

Oahu AJA Veterans Council Tourney

The 24th Annual AJA Council Tournament will remain at the Navy-Marine Golf Course on Wednesday, September 9 according to MIS's KENZO KANEMOTO. Other committee members are FRED KANEMURA of Club 100, RICHARD OKIMOTO of the 1399 and BRUNO of the 442. Registration forms should be ready around mid-July.

Kauai ARC

TSUKA MURAKAMI and the Association for Retarded Citizens of Kauai invites all 442 members and friends to their 11th Annual Golf Tournament on September 15, 16, and 17 at some of the finest courses on the Garden Isle. Also for your convenience, they have a room and car package deal with Kauai Resort Hotel and Budget Rental Car.

More information on this tournament should be ready shortly.

Hawaii-Japan Goodwill High School Baseball Series by KENNETH SARUWATARI

The Club has been involved with this series since 1955. It is one of the few goodwill international projects that we sponsor. Comments and words of appreciation mainly from Japan sources and a few others indicate that this series merits our whole-hearted participation. Since the inception, we have invited at least ten Japan teams and ten Hawaii teams have played in Japan.

This year, the format changes a little. The Japan team will be composed of stars from the Kyushu region. Previously, the team was selected after the summer Koshien tournament. This change allows Japan to arrive here about three week earlier. In turn, this gives us a chance to field a more representative team. Schools will not be in session and the various summer baseball tournaments will have ended.

Your full support is solicited. Please call any of us - myself KENNETH SARUWATARI, BOB SASAKI, RON OBA, GEORGE NAKASATO, MASAJI KUROZUMI, MICHAEL SUGAI - if you

can in any way help.

We are seeking members who can open up their homes to the Japan players for a "HOME STAY" of three nights or so. You would be expected to serve breakfast and drive them to the functions. Above all, you are expected to be goodwill ambassadors and give them a taste of Hawaii and American life.

You may wish to make a generous contribution to the series. You may want to attend the SAYONARA banquet scheduled for August 22 at the Ocean Resorts Hotel. Tickets are priced at \$25.00. How about picking up an extra ticket and hosting a Hawaii player? If you can provide transportation for the group, that will be greatly appreciated.

You are, of course, invited to attend the games. You may want to contribute an item to the potluck dinner for the players after the game.

If you can help us on Maui, it would be tremendous.

The series itinerary is as follows:

August 15 - arrive Honolulu, transfer to Maui; 16 - Game 1 at Wailuku; 17 - Game 2 at Wailuku, transfer to Honolulu; 18 - Visitations; 19 - Sightseeing; 20 - Games 3 and 4 at Iolani Field, pot luck dinner; 21 - Game 5 at L'Orange Field, pot luck dinner; 22 Sayonara Banquet; 23 - depart Honolulu.

We are seeking HOME STAY hosts for the period from August 17 - 21, 1995. Two or three nights would be perfect.

Thank you.



by GEORGE NAKASATO

It is said that education is a continuing life-long experience, according to many. Our current roster of 46 members certainly attest to such a cliché as we move into our 13th year and we still are acquiring a little better of an understanding about our Hawaiian culture and heritage. In

addition, by learning to strum, sing, and dance as a group, it adds to our need for self-fulfillment ego.

Who makes up this group of dedicated and loyal members? From the early beginning, they came from various chapters, numbering some 12 different chapter of the 442nd Veterans Club. It is definitely a mix-plate of life members, wives, and widows. All of them joined with a simple idea: to learn and share the values of our Hawaiiana and its musical treasures...songs and dances of "ole and new" Hawaii. And enjoying it!!

In recent times, at least two members of the newly organized Sons and Daughters Chapter ventured into our choral section (and added a

few strong "youthful" voice). Much earlier though, a few members of the 100th Infantry Battalion (Club 100) signed on as Choral singers too, a welcome addition to our group.

Today, our group can be truly defined as a genuine "mix plate" of musical talent of the 442.

The club meets on a weekly basis, Monday evenings from 5:00 PM to 6:45 PM at the clubhouse (the assembly hall somehow seems smaller and smaller as the membership roster gets larger and larger...)

During the first few years, the group concentrated on the basics - ukulele strumming and hula dancing (and singing too) with various instructors. But today "...a very proficient and talented group.." according to those who attend-



ed past performances, has emerged. The choral section was a recent addition to this resource base.

Leaders of the group were many, and may be listed in the followed manner: President GEORGE NAKASATO (F), Vice-President YORI INOUE (M), Secretary-Treasurer ELEANOR ANDO (232), Song Leader & Hula Instructor JANE UEOKA (522B), Musical director TED YANAGIHARA (retired DOA teacher from Farrington High School), and Musical leaders JOE SATO (232) and JIRO WATANABE (L).

In addition to the weekly sessions, the group performed for numerous community groups, namely senior citizen clubs and associations. It fulfills one of our goals, that is, to share the values we have learned with others.

For example, in the first quarter of 1995, the members performed before 250 senior citizens of the Japanese Cultural Club from the Lanakila Multi-Purpose Senior Center. On this appearance, the "Pacific Press" stated that "...the highlight of the program (their annual shinnen enkai) was the entertainment of the 442nd Ukulele, Hula and Choral Club,..." a positive response in sharing and reaching out.

The club also participated in the annual Memorial Service at the National Cemetery of the Pacific, our 52nd anniversary observance in mid-March. A month later, our group organized a program for the seniors at the Kuakini Adult Day Care Center, St. Timothy's Church. Over 45 seniors and volunteers were in attendance. And finally, in late July, our group will perform before the patients from the Salvation Army Rehabilitation Center.

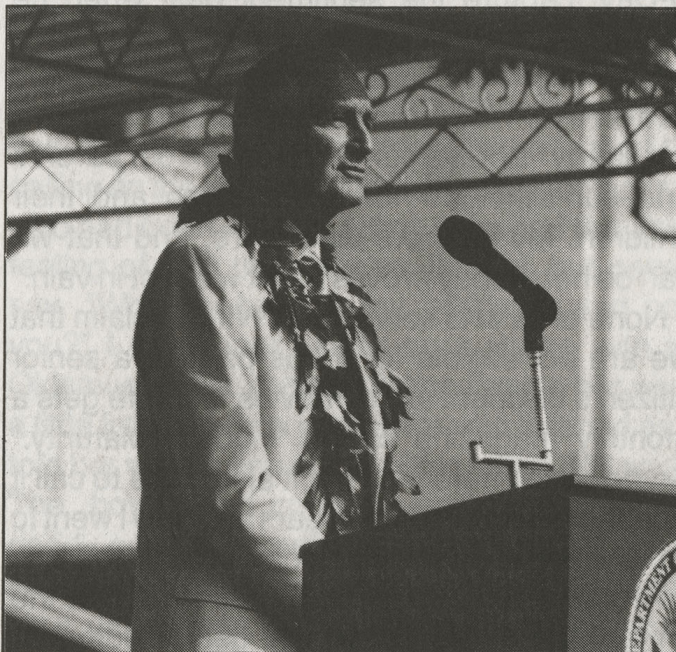
All in all, the first half of the year was and will be one of exciting activities and promising events...learning and practicing new songs and dances, performing before community senior groups, and more importantly, scheduling our own club events to meet our individual needs.

Please join us if you are interested.

"Happy Days are Here Again..."

OTHER News

Memorial Service Keynote Address by MR. WILLIAM PATY



Distinguished guests, 442nd families, fellow veterans, and friends,

I am pleased and honored to be with you here this morning and to be a part of the 442nd RCT Memorial Service. No one can come to this National Cemetery of the Pacific at Punchbowl and look out on row after row of silent grave markers going back over a half a century without recollecting memories of fallen comrades, the good times shared and bonding kinship that only a combat experience can forge.

It would seem that we are in a time of ongoing 50 year flashbacks - beginning in December of 1991, when President BUSH came here to commemorate the December 7th attack on Pearl Harbor. Since that time there has been a virtual kaleidoscope of epic battles, both on land and on the seas as each came across the stage of 50 year memories, carrying with it for some 9 million veterans spread out across our country poignant memories of that conflict, and with it a

grim reminder of the cost of freedom. Our armed services are tradition-rich institutions where history not only informs, but also strengthens, inspires, and educates. At the commemoration ceremony in Normandy for D-Day on June 6, 1994, I heard Medal of Honor winner WALTER D. EHLERS (18th Infantry, 1st Infantry Division) Big Red One, who landed at Omaha Beach on D-Day, capture the sentiment best when he said:

"We fought to preserve what our forefathers had died for - to protect our faith and to preserve our liberty - to save our way of life for our parents and our siblings - for our children and their children. My brothers died there, and that we can be here today proves that it was not in vain."

None of us who served in WWII can claim that we are not eligible for a bus pass or a senior citizen's discount at the movies. My wife gets a monthly magazine called "Modern Maturity." Some of you here may get it also. I like to call it "Modern Makule." Some years ago now I went to a birthday party for a friend of my dad's - he was celebrating his 75th. I thought to myself at the time. "Man, how old can you get?" Today, for some reason, I don't feel that way anymore. I kinda think that at 75 you are just getting your second wind. Actually, some of us are lucky to have any wind at all.

Seriously, as the recounting of these epic battles is replayed by the media, we can't help but marvel at the grim determination that carried our troops to victory over a tough, dug-in, well-trained army. Most recently, we read of the battle for Iwo Jima and with it, of course, the for-all-lifetime picture of the flag raising there at Mt. Suribachi. It was a heavy price. 6,800 killed in action, and 26,000 casualties. The Marines trained on Maui and at Waimea on the Big Island for this mission, and today many now lie behind us here with their brothers in arms. And speaking of casualties, no regiment was ever exposed to tougher combat conditions than the 442nd RCT. At the anniversary of the battle of Bruyeres and Biffontaine in the Vosges Mountains back in October of 1944, I had occasion to read the account of that battle, and the rescue of the Lost

Battalion that followed it. It has to go down in the annals of army warfare as one of the toughest missions ever undertaken. In writing of the battle to rescue of the Lost Battalion, Chaplain MASAO YAMADA wrote to Co. SHERWOOD DIXON (a staff member of the War Dept. in Washington D.C.) on October 30, 1944 saying, and I quote in part,

"After 4 days we are still pushing the get through. The cost has been high. Our men take their orders in stride without complaint, and go into the volley of fire with one spirit, one mind. My heart weeps for our men - when we complete this mission, we will have written with our own blood another chapter in the story of our adventures in democracy."

Perhaps really the toughest battle of all for the 442nd as we look back, was the one against discrimination of the AJAs, which took far longer to win.

Talking to TADASHI "WINKY" MATSUMOTO, who lives out my way in Waialua, he said there was a good group of you that went back to Bruyeres and Biffontaine last fall. 50 years made a lot of difference he said, but one thing that had not changed was the miserable weather and the sound of the wind in the trees.

I need not remind you that 50 years ago, in late March of 1945, the main body of the 100th/442nd was moving from France to Northern Italy for the final campaign of your storied history that began in Italy in September of 1943 at Salerno.

The curtain is now coming down on the tableaux of 50 year remembrances. 50 years ago tomorrow the 3rd and the 7th armored division broke out from the Remegon bridgehead on the Rhine, and the final fall of the 3d Reich will be commemorated next month. In the Pacific, the pre-invasion bombardment of Okinawa began a half a century ago on March 26. The 77th Infantry Division landed at Keramat Retto and the fierce battle of Okinawa was joined and would continue until July 2 with 49,000 US casualties. The campaign in the Philippines at Luzon was slowly being won. However, V-J Day was still months of hard fighting away.

But as we view the panorama of the big battles

and hear the grim statistics of casualties and hardships, let us remember that it is the individual soldier on the ground, in the foxhole, moving forward under fire in mud, rain, and snow, that achieves our final victories. Let me share with you something that was taken from the body of one of those soldiers who must have fought along with the 100th Battalion in that vicious battle at Anzio.

"Well God, I've never spoken to you,
But now I want to say 'How do you do?'
You see, God, they told me you didn't exist,
and like a fool I believed all this.
Last night from a shell hole I saw your sky
And figured then they told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see things you made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a
spade.
I wonder God, if you'd shake my hand?
Somehow, I feel you would understand.
Funny, I had to come here to see your face.
Well, I guess there isn't much more to say.
But I'm sure glad, God, I met you today.

I guess the zero hour will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid now, since I know you're near.
There's the signal...I've got to go.
I like you lots, I want you to know.
Look now, this will be a horrible fight.
Who knows, I may come to your house tonight.
Though I wasn't friendly to you before
I wonder God, if you'd wait at your door?
Look I'm crying...me, shedding tears.
I wish I'd known you these many years.
Well I have to go now God, Good-bye.
Strange since I met you, I'm not afraid to die."

That zero hour the first time in combat has many faces, and there isn't a combat vet today who did not wonder how it would be the first time under fire.

I remember well my first experience. I was with the 101st A/B and our regiment, the 501st jumped into Normandy a little after midnight on D-Day, June 6, 1944. I landed with a thud, scrambling out of my harness. I looked around and saw no

one. We were told not to fire in our drop zone and were issued little metal crickets - one click-clack to be answered by two click-clacks. I heard movement in bushes nearby. I clicked once - no response. Movement continued. Click-clack. Still no answer. I pulled out my trench knife. I was crouched - poised, tense, determined, knife in hand - and out lumbered a cow. The adrenaline washed over me in waves. As things turned out I probably should have stayed with the cow.

The 101st lost a lot of good men in Normandy, in Holland, and at Bastogne. I will remember to this day the time I spent on my return to the US calling on the families of the men of my company who had been killed in action. You had this little feeling of guilt that they would feel, but never say, "Why my boy, or my husband, and not you?" I remember calling on a young wife in Oklamugee, Oklahoma. Sitting beside her was a little freckled-face youngster who listened as I told her what a fine soldier Sgt. AMMONS was. The boy looked up at me and asked, "Is my daddy coming home?" Let me tell you, I swallowed hard - what do you say? I said, "No, son, your daddy was a brave soldier and he died fighting to save his country." I doubt that he understood - today he is a lawyer in Dallas and understands well - he did a tour in Vietnam.

Every 10 years or so I try to get back to some of the American Cemeteries in Europe - most of my guys who jumped with me in Normandy and who were killed in the Normandy campaign are buried there. We saw those crosses in the Normandy cemetery vividly when they had all that media coverage of D-Day last June. I had a special buddy, as many of us did in those days. We were both in the same battalion. He was CO of B Company and I was CO of A Company. We went through a lot together, much of which I still haven't told my wife. Today, he lies beneath an apple tree in the American Cemetery in Brittany. By the Lord's will I have enjoyed a good life and a fine family here in this blessed place we call home - Hawaii. It should not surprise me if many of you here today, as you think back on your combat days, realize how close you came to being listed among the honored dead instead of

sitting here this morning at Punchbowl.

As the Judge said, I was a POW. A good part of my POW journey across Germany and up into a prison camp in Poland was by 40 x 8 boxcar, WWII vintage - 40 men and 8 mules. We were jammed in, so we took turns sitting against the side of the boxcar. The scary times were when our train was laying over in a marshaling yard for hours at a time waiting for our next connection. Marshaling yards were a favorite target for allied fighters. The POW boxcars were not marked and we were locked in. I had just traded places against the wall with another POW when the aid raid sirens started to wail and a squadron of Spitfires strafed the yard, and the soldier I had just traded places with moments before took a 20mm shell through his chest. Every combat soldier has a similar story or stories to tell.

We were young and soldiers once, but our generation is moving now to the edges of history. We hand our story on to future generations and to a new breed of soldiers who, I can assure you, as much as I hate to admit it, are better trained, better equipped, better led, and they retain your fighting spirit.

Yes, we changed the world in our time, and we were changed in the process. Following the attack on Pearl Harbor, we mustered 16 and a half million Americans to battle on many fronts. 400,000 were killed in action. Today some 9 million American veterans of that war remain alive - more than half of those who served - and this is our last chance to involve so many veterans of the war in a major commemoration of it. The focus on the final victory, V-J Day and the end of WWII will be here in Hawaii. The President will be here at Punchbowl on September 2 for a memorial service. Included at that time, probably the day before, will be a special recognition for Hawaii veterans, including Pearl Harbor shipyard crews and others who made Hawaii the key focal point and command post of the war in the Pacific. The 442nd RCT will be coordinating much of this key event.

It is indeed a commemorative year and a commemorative time, but it also sets the stage for a new beginning. We are shaking hands with

a new century looming on the horizon. With it comes a confusing, contentious new world, but one which we hope and pray will never again call for the sacrifice of so many of our young soldiers.

But for here and now, this day at Punchbowl we come to honor, to remember, and to pay tribute of those of the "Go For Broke" Regiment - the 442nd - who paid with their lives to preserve the freedoms we enjoy today. To the families, to the friends of those we honor today, I would like to read a letter written by ABRAHAM LINCOLN on November 21, 1864 to MRS. LYDIA BIXBY, a widow from Boston, Mass:

Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

God Bless our fallen comrades.

God Bless the United States of America.

Thank you.

KANSHA MEDALLION RECIPIENT RESPONSE

by GENE CASTAGNETTI

Dear Mr. Kuniyuki,

It is with a sincere sense of humble appreciation, combined with enormous personal pride, that I accept the honor of being a recipient of the Kansha Medallion from your Board of Directors and gracious membership of the 442nd Veterans Club.