



In Memoriam

Cpl. Tadashi Takeuchi

Co. C, 100th Battalion, 442nd R. C. T.

Killed in Action

in

Rescue of the Lost Battalion

Vosges Mountains, France

October 30, 1944

Under Direction of
Nisei Post 8985, V. F. W.
Buddhist Church
Sacramento, California
Saturday, January 29, 1949
2:00 P. M.

●
COMMITTEE

GENERAL CHAIRMAN.....Henry Makishima
PROGRAM CHAIRMAN.....Yoshio Sasaki
PUBLICITY CHAIRMAN.....George Dekuzaku

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS

Mr. Fred Imai Mr. Ed Hamakawa
Mr. Sam Kojima Mr. Sam Okamoto

FIRING SQUAD

Mr. Kern Kono Mr. Frank Oshita
Mr. Yas Mori Mr. Yosh Sasaki
Mr. Akira Saito Mr. Ed Hamakawa
Mr. George Matsushita Mr. George Dekuzaku

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Mr. Sam Masuhara Mr. Bob Ishimoto
Mr. John Morita Mr. Sam Kojima
Mr. Keiji Kubo Mr. Tom Hara

COLOR BEARERS

Mr. Tadao Saito Mr. Shinji Saito

COLOR GUARDS

Mr. Ard Kozono Mr. George Makishima

Church Services

Chairman: Henry Makishima

Pianist: Julia Yonemura

- 1 PROCESSIONAL
- 2 Chanting of Sutra.....Rev. Senshaw Sasaki
- 3 Presentation of Holy Name.....Rev. Senshaw Sasaki
- 4 Chanting of Sutra—Offering of Incense.....Congregation
- 5 Gatha Nadame (first two verses).....Congregation
- 6 Opening Address Mr. Henry Makishima
- 7 Eulogy.....Ken Matsuo
- 8 Offering of Incense by Representatives:
 - Nisei Post 8985, V.F.W.....Yoshio Sasaki
 - Nisei Post 8985 Auxiliary.....Mrs. S. Okamoto
 - Riverside District.....Mr. Giichi Kimura
 - Sacramento J. A. C. L.....Mits Nishio
 - Buddhist Church, Sacramento.....Mr. S. Nakatani
- 9 Reading of Condolatory Telegrams.....Mr. Fred Imai
- 10 Reading of Bible.....Rev. Senshaw Sasaki
- 11 Gatha Nadame (last two verses).....Congregation
- 12 Offering of Appreciation from Family.....Mr. Seigo Takai
- 13 Closing Address.....Mr. Henry Makishima
- 14 RECESSIONAL



Graveside Services

- 1 Final Buddhist Rites.....Rev. Senshaw Sasaki
- 2 Military Service.....Com. Guy Driggs
Chaplain Alexander McSween
- 3 Military Honors.....Firing Squad
- 4 Taps and Echo.....Mr. Leo Uhl
- 5 Presentation of Flag to Nearest Kin.....
S/Sgt. Mike Yamashiro

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That marks our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you with failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

