

PERICOLO - VINO

VIETATO FUMARE



SUPPLY AND DEMAND

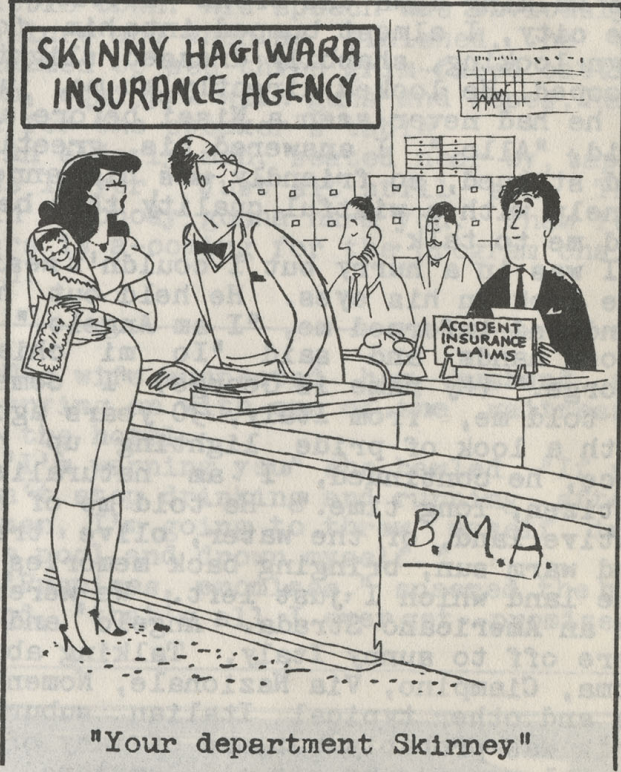
During the Italian campaign, two 442nd G.I.s from Hawaii had found a vino's paradise. They had broken into a building to get out of the wretched Italian rain, and much to their delight they had found that they had inadvertently discovered a warehouse full of wine. They were sitting on the floor completely surrounded by bottles---both empty and full---enjoying themselves immensely. One of the dog face was looking over some reports that he had found on a desk in the warehouse.

"Shay," he said to his partner, "It shays here in this report that the Italian government produced about 3,000,000 tons of grapes last year."

"Damn," exclaimed the second dog face as he reached for another bottle, "Drink up, man! They're gaining on us!"

"Isn't it hard to keep a budget straight?" wailed Mrs. Yamada.

"My dear, it's terrible!" confided Mrs. Asakura. "This month I had to put in four mistakes to make mine balance."



K. TANIGUCHI, LTD.

SUPER MARKET - DRY GOODS

Yukio Taniguchi (Interp.)
321 Keawe St. - Phone 3122

"We sell everything, from soup to nuts"

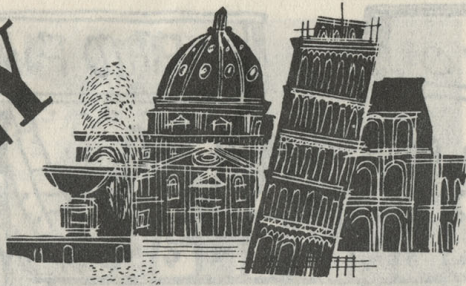
Free Parking in rear of Building

AMERICAN FACTORS, LTD.

TETSUO HAMADA (Co. K)

"Even 'Lili Marlene' drinks Heidelberg beer"

ITALY



CONVERSAZIONE CON ANGELO
(Conversation with Angelo)
By Ye Old Editor

On the way home from Europe back in 1946, we were billeted for awhile at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. As time was plentiful after the long sea voyage, we were fortunate in securing passes to revisit New York City. It has been a long time since we last saw the big city.... that was back in 1943 or '44, before we shipped for oversea's combat duty. As I was walking down the Bronx section of the city, I almost bumped into him--foreign looking, shabbily dressed, slightly stooped. He looked directly at me, just as he had never seen a Nisei before and said, "Allo." I answered his greeting and stopped, so friendly was his manner, lonely with a wistful quality that begged me to talk.

I was in a hurry but I couldn't resist the look in his eyes. He held out his hand and informed me, "I am Angelo." I shook hands and said "Io mi chiamo George." (My name is George) "I come," he told me, "from Italy, 30 years ago." With a look of pride lighting up his face, he continued, "I am naturalized citizen, long time." He told me of his native land, of the water, olive trees and warm sun, bringing back memories of the land which I just left. We weren't on an Americano Strada. Angelo and I were off to sunny Italy. Talking about Roma, Ciampino, Via Nazionale, Nomentana and other typical Italian suburbs. This was probably but one of many of his mental voyages to his old homeland.

Angelo stopped talking, looked at me for a long time and said, "Something I ask you, "Why you pay attention to Angelo?" Momentarily ashamed of my instinct to pass him by in my hurry, I answered, "Because you seemed so friendly, like the nonnos I met in Italy."

His expression was perplexed as he spoke haltingly. "I see other men, sometimes big men. I want everyone's friend. I say "Allo," he says nothing. "Angelo no hurt anyone. Angelo just want to be

friend." No condemnation. His face showed but an innocent perplexity. He went on, "I like every fello but I don't think no one like Angelo. Why you Signore George want to be my friend?" A lump came into my throat and, for a moment, I couldn't speak. I then tried to answer his pathetic question.

"Angelo, we are all brothers, just like myself, I'm a Nisei. My parents came from their homeland of Japan, but I was born in America. That's why I'm serving in the Army of the United States, but many men have never found this out. Do not get mad. Pity them. Still puzzled, he asked, "But I no speak very good English, how you understand Angelo?" While being made keenly aware of my own human limitations, I could not but give this answer, "Non capisco molto Italiano, but the heart that understands knows every language!"

Angelo seemed, at first, unable to comprehend. Then his face lit up and he cried, pointing to his heart. "Angelo see now! If the heart know, fellow know! Grazie mio amico!"

I shook hands and left my new friend. I thought of our democracy, where all men are guaranteed equality before the law, where there are not supposed to be dividing lines of color, creed or nationality.

As I walked down the street, this disturbing question rushed, unbidden into my conscious mind. "I wonder why no one ever talks to Angelo?" Meeting Angelo, here I observed a real genuine friendliness, interest and concern between fellow humans from different parts of the world, different social levels and different nationalities and backgrounds. Observing these things has been like a tonic for me and I have returned home from my tour of duty a much happier person in mind and spirit with a renewed faith in this world we live in.

PARADISE Music Store
CHIDORI MUSIC STUDIO
256 N. Beretania St.
Ph. 65-194
Parking in Rear
Ground Floor, Kobayashi Hotel
CHARLES MIMURA (442nd Band I Co.)

"Yes, I can teach you to blow that horn like Gabriel"



YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT----HERE IT IS,
EN-MASSE

Some of the members asked your Editor, "Why don't you put in a picture of some beautiful Island girls?" Well, so far, your Editor hasn't come across any beautiful girl he can just go over and take pictures (no drags) so you readers just have to string along on what your Editor has on hand. After some searching thru the files, we've come across the above picture, which was taken during the 7th Annual Cherry Blossom Festival in Honolulu, sponsored by the Honolulu Japanese Junior Chamber of Commerce. Your Editor happened to be around at Kapiolani Park when the six finalists in the Queen contest made their appearance. Posing left to right are; Karen Yamaato, June Fujikawa, Jane Yamashita, Lorraine Kirihara (Cherry Blossom Queen), Elva Hamamoto and Joan Ogura. For your information, three of the girls are graduates of Roosevelt High School. Queen Lorraine attended Maui schools and graduated from Roosevelt also. To my estimation, Roosevelt High in Honolulu has all the good looking girls enrolled.

The Cherry Blossom Festival sponsored by the Japanese Jay-cees has become one of the recognized spring festivals in Hawaii with all its colorful festivities. One of the major objectives of the Festival is the reintroduction of the finer aspects of Japanese and oriental culture to the people of Hawaii as well as to the thousands of visiting tourists. The Festival have become more and more a tourist attraction, which boosts the economic conditions of the State of Hawaii, especially during the slow tourist months of March and April. The Festival to a great extent was supported by local business firms, civic

organizations and the general public of the community.

The members of the Honolulu Japanese Junior Chamber of Commerce are to be congratulated for the excellent job they are doing in presenting cultural and entertainment features of Old Japan, which also reflects the harmonious racial relationships which exists here in the Aloha State.

TAKE NOTE:

TOSHI NARIMATSU,
Program Chairman



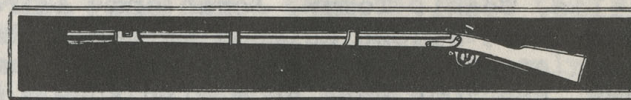
A young New York lawyer was recently invited to address a meeting in a Texas cattle town. His speech was obviously a failure and when he finished, he was alarmed to see three grim-faced cattlemen, equipped with guns and ropes, headed for the speaker's table.

An elderly man, seated near by, tapped the lawyer, "Just sit still son. They ain't nobody gonna harm you. Them fellers is a-coming for the program chairman."

The wife suspected her husband was carrying on with one of the waitresses at the hotel.

"I'm warning you" she bawled, "If you don't stop drinking and running after women, I'm going to throw myself into the pool and drown myself."

"Promises, promises," sneered the husband, "that's all I ever get--promises."



Kobayashi Hotel
KANAE KOBAYASHI *Travel Service, Ltd.*

(Interp.) P. O. BOX 874
252 NORTH BERETANIA HONOLULU, HAWAII

"When registering, please use your right name"



A.J.A. VETERANS COUNCIL GET-TOGETHER

The Hilo A.J.A. Veterans Council held a get-together shindig on June 20th at the Club 299th Club House on Lyman Field. The 3 veterans club, consisting of the Hilo Interpreters Club, the 442nd Veterans Club of Hawaii and the Club 100, really had a very successful and enjoyable evening. There were loads of donated booze with sizzling steaks over charcoal fires, prepared by chefs Orion Yoshimura and Seigi Aoyagi of the Interpreters Club. Chasers were plentiful and everyone who attended had a wonderful time. Of course the last ones to leave the place after midnight were the "Go For Broke" members. First to leave the scene were the "old men" of Club 100. Says, Yasu Iwasaki, "I no can keep up with you young guys."

Each club put out a floor show. Cyril Kanemitsu acted as master of ceremonies for this special event. The 442nd Club had the "Akireta Boys" consisting of Willie, Toshi, Tommy, Jonah and Akira. (They were almost as good as the Arthur Lyman ensemble) Club 100 had Yasu Iwasaki, the "One Man" show with vocals by Kazunobu Yamamoto, vice president of Club 100 and president of the A.J.A. Veterans Council. The M.I.S. group had musical renditions of various racial groups. The number that James Hirano sang reminded Yasu Iwasaki of his neighborhood; Cyril Kanemitsu sang a Spanish number; Kuwanichi Yuda sang a Filipino song, and David Ikawa sang a Hawaiian song. Later in the evening, the 3 clubs had a contest to see which club had the

best Jokers. As usual Yasu ran away with the first prize with his keen Japanese joke. Too bad, special guest Lofty Cook couldn't understand it. (Maybe, it was better) Irishman Tommy Jitchaku had everyone swooning with his interpretation of popular Irish tunes. (sort of a la Dennis Day) Too bad, Doc Miyamoto had to leave early, not because he wanted to, but a cop came to call him for an emergency.

Due to the hard work of our A.J.A. Veterans Council get-together chairman, Orion Yoshimura, we were still in the black when final audits of the expenses were turned in. If we can keep this up for a couple of years, we may have enough money in reserve to hire one of the strippers from the Beretania Folliesbut I guess if we operate in the red, our wives will appreciate us more, as we won't be oggling at any dames during our once-in-a-year stag party.

The guys who are still in the National Guards, really missed out again this year, as the party fell during the week they were on encampment at Schofield Barracks, Oahu. Better luck next year, fellows.

MASS PRODUCTION

A pretty young heiress discovered, to her chagrin, that she couldn't collect the fortune her father left her until she had a child. She kept trying with her husband--but nothing happened. Finally she succeeded, by following an old business rule her father had taught her: when you want something done fast, put more men on the job.

MARRIAGE

Matrimony is an institution in which you lose your bachelor's degree but don't win a master's. Married folk wait for their ship to come in but many get only a raft of youngsters. Be that as it may, it is the woman who wears the pants in the home.

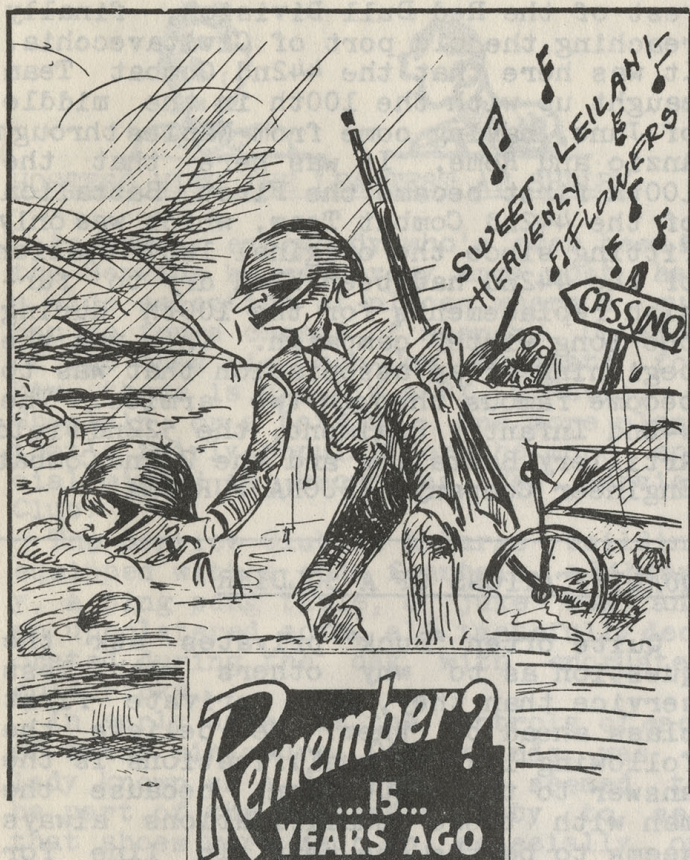
WESTERN AUTO

THE FAMILY STORE

HAILI AND KILAUEA STS., HILO, HAWAII

KAZUNOBU YAMAMOTO (Co. B - 100)

"We have beaucoup supplies that's made in the East"



We are not attempting to recall unpleasant memories, but as matter of record, we are going to give brief account of the action of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team fifteen years ago this month. On the Road to Rome with the 100th Infantry Battalion.....fifteen months after the 100th Infantry Battalion had been activated, the men stepped down the gangplank on an alien shores of Oran, North Africa. One week later, on the 8th of September 1943, the battalion was assigned to the already battle-tested 133rd Infantry of the 34th "Red Bull" Infantry Division, victors at Hill 609 in Tunisia. The battalion took the place of the 2nd Battalion of the 133rd.

Then came the news the world had long been waiting for, landings on the beaches of Paestum and Salerno. After a few days, the 100th took off in pursuit of the retreating enemy and occupied the town of Montemarano, later the important road junction of Ohiusano. The German Army slowly withdrew to high ground northwest of Benevento. Quickly the 133rd and the 100th Infantry Battalions swept ahead and seized the approaches to Benevento, after a spectacular twenty miles forced march, through pouring rain that turned roads into ankle deep

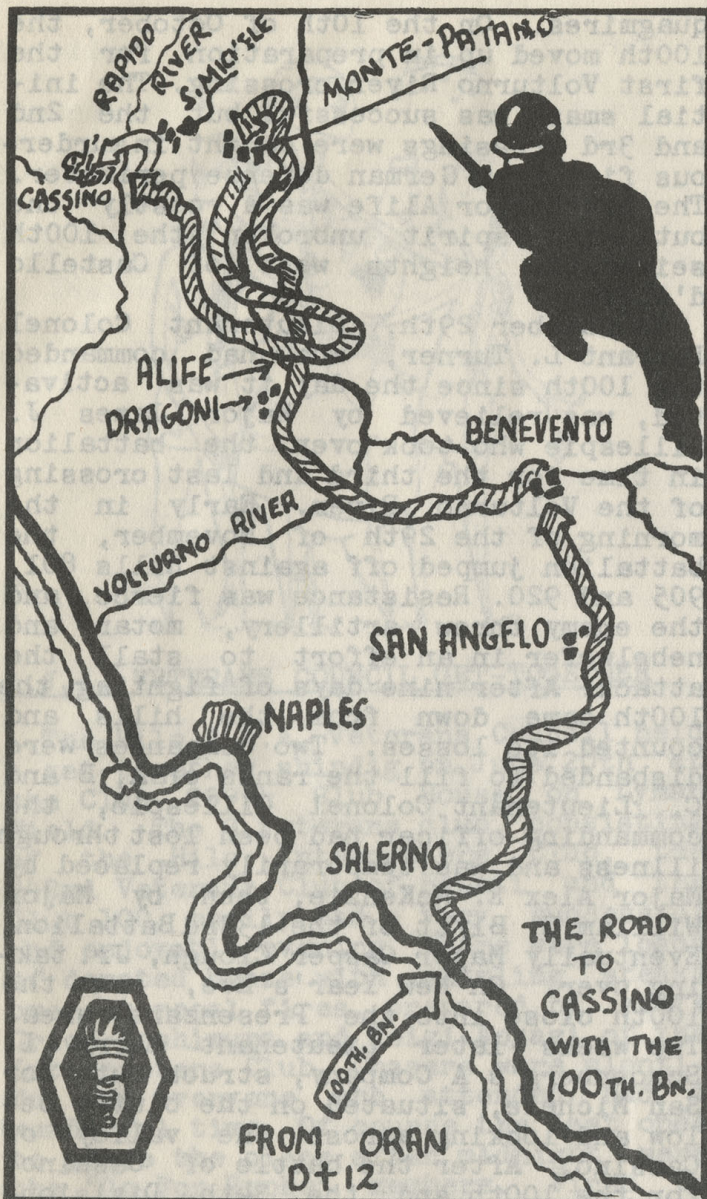
quagmires. On the 10th of October, the 100th moved up in preparation for the first Voltorno River crossing. The initial smash was successful but the 2nd and 3rd crossings were caught in murderous fire from German defense perimeter. The battle for Alife was a costly one but with spirit unbroken the 100th seized the heights west of Castello d'Alife.

On October 29th, Lieutenant Colonel Farrant L. Turner, who had commanded the 100th since the day it was activated, was relieved by Major James J. Gillespie who took over the battalion in time for the third and last crossing of the Voltorno River. Early in the morning of the 29th of November, the battalion jumped off against Hills 801, 905 and 920. Resistance was fierce, and the enemy threw artillery, mortar and nebelwefer in an effort to stall the attack. After nine days of fighting, the 100th came down from the hills and counted its losses. Two companies were disbanded to fill the ranks of A, B and C. Lieutenant Colonel Gillespie, the commanding officer had been lost through illness and was temporarily replaced by Major Alex E. McKenzie, then by Major William H. Blytt of the 133rd Battalion. Eventually Major Casper Clough, Jr. taking over. On New Year's Eve, saw the 100th close into the Presenzano area. Two weeks later Lieutenant Harry I. Schoenberg's A Company, struck out for San Michele, situated on the bluffs below and looking across the valley of Cassino. After the battle of Cassino, for the 100th and the 34th Division, this was an end to the forty-day struggle against impossible odds. Rest meant relief from cold, bitter weather that left men chilled to the bone and swelled their feet to the point where it was torture to take a step.

The ranks were thin, so thin that when the medics carried a man out now, there was no one to take his place, only a gap in the line and an empty foxhole where he had been. This was the end of the fighting in Cassino itself, fighting that was never measured in yards or miles. It was measured instead, in houses taken, in rooms of houses, and in cells of the jail wrested from the German paratroopers one by one.

These men had seen all that there was to see, endured all that there was to endure. They had seen Cassino an ancient abbey crumble under the weight of

(continued on page 14)



rest of the Red Bull Division, finally reaching the old port of Civitavecchia. It was here that the 442nd Combat Team caught up with the 100th in the middle of June, having come from Naples through Anzio and Rome. It was here that the 100th first became the First Battalion of the 442nd Combat Team, which was only fitting since the original 1st Battalion of the 442nd had been bled dry to furnish replacements for the 100th during the long winter campaign. This was the beginning of an association that was to become famous through two armies. The 442nd Infantry Regiment, the 522nd Field Artillery Battalion and the 232nd Combat Engineer Company. BUONA FORTUNA!

QUALIFICATIONS OF A SOLDIER

Quite often "Buck" privates ask the question as to why others with less service than they, make private first class ahead of them. We believe the following list of qualifications is the answer to their question, because the man with these qualifications always seems to be the one next in line for promotion.

1. Demonstrated ability as a soldier, which includes cleanliness in dress habits and traits of character, loyalty to his proper superiors, and his organization and his branch.
2. Intelligence of the average degree.
3. Honesty and industry to a marked degree.
4. Associates of unquestionable character.

(This article taken from the "YANK")

thousands of tons of bombs and shells. They had attacked only to find the German infantry risen from the rubble and the ashes to drive them back. They had learned that air power was not enough.

In the meantime, all was not too well at Anzio. The battle had been long and decimating. The 34th Division landed at Anzio Harbor with the 100th. The German "Anzio Express" and smaller guns constantly kept the beachhead under fire, causing casualties and keeping nerves stretched taut. On May 24th, 1944, the Anzio beachhead which had smoldered so long, burst into flame and exploded in the face of the Germans behind tremendous air and artillery preparations, the race for the Eternal City was on. The drive swept through little towns of Arricia and Albano. On June 5th the 100th rolled through Rome along with the

Y. HATA & CO., LTD.
ROBERT HATA (Co. B)
77 Ponahawai St.
Phone 53-321

Primo
THE HAWAIIAN
BEER

"Primo must be really good if Robert Hata can drink it"

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

KIYO NAKATSU (Reg. Hq.)
41 Haili St. - Phone 5848

"The only catalog printed, that has dual usage"



HOSTESS WITH THE LEASTEST AT SHELBY

As nearly everybody who's ever been in the Service knows, every Army post has a wide selection of places where a guy can go for a change of scenery. Outside of the ones his non-Com suggests for him, there is usually a PX, a Movie, a Chaplain, or a Latrine. One more place that's fairly popular for the more social-minded is known as The Service Club.

The Service Club is a large building equipped with a soda fountain, a library, a ping pong table, a juke box, and an upholstered sofa, all tastefully decorated during the day with encrusted goldbricks.

In early days, at the controls of each of these miniature Disneylands was a lady known as a Hostess. It seemed to be part of the Hostess's duty to see that shoes were kept on, especially on guys from Hawaii, who is so used to running around in their Luau feet. Also she sees that hats were kept off, pictures weren't snipped out of more interesting library books, crap wasn't shot in the phone booths or latrine, or that nobody grabbed any sack time on the upholstered sofa while listening to the juke box.

The Hostess at our Service Club at Camp Shelby shall remain nameless, and as a few of the guys used to suggest, she should have remained faceless. This wasn't exactly fair though, because you couldn't say our Hostess was the worst looking woman you'd ever seen, unless you'd already seen another woman, of course, and began to make comparisons.

One thing that might have been said in favor of our Hostess was that she had a shape that could have put Jayne Mansfield's to shame, except for the slight fact that she had it on backwards. But nobody has the right to be critical, especially about a gal who was named "Miss Germ Warfare of 1943", to add to her title of "Miss Warp Legging of 1917".

This last award may have been due to her interesting legs. Her left one was so bowed that when she stood facing you her legs formed the letter "D". But her teeth were certainly perfectly matched,

the upper one was set directly above her lower one.

Aside from the fact that she was one of those people who could light up a room just by leaving it, and that our particular Hostess had a Forward Look (Get that Jack Kondo), always looking forward to snaring some unsuspecting GI into an evening's conversation, things could have been worse.

Besides, anybody could always do as I usually did, stand outside the Service Club and ask somebody to bring out my ice cream cone to me while I listened to the music at a safe distance.

442ND VET. WHO JOINED THE M.I.S.



"Is this your first trip to Hong Kong?"

THE
MANUFACTURERS
INSURANCE **LIFE** COMPANY TOKIO IMAINO
C/O THE VON HAMM-YOUNG CO. LTD. (Interp.)

811 Waiianuenu 53-267
"If
+ 314 Kamehameha Ave.
Phone 51-822



"Be one step ahead of the police, have your picture taken now"

An Open Letter to All Members

This September, 1959 issue of the "News-letter" is a trifle late in arriving in your mail box, due to a series of incidents over which your Editor-Business Manager had no control....It just had to be that way, especially since we decided in making this issue the 442nd Statehood Souvenir Issue, naturally it took time to prepare it. Hope you enjoy reading it as much as your Editor enjoyed writing it.



Yes...This sad looking bunch is this year's representatives to the Hilo A.J.A. Veterans Council. Front row: Miyashiro, Yahata, Yamamoto, Hasegawa; 2nd row: Yamauchi, Yoshimura, Ushijima, Aoyagi, Takeya, Thompson. Missing from picture; Taguchi, Furuya, Iwamoto, Hamano and Ikawa.



"I've noticed, Seigo, that you never make the same mistake twice---you always manage to come up with a new one!"



causing casualties and stretched taut. On May 24th, Anzio beachhead which had smoldered long, burst into flame and exploded in the face of the Germans behind tremendous air and artillery preparations, the race for the Eternal City was on. The drive swept through little towns of Arricia and Albano. On June 5th the 100th rolled through Rome along with the



HILO BATTERY AND GLASS SHOP
AKIRA SATO (Reg. Hq.)
135 Kinoole St. - Phone 51-653

"If your battery has "Tired Sparks", see me immediately"



At Ease

"HEY FELLOWS...REMEMBER THE DIVISIONAL COMMENDATION AWARDED THE 442nd"

Appreciation for the outstanding part which American soldiers of Japanese ancestry played in the climatic days of the Italian campaign with the Fifth Army against the Germans was expressed in a special division commendation to members of the 442nd Japanese American Combat Team.

Read as a feature of the Victory Parade and Awards Ceremonies of the 442nd at the Novi Airport near Genoa, the commendation signed by Major General Edward M. Almond of Luray, Virginia, commanding general of the 92nd "Buffalo" Division, credited the Japanese Americans with "a great part in vanquishing the German foe on the Italian front."

The complete text of the commendation as read to the assembled unit, guests and townspeople was:

"TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 442nd INFANTRY COMBAT TEAM

I desire to express my high appreciation for the splendid performance by the officers and men of the 442nd Infantry Regiment during the recent operation of the 92nd Infantry Division when the regiment took part in the Fifth Army offensive from March 26 until the capitulation of the enemy in Italy on May 2.

The 442nd Infantry, with its fine combat record, arrived in the Italian theater on March 26, having just previously left a record of distinguished combat in France with the Sixth Army group, United States Army. Arriving without organizational equipment, the regiment so rapidly equipped itself and conditioned its weapons that it was ready to enter the offensive on April 5 in the most effective manner against the German Gothic line in the Ligurian Apennine mountains.

The performance by units and by individuals has been a magnificent example of speed, drive and endurance in combat against an enemy entrenched in most difficult terrain and employing every known

device of modern combat. The task assigned your regiment was a most difficult one, which entailed repeated assaults against strongly prepared successive defensive positions. The endurance, stamina and courage of the individuals of this regiment under these difficult conditions deserve the highest commendation. This has been accepted by the army group commander, General Mark W. Clark, by the army commander Lieutenant General Lucian K. Truscott Jr., to which I add my sincere thanks and appreciation for your splendid service to the nation, the United States Army, and in particular to the 92nd Infantry Division. You as individuals should take great pride in your accomplishments as tried and true soldiers who had a great part in vanquishing the German foe on the Italian front. I am sure your performance will be a great satisfaction to each of you for the rest of your lives.

I am proud to have had you under my command and bid you Godspeed with the knowledge that wherever you serve as soldiers you will give a fine account of yourselves and merit the fine reputation that you have established while serving with this division."



*your
guide to
GOOD
EATING*

SERVICE CAFE
TOSHI MATSUMURA
(Co. M)

cor. Mamo & Punahoa Sts.

"Southern fried chicken, Hawaiian style"



HILO CAMERA & SPORTING GOODS
NISO IMAMURA (Interp.)

314 Kamehameha Ave.
Phone 51-822

"Be one step ahead of the police, have your picture taken now"