

It's **OFFICIAL!!!** The **RED PAJAMA GROUP** will play again next year!! But more about that later. Two weeks before our departure, all systems were go; even tho' a few of our regulars for whom these trips were initially planned for were unable to join us, we had 58 passengers. (Actual count was 55 due to one late cancellation). Then on Monday night, the bus company owner calls to inform me that her regular bus is out of service and that she has a replacement but it will pick us up five hours later than our posted time. The first glitch! After a moment of panic and dismay, but thanks to Sid, Sumi, Miyo and Doris, all passengers were contacted. What an amiable and flexible group we have!! Everyone just 'went with the flow' even tho' we didn't get to the California hotel until after 5:30 p.m.

But of course, the RIDE is part of the fun for these merry makers! As soon as we picked up **Sachi Maehara**, **Bubbles Shimasaki** and her daughters **Robin** and **Lauren** and **Jim McCabe**, in Buena Park, the goodies came out -- fresh baked cookies and scones, Pringles and senbei packets, nuts, chewy and hard candies, etc. The wine meister, **Mas Okabe**, was gamely going down the aisle encouraging everyone to quench their thirst with some of his best and treating us to wife **Shirli's** irresistible cookies and such a variety - roll-ups, triangles, rounds and minibrownies!! **Jimmy Hatanaka** was commenting that **Shirli** should open a bakery in Tokyo - she'd make a fortune!!

To whet our gambling appetite, we had our venerable **Shig Imai** without his faithful stablemate (we missed you, Jackie) but with Sumi at his side, calling out the races at Hollywood Park or was it Santa Anita? in any event, I think the best position was 2 or 4? Boy, the memory is really going. All I know is that **Emi Kami** and **Jimmy** seemed to have multiple winners. **Dave Nakamura's** pick of Bingo numbers made a lot of people happy but especially, **Doris Yamane**, our \$50 jackpot winner!

Wednesday's get-together at the Main Street buffet was a joyous occasion. **June Maeda** and her daughters, **Leslie** and **Ann** from Chicago. **Ken** and **Alice Matsumoto** from San Diego are regulars who have been meeting us in Vegas for the past few years. It was great to see **Ray** and **Lucy (Okazaki) Matsumoto** from Los Gatos and her brother-in-law, a Nevada resident, and **Jim** and **Ella (Ohta) Tomita** from Honolulu. Between trips to the food stations and sips of Mas' wine, everyone seemed to be having a good time. Ella brought a touch of Hawaii with her - macadamia nut packets for everyone. Thank you Ella!

When I checked in at the slot tournament area earlier, another glitch! NO SLOT MACHINES! They had taken out in preparation for a poker tournament. Now what?, I thought. But not to worry, they assured me. We were rescheduled to use the video poker slot machines reserved for corporate events on the mezzanine at the California. I told you this was a flexible group. When told of the change in plans, they merrily (?) marched to the new location. Some opted not to play, especially those who don't play poker but others took their places. We had 29 players divided into two sessions so we could give more prizes. Thank you to the anonymous donor who sweetened the pot. Winners: First (\$80) Mas Okabe, Min Tajii, Second (\$45) Kay Kami, Shig Imai, Third (\$25) Ko Nakamura, Shirli Okabe, Fourth (\$15) Mat Nakamura, Ruby Sakurai and Booby prize (Frog shape water bottle holder) Emi Kami, Alice Matsumoto. The tournament attendant told me she had some prizes too. When asked how many I could have, she responded as many as I wanted. GUESS WHAT? I told all the players that they were winners - winners of red silk pajamas made in China! So everyone happily claimed their pajamas. **Betty Fukunaga** said we should all wear our red pajamas when boarding our bus the next day. I reminded her that some people may think we were illegals being rounded up. Ha!

I want to thank those who make these trips run so smoothly: My mentor, **Sid Okazaki**, our money man, **Carmen Mochizuki** and **Mas**, our friendly and tireless helpers on the bus, **Dave**, **Shig** and **Sumi** for keeping us entertained.

For all who brought the goodies - your thoughtfulness and hospitality is greatly appreciated by all of us riders. Right? Right!!!

Thank you to **Alice Matsumoto** for her gift of beverage packets for everyone on the bus. What a kind gesture of friendship!

Thank you to **Ko Nakamura** for her generous donation to CCA. My friend said she really enjoyed the trip.

After mulling over the thought that my initial purpose for the Vegas bus trips was to honor and acknowledge the efforts of the Gardena "Boys of Summer" - Ted, Yosh, Sam, Tom, etc. who first organized the reunion picnics so many years ago and realizing that many of them no longer (Cont'd on pg. 2)

(Las Vegas Bus Trip, Cont'd from front page)

are on these trips, I was thinking that this would be the last bus trip I would plan. **BUT seeing the joy, camaraderie and enthusiasm** generated at this event and I know it is a feeling that lingers with many of us like a jolt of adrenaline, I told **Mas Okabe** that he is the new standard bearer. As long as he and Shirli can make these trips, I'll keep on arranging them, health willing. Thus, **The RED PAJAMA GROUP WILL PLAY AGAIN !!**

SAVE THE DATES * LAS VEGAS BUS TRIP * MAY 15 - 17, 2007...See y'all then...

Thank you very very much Toni for your continued work to have the CC friends and your other group friends enjoying this special Vegas trip...actually Vegas and California Hotel/Main Street Buffet should thank you for bringing in people to put into their slot machines..."Ka-chin" "Ka-chin"...I'm sure they're very happy to have us drop in our \$\$ whether it be penny machine, nickel or quarter slots...somehow they do come out ahead huh...duh...oh well...start saving some more \$\$ till next year...

It's Bon Odori Time again...

July 1	Senshin Buddhist Church
July 8	C.A. Homba Hongwanji Temple
	Oxnard Buddhist Church
July 15, 16	Orange County Buddhist Church
" "	Pasadena Buddhist Church
" "	Venice Buddhist Church
July 22, 23	San Fernando Valley Buddhist Temple
July 29, 30	Vista Buddhist Temple
" "	West Los Angeles Buddhist Church
August 5, 6	Gardena Buddhist Church
" "	Buddhist Temple of San Diego
August 12	Cas Vegas Buddhist Church

So get out your *kachi kachi*, *tenugui* (Japanese towel) and *uchiwa* (Japanese fans), and dance, dance, dance !! Carrots, Eggs Coffee...

A young woman went to her mother and told her about her life and how things were so hard for her. She did not know how she was going to make it and wanted to give up. She was tired of fighting and struggling. It seemed as one problem was solved, a new one arose.

Her mother took her to the kitchen. She filled three pots with water and placed each on a high fire. Soon the pots came to boil. In the first she placed carrots, in the second she placed eggs, and in the last she placed ground coffee beans. She let them sit and boil, without saying a word.

In about twenty minutes she turned off the burners. She fished the carrots out and placed them in a bowl. She pulled the eggs out and placed them in a bowl. Then she ladled the coffee out and placed it in a bowl. Turning to her daughter, she asked, "Tell me what you see."

"Carrots, eggs, and coffee," she replied.

Her mother brought her closer and asked her to feel the carrots. She did and noted that they were soft. The mother then asked the daughter to take an egg and break it. After pulling off the shell, she observed the hard boiled egg. Finally, the mother asked the daughter to sip the coffee. The daughter smiled as she tasted its rich aroma.

The daughter then asked, "What does it mean, mother?!"

Her mother explained that each of these objects had faced the same adversity - boiling water. Each reacted differently. The carrot went in strong, hard and unrelenting. However, after being subjected to the boiling water, it softened and became weak. The egg had been fragile. Its thin outer shell had protected its liquid interior, but after sitting through the boiling water, its inside became hardened.

The ground coffee beans were unique, however. After they were in the boiling water, they had changed the water.

"Which are you?" she asked her daughter. "When adversity knocks on your door, how do you respond? Am I the carrot that seems strong, but with pain and adversity do I wilt and become soft and lose my strength? Am I the egg that starts with a malleable heart, but changes with the heat? Did I have a fluid spirit, but after a death, a breakup, a financial hardship or some other trial, have I become hardened and stiff? Does my shell look the same, but on the inside am I bitter and tough with a stiff spirit and hardened heart? Or am I like the coffee bean? The bean actually changes the hot water, it releases the fragrance and flavor. If you are like the bean, when things are at their worst, you get better and change the situation around you. How do you handle adversity? Are you a carrot, egg or a coffee bean?"

Historical Campsites Uncovered!

Another article of interest from Ella Ohta Tomita in Honolulu...from small magazine, *Legacies*.

"JCCH Resource Center finds evidence that may pinpoint exact locations of World War II internment camps throughout Hawai'i."

"It began with the identification of a cement slab hidden amongst overgrown brush in Honouliuli; followed by a confirmation of a chapel said to be built by prisoners-of-war during World War II in Sand Island and the unearthing of a glass bottle embossed with the date 1944 in Kalaheo, Kaua'i. Like sleuths collecting clues to solve a mystery, volunteers at the Resource Center of the Japanese Cultural Center of Hawai'i (JCCH) and visiting archeologist, Jeff Burton, and his wife, Mary Farrell, made these discoveries last month that could possibly confirm the exact locations of World War II internment camps in the state and help shed light on a dark period in the history of the Japanese in Hawai'i.

The new discoveries, when put together with other research and oral histories collected by the Resource Center, give a clearer picture of life in the islands when an estimated 1,440 people were unjustly imprisoned at camps throughout the state during World War II; said Jane Kurahara, co-chair of the Resource Center.

"Finding a cement slab or old bottle may not seem like much of a connection, but it gives me chicken skin. (we call "goose bumps") said co-chair of the Resource Center Betsy Young. "It is exciting because these things may actually place the internees there."

Young and Kurahara organized site visits for Burton, Farrell and small groups of volunteers to different areas on O'ahu and Kaua'i in hopes of finding signs that could confirm the actual locations of the camps. Burton and Farrell, who reside in Arizona and co-authored the book, *Confinement and Ethnicity: An Overview of World War II Japanese American Relocation Sites*. read about the Resource Center's preservation projects on the Hawai'i internees experience online.

Burton, who has surveyed most of the 70 sites where people were imprisoned during World War II on the continental U.S., had never come to look in Hawai'i and contacted the Resource Center before coming to visit the state for three weeks in February.

"Looking for the actual sites here in Hawai'i are a bit different -- the other camps, like Manzanar or Tule Lake, were in remote areas in the desert; in the mountains and were easier to find," said Farrell, after the group visited the U.S. Coast Guard headquarters on Sand Island, where the possibility of the former Sand Island Internment Camp being on the Coast Guard property was inconclusive.

While Sand Island is very developed, Farrell said there is still the possibility of putting up a memorial or plaque in the area to make people aware of the area's history. She explained it also becomes especially important to work towards preserving the undeveloped areas where camps were located, such as Honouliuli and Kalaheo.

"That is the importance of preservation," said Farrell, "because people do not realize what was there before."

This becomes apparent during the group's different trips to the former internment sites around the state, where they asked numerous long-time residents or people who worked in the areas if they knew anything about the internment camps in that particular area of Hawai'i. When asked, one woman exclaimed, "People were not interned in Hawai'i."

Kurahara said such answers show the importance of the recent discoveries and how they can be used as tools to teach others about the experience.

"The slabs, the bottles are not mere collector's items," said Kurahara. "These discoveries are history coming alive, and we wish the children could feel it by visiting these sites in Hawai'i. It starts with a clue here and a clue there, and then putting it together with other research and oral histories. Then it starts to come together; their history, Hawai'i's history."

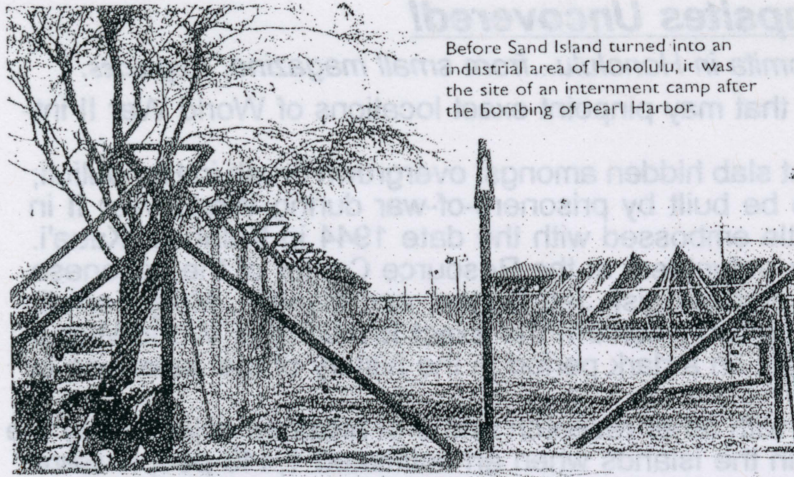
Young nodded in agreement, "If people didn't know about this part of history before and if we do not work to preserve these former sites," she said, "it will be gone, and once it's gone -- it's gone forever."

By Shayna Coleon

(2 Pictures on next page)

I know it was quite important for me to find this Sand Island because of the many Hawaiian friends I met in Crystal City...and hearing so much about it, it was just great to see this place which they made into a park with my daughters...we prayed silently there by the beautiful fragrant white plumeria trees.

A camp for detainees on Sand Island



Before Sand Island turned into an industrial area of Honolulu, it was the site of an internment camp after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

These are couple of pictures of the camp built to hold estimated 1,440 people who were arrested after Dec. 7, 1945...I know that they were in tents and there's a picture of the camp with tents...the one below has tent behind couple of building..so this is what I've heard about the many of our Crystal City Hawai'i friends...most who were our Japanese language teachers.

Somehow, I really wanted to find this place. I don't know why either but felt that it was a place that many who were arrested and put into tents, rain or shine, should have been remembered and honored...now I feel good knowing that it will be remembered...

Here in the "mainland"...or the "Tairiku", there are most of the ten relocation centers. Crystal City, Santa Fe Internment Camp...all remembered as wartime centers for the Japanese, Japanese Americans...so it's only right that Hawai'i remembers and dedicate their internment camp... So many were arrested and sent to this "tent city"...rain or shine, they lived in these primitive condition, then sent to the mainland, probably first to New Mexico, then to Crystal City... Many were Buddhist priests, other Japanese religious leaders, Japanese School teachers, and martial art teachers...and other leaders...their families later joined them in Crystal City Internment Camp, but some went to North Carolina, and others went to Jerome, Arkansas before coming to Crystal City, Texas. That was the story of the many Crystal City friends from Hawaii that we met...



▲ An estimated 1,440 people were unjustly detained in Hawai'i camps, such as this one in Honouliuli, during World War II. Photo by R.L. Lodge.

21st Century...Amazing World !!

It doesn't seem too long ago that my children went to universities...it was then another world...they packed their clothes and perhaps some had typewriter but most had notebooks and their personal belongings...today's children pack not just their clothes and notebook (?), but wireless computers, microwave, refrigerators and all those instant food...and of course cell phones and some have their own cars...it's a tough world isn't it? And I thought I had it good when I was able to get a wonderful Selectric II to use and it was my Chatter worker for many many years until my children introduced me to "How to use computer"...it changed my world immediately...even when they kept telling me how much easier it was and that working with it would enhance putting out this newsletter, "old dog hates to learn new tricks" syndrome...but once I learned, it's become my right hand however, when it crashes or have some company like Comp USA wipe out all your information and removed my Chatter addresses, it's great!!! but when you have trouble...it's with a capital T.

To top it off, there's "Games"...fun games...Mah Jhong, Scrabble, Solitaires, etc. etc. to sorta keep your mind busy and try to ward off that "forgetfulness" that creeps up on you...I know it's our aging brain, however, I try so hard to keep the memories working...soon, I'll have to put "Post-it Notes" on my hand to know why I have to go to the garage...as when I get there, I look around to try to think about why I had to go to the garage to find something I thought about in my bedroom...retracing my steps back to the bedroom, I then realize what I went to the garage for so before I forget again, I rush back to the garage to find whatever I went after the first time.

Today, I look at the digital cameras and realize that IF my father was alive, he'd be shocked...he started with the type of camera where you put powder in and flashed those early big cameras he had in his studio. He was Kodak and Eastman man where all his photography supplies were bought...now it's Canon, Sony, Panasonic, Sharp, etc. etc...and even the video cameras are in cellphones...besides all those Ipods...Today's children are so electric knowledgeable souls...it takes my children and grandchildren to put phone numbers on my cell phone...I am not electronic whiz kid...if anything, I will be wearing a dunce cap but that's okay, I'm happy with this wonderful computer, as long as there's no virus...thought virus brought colds and flu bugs but there's so many virus to beware of on computers...it is an amazing amazing world!!!...and will continue to progress, I'm sure.

Another Gripsholm Repatriate's Story

Some time ago, Ella Ohta Tomita sent me the newspaper, *The Hawai'i Herald* with an article about Mitsuko Masaki Sumida who survived going on the SS Gripsholm, to wartorn Japan and all the "kurushimi" (hardship) she went through...

"Mitsuko Masaki's world changed forever on Dec. 7, 1941. At the time she was the wife of Rev. Jikyo Masaki, resident minister of the Makiki Jodo Mission, and the mother of a 4-year-old son, Takashi and a 2-year-old daughter, Dorothy Akiko.

On that fateful morning, she was among the many Honolulu residents who saw squadrons of low-flying planes marked with the red ball of the rising sun headed toward Pear Harbor and then clouds of black smoke darkening the sun. Others had heard the continuous thunder of firing guns. "Take cover! Get off the streets! We are under attack by enemy planes! This is no maneuver, this is the real McCoy!" the radio announcer had screamed.

That frightful evening the FBI knocked on the door of the Masakis' home and took Rev. Masaki away. As a Buddhist priest, he was high on their list of suspect people. Five weeks after being taken in, Rev. Masaki was brought before the Board of Officers and Civilians, where without counsel and disregard for the fact that as a priest he would be non-combatant by any standard, he was subjected to hostile questions, such as: "Which side would you like to see come out on top in this war, America or Japan?" "Would you like to see America win over Japan?" "Would you take a gun and fight for us against Japan?"

But in response to another question, "Would you like to see Japan win this war?" he flatly replied, "No." The board, nevertheless, concluded that he was loyal to Japan and recommended that he be interned. Three days later Rev. Masaki was shipped out of Hawai'i. For the next 19 months, he was successively detained and interned at Camp McCoy, Wis.; Camp Forrest, Texas; Camp Livingston, La, and Crystal City, Texas.

Intent on keeping her family together, Mitsuko asked the Dept. of Justice to reunite her and children with her husband, who in the meantime had requested that he be repatriated to Japan. The government approved her request and sent her a letter stating that she and her children would be sent to New York where they could be reunited with her husband. There, an exchange ship would take the entire family to Japan.

On Aug. 18, 1942, Mitsuko and her children left Hawai'i for San Francisco with a group of other internee families and then traveled cross-country in a train whose shades had been pulled down. When the train reached Chicago, they were told that the exchange ship was not in New York and that they would have to be interned. Mitsuko felt deceived and with her children were detained for the first four months in Asheville, N.C., and then six more months at Montreat, N.C. where they were held as virtual prisoners, behind barbed wire fences and watched by armed guards.

Finally, in May 1943, 17 months after Rev. Masaki has been taken away, the family reunited at Crystal City Internment Camp in Texas. They were outraged to learn that they would be incarcerated with other internees.

In August 1943, the Masaki family was finally notified that they had been placed on the list on *S.S. Gripsholm*. On Sept. 2, 1943, the *Gripsholm* left New York (-actually New Jersey) with the Masaki family and other repatriates on board. They arrived in Portuguese Goa, India, in late October 1943 where they boarded a Japanese exchange ship headed for Japanese-occupied Singapore. Not wanting to return to a wartorn country, they disembarked in Singapore, where they spent the next 19 months pondering their next move.

Dorothy's first recollection of the war was her family's pleasant sojourn in Singapore, where they lived together in a relaxed environment, untouched by the hostilities of combat. She even recalled the pleasure of living in a house with servants, a pet monkey and the tropical jungle that was part of their backyard.

In early 1945, with Japan's military rapidly losing the war, the need to return to Japan became urgent. The large number of repatriates jostled for limited space on the *Awa Maru*, one of the last ships bound for Japan. The Japanese government ultimately determined who would be on the ship. The *Awa Maru* was a relief ship, carrying Red Cross packages for American POWs and civilian internees in Japanese custody. In an agreement with the U.S. government, it had been guaranteed safe passage to Japan.

(Cont'd on page 6)

("Another Gripsholm Repatriate's Story" cont'd from page 5)

For some unexplainable reason, the Japanese government separated families and allowed only male members to board the ship. Thus, Rev. Masaki and Takashi were allowed on-board while Mitsuko and Dorothy were left behind in Singapore to take another ship to Japan.

On March 28, 1945, the *Awa Maru* left Singapore with 2,044 repatriates aboard. The US Navy had made three broadcasts to its Pacific submarine fleet, advising of the dates, route and mercy mission of the *Awa Maru*. It said the ship would be marked with white crosses and traveling with its lights on at night. It ordered that the ship be allowed to pass safely. This message, however, never reached Capt. Charles E. Laughlin, commander of the U.S. submarine *USS Queenfish*, which was patrolling the waters of the Taiwan Straits along the route of the *Awa Maru*.

On a foggy April 1, 1945, night, four torpedoes sank the *Awa Maru*...of more than 2,000 people on the ship, only one passenger survived.

Meanwhile, not knowing the tragic fate that had befallen her husband and son, Mitsuko and Dorothy boarded a hospital ship, the *Hikawa Maru*, which departed Singapore on April 1st...the same day the *Awa Maru* had been sunk. They arrived safely in Sasebo on April 18, 1945, and took a train to Rev. Masaki's family home in Ogata Mura, Saiki Gun, on the outskirts of Hiroshima City. Shocked by their surprise appearance, the Masaki family demanded, "Where is your husband?" "I thought he already came home," Mitsuko replied. "He came ahead of us on the *Awa Maru*." "*Awa Maru*!" they cried, for they had heard the day before that it had been sunk at sea.

This is how Mitsuko and Dorothy learned that they had lost their husband and brother...they were now destined to endure a life of misery and adversity in the Masaki family home...they were clearly not welcome by the Masaki family who regarded them as despised enemy nationals...with food already in short supply, they were two extra mouths to feed...The father-in-law Masaki, himself a Buddhist priest blamed Mitsuko for his son's incarceration by the U.S. government and the other wartime woes that had culminated in his death...he shut out and ignored Mitsuko during her entire stay...while he coddled his other grandchildren and gave them treats, he excluded and ignored Dorothy. Dorothy recalled that she and her mother cried all the time while they were there.

Finally, in October 1945, they were liberated from their miserable existence when Mitsuko's sister, who lived in nearby Sunami, Hiroshima and who was even poorer than the Masaki in-laws, invited them to live with her.

Mitsuko and Dorothy were still living with her in-laws on the outskirts of Hiroshima when the atomic bomb was dropped on Aug. 6, 1945...thus, Mitsuko became one of very few individuals who had been an eyewitness to two monumental and historic events; the bombing of Pearl Harbor which started the war, and the atomic bombing of Hiroshima City, which ended the war.

When peace finally came, Mitsuko was able to leave Hiroshima for Miye Ken where she found a job as telephone operator with The U.S. Occupational Army...she worked at this job for several years while her family in Hawai'i worked through the Red Cross to arrange for their return to Hawai'i which finally happened in September 1948.

Dorothy went on to earn her degree in education from the University of Hawai'i and was an elementary school teacher for many years. She is married to legendary UH baseball coach Les Murakami with two children...a son and a daughter, both earning law degrees.

Well, I know that Yae Aihara, Stogie Kanogawa, Yoji Matsushima, and the late Yae Aoki Suyenobu and I are very very grateful that we were not able to get on the SS Gripsholm that September of 1945...I know that having had two sisters who were in Sendai, Japan during the war and had to endure not only the hardships of the wartime with very very scarce food, but having relatives who felt imposed upon and were not treated kindly...When I repatriated to Japan after the war, it was a time of "nothingness"...food was scarce...not much job for the people...kids picking up cigarette butts and taking it home to their fathers...taking home U.S. Army's garbage as leftovers...and looking for Yae Aoki Suyenobu's sister in Tokyo with Chonda, Ichiro Akiyama and George Okabe...and finally finding her, enjoying a great day and evening laughing and eating delicious "sukiyaki dinner" that was made for us...I know it was a very special dinner...I don't know how many ration tickets it took to purchase the food that fed us all...Yae's sister mentioned that many of Yae's family luggages came to her house, with one shoe missing, or socks not paired...and was grateful that Yae and her parents did not return to war-torn Japan.

Going to Haneda Airport was wonderful...so many Crystal City friends working and staying there...being up in Sendai...visiting them when I went to Yokohama to the American Embassy was wonderful!!!

A Speech By U.S. Army Historian, Eric Saul

"So why was it you Nisei, second generation, born in America, were willing to volunteer for the Army from the plantations of Hawaii, often when you were considered second-class citizens, or from concentration camps in America?

Your parents couldn't become citizens or own land, so land was put in your name. Before the war, you wanted to be doctors, lawyers and professionals, but you couldn't. No one would hire you. So you worked on your family farms, flower orchards and shops. You were often segregated in the Little Tokyos and Japantowns. You couldn't go where you wanted, be where you wanted, be whom you wanted.

Furthermore, your President, on Feb. 19, 1942, signed an Executive Order that said you weren't Americans anymore, you were 'non-aliens.' So why did you join the Army? Why did you become soldiers and ironically became the most decorated Army unit that this country has ever produced?

There were words like *giri* and *on* which your parents taught you. Which means 'duty' and 'honor' and 'responsibility.' You had to pay back your debt to your country. *Oyako-ko*. love for family. Your parents couldn't become citizens, but you loved your families and you had to prove your loyalty at any cost. You used your bodies as hostages for your families to prove your love for democracy and justice when you volunteered from those camp.

'*Xodomo no tame ni*.' meaning 'for the sake of the children.' Many of you didn't have children at the time, but you knew you wanted to have families. And you knew that you didn't want your children to suffer as you did. You wanted your children to suffer as you did. You wanted your children to be able to be doctors and lawyers and professionals. If you went into the military, did your job, perhaps things would change. You knew it and you fought for it. You even came up with your own regimental motto that's on this honored regimental flag in front of me. It was 'Go For Broke.' You set the tone for your own regiment and lived up to its motto. You made democracy work. Because of your wartime record, your children can now be what they want in the country that you wanted for them.

'*Enryo*: humility.' There's an old Japanese proverb that says if you do something really good and you don't talk about it, it must be really, really good. You never talked about your wartime record. You didn't tell your children, you didn't tell your wives and you didn't even tell the country.

Gaman. internal fortitude, keep your troubles to yourself. Don't show how you're hurting.

Shikata ga nai. Sometimes things can't be helped. But other times, you have to go for broke and you can change things.

Haji. Don't ever bring shame on your family. When you go off to war, fight for your country, return if you can, but die if you must.

Shimbo shite seikō suru. Strength and success will grow out of adversity. When I was curator of the Presidio Museum, I wanted to know why you joined the Army. Why did you join from concentration camps? A veteran from Cannon Company named Wally told me a story. His family was sent from Los Angeles to Santa Anita racetrack, which was an Assembly Center for the Japanese Americans. There, they were put in horse stalls. Before the war, they had a flower shop, they had their home in Los Angeles and they were a middle-class family. Now they were living for weeks in horse stalls that hadn't been cleaned when they moved in and it stunk of horse manure. Wally's father said to him, 'Remember what a lot of good things grow from horse manure.' It did.

I remember hearing a story from Chaplain Higuchi, the chaplain of the 442nd, who was from Hawaii. I asked him, 'How could the Nisei have joined the Army under those circumstances? How could they have done what they did?' Chaplain Higuchi said he himself couldn't understand, because he was Hawaii and hadn't suffered the same discrimination. But his job as chaplain was to go through the pockets of the Nisei who had been killed in combat. He remembered going through the pockets of one Mainland Nisei. In his wallet was a news-clipping that told how the family farm had been burned down by racists near Auburn, Calif. Yet, this Nisei still volunteered for the service. Chaplain Higuchi said that there were no medal high enough in this country to give to this Nisei, who had been killed and was lying in front of him. Chaplain Higuchi had to write a letter home to his parents.

You Nisei fought for this country, your country. It has taken many years to get to this point, but you made democracy stand for what it really means. When you came home from the war, President Truman had a special White House ceremony for you. It was the only time that the President of the United States had a ceremony at the White House for a unit as small as a battalion. (Cont'd on pg 8)

(A Speech by U.S. Army Historian, Eric Saul, Cont'd from page 7)

It was raining that morning in Washington and Truman's aide said, 'Let's cancel the ceremony.' Truman said to his aide, 'After what those boys have through, I can stand a little rain.' He said to the Nisei, bearing their regimental standard with the motto, 'Go For Broke,' I can't tell you how much I appreciate the opportunity to tell you what you have done for this country. You fought not only the enemy, but you fought prejudice and you won. You have the Constitution stand for what it really means: the welfare of all the people, all the time. Lastly, he advised the Nisei to keep up that fight.

So in the 1980's you fought for redress. One of the reasons the redress passed so overwhelmingly in Congress was the overwhelming record of the 100th/442nd and the MIS. The Civil Liberties Act of 1988 provided an apology for your parents and for your suffering. So on the battlefields of France, Italy and Germany, 'Go For Broke' stood for the welfare of all the people, all of the time.

You never lost faith in your country and we are here today to celebrate that faith. The results of that faith is that our children can be anything they want: professionals, doctors and lawyers. The price that you paid for democracy was the highest combat casualty of any regiment that served in the United States Army. The 100th/442nd suffered 3144 combat casualties. The 100th/442nd was an oversized regiment, with its own cannon and engineering company and even its own artillery battalion. The four thousand men who started off February 1943 had to be replaced nearly three and a half times. Eventually 14,000 men would serve in the 100th/442nd. I see many of my friends from I and K Companies here today. In one battle alone, the battle for the Rescue of the Lost Battalion in October 1944, which you fought, two thousand of you went in to rescue two hundred Texas soldiers who couldn't be rescued by their own division. You went and suffered almost a thousand casualties in that one battle alone, of almost five days of constant fighting. In K Company, you started off with 185 riflemen. By the time you reached the Lost Battalion, there were only eight men standing. I Company did worse. They started out with 185 men. By the time they reached the Lost Battalion, there were only four men still standing in the company. It was unbelievable you rescued the Texas Lost Battalion and for that you won the Presidential unit citation. The Army designated the Rescue of the Lost Battalion to be among the top ten battles fought by the U.S. Army's 230-year history.

You Nisei ultimately won seven unit citations and no other unit for its size and length of service has won that many presidential unit citations. Chet Tanaka counted how many citations and how many medals the 100th/442nd earned. Of the 14,000 men who served, there were 18,000 medals for heroism and service. You had become the most decorated unit in American military history for its size and length of service and until recently almost no one knew your stories. You really hadn't told anyone, including your families or children. You were truly *enryo*. If you do something that is really good and you don't talk about it, it must really be good.

Towards the end of the war in April 1945, the 5th Army asked you to create a diversionary attack to help break the German Gothic Line. The U.S. Army had three infantry divisions lined up to breach the Gothic Line, which protected the Po Valley and the entrance to Austria. And those three divisions couldn't do it -- they were stalemated for six months.

The Army then asked the 442nd to break the stalemate. The Commander and officers of the 100th/442nd said to the Commander of the 92nd Division, 'General Almond, we have a plan. We can create a diversionary attack and break the Gothic Line if you give us 24 hours.' The General figuratively fell out of his chair and said, 'Impossible. We've had three divisions hammering away at the Gothic Line.' The Germans had their best SS Divisions on the mountains and it was considered an impenetrable fortress. He told the Nisei to 'just create a diversionary attack and we'll do the rest.' But you Nisei soldiers had your own plan. You were smart. Your average age was about 20 and your average IQ 116, which was eight points higher than necessary to be an officer in the Army. You were barely 120 pounds soaking wet, but you were college-educated and you were going to 'Go For Broke.'

So you climbed up the mountain called Mount Fogarito, which the Germans had so heavily fortified. You climbed it where they didn't expect you. It was nearly a 4,000-foot vertical precipice. You climbed the mountain that was unclimbable in combat gear. The Germans couldn't possibly expect an attack from that point. From night time until dawn you climbed almost eight hours. Men fell down as they climbed the mountain and no man cried out as he fell, so as not to give away the position. At dawn you attacked, go for broke. You took the mountain and broke the Gothic Line. It didn't take 24 hours, as you thought, or a few weeks, as the Army had planned. It didn't take six months. The U.S. Army reported that you broke the Gothic Line in only 32 minutes.

If the story of the 100th/442nd is unbelievable, there is a more unbelievable story. (Cont'd on pg. 9)

The Seven Steps Necessary to be Prepared for Disaster

Joy Gee

Have a week's supply of nonperishable food and water on hand...including pet food.

Keep a battery-powered radio, flashlight and extra batteries available.

Keep a fully stocked First Aid Kit.

Have cash on hand. ATM machines and credit cards are useless without power.

Sturdy clothing - gloves, long pants, long sleeved shirts, sturdy shoes - to protect against injuries from debris.

Special needs such as medicine, eyeglasses, sanitary supplies, plastic and paper goods, matches and copies of passports and important personal identification.

(A Speech by U.S. Army Historian, Eric Saul, Cont'd from page 8)

It is the story of the Military Intelligence and Language Service. More than 5,000 Nisei served throughout the Pacific in a super-secret branch of the military. Nisei provided the eyes and ears of intelligence and language skills that helped to break the stalemate in the Pacific. They broke secret codes, interrogated prisoners, provided valuable propaganda and translated millions of documents to help win the war in the Pacific. By the war's end, Gen. Willoughby, Gen. Mac Arthur's chief of intelligence, declared that the Nisei shortened the war by two years and saved a million Allied lives. Never had so many owed so much to so few. I only wish that a million people could know your story. We do owe a great deal of debt that can never be repaid.

I am here to tell you the story for your children because I know you can't say it. It is a legacy that they must carry on and remember what you did for them and for all of us. Your legacy continues to protect us all.

I remember during the Iranian crisis that there was talk of keeping Iranian Americans possibly in protective custody. Sen. Dan Inouye and Spark Matsunaga said, 'You can't do that. That's already been done and you were wrong then.' So your wartime service protects all of us.

You did make the Constitution stand for all of the people, all of the time. History works. You made it work and you made it work for me, for your children and for this country.

President Ronald Reagan remembered when he signed the bill enacting the Civil Liberties Act of 1988, which was called House Resolution 442, that blood that has soaked into the sands of the beach is all of one color. Americans stand unique in the world, the only country not founded on race but a way, an ideal.

You Nisei came home and because that's what you wanted. Eventually, many of you entered the professions and could go where you wanted and do what you wanted to do. You went about your lives, but you made sure that your parents could become citizens. By 1953, you saw your parents naturalized. Your parents had to wait, in some cases, 65 years to become American citizens. And that they could own land for the first time. And the others of Asian descent could own land for the first time. Your greatest success was that your children could be what they wanted to without the discrimination that you suffered.

Some of you became lawmakers and entered the House and Senate. There were more than 590 laws in California in the 19th and early 20th Century against Asians. You fought the fight to make sure those laws were challenged and overturned one by one. We thank the Japanese American Senators, Spark Matsunaga and Dan Inouye, veterans of the 100th/442nd, for doing that. We thank you for your providing the legacy upon which they could fight for those rights. Justice prevailed, and your parents became citizens. We stand at a pinnacle of your history in your golden years. Redress passed and a nation apologized for a terrible injustice perpetrated against its own citizens.

So this is the happy ending of the 100th/442nd/MIS story and I thank you for sharing it with us. I salute you. God bless you and tell your kids to tell the world."

Amen!!! I feel that we Niseis have so much to be grateful for...our Issei parents and their "Gaman and Gambaru" spirit...our culture and heritage...that the 100th/442nd men who fought with what we were instilled with...and opened the doors for the sanseis, yonseis, goseis, and dai-dai (future generation)...Even in Japan, they have been losing their heritage and the youngsters there do not even consider the basic "Oya-koko" and taking care of not only their parents but also their grandparents...they have totally lost it to the so-called, "mo-dan life" (modern)...what a shame neh...fortunately, the niseis and sanseis haven't here...I know...all Crystal City-ites are so "oya koko"..."kanshin, kanshin"...(commendable)

Carry On

Calvin Coolidge

Nothing in the world will take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than the unsuccessful person with talent.

Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb.

Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts.

Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent. The slogan "press on" has solved and always will solve the problem of the human race.

ps...we call it "Gaman and Gambaru"...and we were taught that by our Issei parents neh.

Happiness is like a butterfly. The more you chase it, the more it will elude you. But if you turn your attention to other things, it comes softly and sits on your shoulder.

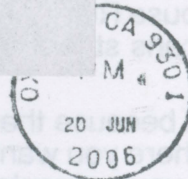
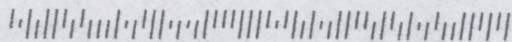
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Obituary: Our deepest and heartfelt condolences to: The family of **George Hosaka**, Aya Hosaka Yamakoshi and Sayo Hosaka Kubo for the loss of their father and brother,

George Hosaka.

Dorene Tsukida and the Kenmotsu family for the loss of their mother **Mieko Kenmotsu.**

The family of **Kikuo Uyeji**, and Saburo Uyeji for the loss of their father and brother **Kikuo Uyeji.**

sumi shimatsu
Crystal City Chatter



TAD & SATOMI ISHIDA
[Redacted]
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94116