

France. They were now part of the 7th Army. Ahead of them was the epic struggle for control of the Vosges Mountains in northeastern France. The 442nd was attached to the 36th (Texas) Division that had fought its way from the South of France and now faced a well entrenched and determined enemy. The German High Command had ordered their troops to fight to the end, those retreating would be shot! They did not want the Allied Army to cross the Alsace-Lorraine Valley which lay at the foot of the Vosges as the Rhine River would be reached by the Allies and Germany would then be vulnerable to invasion.

After entering the battle on October 15, the 442nd pushed back the Germans and liberated the key towns of Bruyeres and Biffontaine in little over a week. The Combat Team suffered heavy losses. Then, in the last week of October on the night of the 26th, the 100th and 3rd battalions were ordered to rescue the men of the 1st Battalion, 141st Regiment, 36th Division, who had been surrounded by the enemy in Forest Dominiale du Champ. They became the "Lost Battalion" of WWII. The 2nd Bn guarded one savage fighting and when the battle came down to hand-to-hand combat, Sgt Robert S. Murata (Honolulu) lost his life. The following day, October 30, the 3rd Bn reached the trapped "Lost Battalion" followed shortly by the 100th Bn. Murata was with Company L, 3rd Bn. His unit was decimated by this time and no one can recall how he lost his life. This rescue of the "Lost Battalion" would bring enduring fame to the Combat Team, but it was at a high cost in casualties.

Murata was especially fond of music and played in his school band. He was a freshman at the University of Hawaii when he enlisted in the VVV. He had a flair for mathematics and most likely would have become an engineer. He had a brother in the 442nd. As fate would have it, 5 days later his brother, Pfc Harry S. Yamasaki, Company I, 3rd Bn, was also killed in action as the 442nd remained on the line to repulse enemy counterattacks.

And so it was for the seven Varsity Victory Volunteers whose University of Hawaii careers were cut short. They had refused to compromise their patriotic ideals. Their simple statement: "We wish to do our part as loyal Americans..." was finally played out on the bloody battlefields of Europe.

In retrospect, the VVV were nearly forsaken by their country; but when given the opportunity, they did not fail their country. They gave substance to President

Roosevelt's pronouncement: "Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry." That hardy band of 169, a microcosm of the Nisei of that time, proved their loyalty beyond any doubt in Europe, Asia and the South Pacific. Their legacy is one of unwavering patriotism and indomitable spirit.

*The preceding article was contributed by Bill Thompson based on Army records and interviews. Thompson a 442nd vet, is a UH grad. It was written for publication by Hawaii Herald on March 17, 1995.*

## HONOR BOUND

### 442nd 53rd Anniversary Banquet

### Keynote Speech, March 30, 1996

by Wendy Hanamura

Aloha! My good friend, Toshio Nakahara tells me that tonight I look like a real manuela girl. Is that right? But he will not tell me what that means. And I have a sneaking suspicion that it means I look as big as Queen Liliuokalani. You know, tonight is truly a historic occasion, to have under one group, the members of the 442nd, their big brothers of the 100th, the MIS, the 1399, the sons and the daughters, and of course, the people we know who really run this organization, the wives of all of the veterans. To have all of you here tonight is so wonderful.

I feel so honored to be here before you tonight. But in some ways, I also feel as if it were my fate to be here, my destiny. You know, this morning Paula talked about fate and karma, and if you believe in fate and karma as I do, I think that so many different stars had to come into alignment in order for me to make the video, "Honor Bound," that I really have come to feel so strongly that there has been a hand greater than my own in creating this film. I wanted to tell you a little bit about the film you're going to see tonight. I know many of you seen it before, so I wanted to tell you how it came to be.

It all began about four years ago, when I was based in Tokyo as a reporter, and I had just given birth to my first son. I got a call from my boss, and he said, "Congratulations, Wendy, on your baby and your layoff. In fact, we had to lay off the entire television division because we're shutting down your show and so you need to start looking for work." And so I started to think, at this point in my life, if I could do anything I wanted to do with my life at this moment, what would I do? And



I knew immediately that what I really, really wanted to do was to tell my father's story, the story of Company L, the story of the 442, and in many, many ways, the story of all of you. Because although it is the story of my father, I really hoped that in his personal remembrances there will be something very universal, something that spoke to each one of you and each of your experiences.

So with this in mind, my husband and I packed up our bags and we moved from Tokyo, back home with our baby. Had to get a job and I went for my job interview and the president of my station said, "We wanna hire you," and I said, "Gee, you know, I would really like to work for you but there's this project that I really wanna do," and I told him all about the 442nd. I told him about all the amazing things you have done. And I said, "You know, I know this is a really good story, because this my father's story." And he said, "You know what, Wendy? That is a great story, and we will help you to do it." So suddenly, the first star was in place.

In many ways, I'm really lucky that I even know that this story exists, because as you sons and daughters have probably had happen to you, whenever I would ask my father about what happened in the war, he would always tell me the funny stories. He loved to tell me how, you know, they found this German POW with potatoes and they stole the potatoes. He loved to tell me about pulling out carrots in the middle of battle and eating them. But he would never tell me the stories of pain, the stories of suffering, the stories of what it was like to see your best buddy die next to you. I didn't know about those stories growing up. And so it was also a bit of luck that that same year, my father's platoon sergeant, a man named Genro Kashiwa, who's sitting right there next to him tonight, he put out the call to all the boys in the Company L, "I want you to write down your memoirs." My father being a good sergeant, a staff sergeant, when Genro tells him to do something, he does it. So he sat down at his computer and he wrote out his memoirs of the war. He started with the Gothic Line and he worked his way backwards, all the way to the bombing of Pearl Harbor. And he sent those memoirs to me in Japan, and I read them, and I thought, these are amazing. There were stories of love and stories of pain, and stories of suffering that I had never heard before, and being a good television producer, I knew that this was a good story, a story worth telling. And it was really all because Genro had put out that call that I

even knew that this story existed and that another star fell into place for me.

But even though I had a job now at KPIX and I had an idea, I still had to raise about two hundred thousand dollars to do this documentary, and to me at that time, \$200,000 seemed like an insurmountable amount of money, I mean, who's gonna give me \$200,000 and tell the story of my father. It seemed impossible to me. But I wrote out a draft proposal, and I wrote out proposals, and I started to have meetings with presidents of companies and, and media officials, advertising executives, and I told them my story time and again and I did this for about eight months and still no one had given me a dime. But suddenly, the word got out that I was doing this documentary, and I started to get these letters with checks in the mail from you folks, from 442 and 100th veterans, and it was not the money so much, but your letters of encouragement, that really made me feel like I could do this. And I thank you so much for your gifts, big and small, and for your support. And slowly, other people started to come on board, too, companies like AT&T and Bank of America and Chevron; they all decided that this was a story worth telling to the nation. And so we raised that \$200,000 and more, and suddenly another star had fallen in place for this project.

But I still had the biggest obstacle yet to overcome. That obstacle was my father. Now, you sons and daughters, imagine this... Imagine going to your own dad and saying, "Dad, I have this great idea. I am going to make a video to show the whole country all about you." Well, your dad would say, just what my dad would have said, "No way will I do that!" I knew my father was going to say that. So being a good, obedient sansei girl that I am... I didn't tell him. I didn't tell him I was gonna do a documentary about him. I said, "Dad, I'm gonna do this documentary about the 442nd." And he said, "Oh, that's great, that's really great," and he started to ask me questions like, "Well, who are you going to interview?" And I thought I'd ease him into this, and I said, "Well, how about you dad?" He said, "Oh, no, no, no, no, you don't want to interview me, I mean, I'm no hero. I didn't even volunteer like all the men from Hawaii. I was drafted, I had to go. I didn't do anything special. No, you need to find like, some Congressional Medal of Honor winner and interview him." I said, "No, no, dad, I think I wanna interview you. And he said, "No, no, no, no, no," and I would show him these



other documentaries. And said, "Look, Mr. Kimura, he was interviewed, that wasn't so bad." He said, "No, no, no, that would much too much of me."

And so I knew, that I only had one chance to convince my father. We were going to the Company L reunion in Las Vegas to do our first shoot, and I knew that in that room in Las Vegas would be all the men and all the women that my father cared most about. 'Cause you see, I had always come to Hawaii with my dad for the reunions when I was six and when I was a teenager, and I somehow knew even then, that my father had this feeling for all of his Army buddies that was unmatched. I mean, I think he loved his Army buddies more than anyone else in the whole world except for his family. And I always wondered what it was that made up that bond. And I knew that everyone my father really cared about was going to be in this room in Las Vegas. And if I could convince them, maybe I could convince him.

So the big banquet in Las Vegas, I got up there and I said, "You know, I have a secret to tell you. My father really doesn't wanna do this documentary. But I have a son. My son is a real grandpa's boy. And I think in my father's heart of hearts, he really wants his grandson to know what happened in those forests in France and on those bitter Italian hills. And I think that in all of your hearts, you really want your grandchildren to know what happened when you were serving in Europe, too. And I told them, and I wanna tell you now, that I wish I could have told each one of your stories because they are terrific stories, they are important stories, they are treasures. But I only had fifty-two short minutes of television time and I could only tell one story. And I wanted to tell my dad's story, in hopes that it would be all of your stories, as well. And the response from my father's friends was really tremendous. They opened up their hearts to me. They told me some of the hardest and bitter stories of their war years. Things they had never told anyone before. They brought out their medals, they brought out their pictures, and they shared them with me. There was such an outpouring of warmth and support, that when my father saw that, there was nothing he could do but to go along.

And so in October of 1994, my father and my mother and I and a film crew went to Europe. And I have to tell you we landed in Milan and drove straight to Carrara, Massa, Carrara. And then we went off in search of a little town called Azzano, a town that many of you stayed in forty, fifty years ago. And this was such a tiny

little town that you guys had stayed in, it wasn't even on the maps. We couldn't find this place "Azzano," we just kind of had an idea of where it was, and we'd go around in our van saying, "Eh, excuse me, Azzano, Azzano," and they'd say "Ahhh... go this way," and so we drive off that way. And finally, after going up these mountain paths, we stumbled across this little tin sign that said, "Azzano," and there it was just like it must have been fifty years ago, when you marched in there under the cover of darkness with the church bells ringing. It looked like it hadn't changed a day, and I tell you that it was the feeling of my own dreams coming true before my eyes. I've never had that feeling before and it will be something I'll always remember all my life. And suddenly, another star had fallen into place.

We got my father to the top of Mount Folgorito only with a lot of hard work. From the town of Azzano you could see across the steep valley and up this huge mountain, this mountain called Mount Folgorito, on the Gothic Line. But we couldn't go down that valley and up that hill like you guys went, with full backpacks under the cover of darkness, we had to find another way to drive in there. And so we tried many, many different ways, we kept getting stuck and our van kept slipping, and finally we made it, and we trudged in there with all of our gear. And it was getting dark because it had taken a long time. Finally we reached Mount Folgorito and there was that last steep climb, that last steep ascent that was so steep that we all had to drop all of our gear and strip down and use our hands and our feet to climb up there. But there at the top of Mount Folgorito was just as Genro Kashiwa had described it, this cave and this huge trench made out of stone and concrete, and you'll see it in the video, and it's still there, and it's amazing, and you could hear a dog bark from all the way across the valley, and you could see every single bit of the Italian coastal plain, and you knew that whoever patrolled that spot was going to control that whole region of Italy, and to think that so many of you reached that spot with Germans shooting down at you and with darkness covering you, and carrying these huge, heavy packs, is just amazing. And when we got my father up there, we couldn't get him to the very top 'cause that was really too much of a climb, he looked up at that last ascent that he had not made because he had been shot, and he was just amazed. And that look of amazement on my father's face, when he saw what his buddies had done, was worth a million words. That's another moment



I will never forget. A moment that you will see in our film. But I have to tell you, at the top of that mountain there is a cross, and on that cross in Italian there is written an inscription, and it's dedicated to all the men of many colors who fought beneath many flags, so that we could be free. You see, they have not forgotten you in Azzano, in Italy, in Massa, in Carrara, in Bruyeres, in Biffontaine, they still remember you so very well.

The video premiered in San Francisco in March of 1995 about a year ago, and after that, I got just hundreds and hundreds of letters and calls, and people started to call my father out of the phone book, and Vietnam veterans would say, "Gosh, I had never heard your story." But of all the hundreds of letters and outpouring of support that I received, the letters that mean the most to me were the letters from the sons and the daughters of 442/100 veterans and I wanna read some of them to you tonight. One of them is from the daughter of Bob Takeshita, who is in Company L, and it reads in part:

"My parents went to Las Vegas in 1991 for a 442 reunion so my husband and I accompanied them. All of the men went up to the stage for a group picture and to sing the 442 song. I looked at them still so full of fun and life, but not so quick in step, and I wondered how many would not be able to attend the next reunion. I think it was that night that I felt the sense of urgency that someone had to preserve the memories of these special men and there was so little time. I'm sure that all the men who had been in combat had been very special and had special bonds with their friends made during that experience. But our fathers, I think, were special, and their experiences unique. I've always been so proud that my dad was in the 442. He is man of few words, so you would never suspect that he could have such stories to tell."

You could never suspect that he had such stories to tell. You would never suspect that all of you have such stories to tell.

I have a favor to ask of you tonight, each one of you. The time is so precious. I hope that when you go home tonight, you will think about what happened to you in the war, and you will write down your memories and your stories, the good ones and the bad ones, the painful ones, the funny ones. And if you don't like to write, you could get a tape recorder and you could record them. Get your wife to ask you questions, or better yet, call Alan Kubota, and set up a time to go down to the Sons and Daughters and they'll videotape you. Just

record your story. That's all I ask because you don't have to leave your children lots of money or real estate or jewelry or timeshares in Las Vegas. All you have to do is leave them your stories and your memories because they are treasures more valuable than gold.

I was reminded today once again at the Punchbowl, how precious the time is. You know, they read the name of Chet Tanaka, and just a year ago, Chester Tanaka was on the phone with me helping me to proofread the manuscript for my documentary. I didn't realize that he had passed away. And also, they read the name of a man named Masi Okamura, a friend of my dad's from L Company. Now, Masi was groundskeeper at a Bay Area golf course. He's a bachelor, never married, didn't have any kids or a wife that he could pass his stories on to, but he wrote down his stories for Genro, and so we have them. And we will remember them. And at the end of his story he wrote this little epilogue because he had come to the premiere of "Honor Bound" in San Francisco, which was held at a big theater with almost a thousand people. And at the end, we had asked all of the veterans to come up on stage, and this is what he had to write about that experience. Masi wrote:

"After the showing, all of the veterans of the 100th and the 442 were called up on stage, and Wendy decorated each of us with a bronze medallion. When she got through and introduced us to the audience, with the words, 'ladies and gentlemen, I give you the men of the 100th and 442nd,' the audience spontaneously stood up and gave the thirty-five of us a standing ovation. It lasted at least five minutes, I thought. I have never experienced the feeling like that in my seventy-six years, and I wished that I could disappear, I was so overcome with emotions and funny feelings. I remarked to the guy next to me that I would rather be in my foxhole than be standing up there. When it was all over, they took photos of us which appeared in many of the local media including TV, and when we mingled with the crowd later, many people came up and congratulated us with thank-yous and other compliments. It was an honor to be there with Howe and to represent Company L." Masi Okamura, April 1995.

By October, Masi had died. I tell you I feel so happy that if only for one night, if only for one moment, he was able to feel the pride and the honor and the respect that we have for him. He was a humble man who had done heroic things, and I'm so glad that he got to hear the ovations that he so richly deserved.



You know, I think the biggest star of all that had to be in alignment for my project to happen was that all of the men had to be there. They all had to be healthy and in place, and in front of the cameras, and in Europe for those reunions and just having each one of them there was what made this special project happen. Even today, we couldn't have it happen again. So all of these stars had to line up for "Honor Bound" to become a reality.

I have another favor to ask of you tonight. And that's a favor to ask the sons and the daughters. I hope that you will ask your fathers to tell you their stories, even if you've asked them a hundred times before and they have always told you that they can't remember. You know, it wasn't that easy for me to get them to tell me their stories, either. I'm thinking about my father's squad leader, Richard Furikawa, who's sitting right down there. I went up to Richard, and I said, "Richard..." Now, this is a man, I have to tell you, who was in every single day of the war from the beginning to the end. And I said, "Richard, tell me about the Battle of Bruyeres." He said, "I don't remember, Wendy." And I said, "Well, what about those shell bursts and things," and he said, "You know, I don't know nothing." And I said, "What about this..." He said, "I don't know nothing." And so I sent my producer, Joe, to ask him and he said, "You know, I don't remember." And then I said, "Okay, we're gonna send Rochelle, our associate producer, real tall, blond, pretty. This is gonna work." So we sent Rochelle to ask Richard, and Richard said, "I don't know nothing." So we all three got together and we said, "Gee maybe Richard doesn't remember anything." But when we got them together around the table, when they all started to talk story, Richard remembered everything. Some guy would start telling a story and Richard would say, "No, no, no, no, that wasn't the way it was, this is the way it was." And someone else would say something and he'll say, "Well, Wendy 'what he's trying to explain to you is this.'" He remembered everything. And I have to thank Richard for sharing all those stories with me because not only did he share those stories with me, in doing that he shared those stories with his three daughters who are here tonight. One of his daughters, Sheila, wrote me a letter after she saw "Honor Bound." This is what she wrote. She said:

"This video was not only historical, but was certainly an emotional one for me. To see these men still choke on their words, to tear with the thoughts of their fellow comrades, to be living legends in Europe, brought tears

to my eyes. I thank you from all the sons and the daughters of the 442 because they are all heroes, and your story is one that should live on for generations to come.

So if you wonder fifty-three years later what your legacy is, I tell you, you can see it all around you. As the historian Eric Saul told me in an interview, he said, "You know Wendy, for Asian Americans, civil rights began in a forest in France in 1944, when those nisei boys broke through the German lines and saved those Texas soldiers, and suddenly everyone in America thought, 'hey these guys really are Americans.' And if it wasn't for that forest in France in 1994, Hawaii would not be a state, we would not have redress, we would not have judges named Doi and Nakayama, we would not have Senators named Inouye, and Wendy, you couldn't be a television reporter for CBS and your children couldn't hope to be anything they want to be." So you can see your legacy all around you. But there is another legacy that you can't see, and that is the legacy that you leave your grandchildren and your grandchildren's children. Recently my four-year old son, Jonathan, came up to me and he said, "Mom, what is honor?" And I said to him, "Jonathan, honor means doing your best and always telling the truth." Now that's a pretty simple explanation for a pretty complex set of values. But you see, what you've given my son is a set of values, a set of moral guidelines that will be like the stars in the sky by which he could navigate his life. You've set a standard for my son. You told him that he is honor bound to live up to your example. I was thinking the other night that what you did, you did of course, for your country, but I think you really did it for your parents, for your issei parents. You didn't want to bring shame to your family name, and you wanted to honor your parents, you wanted to make them feel like you have done alright. And you see, that's what we're doing, too, your sons and your daughters. That's why they plan parades and they work on memorial services and it's even why they make videos. Because we love you so much and we want you to be proud of us, we want you to know... (pause)... that your stories are very, very important to us.

So you see, although tonight on your program it says that this is a salute to the sons and the daughters, I think we have it wrong. I think that tonight your sons and your daughters are here to salute you and to vow to you that your stories, your memories, your faces, will live on in the classrooms and in the libraries across America,



but mostly, they will live on in all of our hearts, and we will make sure that our children know your stories and your faces, too. So as you watch my video tonight, I hope that you will find in it a small part that is your story, because although I did it for my father, I also did it for all of you. Thank you.

## CONTRIBUTING

## Editor

by Jackson Morisawa

### Concept of *Omote* and *Ura*

The wife of a very good friend from Osaka visited Hawaii with her daughter. She is an outgoing person, cheerful and pleasant to be with. We enjoy her company very much. However, she is one of the modern Japanese with a quirk and succumbs to material status consciousness. She revels in shopping for name brand articles no matter how expensive, ridiculous or without quality. She laughs at this stupidity while gullibly spending money. As much as I dislike Japanese status consciousness, I only have good feelings for her.

In this situation I am reminded of an article I read concerning the state of Japanese mind. Japanese people's real intentions or feelings are hard to understand. Many foreigners express this view. The recent trade friction between Japan and other countries further substantiate this view.

Takeo Doi, a noted psychiatrist, looks into the Japanese mental framework using the concept of *omote* and *ura* as clues to better understanding of this phenomenon.

*Tatemaie* meaning norm, basis, principle or policy, implies action dictated by the society in which a person belongs. *Honne* on the other hand, connotes the true feeling and philosophy of the individual. The Japanese believe that both feigned allegiance to social principle and loyalty to an individual's inner desire remain balanced for harmonious functioning of society.

During the *samurai* era, a warrior gloried in honorable poverty. Even when he was too poor to eat, he

held a toothpick in his mouth as though he had just finished a satisfying meal. He maintained his noble spirit wearing swords and being content with honest poverty while his stomach growled. This was the *tatemaie* of the *samurai*. The desire to eat was his *honne*.

There is also a Japanese expression, "smile in the face but weep in the heart." Even if a person really wants to cry, he has to wear a smile because of whatever circumstances he is in.

*Omote* which means exterior, front or surface, meant "face" in archaic language. You often hear "*Omote wo age*" in *samurai* movies where the magistrate commands the bowing prisoners to raise their head. *Ura*, inside or the reverse side, meant heart or mind. The Japanese have always thought that everything has two sides, *omote* and *ura*. *Omote* is related to *tatemaie* while *ura* implies *honne*. However, these two concepts are really one unified concept, for a man cannot live with *tatemaie* alone nor can he live with *honne* solely. So the Japanese naturally use either one or both when coping with any situation. Such mental structure makes it hard for those unfamiliar with the Japanese to understand their real intentions simply from the words they utter. A person listening to a Japanese must decide if what he is hearing is *omote* or *ura* or some combination of the two. For instance, when you ask a Japanese if he or she likes a certain food, most of them reply, "*Hai*," yes, but you have to contend with yes what? You must decide what you are hearing is "yes, I like it" or "yes, I don't like it."

A Catholic missionary trying to propagate his faith in Japan was perplexed at realizing he could never know what was really in the minds of the Japanese through the words they uttered. They refused to become believers even though they said the stories he told moved them. They paid rapt attention to him and showed interest in his words so as not to hurt his feelings. However, when the moment for baptism in the new faith arrived, the Japanese had to express their real intentions and refused.

The Japanese, according to Dr. Doi, are more enthusiastic about reaching an agreement than expressing their personal opinion. They are always conscious of what group they belong to. This leads them to place greater importance to *tatemaie-omote*, the popular policy existing in their society. Although the personal feelings do not seem to appear on the surface, it does not mean they reject *honne-ura*.

People in individualistic Western society strongly believe no distinction should exist between *tatemaie* and



*bonne*. When a man intentionally commits a crime, he should be held responsible. In the Western society people make *bonne* almighty. Thus, in order to avoid punishment, the criminal evades responsibility by offering a variety of excuses for his actions. This is defying *tatemae*. The Japanese people, on the other hand, easily accept society's policy and instead of finding excuses for their actions, offer apologies for transgressing societal principles. Thus, they try to keep *tatemae* and *bonne* balanced. They seek mercy of the society. As a result the rate of confessions in criminal cases is higher in Japan than in the West.

During WWII, many Japanese soldiers died with the accepted norm, "Long live the Emperor." This was the *tatemae-omote* of the Japanese society. Thinking of their families, children and sweethearts, soldiers probably did not wish to die, yet, expressing such *bonne-ura* was a taboo during the war when *tatemae* was overwhelming. Breaking the taboo was more agonizing than death itself.

The reaction of post-war generation and the tendency to emulate Western cultural principles have opened dangerous grounds. As long as *ura* and *omote* are balanced, no grave problems arise, but when one side dominates, danger ensues. The modern generation treats *tatemae* lightly and expressing individual feelings dominates. This has resulted in atrocious, strange and dreadful incidents totally unimaginable to prewar Japanese. Mothers discard newborn babies, boys beat their parents, teachers act like punk rockers and policemen rob banks. According to Dr. Doi, all of these phenomena are symbols of a society that despises *tatemae*. Dr. Keigo Okonogi, another psychiatrist, sees the trend of searching for *bonne* by peeling off all unreasonable *tatemae* produces youths who cannot establish their own identity and do not know their own true feelings.

The original meaning of *tatemae* is the completion of the main framework of a house including the pillars, ridges and girders. *Tatemae* is thus indispensable in construction, providing the base for the house itself. With the base set, finishing the house is relatively simple. *Tatemae*, therefore, came to connote societal norm and principle which serves as the basis on which the society operates. Society without social principles can never survive. So it is with everything in the universe. A secured base is necessary whether it be art, cooking, flying an airplane, or training in the Way. *Tatemae* is the basis of that which rises from it.

*Omote-ura* equate yin and yang, the opposite causative forces which govern the development of human affairs physically as well as psychologically. They balance and compliment each other in different dimensions to maintain harmony in every step in the myriad changes of the universe. When these forces are observed in proper harmony, the individual realizes and maintains physical and psychological well-being which induces proper posture and attitude and society will benefit from it.

Understanding the Japanese mind in the concept of *omote-ura*, Westerners can also balance their dominating *bonne*. I believe this is the reason why I can never feel anger with my dear friend's wife.

### Da Kine Officers

The concern for harmonious functioning in the formation of the 442 RCT created some anxiety. Human frailties, the fear and suspicion that unnecessarily arise over things unknown, was a reality in this situation.

The fact that the nucleus of the 442 RCT was made up of Nisei, second generation Americans of Japanese ancestry, and that the nation from which their forefathers came was at war with America, accelerated the concern.

At the time when our Nation's leaders from the President on down were mixed in the quagmire which diverted their sanity from civil law, it was impossible to believe that any other group will act otherwise.

There were only few officers of Japanese ancestry, most of them in the lower ranks. There were no alternative except to place Caucasian officers to lead the unit. Many of the officers came from communities which never experienced or were subjected to racial differences, especially a full contingent of Japanese.

The concern was real and what the reaction will be from both sides was inconceivable.

The volunteers from Hawaii, having already experienced domination by big businesses controlled by Caucasians, knew how to adjust to such a situation. Their counterpart, the mainland Niseis were subjected to unspoken discrimination which was overwhelming when it blew open. The internment regardless of their status as American citizens was a devastating experience, and yet, they had enough presence of mind to accept their role.

In light of these adversities, the interaction between



the leadership and the masses was amazingly civil. There were only few outward animosities which were dealt with composure. The Hawaiian contingent were more liberal and acted accordingly. The mainland Niseis, despite degrading circumstances, were models of self-restraint. Seeing the Nisei's determination, the officers' anxieties were alleviated and the desire to successfully establish the 442 RCT became a mutual concern.

What happened then is history.

For many years, the veterans of the 442 RCT felt affinity for the "da kine officers."

On this occasion commemorating the 54th anniversary of the 442 RCT, we lower echelon Buddhaheads and Kotonks appreciate the opportunity to express our Mahalo to all the officers and especially to the "Haole da kine" for their understanding and many years of friendship and camaraderie.



The annual 141st Infantry Regiment reunion will be held at the Holiday Inn, Jacksonville Airport Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday (May 8-11, 1997). Free shuttle bus to and from the airport, free parking for those who drive.

This is a beautiful hotel, with a very good room rate of \$62.00 plus tax. The room rate will be good for one week before or one week after the reunion. The Holiday Inn restaurant is very nice with a good and reasonably priced Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner buffet, with a senior citizen discount of 10%. Within walking distance are Denny's, Waffle House, Taco Bell, Subway, and Dunkin Donut.

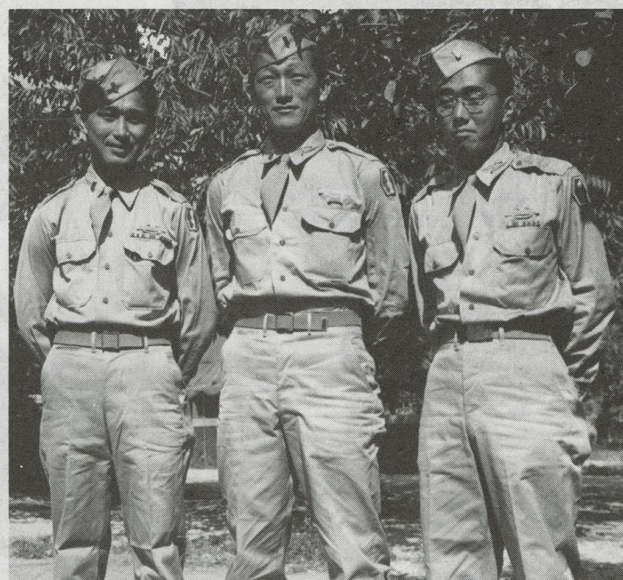
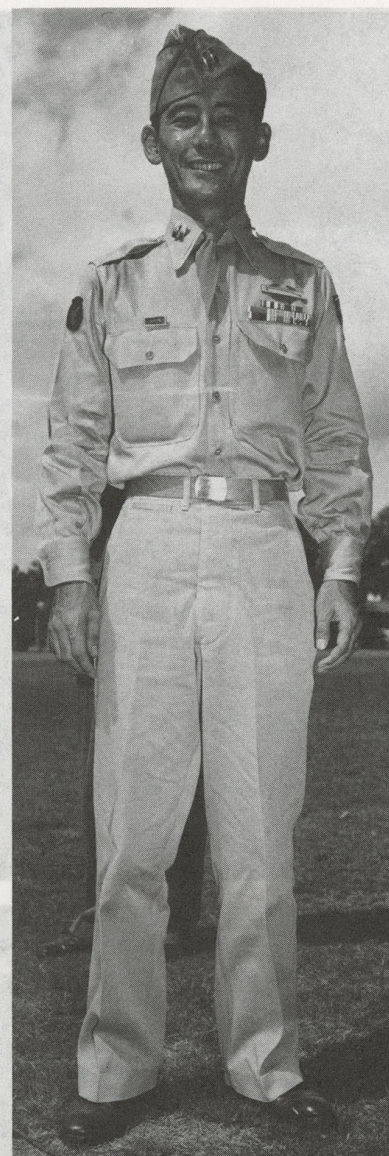
Al Dietrick and I visited Jacksonville/St. Augustine, Florida on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, (October 26-28, 1996) with two members who live in the area and we were treated with open arms by both the T-Patchers and representatives of the Convention Center and Hotels we visited.

We picked the Airport Holiday Inn for the convenience of our members who will be arriving by air and those driving. We have several tours planned for your stay, such as trip to Camp Blanding with lunch at either the Officer's or NCO Club over to Historic St. Augustine, we are planning a day or evening cruise from Mayport Village on the La Cruise Casino Ship. You can try your luck on the slot machines, blackjack, crap tables or roulette or just relax on the sun deck and enjoy the cool ocean breeze. This is really a "Fun Cruise" for all to enjoy. Other short tours will be available for those not interested in the La Cruise Casino Ship, such as Jacksonville Landing, Anheuser-Bush Brewery Tour and Outlet Shopping Tour with 95 Outlets. Watch for the Morning Report Newsletter with more information and prices which will be reasonably priced.

For more information, call or write Leonard Wilkerson, President-1997, (903) 489-1644, Al Dietrick, Vice President/Editor, (210) 732-4753 or Sammie Petty, Sec/Treasurer (713) 487-1472.

In Comradeship,  
Leonard Wilkerson  
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