

asked no more, but he simply stared at **Yamada's** slanted eyes with a sarcastic smile.

Page 138 - At Christmas 1943, some 182 men from the 442nd Regiment visited the relocation center at Camp Jerome. The USO always kept forty or fifty blankets ready for visiting soldiers, but not all of them were there just for the Christmas holiday.

Even though they were volunteers, the 442nd troops began to have morale problems as they trained day after day in the wet Mississippi winter. **Masao Yamada**, the chaplain, thought the best medicine for poor morale was to get the soldiers together with young women their own age. He often led excursions to Camp Jerome.

Page 140 - Mary [Nakahara] never talked with the soldiers about her father's death. the 100th and 442nd veterans remember only her constant and carefree cheer.

Reverend Yamada, who got to know her when he brought soldiers to Jerome, remembered that cheerfulness too, and he also lent a friendly ear as she struggled with the heartaches of love.

Page 159 - During the three-day voyage from Naples to France the Mediterranean was flat and calm. **Reverend Masao Yamada**, chaplain for the Third Battalion, took it easy. During the battle for the Arno his jeep had hit a land mine while he was on a mission to pick up the dead. His driver was killed instantly, and another officer riding with him died several days later in the hospital. **Yamada's** wound were not yet completely healed, but he did not want to be left behind so he left the hospital earlier than he should have. He spent most of the voyage to France on his back. From his bed he proudly wrote to his wife that even though many had lost their lives in the bitter fighting at Hill 140 (nicknamed "Little Cassino" or Pupule Hill, which means "Crazy Hill" in Hawaiian) and in the assault on Luciana, the spirit of the volunteers was still high.

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Page 29-30 - **Israel Yost**, who joined the 100th as chaplain when it was at the Italian front, always worked with "Kome" (or "Komi" as he pronounces it) on the battlefield. Yost lives near the Pennsylvania town where he was born. When he first met Doc Kometani he remembers thinking that Kofni had a face like a bulldog. Kometani, whose immigrant father had come from Fukuoka on the island of Kyushu, was a big man, well fleshed out, unlike many Japanese Americans who were smaller than the average Caucasian. His thick neck seemed to grow out of a thrusting barrel chest. Deep lines creased his cheeks. He was a good listener, always nodding his head and murmuring "Uh-huh, uh-huh." Whenever someone told him a joke, his face beams a mass of wrinkles and his whole body shook with an explosive guffaw. The soldiers loved him.

Page 121-122 - John "Jack" Johnson, 100th Battalion executive officer had not been wounded badly as Dewey, but he had lain hemorrhaging in the mud for sever hours. By the time the medics brought him in he was barley breathing. Kometani and **Yost**, who had been waiting anxiously, he decided that there was no time to lose. They were impatient to get him to the main aid station right away. On the way there **Yost**, who accompanied the stretcher, ran into the regimental headquarters, pleading that the ambulance be sent right away. It was still the middle of the night and no one paid attention to him.

Yost says that even today he is overwhelmed with anger whenever he thinks

about how resentful he felt at the time. His judgment is harsh. The Allied army had not strategy at all, he thinks. There was only a wasteful loss of life. As Johnson breathed his last against **Yost's** chest, the chaplain thought about the time Jack told him after a burial ceremony, "You do a nice job. But don't bother to take much time when my turn comes." He was thirty-one years old.

Page 196 - No matter how often they warned **Reverend Yost** and Doc Kometani both kept moving closer and closer to the dangerous front line. Even after dark fell they hurried about, helping to toe stretchers and taking care of the wounded. **Yost** recalled Kometani could not bear to sleep safe and sound in his foxhole while his "boys" were falling in battle. Although he usually started snoring as soon as he laid his head down, he had trouble sleeping in the Vosges forest. For the first time his bulldog face seemed to lost vitality. How many of his "boys" had survived since they left Honolulu more than two years before? The glorious record of the 100th Battalion, built as they had given their lives one after the other since Salerno, was being destroyed before his eyes. Doc had explained to them why they were fighting as Japanese Americans, and he had urged them on. Now he seemed beaten down, thought **Yost**, as he looked at Doc's suffering eyes. Even **Yost** felt as empty as he felt angry when he saw how the 100th was being squandered in the Vosges.

Veterans have many unforgettable memories of **Reverend Yost** during this time. In the roofless field hospital, the doctors could see the figure of **Reverend Yost** kneeling beside a prostrate ashen-faced youth. "Takao, I'm praying for you." He did not say he was praying for recovery. Even in the rain the medics and the doctors took off their hats when they heard those words. "Our Father who art in Heaven hallowed be thy name..." The ashen-faced youth had stopped breathing.