





The conventioneers at the Kauai Veterans Cemetery on July 29, and a visit to the famous Dry Cave.

PUKA PUKA PARADE

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The 1980 Club 100 Convention is history! A job well done! Our thanks to all involved in the planning and execution of dozens and dozens of things involved in putting on a successful get-together. "Muggsy" Morikawa and his Kauai Chapter members are especially cited for the superb job they did - with only few members in the chapter. Hakaru Taoka and his committee members ably took care of the often invisible multitude of problems from this end as well as at the convention itself.

Finally - what makes a convention successful is the participation by the members. That we had this year - starting at Kauai and through the post-convention activities at the Clubhouse. We were especially pleased with the attendance by our Mainland members and their families. We look forward to seeing you again in 1982. Mahalo to all!

The 204th anniversary of our Declaration of Independence has also come and gone!

Reflecting the philosophy of today, it is discouraging to hear what some of our people in Washington are saying.

Whatever the reason or the motive, it is difficult to understand these people who say that a national emergency does not now exist for the United States. Therefore, there is no necessity for registration or a draft for military training and service in our country. Perhaps these individuals will admit that an emergency exists only when the missiles or bombers are on their way toward their targets in the U.S.

It is sad to see our country being pushed around - by even a small country, at that - or treated as a second-rate nation by certain other countries. It is reported that, militarily, the United States is no longer number one. Emotionally we may be even lower than number two. The attitude and action of our people is so important in international politics.

Let's hope that there will be a drastic change of direction - particularly in the case of judicial "legislation" where presently the end objective seems to be the individual - forget the society or the rest of the people or our country.

H. Kajikawa



The Congressional Medal Of Honor: An interview with Hershey Miyamura, Southern California Chapter

Of Two Wars - And A Fight On A Mountaintop

by Ben Tamashiro

"He loved his mother very much," says Terry Miyamura of her husband, Hershey. "When she died in 1937 at the young age of 40, it broke his heart."

Hershey's father had come to San Francisco as a young lad of 14 just after the turn of the century. He did odd jobs around the place and managed to save enough money to enable him to go back to Japan five years later, at the right age for conscription into the Japanese army. But he must have liked what he had seen of America because he returned to San Francisco after his hitch in the army with a very young bride in tow.



Hershey and Terry Miyamura at Club 100 Convention on Kauai.

From San Francisco, he moved eastward to the Rocky Mountain area, working for the coal mines in Utah and Colorado as a weighing machine operator. He then moved to Gallup, New Mexico, in 1919, and began to settle down, with a hamburger stand first, then a restaurant. He prospered, even as his family began to grow, a family which eventually numbered two boys and five girls. Hershey was the fourth child, born in 1925. All of the children helped in their father's restaurant but that was about as close as they ever got to him. Preoccupied with his work, he had no time for his children. So they turned to their mother for solace and affection. She was the one who was always there, to give of her time and love; to be loved.

There were no Buddhist places of worship in Gallup so the children received their religious training in the only church available to the Japanese community, the Japanese Free Methodist Church. The church building was a railwoad car modified into a house of worship for the small congregation of about 50 members. In the summer of 1936, the church sent young Hershey to a youth camp in Pacific Palisades, California.

While there, he got word that his mother had died. "I couldn't believe it," recalls Hershey. He was grief stricken. The only woman he had ever loved . . . why? "I came to resent the Christian way of life, resented God for having taken away my mother at so early an age."

Going To The Dogs

But the boy had to grow up. The transition came three months into his 18th birthday. He was drafted in January 1944, sent to Ft. Bliss, Texas, for several weeks of basic training, then to Camp Blanding, Florida.

In January 1944, the 100th Infantry Battalion was fighting its way around Cassino. Impressed with the combat performance of this all-Nisei outfit, the War Department has formulated a policy to keep the unit segregated. Now, the 442nd Regimental Combat Team was being readied for the Italian theatre, too, and in anticipation of the need for a large pool of replacements for these segregated units, a number of camps around the country had been designated for the training of Nisei draftees. Blanding was one of them. So Hershey found himself in the first group of Nisei assembled there; enough of them to form two companies. The officers were white but the noncoms were Nisei who had been in the army prior to the start of the war.

Hershey spent 17 weeks at Blanding, then was sent to Camp Shelby. "That's when I was first designated as a replacement for Company D of the 100th," says Hershey. He recalls that on his first night at Shelby, there was a big fight between the Hawaii and mainland boys, something having to do with the use of the terms "buddahead" and "kotonk." But after the steam-letting of ethnic sensibilities, things cooled off and there were no further fights.

There were four companies of Nisei at Shelby. Hershey was a heavy machine gunner. When the companies moved out for shipment overseas, he was among a group of seven who were held back because they were too young! When a new group of draftees came to Shelby, he was again designated as a replacement for Dog Company, 100th. He had to take the training all over again, as a machine gunner. Although he made it when the second group was sent to Ft. Meade, Maryland, for overseas shipment, he was sent back to Shelby when, in the final physicals, the medics discovered that he had hernia. He spent 17 days in the hospital at Shelby after the operation. On return to duty, for the third time, he was assigned to Dog Company.

Too Late To Fight - Only POWs And Parades

This third time around also got him overseas. In April 1945, he at last hooked up with Company D of the 100th in the Lombardy Plain area in northern Italy. But by then the Italian war was rapidly coming to an end.

The 100/442 had returned to Italy from Marseilles at the end of March. At dawn on April 5, it jumped off in an attack on the hills north of the Arno River. The 100th met withering machine-gun fire in its advance. Pfc. Sadao Munemori, A Company, a Los Angeles boy and volunteer from a relocation center, took command of his squad from his wounded leader. He tossed a grenade and destroyed an enemy machine gun. As he was preparing to toss another, an enemy grenade bounced into his shell hole. He dived atop the grenade. It tore him to pieces but his action saved his comrades. He was awarded the Congressional Medal Of Honor.

The German troops in Italy surrendered on May 2 and the entire Nazi apparatus a week later so Hershey spent most of his time guarding POWs and many more months guarding a medical supply depot near Leghorn. Then, much time was spent in practice parades preparatory to returning the colors to the states. The 100/442 landed in New York to a tumultous welcome, followed by that parade down Pennsylvania Avenue in the rain before President Harry Truman. Hershey recalls that Conrad Tsukayama, Company D, 100th, was one of the color bearers in that historic parade of June '46.

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Brief Respite

Shortly thereafter, Hershey received his discharge from nearby Ft. Meade. He then enlisted for a hitch in the Enlisted Reserves. He started schooling that summer in the Milwaukee School of Engineering, spent two years there, then came home to Gallup and was married in June 1948. Subsequently, when his three year commitment to the Reserves ended, he consented to be placed on the Inactive List. But since he did not tell his wife about it, she was surprised when he got a call to report for duty shortly after the outbreak of the Korean War. And Hershey himself found out that the term Inactive List was an anomaly: "It was the Inactive List that was first called up when the war broke out!"

Hershey's Exxon Station

Gallup is split into north-south sectors by the railroad tracks. Its population is about 15 thousand. The northern territory is mostly Navajo Indian country while the south side is populated by whites and others. Hershey has been operating a 5-pump Exxon service station on the south side for the last 21 years. At the time it opened, Exxon equipped the station with a waiting lounge (an untried concept then) inasmuch as his station is located about two miles off the traffic interchange and a bit away from the main town. Initially, Hershey's station was built to be the only Exxon station near the interchange but with the growth of Gallup within the past two decades, six other major stations have been built near the interchange.

A few years after he opened his station, he started a subsidiary station on the Navajo side of the tracks, about 20 miles away in the Window Rock, Arizona area. Being on Indian territory, his station was governed by reservation rules and regulation which at times became overbearing inasmuch as the Navajos were out to extract as much as possible from endeavors established on their reservation. Getting efficient Indian help was also a problem so he gave up the station. But having come to like his services, his Navajo customers continue to patronize him even though they have to travel quite a distance to get to his station. And Hershey has his steady clientele from the south side. For all of them, the waiting lounge is a neat place to relax while their cars are being serviced; they don't have to stand around as in most stations.

Hershey had a natural aptitude for anything mechanical, especially cars. His reputation as a first-class mechanic drew customers from all over, to the point that the single repair bay in the station proved inadequate, whereby Exxon installed a second bay.

Another reason for the success of Hershey's station is the care he gives to his station. Says Terry, "I think he has the most spotless service station in town!"

The Miyamuras have three children. Their daughter attends Cal-State in Los Angeles. The eldest son is a commercial artist while the younger attends Howard University in Washington, D.C., majoring in dentistry.

One Man's Place In The Korean War

To help the reader get a perspective on Hershey's participation in the Korean War, here is a bare-bones outline of some of the happenings:

North Korea invades South Korea on June 25 (Seoul is about 35 miles south of the 38th Parallel, the dividing line between the two). President Truman orders U. S. Forces to assist S. Korea. N. Korea quickly takes Seoul and by September, Allied forces have their backs to the sea on the Pusan Perimeter, at which point Gen. MacArthur makes a bold end-around landing at Inchon to split the invaders, changing the course of the war.

Allies break out of the Perimeter and go on the offensive, recapture Seoul, while ROK troops push on across the 38th Parallel. Allies capture N. Korean capital of Pyongyang in October and advance all the way up to the Yalu River, the dividing line between Korea and China.

Communist China intervenes, enters war on the side of N. Korea and launches its 1st Phase offensive in late October; they break off the attack in November and withdraw into the hill to the north as Allies reach the Yalu again. (The 7th Regiment of the U. S. 3rd Division arrives in N. Korea in December; Miyamura is a member of the 7th.) Chinese launch counteroffensive (2nd Phase) in biting cold of December; 20,000 U. S. Marines and infantry, overwhelmed by the massive attacking force and lacking proper winter clothing and equipment, withdraw in that historic retreat from the Changjin Reservoir; Chinese take Pyongyang.

1951 Chinese launch 3rd and 4th offensives early in the year; Allies lose Seoul in the first and retake it in the second. War enters a period of stalemate centered around the 38th Parallel.

MacArthur fired by Truman in April. Chinese launch 5th Phase offensive on April 22; Miyamura's stand on a 900-foot high ridge overlooking the Imjin River, a few miles north of Seoul, takes place on the 23rd; he is captured. Truce talks begin while fighting continues.

- 1952 War goes on; truce talks sputter on at Panmunjon.
- 1953 Armistice signed July 27 ending three years of war; Miyamura released in August ending 27-12 months as POW.

Hershey In North Korea

Hershey was called up from his Inactive Reserve status three months after the start of the war. He reported to Ft. Hood, Texas, for six weeks of refresher training which consisted mainly of hiking, then to Camp Stoneman in California to await orders. He knew that he was ticketed for the 3rd Division, stationed near Beppu on Kyushu. He was flown to Haneda. Arriving at Beppu, he was assigned to Company H, 2nd Battalion, 7th Regiment, 3rd Division.

"I didn't know it at that time but I was only a few hours away from my uncle's place in Kumamoto," says Hershey. "Had I known, I would have gone to see him."

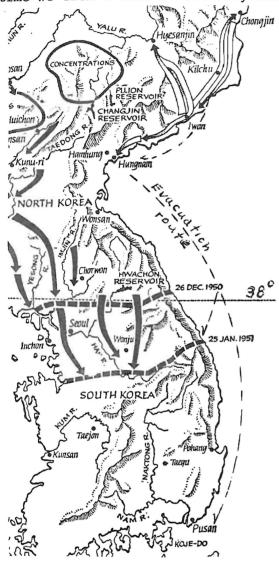
Hershey continues. "We were assigned a lot of Korean GIs, mostly as ammo carriers. The 7th Regiment then boarded a ship and landed in Wonsan on the east coast of North Korea in December. From there we started our way north, digging in at night but hardly encountering any resistance except for occasional sniper fire. Then we turned eastward, all the way up to the Yalu River. From where we were entrenched in the hills, we could see through our binoculars, the Chinese

massing on the other side. We had a feeling the Chinese were going to attack. So we dug in and waited."

Chinese Counteroffensive Across The Yalu; The Long Retreat; The Fight Back

"I don't recall how many days later it was when they started the attack. They came down like they were ants off a hill. Looked like millions of 'em. At that time we didn't know it but only one in ten had a weapon; the others were carrying wooden rifles! They didn't have enough weapons

to arm all their troops.



"Anyway, we were told to withdraw from our entrenched positions. One of the reasons we had to withdraw was that our own planes were strafing us so we had to get out of there. It was every man for himself. We were snow covered. We finally regrouped after moving many miles backward. There we were told that were to evacuate so find a ride back. As tanks went by we climbed aboard and rode them back, to Hungnam. At that port city, we were told to guard the supply depot there. We were the last to leave. The depot was destroyed. Then we boarded ship and went south again, all the way to Pusan. There we regrouped, then started north.

"From there on in everything is hazy, we moved so fast. We didn't know where we were half the time. Some units were under heavy fire. We were very fortunate, the 7th Regiment. We never really got into any major battle, up until the Chinese came across the Imjin River."

The map at left identifies the place names mentioned by Hershey: Wonsan, Yalu River, Hungnam, the evacuation route by ship to Pusan. Other place names identified are Seoul, Inchon, Changjin Reservoir, Imjin River. And the 38th Parallel. Pyongyang is off the map, just to the left and below the spot marked NORTH KOREA.

(Map is extracted from the book, "The Korean War," by Matthew B. Ridgway.)

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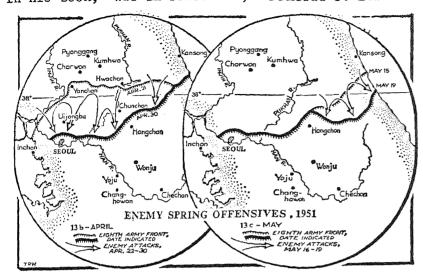
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Hiroshi Shimazu, Baker Chapter

Action On A Mountaintop

It is now April 22, 1951 - the opening of the Chinese 5th Phase offensive. In his book, "War In Peacetime," General J. Lawton Collins who was Army Chief of



Staff during the entire war writes that "under pressure from almost a half million Chinese, the Eighth Army was forced back almost 20 miles but managed to stop the Communist advance north of Seoul."

The map marked 13b at left gives a bird's-eye view of the situation. It is extracted from Collins' book.

To return to Hershey's situation. The 7th Regiment is dug in on the mountain tops guarding the northern approaches to Seoul.

Miyamura's squad of 12 men is dug in, too: a light machine gun on the left flank of a long trench and a heavy machine gun on the right. He is stationed in the center. It is the 23rd of April.

"We could see the Imjin River from where we were. As the attack started, there was so much noise. We could hear them talking, running around clanging metal clangers. We couldn't see them, it was pitch black, about midnight. But we could hear the noise. Pretty soon we started hearing bugles. Sounded like they were all around us! So we just waited and waited. We had already set up mines and booby traps and stuff like that. And flares. The first time one of the flares went on, then we saw how many there were.

"Actually, we were spread too thin. We were covering an area that normally a platoon would cover. There were riflemen assigned to my heavy weapons squad. And I can't recall why I did not have Korean ammo bearers assigned to my squad at that time. I don't know why.

"Anyway, the night they hit us, the first machine gun was really firing a lot. I had a box of grenades, an M1, a carbine. And I was really throwing grenades. Then this gunner started crawling backward. I said, 'What are you doing here?' He said it was getting too hot for him. I could just about have shot him then but I told him, 'Go on back then.' So I went up there. I don't know how long I'd been there firing the machine gun but I ran out of ammo. Then I put a grenade in the breech and blew it up. When I got back, all the other guys at the other gun were gone. There were only five guys left in the trench. I said, 'Who told them to go?' They didn't know. That's when I got mad and told the others to go, and showed them the direction to go which would eventually lead them back to our troops."

The enemy was closing in and Miyamura wanted to give his men as much lead time as possible for them to escape. "I was shooting, using my Ml, carbine. They were all around me. They were standing up in the skyline, running wild like chickens with their heads cut off. I don't know why they never spotted me and attempted to

get me. But they didn't."

Artillery shells, including white phosphorus, then began falling around Sgt. Miyamura's position. Knowing that the Chinese seldom used phosphorus, he reasoned that they must be friendly shells. They were dropping too close for comfort. "That's when I said I'd better get out."

The scene is almost unbelievable, even if Hershey's telling is devoid of dramatizations. The Chinese Communists were artful in the application of psychological warfare. They let their presence be known through a lot of noise. They sounded the bugles as in a cavalry charge. And in a night that was blacker than a thousand midnights, the only thing visible was the sheen from the waters of the Imjin River below. And for all the fire from the machine guns and rifles and grenades, they kept on coming. This was too much for some of Hershey's men. panicked. They ran. They abandoned their posts. And Hershey's heart went out to the remaining few. He told them to go, too. Then he alone stood his ground and kept on firing until there was not a bullet left in the ammo belts. But this was all the time that his men needed to make their escape. Meanwhile, someone out there had recognized the plight of the outpost and the call had gone out for artillery fire to help stop the enemy charge. But it was only when the shells began falling around him that he decided that it was not worth a plugged nickel to be blasted heavenward by friendly fire. Hell, I might as well get out of here, he said to himself. Which he did.

"As I was making my way down, right at the corner of a trench, I met this Chinese soldier face-to-face. There were trenches all over the mountains. At one time the North Koreans used them. Then we used them. That's where I met him, in a trench. I had a rifle with one shell in it. So when I recognized him, I shot him. But he was carrying a grenade, one of those concussion types. So at the same time he pulled the pin and threw it at me. As I went backwards, I kicked it back at him with my foot. It rolled to him and went off. I didn't know it at that time but a piece of shrapnel from the grenade had hit me on the leg. Soon as it went off I got up and started on my way down again.

"From there I ran, I crawled, approximately 300 yards down to our own barbed wire entanglement. There was a tank there, one of our own tanks. I started waving but he didn't see me. He just started taking off. So I crawled under the barbed wire. I don't know how many yards I ran. There was a little gully, an embankment. That's where I laid down. I was exhausted. It was getting lighter. Their own troops went right by the place I was lying down, and not one of them stopped to see whether I was alive. Then I heard a voice saying, 'Get up! We're not going to harm you.' The man was an interpreter accompanying the troops. So I got up. I went by some of the troops and one of them put a gun to my head and I thought he was going to shoot me. They took me to an area where there were other GIs. Some were wounded. I didn't even realize I was hurt. It wasn't really that bad. The Chinese did not give us any medical aid at all. We had to help ourselves."

The prisoners were herded together and made to march with the troops, advancing or withdrawing in accord with the tide of battle, but generally in a forward movement, headed for Seoul. They stopped near there and more prisoners joined the group. At dusk, their hands were tied together. Then the whole configuration, troops and prisoners, turned around and started walking back in the direction they had come from. The prisoners numbered about 35. They kept on marching. They marched for days and nights, up and down the rugged mountains of the North Korean

landscape, crossing rivers on barges, till they finally arrived at a POW camp about 20 miles this side of the Yalu.

"About halfway to the prison compound, I was just about to give up. I was tired, hungry, weak from walking, and the wound in my leg was beginning to bother me. I had illusions of pancakes smothered with butter and dripping syrup all over. I even found myself reaching out for them. If you ever doubt mirages, believe me - they do happen.

"But what I really want to say is that a person really has to have faith in the Lord, or someone, to go back to, when faced with this kind of an ordeal.

"I wish to thank a certain Northern Korean mother - I do not recall the town or village - who gave me food at the risk of being shot by her own son. But he found out somehow. The Chinese soldiers came to her rescue."

The church is often characterized as the world's greatest lost-and-found department and the verity of this expression finds further discernment in Hershey's encounter with the North Korean mother. When, at the yet tender age of 12, his mother died, Hershey began to carry within himself the weight of a bitterness against the Lord for having taken away from him the one who had meant most to him. As Terry has said, the death of his mother broke his heart.

Then, under a further excruciating circumstance much beyond his control, when his life was again at its darkest depth of despair, the hand of an enemy soldier's mother unexpectedly reached out to touch him. More than the offer of sustenance for a starving body, the touch was like a breath of air blowing away the lingering bitterness in his heart.

In living out the rest of his life, it may therefore yet come to pass for Hershey that the sheen from the medal with the Congressional stamp of approval may be crowned by the glory in the finding of his Lord. "In the service I believed in the Lord Jesus once again," says Hershey. "To this day I do believe in the Lord."

Life In A Communist POW Camp

There were five prisoner compounds, each large enough to hold several thousand prisoners. Hershey landed in Camp No. 5. Although the greatest north-south distance of North Korea is 370 miles, one of the guards told Hershey that they had walked about 500 miles to get to the camp!

Hershey was kept at Camp No. 5 for the length of his 27½ months of captivity. The camps were racially segregated - Americans in one, Koreans in another, British in another, Filipinos in another, and so on. "For the first year we weren't able to do much. Our food wasn't that great and most of the fellows were recuperating from wounds and lots of us had dysentery. I had it, too. We just weren't in good enough shape. After they started the peace talks in Panmunjon, then we started getting a little better food and some medical attention. And we were given some sports equipment. But up to that time, for about the first six months, they were burying between 7 and 10 men a day. These were the badly wounded, those suffering from malnutrition, or those who had contacted some disease.

"We were sectioned off into squad-level sized groups of about 10 men and assigned to huts. The floor was dirt, the walls were paper, like those shoji doors. They gave us reading material, then held discussions on what we had read. All Communist propaganda material, of course. This was for about an hour a day. We were watched pretty closely and if the discussion didn't go the way the interpreter felt they should, they would try to redirect our thinking. If any one got pretty reactionary, the individual would be isolated. He would be put in a little dugout and kept there for weeks. They suffered - not physically, but more mentally." Hershey did not undergo any of the harsh treatment.

The effects of the long confinement took its toll upon the POWs, but not so for all of them, says Hershey. For instance, some actually gained weight! These were the fellows with the so-called "cast iron" stomachs who were never afflicted with dysentery or other debilitating diseases. They somehow thrived on the twice-a-day fare of soybean milk in the morning and mushy gruel in the evening. These boys were mostly from the South. They said they were accustomed to eating such mush-like food. But there were those who couldn't take it. "They were mostly the young boys and you could actually watch them deteriorate from day to day. Pretty soon they were nothing but skeletons. We tried to help them to eat. They realized they were dying but their systems wouldn't hold it or digest the food. They just died."

The Communists wanted to know everything about their prisoners. "We had to write autobiographies. We put in as little information as we thought we could get by with. I can't even remember what I wrote," says Hershey. "It was a kind of one-page summary. They didn't question it. They didn't bother me too much." As for any form of violence or brutality that may have been inflicted upon the prisoners, Hershey says, "Not really. It was just more mental, like taking away privileges or reducing your food rations. As far as I know, physically, they didn't beat anybody."

After the first year, the prisoners were put on wood details. Trees are precious because of their scarcity so chopping would be on a very selective basis; that is, the trees to be chopped down for the day would be specifically identified. Wood is the basic source of energy for the country. "Stoves were wood-fueled and flues from the kitchen ran underneath the huts, for instance, and that kept the huts warm. At feeding time, one man from each hut would go to the kitchen with a pail. He'd return and distribute the food to the other squad members. Every one took turns so whoever was on the pail-duty for the day would make sure that his own bowl was filled the most."

On special occasions, the prisoners would be fed rice. But this was a rarity. Most of the time it would be millet or a soggy sorghum; types of food that Hershey had never encountered before. Many of the fellows said that this was stuff that was fed to the hogs back home. "And the way we learned to eat it . . . chili peppers grow wild in Korea and the Chinese let us grow our own hot peppers. So we would get the peppers, boil them, and make a sauce-like thing and pour this hot sauce (like Tabasco) over the millet and sorghum to give them a flavor. Made it much easier to eat it then. I tell you, when you're hungry, anything really tastes good. Later, about the last six months of our confinement, we started getting much better food. We got buns, for instance, made of millet or whatever and we'd toast them and eat with the milk. Then we got some boiled potatoes. And we got a little more to eat." Hershey weighed about 140 at the time of capture and was down to 105-110 when released.

27 Years Later

Today, Hershey does not exhibit any signs of recriminatory feelings about what happened to him as a POW. There is not even a perceptible rise in his voice as he speaks of the long months of captivity. Of the memory of that horrible camp food, the passing years must certainly have tempered his judgment because his indictment is mild, at best: "Our food wasn't that great." He speaks softly and in measured tones; his mannerisms portray a man who is extremely sensitive to, and considerate of, the feelings of others. One has to wonder whether he is the type who can survive POW conditions.



The award of the Congressional Medal of Honor for his actions on the night of April 23, 1951, was approved while he was still a POW. Therefore, no public announcement accompanied the approval. But when he came home in September 1953, all Gallup turned out to welcome him. In November he formally received the medal in White House ceremonies from President Eisenhower.

Pictured at left is Hershey with the medal at that ceremony.

Being the only living Nisei Congressional Medal Of Honor winner, Hershey has learned to live with the inevitable questions and admirations that come his way, in gatherings such as the recently-concluded Club 100 Convention on Kauai. He doesn't buck nor duck the inquiries; he tells whatever needs to be told. There is no sense of glorification in the telling; it is an open book, he says. And he tells it again for the umpteenth time. And does it very nicely.

Afterpiece

Hershey says that war is full of heroes, that every soldier is a hero in his own right. And of his medal, it is there only because someone took the time to write about that night on the mountaintop overlooking the Imjin River; a place far away from his hometown: Gallup, U. S. A.

Now, maybe, just maybe, some young man of draft age will come across the story of Hershey Miyamura, then make a judgment that despite misgivings about the draft, perhaps a way to better understand what the country is all about is to first try to serve it well.

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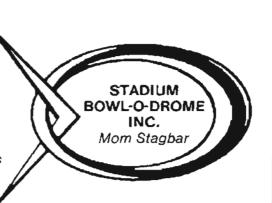
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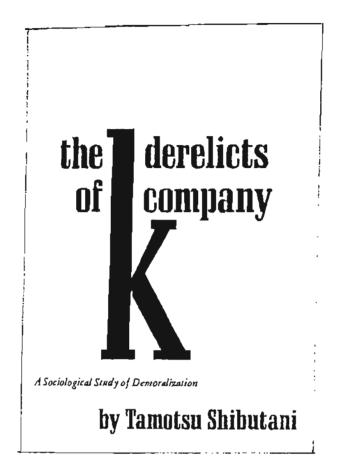
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An all-Nisei company: The most screwed-up in the Army

Given the performance records of the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team in Europe, and the interpreters of the Military Intelligence Service Language School (MISLS) in the Pacific, Nisei GIs in all other units must have likewise performed outstandingly in their assigned roles. Right?



Wrong! In his book whose jacket cover is reproduced at left, Tamotsu Shibutani tells of Company K of the Camp Savage interpreters school . . . the most screwed-up company-sized unit in the whole U. S. Army in World War II. Shibutani himself was a member of the company. Inducted in 1944, he was then a research assistant as a participant observer in the evacuation of the Japanese from the West Coast. He is now Professor of Sociology, U. of California, Santa Barbara.

As a sociologist, Shibutani found himself in an ideal environment when he landed in Co. K because it gave him the opportunity for an "inside" and intimate look at the disintegration of morale which was at the root of the company's woes. For example, the conversations recorded in the book are verbatim: strong, uninhibited barracks language, nauseating in its filthiness and repetitiveness; the form and language of men under stress.

In a story which follows this article, William Terao of the Southern California Chapter of the Club 100 also tells of his wholesale use of profanity while under duress at Ft. Leavenworth. And what could be more telling than some of the language of Richard Nixon in his tapes.

The members of Co. K were all aware of Shibutani's study role and cooperated with him. They covered for him when he had to take off to do field work. This first-hand look at disintegration of morale gives the book a "you were there" quality, somewhat akin to watching "60 Minutes" unfold on the TV screen Sunday evenings: Shafer, Wallace, Rather and Reasoner on-camera as they pick their way through the thread of their stories.

Of course, Co. K just didn't happen overnight. From the moment of the impact of bombs falling on Pearl Harbor, the Nisei were accused of disloyalty without evidence, and forced into evacuation without trial. Because they were considered untrustworthy, the draft was shut off to them; when it was reinstituted in January 1944, the natural question was, how come? The army by then had decided to keep the 100th and 442nd segregated. So, illogical as it seemed, it had no recourse

but to turn to the very people it had locked up without trial, to the relocation centers, for fillers for these two combat units. Like Pandora's box, the evacuation policy had spawned a can of worms. In another irony of policy implementation, the interpreter school which had been activated in the Presidio in 1941 had to move to Camp Savage because the ban on persons of Japanese in military areas applied to soldiers as well as civilians. All these are vivid illustrations of the truism of one of the so-called unnatural laws of man which states that once you open a can of worms, the only way to recan them is to get a bigger can.

But how was it that Co. K should come to be tagged with that most grovelling, scrubby and corrupting title? There were 284 of them - 58 Hawaiian Nisei, 224 mainland Nisei, and 2 Caucasians. Shibutani takes the reader through the problems brought about by segregating Nisei soldiers from the others; how, as war's end could be foreseen, Nisei soldiers began piling up at Ft. Meade because with the 100/442 taking it easy in their Riviera holiday, there were no calls for fillers, even while other units were crying for replacements as the army began its final drive to break apart the Nazi machine. The goal of combat in Europe was stifled. As for the Pacific, the War Department had earlier announced that Nisei troops were not to be used against Japan for fear of retaliation.

Surely, there was no can large enough to contain the fortunes of war, the changing army policies, discrimination, and the lack of identification on the part of the army with respect to the problems of the Nisei. For that, Co. K became the goat. The only recourse for the men was MISLS.

Although Fort Snelling had built up a good rapport within the Twin Cities area, all that changed in the summer of 1945 with the arrival of Nisei from Meade. Company R was organized in July. There follows a tale of disrespect for noncoms and officers, fights which were blamed upon the disorderly conduct of a handful of Hawaiians, the loss of respect for the mainland Nisei because they would not come to the aic of the embattled comrades and their lack of solidarity which gave continuing drive to the reign of terror, attempts by some of the mainlanders to emulate their Hawaiian brothers in slovelny dress and slurred speech but not making points for themselves at all, the lack of effort on the part of officers to understand the Nisei and provide effective leadership. The list is long.

Every encounter is detailed by Shibutani. In the next to the last chapter titled "Anarchy At The Replacement Depot," Shibutani follows the men to Camp Zama. Japan was then in an awful mess but the U. S. Army was probably worse off: it was rapidly disintegrating after V-J Day. Thus, when the men of Co. K arrived at Zama to await assignment as interpreters, they found themselves in a hell-hole where discipline had broken down and demoralization was evident everywhere: drunkeness, reckless driving, carelessness in dress, refusal to obey orders and observe military courtesy, and slovenliness in performing assigned duties. It seemed that the army had finally caught up with Co. K! In the chaos and corruption of Zama, the men found themselves at home, better able than others to fend for themselves.

Finally, Co. K was dissolved in early 1946 as the men went off to their assignments. Slowly at first, but then a change in army policy granting release to all EM with 24 months or more service created a sudden demand for interpreters. Once again, in the incongruity of changing orders, the men of Co. K, the least trained of interpreters, found themselves assigned to some of the most challenging linguistic assignments - the War Crimes Trials in the Philippines and Japan.

Most of them served conscientiously and well.

So what is morale? Here's one of Shibutani's summarizations: "If a group develops a record of consistently effective performance, its members place a high evaluation on the unit. Once this happens, efficiency tends to be self-perpetuating. for upholding the reputation of the unit becomes an additional objective within its component primary groups. It is such steady, reliable performance that is commonly called 'high morale.' The term refers to a sustained orientation, not to a single efficacious performance. The 100th Infantry Battalion and the vanguard of Nisei linguists in the Pacific theater were so characterized." (Underscore added.)

One final note by Shibutani. He says that the history of Co. K is unique. not likely to occur again. To this we can all say amen.

But one needs to read Shibutani's excellent book to get a feel and appreciation of the plight of the men of Co. K - which is more the case of our counterparts on the mainland. For, right after Pearl Harbor, if the Navy could have rounded up the ships, we of the 100th and 442nd and MISLS could have found ourselves in the relocations centers, too. Then, instead of today basking in the cynosure as members of the first all-Nisei combat and interpreter units in the history of the U.S. military, we could have been part and parcel of the demoralized.

- Ben Tamashiro

Shibutani's book is published by the U. of California Press, 1978, 455 pages; \$14.95. A copy is available for loan at the clubhouse office.



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From GI to Buddhist priest: An interview with William Terao, Southern California Chapter

Minister With A Flair

by Ben Tamashiro

William Terao is a Kibei. He was born in Stockton, California in 1915. Two years later, his father decided to return to Hiroshima, taking the whole family along with him. William was the second of two sons; his sister had just been born. One of the first acts of the father upon resettlement in Hiroshima was to take out Japanese citizenship papers for his two sons. At 18, having finished high school, William told his father that he wanted to return to America. "What for?" asked the father. "If it's simply to go to work, I won't let you go." In his mind, the father was dwelling on the tough times he had undergone in Stockton.

"No. I want to go back to study. To Los Angeles. For three years only." He pleaded with his father. With much reluctance, the father finally consented so in 1935, William returned to the United States. Thereby hangs a tale of a man, burdened by the weight of an inner guilt, finding salvation through the way of his god.

William had difficulty mastering the English language. After three years of study he could barely understand it. This was not for lack of effort. So he asked his father for an extension of three years. Although his father wanted him to come home and go to college in Japan, he nevertheless approved William's request. "And I was beginning to enjoy my stay," says William. However, he was a dual citizen so he kept getting annual notices from the Japanese Consulate to report for military duty in Japan. He went to the consulate one day in response to one of these notices and ran into a very haughty office clerk ("Nama-iki" is William's use of the Japanese). In a rage of anger at the cavalier attitude of the clerk, he cut off his Japanese citizenship.

Then fate intervened. Just about the time that William's extension was up and he was pondering the dilemma of having to ask his father for another extension, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. A month later, to the day, he was drafted into the army.

"You're in the army now"

He went from the induction center at Ft. MacArthur to Camp Roberts where he had his first taste of military life, for three weeks; then to Camp Robinson, Arkansas, where he was part of a group of about 200 Nisei assembled there for eight weeks of basic training. He was issued a rifle, the first he had ever held in his hands. It made him feel manly. This was America!

But at his next station. Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, he found himself reduced to doing menial station duties and janitorial type work at the station hospital. What happened between Robinson and Leavenworth? Who knows? Terao didn't. He was mad. His pride had been hurt. "There was a big officer's club there (Leavenworth) and a big dance party held every Saturday night, where we had to serve drinks and clean up the next day. So we were getting madder and madder. Being treated like janitors, after having gone through basic training and all that." But this was America, too. He began teeing off against the apparent injustices and in his rage, about every other word in his letters to friends in the relocation centers and elsewhere was a swear word. He then discovered that his letters were being censored, all of the swear words, especially, being snipped out. Rage turned into consternation with the further discovery that only letters of Nisei soldiers were being censored!

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Luckily, relief from his mental tortures came in the form of a next assignment, to Camp Crowder, Missouri. While studying at Los Angeles, he had turned his artistic talents into the field of graphic arts and this had become his major line of study. At Crowder, he was assigned to the task of drawing maps and illustrating training directives in the Plans and Training office. Although he was in his own element now, he did not feel that this was what he had been drafted for. So as the year came to a close, he was still unhappy. His aim was to go into combat.

In the subsequent sequence of events affecting the life of William Terao, replacements were announced for the 442nd. He was dejected when his name was not on the first list of replacements. To ensure that he would be on the next call-up, he volunteered for a place on the second list. His company commander called him in and said to him, "You must be crazy! Volunteering for a combat outfit! You'll get killed." "That's all right," was William's reply. "I'm going to die anyway." So he was all happiness when he made the second list and was then sent to Ft. McClellan, Alabama, for final combat training.

The "Jap Revolt"

There were three companies of Nisei at McClellan, about 600 men, most of whom had been put through the kind of ringer that William had gone through, or more. Discrimination of one kind or another. However, in the second week of training, they were issued rifles. In the exultation, forgotten were the injustices of the past. But not so for 150 who refused to accept the rifles! Most likely each had a damned good reason for the refusal action. And William, though he sympathized with them, felt that the issuance of the rifles meant the return of trust by the army. For him, rifle in hand, he was willing and ready to fight for the country of his birth; to die for it.

The 150 were thrown into the stockade. The post chaplains went in to talk to them, after which they were given a second chance to accept the rifles. At this point, most of them did. The few who refused remained in the stockade. Newspaper headlines blared the news of the "Jap Revolt" and the word quickly spread to all the camps where Nisei were stationed; to places like Camp Shelby where the 100th had undergone its final preparation for combat and where the 442nd had followed.

(When William's group was given its last furlough prior to oversea shipment, some in the group went to Shelby to say goodbye to friends. There, the mainland Nisei were busted up by the Hawaii boys training at Shelby. Why? "Because, I think, they had heard about the 150 at McClellan," says William. "But you see, you guys from Hawaii never went through the kind of experience we had to go through.")

After completion of 17 weeks of training at McClellan, William went from Meade in Maryland to Patrick Henry in Virginia, then was shipped out from Newport News as part of a 3-company strength of Nisei. They were headed as replacements for the 100/442.

Mary And Her Own Problems

Let me digress a bit and turn the focus on Mary, William's wife. They were married in 1946 and have a daughter who works for Japan Airlines. But before all this came about, Mary, who was born in Oregon, had undergone her own set of travails. In May '42 during the period of the evacuation of the Japanese from the West Coast, the family had to dispose of its two stores and a small hotel. In the rush of events, the stores whose net worth was around \$6,000 were sold for \$125 while the hotel sold for a slightly better price at \$1,000 but which was still less than a third of what it should have been. Just before the family left the place, one day a bunch of

drunken white stevedores forced their way into the hotel and smashed every glass piece in the hotel - from glass front to lights to drinking cups and hallway mirrors and what not. "My mother and I were just shivering in the corner," recalls Mary of the incident. "So in a way we were glad that we were leaving."

News item. The House recently approved the creation of a 7-member commission to investigate the World War II internment of 120,000 Japanese-Americans from their homes and forced them into internment camps for the duration of the war. Although the bill would authorize only an investigation into President Roosevelt's Executive Order 9066 of Feb. 19, 1942, it could open the way for the internees to file financial claims against the U.S. The Senate had earlier approved a similar bill. The internment has been described as "one of the grotesque aberrations of the American political system."

Mary's father was interned for the duration. He was shunted from prison camp to prison camp. Mary herself was in the Minidoka, Idaho, relocation center from August 1942 to September 1945. At the beginnings of the evacuation, she and her group were hustled into the Portland horse stables before being sent on to Idaho. She was kept busy working in the legal aid department. She also taught sewing. Her brother was drafted and served time as an interpreter. The family was reunited after the war, in Oregon.

Overseas

Meanwhile, William had arrived in Italy. He was assigned to Company B of the 100th commanded by Sakae Takahashi. The 100th by then was the 1st Battalion of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team which was getting ready to leave for Marseilles, France, and the battle for Bruyeres. William took part in the rescue of the "Lost Battalion" at the end of October 1944 and was wounded in the leg by shrapnel. He was hospitalized for two months, then rejoined Baker Company at Menton, even though he had not fully recovered from his wounds. (The Germans had struck through the Ardennes Forest on December 16 in a last-ditch effort to break up the Allied offense. One of the consequences in the consternation caused by the surprise attack was that patients were being forced to leave the hospitals for return to their units.) He was therefore held back when the 442nd returned to Italy in March 1945 and was subsequently assigned to a signal depot along with about ten other wounded Nisei. The depot was stationed near Nancy in northern France. It became engaged in the final Allied push into Germany and when the war ended the depot was in Mannheim. With nothing to do now, he was kept occupied in such foolish tasks as repainting Jeeps. Some vehicles were painted many times over. Putting his graphic art talents to use, he began to gussie up the Jeeps by painting figures of nude girls on them. Finally in September he was sent to Antwerp where he boarded a tanker headed for Galveston and was discharged at Ft. Lewis near Seattle in October 1945.

The Making Of A Buddhist Priest

V-J Day came while William was still in Mannheim (about 50 miles inside Germany, from the northeastern corner of France). The news that Hiroshima had been wiped out by the A-bomb caused William great consternation. He wondered what could have happened to his parents and his sister. His brother who was a Buddhist priest, had followed William to America and was assigned to temples, first in Oakland, then in Seattle. He was interned for the duration and heard about the bombing of Hiroshima while in prison camp.

Subsequently, when the brothers were reunited in Spokane, they learned that both of their parents, their sister's husband, and the husband's parents - five of the family circle - had been killed in the atom bomb blast. The only survivors were the sister and three young children. The news devasted the brothers. William had difficulty quieting the discordant voices within him: why was it that the country

The Burden . . .

He has never forgiven himself for having left his parents when he was 18; for having thought only of himself when he pleaded with his father to let him come to the United States. And so - to atone for the sin of having deserted his parents, for having neglected them . . . until it was too late - he became a Buddhist priest.

And The Glory

Today, William lives the life of a happy man; semi-retired, with two lovely grandchildren and a wonderful wife. In retirement, his outward manifestations are that of a carefree man. He can sit down and imbide with the gang and tell the best of stories. Neither has he forgotten the swear words that had been snipped out of his correspondence at Ft. Leavenworth.

But most important, he has found true happiness through the teachings of Jodo Shinshu Buddhism.

PARENTS DAY PROGRAM - 1980

The 23rd annual Parents Day was held on Sunday, May 25, 1980, at the Nippon Theatre. Over 350 parents, friends, members and wives gathered to enjoy the program MC'd by committee chairman Richard "Japan" Nakahara.

The parents and guests were given refreshments (manju, mochi, senbei and hot tea) as they began arriving from 7:30 a.m. The serving was done by the Club 100 wives, led by Mrs. Frances Okazaki.

Kaoru Yonezawa gave the welcoming remarks. Then the Hanayagi Dance Troupe performers did two beautiful dances. The guest participation (nodojiman) produced a few good singers. The lucky number drawings followed.

The committee members appreciated the donations from Nippon Theatre, Roy Nakatani, Yoshito Aimoto, Star Super Market, Times Super Market, Robert Aoki, Richard Endo, and Kimie Ito.

A movie based on a true life experience FUKUSHU WA WARE NI ARI, kept the audience in suspense until the very end.

"Japan" Nakahara and his committee members, and the many other members and wives who did the small and big things to put on the show are thanked by all who enjoyed the 1980 Parents Day program.

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ANNIVERSARY PARTY SPEECH

by Eduardo Malapit
Mayor, County of Kauai

at Kauai Resort Hotel, June 28, 1980

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am very privileged to appear before you, the honored 100th Infantry Battalion members. My only regret is that not all of you are registered voters of this county. Please be assured that I am not assuming that if you were all Kauai voters you would vote for me. I wish it because it is very difficult for me to secure an attentive audience in an election year without my supplying the refreshments.

As I view this audience with its predominance of grey, I am mindful that the reason for this gathering began forty years ago, when all of you were in the prime of youth. I know that many hours have already been spent and many more will be spent telling stories that begin with, "Do you remember when". I too would like to tell not a story but a bit of national experience that begins with "Do you remember when".

Every evening, I listen to the TV news and I am told that this is the 200th plus day that the U.S. hostages have been held captives, and, I remember when President Theodore Roosevelt advocated speaking softly and carrying a big stick. I wonder whether we've come to a state where we shout and have no stick.

I read of the fiasco that was the rescue attempt and am discouraged to learn that one of the reasons for the failure was the lack of trained technical staff. The President proposes registration only, not draft, and the cry from the campuses is "Hell no, we won't go". And, I remember the formation of the 100th and the 442nd. I wonder if the national purpose is so wrong today that it justifies such a reaction? I am afraid that if Patrick Henry were alive today and stated "Give me liberty or give me death", he'd be laughed out of town.

The steel industry is requesting protection from steel imports. The auto industry is requesting an import quota against foreign imports. The radio and TV industries, the shoe industry, the watch industry and many other industries are claiming unfair foreign competition. I remember when we were the technological king in all of those industries. I wonder what went wrong that all those industries now ask government protection from foreign competition. I wonder why we who landed a man on the moon, invented the transistor and provide most of the world's computers no longer are competitive in so many industries.

I am sure this refrain can be expanded into other areas, in my humble non-expert way, I wonder what might be a possible answer. I can only theorize or guess that our educational system has been less than what we should wish for. Some studies indicate that math and science in Russia, West Germany and Japan are significantly ahead of our schools. Personally, I feel that we who have come this far have failed to motivate our children to the degree that impelled us to do well in school. Some of the problems in today's schools were unimaginable even ten years ago. School violence, school vandalism, drug usage, parental control, discipline, are common problems in almost every school. I believe the handwriting on the wall is very clear. Unless we get back on track, our whole nation may be left with the saying. "I remember when".

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Dear Editor:

During the 38th Anniversary Banquet dance at the Kauai Resort Hotel I couldn't help but think about our defunct Maui Chapter Dance Club. Especially when I saw the members dancing so gracefully and happily to the music of the Hanalei Seranaders. They also enjoyed dancing at the Lydgate Park pavilion the night before. The Mike Tokunaga's, Masao Kawamata's, Martin Tohara's, Bob Takashige's, Ralph Ikeda's, my roommate - Kazuto Shimizu and Mrs. Helen Nikaido, smiling as usual, and not to be left out, our dance instructor Ron Higashi who kept the ladies happy because he was single during the convention. I felt envious; I too could have been dancing and enjoying if I had continued my dancing lessons.

Maybe I could have flunked out like one of my friends in Honolulu. He was told in a diplomatic manner, "You are a hopeless case no rhythm or timing to the music. I hate to take your money and I don't want to waste my time and yours; maybe you might try square dancing."

When the announcement came about forming the Maui Dance Club with Ron Higashi, the newly transplanted member from Honolulu as the instructor, I told my wife let's go. So she and I went to the Waikapu Community Center where the dance lessons were to be held. There we met the Johnny Miyagawa's, Minoru Murakami's, Tadao Sato's, and the Eichi Endo's - in other words 5 couples to start; thinking other couples might join us later.

Ron Higashi and his wife Shizue were the instructors. We were taught not only about dancing but, poise, posture, style, and other things that went along with dancing.

To begin with I knew a little about dancing. I remember dancing in the Trocadero Night Club in LaCrosse, Wisconsin. I asked this red head lady for a dance and she later said "Is this Hawaiian dance step? Funny I can follow you like the American step." I told ber the Hawaiian dance step became the American step when Hawaii became a Territory and part of the U.S. Guess what, she believed me. I remember dancing with a blonde. She must have been 5 feet 11 inches tall. You know where my face was. She looked down and I looked up. We got along fine although I kicked her shoes a few times.

My pre-war dancing lessons came from the Borinki step mixed with the Filipino plantation camp step all mixed in one. That was many years ago.

Ron and Shizue gave some samples of waltz, fox trot, rumba, cha cha, and disco dancing. It looked so nice and simple when they danced them.

While practicing the waltz and fox trot I must have pumped enough gas for 10 cars. Then along came Mrs. Higashi saying in a lady-like manner "You are going to wear your wife's arm out of the socket." So I slowed down. Now I pump about 3 gallons of gas a night. Someday I hope to quit pumping gas.

At times I looked at my feet to see where they were going and again in a polite manner I was told the feet are still there, one right foot and one left foot, not like my friend in Honolulu who has 2 left feet.

My friend told me that at Camp McCoy (old camp) whenever there was a dress parade he had to go on K.P. Everytime the drum go boom he started with his right foot. He figured everybody was out of step but him. Yet he tells me that he saw during the parade some other guys, heads pumping up and down in between and they were not on K.P. like him.

I really enjoyed those practices at the Waikapu center on Wednesday nights. I looked forward to that night. We had 10 minutes of break after 1 hour of practice. We had coffee, soda, beer and pastries. The ambitious ones practiced even during the break time.

Ron even drew some footprints on the floor (size 12) so that I won't miss them; making sure the left goes to the left and the right to the right. The twinkle and the grapevine were sure fun to learn. My grapevine turned into pumpkin vine instead, and the twinkle became a twisted mess. When Ron and Shizue did the twinkle and the grapevine, oh it was so beautiful, just like the Arthur Murrays dancing. When I danced with Shizue it was so easy and she made me look good. When my wife danced with Ron she looked like she had been dancing for years. Now when I danced with my wife it was different; I don't know who was pushing or pulling. Soon we learned that we must learn to push and pull together. You push me around one time and next, I push you. In other words, I lead you and you follow me and vice versa with the timing of the music.

Eichi Endo with his 40% wound on his left calf muscle kept up and took breaks when he felt tired. After about 6 months the Endo's left for a long trip to the mainland. Then I had a major operation that left my left leg in a bad condition. Then somehow the dance club faded away with no new addition to the group. It was fun while it lasted and we had a nice congenial group of 6 couples. Too bad that because of lack of participation the dance club had to die. As I sat and watched all those dancers at the convention going around, I felt sad and yet I was happy to have learned dancing. But I did not master the fancy and involved steps.

Thank you, Ron and Shizue, for being so patient and kind to take time out and teach us every Wednesday night. We all really appreciate what you both have taught us. We miss the classes.

Sincerely,

Masao Sato Maui Chapter

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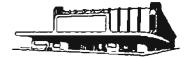
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by Tom Fujise

Chapter president Yoshiharu Nishida contributed the following:

Able Chapter was represented at the club convention by Alfred and Paulette Arakaki, Ralph and Ethel Fukunaga, Chikami and Florence Hirayama, Yoshiharu and Florence Nishida, Masami and Marian Yamamoto, Biffa Moriguchi, Donald Nagasaki, Stanley Takahashi and Goro Sumida. Most of us went sight seeing while a few went golfing. The first day of excursion was a boat trip up the Wailua River to the Fern Grotto. That evening the Kauai members hosted us at Lydgate Park. Next day after a short business meeting most of us left for a tour of Hanalei. That evening the anniversary banquet was held at Kauai Resort Hotel. On the morning of the last day after checking out of the hotel, we left for Hanapepe. A memorial service was held at the Kauai Veteran Cemetery at Hanapepe. After the service, we left for Waimea Canyon and Kokee Park. It was a beautiful day and we had a wonderful view of Waimea Canyon. After a bento lunch at Kokee, we left for the airport to return home. Everyone seem to have had a wonderful time during the three days of the convention.

Picture this if you will -- Richard "Japan" Nakahara on his beautiful 14 footer coming into Kewalo Basin after a successful day of bountiful fishing. Beautiful tourists lining the dock, charming "Japan" waves his handkerchief, he drops it, he stoops to pick it up and then BANG! There goes his nice boat right smack against the pier. Next stop, emergency ward and stitches on his jaw. Must have been a very quite June week in the Nakahara household.

Carl Morioka and Sam Hanashiro have something in common beside being members of Able Chapter. This past month both had a slight heart attack and both spent a few days in the hospital. Fortunately, both are now well on the road to recovery. So, both of you take it easy for a while and be sure to watch your intake. Also for good therapy attend the regular meeting of Able Chapter.

The blue skies of Kauai must have smiled down on Able Chapter members who played golf. Chikami Hirayama, Stanley Takahashi and Kei Yamaguchi came through in fine form in the golf tournament held at the Wailua golf course in conjunction with Club 100 convention on Kauai. When the scores were finally tabulated, Chikami was awarded a handsome golf bag, and Stanley and Kei took home a pocket full of golf balls.

Eugene and Gladys Kawakami went to the mainland in May to see their son Brian graduate from New York Law School. Now that both their daughter and son have spread their "wings", the Kawakami's must have enjoyed a wonderful 2-month long trip covering both the East and West coast.



As a Rule

The NATURAL LAW of money: Anything left over will be needed tomorrow to pay an unexpected bill.

-Betty Canary, Surviving as a Woman (Regnery)

THE FIRST LAW of travel: No matter how many rooms there are in the motel, the fellow who starts up his car at five o'clock in the morning is always parked under your window.

-Orben's Current Comedy!

FLIP WILSON'S LAW on success: You can't expect to hit the jackpot if you don't put a few nickels in the machine.

-"Flip Wilson Show," NBC

AT BANK, POST OFFICE OR SUPERMARKET, there is one universal law which you ignore at your peril: The shortest line moves the slowest.

-Bill Vaughan in Kansas City Star

CHARLIE CHAPTER NEWS

by Ralph Ikeda

Remember when I wrote about the old Japanese parents' style of saying "uchi-no-wa-baka-da-ka-ra," well, I'm finding that although reluctant, mothers are more apt to talk about their offsprings than the strong, silent men of Charlie Company. The men won't give me any information about their sons, who were to be the subject of this article. Sorry, men and boys - your fathers, though very proud of you, aren't going to give me any information.

My telephone number is 922-3229 and I ask that you let me know what you are doing - or even what your father is doing in his retirement years. Please contact me, I shall be happy to hear from sons, daughters, and wives of members. And, of course, members, too.

In Co. C, I think we didn't have doctors but had one dentist, a lawyer or two, and an engineer or two. The rest were ordinary, albeit outstanding men doing all kinds of work and making a good living.

I know that we still may not have too many "professionals" among our off-springs but I'm sure we have many outstanding men and women among the many children we have.

Recently, I had a minor legal problem which I felt needed professional legal advice. So, I went to my lawyer friend's office, then he referred me to his "new but bright" associate and introduced him as Mr. William Goo. Lo and behold, that was Willie Goo's son! What a small world. So next time you feel you need legal help, go and see Willie Goo's son! or some other member's lawyer son or daughter.

Our much talked about Family Night has come and gone. We thank Warren Iwai, Jack Mizushima and all the others who

helped to make it an outstanding night. Of course, the highlight of the evening was the amount and variety of desserts donated by the ladies of Co. C. We could have had a "dessert-only-night" and we all would have gone home five pounds heavier. Thank you ladies. All my trousers got a little tighter but I enjoyed the desserts.

The other highlight of the party was that four generations of the Mizushima family were at the party. Four, count them:
(1) There was Jack's mother, (2) Jack and Ruth, (3) Jack's son and daughter with appropriate spouses and (4) Jack's five year old grandson. That little grandson is sharp. He knows all of the numbers on the Bingo card.

It was nice to see four generations of a family there - all enjoying themselves. We should have more parents, children and grand-children at our parties.

The convention on Kauai was really good. First, may I thank Mitsuru Doi and his gang for all that good food that they put out for the Friday night fellowship party at Lydgate Park and thanks to all the Kauai people who made the convention such a success. Thanks also to Seichi Hoashi (a Co. C man) who took such good care of my wife. You see, I deserted her on the trip to Kokee. I instead went golfing after the memorial service. She enjoyed the trip to the canyon. Thanks to Seichi.

It was nice to see the Company C men from all of the islands and the mainland. It was a bit embarassing when a guy came up to me, shook my hand and said "I remember you - you remember me?" And me standing there with a blank look saying "Yea, yea", but having a hard time connecting his present day face, his name tag and the rough and rugged young man of thirty eight years ago. I would later withdraw a bit and try to get a real good look at him and try to make the connections. Eventually it would dawn on me that indeed, I know him. I'd go back to him and say - "Hey, you were the B.A.R. man, eh?

Boy, the gun was bigger than you!" And so it went. You, who missed this convention, set aside almost anything else and be sure to attend the next convention - or reunion or whatever they may call it. Time is getting short for us and them. So we better go meet our old friends while we can still "chew the fat" with a beer in one hand and our other hand on your old friend's shoulder. Boy, it's a good feeling to do that.

Our deepest sympathies to Kazuto and Lynn Shimizu. Kazuto lost his younger brother recently and I think I know the feeling. It's one thing to lose to lose a younger brother or sister. Since they are younger than you are, about your health and yourself.

EDITOR'S NOTES by Donald Kuwaye

The June 27-29 club convention is now part of the history of Club 100. In my estimation, it was a remarkable gathering of members and their wives who were willing and happy to enjoy a weekend of fun and fellowship with long unseen friends from far away.

Including the Kauai Chapter Contingent there were slightly over 200 members and wives at the two big activities - fellowship night at Lydgate Park on Friday night and the anniversary party on Saturday at the Kauai Resort Hotel.

Many thanks from the conventioneers to the Kauai members and their wives for their genuine Garden Isle hospitality. Muggsy Morikawa, Ben Morimoto and Mitsuru Doi and the many others who worked so hard - the conventioneers appreciate your efforts. Muggsy and Mitsuru for their singing and taking charge, and Ben for doing a masterful MC's job.

Our special writer, Ben Tamashiro, has interviewed two mainland members, and their remarkable wartime experiences are detailed in this issue. We thank Rev. William Terao and Hershey Miyamura for coming to the convention, and for their interviews.

The photos on the cover and on page 3, showing Hershey and Terry Miyamura were taken by Larry Sakoda, a member of the Kauai Chapter. and the official photographer of the convention.

You will note that there are two articles from the Hawaii Chapter in this issue. Maeda wrote one because he was asked by the regular reporter, Walter Kadota, to submit one. Kadota was on a trip to Europe and returned to Hilo in time to write about his observations of the tour. Thank you, James and Walter.

There is a long letter to the editor on page 24. Maui member Masao Sato has written about the dance club on Maui which started with lots of enthusiasm and future, but is now inactive through lack of students. Let an older brother or sister but another us hope that the dance club is reactivated.

If any member wants an extra copy of the Parade to sent to someone, please call you start getting all kinds of feelings me at the club office. There is always a few copies left after bulk mailing has been completed.

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DOG CHAPTER NEWS

by Helen Nikaido

May 18th may have been a bad night for a family night as we expected more to attend, but nevertheless, those attending had a nice time I'm sure. We had movies of the Dog Chapter's junket to Reno and San Francisco and slides of the recent spring tour to Japan plus plenty of ono food.

Co-chaired by Yoshi & Conrad Tsukayama, Kay & Wally Chinen, the menu was Korean style short ribs, sashimi, nishime, bara sushi, salad and desserts. To the following wives, many thanks for the go-chi-so you prepared: Dorothy Tohara-mochi; Stella Nakayama-coffee cake; Mildred Hosaka-chocolate cake; Yoshiko Oshiro-cherry cake; Mildred Yoshida-bara sushi; Ruth Ishizuka-ohagi; Momoyo Endo-akule sashimi, tripe, quail eggs; Kay Chinen-somen, bean salad, undagi, flowers; Helen Nikaido-pupu, flowers; Florence Mitsunaga-chicken liver; Yoshi Tsukayama-nishime, tossed salad, korean salad, fruit dessert. Our thanks to "Lefty" kimura for the sashimi and to the helpers, Richard Hara and "Ka" Nakayama.

Thirty nine members, wives and children of Dog Chapter (this includes the mainland, Hawaii and Maui chapters) attended the convention held on Kauai recently. Many were kept busy taking tours and golfing during the day. Friday night was the fellowship night at Lydgate park. I've never seen so many varieties of namasu and salad and besides there were so much hekka, pupus, fish, desserts, fruits, etc. Saturday night buffet banquet at the hotel had lots of delicious food, too. To the Kauai members and wives, our sincere thanks and appreciation for your hospitality, and especially to the wives for preparing all the delicious food. To our mainland friends, thank you so much for the cherries and grapes. Let's all keep well and look forward to our next convention.

"Charlie" Kawamata took the Mamiya family snorkeling at Hanauma Bay. Lily had a ball, as the little fishes nibbled away on her legs. From the mainland the following people attended the convention: Irene & Eric Abe, Lily & Buddy Mamiya, Terri & Chip Mamiya, Terry, Kelly & Hershey Miyamura, "Chuckie" & Lloyd Seki; from Hawaii, Takao Miyao; from Maui, Fred Yamashige; from Oahu, Mildred & "Doc" Hosaka, Rhoda & "Charlie" Kawamata, Jane & Sadashi Matsunami, Florence & Kenneth Mitsunaga, Katsumi Nakayama, Helen & Kenji Nikaido, Yoshiko & Sidney Oshiro, Eddie Kuwazaki, Dorothy & Martin Tohara, Yoshi & Conrad Tsukayama, Thelma & Hiromi Urabe, Ethel & Masaji Usui, Ruth & Ronald Watanabe, and Mildred & Jitsuri Yoshida.

Our 1967 European tour group had a get-together at Edna & Hajime Yamane's daughter's fabulous home in Newtown on Saturday, July 12. It was a pot luck dinner which we all enjoyed. Imagine no duplicate dish so you can see the varieties of delicious foods we had. Several people couldn't make it but the following people there were: Rhoda & "Charlie" Kawamata, Mrs. Ishida (Rhoda's mom), Alice & Kiyoshi Kami, Yae & Albert Yokoyama (Albert's sister), Nancy & Bob Nakamura, Yoshiko & Sidney Oshiro, Yoshi & Conrad Tsukayama, Lillian & Francis Uyeda and Helen & Kenji Nikaido. Thank you Edna & "Jimmy", we all had a very enjoyable evening.

A get-well and speedy recovery goes to Etsuro Sekiya who was confined at Kuakini Medical Center recently after an operation. Congratulations to Gregory Kuwazaki, son of Edna & Eddie Kuwazaki, upon his graduation from the University of Hawaii. Congratulations to Dr. Stephen Moriguchi, son of our buddy Chieko & "Biffa" (A), who is now with Pedodontic Associates, Inc. (Drs. Hayakawa, Uchida & Odani)

While at the Kauai convention we had a nice chat with Hershey Miyamura, the Congressional Medal of Honor recipient of the Korean war. It was so interesting listening to Hershey that I'd like to share it with you, too.

Hershey was captured by the Chinese as he was holding the line. The Chinese were advancing and Hershey, disregarding the safety of his life, told the haole soldiers to go back because he will hold the front line. In so doing, unfortunately he was captured by the Chinese. Hershey did not receive his medal until his release from the prisoner of war camp in fear of any retaliation.

Hershey was assigned to Dog Chapter in February, 1945, but was held back the second time as he had to undergo an operation. He finally made it the third time, but four days out of Naples the war ended. He then returned to the United States with the colors. There was a parade on New York's Fifth Ave. and the Presidential Unit citation was pinned on the colors. There are seven Presidential Unit citations and the 100th was the first to receive it. This citation is equivalent to giving each soldier the Distinguished Service Cross. Harry Truman was the President then.

There are two hundred seventy-one (271) Congressional Medal of Honor living recipients. They have a Medal of Honor society which meets every two years. Everyone attending has an all expense paid trip to wherever the meeting is held.

These Medal of Honor men are the guests of honor at the Presidential inaugurations. Hershey mentioned that President John F. Kennedy was the only President who shook their hands and he was the one who initiated this honor.

In March, 1979, the then mayor of Gallup, New Mexico, Edward Junker, proposed to name an overpass in honor of Hershey.

Hershey operates a service station (has been for 21 years). As you get out of Los Angeles and get onto interstate 40, you won't miss his station "Exxon". Be sure to drop by and visit him and at the same time 'fill her up'. You have to gas up sooner or later. Hershey was born in Gallup, New Mexico 54 years ago (55 come October). He's the youngest Dog Chapter member. He was drafted in New Mexico when he was only 18 years old.

His lovely wife, Terry, comes from Arizona. They have three children; first son Mike is a commercial artist and is married, second son Pat has completed two years in dental school and his daughter Kelly is in her second year in college.

His children all have Irish names, want to know why? While Hershey was a prisoner of war, his buddies were Irish.

Last December, Monte Fujita found out that he was related to Hershey. Monte's aunt's son's daughter is married to Hershey's nephew. Isn't this amazing!

ALWAYS tell the truth. You may make a hole in one when you're alone on the golf course someday.

-Franklin P. Jones in Quote Magazine

Knowledge cannot make us all leaders, but it can help us decide which leader to follow.

—Management Digest

Serving God is doing good to man. But praying is thought an easier service and is therefore more generally chosen.

-Benjamin Franklin

BEWARE of those who laugh at nothing or at everything. -Arnold H. Glasow

INFLATION is being broke with a lot of money in your pocket.

-Industrial Press Service

HEADQUARTERS CHAPTER NEWS

KAUAI CHAPTER NEWS

by Kenichi Suehiro

by Ben Morimoto

Our sympathies go to Ken Saruwatari and his family. His mother, Sai Saruwatari passed away on June 17. Kuulei Fukumoto (HQ chapter "ugu i su") and daughter of Robert and Bessie Fukumoto is in Chicago earning her bachelor's degree in music. She should be back in about a year. Bert Takahashi, son of Fred and Nancy Takahashi is a captain in the Army Signal Corps, serving in Germany, near Frankfurt. John Ohta, son of Tad and Hilda Ohta is with the Foreign Service. Be careful, John, no sense taking chances like your dad did. Craig Nosse, grandson of Tom and Margaret, is visiting here for about a month. He's 11 years old so there is no danger of being spoiled by his grandparents. Elmo Okido, our Senior Citizen, was in LA in May - says he spent the entire time in "J" Town. I wonder what's going on.

We were treated to an unbelievable sight on Wednesday night (July 2) at the post convention get-together at the clubhouse. Itsuki Oshita and Harry Yamashita were both seen mopping the floor! Never saw these two do such menial work before. Times are changing!

Best wishes to Joan Ikuma, daughter of the Ed Ikumas. She became Mrs. Dean Naguwa on July 5 at the Manoa Valley Church. The reception was held at the Hibiscus Room, Ala Moana Hotel.

Calvin Shimogaki says our next Family Night will be on August 30, the Sunday before Labor Day - please mark it on your calendar.

I am anxious to write about the children and grandchildren of HQ members. Please call me if you want our members to know what's going on.

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After months of planning and hopes for a successful convention, our first venture finally came and it is all over now. I could not tally the consensus of opinions of those who came on whether they enjoyed this convention or not. I personally believe that looking back at the affairs that took place and seeing the socializing of old friends meeting once again was worth the trip. To those who did not come to Kauai your chances of coming here for another convention may never come. The 1980 one was Kauai's last I am sure.

Speaking in behalf of the chapter I may be biased to say the planning and work done to conduct this convention by so few active members and wives, I am not boastful to say the convention was a success. We were also blessed with a wonderful weather, no rain to spoil the days and evenings. The following weekend after the convention the weather changed from sunshine to frequent rains.

The chapter thanks the delegation from California for their fresh fruits which were served during Friday and Saturday nights' programs. Also to Stan Nakamoto of American Equipment Co., Inc. to offer a door prize, a Carrier Air Conditioner. It was a surprise for me to be the lucky person when my number was drawn.

The last general meeting held was the largest turnout on record - 22 members and 8 wives. It was good to see Yoshio Ando (F&C) from Kekaha after all these years.

During the June 14th and 15th weekend there was a Soto Mission Church convention in Hanapape. I was surprised to see Kaoru Moto from Maui with Yatsuji Nakagawa.

HAWAII CHAPTER NEWS

by James S. Maeda

Walter Kadota, Hawaii Chapter's dependable reporter, before leaving on his vacation requested that this writer fill in for him for this issue. We thank Walter for his continuous willingness to serve as our reporter.

WINE TASTING GATHERING: Thanks to the courtesy of Tom Kadota, Larry Nagata and Better Brands, members of the club and their wives enjoyed a wine tasting gathering at the June meeting at the AJA Veterans Hall. There were about 60 persons present, learning and tasting the different wines. It was the first experience for many. Although the wine tastes better with a regular wine glass, the ladies felt best to leave their nice wine glasses at home for fear they may break. Cheese, cracker and bread did not suffice the men, they had to have other pupus, which made it difficult for the chairman.

AJA VETERANS COUNCIL GET-TOGETHER: The annual Independence Day AJA Veterans Council get-together on July 6, was very successful. There were about 100 members and wives from the 100th, 442nd and Interpreters clubs present for the annual affair. Tommy Kaulukukui, Hilo High School's most famous athlete and member of Hawaii's Sports Hall of Fame was the guest speaker. This year's gathering was a heavy pupu and refreshment affair from 4:00 to 7:00 p.m., on Sunday afternoon.

ANNUAL MEMORIAL SERVICE: Hawaii Chapter's annual memorial service will be held on Sunday morning, September 28, at the Hawaii County Veterans Cemetery. Hawaii County Councilman Joseph Garcia will be the speaker. Motoyoshi Tanaka is the chairman assisted by Yasuo Iwasaki and Stanley Ushijima. Members are urged to show up at the cemetery at 8:00 a.m. to assist with the decorating of graves with anthuriums.

PERSONALITIES: Motoyoshi Tanaka recently retired from Hilo Gas Co. and Honolulu Gas Co. He served his employer for 42 years, rain or shine; this is real dedication. Rain or shine, tidal wave, floods and etc, Moto helped to make it possible for the people in Hilo to get the essential gas. We wish you good health and enjoyment in your retirement.

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS: As part of the AJA Veterans Council here on the Big Island, Hawaii Chapter members together with the others (442nd and Interpreters) are concerned about the future of our building on Haihai Street, near the golf course. Like the Club 100 in Honolulu, the AJA Veterans Council has been enjoying a "tax exempt status". Our income comes from the rental for the use of the hall by outside organizations and individuals. In our recent discussions on the Council level one of the members pointed out that, "as an tax exmpt organization, we are not serving the community as an organization." Our services to youth, the senior citizens and needy have been nil. We have gone back to the pronoun, "US" and "ME". The writer believes, if the Club 100 goes back to its financial statement and minutes of the past few years, with the exception of one or two projects, it's been for "US".

We are constantly reminded about the changing times. There are many possibilities for service like: use of the hall for senior citizens' day care center, or a nursery school, and others. The costs operating and maintaining a clubhouse increases each year. Perhaps those members who utilize the facilities need to be thinking of paying additional money, like other clubs which offer facilities; or find other source of income. We have our challenge on the Big Island, however, those of you in Honolulu have bigger challenge. The question is: Where Do We Go From Here? God has challenged us with the words: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

HAWAII CHAPTER NEWS

by Walter Kadota

No sooner we got back from Scandinavia, Kazuma Taguchi was at our door saying we have to oblige Ye Editor for a PPP contribution. This on a 24-hour notice. We had our wine tasting party and our AJA Veterans get-together, but nothing happened, he says. So how about something from my European diary.

This is our third trip abroad in four years. Our philosophy of life in retirement is to let the future take care of itself. Live for the present and enjoy life while you've still got your good health and a sturdy pair of legs. This wee bit of wisdom comes when you lie in a hospital bed and you have plenty of time to think.

In our party, ours is the only name whose ancestral roots do not connote an Old World connection. A farmer from New Lisbon, Wisconsin says I remind him of a Winnebago friend from Black River Falls in his native state.

In one of the chapels in London's Westminster Abbey, we're gawking at the magnificent fan vaulting overhead. Our eyes come to rest on two ladies from Hilo, here for the same culture exposure. We live within a 5 mile radius of each other, but never run into each other, even at the super market. We have to come this far to say hello.

It's 11:30 at night in Oslo, Norway, but it's still light outside. The local culinary spread of a Norwegian breakfast is out of this world, especially after London's Continental breakfast of rolls and coffee. So is their fjord country. Visualize the ocean innundating our Kolekole Gulch for miles inland with a steamer cruising in it, in a setting of cascading waterfalls from towering cliffs fed by melting snows and glaciers. Multiply that by one thousand. That's our best description of a Norwegian fjord in June time.

In Stockholm, our guide says the working man pays high taxes to support the welfare benefits of a socialist state, including higher education for the children. That's why it costs a bundle to eat in their restaurants. But the strawberries are worth it. The strains of HILO MARCH via cassette is being played in the bus as we pass through Swedish chateau country, but doesn't ring a bell with the Australians who are snoozing.

In Copenhagen, in Tivoli's amusement park, I take a snapshot of a lady puffing on a pipe, coming through the turnstile at the entrance gate. Back home I'm to learn that my exposure button from a previous shot had not been adjusted on the Yashica and I drew a dud. It would have been so simple with an Instamatic. You win some, you lose some.

At Hamburg's Reeperbaum red-light district, a German band is striking up WALTZING MATILDA in their characteristic oomp-pah-pah beat as we enter the beer hall. The Aussies want to take to the floor, but it's the last chorus that's been played. We take leave to the music of BEER BARREL POLKA, our swan song to Germany.

In Brussels my bum foot starts acting up. But you've come this far so you make that walk past the Grand Palace Square to take a picture of the Mannekin-Piss statue. Had I stayed on the bus I'd probably be kicking myself for being hanky-panky about a little sore. Those missed extra efforts take on mighty big proportions once you're back in the comforts of your home.

In Amsterdam we trace a sentimental journey to a Chinese restaurant where we had lunch on a previous visit some years ago. We get socked \$7 in American dollars for a bowl of noodles that we ordered as saimin.

But it's useless to argue with an Indonesian in a foreign country. You just feel thankful you didn't order the dinner plate you pointed to at the adjoining table. Like the vanished hippies from Dam Square we won't be coming back this way again.

In Paris we head for the Louvre via the Metro underground. At the Chatelet station stop, two gypsy teenagers with a teary look, accost my wife, begging for alms. One shoves a cardbox against Kay's chest while the other zips open her screened out handbag. Our passport falls to the pavement and, fortunately, is picked up by a member of our party. We call ourselves seasoned travelers, but we're still a green horn in certain matters. But why was my wife singled out? She didn't even rate a pinch in the okole the last time we were in Rome.

MAUI CHAPTER NEWS

by Tom Nagata

Maui Chapter members and their wives enjoyed a delicious Mother's Day prime rib dinner at the Maui Lu Hotel restaurant on Saturday evening, May 10. We were happy to see Mary and Tadayoshi Hamasaki back with us on this happy occasion; also "Cream" Hiramoto of Honolulu. Wives were presented with carnation corsages as they entered the dining room. Richard Iriguchi and Kaoru Moto were the hardworking co-chairmen for this big social event of the year

Memorial Day services for Maui were held on Monday, May 26, at the Makawao Veterans cemetery under the auspices of the Maui County Veterans Council. Maui Chapter president Tadao Sato ably represented Club 100 at the flower presentation ceremony.

Our annual anniversary picnic was held on Sunday, June 8, at the Waiehu beach pavilion with chairman Ronald Higashi doing an outstanding job. The club sponsored Little League Pirates baseball team members were the guests of honor. Ably assisting Higashi were Tadao Sato, Masao Sato, Nobuyoshi Furukawa, Kaoru Moto, Akira Ishikawa, and

Rokuro Kamimoto. Kalua pig, salad, sashimi, beer and soda were supplied by the club, and the wives brought delicious side dishes and rice balls. Edward Nashiwa donated a large sheet of his delicious cake and other donors were Hiroshi Beppu, Cherry Barber Shop, Archie's Restaurant, Tadao Sato, Ronald Higashi, Maui Farmers, Charley Mizoguchi, Shigemi Ushijima, Henry Nihei, Willie Goo, Maui Electric Co., Toshio Iwami, Jack Gushiken, Miles Shiroma, Goichi Shimanuki, Wataru Kaneshina, Rudy Yoshida, Tom Nagata and Ralph Tamura.

Maui Chapter's annual high school graduation pen gift was presented to Miss Lylis Higa, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Yeiho Higa. She was the lone high school graduate this year. Congratulations, Lylis.

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER NEWS

by Tad Hashimoto

On Saturday, May 3rd, our annual big bo-chan nite out took place at Mayfair Music Hall in Santa Monica, California. In attendance were: Irene Abe, Kaza Dong, Fuji Fukasawa, Sachi Furuto, Matsu Furuye, Mitsi Hamano, Sue Hashimoto, Elsie Hayashi, Bonnie Horino, Ruth Kasai, Nora Kim, June Kurisu, Lily Mamiya, Aki Miyagi, Amy Nakazawa, Tommy Otsuji, Fumi Sakato, Chucki Seki, Jean Tagami, Jane Tanaka, Mary Terao and Chisato Yamaguchi. Also in attendance were all the Bo Chans (the better halves) except for three, a total of 41 persons.

We had a good prime rib dinner. After dinner we were all ushered into a small intimate theatre where we were entertained by a West-End English Music Hall Variety Show, where audience "vocal" participation was encouraged to the utmost.

In one instance "Bingo" cards were passed out to everyone in the audience, and with the suggestion that the first one to get bingo would win a prize. Many, many numbers were called out (and the cards had different numbers). However, when a certain number was finally called out, everyone hollered, "Bingo", at the same moment, and then the audience realized what happened, then laughter ensued.

The half a dozen entertainers were very good and it was indeed something different, and all enjoyed this evening, thanks to the ladies, and co-chairpersons - Irene Abe. Kaza Dong and Chucki Seki.

I learned at our May chapter meeting from Douglas Tanaka that he had his gallstones removed in March. Our members wish to thank Mrs. Charlotte Suyetani for her very generous contribution of \$300.00 to Club 100 of L.A. in memory of our good friend and comrade, Shig. Jim Ishizawa brought a \$25.00 donation from the Hollywood Independent Church to the 100th for the use of the large 100th brazier, our thanks to Jim and his church.

Our Pismo Beach outing has been cancelled this year because of the many other activities, the June Hawaii convention and the August 1980 36th Infantry Division Reunion in Dallas, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taketa from Hawaii came to L.A. in May on the way to Las Vegas. He brought with him a couple of large boxes of portuguese sausage and a very large box of anthuriums which was distributed to the members present at the May general meeting. He planned to return to L.A. after Las Vegas for a couple of days. Our thanks to the Taketa's for their toughtfulness and generosity.

On Monday, May 26, at 11:00 a.m., a Memorial Day Service was held at the Evergreen Cemetery in Los Angeles. In attendance were, Mr. & Mrs. Kiyoshi Horino, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Tanaka, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Fukasawa, Mr. & Mrs. Monte Fujita and son Wayne, Tom Kasai, Mr. & Mrs. Tad Hashimoto, Buddy Mamiya, Eric Abe, Young Oak Kim, Henry Sakato, Mike Miyake and Takeshi Teshima who has an importing and exporting business in Japan, Teshima was here on business. He was one of the original Baker Company men of the 100th Battalion. Members taking part in the service were Allan Dong as commander of the American Legion Commodore Perry Post No. 525, and Young Oak Kim, representing the Military Order of World Wars, in the presentation of floral tributes to those who gave their lives for their country. Sponsoring organization was the Nisei Veterans Coordinating Council, consisting of nine organizations, including the 442nd Veterans Association of Southern California.

A Whale of a Sale

by Gloria Tamashiro

Homemade char siu is the featured special for the day. What is it all about? Why char siu? Isn't it humbug to make? Where are the cookers coming from? These and many other thoughts and questions were posed at a weekly meeting of the men's group of Manoa Valley Church.

The men's group consist of retirees of the church. They meet regularly every Monday for two hours. They also assist in doing the odd jobs in and around the church. As they were planning future projects it was suggested that a scholarship fund be started for young people from Manoa Valley Church who are going into the ministry. The idea took hold and roots developed rapidly within the church family. The first sale towards this project was for seed money. The men assigned the necessary tasks among themselves. Full cooperation was needed. Onward they "marched".

With more than two hundred pounds of pork butt, the men and two spouses deboned, defatted and sliced. (In between catching flies). Each piece had to be sliced a certain way and certain thickness. Uniformity and consistency are very important in making char siu. What to do with the flimsy, thin, dangling pièces? Save them for lunch naturally. Add a long squash and a piece of ginger root. Thus the "danglers" became part of the workers' lunch.

While all this was going on, the chef prepared the sauce with one helper doing the mixing. Then the coloring went on, piece by piece. Things were beginning to take shape. At last, the sauce was ready to be poured over all the pork, marinade overnight and zing! Go, go, go!

At six a.m. the following day, the men started the charcoal fires. Apparently an observant early riser noticed the smoke and called the fire station, which, incidentally, is located directly across the church. As the fire truck raced part way up the main street, the driver noticed smoke coming from the church. After stopping, one of the firemen jumped over the fence into the churchyard to investigate. Because the incident was reported to the fire station and the fire truck did respond, a formal report had to be made. No one was reprimanded. Only loss was production time.

Piece by piece the raw pork was skewered onto steel hooks for cooking (almost like kamado method). Then hung onto rods and covered. Timer was set and talk story time began for the men.

How one looking the first batch was! No tasting - not yet. After a short cooling period, the char siu was packed in "chop sui house" type of boxes and weighed. To test the accuracy of the new scale, a delegation of one went over to the super market and scaled the boxed char siu. Both scales were in accord with each other. Very good. And so it continued, batch after batch, on three separate cookers, each batch requiring forty minutes of cooking time over the red hot coals. It was perfect and beautiful weather for such a venture.

Finally, the last batch was completed at 3:00 p.m. Aching feet and bodies were beginning to show. Still the cleanup had to be done. Not only the fire, but the steel hooks needed scrubbing, one by one, very tedious chore. But it was accomplished without complaint.

Another point needs to be inserted here. Have you thought of dining on char siu with rice and homemade kim chee? It's a tasty combination. There was also homemade kim chee for sale that day. One of the spouses of the men's group contributed to the cause. One full-blooded Korean member of the church remarked that the kim chee tasted just like the restaurant kind. It took only one day for that family to clean up the one jar she purchased.

And so the seeds are now planted for the ministerial scholarship fund. The fun and fellowship compensated for the long day. Everyone who helped shared this mutual feeling.



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CLUB 100 COOKING CLASS

by Amy T. Ikeda

At the recent Club 100 Convention on Kauai, several members' wives from the neighbor islands and the mainland asked me whether it was possible to publish, in the PUKA PUKA PARADE, the recipes that are demonstrated at our cooking sessions. This suggestion was discussed with the cooking class members and it was agreed that, because of the limited space in the PUKA PUKA PARADE, recipes will not be published. However, recipes will be made available by mail requests, accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, addressed to Club 100, 520 Kamoku Street, Honolulu, Hawaii 96826, Attention: Cooking Class. These requests should be specific as to what recipes are desired. Conversely, we would welcome any favorite recipes from neighbor islanders and mainlanders so that we may share them with others.

The Kauai contingent certainly gave every indication that there is an abundance of good cooking and talent there. For the hospitality night (Friday, June 27), at the Lydgate Park, a long buffet table was laden with a pot pourri of colorful, "oishi" and "mezurashi" dishes -- truly a gourmet's delight. Hekka was supposedly the main dish, but there were so many "ono" entrees and pupus -- from namako to fish and seafood prepared and presented in "57" ways, salads galore, to mention just a few. Hekka was cooked in a huge wok-like pots, and the rice cooked in the old-fashioned "kama" was unusual and kindled old memories. All this was topped with an assortment of mouth-watering, delicious desserts and fresh fruits (donated by the mainlanders). We certainly appreciate the efforts put in by the Kauaians -- it was a very enjoyable, fun-filled evening.

For our June 8th class, Violet Yamamoto (B Chapter) and Vivian Nakamura (B Chapter) gave super demonstrations. We had them pegged for quite a while but Violet was busy grandmothering and Vivian had other commitments. We knew of their culinary talents and they certainly did not disappoint us. Violet's Gun Lo Mein (oven noodles) -- Delight Cake -- very light and elegant -- are winners for any occasion. Vivian's Korean Style Chicken was a big hit -- easy and delicious -- and could be used as a pupu or an entree.

Summertime is a good time for lots of pupus and cold drinks to ward off the heat and give sulky spirits a lift. The July 13 session concentrated on pupus and a salad -- easy, relaxed, and a relatively inexpensive way to entertain. Teruko Kadomoto's (A Chapter) Potato Crab Salad was "honto ni oishi." Sally Inouye's (A Chapter) Shrimp Pupu, and Glayds Kawakami's (A Chapter) Vegetable Pupu would be favorites at any gathering. Amy Ikeda's (C Chapter) Fish Cake Tempura is a simple and inexpensive dish that could be whipped up in a jiffy.

The following has been programmed for the next couple of months:

August 10

Kamameshi Alice Oki (A Chapter)

Somen Salad Helen Seo (A Chapter)

Michiko Takashige (B Chapter)

Azuki Kanten Beatrice Niimi (C Chapter)

Continued on next page

September 14

First Anniversary Party -- a culmination of 12 months of cooking sessions. Helen Furusho (B Chapter) has been selected chairperson for this event. It will be a luncheon at the clubhouse. Members can invite one guest.

The cost per guest will be \$2.00. Details of the party will be announced at the August 10 cooking session. Please contact Helen Furusho, phone: 373-2575, or Lynn Shimizu, 988-3937, by August 31, if you plan to attend.



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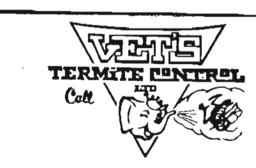
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KUROME BARA SUSHI

RICE:

4 cups (8 oz.) rice

3/4 cup sugar 3/4 cup vinegar 2 tsp. salt

GU:

2 aburage, chopped fine

1/2 pkg. kurome (wash, soak 15 min. Drain and chop.)

1 can ajitsuke kogai

1 small carrot, chopped fine 1/2 kamaboko, chopped fine

1/4 cup cooking oil

1/4 cup shoyu 1/4 cup sugar

Cook rice. Cool. Mix sugar, vinegar and salt. Sprinkle over rice. Fry aburage in oil. Add kurome and rest of the gu. Add sugar, shoyu, and cook on high heat until carrots are done. Mix gu into rice. Optional: Roll into sushi or rice balls. Sprinkle toasted white goma over rice.

CHIKUWA-HOT DOG PUPU

6 hot dogs

3 Chikuwa

Boil hot dogs, freeze when cooled. Cut chikuwa in half. Insert frozen hot dogs in chikuwa. After hot dogs are thawed out, slice and serve plain or with dip.

by Helen Nikaido Dog Chapter

SPECIAL NOTICE-1981 SOUTH SEAS TOUR

SPECIAL NOTICE-1981 SOUTH SEAS TOUR
According to Walter "Biffa" Moriguchi,
tour conductor, plans are being made
for a South Pacific Tour in October
1981. All members and wives who are
interested are requested to attend
the first tour group meeting, scheduled for Wednesday, September 3, 1980,
in the Club 100 Lounge Room, starting
at 7:30 p.m. The itinerary, number of
days, tour costs and other items will
be explained at the meeting. If you
have a special question and want an
answer immediately, please call Biffa
at Select Underwriters, ph. 949-0041.

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