kim, all doing a tremendous job in their own way made the evening very enjoyable. Buddy Mamiya said we lost 3 members in 1979 and they were Bill Higashiyama, Ben Otsuji, and Chick Furuye. We all stood and paid a silent tribute to them. Monte Fujita gave a report on 100th reunion in Hawaii and working very hard on firming up all the many, many details.

Young Kim, working on the 36th Division 442nd reunion to be held in Dallas, Texas, estimated around 125 persons will attend from the mainland and around 125 persons from Hawaii. A personal note - Sue and I would like to say a special hello to our friend Isamu Tando of Company I in Chicago, a regular reader of the 442nd newsletter. Keep your spirits up! A \$25.00 token of appreciation from Hollywood Independent Church was brought to the 100th regular meeting by Jim Ishizawa. Their thanks for the use of the 100th Brazier. Our thanks to them.

Shigemitsu "Shig" Suyetani, 63, Seattle-born veteran of Co. B 100th Battalion passed away as the result of his wartime combat injuries at the Long Beach Veterans Hospital on January 22, 1980. He is survived by his widow Charlotte Shigeko, a daughter, two grand-children and a sister. Memorial Services were held 7:30 p.m., Monday, January 28, at Fukui Mortuary Chapel in the Gardens in L.A. All the receptionists, floral registrars, and ushers were members of the 100th Club in L.A. and most of the club members were present also in paying final tribute to a club member and courageous friend. Remains will be interred in the Family niche at a later date at Washelli Cemetery in Seattle, Washington.

At this writing we have 12 new members for 1980. George Akiyama (A), Hood River, Oregon; Sam Fujishin (M), Homedale, Idaho; Niichi Hama (A), Los Angeles, California; Edward E. Henmi (A), Fresno, California; Lawrence Miyasato (D), Glasgow, Montana; Kenneth M. Nishimura (A), Sacramento, California; Misao Sakauye (C), Harbor City, California; Dr. William Sato (A), Los Angeles; Tom Isamu Shibao (B), Brighton, Colorado; Frank F. Wada (B), Los Angeles; Ralph Wakayama (D), Gardena, California and Edward S. Yamamoto (A), Oxnard, California.

We received a thank you card for the goodwill extended to Charles and Florence Miyashiro of Honolulu, the hospitality of Chick and Matsu Furuye, in the year 1979. Enclosed was a check for \$200.00. Our thanks and appreciation from Club 100th of L.A.

Our thanks to Mac Hata, Tom Tsuda, Yeiki Matsui & Kazuo Sato for their extra donations included with their 1980 club dues.

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The House Committee members wish to thank all those members, wives and friends who turned out on March 15 and 16 to cleanup the clubhouse. Many special thanks to Bob Aoki and his committee for the delicious lunch and Stanley Takahashi for climbing the high rafters to do the dirt-cleaning job.

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Yoshiharu Nishida
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John Odo
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Kazuto Shimizu
Thomas Taguchi
Tsutomu Takayama

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Etsuo Katano
Albert Yokoyama

DOG

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Katsumi Nakayama
Kenji Nikaido
Helen Nikaido
Etsuo Sekiya
Ben Tamashiro
Martin Tohara
Conrad Tsukayama
Yoshi Tsukayama
Jitsuri Yoshida

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Rikio Nakagawa
Robert Nakamura
Elmo Okido
Itsuki Oshita
Calvin Shimogaki
Kenichi Suehiro
Mike Takahashi
Dorothy Tamashiro
Hideo Ueno

RURAL

Stanley Hamai
James Higa
Kiyoshi Jinnohara
Susumu Ota
Edward Saito
Clara Saito
Hakaru Taoka

Sunday Volunteers - The following members and friends volunteered on Sunday, May 16; worked about 4 hours each to wax the Turner Hall concrete floor: Terry Aratani, Yasuto Furusho, George Hagiwara, Teikichi Higa, Yutaka Inouye, Mits Kunihiro, Joe Obayashi, Leighton Sumida, Michio Takata, Mrs. Marjorie Toma and Masasuke Toma.

THE WAITING GAME

by Gloria Tamashiro

The bride left waiting at the altar rings a familiar bell. Fortunately, such incidents occur few and far between, at least locally. The media of screen and fiction brings these to our attention. It can turn into satisfaction, relief, sadness, or reverse, depending on whose side you're on.

As I was at the doctor's waiting room recently, I looked around the room and sneaked a glance at the faces around me. I tried to read each facial expression as well as body language. One patient picked up a magazine, looked for a seat and promptly plopped herself down and began flipping through the pages. Nothing seemed to bother her. Another patient was well into her later months of pregnancy. She placed her hands on her belly and tried to make herself more comfortable. Despite being tent-like in size, she managed to exchange a grin with me. A grin of anxiety, a grin of happiness. Instantly, I thought of the five times I was in her present condition. I used to feel that the child was about to fall out every time I went walking. The doctor always assured me that the time hadn't come yet but it would come.

Just then, an elderly matron walked slowly in with a wondering look on her face. It seemed to say, "So, this new furniture is one reason why the office visit is so costly!" She found a vacant chair, seated herself, then rather vainly smoothed out the loose strands of hair on her forehead. Without looking directly at her, her body language seemed to echo a mutual thought - "Now, why is she here?"

In-between all this goings-on the nurses, nurses' aides, and doctors are moving from one room to another, caring for their patients. Some patients come out relieved, some bewildered, some gleaming with happiness.

Waiting for the morning paper. Sometimes the newsboy is ill. And that's the very morning (Sunday) when you couldn't sleep beyond 5:30. You open the front door, no newspaper in sight. What the devil happened? Then the search begins. You look behind shoe boxes, plant, and whatever visible paraphernalia in the usual delivery spot, and still no paper. Finally you decide to call the circulation department. Following that, you can't do anything but drink coffee or re-read the previous day's paper. Who wants to do that anyway? It's too early to walk in the yard. Besides, it's drizzling and the sun isn't up yet. What to do. What to do.

Waiting to take a written exam. Semester coming to a close. You cram and study extra hard and long. You have completed your projects. Then the day of the final exam is here. You are on time. As the exam papers are being passed out, you begin to feel tense. You start tapping your fingers, shift you feet from

left to right and right to left. The signal to begin is announced. Off you go. At question number fifteen, you suddenly become doubtful of the answer. You select your answer. Oh, what the heck, if it's wrong, so what. Go on to the next question. Explain the process of making consomme soup. Very simple, very elementary. So you write and write and write. Whew! The question following is not difficult. But try as you may, somehow the words fail to come to you. What is happening? You ponder and wait. A full minute has gone by. Then out of a clear blue sky, your memory is recharged and the day is saved!

Waiting to use the phone. We have one line with an extension in the master bedroom. When our five daughters were growing up, it was literally impossible for anyone to reach my spouse or myself in the evening. It would have been faster and easier for our friends to come over to talk to us. Our immediate neighbor had a similar problem. Whenever he couldn't get through to his home, he would call us and leave a message for his wife to call him at the office. At times I had thought of placing a coin machine connected to a timer near both phones. But luckily for the young ones, I didn't follow through.

Waiting for the toast to pop. I know I had pressed the "start" knob on the toaster oven. I walked away, answered the door and came back. The toast still wasn't ready. I checked the cord. It was properly connected. Then I decided to engage the help of my glasses. The dial was set at "oven" and not on "toaster"! Does this ring a bell for you?



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BONSAI CLUB NEWS

by Florence Matsumura

Some great things should be happening this year with the Bonsai Club under the dynamic leadership of president Hideshi Niimi, assisted by Yoroku Ito, secretary, and Richard Yamamoto, treasurer.

We are honored to welcome new members Yoshio and Chiyono Anzai. Yoshio will no doubt share with us his vast knowledge in bonsai culture.

Many of our friends who look forward to it each year will be disappointed to learn that after considerable discussion at the February meeting, the members decided to forego the Annual Bonsai / Plant Sale show which has been held the latter part of April in past years. Instead, since Hawaii has been selected to host the 1980 International Bonsai Convention at the Sheraton-Waikiki Hotel on July 3 - 6, 1980, the members have been encouraged to direct all of their efforts and participate in the displays, workshops, field trips and other activities. The ladies, likewise, will be assisting in registration and other areas. Yoroku Ito is our liaison with the overall planning committee and Edith is coordinating the ladies' assignments.

As an aside — this is turning out to be quite an exciting year for the Itos who have been caught in quite a flurry with their youngest daughter Paula's entry in the Cherry Blossom Queen contest. If you've seen Paula you'll agree that she is certainly a winner!



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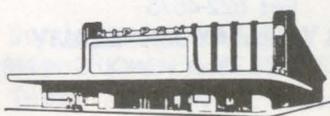
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CLUB 100 COOKING CLASS

by Amy T. Ikeda

A good meal doesn't need a "raison d'etre," but it does need an idea, flair, and an easy menu that doesn't break the bank. The cooking sessions thus far have tried to pull together a pot-pourri of favorite food traditions, in tune with special holidays, that are practical, economical, nutritious, and uncommonly delicious.

With Easter holidays in mind, the March 9th class featured Egg Mimosa, demonstrated by Paulette Arakaki (A chapter). Mimosa is a beautiful flower and the final presentation — delectable, inexpensive, eye-appealing — resembled clusters of beautiful yellow mimosas.

Nancy Nakamura (Hq chapter), in the February 10th class, gave her innovations of Tamago Yaki — a "jiffy" dish that is very "onolicious" and could be used as part of a bento, pupu or, depending on the filling, even a main dish.

Eggs are one of today's best food buys. High in protein and Vitamin A, they can be cooked in minutes to make an easy entree, or used in a variety of ways to add flavor and richness to recipes.

Kay Oshiro's (C chapter) Oxtail Soup in the March 9th class, and Kenji Nikaido's (D chapter) Mock Bird Nest Soup in the January 13th class — these zesty and tasty soups could turn an otherwise plain meal into something special.

For delicious, inexpensive, quick treats that could be an addition to any occasion, Edna Ige (A chapter) demonstrated her "Andagi" (Okinawa doughnut) in the March 9th class; Paulette Arakaki in the February 9th class showed her version of the popular Chi Chi Mochi; and Betsy Saito (A chapter) using Shiratamako, prepared flour mixture, whipped up quickie "dango" balls. All these "snack" dishes were excellent and could win raves for any hostess. The preparation tips and techniques are the key to success in properly concocting these recipes, and we are grateful to the demonstrators for sharing them with us.

The February 10th class featured special dishes for Girls' Day, as well as for other occasions. Nancy Nakamura in her inimitable way, with injections of humor, demonstrated her very popular and excellent Sekihan and Tamago Yaki.

With Chinese New Year in mind, the highlight of the January 13th class was Gloria Tamashiro's award-winning Noodle Delight and Chicken Mushroom. These dishes were complimented by Kenji Nikaido's savory Mock Bird Nest Soup and Betsy Saito's delicious, melt-in-your-mouth Almond Cookies, baked in the Maxim oven.

The Cooking Class uses a Maxim oven and we were fortunate to have a representative of the dealer give us a demonstration in the February session. Unlike the standard oven, the Maxim is a convection oven. It has a fan to circulate the hot air inside the oven chamber to insure uniform heat. Cookies can be

baked on three-wire racks and come out perfect at every level. The oven chamber is smaller than the regular oven; however, the circulating heat enables you to fill it up to capacity, and cooking time is reduced by about 25%. The "box" cake and the cookies that were baked in the Maxim oven were so good (far superior to the regular oven) that quite a number of the attendees were convinced on getting one for their own use.

As it's true of any new organization, a couple of policy matters that were "cloudy" were referred to the Mutual Assistance Committee for clarification. Yasuo Takata, new Chairman of this Committee, met with his committee members, and reported the following at the March cooking session:

1. The Cooking Class will be a component of the Ladies Auxiliary. Other activities, such as craft, hula, etc., could also be established as part of the Auxiliary at a later date.
2. Hereafter, membership in these classes will be limited to club members, their spouses and children. (Outside guests, already in the Cooking Class, will not be affected; however, as guests, they will not have voting privileges).

It was also announced by Gladys Kawakami, Chairman of the Cooking Class, that the previous arrangement of assessing regular members \$12 per year at the beginning of the year has been changed to \$1.00 per session. The \$12 paid in by some of the members will remain as is, but those who have not paid the annual fee but wish to attend are welcome to join any session for \$1.00.

Programmed for the next few months are the following recipes and demonstrators:

April 13	Pig Feet Soup	Paulette Arakaki (A Chapter)
	Vegetable Layer Salad	Sally Inouye (A Chapter)
	Corn Bread	Helen Furusho (B Chapter)
	* * *	* * *
May 11	NO CLASSES - MOTHER'S DAY	
	* * *	* * *
June 8	Roast Chicken (Maxim oven)	Paulette Arakaki
	Oven Noodles	Violet Yamamoto (B Chapter)
	Hawaiian Delight Cake	Violet Yamamoto
	* * *	* * *
July 13	Potato Crab Salad	Teruko Kadomoto (A Chapter)
	Vegetable Salad	Gladys Kawakami
	Fish Cake Tempura	Amy Ikeda (C Chapter)
	Cheese Puffs	Paulette Arakaki
	Shrimp Pupu	Sally Inouye
	* * *	* * *

Come and join us. It's fun.

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

- Q - When the Modified Life Plan insurance coverage reduces by one-half at 65 or 70, is additional life insurance available?
- A - THE INSURED MAY CONTINUE THE FULL AMOUNT OF MODIFIED LIFE INSURANCE BY REPLACING THE DECREASED AMOUNT WITH AN ORDINARY LIFE POLICY. AN ADDITIONAL PREMIUM MUST BE PAID FOR THE SPECIAL ORDINARY LIFE POLICY.
- Q - I am receiving unemployment compensation. Will this have any effect on my receiving GI Bill educational assistance?
- A - NO. INCOME IS NOT CONSIDERED IN THE PAYMENT OF EDUCATIONAL ALLOWANCES UNDER THE GI BILL. RATES OF PAYMENT ARE GENERALLY BASED ON HOURS OF ATTENDANCE OR THE COST OF THE COURSE.
- Q - Does the Veterans Administration provide job finding assistance for veterans?
- A - VA PROVIDES INFORMATION ABOUT JOBS, ON-THE-JOB AND APPRENTICESHIP TRAINING OPPORTUNITIES, ETC., THROUGH ALL VA REGIONAL OFFICES.
- Q - I was notified that I was entitled to VA compensation 11 months ago and I waived a portion of my retired pay for the past year?
- A - NO. YOU WILL BE TAXED ONLY ON THE RETIRED PAY THAT EXCEEDS THE COMPENSATION TO WHICH YOU WERE ENTITLED.
- Q - I receive a pension from the Veterans Administration. Since I am over 65, I am automatically considered disabled. Does my age mean that I am also exempt from having to report income increases that might affect my pension?
- A - NO. YOUR PENSION IS BASED ON THE AMOUNT OF TOTAL INCOME YOU RECEIVE AND YOU MUST REPORT INCREASES. THIS IS TRUE EVEN THOUGH YOU REMAIN UNDER THE "OLD" LAW AND DO NOT RECEIVE AN INCOME QUESTIONNAIRE FROM VA UPON HAVING ATTAINED THE AGE OF 72.
- Q - How long after the death of a veteran does a survivor have to request a burial allowance from the Veterans Administration?
- A - THE CLAIM MUST BE FILED WITHIN TWO YEARS AFTER THE VETERAN'S PERMANENT BURIAL OR CREMATION. THIS MAY BE DONE AT THE NEAREST VA BENEFITS OFFICE.
- Q - My husband received an honorable discharge after several months of service at the end of World War II. He is now disabled by an illness unrelated to his service. Is he eligible for a Veterans Administration pension?
- A - IF HE SERVED AT LEAST 90 DAYS BETWEEN DECEMBER 7, 1941, AND DECEMBER 31, 1946, IS PERMANENTLY AND TOTALLY DISABLED, AND HAS INCOME WITHIN THE LIMITS SET BY LAW, HE MAY BE ELIGIBLE. CHECK WITH VA FOR FULL DETAILS.
- Q - Persons just entering military service are no longer eligible for GI Bill education. Is there another education plan for them?
- A - THE POST-VIETNAM ERA VETERANS' EDUCATIONAL ASSISTANCE PROGRAM WAS STARTED WHEN THE GI BILL EXPIRED. NEW SERVICE MEMBERS INITIALLY ENTERING ON ACTIVE DUTY ON OR AFTER JANUARY 1, 1977, MAY PARTICIPATE. UNDER THIS PLAN, THE MEMBER CONTRIBUTES TO A SPECIAL TRAINING FUND EACH MONTH WHILE IN SERVICE. THE GOVERNMENT LATER CONTRIBUTES \$2 FOR EACH \$1 INVESTED. VA AND THE ARMED SERVICES HAVE FULL DETAILS.
- Q - My father was an honorably discharged veteran who died several years ago. My mother remarried but has recently been widowed again and lives on social security. Is she eligible for a Veterans Administration because of my father's military service?
- A - IF YOUR FATHER'S SERVICE WAS SUCH THAT SHE WAS ELIGIBLE BEFORE REMARRIAGE, SHE HAS PROBABLY REGAINED HER ELIGIBILITY. SHE SHOULD APPLY AT THE NEAREST VA OFFICE.
- Q - If I receive Veterans Administration benefit payments may I have my premiums for Veterans Group Life Insurance deducted from my benefit check?
- A - NO. PREMIUMS MUST BE PAID BY YOU DIRECTLY TO THE OFFICE OF SERVICE-MEN'S GROUP LIFE INSURANCE.
- Q - If a veteran purchases a home under the GI Bill and sells it, can he obtain another GI loan?
- A - YES. A VETERAN MAY QUALIFY FOR RESTORATION OF LOAN GUARANTY ENTITLEMENT IF THE VETERANS ADMINISTRATION HAS BEEN RELIEVED OF LIABILITY ON THE PREVIOUS LOAN. VA IS RELIEVED OF LIABILITY WHEN THE LOAN IS PAID IN FULL AND THE PROPERTY HAS BEEN DISPOSED OF. ELIGIBILITY MAY ALSO BE RESTORED WHEN ANOTHER VETERAN AGREES TO SUBSTITUTE HIS ENTITLEMENT FOR THAT OF THE ORIGINAL VETERAN BORROWER.

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