

favorite, small-kid time used to play mamangoto with uchino boy.

Rodney's Resume

Da Danna-san. Enough can't be said or written about this wonderful man. He is in the select group that, just how do you explain it. Anyway, like when you get into some kind jam, need help and somebody that would listen to their hard luck story and to confide in, somebody you can tanomu things without any shimpai. You get what we trying to say, eh. He is not da loud mouf nor wanna be heard above all others type (he get too much class for da kine stuff). But get this from a guy that has known him pretty good for nearly half a century (wow), whenever you talk to him, you do a lot of listeneing -- and like it. He keeps a low profile and has a very pleasant personality. Offices? He held 'em all. President of the 442 Veterans Club and the 232nd Engr/Band Chapter and that's only for starters. And honest to goodness only the good man upstairs known of all the other clubs and kumiai kind. One akamai guy but never show it.

During his prime time days, participated in all kinds of sports with football being his "meat." The rougher the game, the better. And then too, dem days you no play football the call you sissy, that was bad enough. But when they call you sissy ALICE - dem were fighting words. That was during the no platoon and no specialist days. You played all the way both ways and the only time you left the field was on a stretcher. Dis ruff'n'tuff guy, to meet the minimum requirement weight of 120

lbs, packed his pants pockets (two front and two back) full with rocks. played with the greats like Al Lolotai, the Broad Bothers, just naming a few. Position he played you ask? Any place as long as not sitting on the bench. Earned his "K" every year from Kahuku High School. Born to lead, he's a leader, but at home wisely yields to Nora. We told you he is one akamai sonovagun.

Been retired now for some years from a supervising position in the US Army Transportation Department. Mada still yet feeling realtively on da akaaburi side and too energetic to be a full time inkyo-san, doing nothing is not his style, so have his hands full in some kind of candy dealership. Enjoys very much working for himself (no can beat he says) and the best part, he pay himself, oshii and poho to give it up. No just yet so erai demo gaman sete gonna try "force" himself to endure a little longer. He's human, he get faults/shortcomings but amoebis and shireta mon.

Da Oku-san (Save the best for last). Simply put, Nora is the glue that sticks and holds the family together -- a very close knit one. An active person, she enjoys singing, playing da uke, and you can throw in hula too. Eh, no fool around boy, she may look otonashii and reserved type but once picking up da (uke) beat, she can wiggle da okole, maybe not with the best but 'nuff to turn guys head for a better second look. No need give her a big buildup job, just look at the family and you can tell. Like they say, "a picture is worth a thousand words." A very nice and considerate lady.

To say the least, we were elated and honored to be asked to lead da raihin shokun banzai -- representing the guest. We have much aloha and respect for the family and hold them in high esteem too. They don't make 'em any better. When asked to do the honors was so dakine dat namida, not plenty but chitto mekara koboreta. Now, how often does one get to do a thing like diskine omedeto stuff.

The 232nd Engrs/band Chapter (which the Yamashiros are very active) members and wives were out en-masse to share with them this once in a lifetime kind of celebration. Totemo yokatta.

Entertainment at the 50th

The 442 Uke/Hula Club was very happy to be part of the program. They got things started with several women hula members. The men countered with Laupahoehoe, a lively, he-man kind of hula dance. The men portion of the choral group gave a good account of themselves singing "Go For Broke," a request by the family. The choral group as a whole sang "Behold Laie and Lei Lokilani." Yeah, the performance you can say was on the yoroshii side. Not on the spectacular side, not on da haji kaku kind either. Ted Yanagihara, our astute choral group sensei always stresses -- whenever you go out to perform, just give 'em your honest best. To which we try to follow.

The Okinawan dancers were good. So was Nora's father, Mr. Taira's solo. Gail's son was good too. But by far, the hi-lite of the program was the slide show that featured "Tamo" and "Shizu" better known to everyone as Rodney and Nora,

the main boy and main girl and the reason for this gala celebration.

This is only the third of such celebrations within the chapter we know of and been invited too. The other two, the Gilberts Kobatakes and the Walter Matsumotos. Okage samade all three couples genki de up and around, in good health, enjoying life and still yet very much involved in whatever chapter functions.

Preliminary plans (before he coming home from the mianland) called for Alvin, eldest in the family plus being the only boy be the MC. After some "lively" meetings (after coming home) with his sisters (he on the listening end most of the time) graciously yielded the temporary promised sareta job. Saying something like, "How can any one man buck two wahines, more so sisters," and diplomatically added, "they need the exposure more than me." Akamai wakaishi dat, just like da oyaji chip off the old block.

Wrapping up the day's festivities, Rodney, never lost for the rights words at any time, thanked everyone for coming, followed with: "When Nora's father caught us together in her bedroom, he told me 'You marry my daughter or I will personally see to it that you go to jail for 50 years,' all in Japanese, of course." After taking a much-needed deep breath, continued, "If I went to jail then, I would be a 'free' man today." Eh, Kiyo (Kimura), move over lilibit and make some room for him. Then with loving wife Shizu, Tamo led all those that wanted to join in a peppy dance -- an Okinawan tradition. We told you he was a leader. Maybe dis iran stuff but darega kuro seta kano.

P.S. . Re: Rodney's football playing days. Then, his body fat was 0.0 or something close to that. Today, after 50 years of living together, still yet kawaii wife kara yoh sete morawareru, that's why da BF daibun agattoru.

Continuation - Scandinavian Cruise

The galore of fabulous/onolicious kinds of food stuffs on board ship (especially at the boo-fay in the Yacht Club on Deck 7) was mottaninai and zeitakuna as well. Love at first sight when you lay eyes for the first time on tables and tables of kasanetoru ogochiso (Jane Yamao was going around taking pictures), it boggles the mind, thinking that this is all for you. Was like that for two weeks and a day. Nontoka shiran but dakine nambo attemo sugu (within a week) agu and crave for da sodateta bimbonin kind food. Japan nara even an extended trip, no problem, can survive on rice and tsukemono. And too, irunara get western dishes of your choice. "Chow" hibuya and Masao Yamasaki always asking for tobasco. Osoro shii hodo they pour that karai stuff on their food. (Just wondering, on their dessert too or what). You think for sure da okole going pachi pachi or something like that akurunohi.

Lecturer on board ship was Frank Buckingham. He daily gave talks about the history, culture, and customs of each place to be visited. For the lecture, you can choose to go and join the crowd in the gallery in the Crowd Odyssey Show Lounge or if you tsukarete and moloha and like korogeru and yukkurito like listen in the quiet of your stateroom, up to you. This knowledgeable scholar is a

polished speaker and for sure he must be a retired professor or something equal. When the daily program (list all the days activities) says the lecture going be one hour, it wasn't a minute more or a minute less -- on da nose. No dakine because he wasn't timed.

No fooling, some guys had suitcases (and bulging too) bigger than a good size toronko. No can help boy, da jumbo size suitcases, not to show off but was a necessity. Bear in mind, you going live dakine haikara life for two weeks. No matter what, daibun kigae ga iru. Unlike Las Vegas, where just a couple of T-shirt and underwear plenty sufficient, you can stuff 'em in a carry-on. What the heck, if you run short, turn 'em inside out every other day. B.O.? What's a little foul odor among friends?

Of the kind of life and preferred treatment you get on a luxury cruise ship, outta dis world. Got an idea just how the other half lives. From somebody that went and gave 'em a try, a very good try, it wasn't a piece of cake. Every meal was a treat and a new experience. They politely sit you, serve you, they are at your "mercy." Kau Kau pau seta ato, ogochiso samma yute, you just excuse yourself and hele-on. No need da atojima, how sweet it is. Tried hard (to get money's worth) to play the part of a kanemochi but fared miserably and never do even a halfway decent job, rekudaisei.

We (Hawaii Buddhaheads) were a very small group (among about a thousand) but was never out-funned. No doubt, we must have been a very conspicuous group. Maybe a little noisy at times but always (?) well behaved and

accepted and well-like (we hope) by the ship's personnel and fellow guests.

Capitals/big cities like London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki, Amsterdam and others, somehow get the "foreign" look. And too, one mitara, you see 'em all. Yume mitaina, seeing all dem places in so short a span.

The woman lying unconsciously on the concrete sidewalk in St. Petersburg with nobody paying any attention was something that opened eyes. Passerbys ignore and shiran kao senagara just walk around her and never gave her a second look. Was something you don't want to experience anywhere. Not even half a black away on the same street, a policeman was giving his full attention to a minor traffic mishap. No street person she, clean cut and neatly dressed young woman. See da kine makes you wonder.

"Rape"

Rape...is a weed-like brush and yea high when full grown and grows like mad all over the English countryside. It is cared for, harvested, and used to make oil and other tameni nar things. The following is from the tour bus guide while enroute to Hatfield, outside of London. She began: "This here young American girl went over to England as an exchange student. Her mother, like all other caring mother's last words of advice to her daughter were, 'Call home as soon as you get to the nearest telephone.' Being the obedient and oyakoko type, the daughter did exactly what mother told her to do. After the usual this and that between mother and

daughter talk, the mother asked the daughter, 'What is the first thing that caught her eyes?' The daughter answered, 'Rape...' The mother no giving the daughter time to go any further, 'What? Repeat it and slowly this time.' The daughter continuing, 'There is rape all over the countryside.' The mother no nonsense majinema woman cut in again, 'Don't bother to unpack and you make an immediate about-face and come straight home.' Moral of the story, no jump to conclusions, hear things out first.

The ship's high toilet seat was kyukutsuna to use at first until nareru made -- high off the floor so the feet dangle and nambo tippy toes setemo dame. No wonder some guys refer to it as the "Throne." After two weeks of that, shizen to narete, you take it all in stride. Modotte house no tsukotara, tamagete like, you plop down on 'em. Charley poor guy, he never get chance to experience that.

Dat Chow (Shibuya), he sure lives up to his name. The question is, he eat to live or he lives to eat -- anyway, daibun kurau ands put 'em away with gusto. That's morning, noon and night and no forget, midnight snack usually with a full plate. He put on only 10 lbs., all around da opu.

Only Jane Yamao, Lily Okumoto & her roommate Barbara Haruki, and us had staterooms on the same 5th deck. Da hanashi ni naru thing is, Jane always, no ifs or buts about it, used the same stairway at the setern end of the ship going down to her stateroom. note: All the activities and meal too were on the 6th or 7th deck. By doing that she said, no problem, you can blindfold her and

still yet can find her way home. But, if bow-en no stairway kara oritara, all jam up and dokoga dokoga suppari wakari mahentai. Us guys too, just when we thought we go the hang of it, the cruise went pau. Coming back to her, this sweet thing can be persistent and pakiki atama too.

Paul "Ah Koot" Takiguchi and "Chow," the learned "Chinese" scholars were of big help. Anything we in doubt or dunno, al need to do was go see either one of them and voila, the answer and all correct too. Ah Koot played Houdini again, you no see 'em all day and all of a sudden hyokutto pop up. The two guys are walking encyclopedia, Book of Knowledge. Too bad never get something like "Information Please" on board ship -- they clean up.

Da haole couple that danced "Tennessee Waltz" amateur night, no sour grapes but they not so hot. Only basic after basic, no more da kine Butterfly, Grapevine, Twinkle, Cradle and other fancy nation/borote steps Mich Takata went try pound into our head (442 dance club) but to no avail. Da nasake nai part is not knowing that we had an excellent instructor and never take advantage of it. And guess what, the couple from tonari state Alabama. Again we like to mention, oshiikatta -- Ah Koot (hula) and Chow (uke) never volunteer. Proof positive, they not da borot type.

Cruising in the North and Baltic Seas, never need any kind seasick pill or da kine bandaaid looking thing you hittsuku behine da ear for moshimo. The ocean surface no more even a ripple and just like glass. Was a common sight

to see al kinds of ships, big and small day and night, coming and going.

All the health conscious "nuts" asa hayokara on deck, walking their rear off trying to work up a sweat. The traffic something like our Magic Island, early morning, any day of the week. Four and a half times around the deck equals a mile.

Something lilibit on the unusual sight was all the cars driving with head lights on even at high noon. For safety reasons, we were told.

Nearing Norway, the beautiful scenery reminds of Toba, Japan. Hundreds of islands mostly tiny and uninhabited.

Beeg Charley Ijima was the easiest guy to find. A good nine out of ten times you can catch 'em in the Monte Carlo Bar. Enjoyable to have a few cold ones with, and multitudinous of stories, Whew. Like his imposing physique, he ran up a matching imposing account. He must have improved his penmanship -- you sign for everything. Charley never get any blackout in the bingo games, being "hard luck" won only the preliminary minor ones. But go play roulette with him, he almost always blackout the table. Go For Broke, that's him.

The room boys we call them, majimena workers. Always at your service and very polite as well. You never wanting anything at any time. Their last duty for the day is to prepare your bed before calling it a day. The cute part is they always leave a kali nikta card and a tiny chocolate bar on your makura -- for sweet dreams most likely.

Eh, almost ohkega, boy. About the last important announcement over

the PA system concerning our group nearing cruise's end was to put the luggage outside the stateroom by 2330 hours. That pau, anshin sete, went upstairs to you know where for a last chance to become instant millionaires. After "depositing" the usual, went down for a last good night's sleep on the Crown Odyssey. And what, on the night stand had one aketa envelope, da good wife forgot to tie on the baggage claim tag. "Calmly" called information as to what gotta do, all the time thinking shimoota already. As instructed, went down to the 3rd deck where all the ship's luggage was being processed and segregated as to what goes where. The next step, referring to the luggage was, point of no return...caught 'em just in the nick of time. Tasukatta. The Good Lord must have been looking over us. Was lilibit huhu not winning at the casino and bingo games, but this was a reward in itself. Money, no problem, you can always go see Bob Sasaki more irunara and Uncle Sam never yet forget us the first of every month. What a beautiful world we live in.

Everything on board ship was "FREE" (you sign for 'em) even the drinks. The only place you saw real money was in the casinos and bingo games. And they were only too happy to relieve you of it.

Mochiron hanahada kantan desuga korede owari masu. Gotta go brush up on da ukulele.

A Call From Hilo

Takeshi "Joe" Hirata of Hilo on the Big Island called on Monday, June 22, inquiring, "What flight number and

time you guys coming?" (referring to next year's 50th Post Reunion in Kona). Catching his breath, "and if outsiders -- non-chapter members -- can play in the golf tournament." We kinda felt caught off guard on their on-da-ballness. Answering him, "Eh, up to now, the chapter had just one discussion on the Post Reunion in Kona thing and a minor just scratching the surface kind." Continuing, "The Steering Committee will be meeting Wednesday, June 24th at our 442 Clubhouse and an all members and wives included very important meeting on Sunday, June 28, also at the clubhouse and then can give you some answers. Aremade jitto sete to sit tight."

A little history on the fine upright gentleman, a good buddy and one who cares about the 232nd Engrs/ Band Chapter. He seems to be, no make it, he is the main cog on the Hilo side and Fred Fujimoto on the Kona side of the Big Island. Very fortunate to have them. Like we said, he is a class guy and not one who craves the limelight but well satisfied to remain in the background even though doing the brunt of the work -- main thing, get the job done. What can you say, that is his nature. Retired for some years now from a supervisory position in the Hilo County and since been very active and one of the leaders in his church and community as well. Too, he gave his all and served his country well with pride. A pure "company man."

People in places like Hilo, kanshinna. They don't have the luxury that us Honolulu guys have -- manpower. With them, no can pass da buck, it's you or else. Best description of this takara -- a quality person. He

answers to "Joe" too so, come reunion time next year, be specific who you want.

Chapter Meeting - June

Better than average turnout. We say the average now days is about a dozen and not anywhere near the peak years. Shikata go naino, just gotta make do with what we have. Dem full house days is history and mukashi no koto. Now, many thanks to the wives for coming out and help swell the crowd.

The usual routine business meeting Pres. Kawamoto reporting on the BOD meeting -- nothing special. 50th Reunion General Chairman Walter Matsumoto reporting on the latest.

Eh, the way things are going, us guys and 2nd HQ might have to switch meeting "sites." Lately they have been coming on strong in attendance and we going in the opposite direction. We are not in the pleading stage yet but strongly urging da mettani dete kuru people to come out, not once and no come. need replacement for the da yoh deyotta members the chapter lost in the last several years. It pays to go around and keep your ears open for moshimo. Overheard to following during the course of the evening's happy hour. Yasuhide & Yuro Ishikawa's 18 years old granddaughter, we repeat granddaughter, not grandson, a high school senior, out-drives the menfolks. For you people dunno golf, means hit 'em more far, sometimes by a ton. When tee time is available, she joins grandpa's 232nd Engrs. Golf Club for a round. Adding insult to injury...she no uses the red women's tee but wanna be

like one of the boys and uses the white men's tee. And yet, she's the last person to hit her second shot. She gets sore neck turning back so often. It's the truth, no gold (fish) story.

Fred & Midori Fujimoto waza waza came out all the way from Kona and sat in on this special post reunion meeting in Kona meeting on Sunday, June 28. Fred lost some poundage since last seeing him at the 1990 Kona Reunion, otherwise looks mamena. Midori, okawari wa nai. Coming back to this post reunion in Kona. Looks like not much for the chapter members to do because the Fujimotos will be doing the bulk of the work from their end, so going be more like a social get-together. Was gratifying seeing so many happy faces. The treasury loosen up some and help pay part of da boo-fay lunch.

Chapter Meeting - July

No fool around boy, da guys & gals are all hot, hot over the upcoming reunion. Plenty and tough questions from the floor as too -- what about this/what about that, which kept Pres. Kawamoto and his committee on the "defensive." The committee reporting as to what transpired at the last BOD meeting with all the chapter representatives and coordinators attending. Was sort of a question and answer thing with George Nakasato, Gen. Chairman of the 1993 50th Anniversary Reunion. Of the people getting pumped up -- could it be due to Mary Kawamoto's musubis and Gary Kawate's pupus? As of late, Mits Honda is the new beer "distributor", taking over for ailing Jimmy Nakamura who is

on the disabled list. Jimmy is recuperating at home after having surgery several weeks ago.

Chapter Meeting - August

Holo Holo Kaa

Memorials

Yutaka Miyashiro

Yutaka Miyashiro passed away on August 12th. Learning of his passing wasn't exactly a shock, knowing that he was in failing health and had been in and out of the hospital constantly for the past several years. But still yet, something very difficult to accept. Really hard to imagine of his not being with us anymore.

Feeling pretty good of late, he was supposed to attend the Yamashiro's (Rodney & Nora) 50th Golden Wedding Anniversary on July 26 with Bob Ishikawa picking him up but then he was already hospitalized for the very last time.

Describing him physically, one would most likely say he was on the short side but physique-wise, he was well put together. One man's opinion. Pound for pound, he would be better than even money against anybody his size.

He was an active member of 232nd Engrs/Band and did whatever asked of him and more -- a diligent and willing worker. His favorite spot by far when attending chapter meetings at the clubhouse was a the far end of the bar near the wall clock. He was good company and usually had a few cold

ones while talking stories with the boys, namely pals Ed Ezuka and Bob Ishikawa. This three good buddies did a lot of golfing together at the Ted Makalena Municipal Golf Course, their "home" course. They sure made good use of their monthly card.

Like the good majority of the chapter boys, he took up golf lilibit late in life. He was an average golfer and enjoyed the game immensely and had the go out and have fun attitude. A golfer's golfer, he was well received by any group to join 'em. Enjoyable to play with and had the respect of all those he played with. He lived in Waipahu and his home was just on the other side of the perimeter fence from the golf course's 13th tee. Whenever playing there, we always took a look to see if he was around somewhere. He was a familiar figure at the course and popular with the other golfers.

During the war, he served Uncle Sam with distinction with his beloved 232nd Engrs., in camp and overseas as well. He was a truck driver and was assigned to the 2nd platoon and having that certain "touch," his driving efficiency record was second to none and among the best within the company. It was something to be proud of what with so many able and capable drivers. He cast rather a small figure in the big truck sitted behind the steering wheel but at all times had full control and was the master and handled it with the greatest of ease.

Being both from Kalihi kid days, we've known each other for a very long, long time. In fact, his older brother, three above him, was our classmate -- he was just a potot the. Although being on

the younger side, he was a good soldier with good sense and with no fuss or grumbling followed and obeyed orders to the letter and never gave his superiors, make it anybody, bad time or trouble. A true volunteer and possessed a character that made you feel comfortable being with.

Hisashi Kubota

Hisashi Kubota passed away in Oak Ridge, Tenn., while going for his daily walk with his wife Sumiko. He suffered a massive heart attack, collapsed and died almost instantly. He has been in failing health the last few years. The last time any of the chapter boys met and talked with him was during the 1990 Reunion in Kona. He had plans to attend next year's 50th Reunion but unfortunately, time ran out on him. He was born and grew up on Kauai and was 76 years old at the time of his death.

Many thank to him for his expertise writings which were added to our 232nd column for publication in the Go For Broke Bulletin. Received complimentary remarks of his contribution.

He took basic training with the 232nd Engrs at Camp Shelby, Miss., and was later transferred to intelligence. He already had his Master's degree and was working in the UH Chemistry Dept. when he volunteered. Met and married Sumiko after coming home from the war. He was a Brain Trust and grouped with the scientists.

An active chapter member from the start, he was one of the earlier presidents and always made it a point to

stop by at the clubhouse of chapter meeting nights to meet with the boys, talk stories over a few cold ones whenever he came home for visits. When he left Hawaii, his kids weren't attending school yet or even not born yet, that long ago.

Hisashi got his doctorate at the Univ. of Wisconsin in 1956. Worked as an analytical chemist at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, starting in Nov. 1955 and retiring in Sept 1981. After retiring from his regular job, continued his translation work of Japanese scientific materials in English, full time until his eyes began to fail him a few years ago. Much credit to Sumiko & Hisashi for doing an outstanding job bringing up their four children -- all professionals. "Kowa oyani niru" so goes an old Japanese saying.

Sumiko and the children are planning to come to Hawaii in March to have Hisashi interred at Punchbowl National Cemetery of the Pacific.

The Kubota children:

Thomas-- Oncologist, Knoxville, TN

Richard-- Diagnostic radiologist, ,
Harrisonburg, VA

Danny -- Computer Engineer,
California

Miyo -- High School Math and
Science teacher, Louisville,
KY

Thanks to Glibert Kobatake for providing the above information.

Joe Nakamura

Joe Nakamura of Hanalei, Kauai, passed away recently. Tried to get more details, but was unable to do so, communication being limited. The last

we heard of him was some years back and he was with Kauai County.

He just loved fishing and it was one his top priorities that coming after caring for the wife and children first, of course. Fishing was one of his dohraku. His home was just of the waters of beautiful and world-renown Hanalei Bay. Down through the years, , whenever the chapter boys from Honolulu would go on a junket to Kauai, he enryo nashi supplied the visiting boys with unlimited pupus -- fish, crab, lobster, squid, etc. Also for the golfers on their annual track to participate in the AJA Golf Tournament. Roscoe Haruki (deceased), our main boy on the Garden Isle used to call him in coming out and meeting the boys. And he always showed up with nanika (etto) teni segete -- dis for you guys yute.

While in the 232nd Engrs., he was assigned to the 3rd quad of the 3rd platoon. Prior to volunteering for 442, he was with the 370 Engrs., stationed at Schofield Barracks. He was one of the guys with the most service time and points. Being the good "Joe" that he was, he must have played da anyan role to many of the younger recruits and took them under his wing.

A quiet and reserved type and was the kind of person you'd like to know and have as a friend. Not a city slicker type but a typical country boy - hear, personality, mannerisms, etc. One cannot help but like him. Kept a low profile and minded his own business. Never one to speak out of turn and never got into any kind of hassle or arguments. He was on da otonashii side and respected by everybody.

Vividly remembered seeing him attending the Kaanapali Reunion in 1985. Was mezurashii seeing him, in fact sort of a surprise. His kanko dancho was Roscoe.

While still working, his typical day was something like, start early, knock-off early (putting in the required eight hours and none of that cacarooching stuff), and spend the remainder of the day what he enjoyed so much, going fishing on his boat. He was the real kind fisherman -- not da kine shibai and furi dake kind that needed to stop at a "Tamashiro Market" kaeri shina.

Henry Teshima

Henry "Dose" Teshima passed away recently on the mainland. He died in his sleep of a heart attack and was on the dialysis machine as of late. He was a member of 206 (442) Band and a very good musician. Of the many instruments he mastered, the trumpet was his favorite. He also was one of the youngest in the entire regiment.

Most of his working days were spent overseas with the federal government. After fulfilling his contract of 20 something years of faithful and dedicated service with Uncle Sam in Japan, retired to San Pedro, CA. Not a couch potato type and no can stay put in one place even for a minute type, spent his retirement years helping his many friends and the list was endless. A man with a big heart and generous as well.

The one and only meeting face to face with him was in Hoppy Kaneshina's (L) Kay's Cafe, a hole in the wall eating

place in Gardena for breakfast. This place was sort of a hangout/meeting place fro da Hawaii kara kita guys. Anyway, scheduled to leave for home the following day, placed a generous order of goodies (crabs, lobsters, etc.) with a market just prior to this meeting. Upon learning of our chumon, he told us, "Cancel the order, come my place, I fix you up." Fix us up he did. Giving us double the amount ordered at half the cost. Recognizing one another on first sight? Musta gotta be da 442 in da both of us.

He was in the unique group which people called and knew them more by their nickname rather than the given one. Getting things straight, the pronunciation of his nickname "Dose" no rhyme with words like hose, nose, or rose but with two distinct syllables with a hyphen in between. He was a rascal and kolohe and fun loving guy, popular and well liked.

We were distant "Calabash" -- his sister's husband's older brother is uchino yome-san no father. Thanks to Kiyo Kimura for supplying the information. Kiyo was a steady customer at Kay's Cafe when he was an Angelino.

Fred Fujimoto

(Eulogy delivered by Walter Matsumoto, Central Kona Union Church, August 15, 1992)

Mrs. Midori Fujimoto and Family:
Friends:

In January, 1943, when the late Fred Fujimoto and his generation of AJA's volunteer for what was to be the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, there

was no way to predict what the future held for them. All they could do was to do their best, and sacrifice their young lives, if necessary. For all, this service became an important chapter in their lives.

Two years later, after the war was over the returning men and their unfortunate fallen comrades compiled a record unsurpassed for a unit of comparable size in the annals of the United States Army. Their performance contributed immeasurably to the acceptance of all Nisei from the pre-war 2nd class to the post-war 1st class citizen status and into the mainstream of the community. Fred can rest secure and his family can rightfully be proud of his part as a member of the 442nd.

Another beneficial by-product resulting from the war, though somewhat intangible, was the close friendships and bond developed during their war service, which carried over into the post-war years. It was a special kind of feeling and affinity, reserved for those who served together in a combat unit.

Fred's selfless contributions for his community-service activities is well-known and of the highest order. At the same time, his interest and participation in activities of the 442nd Veterans Club and the family-like 232nd Engineer/Band Chapter was equally intense leaving an indelible impression on the members.

No one in attendance will ever forget the Kona 442nd Reunion in 1990, of which he was the general chairman. It ranks as one of the best reunions, ever.