Charles Kikuchi Diary Friday, August 10, 1945

3:30 p.m.

We are half way in the Army now! Bette woke me up at 5:45 and after a quick breakfast I dashed down here with B & M. From then until now, I have waited in line and sat. When we first got there, the Sgt. made the dramatic announcement that Japan had surrendered. There was a moment of excitement, but no outbursts. One fellow was worried because he had just sold his machine tools for $25, and the rumor was rife that we wouldn't be inducted. As the day wore on, the report was that Japan had bid for peace but no official statement had been announced. It's a fine time to be getting into the Army. Many of the fellows felt that they would be kept for occupational purposes, after we were told that the Army still wanted us.

I had to go all thru the physical exam again and I didn't breathe easy until after the eye test. It looks like I am headed for Fort Sheridan to take the final physical and then I may get a uniform! I lost 7 lbs. since my physical of a year ago. It wouldn't be so bad waiting around here if it were not so hot. And I am real sleepy. I puttered around until 2 and then talked to B. for a while. It wasn't until 3 that I went to bed and then I was so restless that I didn't get to sleep right away. So actually I have had only 2 hrs. of sleep since Wed. and yesterday was a tiring day on account of the work I had to do at the last minute.

While we have been waiting around, we ate macaroni, the 1st time. We also were shown a stirring war picture to put us on edge but everyone was too tired to be stirred up. It's the G.I. gripes starting right at the beginning! There are all kinds of fellows here. I

talked to one who is 34 and the father of 3 children. Another 30 and father of 2 who was a defense worker. A 29 yr. carpenter with 2 children who was sorry to give up his $400 a mo. job with Standard Oil Co. About 10 Nisei in the large group here and they all stick together. Negroes in great proportion and they stick together. I didn't like it when they put Jap after my name so the girl changed it to Japanese American. Technically, that is not my race at all, but I am sensitive. The fellows seem to be okay and it is easy to talk with them - about war, food, and women. One man thinks the world is headed for extinction because of the atomic bomb and he said that it was worse than gas. The Army will soon condition him to a more inhumane attitude.

I hope we get our uniform and numbers soon and I have no desire to be rejected at the final checkup. It's a new adventure and I have made up my mind to make the most of it. It's no use to moan and complain as that will only make Army life very uncomfortable.

The main thing on my mind right now is to get out of this hot room. The process is slow because of the large number of inductees here. We have to laugh at the corny remarks of the elderly Sgt. The rumor is that we will get on the train and go to Ft. Sheridan next. I hope so - also a rumor that we might get a weekend pass. Nobody is filled with patriotic motivation today and the boys don't hate anyone. We are more concerned with our personal discomforts and wondering if Army life is going to be like it is portrayed in the movies. The Coca Cola Co. must have a contract with the Army to keep us in this hot room so that more cokes can be sold!

8:00 p.m. In one hour we drop wearily into bed! We were formally inducted into the Army at 4:30 after being led through the "I solemnly

swear to support the U.S." oath. Then we had to walk down the 7 floors, march up Jackson Ave. as the traffic stopped and people stared. We got on the North Shore line and arrived here at 5:00.

Fort Sheridan is big and I felt a little lost as we marched and marched thru the grounds. We had to carry the barracks bags with a few G.I. issues. Then we went to eat again - good meal, but the coffee was bitter.

It wasn't until the soldiers began to rib us that we felt a little more at ease. They all stuck their heads out of the barracks windows to yell:

"You'll be sorry-ee-ee!"

"Oh, they got hair. Wait till the barbers cut off those locks!"

"Welcome, steel bait."

"Wait till you get those needles!"

"Did you volunteer or enlist?" etc., etc.

It was all good natured and it made us feel a bit more a part of the Army camp. We won't feel so conspicuous after we get measured for our uniforms. All of us are in one barracks - about 100. The beds are in bunk bed style and I have a lower now.

The fellows are from all over; but mostly from the Chicago area. They seem to be cheerful enough, but a few of the younger boys look lost and bewildered. There are 11 Nisei boys in the group. Our names were all called together, and it sounded like a roll call for the Japanese Army for a while! I'm on the end bunk, but the rest are all on the other side. The shower room is all crowded right now. Across the way, there is a P.W. stockade, and we saw some of the German

prisoners around.

We will be here for about 3-4 days and then sent to our training station. The Nisei boys will probably go to the same camp, altho my card was marked "special assignment." That was because of my poor eyesight. We still don't know if the war is officially over or not, but the consensus of opinion is that it doesn't make any difference as we will be in the occupational forces for several years as a minimum. I don't think about what happens next as we have a hard day ahead of us. We will probably have to march around for miles to take the various tests. I hate the thot of carrying another of those barracks bags around.

There is one Nisei boy "K" whom I talked to on the way up. He is from L.A. - formerly a mechanic. He was working in the same capacity for a Taxi cab company and making $75 a week when drafted. He has a wife and a child in Chicago, and feels that only the younger single fellows should be drafted. I asked him about whether the Emperor of Japan should be retained as a condition of peace and he felt that he should since he was a symbol of Japan's nat'l history. But he qualified himself by adding that it really didn't make much difference as the Emperor was only a figurehead anyway. Does not think he will return to Calif. for a number of years because "there is too much public opinion against us." I asked if the fact that he was donning a uniform made any difference, but he didn't think so. He has a father in Japan, but he is quite willing to fight for the U.S.-altho he would prefer to be a civilian and earn money for his family future.

The boys are already talking about sex - a standard subject of conversation when fellows get together. Well, I shall retire now. We don't get any maid service here!

Charles Kikuchi Diary (Ft. Sheridan) Saturday, August 11, 1945

8:00 p.m. One more hour and my second day as an Army private will be ended. And, I am really tired! We marched and marched all day today from one place to another. A group of late inductees came in at one a.m last night from Detroit and the boy above me got up, washed and dressed as he thot it was 5 a.m. already. It was very hard to get to sleep and very hard to get up. Some of the boys are being concerned with being lonesome, but I'm too tired to do much thinking. I guess it is hard for the younger boys to get adjusted as they are fresh from home. The Nisei boys here don't seem to be that way because they have been away from their families for quite a while, and they are used to camp life. The WRA centers are similar in many respects to our Army camp - but without all the regimentation! A number of the boys are indifferent to the whole thing. A few like it here - very few. Then there are those who look so sad. Some are mad at their draft boards about the whole thing. Everybody is wondering what is going to happen next, and where we are going to be shipped. We won't know that until we get there. That may be sometime next week as this is just a reception center where we all get processed and classified. We have been listening to a few orientation talks today, but we were too tired for it to penetrate very far. But we "veterans" of 2 days are already yelling at the new rookies the same things which were said to us yesterday. I don't think that the "shots" in the arm are really that bad, but it is being built up as a terrific ordeal and it has many of the boys scared!

There isn't any Negroes in these "white" barracks. I wondered what had happened to them until I discovered that they were segregated into a separate unit. The Army does it in a very efficient way. I guess it feels that the colored boys will be able to fight for democracy

better if they are set apart! We lowly Privates are warned not to open our mouths too much, but we can think. The Army is so contradictory in so many ways. I am still curious about the Army life, and I'm just as glad that I'm in - but not unduly happy about it. The fence is just outside, and I do envy those civilians riding by so carefree!

One of the things which was drilled into our heads today was that we had to "obey" without questioning, and we had to salute the officers. This is hard to take by us freedom loving Americans, but we felt a little better about it when we were told that the purpose was to recognize Rank and that it was a form of greeting. A general was supposed to come around for barracks inspection and we were practically trembling in our boots that we would have to "freeze" and be in awe. We are not supposed to look in an officer's eyes - just gaze on their brass with admiration. It won't take us long to get conditioned to these things and take them for granted, but right now it doesn't quite rub me the right way. An Army is good to "protect" Democracy but I don't think it sponsors it too well. The soldiers seem to maintain it despite that tho.

From early this morning until now we have been processed. We stood in lines for a couple of hours the first thing this morning to get our clothing. It was a beautiful example of Army efficiency even if some of the clothes did not quite fit. We were handed an immense duffle bag, and we went from one point to another while they tried to stuff it full. A nice uniform was put on me, but I had to get my pants shortened by the German P.W's. My shoes are so large that I can practically get both feet in one shoe, but they will be comfortable

when we have to start marching a lot more. We got a complete set of clothes in our grab bag, including an iron helmet. It is very light tho. Thick wool socks, underwear, etc., etc. The bag was so full that I wondered who was going to help me carry it. I had to walk about a half mile back with it. It looked like a duffle bag going up the road by itself, but I was under it - and perspiring profusely with my heavy uniform coat on.

We didn't even get a chance to rest before we were marched off to lunch. The meals are very hastily eaten. There is no doubt in the world that the U.S. Army is the best fed one in existence. Plenty of calories, and we get meat, butter, milk - all the things that the Civilian longs for, but can hardly get in such abundance. Some of the boys griped about the food, but I don't think they ate as well at home. I'll probably gain weight instead of losing it as I am hoping. But it takes a lot of extra energy just to march to the messhall.

After lunch, we had to spend the afternoon taking the Army I.Q. tests. I was too tired to really concentrate on it so the Army will no doubt find a moron on it's hands! All of us were tired and we were very relieved to get out of the place. Soon afterwards we had dinner and then we marched to another orientation meeting so that the chaplain could tell us about depending upon Religion to keep up our morale. The Protestant chaplain says in one breath that God will come to a soldier whose life is almost gone; and in the next, he tells us about bigger and better atomic bombs which will make the Japs give up sooner. Not much consistency in that.

We are all wondering what will come next so that religion is far

from my mind. From the frequent references I hear about the female genitals and the biological process, I don't think the boys are too idealistic. They would be happier if they could satisfy their immediate emotions. It's no lie that when we came through that front gate, we left a lot of hope behind. But I'll get used to it or else I'll become a psycho-neurotic!

One of the things which impresses me is the lack of hate in the attitude of one fellow. But there is one fellow of Polish extraction who thinks that the "F-- Germans over there (in the stockade) should be mowed down with a machine gun for causing all this trouble. The barracks leader puts it on a little higher level when he tells us not to even look or talk to the P.W's because "we don't even want to recognize their presence for all the harm they caused in the world." Most of the boys are not too concerned with issues - they feel griped that they have to go to bed at 9 p.m. on a Saturday nite. There are many 18 yr. olds, but a lot of the rookies are older and married with children too.

Re Nisei rookies: They don't have much inhibitions, and they use "shit" as a regular part of their vocabulary--more than the other fellows. They use Japanese words occasionally and they talk freely about their WRA camp experiences. I suppose a lot of the pressure has been lifted from them because they are now like anyone else here and undue suspicions cannot be directed towards them. Only one of the Nisei boys makes much of an effort to mix with the Caucasian boys, but the others do it occasionally - more now as they find "gripes" in common, as well as anxieties about what is going to happen next.

Charles Kikuchi Diary Sunday, August 12, 1945

9:30 a.m. It's so early in the morning but we have been up for four hours already. Today is a day of rest and we are confined to our barracks since we are in quarantine. All we did so far was to clean up the place, and go to eat. Some of the fellows went to chapel. We are supposed to march to the camp movie this afternoon. For a while we hoped to get a pass for the day, but this did not materialize.

Gambling seems to be one method of getting fellows together. The Nisei boys started a small 10¢ crap game and it got up to $8 before the barracks leader broke it up. They seem to be bored, and some of the boys are complaining, "Why in the hell did they get us up so early when there is nothing to do"? He should be happy to have this opportunity to rest.

I have been reading the Sunday papers. A lot of newsboys sell them by the messhall, and each issue is snatched up eagerly because the fellows are anxious to know if Peace has been declared yet. It appears that the announcement will come today or tomorrow. We won't even get out to celebrate V-A day. In a way, we are different from the other recruits who have gone thru here in the past. We don't have to go through that feeling of dread of going through actual combat because the fighting is practically over. Our main concern is how long will we be in the Army. Nobody is anxious to do any actual fighting.

There is a difference of opinion on whether the Emperor should be removed or not. The Nisei boys have no comment to make on it, altho I was teasing Fred that he should go to the chapel and pray for the Emperor. The rest of the fellows don't really care as long as the war is finished. One boy did say that the U.S. should insist upon the

removal of the Emperor because he would lead Japan into another war in 20 years.

I suppose that the servicemen overseas are even more anxious than we are about the end of the war. It will mean their release, while we are just at the beginning. There are many veterans about to be released here and they look upon us as babies. One of the boys here thot it was a good thing to be in the Army now because all of the defense plants were closing already and there would be a great unemployment for a while.

This is certainly a huge army camp. We have only seen one small portion of it since our arrival, but we walk and walk in our section. There are hundreds of rookies here waiting to be processed and they seem to come from all over the midwest. They don't seem to notice that the Nisei are around and they take it for granted that there is no difference. It is up to the Nisei boys to take advantage of this opening, and some of them have. The Nisei boys seem to be better educated than the average here, but they are all pessimistic about their chances for advancement. This is a ~~xxxp~~ carry over from their work experiences--and it is true to a great extent. But it is also true that the rest of the boys here won't have much of a chance to get what they want when they go to classification either.

I'm not too bored myself as it is a new experience. The fact that I am seeing Army service at last contributes to my attitude of making the best of it. If one loses morale at the start, it will make Army life hell because we haven't really gone through anything yet--except wait in line and wondering when we will get shots and when shipped out.

Charles Kikuchi Diary August 12, 1945

4:30 p.m. It's our 1st really day of leisure, and I certainly enjoyed it. We were supposed to be in quarantine all day, but a lot of the boys went to the movies. Fred and I went for a walk to look the camp over. At the PX, we got cold drinks, and it was hard for us to get used to the idea of being able to buy scarce articles. Many of the boys stocked up on Hershey bars and things like that. Fred mentioned several times that he could hardly realize that he was a soldier now. He said that he didn't mind the Army life at all--so far--and it was something that he wanted to do for a long time. He said that wasn't sure of his $50 a week job on the outside anyway even though his boss did tell him that there were post war possibilities. "There's a lot of advantage in being in now. We can put 'free' on our letters and we will have veteran's benefits afterwards. All of my friends are in anyway so it wasn't much use for me to stick around on the outside." Fred was the one who started the crap game this morning and he lost about $5.00 with his own dice so he has resolved not to gamble anymore. He doesn't want to be sent to the language school either, but his reason is that it would be too dangerous being in the Pacific. He said that he had a brother out there now. The only thing which concerns him is that he feels responsible for his mother. He has a sister who works in the dice company, but Fred is also going to try and get an allotment for them. He hasn't filled in any of the forms yet

He told me that Blackie did marry that Nisei girl, but he was still working as the doorman at the gambling club. Hash did finally go down to Des Moines, and Endo is still doing his same job as a welder. Fred apparently has a lot of family friends in Chicago because they gave

him a lot of farewell gifts. He gave me one of his small travel bags as he did not have any use for it. He may make things difficult for me as he goes around telling the fellows that I am writing a book on Army life, and they believe him. That's because he has seen me making these journal entries.

Fred and I went all the way up to the Service Club and we took advantage of all the benefits which were offered to the soldiers. We felt that we were cheating a bit because we have only been in for a couple of days. I typed a letter while I was there, and I also typed one for Fred. I also phoned Emiko to tell her that I didn't find Army life disagreeable yet. Emiko was surprised to hear from me as she thought I was already out of the state.

Fort Sheridan is a very large place, and the WRA centers are puny in comparison to it. The west section is the older part of the camp, and the buildings are much more permanent. We didn't go to the movie as we wanted to walk about a bit. Movies are only 15¢ here, and the latest pictures are playing. There must be thousands of ex-veterans in this camp and they are being processed out by the hundreds. They are the envy of all the rookies. All we have to look forward to is the innoculations in the morning and more marching around.

8:00 p.m.

Almost another day ended as a "soldier." It is hard to believe. I had a misfortune this afternoon when I came back from the Service Center. I stepped on some tar, and it got on my bed. I didn't notice that I had sat on it several times until one of the fellows called it to my attention. I couldn't scrape it off so I got worried. Everybody

gave me different advice on how to get the tar off. I finally tried cigarette lighter fluid but that didn't work. I could vision myself being thrown in the guardhouse for having spots on my pants so I finally decided to wash them. The fellows were pro and con on the advisability of doing this because I wouldn't be able to press them. I thought I could press the pants between sheets of paper after they had dried, and then slipping it between the mattress and the springs overnight. So I washed them. I rubbed and rubbed, but no success. Finally everybody went to eat dinner, but I kept at the washing. As the last resort I sneaked down to the PX and bought some cleaner fluid and it worked!

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Joke of the evening, "Gee, just think fellows, 20 yrs. from now we can tell our children how we fought the battle of Fort Sheridan."

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I was outside for the past hour, and the fellows were mostly having a bull session about women and about how long we would be in the Army. One of the boys (older) was angry because the German P.W's were having a talent show and their corny band was playing popular American music. He thought they should be locked up tight without any recreation at all because of what Germany had done to U.S. airmen (referring to 65 who were executed in 1944). The consensus was that the P.W's were being punished enuf by not having any access to women in this country.

9:00 p.m.

A soldier just came by and said that the war was officially over. Not much comment except that it wouldn't affect us too much since we would be in for a long time in occupational duty yet. Some said they

would like to go to Japan, but most would rather be sent to Europe.

"Let's go home; it's all over."

"I'll take my civies."

"Hooray, we can celebrate tomorrow by taking our typhoid shots."

"Hell, the Army should give us a 24 hour pass."

"Those lucky civilian bastards: they can go out and get drunk as hell and celebrate all they want to while we have to go to bed."

"God damn, I won't be able to hold my head up when I say I got drafted 3 days before the war was over."

"Those Japs knew what was best for them. They will probably end up with a negotiated Peace after all. But that's better than killing us all off."

"Turn the lights off and let's sleep off our happiness!"

Monday, August 13

9:00 p.m. The report that the war was over was false, but we didn't know of it until this morning. It was more of a letdown for the returning vets who are getting a 30-day furlough before being shipped to the Pacific.

We rookies had a very hard day - the hardest so far! I am dead tired after all that we went through. To make it worse, it was so hot that I was perspiring freely - gallons of it. I'm trying to get a few notes down before the lights go out.

The 1st thing we did this morning was to march to the post office and send our civilian clothes back. We won't need them again for quite a while. It really made clear to me that I was a soldier for sure! Then we were marched to get our haircuts. The famous G.I. haircut is

an institution in itself. We all get in a long line and the G.I. barbers zip through our hair in about 3 minutes apiece! My hair is only about 1½ inches long and I certainly do look like a convict, but it is practical. We don't have much time to stand around and comb our hair. We were issued a large U.S. Army comb, but I'll wait for my hair to grow a bit before I start using it! Everything has to be kept in a barracks bag, and it is a hell of a lot of trouble to dig down into it in order to get anything out.

The barber only took 3 minutes to zip through my hair. He said that he had cut 218 heads the morning before. With his 9 yrs. experience in barbering, it was not necessary for him to nick my ear. It is not a very good policy to talk back to anyone with stripes because we lowly draftees have to grin and bear everything! Some of the fellows really looked like a lawn mower had gone over the top of their heads.

On my way out of the barber shop, a fellow asked me if free haircuts were given inside so I stopped to tell him that he could get a free one once. Just then, a guard yelled at me and said to get the hell away from the P.W. I hadn't noticed the P.W. stamped on his pants. They do all the heavy work around the fort, and I think they get paid 80¢ a day. Most of them look so young, and I can't hate them because they were the victims of circumstances too. The overseas vets feel much more strongly about it because they were the ones to get shot at across the lines.

After our haircuts, we were marched to the outdoor theater where a film on the dangers of venereal disease infection was shown. It didn't seem to bother the fellows very much because they were all

commenting that they were going to make for the nearest girl at the 1st opportunity. Army life sort of eliminates the more refined type of conversation, and an extensive crude vocabulary with frequent mention of female anatomy is the most common medium of expression.

The fellows all feel that they are being fed salt-peter to quiet down their emotional life, and it is probably true. Whenever a girl is spotted while we are on the march, the old American custom of whistling at her is resorted to vigorously. I think that taste in pulchritude has gone down to a very low level because even the saddest looking female specimen is hungrily devoured with the eyes. Comments made about the Negro girls are positively crude.

After the movie, we had some more orientation talks about the importance of saluting and our duties while we were quartered in the shipping barracks. We get to stay ~~in~~ up until 11 p.m. altho the lights still go out at 9. We may go to the PX or the movies as long as we wear our sun tan uniforms with ties. Our bags have to be all packed so that we can move at a moment's notice. The usual stay here is 3-5 days but I have a suspicion that we may stay longer. In the event that we are here on a weekend, we may get a pass - unless we are on a detail! A detail is another Army institution with which I became initiated today. It is the assignment of various duties. The most strenuous is the Fire Guard detail. That means marching around for 2 hrs and sleeping for 4 - on a 24 hr. schedule.

The most appealing thing about the free evenings - if it is obtainable - is to go to the PX to drink beer - "even if it is damn weak." Some of the fellows have visitors coming in and that is another great privilege. All the simple things which we took for granted are

now cherished dearly. On the other hand it is hard to get used to the abundance of food. For a moment, I forget that all the rationing went on so that the Army can get the best of everything. There is one fellow in our barracks who enjoys real butter so much that he eats whole slabs of it - without any bread! I think that the meals are pretty good here, and we get plenty of calories and vatamins - almost twice as much as the aver age civilian gets. But we can't expect to get the home style cooking when there are so many to feed. About 2-3000 must eat at our messhall so that we can't eat very leisurely. Everyone bolts the food down, and I haven't heard anyone say "please" yet when asking for anything. The mess sergeant is a huge elephant with a stomach as big as a pregnant cow, and about the only vocabulary he seems to know is "Let's go, let's go - Get the lead out of your ass. Let's go, let's go!"

I saluted my 1st officer today, and felt silly as hell! We all seem to have a resistance against this military practice and some of the boys take a different path in order to avoid an officer.

We had to stand in lin all afternoon in order to get classified and sign for insurance and war bonds. I signed up for a dependent's allowance and for the 10,000 life insurance policy. It means that I will only have about $22 a month to spend for other things, but everything is cheaper for a serviceman.

The classification section is a farce - I was given a typing test, and the interviewer asked me detailed questions about my former work. But I'll probably end up in the infantry along with the majority as I was not pulled out of line for a last special interview. I don't really care very much as I was not expecting any special kind of assignment.

Charles Kikuchi Diary August 12, 1945

After dinner, I had to carry my barracks bag over to my new barracks. I have a top bunk this time. Then I had to go on "detail." A couple of fellows and I swept the aisle of a barracks - back and forth. The idea was that we had to spend 2 hrs. at it and it didn't matter how clean it was. We just went back and forth - back and forth. Finally at 8:00 p.m. we were allowed to quit and I am exhausted now. I talked to some returning vets down there, and they were all very friendly. They showed us all of their war souvenirs. These fellows did not get enuf points for a discharge so they only get 21 days furlough before being sent to the Pacific. They are all hoping that the war will be over soon so that they will not have to go to the Pacific.

I got my "shots" in the arm today and it was not a terrifying experience at all. The typhoid shots hasn't bothered any of the Nisei boys since they had it before in the assembly center. The other shot is beginning to hurt my left arm and it may bother me after a while.

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I am sitting in the latrine writing this now as the lights in the barracks went out.

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It is a bit frightening at first to get those shots because they come at you from both sides and we get the 2 injections at once. Then our finger is punctured for a blood type test, and it is stamped on our dog tags a short time later. One of the boys almost passed out when he got the "shots" because he was so scared from all that build-up about being needle bait.

Now to bed - I am pooped. I hope the war is over tomorrow. It is expected to be accomplished in one or two days more. I guess it won't affect us much tho!

Charles Kikuchi Diary Tuesday, Aug. 14, 1945

6:00 p.m.

I just came back from dinner, and the flash came over the radio that the war is officially over! There are horns honking all around the camp, but many fellows are glum because they can't get out to celebrate the end of the most terrible war in history. A young boy is outside playing "Home Sweet Home" on his harmonica. Another boy is saying "You God damn stinking civilians on the outside - you have all the fun."

"There will be a lot of changes tomorrow."

"I heard that there would be an immediate reduction of the draft, but it won't help us."

"Let's go to the PX and get drunk on beer."

"I'd give $500 to get out of this damn Army."

"Who in the hell is shooting those cannons off."

"Hell, we will be in the Army for 5 more years so why get excited. The hell of it is that we can't go any damn place we please tonight like the civilians."

"I bet the god-damn jails will all be filled tonight."

I was going to bed right away because of my general physical exhaustion, but I might as well wander about the camp after a while to see what is going on.

The detail we had today was most tiring and I'm not used to manual labor. Fred and I were in the underwear section of the warehouse and we folded handkerchiefs and passed out drawers to the new recruits. About 500 of them passed through today.

My arm hurt all night so that I didn't feel so well at work, but

I had to stick it out as the Army does not take any excuses. It is going to take me a long time to get into good physical condition.

The end of the war has excited my mind so much that I don't feel like writing any more this evening and I am going outside despite my tiredness and a cold coming on, I think.

10:00 p.m. Went up to the Red Cross Hut with some of the fellows and we sipped free cokes, listened to the records, and played checkers. It looked like most of the boys were bored because they could not get out. I came home early as I was tired and not interested in going to a movie. The theater admission is only 15¢ and the latest pictures are shown, but I haven't been to any yet. I have been much too tired to do anything in the way of recreation, but my morale seems to be keeping up. Many of the rookies were bemoaning the fact that they were probably stuck with the Army of Occupation, but they might as well make the best of it. I figure that in three months I will be eligible for veterans status and the $200 discharge pay. The physical conditioning will be most rigorous but it will benefit me in the long run as I would never do it voluntarily. On top of that, the food isn't too bad, and the financial returns are not as low as it appears at 1st thought. Mom will get a $79 allotment and I will get about $22. I get a $10,000 life insurance policy which I can continue after I get back to civilian life, and the best medical care while in the service. Also many special benefits afterwards which veterans will receive, not the least of which is job opportunities. I sound "pollyanish" this evening, but these thoughts occurred to me as I heard all the griping this evening. I

don't think we are missing out too much by not being allowed to go out and celebrate with the civilians.

One additional factor, and an important one, is that we can go through our Army life without the constant fear of death in battle facing us. It must be hell from what I gather from a few of those returning vets' comments. There is going to be a vast social upheaval in this country, and many war workers are going to have some difficulty in getting into peacetime production. I wonder how the Nisei workers will fare in this re-adjustment to the "postwar" economy?

It is difficult to think that this is the "postwar" period! This is especially true while I am in the Army. I don't feel like a soldier yet. The boys here are more concerned with the guessing date of when we will be shipped out to a training camp. We think we are going this week, but no orders have come through yet. I would like to get home this weekend, but it will be a most fortunate break if that happens. It's no use planning in the Army. We just take orders and like them. I find that if one doesn't let the resentment get one down, it is easier to swallow. I don't feel that my dignity is hurt by cleaning barracks. But I don't like to do something just to keep us busy and without accomplishing anything - like the other nite when three of us swept a 8' x 45' aisle for 2 hrs. just because it was orders that we work until 8 o'clock.

I don't tell any of the fellows that I was doing research work before as they resent anybody who is not ordinary like them. This is perhaps the best way to get along in the Army. I told a few of them that I was a bartender in civilian life, and now some of them call me

"Bartender." A couple of the fellows call me "Chungking" as they believe that I am of Chinese ancestry. Most of them call me "Charlie" and I am the only Nisei in the group which they call by the given name - and I am not being conceited either. I think the reason for this is that the other Nisei fellows don't give the other boys too much of a chance to get acquainted because they go eat together and they group together in their leisure time. It isn't a question of them not being able to do it, but I suppose they feel more natural among themselves. None of the fellows in our barracks have ever inquired about the nationality of the Nisei fellows altho a few of the Nisei have referred to themselves as Japanese, e.g. "They won't let us 'Japanese' boys get into anything but infantry."

Me: "What the hell do you mean? You are American just like me!"

Caucasian Boy: "That's right. I think you fellows have just as much chance as we do. We are all sad sacks together and we are going to get our asses beaten off together when we go to basic training."

Despite the uncouth manners of some of the fellows here - and their youth - they seem to reflect a certain democratic tradition which is hard to define - not that we don't have any bastards in our midst. I don't ever get into any discussions on "race" with any of them because that would only accentuate a difference which does not exist. However, I did talk to a "vet" about the 100th Infantry while I was at the Red Cross Hut. He opened the conversation when he asked me if I were from Hawaii. When I replied "no," but that I knew of their activities, the veteran went on: "Well, they were the best damn outfit on the line." I was with the 34th Army - a machine gunner - and I fought with those

guys all the way from Cassino. They were shot to hell, but they never gave up. Those birds were so full of guts that they would go AWOL from the field hospital with casts on their arms just so they could be with their buddies in the thick of the fighting. You guys will have to be plenty tough to be like them. I'm from Nebraska, right off the farm, and until I ran into the 100th outfit, I thot that all Japs were sons-of-bitches who should be knocked off. Now I know better because you guys in the Army are fighting for the same damn things we fought for. God damn, we got sore as hell when we heard about one of the 100th boys, who had a Purple Heart, being thrown out of a barber shop in Arizona. What the hell kind of people live in Arizona. Shit, I wouldn't stand for that if I were you guys and I know that all my buddies in the 34th Army would back you up anytime as long as you risked your necks like us."

Wednesday, August 15, 1945.

Six days in the Army! It was so hard for me to crawl out of bed this morning, but I thought about how much harder our real training would be so I wearily dragged my bones up and thudded heavily to the floor so that I could go to breakfast. My appetite has increased enormously and I eat everything put on my plate - three times a day. We had a chicken dinner last nite, and roast beef this evening. That's not bad at all. One thing that strikes me as more than a coincidence - or maybe it is my imagination - is that the German P.W's always seem to pile more onto the plates held by the Nisei boys. I know that is true when 2 or 3 Nisei boys go in a row. Maybe they think the Nisei are Allies. One of the guards told Fukuzawa that the P.W's that we were Japanese P.W's when they saw us marching by their stockade. There are some Jap P.W's

here, but they are never permitted to work outside of the double barbed wire stockade like the German P.W's so I haven't seen any.

My work today on the Headquarters "detail" was fairly strenuous, but I don't feel it as much as I did yesterday. However, I think my cold is getting a little worse and that tickling sensation in my throat is bothering me more. I only hope that I do not get put on a 24 hr. fire guard detail. Hamasaki told me that he had to guard the WAC block last night, and he saw about six of them being taken into the boiler rooms by enlisted men. He was sore because he could not go in to keep warm and sneak a smoke! He thought one WAC got raped because "she screamed like hell at first." The 18 yr. old Nisei boy was listening with wide open eyes and he wanted to know all the details! Everytime sex is mentioned, all the fellows are interested and sports is the next most frequent subject of conversation - aside from gripes on Army life. They are not too interested in the problems of the postwar world, but many believe that the U.S.is already preparing for a war with Russia, and that we will most likely see action within 2 yrs!

I can't blame the fellows for not wanting to dwell on weighty impersonal problems as they are too preoccupied with what is happening to them now. I wouldn't mind getting shipped out this week in one way, because it would end the monotonous "details" I have been getting. This morning I was on the "latrine" detail" at the headquarters company and I went around and cleaned toilet bowls. Before I get out of this Army I will become an "inner bowl specialist." There is quite an art to swishing that brush around. After that I had to go sweep and mop

two barracks occupied by returning vets. I did it all by myself and that took the rest of the morning. Somebody painted the end of the mop handles red as a joke on the rookies and I got it all over my hands. The only way I could get "revenge" was to swish the sloppy mop over their shoes. I did it to all of the shoes just to make sure that I would get the culprit! Just as I swished the last pair, I hear a loud "Attention!" and a 2nd Lieutenant marched into the room. I got so nervous that I did everything wrong. I dropped the mop and saluted him instead of taking my hat off! The Army instruction is to salute officers outdoors only. This saluting business is very distasteful and I don't like it at all. I still feel like a silly ass when I do it - and I have only done it twice so far.

This afternoon, I worked at the same place with 10 other fellows. We heard that the Army stopped the drafting of 26 yr. or older men this morning, and there were anguished moans by some of the older rookies as they missed out by 5 days.

Married fellow, 29, with 2 children who was a railroad supply salesman out on the road at the time he got his notice: "I could kick myself in the ass for not transferring my papers from St. Louis up to Chicago. That would have taken 5 days at least, and I wouldn't be cleaning [feces] cans now."

Another: "We are the bastards who will be stuck with the occupation for the next 5 yrs. I'd give $500 to get out right now, and that's about all the money I have in the world."

A third: "We don't even get a holiday to celebrate the end of the war. Nobody is allowed to leave the post for the next 48 hrs - not even those with discharges. They are the bastards who did the fighting,

but they can't even get out to celebrate when the whole thing is over."

A few were more optimistic and they rationalized thusly:

"At least we can say that we were in the Army before the end of the war and we don't have to mention that it was only 5 days before the end so why bitch about our bad luck"?

2nd: "What in the hells the difference? Christ, there won't be any more jobs now so we might as well get fed by the government."

3rd: "Yeah, the vets are going to run this country and if you don't have that damn discharge button, you will be out of luck."

4th: "We will get out in 6 months or less. The Army is going to discharge five million men and they will just be wasting money to keep us on. They had to scrape the bottom of the barrel for us."

Private Art and I worked together most of the afternoon, and he taught me the proper method of "soldiering." He wastes more energy in trying to get out of work when it would be so simple to get it over with. Art worked as a machinist in civilian life and he made $300-$400 a month so he is a bit mad about the whole thing and he feels that he will get by with doing the minimum amount of work required, but acting most cooperative when the "boss," or the Corporal, is around. He feels that we are in the Army to obey orders only and that we should never do anything on our initiative. Art made me laugh because of the great trouble he went to in order to avoid an extra task. His civilian "Union" attitudes follow him because when we are sweeping, he feels that we do not have to empty the ask can because that is the task of another "specialist." I don't mind going slowly, but time passes much more slowly while making an effort to loaf. His answer to that: "It's no use in being

industrious because they will just pick you for another detail if you are known as a good worker. The Corporal gets all the credit, and it doesn't add to your service record a bit. Why should we help the Corporal to get ahead at our expense when he tries to work the ass off of us"? I thought that the opposite was true: "If you do your work efficiently, the Corporal gives you the easy assignments and lets you work on your own without any supervision at all."

Art was proud of the way in which he put it over on the Corporal yesterday: "The typhoid shot bothered my arm so I went to him and told him that I had to go on sick call. I went up to the dispensary and told them that I needed permission to go to the barracks for the afternoon; as the Corporal had okeyed it I got the permit, and nobody was the wiser as they won't bother to check up with so many hundred newcomers coming in every day." He might have something there, but one of these days it will catch up with him.

Art on marital faithfulness: "I love my wife and children but that won't stop me from laying the 1st broad that I can. This Army life does things to you, and I can't go to sleep and just dream about my wife when those thoughts come up. I've been married too long to be strictly on the reservation when I am away from the old lady. I met a cute trick at the dance last night, and when she rubbed up against my belly, I practically raped her on the spot. I have a date with her for Sunday if we are still here and I get a pass. I'll spend half of the time with my wife and half of the time with the dame. That should hold me through the next 17 weeks of basic."

Art on the causes for War: "It's the god damn women who encourage

all these wars. They glorify the uniform. If they could see some of those shot-to-hell guys, they wouldn't be so anxious for a war to come around. Some of those crap-face society women think they are being so damn patriotic to sit around in Hostess Clubs and they think they won the wars. They just want to make an impression on officers, and they don't give a damn about the privates. If all the women in the world decided that it wasn't worth while to get medals, we wouldn't have these wars. The Army doesn't give us nice looking uniforms for our benefit. It is just to impress the women to worship the uniform so that they will make a man feel like a damn coward if he isn't in one."

I'm spending a quiet evening in the barracks. Most of the fellows went to the movies or the Service Club to play pool. I think I should take care of my cold so I plan to get my full rest. Today is the 1st day of World wide Peace, Isn't it wonderful. The gas rationing is over, and I see by the papers that the downtown areas of all large cities held wild celebrations.

General MacArthur has sent for a Japanese representative to receive the formal surrender terms so that it should be signed within a few more days. The formal order to cease fire is going out now. Today and tomorrow have been designated as formal holidays by President Truman and most stores on the outside will be closed. It hardly seems believable that everything is all over, and I certainly hope that the Army will not attempt to control the country thru dictatorial methods now that Peace has come because the upholding and preservation of democracy is now up to the average citizen.

The readjustments to Peace is no easy process, and I hope that racial tensions will not burst forth if jobs do happen to get a little scarce. The unemployment figure is bound to triple in the next few months as billions of dollars of war contracts have been cancelled. I wonder if Tom lost his job? It is expected that over a half million war workers in the Chicago area will be released in the next few days. But, it is hoped that many plants will be able to reconvert into peace-time production immediately without a slow-down in employment. The fellows here think that in a way it is better for the Army to support them during the confusion caused by reconversion as they wouldn't have jobs anyway.

Thursday, August 16, 1945.

5:30 p.m. All but 20 of the fellows in our barracks "shipped" out today. They were restricted to quarters and no phone calls were permitted. We didn't know until noon that they were going as all the boys on "detail" were not given any orders to ship out. Fred was so relieved to see me as he thought all the Nisei boys were gone. There is just three of us left now in the Nisei batch. I asked Fred why he got so excited, and he said, "Well, hell, I don't want to be the only 'boochie' left here."

Me: "What's wrong with that"?

Fred: "All those guys will get 3 day passes and I wouldn't have anybody to go around with."

Me: "Why not"?

Fred: "You can't go around with Caucasian guys as easy as with boochies."

Me: "I don't see why not."

Fred: "You can do it because you went to college and you know how to talk to any guy, but us guys don't do it so easy except when we are throwing the bull about the women."

I really don't see why these Nisei kids should have any inhibitions. I'd rather go in a non-segregated outfit anytime, but I won't have any choice in saying where I will go or what I will do in the Army. Fred has been going around telling the boys that I am not a bartender, but they don't hold it against me. I've made a few good friends, especially when we work together on details.

Today I had a "prestige" job and it didn't tire me at all. I sat in the postoffice and typed out the free mailing list for civilian clothing to be sent home; and in the afternoon, I helped to wrap the clothes. Our Sergeant was a good guy and he told us to take it easy. We had plenty of time to sit around and talk. It was the easiest detail that I have had yet. We had quite a mixture of characters in our detail of 5 men. Junior, 18, was the clown of the outfit and we were ribbing him most of the day. But he was very downcast when he found out at noon that all of his pals were shipping out and he was left behind. He really did take it hard. I guess it was because of his youth. There was an older fellow who also was hard hit. He grew up with three fellows, went to school together, got married at approximately the same time, and they were all inducted together. He felt that they would not be able to see each other for a long time, and he felt it rather keenly because he couldn't go with his three friends.

"Four-eyes," the fellow with glasses, was the unpopular member of the detail as he tried to "Goldbrick" in order to make a good impression

at our expense. Even the Sarge didn't think much of that and it wasn't appreciated. He was bragging how his father was on a city council, and how he had 5 girls typing for him in his office with a railroad supply company before his induction. He even offered me a job as a typist after the war, and he tried to make himself the self appointed leader of our detail, but it was assigned to me because my name happened to be called 1st.

Georgie, was the "jolly-happy-go-lucky fellow" and I was kidding back and forth with him most of the day. He is 30 and the father of 2 children. He used to be a bus driver in Chicago for 8 yrs. before induction, and he is full of dirty latrine stories. But he is a Catholic and he believes in being faithful to his wife. He lived all of his life in Chicago and he speaks with a distinct South Side accent: "Bring dem tings ovah here, buddy." He said I could ride free on his bus anytime after we got out of the Army. He wanted me to go drink beer with him at the PX this evening but I did not feel up to it.

The Sarge left early and we had no customers so we started to talk. A Negro soldier came in, and he had a difficult time in printing his name so I did it for him. "Four-eyes" then commented after the colored boy departed, "You shouldn't have helped that damn booby." I asked why not, and he said that it was too dangerous to even touch a pencil that a "Nigger handles because half of them were rejected because they had the syph or flat fleet." I jokingly replied that flat feet was not exactly contagious and that the venereal disease rate among the Negroes was high because of lack of medical facilities and ignorance. Then the other fellows all started to condemn the Negroes, and it didn't make me feel very good even though they gave me the dubious honor of

including me among the whites, and apparently it didn't occur to them to make a distinction. They just take on these biased attitudes without really trying to understand the Negro. Another made the comment: "I wouldn't stand having one of those damn crocks in our barracks. They stink like hell."

I was pretty disturbed by what they said, and I tried to inject a fresh idea into their thinking patterns, but I doubt if it did much good. It's hard to get angry with them because they seem to be nice guys otherwise. One of them even went out and bought me ice cream. If they could only accept a colored person as individuals. I think one of the fellows was of Jewish extraction too.

8:30 p.m.

I was coming out of a building this evening scratching my butch hair when a Major passed by and I neglected to salute him. He looked at me sort of funny but he didn't say anything.

I went to see Frankie Sinatra in "Anchors Aweigh" for 15¢ this evening with some of the fellows in our barrack. They all went out and I didn't feel like retiring too early as I didn't do any strenuous work to wear me out. We are all wondering when we are going to be shipped out. I hope that we will still be here for the weekend so that we can get our 1st pass, but that may be too much to expect. Our orders may come tomorrow. Those poor guys who left today had to wait in the hot sun for 3½ hrs. before they were taken out.

Friday, August 17, 1945.

7:30 p.m. Getting a pass from this Army is certainly filled with suspense and disappointments! All week long we live from day to day

and we are positive that our shipping orders will come. The original group thins down until there are only 28 left out of the 90 who have not received a note to go to the training camp immediately. Today was filled with anxiety for we 28. Each of us wanted that 36 hr. pass desperately so that we could get out this last chance before we are sent to another state for the intensive training. The older fellows want to see their wives, and the younger ones to see their families. Most want to go out and get drunk in order to forget our 1st week of regimentation.

So Friday rolls around and the rumors start to fly that we will be "restricted" this evening as we are shipping out. The disappointment and dismay is so obvious on the faces of some. Others curse in order to cover up their real feelings. It must be similar to the anxiety of the boys who want to get a discharge. For our barracks, this pass is more important than any of the postwar problems . All sorts of speculations go around, and a few are positive that we will not be in Fort Sheridan for another day.

So after dinner, the Sarge announces that we are "restricted " for the evening and that we can't go out. Our hearts really fall! Then he says that 11 of our group will be given "shipping orders" at 7:00. In the meantime, he says, it will be up to us to scrub our barracks down in order to pass the weekly inspection. In the event that it does not pass the inspection, all passes will be cancelled so it is up to us.

We are all positive that we will be one of the unlucky 11. But everyone falls to work with a will. We keep telling each other that we know we won't get a pass as we will be the unlucky one. We are very pessimistic, but the scrub brushes and mops really do fly. We clean

the floors all off with scalding hot water, we dust all the window ledges, we polish the fire extinguisher until it is as bright as a mirror. Everything is scrubbed clean. Then we anxiously gather at 7:00 to hear the bad news. The Sarge starts calling the names: "Edge, Bennett, Wayieski, Lean, Smith . . . etc., while we all hold our breath in suspense. When it is all over, there are 11 crestfallen boys, and 17 very elated ones. I was among the lucky ones, and I certainly did breathe a sigh of relief! Then the Sarge says that shipping orders may still come at noon tomorrow, but we 17 are sure that we won't be included now that the hump is passed. The boys are going to St. Lous, Detroit, Chicago and waypoints in Wisconsin and Michigan. I for one will have apoplexy if our barracks doesn't pass the inspection. Those sad 11 boys who scrubbed so hard and then were not rewarded for their efforts is a reminder that we too may feel the same way at the last moment.

But, it certainly will feel good to get into Chicago. I guess all the boys will appreciate their families more than ever, especially the married ones! I haven't any definite plans, and I'd just as soon sit around home and visit than to go out. In a way, I'm glad that I don't have a steady girl friend at the moment as it would make Army life more difficult to take. It seems that quite a few of the rookies already hate Army life very actively, but I don't feel that way yet. It must be the mental attitude which makes the difference. It's something I feel that I will gain from in some ways, and a harsh discipline won't exactly ruin my life even if I won't like it. In a way, it is this sort of rationalization which keeps the morale up. There's no use in trying to figure out how long we will be in service as that is something beyond our control. And, I am definitely not in the Army for a

career or a soft job so I won't be disappointed when I am sent to the infantry. We hear rumors that the last group went to Florida for their basic.

At the same time, this does not stop me from thinking that there are some pretty dumb things done by the Army. I knew that all during the camp experiences so it is not anything new to me now. My "detail" work today is a good example. All afternoon, Chuck and I washed windows which were already clean. The P.F.C. in charge could clearly see that, but an order was an order so we had to go over windows which were already highly polished! The trouble with this Army is that there are too many straw bosses. I was in the officers quarters detail, which is considered the worst of any because a lot of "brass" (insignias for commissioned officers) is seen and it is a constant reminder that ~~it is~~ we buck privates are on a low Army social status. A Lieutenant was in charge of the operation of the Officers quarters. He gives orders to a "3 strip" Sargeant. This order goes down to a "2 striper". A corporal gives it to the P.F.C. in charge of us. Then we are assigned to ~~and~~ privates who are regularly assigned to orderly work. Thus, for the 16 of us, there were actually 10 fellows who bossed the work and stood around to see that it was done. It makes me think that manpower is a very expendable item in this Army. Some of the rookies let this get them down, and they resent it very much; but they might as well take it in stride. I know that this is hard to do when there are dumb "straw bosses" who want to show their authority, but that is part of the Army life.

As for the type of work assigned in the detail, there's no use in fretting over it since all rookies go thru the same thing. It is taking a few of the fellows quite a while to realize this and they are always

griping about it and just making things harder on themselves. I don't like it myself, but we aren't in the Army to get spoiled and as long as it applies to all rookies, it is fair enough.

This morning my assignment was to be the assistant to the bedmaker in the officers quarters. We made beds all morning, and that is no easy job. The Sarge is a lot fussier than any old housemaid and the beds had to be without a single wrinkle. I learned how to really make a bed for the 1st time in my life! There is quite an art to tucking in those corners! There isn't any pride lost in doing this chambermaid work, but it was very hard for Chuck to take and he was cussing a blue streak all morning. He was happier when he and I were put on window washing after lunch.

I suppose it was harder for Chuck to make adjustments because he was financially successful on the "outside" and he seems to be a nice guy even if he does dislike "Niggers." Chuck has been the one to introduce me around to quite a few of the boys in the barracks. He is 29, balding, good disposition, married. Before his induction, he was a railroad supply man and he traveled all over the West with his expenses paid for the past 5 yrs. He was making $400 a month. The thing which gripes him is that "I could have escaped the draft if I had transferred my induction papers from St. Louis to Chicago! I could hit myself every time I think of it. This Army life is not for me. When I was 18, I was wild about getting a uniform on in order to impress the girls, but I'm too old for that sort of thing now." That seems to be the general attitude of all the older rookies I have talked to. Chuck told me a little of his attitude on race: "My grandparents were

Irish immigrants and they came to escape the potato famine. My grandfather worked on the railroads, and he was in one of the gangs which built the 1st transcontinental railroad line and competed against the Chinese coolies from the West Coast. They met in Utah and drove in that golden spoke to celebrate it. My family has been connected with the railroad ever since, but we have come up the ladder a bit. My father was a foreman, and I had a 'white collar' job before induction. My son may go into it too and he may be the railroad president someday. I believe in having peace, but it looks like we are building up the Army to fight Russia. I don't want any part of it. I don't think that democracy is involved at all. Man is too selfish to really practice equality, and the weaker fellow is always the one who gets the dirtiest deal. You've got to look out for yourself, but if the Army catches up with you there is nothing you can do about it. But, if I got a chance for a discharge tomorrow, I would jump at the chance."

I told Chuck a bit about the evacuation and his comment was, "Hell, if I got shoved around and lost everything like that I would tell the Army to go take a running jump and I certainly wouldn't feel like fighting for it. What the hell kind of people do they have in California anyway?"

I also had a chance to speak to a couple of other fellows, and I am getting to know them fairly well. Even the Sarge calls me 'Charlie' now. Fred told him that I wasn't a bartender, but I wrote books! What a liar! The fellows see me writing in this book, and it is getting embarrassing. A couple even insisted upon putting their names in the back of this book so that I could send them a copy of the book which

Fred told them I was writing!! Damn him anyway. Fred says that he doesn't want the other fellows to think that I am a bartender because he wants them to know that not all Nisei are dummies like him. Fred is my self appointed press agent and I have a hell of a time keeping him from telling those exaggerated stories. It has gotten to the point where I have to sneak down here to the playroom to write in my diary!

I learned some more Army vocabulary today. "Bingo" means that you will be shipped out. "Eat your ass out" means that the Sarge is bawling you out. "Shit-list" means that you are assigned to work in the officers quarters. "Fucken" is the adjective used for every third word. "Bastard" is any commissioned officer. "Dinge" is a Negro, etc., etc.

One of the orderlies I worked with this morning thot that I was of Chinese ancestry so he started to tell me all about his amorous adventures in Shanghai. I told him that I was of Japanese ancestry. I never hesitate to say it now as I'm in the same Army as any of the guys and I find full acceptance is an easy process. As soon as Hank found this out, he said: "Now that you have told me your ancestry, I don't mind telling you that one of the women who treated me the kindest was a Japanese lady in Yokohama in 1927 when I was 20. This is the way I feel about this god-damn war. It's the Big Bastards, who don't do the fighting, who causes all these wars. It's all politics. The little guy in this country and every other damn country don't want to fight. They are forced into it. Hell, I was in the regular Army for 4 years and 7 years in the Merchant Marines, but I still don't get any of those wild patriotic feelings. I have pride in this country, but that is beside the point. I have a 16 yr. old daughter and a 10 yr. old

son and I don't want them to grow up with wars going on all the time. I want them to grow up in peace in Brooklyn where they belong. I've been all over the world and I still say that Brooklyn is the finest spot in all God's Country." (All this said with a Brooklyn accent). Hank will be 38 next month, and he is going to apply for a release. He is on the "shit list" making beds because he finds it hard to do after living such a rugged life. He has only been in for 4 mo; he was inducted for quitting the Merchant Marine. His explanation: "I had enough of this damn war. I got a shrapnel in my leg off Tunis. I saw your boys over in Africa and they did a hell of a lot of tough fighting in this man's army. We were torpedoed three times and I had enuf of those dive bombers coming down on us. I was in it for the money and nothing else. We weren't brave either because I was "crapping" in my pants every minute we were out on a convoy."

Bill didn't impress me at all. He has been doing orderly work here for 3 yrs. and he is a chronic griper. If we have chicken to eat, he growls because he is served the neck. Nothing ever satisfies him according to Joe his co-worker. Joe is 33 and in limited service. He used to be a cabinet maker down in Florida and his main ambition is to get out of the Army and go on a cross country automobile trip with his wife. His wife moved up to Chicago so that Joe goes home every night. He doesn't mind making beds as orderlies draw $25 a month more in Army pay. His attitude on war: "It's a hell of a propaganda appeal and nobody knows what he is fighting for. Those Niggers are the only ones who like it because they are not civilized anyway, and they like to go over to France and rape the "Frog" women because they can say that they are American Indians! Us civilized guys would rather stay

at home and raise our kids and have an automobile and a few luxuries."

9:30 p.m. I just got back to the barracks, and the fellows are all gathered in the latrine speculating on whether a special order will come through for us to go to Florida tomorrow. It seems that one of the fellows picked up this rumor at the Orderly room and his version is that 700 fellows will be given the notice at 8 in the morning and it is a secret and confidential order which he got to see by accident. The boys' hopes for getting a pass have dropped; but I think it is merely a rumor and I won't believe anything unless the Sarge announces it! Too damn many rumors floating around this place. Another rumor is that 26 yr. old and over men will be given discharges before we go to take basic training. God, I hope not!!

Saturday, August 18, 1945.

12:00 p.m. This is the latest that I have stayed up since going into the Army! I'm not used to this sort of late hours now, and I am a little tired. This morning I had to go on the First Day drill, and I thought sure that I would not get my pass because it was announced that we would have to drill all day. The first thing we did was to have a question and answer period and the Lieutenant straightened the boys up on things which were on their minds. We sat in a large garage, and they were most strict about military courtesy and they stressed it over and over again. Then they taught us some of the fundamental Army drill and we had to do it for a couple of hours.

In the initial question and answer period, most of the things asked were about allotments and insurance benefits. I asked the Lieutenant if the Army was still intending to pursue its training

philosophy for war, and he said definitely yes. He went on to say that some church groups and other misguided individuals were trying to defeat peacetime conscription for the Army but the US was not going to get caught napping again. I wondered if this would not start a race to have the biggest armies and directly lead to another conflict. He looked at me kind of funny and said that I was "off the beam" if I thought that. I said "yes sir" and sat down, but I was burnt up. The Army does not expect us to have free discussion on controversial subjects. It is a fighting machine, the best in the world, but sometimes I wonder if it is not getting out of hand.

However, the afternoon orientation lecture by a corporal was much more objective, and it renewed my faith in the Army. It was titled "Why we fight" and it was held in the Army Chapel! The Corporal traced the rise of the fascistic nations, and he did not deny that the U.S. also made some grave mistakes before Pearl Harbor in our foreign policy because of the influence of the isolationists and some of the profiteers here. However, he said, the policy of the War Department was that everything was subordinate and minor to the chief goal--that of unconditional surrender of the Axis nations. He added that this included all political bickerings between the Allied nations on policy towards the occupied and liberated countries. The Corporal then went on to tell tell us that the war had been fought for free discussion, free election, and free religion. The Negro soldiers in the group snickered loudly at this.

The Corporal then went on to trace the rise of Hitler and the propaganda methods used to keep the democracies divided. He condemned

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the pre-war isolationists who said it was not our war. The point he wanted to emphasize was that we have won the war, and "we intend to win the peace this time." The corporal indicated that he held some very liberal thinking views when he personally said that he thought the Atomic bomb should be turned over to the United Nations in order to help preserve peace, or else another armanments war would start. He warned the boys from throwing the "red herring" as he pointed out the vast contributions made by Russia. I wonder if this is the thinking of the War Department also? I asked him how the idealogical concept of Democracy could be achieved through a military regime in an occupied country. He did not know how this could be done in Japan, but he believed that the Emperor could be used to good purpose "because he is like a God to the Japanese nation." But, he ended by saying that he could not answer the question although there were indications that all Europe was going to the left. I was thinking about the Army's failure in Italy, and also about its handling of the evacuation question. I honestly do not believe that the Army is a good vehicle to spread democracy, although it is the only one to fight for it. That is very contradictory, but the Army is not geared to a democratic setup. It is authoritarian, and it always has been that way. On my way to lunch, I got into a thinking mood, and I asked myself of what use was I in the Army. The only answer I could arrive at was that I could try and inject a few ideas into the thinking of the fellows I come into contact with, but not to make an issue of things because I am in the Army now and it is not like in civilian life where I could sound off whenever I pleased. I have to use more discretion, and I am sure that the Army will allow us to think for ourselves a little. I think that I can do some good if I am able to get some of the fellows thinking about democracy. It bothers me when some of those Nisei fellows agree with the caucasians that the Negro is inferior. They wanted to form a Nisei softball team just before they were shipped out, and I advised Roy against it because I pointed out that it might lead to eventual segregation of the Nisei in the

Armed forces. They want to be together, but that is beside the point because a big issue is at stake. It bothers me to hear the Sarge yell, "All the colored boys fall out and go eat in your own mess hall."

During the rest period, I talked to a colored man who was a social worker before induction. He felt keenly discrimination in the Army and he believed that the Jim Crow policy was the chief reason why the morale of Negro troops was low. He said that there were 700,000 Negroes in the Army and 60% of them served overseas, but that one-seventh were in the labor battalions. He resented the fact that there were only about 5,000 Negro commissioned officers and they were never placed over junior white officers as that would embarrass them. He said that it was almost impossible for Negroes to get into the air force, and that the Negro soldier was more segregated in the Army than in civilian life. "That's why I don't think much of the Army propaganda that it is fighting for Democracy when there is such Jim Crowism," he said, "The Army should have a quilty conscience because it should be fighting against these things. The contradictions between the principles and practices are so obvious that any simple person could see it. Yet it is tolerated. The Army tries to cover up these anti-democratic practices by giving great publicity to the progress of a few Negroes in the service. At that, I don't know if I am so badly off. The discharge of the Negro soldiers now is going to create a very serious problem for them as they will not have any jobs at all to go to. They won't all be satisfied to be shoved back into all the menial jobs after what they fought for. I think that there is going to be riots in many of the larger cities like Chicago and Detroit if they try to treat these Negro servicemen like they did in the past. Even the PW's over there (pointing to the stockade) are treated better than we are and they are recognized with respect as human beings. The MP's would be more brutal to a Negro prisoner

in the guardhouse than to a German PW. That doesn't make much sense, not that I think the PW's should be treated with brutality."

We were drilled until 2:30 and we really did get anxieties because we wanted to get out on our passes. Red was one of the boys hit the hardest. He is 19 and he had never been away from his home in Wisconsin before his induction. He had 450 miles to travel and he wanted desperately to get home during the 36 hour pass as he was so homesick. The train left at 1:30 and there was not another one leaving until evening. Red practically cried, and he begged the Sarge to let him off after lunch so that he could get home. The Sarge had a heart and he indicated that he was human when he said that he would like to give the permission, but the Lieutenant would "eat my ass off if I let you go as all the other fellows want to go early too." But he added that "you ought to be smart enough to realize that we are not taking a roll call." Red did not get the hint so I told him to sneak off despite the threat that all passes would be cancelled if the whole group did not show up. Red thought about it and he finally decided to take the chance and he left. The Army cannot consider every human problem of the soldiers as it has a definite function to perform. Some of those young boys will have to learn that sooner or later. But it was rather silly to insist upon the drill for 1½ hours in the afternoon, when it could just as well have been dismissed. But the rgulations say it must be held is the stock answer! A lot of the boys leave Sheridan without getting the three days of basic training, the majority I think. To add to our last minute worries, the Lieutenant cursed a couple of the Negro boys who dropped out of line to get a drink, and we were all penalized by having to stoop over and walk through a whole block to pick up every cigarette butt and match stick! One boy commented, "Those damn Niggers are so dumb that they are screwing up everything for us. They'd better not send them

to the same camp as us, the lazy sob's." Just because two colored boys disobeyed an order, a whole race is condemned! It doesn't make much sense.

As soon as we were dismissed, I rushed back to my barracks. I was the only one left as all the others had gone at 1:00. There was nobody there to give me the pass, and I really started to sweat it out until the Sarge came by with it. The pass is good for 36 hours. I jumped for joy, hopped into my sun tan uniform, and dashed out the gate into civilization once more for 36 hours! I barely caught the train, and by 4:00 I was in Chicago again. All the boys were anxious and they kept urging the train to go faster. Some were going to Detroit and they didn't want to waste any time. Dirty Chicago really did look good after one week in the Army, and it was nice to see people walking around leisurely once more! I came straight home, and I really surprised everybody by showing up, as they thought that I was in another state!

Mom was the only one home when I got here because Bette and Miyako were at the store. After she fed me a sandwich, she told me about the big fight Mariko and George had here on the night of VJ Day. "Mariko and George go over to Mr. and Mrs. Taki's house and they very sad that Japan lost war. Mariko want celebrate so they come here. I feel sad that Japan lost, but I don't want Bette, Tom, Miyako to go downtown because I think too much crowd and they might get hurt. Mariko get angry, and pretty soon she and George start fight about the last name. Mariko say that she is 'Taki' on marriage license and not a 'Takigawa.'" George don't decide which to use. Oh gee, big fight then. Tom, Miyako, Bette go to bed, but Mariko make George stay and fight with tongue. She should not fight like that. Both wrong, but I don't say very much. Mariko jealous of Mrs. Taki. She says Mrs. Taki talks only to George when they go there, and George don't want come here. George say that not true as he come anytime.

Then George say to me: 'Obasan, Mari same nature like my mother, and very cranky sometime.' I say to him, 'Don't wolly, I talk to Mariko sometime.' Too much trouble. Mariko tell me all time to write letter to go invite Mrs. Taki here. So I write Thursday and tell her to come tomorrow. Bette, Tom, Miyako say they go to beach then. I never say you right or you right to Mariko or George so Mariko feel say and think I should take her side. Too much like spoiled child."

Miyako's version: "Shucks, they just yelled at each other, spoiled my whole evening. I didn't know married people were like that."

Bette's version: "Mariko is really our problem sister. When they heard the news of the end of the war, George insisted that they go see his mother. When they got there, the lights were dim and everything was gloomy. Willie said that it was too bad as Japan was the hope of Asia. Even George agreed, but he said afterwards that he just said that for effect. Mariko got very mad. She wanted to go out and celebrate the end of the war, and the victory for the U.S. Even Mom said that Nisei should not feel like that for Japan. I could understand Mom's feelings so I didn't make an issue out of it. But Mariko was still upset when she dragged George over here so she starts to argue with mom. Mom just said that she did not want us to go out downtown because it was too dangerous, but Mariko thought the real reason was because she didn't want us to celebrate the victory for the U.S. Heck, nobody could stop me from feeling happy, and Mom didn't say anything like that. Then Mariko starts in about the formality of Mom writing to invite Mrs. Taki over here. George said it was not necessary to press like that, so Mariko explodes and says she was only doing it for his benefit because he was the onewho wanted to follow all those Jap customs. But Markio has been the chief one making all that issue about Mom

going to see Mrs. Taki. George was really mad and I thought that he was going to hit Mariko because she said some pretty nasty things to him. I wish that she wouldn't come over here for her fights. She just wants mom to back her up in everything. Boy, I'm glad we don't live any closer to her. George says that they should go home because we had all gone to bed except mom. Tom always goes to bed right away when they come. Mariko just sat in the chair and she said that she was not going. She said that she always went to see his mother and she could stand the ordeal so George should try his best to like her family. Mariko is just making things worse because we have nothing against George and she is only trying to make us fight on her side when it is none of our business. She makes things so unpleasant because she tries to make an issue out of everything. George was really mad though, and he didn't want to argue in front of us but she made him. No wonder he goes out to get drunk when they are home. One of these times, he might not come back. He yelled at her, 'why don't you get a divorce' when Mariko made such a fuss about the last name. On their marriage certificate, it is 'Taki' and Markio said that she did not belong to the 'Takigawa' family. She said that if anything ever happened to him, Mrs. Taki might get everything. She wanted to know how they were going to name their baby if they had one and George said wait and see. Mariko wanted to decide it then and there! Gosh, she acts like a spoiled baby sometimes. I couldn't blame her for getting made at George's brother for having such Japanesy ideas, but she doesn't have to come over here and spoil our evening for us.

Mariko still has not given the $25.00 to mom for the month of August. She promised me that she would go tothe bank and have it there by the 15th. She just isn't dependable. Mom got worried about it so she tried to wash six sheets yesterday in the bathtub in order to save a few cents and she was tired

out today. I wish Mariko would think of these things instead of thinking that the whole world revolves around her. It is inconvenient and inexcusable, but what can I do? I don't want any part of the Mariko-Mrs. Taki feud and I am ducking out to the beach if she shows up too. I agree with Mariko that Mrs. Taki thinks she is too good even if I have never met her fact to face, but her actions indicate that she thinks she is some kind of a Japanese princess. That kind of stuff just does not go with me, and Mariko shouldn't force mom into following those silly damn Japanese concessions just to please George. They should keep their battles to themselves. Mrs. Taki probably judges our family on her impressions of Mariko, and it is probably true that she is jealous. I'm glad I'm in the Army and not mixed up in anything like this! Mariko has been married for a year now, so she should be getting straightened out soon.

The household here as been running smoothly. Mom was relieved to get an allotment check for $90.00 today. I guess they allowed a grant for Bette as I requested on the basis that she was needed at home to look after mom. They may not give it next time though. Tom is still working at his job, and he hopes that it will last for two more weeks. He doesn't think that he will get fired as he is in good with the boss. He made the bunkbed, but he had a hard job getting it into his room as he built it out on the porch, and it wouldn't fit through the door! He will save about $300.00 as he doesn't spend much.

Bette says that she has been studying hard for her exams and she hopes to make up the courses. She goes to the summer session classes a couple of times a week in order to get a refresher on the subject matter. The student relocation has not notified her about another scholarship yet. I just don't have any time at all to write letters in the Army camp.

We went to a show this evening, and I got in for half price. I am going to sleep on the courch as Mariko did not get the couch delivered after all. Mom was just talking to me and she thinks that I should try for an office job in the Army. I said that I was more interested in taking the basic training first. Her response, "My gosh, all people want office job, but you different. You want to work with no educated people instead of in high class office and get medal." I'm not in the Army for a career, and I haven't got much coice anyway.

It certainly does feel good to get home, and I'm glad that I got this last chance before I go off on the 17 weeks basic training before a furlough comes up. Miyako said she missed me very much, so she went out and bought a plant by herself at the flower house just like the one I gave mom -- only smaller. She said that she has not argued with Tom yet as he gives her $1.00 a week allowance.

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LOUIS ADAMIC - MILFORD - NEW JERSEY

Aug. 8, 1945

Dear Charles:

Awfully nice to hear from you after all these years, and to learn that you are in the main satisifed with what you and your family and the whole Nisei group have gone through. I think you're a great bunch, and I'm not thinking primarily of the 442nd Combat Team. What you tell me is all very interesting. My wife is away, on vacation in Colorado; I shall send her your letter, and I know she too will be happy to have all the news of the Kikuchis. Please say hello to your sisters in Chicago, to your brother Jack when you write to him, from both of us.

Of course, Dr. Thomas is free to quote from the story about you in From Many Lands.

I've been extremely busy the past few years, mostly with Yugoslav matters (Tito vs. Mikhailovich). Recently I completed a book, A Nation of Nations, which will be out in the fall. I enclose copies of a little paper I'm issuing; some of the things in it may interest you.

If you come this way as a soldier or otherwise, please be sure to look us up. My wife will be away until the end of Sept. In about ten days I'm moving to New York: St. Regis Hotel, where I plan to stay for a month or six weeks. If they send you in the other direction, keep in touch with me by correspondence. See that my office has your address, so you will receive the little paper from time to time. All best to you.

(signed) Louis Adamic

Charles Kikuchi Diary Sunday, August 19, 1945

I had a very good visit home and I was very fortunate to get the pass as I'm almost sure that we will be shipped out next week. I just got home and I'm sitting in the latrine to get these notes down even tho I should go right to bed so that I will be able to arise at 5:30 in the morning. I'm one of the first ones back at that.

Tom, Bette, Miyako, George Yomazasi and I spent the day at the beach. I got myself a nice sunburn on the back as it was over 95° today. This morning I got up about eight as I have been used to arising early for the past 10 days and I couldn't sleep. That's Army training! I was up until almost 2 reading the papers too. I really did have a lot of fun and relaxation at the beach. It was packed with people but we managed to find a nice spot for ourselves. Miayako found a girl friend on the beach and they played together a lot. There was a young sailor from one of the schools there and I got acquainted with him and brought him over to our group. He was in Yale at the time of his induction and now he is learning about radio. He and Bette talked quite a bit and she invited him to go over to Blake Hall on the campus to meet some of her friends. He was glad to get this opportunity as he is from Connecticut and he didn't know many girls over here. There was a 12 year old caucasion boy, his brother 7 and a Negro boy 12 who seemed to pick us out and they remained with us all afternoon. The boys go everywhere together, they said, and they have a gang but on the West side. The Negro boy seemed to be the leader as he was the best swimmer and athlete. It shows that people can get along together regardless of skin color, but the social mores will undoubtedly separate the boys as they get older. The older people will start to put the pressure on and create an artifical barrier.

The boys said that they lived near each other and they always visited each other's house. They have been coming to the beach most of the summer, and they asked us to come join them again next week.

George Yamazaki, 16, is the "Little Flower's" brother and he lived near us in camp. After his father died and his two sisters went out (see Bob Spencer case history), Mom took George in. He has grown quite a bit and I didn't know him at all. George said that Jeanne was married now, and that her husband was in the Army. She is goint to a beauty school here in Chicago and Georve lives with her. The other sister is in N. Y. working as a beautician.

Tom didn't like Geo. Y. very much while in camp because he was too meticulous with his clothing. Geo. was not too talkative today, but that was because he was in a strange group. He said that he was working for 50¢ an hour during the summer, and he planned to keep the job on a part time basis after school started. Geo. has been going to high school for two years out here and he said that he made a number of friends with whom he goes around. At the beach there were 3 or 4 young Nisei boys and girls who were with caucasian youths of their age.

Geo. gets all A's in high school and he is definitely planning to to to college. Tom's interest seemed to pick up because he asked me if it would be possible to major in two science fields if he went to college. Prior to this time, he has said that he definitely would not go to school after high school. I haven't put any pressure on him but I have tried to get him to read some articles on science in the magazines as that field seems to be his chief interest. Geo. Y. said that his brother Jim was now in O.C.S. school in the Army.

Tom has not been fired from his job yet because of the reconversion program and he believes that he might even get to work there part time after school begins. He has decided that he will have to work instead of going out for sports so that he will have spending money. He hasn't spent much of his earnings this summer so

that he hopes to achieve his goal of $200.00 bank savings by the time high school opens in two or three more weeks. He said that his boos likes him so that he has been assigned lighter work during the past week.

My lobster sunburn was starting to hurt in the late afternoon so we came home about 7:00. I ran into Fred on the corner of 43rd St. and Cottage and he said he was going over to see Endo. According to Fred, Endo has lost his defense job as a welder and he has also moved up to the north side with his mother. Endo's work plans are indefinite, but he may go to do farm work out in Idaho where some of his remaining non-Army friends are located. He doesn't think there will be much chance for him to stay in welding now. Everyone in his plant was laid off when the Army canceled the contract for barges at the close of the war. Fred said that a growing number of his friends doing defense work have been laid off now that the war is over: "See? Didn't I tell you that the Boochis didn't have a chance? They will be all picked out of their jobs right behind the Crombos. They ain't got a chance. I'm kinda glad that I'm in the Army as I'll at least eat well and I won't have to be worrying every minute about a job. Wait till all those servicemen really get discharged." Fred was feeling a little blue because "they ain't no dances or nothing for Boochis this weekend."

I phoned Emiko up and she came over for an hour after we finished dinner. Mom had a steak dinner for us, and that home cooking is really good! I ate and ate, and my appetite has increased enormously since induction. Emiko cleaned up all the leftovers and then dramatically announced that the doctor was going to put her on a diet and make her real slim. We just laughted at her because she always stuffs herself whenever she comes home.

She says that she can't stand the hospital food, but I notice that she is gaining weight. It doesn't hurt her as it adds to her attractiveness. On the way down to the station, a discharged veteran (slightly tipsy) paid a lot of attention to Emiko and he wanted her to take his temperature. I told her to take

a rectal temperature of him!

Emiko's activities on V-J nite:

I was in the movie across the street and they didn't announce anything about the war being over. When Vera and I came out, we saw all those people in a happy mood and I found out that the war was over then. There wasn't anyone in the house so I wanted to phone home, but there is no phone here. Vera and I got all dressed up in our uniforms and we went down to the Loop. There were mobs and mobs of people down there and they were in such a gay mood that I got happy. All the servicemen were grabbing the girls and kissing them. I got grabbed lots of times. One sailor said he always wanted to kiss a Japanese girl in the Cadet Nurse so I said I was an American just like him. He said that was all the better so he grabbed me and kissed me for 7½ minutes. I bit and scratched him but he wouldn't let go. But I liked it! Miyako wanted to know how she managed to breathe. Emiko will be 21 next month. That certainly is hard to believe. She likes nursing very much and she seems to be in a cheerful mood all the time. She thought that it was too bad that Bette didn't get into Cadet Nursing as it is closed up now. Emiko felt that the nursing education was at least worth $3,000 and she is getting it all free.

It really isn't as bad as that. Bette will probably get enough in scholarships to get thru the University for another year. She has been studying all week for her exams and I certainly hope that she will be able to make the grade or else she will not be able to register. I talked to her a bit about her school plans and I said that I was willing to finance part of her nursing education. She still wants to go through with it, and I hope that unforseen difficulties will not come up to hinder the realization of her ambition. Bette is determined to continue her education as she does not like to be an unskilled factory worker in a most routine rut. I'm sure that ways and means can be found for her to go on. I won't need too much of my savings for education after I get out of the

Army as I'll be eligible for the GI Bill of Rights after 3 months of service. Since that is the case, Bette might as well use my money; but I don't want to support her 100% in her school needs as I want a little set aside for Miyako.

I really didn't get to discuss education with Bette too much because Mariko came in with Emiko and dominated the conversation thereafter. I was displeased at her rudeness in talking too much (as usual) but I didn't say anything. Mariko said that she was going to a concert at Grant Park with Geo. and a friend when she spotted a "fat behind which looked like Emiko and sure enough it was her." Emiko did not like this catty remark said with a smile and there was really no need for Mariko to elaborate on the point just to draw attention to the fact that her dernierre is small!

I didn't have to say anything about her argument with Geo. on V-J nite as Mariko gave me her version: "I was really so mad at Geo. He is so damn Jappy sometimes and I was furious when he felt sorry for Japan losing the war to support his mother's sadness. He is old enough to have his own emotions. He said that he wasn't the type to act gay and happy about anything, and he spoiled my whole evening." My only comment was that she should not argue with Geo. in our house as it only disillusioned Miyaki about marriage to see them fighting like cats and dogs. Mariko excused herself by saying she was emotionally upset by the heavy and gloomy mood at Mrs. Taki's that nite. If I were really sure that this was the only reason for her fight, I could understand it; but it is more likely that the demonstration was only a continuation of the triangular conflict between Mariko and Mrs. Taki with Geo. in the middle contributing through his efforts to assert himself with two very strong willed and emotional women. Fireworks are inevitable in such a situation; but Mariko wouldn't be Mariko if she didn't have her periodic flareups -- even if 90% of it could be controlled through a little more self discipline. I shouldn't be harsh on her tho because Mariko finally came thru with the $25 allotment to Mom. She felt badly when I told her

that Mom was so worried about incoming finances that she washed 6 sheets before Bette could take them to the laundry and she was sick the next day from bending over the bathtub. I laid it on thick because I wanted Mariko to get a guilty conscience so she would be more prompt next month in her contribution.

Mariko said that she was starting work tomorrow as a typist-bookkeeper. She will be getting $35 a week for a 40 hr. work week and she felt very lucky to get the position with the increasing unemployment. She said that Marval Mayeda at the USES told her that more and more Nisei workers were getting laid off from jobs. Marval was afraid of losing her own job because a vet had complained about another Nisei being in Civil Service and he was discharged. This is probably a rumor.

Mariko made us laugh uproariously when she told about the childish trick she played on Geo. She said: "The other night I was talking to Geo. in bed. He had his hands under his head and he fell asleep on me. I decided to teach him a lesson so I braided the hair under his armpit so that it hurt him when he moved his arms. Geo. was pretty disgusted because he said it was a childish trick. I was giggling all the time I was doing it." On the way home, Mariko confessed that it was really Geo's pubic hair that she had braided, but she didn't want to tell the kids that because they would think that it was too vulgar. Now Emiki will tell all the girls at the nursing school about it as she is always telling them about the family activities.

I made the special 10:30 train back here, and now I shall retire so that I can get at least a few hours sleep. The 36 hr. pass was a most pleasant interlude from Army life.

Monday, August 20, 1945

7:00 P.M. All but six in our barracks are getting shipped out tomorrow. I thought sure that I would be included so I packed my duffle bag, but my name was not called.

Maybe I'll be on the roll call in the morning as 700 rookies are being sent out. I'm the only Nisei left in the barracks now, and Fred is hoping that I will be included in the morning call so we can go together. I don't care one way or the other, but I know that my preference of going to a non-Nisei training camp will not be granted by the Army even tho it is following on insegregated policy in the basic training for Nisei. The rumor is that all the Nisei in the service will be sent to Camp Snelling to be given a 3 mo. brushup course in Japanese and then be sent to Japan for the occupation. Horrors, what a ghostly thought!! The fellows in the barracks are all trying to guess where we will be sent for basic training. It has narrowed down to Camp Lee in Va.; Camp Blanding in Flo.; Camp Crowder in Missouri or Texas. Nobody knows for sure, but many think they do. Another rumor going the rounds of the barracks is that recently inducted men over 26 will be given an immediate discharge. A wish like that will not make it true. Personally I'd rather stay in for my basic, and even for a bit of the occupation as boredom has not set in yet; and we won't have any choice in the matter either. I'll be sick and tired of the whole thing before it is over; but I hope the process does not set in too quickly. I may change my mind when I start taking those drills, but I guess I can stand 17 weeks of it. Home will certainly be appealing by the time the basic training period is over.

I had a very easy job today. I was the guide at the Officers Separation Center, and I took all the discharged majors, captains, and lieutenants over to the Medical Center. It was very hot, but I got a lot of rest in between trips so that I didn't mind. I didn't have to salute any of the officers. All the privates would salute as I came down the street with the officers, and I didn't notice when a captain came the other way and saluted the major behind me. I forgot all about it! The officers don't like to salute either as some of them made comments that it was a lot of bother, and a few looked the other way when they saw the lower enlisted men coming. Most of the Air Force officers are so young. I think very

few of them were over 25. They certainly were glad to get back into civilian life and for a moment I envied them. It made me feel funny to admit that I had only been in the Army for 10 days now! Some of those men have been in for 5 years. The Army tries to get civilian jobs for the dischargees and most of them go out with job referrals. There is a Negro, Major Jones, who handles the interviews for the few Negro officers who came in for discharges and I noticed on their papers that very few got referrals for professional jobs with the big companies. I wondered how they were feeling about going back to the civilian life where so much racism exists for their group. Everyone is disturbed about the race question, it seems, but there are not enough people with the moral courage to think and act through to conclusion. It's always compromise, compromise, compromise. Too bad that more people don't take a stand on the race issue of this country. The caucasian officers leave the service with a happy heart and he is optimistic about the future as they are the "elite"; but I think the Negro officer goes forth with more bitterness and bewilderment, and some with deep cynicism. I still think that whatever happens to the racial minorities the U.S. will determine the future success or failure of our democratic system. It just has to succeed -- too damn many liberal, but timid people in our midst who feel that justice should be done, but they are afraid to act (with the possible exception of the C.I.C.). The chance is a lost cause as its leadership is too conservative; and we cannot depend upon the Army too much to promote real democracy as there are too many conservatives (in political and social thinking) in the leadership of the best fighting Army in the world (because we have the best and most equipment).
I guess I have been thinking of the Negro problem lately because I see the bitterness of the colored boys so much here. Many are too sensitive and they imagine discrimination when it is actually applied to all -- such as cleaning latrines. But there was a German P.W., Heinz, in the separation office today, and he was treated like a pet by all the girls and other office personnel there. These same

peoplelooked out the window and made nasty remarks about the Negroes who could not keep in step in the drilling outside. I't's all so unfair, and the education for tolerance has to be speeded up in some way -- altho I don't exactly know how. I learned quite a bit about the camp setup, but military secrecy cautions me not to attempt writing up a physical description as that is contrary to the general security. However, I did notice that one of the main roads is Patton Road. While we were in Tonforon, the Army Censor made us earase MacArthur Bend off of the mimeographed outline of the Camp because no road could be named after a living general. Patton is alive enuf as far as I know so somebody must have given us the wrong steer.

We are allowed a ration of six pkgs. of cigarettes a day. I just came from the PX a while ago and I sent home some toothpaste and razor blades (for Tom). Twenty razor blades is a year's supply for him!! Everything which is scarce on the outside is common here, but with the reconversion all of the scarce items may soon reappear on the open market. I don't think there will be a real depression for a few years at least, even tho many millions of war workers will be temporarily dislocated until reconversion gets into full swing.

The Dayroom here is a fairly cozy spot. The little house here is fixed up with long writing tables for the boys to write letters home. Free ink is provided; my pen is always going dry so it is most convenient for me. In the other room there is a large radion for the boys to listen to programs. One boy is playing and singing on the piano now, and a number are playing cards, pool, and ping pong. The Dayroom is located in the same block as the Negro barracks, but I haven't seen one Negro boy in here yet. I think they have to go to their own recreation room which usually looks very crowded and it is not furnished nearly as nicely as far as I could see. I bet the argument is that the colored boys feel more "comfortable" in a room of their own; but the soldier-loving public has forgotten to put as many recreational items into it as in this place. It's funny that I

never get so angry for the Nisei. I suppose it's because I have been much closer to them during the past 3 years and I was prone to condemn them for weaknesses which was not their fault at all. This Army life is good to get a perspective and there is plenty of opportunity for "free thinking" altho I don't think it could be vocalized as readily.

Tuesday, August 21, 1945

5:00 P.M. Just finished eating and I'm all cleaned up. I may go to the movies (for 15¢) with one of the fellows if I don't have to work. The rest of the fellows in our barracks went today, and 3/4 of the new group were also shipped. Another batch moved in late this afternoon. The barracks leader signed up the 1st 50 to go to a servicemen dance in Highwood, just outside of the gate. None of the fellows wanted to go because they have just received their shots and they are not feeling so well. The barracks leader said that they either go or else they would have to work on an all night detail. So that is that. I don't know what my status is because I worked all day and I got a blister from walking around so much.

It is strange why I have not been shipped yet. Phil said that it might be because I will be sent separately on special assignment due to my work experience and my eyesight. I hope I don't stay all week and then get sent just when a pass is coming up. I was so positive that I would go for sure today that I got my duffle bag ready for the second time. I hardly expect to be here for next weekend and I wish that the Army would hurry up and make up its mind about what it is going to do with me! About 500 a day are being shipped out daily to the basic training camp. I don't know anyone in the barracks now so I have to start all over again. It's not much use because they come and go so rapidly. Otherwise, I would make more of an effort.

Today, I went out on the same detail. It's an office job and easy, but I'm

not crazy about it. A guide in that office is just a glorified office boy. It's so busy in there that I don't get to talk with many people. I have spare time so I read magazines. It rained all day so that the Sarge loaned me his raincoat so that I would not get soaked. It fit me like a tent! I almost fell on my face in the mud on two occasions, but I managed to keep on my feet after a great deal of balancing around. I went on a lot more trips out of the office today and I got a blister. I don't care for this kind of "prestige" job, but it's no use griping. I don't volunteer or ask for anything and I take what is assigned. They say that this is the best way to get along in the Army. I had to put together some instruction sheets for the officers, and the girl who helped me said that the reason why everyone called me "Jackson" was that it was the name given to all of the guides who are assigned there. Those girls flirt with Heinz, the P.W., and the Captain does not like it too much. I wonder what goes thru Heinz's mind? He's only a young boy and he doesn't speak much English -- just a few words. He must be very lonesome to get back to his homeland where he can look people in the eyes as an equal and not as a P.W. and a representative of a defeated nation. A lot of those German P.W.'s are now experiencing in a small way how it feels to be treated as "inferior" but it does not begin to compare to the way the German nation persecuted the Jews. But I think those younger Germans can be taught democracy thru an application of it towards them. It's thru application and not propaganda that people can really begin to see what a good thing it is.

I'm not so tired this evening so I guess I will go to the show.

9:20 P.M.

The show wasn't bad and I got back here early. I wasn't supposed to leave the barracks but I sneaked out anyway. A boy who sleeps below me got $10 stolen out of his wallet, and he is feeling very badly about it. There must be a crook in the house. I have an alibi as I was in the show when the Great Robbery took place. I listened very patiently while he reconstructed his tale of woe. Poor Guy.

He is so crestfallen that tears come to his eyes every time he thinks of it. He is from central Wisconsin and he doesn't have another cent. He was planning to use it for train fare in case he was around here to get a pass this weekend. I told him to go see the Red Cross or else wire his parents for money. He says that if he catches anyone around his barracks bag he will knock him clear across the room -- and he is going to put his empty wallet under his pillow tonight. That's like locking the barn after the horse is stolen. I think I will start using my combination lock on my bag from now on.

Just because the rest of the fellows I knew got shipped out, I got into a lonesome mood a while ago. It's the 1st time in years I've had this feeling, even tho it is only momentarily. It is something like the panicky feeling that a blind man gets upon suddenly discovering the loss of his "seeing eye" dog. Making other acquaintances here is besides the point. I feel like one in a very strange place and I don't know a soul. The present mood is caused by a combination of factors beyond any analysis. Seeing a lot of discharged men going home today is part of it. I can understand a little how those 18 yr. old boys feel when they are away from home for the first time. It doesn't take long to make new friends here, and my mood is almost gone as I sit here in the latrine and talk to some of the fellows who do not wish to go to bed so early. We all have the common problem of wondering when we will be shipped out, and if we will get a pass tomorrow. Right now they have changed the conversation to more routine things and they are discussing the sensation they feel when they flush the toilet while still sitting upon the seat!! I'm sitting on the bench near the washtub. Another fellow is seated on the toilet "writing a letter to my best girl friend in this lonely environment here which smells like the first breath of spring and puts me in an inspirational mood to tell her how much I miss her. I'm going to tell her that Army life stinks and that's no lie!"

Maybe my shipping order will come tomorrow. I'll sleep on it now.

Weds., August 22, 1945

6:00 P. M. Just got thru showering after coming from chow. It was nice and cool today so that I didn't get so tired walking. I was in the Officers' Separation Center again and the work is very routine. I went out on quite a few calls, but I'm getting more used to it. My thighs did ache from the walking yesterday though. All I see all day long is officers. Everyone in the office is so busy that I don't get much chance to talk to them. Everything is run according to schedule for these officers being discharged, and the typists have to work like fiends to get through. In some of the other offices the civilian employees go along very leisurely, but not in ours. Those Army officers are human, but some have a very much of a superiority attitude toward enlisted men. All were glad to be getting out and the majors would joke with the colonels and say that as soon as they got civies on, they could call each other s.o.b's. I had to march quite a few of them to the medical center and they acted like a bunch of rookies. It will be the only time that I'll ever tell majors and colonels what to do! The officers get comfortable lounges to sit in and they don't have to wait in long lines as the rosters are kept small. And they even have a guide (me) to show them where to go next! The separation processing only takes a day. Most of the officers who came through today were from the Air Force. A lot of them look pretty young, but they are vets of 3-4 years.

I've got the routine down pat so I save myself extra trips in picking up invoices and forms. The proper Army procedure when addressing an officer in an office is to come to attention, salute, and say "Sir." I haven't done it yet, and none of them have objected with the lack of this formality. The Sarge seems to be satisfied with my work as he let me off early, and he hoped that I would be sent back again if I were not shipped tomorrow. He says that I am "on the ball" which is an Army form of complimenting a worker for being energetic. I guess being a glorified office boy is as good as any detail assigned so I have no complaints.

We have "politics" in the barracks already. The former assistant barracks leader shipped out, and the new appointee is favoring his friend with the easiest details. The most desired patronage is the Red Cross detail. It is only 3 hours of work and they can eat hot dogs and coffee there. The lucky person who gets sent there doesn't have to get up for breakfast since he knows that he can get something to eat at the Red Cross -- so he can sleep an extra hour!

I'm hoping that I will be sent out tonight, but the guy said that nobody was going to get shipped from our barracks tomorrow so it will be another day for me. The suspense of hoping for a weekend pass is also starting. What a life! I hope that I go to Florida or some place far as long as the Army is paying for the transportation. I might as well see as much of the country as I can as I always enjoy seeing new things.

This sort of life is not very conducive to thinking about things outside of the Army. I hardly know what is going on in this country's domestic policies. One is sort of isolated from those things. But I hope that there is no swing to the right politically as we need a continuation of liberal policies in order to meet the post war problems. This may be the time for the rise of a new political party -- the Labor Party might be it if it goes left of the British variety. The Democrats are the best hope now, but both major political parties prostitute themselves to expediency too much and betray the common man. We need internationalists in our econ. life too.

Aug. 23, 1945, Thursday

10:30 A.M. I'm Bingo! I knew it this morning when I did not get sent out on the same detail. We had to wash windows and a few minutes ago our shipping orders came in. About half of the barracks is going. I'm on the "R" movement. We don't have any idea where we are going, but a great deal of speculation has already started. At 11:00 we eat and at noon we go out -- that is, if we don't

have to sit around for hours and wait. I hate to think of carrying that heavy bag on my back! Well, no weekend pass. I'm all stiff from that walking too. It's about time I'm going as I was getting a bit anxious. I'll probably regret it when I really start those hard drills. All the boys coming into the Army now are real young so I'll have one hell of a time keeping up with them as I don't have the energy that they have. I don't know how many are leaving Fort Sheridan in this movement; but probably enough to fill a troop train. What a pleasant thought to anticipate all of those tough sergeants we will be sure to have in basic!!

11:30 P.M.

Just came back from chow and the speculation and rumor about our destination fill the air. The most reliable seems to be what Chuck told me. He claims to have seen our shipping orders and that the "R" movement was goint to Long Island in a Base Hospital. He asked me if I had any hospital training and I said I had one course in psychiatric social work so that convinced him that I was going there! He said we would have to take basic training there first!! Shorty went to chow with me and it happened that 4 of us "Rs" were standing in a row. He was positive that all short men were selected for special assignment and our training would be easier. Another was certain that "R" stood for artillery service!!!! A fourth said that all flat feet men were in R and we would not be sent to infantry training. And so it goes!! I still think we will be sent to infantry. The consensus of opinion is that we will be sent to Texas for our 17 weeks basic training. The basic training part of it is about the only thing we can be sure of, and it's no use in being hopeful of anything else. I'm glad I'm shipping as it ends the suspense, even tho I do regret that I cannot get a pass this weekend. We may be on the train several days and in a few hours we will know our destination, I hope.

4:15 P. M.

In a few minutes we will start our trip. We don't know where we are going yet, and it will depend upon the way the train leaves Union Station here. I'm beginning to feel a little like a soldier now, and our real training will start in a few days. There are many guessing that we are going East and I'm inclined to believe that. It must be Camp Lee in Virginia, but I hope it is N. York as I'd rather be nearer to a large city. I don't think that I would care for the Old South too much but it is up to the Army to decide those things. I am beginning to feel hopeful that we may not be sent to the regular infantry training altho it would be good for me.

We left Camp Sheridan at 1:30 after a "health" examination which consisted of us lining up and the doctor taking a quick look at our throats while we filed past on the double. Then the Chaplain gave us a talk, and he emphasized that this would be more like a pleasure trip as we need not fear the future as so many other thousands had. Deep groans. He went on to say that it was part of our duty to help put the world together after man had torn it apart. Then he passed out Bibles and religious pamphlets so I took one! I doubt if I even read it. The Captain then told us that we were going first to a large city, and then we would take a train to our destination. He emphasized that we were not to talk to any women or do any drinking. Pfc. Thurber then took over and we were marched to the No Shore train with the heavy barracks bag which almost broke my back. A lot of discharged men were leaving at the same time, and they made us feel at home by yelling "You'll be sorry!!!"

There are 34 of us in our group, 4 of them colored boys. We came over here to the station by the Pormalee bus, and we are now installed in a very hot pullman car. I think that we are lucky to get even this ancient pullman as it would be a much harder trip to go by coach. I don't know any of the fellows yet, but we

will no doubt get acquainted en route. Some of the boys have already started up a poker game, but I'm going to stay away from it as it is too time consuming and it never stays on the "sociable" level. I feel tired already from all that waiting around and I'm anxious to get going. Here it starts now! We are off to destination unknown!

11:00 P.M.

We are well on our way now. We turned east at Gary, Indiana, and we are into Ohio now. Sometime tonight we will go through Pittsburg. Most of the fellows retired early because it has been a rather hard day for all of us. It hasn't taken long for us to get acquainted with one another, and a sort of espirit de corps is developing because we are going as a group into the unknown. About the only ones who are isolated are the 4 colored boys. Carl was telling me that they would be segregated immediately if we went to a Southern camp. It's a damn shame that such things exist. The 4 colored boys are only about 18 yrs. old. I was talking to one of them, and he was not very excited about the trip as he said that he would be placed in kitchen or other menial work. He seemed to be resigned to it. None of the colored boys knew each other when we started out, but they seemed to have withdrawn and been forced into their own group because of the unspoken social customs.

Altho I am not affected by any "color line" on this trip, the attitude towards the Negro boys bother me. I'm the only Nisei in the group and I seem to be "acceptable." But, if there were a larger batch of Nisei, I know that the segregation process would start. I don't think that any of the fellows in this group have any vicious race attitudes, but they just take certain things for granted. I think that the same thing could have happened to me if I had acted in an inhibited manner. I've tried to be more aggressive in meeting the boys so that such a thing will not happen. It has been fairly easy because it is a

more select group. Most of the fellows seem to be technicians of some sort which reinforce our belief that we will not be taking the regular infantry basic training.

The presence of the four colored boys raised the first awkward situation this evening when it came to the pullman sleeping arrangements. There were only 14 upper and 14 lower bunks available for 34 of us (and one guide). This meant that two fellows would have to sleep in the lower bunk. The 4 colored boys took an upper each so that there were many large boys left who couldn't fit into lowers. This made a few of them angry and they blamed the colored boys for causing this problem. Pfc. Thurber tried to iron it out by telling the colored boys to pair together in a lower bunk. They didn't want to do this. It took about an hour to get everybody comfortable. The net result was that it created an impression that the colored boys were very selfish. It never occurred to any of them (caucasians) that they could pair up with one of the Negro fellows. The colored boys were angry about the whole thing. It was also a good example of their extreme hypo-sensitivity as they believed that it was discrimination. I was in the washroom when they were talking about it and they believed that they were thrown out of the upper bunks because of their race. This was a silly idea because it was rather obvious that the largest boys should get the single bunks in order to be fair to everyone. It was just as silly for a few of the while boys to assume that selfishness was a basic trait of the Negro race. I'm in a position where I can go from one group to the other so I got reactions on both sides! On the surface, everyone acted polite, but this little incident indicates the extreme difficulty in adjusting race differences. By this one situation, the Negro boys were looked upon as a racial group and not as individuals and I doubt if they will be able to break this barrier during the rest of this trip. It is so unfair on them.

Another example -- There are 3 cars of Negro servicemen that we pass thru

before we get to the diner; but our car gets to eat first. Pfc. Thurber said he arranged it with the Conductor or somebody, and it was taken for granted that while men should be served even before Negro servicemen who have overseas service to their credit. If we go to the South I will no doubt see many more vicious examples of this sort of thing.

I'm bunking with Carl tonight and Bill is above us. Bill is a 19 year old boy who drove trucks before induction and he has hopes of getting an Army job as a mechanic. He comes from a small town (pop. 500) in southern Illinois and this is the first time he has been away from home so he looks a little forlorn and he has been rather quiet. Every once in a while he sings a hillbilly song softly with his nasal voice. I hope he doesn't keep it up for the whole trip!

Carl is 29. He operated an I.B.M. machine in a bank in Chicago before induction, and he regrets very much that his civilian life has been disrupted; but he believes that there will be some compensation if he is put into the same type of work in the Army. He is married and he has a 3 year old daughter. Carl told me at great lengths that he had worked himself up to a position of ass't. supervisor during the 11 years he has been with the bank. He looks much older than his age, and he is a serious, earnest fellow. When I told him that I was of Japanese ancestry, and that I had spent 9 months in Camp, he felt that it was the rawest deal that any American citizen ever had to go through and he was quite surprised that I was not bitter about it. Neil's comment was: "I guess you are plenty okay or else you wouldn't be in this same damn Army as we, but I wouldn't feel like being a soldier for any Army who moved me out of my home without reason." Carl said the evacuation was due to the early wartime hysteria and he hoped that it would be a lesson for this country never to violate constitutional rights again. As for the Negroes, he said that they were "doomed to an inferior position in this country and there is nothing much I can do about it. If I spoke up in protest, I would be called a "Nigger lover." I have nothing

against them: I don't have anything to do with them." It's really so damn inconsistant how man's mind works sometimes! Carl went on to say that Chicago was the greatest 'melting pot' in the country and he cited the many racial groups which had become absorbed in the city. But the ugly sore spot of the Negro segregation was lightly skipped over with "they come from the South and their standards of living are so low that nothing much can be done for them. Most are illiterate so that the Negro rate of rejection from the Army is 10 times higher than the average."

Pfc. Thurber just came in the men's room for a while and he was greatly relieved that everyone was now comfortable in bed. Without agreeing or disagreeing with the Southern whites attitude towards Negroes, he said, "Jesus, I always hate to have colored boys in any group I'm escorting. I have nothing against them and they are in uniform just like us, but it gets embarrassing as hell when we go to the South. I don't like to say they can't go into the "white" restrooms in the South, but I can't decide those things by myself. Sometimes I think the system in the South is so silly. In those segregated streetcars I've seen the front end loaded down with whites while only a couple of Negroes could be in the back. But nobody would think of crossing that line. I'm glad I don't live down there. Give me N. Y. any old time." Thurber has been in the Army 3½ years, and he hopes to get a discharge soon as he is 36 years old.

It's the end of the first day of travel now, and we are still like a bunch of excited travelers. We feel like soldiers now, but the realities of Army life are yet to come. It is enjoyable now because soldiers get preference in so many things. It's sort of like reaping the rewards before we have earned them. But we mite as well enjoy it now as our rigorous training will soon occupy our time completely.

Friday, August 25, 1945

12:00 P.M. Baltimore, Md. Whew! I'm sure train weary now. It's been a very

tough trip so far and I feel so dirty and tired already. We won't get to our destination for a number of hours yet, but we don't know the destination. At Harrisburg, Pa., we turned South so we probably will go in to Wash. D. C., and then down to Virginia. I'm pretty sure that we are going to Virginia, but I'm guessing. All of us have been following the railroad map closely in order to get an idea of where we are headed.

I had a very sleepless nite so I don't feel very energetic. It was so hot and the train bounced around too much. Carl slept like a log but the lower bunk was really too narrow for the two of us. About 2:00 A.M. last nite, I got up and went to the men's lounge where I slept on the cushion for about 3 hrs. and that was the only sleep that I got. We are on a very slow train and it seems to be crawling along.

I was awake when we went thru Pittsburg, but all I saw was a block city with a lot of open hearths burning coke. I like to see all the sights so I regret that we had to go through it at night. It is raining very steadily outside now, and it has been that way since last night. So far we have gone thru Ill., Indiana, Ohio, Penn. and now Baltimore, Md. We can't get off of the train here, but we may be able to get off in Wash., D.C. if we switch to another track. We were all disappointed that the train did not turn toward N. Y. at Harrisburg because it would be much easier to get home when our furloughs came. All of the large cities I have seen on the way is full of tenement structures as the railroad enters the back door of these cities. But I have enjoyed looking at the scenery. Everything seems to be so fresh and green. It reminds me a lot of Northern California. The Chicago boys all say that Illinois is much prettier, while the Wisconsin boys can't see anything but their own state. I think most of the states are similar, but I wouldn't like to live in any isolated spots in Penn. About the only signs of human habitation we saw all morning were the coal mines and a few isolated farms.

I got acquainted with Harry Gable (no relation to Clark!) this morning. He is a tall, blue eyed high school teacher of Germanic descent, and he thinks that Army life is lousy. He is 28, married and the father of 1 girl. He was teaching in Northern Wisconsin when drafted. Harry taught history there and he is very anxious to see some of the historic spots in the East so he suggested that we go see Congress in session the first chance that we got a 3 day pass. Harry hopes that the Army will place him in some kind of teaching program. He is sure that our group is for a more specialized service. It looks that way as there is a chemist, a couple of teachers, electrical engineer and other technical people with us. Harry thought that we would only be given a 6 weeks basic training before starting our training in our specialized fields.

There are also mechanics and skilled workers with us. "Bruiser" is one of them. He is 6'4" and dumb as a horse. He believes that he is a great lover and for an hour he described his amorous experiences to me. His speciality is to "get into parts" of females, and he claims that he seduced 4 Wacs during the time he was in Camp Sheridan. Bruiser only went to the 4th grade in school, and he does not know how to write very well. His last girl friend wrote to him: "So long you big stinker, see you again." He wanted me to help write a card to her so I wrote a few sentences and it took him 30 minutes to copy it. I call him "Lover" and this pleases him very much! He used to pitch in professional baseball, but for the past 2 years he has been working in a defense plant in Milwaukee. He is 26, very friendly. In fact, he is about the only one who goes and sits with the Negro boys once in a while. He goes and talks to them about sports and "Caledonia" (different techniques to use in intercourse!). A couple of the Negroes from the other car come in, but Pfc. Thurber closed them out. His explanation: "They are like a wedge. If I let one come in, they will all come in and pretty soon we wouldn't even have a seat."

Bruiser is a strong believer in the Union idea, and he had a debate with Thurber on it. Thurber thinks that there are too many Communists trying to wreck the country, and he is of the opinion that we mite get in a war with Russia if they try to occupy all of Japan just because they came into the war at the last minute. He loses his arguments because he gets too excited.

We are pulling into Wash., D.C. in a few minutes, and we will eat lunch there so I have to get my tie on and be prepared!

11:00 P.M.

I'm so dirty and weary that I could sleep for about 20 hours. I sure hope that we will be able to get a good rest when we get to camp. It is Camp Lee, even tho Thurber still says that it is a military secret. We can't even write letters, but some of the boys sneaked off letters while we were in Washington, D.C.

It was quite a thrill to see the capital bldg. and a few other gov't. bldgs. It rained so hard that we couldn't walk around much. Wash. has the most beautiful railroad stations of any city that I have ever been in. We ate lunch in a nice restaurant, and then a few of us went to the USO where we got free stationery and magazines. It's strange to get used to the USO's after being civilians all this time, but we might as well take advantage of it. In Washington, the Negroes have segregated USO's and I understand that this is true all over the country.

I talked to one of the discharged soldiers who lived in Washington and he pointed out some of the more important bldgs. in the Nation's Capital. I hope to make a thorough tour eventually. The Capitol is an impressive sight with its huge dome topped by a statue of Freedom, and I was in awe of it to think that all of our legislation starts from here. The cornerstone of the original gldg. was laid by George Washington. Another beautiful bldg. is the Library of Congress. The original Declaration of Independence and the Constitution is here, the soldier said. The U.S. Supreme Court is nearby. We only saw the Washington

monument while passing by on the train, but is was also a thrilling sight. It is really majestic. I didn't get to see the White House at all. Washington has more taxicabls than any city that I have seen during the war, including Chicago.

The District of Columbia is only 100 square miles so that it didn't take long for the train to pass through it into Virginia. I don't know when we passed the Mason-Dixon line! I saw the Potomic River, but it looked sort of wide for Washington to have thrown a silver dollar across it. Bruisher was disappointed because he had a silver dollar which he wanted to throw across, but we did not stop anyplace along the river!

We left the Penn. Railroad at Wash., and our car was transferred to a local line so that we didn't reach Richmond, Va. until 6:00 P.M. I didn't see any plantations on the way! Virginia seems to be a nice scenic state despite its Old South traditions of white supremacy. I understand that it isn't as bad as in the more Southern states though. After we ate dinner, we were allowed to go off on our own until 9:30 so Bill, Neil, Al and I went to the downtown USO. It was in the railroad station that I saw the different signs on the restrooms: "White and Colored." The 4 Negro boys went into the "White" one with us and nothing was said. At dinner, they sat apart even though there were empty places at the other long table until we told them to come over. It was the first time I have ever seen a colored person flush in embarrassment and they were ill at ease throughout the meal and they were the first to get up and go outside. They just don't seem to be able to act natural because of the way the Negro race has been treated in this country. By this time, most of the other fellows were willing enough to accept them at the table. The Negro boys went off alone afterwards while the rest of us headed for the downtown USO. I think that I was conscious of the South initially as I made damn sure that I would not be included in any segregated group. That is a weakness on my part, but the uniform really has made me feel much more self confident even thought I have always believed that I was perfectly self-assured

in any situation. We passed a couple of Chinese laundries on the way downtown and I was stared at curiously. I don't know whether it was the fact that I was in the South, but for a second, I had the damndest feeling that I would be challenged as I entered the USO for "whites." It was in my mind only as the other fellows never hesitated because I was with them. It indicates that the race question has been on my mind. It's funny because I have never felt that hesitation of thinking I might be rebuffed. I just bet that is is a similar feeling held by many Nisei in Chicago -- labeled as being too sensitive. Why it came to me for an instant just outside of the Richmond USO, I don't know. I doubt if it will come back again now that I know the fellows better. I guess I have been conditioned too much about the racial biases in the South.

While we were in the railroad station, we talked to an old Southerner who was tanked to the gills. He made a fuss over me, apparently believing that I was of Chinese ancestry. Orientals in the South are very scarce, so "acceptable." He tried to tell us that the Southern girl was nicer because Yankee girls were too fast. What a prejudiced guy! It's a good example of how many Southerners are still fighting the Civil War. His accent was a real drawl too.

It was in Richmond that I saw for the first time with my eyes the discrimination in practice. The Negroes all sit in the back of the cars. The boys with me felt if was very foolish even though they didn't particularly like Negroes. All three were only 18-20 so I found that I could tell them a lot of things. We wandered downtown for a while before we returned by taxi to the station since it was raining terifically.

For the past hour, we have been waiting around here for the train to start as we are all so tired and anxious to get to bed. There is a Persian boy with us and he is so excited about getting his citizenship as a result of Army service. He knows more about U.S. history than most of us. One of the fellows remarked WYou are a better American than any." From then the free discussion turned into

the question of what is an American.

"It's not race like a lot of people think. It's all of us. I bet we have 15 different nationalities right here in this car, but we are all Americans now."

"America is a real melting pot."

"The trouble with us is that we are a bunch of suckers and we do not appreciate what we have."

"We didn't ask to get into this war. We are a peace-loving nation and we try to get along with everyone."

"Yes, we gripe about being in the Army, but that's because we are not military minded."

"Few can explain what we are actually fighting for. It is something that is felt."

Then the boys went into a long series of self praise about what a wonderful country America really is. It was honest and sincere, and it all came about spontaneiously. That's what patriotism really is, I guess because we were all moved by our own eloquence. It doesn't come out too often, as most of the time we are too busy griping about this and that. Everyone wants to go home as there is a natural distaste for the Army life. Despite that, it makes one feel pretty good to be an American. It can go to the extreme thought, and then there is the danger of nationalism being over-reemphasized. We are living in an international world now so that sort of thinking is a bit outmoded.

The train just jerked so we are on the last leg or our trip. The train service in the South is terrible. We won't get to camp until way past midnite. What a hectic trip this has been! Here we go!

Sunday, August 26, 1945

Afternoon I'm about the most exhausted person in all Virginia right now. The Army life here started with a bong and we had no letup until today. We had to wait

until a big Army van loaded us up in Petersberg on Fri. nite. Everyone was dog tired. My eyes were red and my back ached. But, we were not allowed to go to bed right away. Camp Lee is 3 miles from town -- straight up in the hills, it seems -- and we had a rough ride up. I couldn't see much of anything because it is such a huge camp. We had to report in at the Orderly room to check in, and then carry our barracks bags to get our blanket and linen. Everyone was actually numb with weariness. It was 2:00 A.M. before I got into bed, and I fell asleep in an instant.

At 5:30 we were aroused, and after a hasty breakfast, we had to go march in to another room to have our dog tags punched. Then we were assigned KP duty! I was so sleepy as I only slept 3½ hours after that hard trip and I thought it was mighty inconsiderate of the Army to give us this sort of reception. We had to go to the Dispensary first where we lined up and filed past the doctor who inspected the private organs to make sure that none of had any venereal disease to contaminate the food. At 9:45 we started to work in the messhall. I had to dish out the French fried potatoes, and the blasted mess sergeant kept yelling at me because I gave too much. But it was mighty hard to give those returning vets a skimpy portion so I continued to dish it out generously. I was half asleep as was the rest of the serving line. The fat boy got mad at me and he pulled me off the French fried potato line to serve the ice cream. So I was a failure in my first task at Camp Lee! I didn't care as I was so sleepy anyway. I thought I was passing out soap bars at first! This was not the end of our task because we had to sweep and mop the messhall next. We finally finished at 1:00 P.M. and we were told to report back at 4:00. I stumbled to the barracks and even tho I was groggy from the lack of sleep, I couldn't go to sleep because it was so hot and the nasty flies kept walking all over my face. It was so maddening that I could have yelled.

Four P. M. came too suddenly and we all stumbled back to the messhall. We

didn't get out of there until 3:00 A.M. -- 11 straight hours of work on top of the 3 we had already done. It was really inhuman to make us work that long on KP after our hard trip and only a couple of hours of sleep the night before. But the Army expects orders to be followed and there was nothing we could do about it, but work. And we did plenty!! The bastard cook wouldn't allow us to rest once during the 11 hours, and he just sat around on his greasy fat ass thinking up work for us to do. Two of the fellows passed out and they had to be taken to the dispensary but we worked on and on. I have never been numb with fatigue like last night. That dictator cook was one hell of a slave driver and he didn't have an ounce of pity for us in his fat-lined heart. He sat around and cooked himself a 3" steak and we just got to smell it. There were about 30 of us on this KP detail, and it's a wonder that more did not pass out.

It's a hell of a way for the Army to raise our morale by giving us a reception like this and it's psychologically wrong. I bet none of the guys will ever vote for military conscription. But memories are short, and it is more than likely that 20 years from now, the boys will stuff themselves into their uniform and go parade about to brag about the good old Army life. We are just starting to get the rough part of Army life; and if we get over this hump, things will get much easier.

The kitchen actually is a fascinating place, and I wouldn't have minded so much if I were not so tired from the lack of sleep. I had to peel carrots and potatoes with the machine and it certainly is a time saver. I would hate to do those 21 hundred lb. sacks with a knife. The other fellows had to eye these spuds and that took several hours. Carl and Bill peeled 2 sacks of onions by hand and it made their eyes swell all up. The fellow with me was the one who plopped down flat on his face about midnight. I think I was only 1/8 consciojs all this time and I moved with leaden feet from one task to another. We relieved our feelings by mimicing the Southern accent of the chief cook: "Peel those pah-ta-toes

on the 'Sea-ment.'" We heard a lot of Southern accents last night. One boy had to squeeze 12 crates of oranges. I had to peel cooked spuds after nidnight. I saw so many spuds that I won't eat any for 2 days. At least, I have a better appreciation of how much work goes into the preparation of a meal. The German PW's got to quit work at 5, but we went on and on. We cut celery, we cleaned the stove, we washed pots and pans, we cut about 400 loaves of bread, etc., etc. The Army certainly does waste an enormous quantity of food though. At dinner time, I saw boys throw away whole pieces of meat in the garbage can. And with all the starving people in the world! I was guilty of it myself when I started to peel spuds. At first I did them very carefully but when the dictator yelled about our slowness, I started to peel them thicker and thicker. I couldn't see very well because my eyes were getting narrower and narrower slits and it was an effort to keep awake. I really appreciate all that cooking Bette did for me too.
In the Army, everything is cocked on a mass scale on those huge stoves. The meals we have eaten here so far have not been bad at all. The trouble is that there are too many cooks running around giving orders for us to do the work. We must have had 20 bosses issuing orders to us during those 11 long hours. It was a hell of a way to initiate us into Army life here, but we have not seen the last of the KP duty yet. I am convinced that I served a more useful function is civilian life than in peeling spuds. Finally about 3:00 A.M. we were released for the night after we had thoroughly GI'd the kitchen floor with the mops. Everybody was ready to practically fall over and the cooks finally got some compassion into their hearts and fed the group meatballs and spaghetti. I was so tired that I didn't eat.
I came home and flopped into bed and slept until 10:00. After I cleaned up and shaved this morning, I felt a bit more kindly disposed towards Army life, but it is nothing to cheer about. However, I guess I'll be able to get through it. The chicken dinner this noon helped to eliminate some of my dark thots about the Army! I hope my feet will stand up to the pace as I understand that I haven't seen

anything yet!

I've been resting right here all afternoon as I am too tired to get out and look around. Most of the other fellows have revived and they went to the baseball game or the show. I have been talking with Bill as he just came from Sonoma, Calif. and we talked about mutual things there. He was teaching in the H.S. there and he knew the ranch were I worked on one summer out that way. Bill hopes to get into teaching in one of the schools here.

I don't know very much about Camp Lee except that it is a quartermaster center and that our basic training will only be about 6 weeks after which we start to specialize. There are rumored to be 40,000 men in this huge camp, as many of the foreign service vets are being re-assigned through here. Our barracks are full of them, but they leave us "Rookies" alone. In the next barracks one of the vets got put on KP with us. He said that he got bored with waiting around for a discharge so when the rookies came in, he made them wash windows at 1:00 A.M. and then sprayed them with the fire extinguisher after the job was completed so that they had to be redone. It was raining outside but he made them go out and wash the outside of the window too!!

I don't know how long we will be in this barrack , but we may have to do KP as long as we are not assigned to a regular company. That may be 2 days or 2 months from now. When we come into the Army, we have to be prepared to wait around for hours and days before action is taken, but once things start rolling, we don't even get a breathing spell. In this camp, we have to wear our helmets, lining and leggings while working and that makes things more uncomfortable for us. If we don't keep our shirts buttoned, they will pull the buttons off. It's all in fun they say! I guess the Army does it.

The vets in this barrack play for huge staks in dice, and the rest of the time they lay around wondering when they are going to get a discharge or a woman. Their vocabulary is even rougher and they have absolutely no inhibition in talking about

their sexual experiences. No wonder so many women get raped! Fighting overseas with the constant fear of death over their heads have contributed to their attitude to give no curb to any of their emotions, and they want to live fully every minute that they have. But they say that we were lucky in not having to go through combat.

9:20 P.M.

I went to the movies tonight with 3 of the fellows. There's about 10 theaters in this camp and it seems that everybody turns out on Sunday night. There was also a N.Y. stage show, but we decided that it was too crowded. Jim said that there were about 70,000 men in this camp, but nobody knows the correct answer. Jim is a rather nice fellow, but he is inclined to believe that the Germans should be treated harshly. He didn't like the idea of one of the MP's being given a jail sentence for beating up a German PW who was "goldbricking on the job." "After all, they are only Germans and they should be shoved around a bit for starting the war. They are getting spoiled by being PW's in this country and many of them will eventually go home with quite a bit of money in their pockets as they get paid 80¢ a day. They even have their own band concerts." Jim is scheduled to do some technical work for the Army at Fort Myers after he finished his basic training here.

Monday, August 27, 1945

2:00 P.M. I drew an easy detail and I didn't have to work very hard -- so far. All I've done this afternoon was to sweep out this barrack with another fellow. Some of us will get shipped to a regular company this afternoon and I hope that I am one of them so that I can start on my basic training and get it over with. There are so many thousand men around here that they have a hard time passing enough work around. The PW's and the recruits do most of the work. The overseas men are quite bored though as all they do is eat, sleep and gamble until they get assigned to another company or discharged. The Army has a tremendous job on its

hands to process and discharge so many veterans. Many around here are bored as they have nothing at all to do. They are more used to the Army so they tell us to loaf around and duck the details, but we recruits jump at the crack of the whip as we have a long ways to go in our Army life yet. Some of those dice and poker games get very big and a few of the fellows are losing all of their money. When they get tired of cards, they sit around and gripe about Southern women, the camp, process of discharge, etc. Not many of them talk about what they have been through in Europe, altho they seem to resent the fact that the German PW's get the same food as we do.

This isn't a very comfortable barrack to be in as it is only temporary. I haven't seen hot water yet. It is always a terrible struggle to shave and I practically pull my beard out by the roots. The company here is constructed like the WRA block system and there are two latrines in the center. There never is any toilet paper around so that the boys have to use the latest newspaper edition or Kleenex if they think to buy it at the P.S. There is one laundry tub in each latrine, but no soap so that it is a problem to wash our clothes. Some of the dirty socks hanging around this barrack draws about 40 million flies!

This morning I had to paint the ceiling of one of the messhalls in the center of camp which is being cleaned up for a Negro company. There doesn't seem to be any responsible person in charge so that a lot of the paint is wasted, and the brushes ruined. There were 5 South Carolina boys painting with me, and they certainly are prejudiced! When they found out that they had to paint it up for a Negro company, one of the fellows complained: "What the hell is the idea of making us do this for the Nigger bastards. They should put them way across the road by themselves. They ain't worth a whore's crint, and there's too many of those black piss-faces around." One of the fellows agreed, but the rest had no comment to make. I didn't say anything, but I certainly felt like it. Later on, one asked me if all Chinese were short, and whether my folks were in this country. I

said that I was of Japanese ancestry, and there was a silence for a moment. Then one boy commented, "My folks came from Germany, but all of us born here are in this damn Army so what difference does it make?" It's a pity that the same distinction is not applied to the Negroes, but these boys have been conditioned to the viewpoint that the colored people are inferior. The boy who slept next to me is from N.Y., and he mentioned this noon that there was nothing good about the South because the "thinking here is all reactionary." He is of Jewish ancestry and he has been laying around reading Karl Marx until today when he was shipped to another company.

There is a returned Vet, 21, who is in the dumps. After 4 years of Army life and 3 years overseas, he went home to Geo. to visit his wife and baby. He has gray hair and he said that he got it overseas. But the thing which is disturbing him is that his wife has been unfaithful. The boy went home and caught his best friend in bed with his wife. He beat the culprit over the head with his pistol butt and knocked his wife across the room. Now he is trying to decide to get a divorce. His pals are saying that he should take her back as his wife only had one moral laspe while he went around with them in France almost every week to have intercourse with French girls. They are saying that 3 years is a long time for a woman to wait and he should understand that because she probably still loves him. The boys pride is wounded, and he said that he would wait until he finds out if his wife is pregnant by the other man or not. His pals here all concluded that they should wait until after their discharge to get married because women cannot be trusted. After the boy left, they proposed going down to Georgia to try and seduce his wife now that the field is wide open.

Sample of sex story being told in barracks right now by a vet: "I laid old Frenchy right on the lawn. She was hotter than me so we decided to fuck up just like that. She was hotter'n a grease barrel and we laid out on that there God-damn lawn all nite and I popped off 6 times." His friend: "Jesus, don't tell

me lies like that. No man can do it 6 times in one night."

First man: "Hell, I did. I'm one of the backbone of this damn Army and I have plenty of that damn reserve in me. If you don't believe me, I'll kick your ass out. You can come with me next week and I'll get Frenchy's roomate for you. But we have to get there before the God-damn sailors get there. She loves the Navy. I don't care much for women anymore anyway. I used to be crazy to marry, but I got over that shit. I just lay on top of the bitches, and that's all they are good for anyway. I can cook better than any of those damn women. Hell, I didn't work 3 years in the fuggin messhall for nothin. All I want to do is to get out of this damn Army. It makes me think of those women too much."

And it gets worse and worse. The things they are saying about Betty Grable makes me blush. I never heard such vocabulary before. All in a Southern accent too!

7:00 P.M.

At last, I got a nice warm shower! At 3:30 I had to go over and wait on tables. Just missed being put on another all night KP detail, and I certainly do feel lucky. It will come around soon enough. I dished out the jello. About 2300 came through the mess line. There was a whole Negro company who ate in the messhall this evening, and not one of them acted greedy and asked for more than their share. One of ten caucasian boys wanted more and I had to tell them to come back later. There was about half a pan of fruit jello left and I asked him (cook) what I should do with it and he said dump it in the garbage! The food which is wasted is a shame and it would be enough to make a man rich. Everything in the Army is certainly expendable.

Bill Wilken dished out the rice and he didn't like to serve the "God damn black bastards. All they are good for is bootblacks. They've got syphilis by the dozens." The boy from Mississippi agreed and he said that SOB niggers should all

be sent back to Africa. It was directed to me and I was expected to agree. What can I do to inject a more liberal idea into their set minds? Jim McGuire from Illinois commented later that the Southern boys were certainly prejudiced: "I don't have any use for the Niggers myself, but I don't go around shooting my mouth off about it. It gets dangerous when everyone does it because they can attack other minorities -- like the Catholics, and I wouldn't like that very much. The Southerner hates the Catholics next to the Negroes. I wouldn't want to be one of those black suckers down here. They haven't got a chance."

I'm not so tired today because the work was very light. They certainly are inconsistent in handing out the work. It's no use being industrious on a detail because more work will be piled on. The idea in the Army is not to get a task completed, but to keep a group working for a specified number of hours no matter what kind of a task it is. A lot of the boys were shipped to the regular barracks to start their basic training, but none of those who came down from Fort Sheridan with me. I suppose we will all be taken as a group. We seem to stick together as a unit. Very few of us knew each other before coming down here, but we are all from the Midwest and that's the badge of belonging.

9:00 P.M.

I spoke on the radio this evening, but I didn't know it until it was over! I happened to wander over to the Service Club to get some stationery and a Forum on Korea was being held. Dr. Wilson, who had been a medical missionary there told of Korea and the possibility for giving it an independent and democratic government. He said that one of the chief difficulties was that there were so many cliques jealous of each other in that country. He also expressed some anxiety about the Russian influence, and he believed that it would be the end of Korean Independence if they began to dominate it. Dr. Wilson said that when he first went to Korea in 1900, the Japanese had recently gone in with the same promise of freedom. He did

concede that Japan had made remarkable material progress in Korea -- but it was chiefly from the military standpoint, such as highways and railroads. He said that as early as 12 years ago, Japan had fortified Korea completely but America would not listen to the warnings of the returning missionaries. Instead, America went on sending ship after ship of scrap iron which was converted into weapons to kill American boys. Dr. Wilson said that because of the complete Japanese domination, several million Koreans migrated to Japan to take defense jobs, but the military didn't use them at all except in labor battalions (like the Negroes were used by the U.S.!!) since they couldn't be trusted. He went on to explain why Japan was one of the most united countries in the world due to the Emperor-God idea, but it was almost impossible to understand the Japanese mind. He said that the Koreans had always hated them since the time Hideyoshio tried to conquer the world 350 years ago, and his troops cut off the ears of 10,000 Koreans, which were pickled and put on exhibit in Osaka.

Dr. Wilson worked in a leger coloney in Korea and he mentioned how all of the Liberals in Japan were liquidated by the military clique. However, he concluded that Japan would surprise us and fall in line with MacArthur's orders and that they would like to become Democratic since they had always admired America. However, he warned that there would be some underground movements there. I thot this was a most liberal opinion to express over a Virginia radio and before an Army audience. He also concluded that China would be looking to America for leadership, and if we did not take it, Russia would.

In the question and answer period, I asked three questions (1) "If it took us 47 years to prepare and educate the Philippines to the point where they could have independence under a democratic tradition, would it take an equal amount of time to occupy Japan in order to reach similar comdition?" Dr. Wilson thot it would take less than 10 years. Groans from the audience, many of them who would have to go to Japan for Occupation.

Then a soldier got up and proposed that all Japs be sterilized since that would be a lot cheaper than Occupation. The moderator asked me to comment, after he asked if I were a Filipino-American. I said I was of Japanese ancestry, and the room got quiet. I didn't feel self-conscious about it at all. It must be the uniform. My answer to the soldier: "That was a rather extraordinary statement to make. I believe that we need a wider perspective in order to get real internationalism. I feel that education is a more practical means. I also wish to say that I have no cultural, political, or social identity with Japan, and my opinion arises out of my training in democratic procedures -- which I think should be made available to all people regardless of race." (Clapping)

A little later, an Army Major said that it was possible to spread democracy in Japan. I asked: "In the event of the spread of Russian ideology in Japan, is it possible for an American military regime to spread democracy when an Army by its very function is authoritorian? In other words, will it be necessary and practical to use a civilian agency to spread democracy in Japan?" Dr. Wilson said he didn't know much of the political aspect of the Orient, but he agreed that civilians could serve a useful function and that medical missionaries had been preparing the groundwork for years.

At this point, I discovered that the whole thing was going over the radio station in Virginia so I got too nervous to ask any more questions. But it is amazing that freedom in thinking is possible in the Army despite methods used to discourage it. I don't think that I would be court martialed for what I said about doubts in the Army serving Democracy. How was I to know that the roving microphone was carrying the whole thing on the air? The last 10 minutes was apent in a discussion of the Russian influence in the Orient, and several soldiers concluded (rather intelligently) that it was all a race in power politics and there was no guarantee that Imperialism was dead. The crux of the whole Orient problem was really not discussed at all, namely methods in spreading democracy to the point where the

Orientals wanted it instead of it being forced on them. Bragging about how America could improve the health and sanitary conditions only scratches the surface of the whole issue. There is such a fear that Russia will win out. What the hell! If Communism has more to offer to the masses of the Orient than Democracy, then why shouldn't they assume it? Isn't one of the aims of this war to achieve freedom in choice of government? There is a determined effort by all reactionary forces in the democratic nations to insure the pre-war status quo so that their imperialistic aims will not be impaired. I can't see that at all. There are social and political upheavals going on all over the world right now, and nobody can suppress this restless wave just because they want to go back to the good old days of power and control by the few with the exploitation of the masses. If we can eliminate this evil through Democracy, which I think is possible, then we can't shirk the responsibility and be afraid of the future because some other system will take over if we lost the initiative. It looks like this is happening in Europe and Asia so the red herring is waved instead of making certain fundamental and progressive changes in our social and economic structure as an answer to this challenge. We in America are too smug and we just assume that our way of life is the best and it needs no revisions in order to get other nations to accept it. The difficulty is that we have too many glaring weaknesses, especially the troubled racial minority problems which is a long ways from solution. If we cannot clean it up now, then we will lose out in leadership to the other nations towards the path of Democracy. Merely saying that Democracy made is the richest and most powerful nation in the world is not enough of a stimulus for other nations to go out and do likewise, because it ignores certain fundamental economic difficulties. In order to give Democracy, we also have to give up some of our economic stronghold on the "Have not" nations. Enuf for politics!

But the proposal of sterilizing 90 million Japs just so Occupation will not be necessary is a typical American expression of selfishness and conceit!!! If

we fall into that pattern of thinking, then we have lost the war. The audience tonight certainly did not approve of such a drastic procedure so there is still much hope that Democratic objectives will be achieved.

Tuesday, August 28, 1945

7:00 P.M. I'm so tired today that I don't feel like going to any of the recreational activities this evening. All of the boys in the barracks have gone to the movies, camp follies, baseball game, dance or something. I thought I would look over the library, but there are few books here. Maybe I am in the wrong place. It was so hot today that it sapped my dwindling energy. Half of the recruits have sunburned faces.

Those foreign service vets talk about sex half of the night so that it was impossible for me to get to sleep before 1A.M. The bugle blows at 11:00 P.M. but the vets just ignore it and they leave the lights on while continuing their poker games. They have no fear of officers and Army regulations as most will be discharged soon anyway. They don't have much respect for officers who did not see overseas service with them. These fellows can sleep all day so they get their sleep, but we poor recruits suffer from drowsiness all the next day.

Five of the vets came in from their pass about 1:30 A.M. and they woke us all up with the noise they made in stumbling over everything. To top things off, the orderly came around at 5:00 A.M. and demanded all recruits to report for formation in ten minutes. Some of the fellows had done KP until 4:30 A.M. but they had to get up anyway. Carl was one of them and he said that I had just missed it by 10 seconds as he was called back when we finished the table waiting and serving. Whew! I guess I was lucky at that!

But it was a great struggle to crawl out. It gets chilly at night here, and it was still dark so that I had to fumble around for my clothes. I was so sleepy that I forgot to put on my underwear, and I didn't have time to unlace the leggings.

So far, the leggings have served no useful function, but the Army makes us wear them just to make our lives more uncomfortable! I managed to make the deadline by a final burst of speed, and I got there just in time to hear my name called for morning KP. The way we were aroused in such haste, I thought sure we would get a more important mission. Muttering all sorts of vile curses at the sergeant, we dragged our feet to the messhall and served breakfast to 2300 hungry men -- one Negro boy ate 8 frenchtoasts! Many of the boys are getting the best food of their lives and still they gripe about the quality of the meals. On the whole, the average soldier is much better fed than the average civilian. One thing I notice is that the Negro boys are polite even if they eat a lot, while so many of the Caucasian boys are such hogs and they take more than they can eat in many cases. That is the impression I get as I watch them dump their trays in the garbage pail. I have never yet seen a German PW dishwasher throw out food from his plate so it must be an environmental factor. Some of the meals are messy, but the standard is usually high -- except for the mud water which is served as coffee. I haven't had a good cup of coffee since induction, but there has been many other compensations in the diet.

At 7:30 we had to report for formation and another work detail. A Mexican boy from Texas has been in the habit of goldbricking. He puts on his suntan uniform and mixes with the vets so that he is not given any work. He was telling me all about how he knew the score, and a sergeant was listening from the window of the orderly room. He came out and gave the boy KP for two nights in a row. I never heard such rapid Mexican swearing in my life! There are a few boys who work hard at ducking details, but they put a lot more energy into it than taking a regular assignment. Unfortunately, there is a great deal of confusion in calling the details and some of the boys have to do the hard work for several days in a row, while others get off very lightly. It causes a great deal of resentment because it is unfair. The difficulty arises from the fact that there are too many bosses from

the Lieutenant down, and they all pass the buck down to us lowly recruits. Some of the fellows who worked KP last night only got one hour's sleep and then they had to go on detail all day. A lot of our time is wasted in waiting around for the various sergeants to coordinate their orders. The boys spend this idle time in their favorite pastime of griping. The Persian boy regrets that he volunteered now, and he has mastered the American techniques of goldbricking rather well. If he gets caught, he just says he was confused because he doesn't know English too well.

Some of the griping done is very illogical. One of the boys said this morning: "This damn Army is fascist. There is no freedom in this country. Do you think that we can go leak on the streets without getting arrested. Hell, there is no such thing as democracy and I want to get out of this fuggin Army." Apparently, he forgets that there is a distinction between liberty and license. The fellow was 36 years old and he had 4 children. He was drafted 2 days before the war ended so he is mad about the whole thing. He was making "about $300-400 a month in the shipyards out on the West Coast when this piss Army caught up with me." He further elaborated that this Army was just like the German Army and he felt just as sorry for the German boys dragged into the fighting. A year ago such utterances would have stirred me up, but I am getting to the point where I can understand these statements as just blowing off steam and not as "unpatriotic." They can say it because they are in uniform. I used to get angry when I heard Nisei soldiers say similar things, but now I understand that griping is a universal Army practice and it may be a safety valve at that.

I worked in the messhall again at noon, pick up cigarette butts part of the afternoon, and perspired profusely the balance of the time until 5:45 as a runner in the orderly room. I had to walk all over the area delivering messages. However, I got to eavesdrop on some very interesting conversations among the vets who were laying around in the barracks while I picked up the trash outside. The object of

working in the Army is to take as long a time as possible on each assignment and I am learning the technique rapidly. I hope I don't get caught taking down verbatim comments in my notebook as it may prove embarrassing. I don't know why I do it, but it gives me something to do and it's force of habit which I haven't had time to break away from as yet.

"Tennessee" sounded off on his irritation at not getting a discharge because he only has 74 points: "It costs the government $266 a month to keep me as a soldier as I have 4 children. I should be released instead of being reassigned and then everybody would be happy. I'm losing money by being in this damn Army. I had a $12,000 a year income before the war when I was a salesman."

Slim telling the boys his marital woes: "I was married only 2 weeks ago, but I don't know how I will support her when I get my discharge. I was only 16 when the war started, and I've never held a job. There's a hell of a lot of unemployment outside now, and I'm no damn good for nothing. What kind of a job can I do to support my wife. She was making plenty in defense work but she got laid off too. I don't want to be no damn farmer out in Iowa any more. My dad owns a farm out there, but I don't want to take it over. Maybe I can go into dairy farming."

His friend: "Hell sakes, why worry about a fuggin job. When I get out, I'm going to lay on my ass for a whole fuggin year. I saw too much combat to lead a quiet civilian life. I don't care if they call me a "joe jerk." Hell, everything is different since I left home."

Another: "I've had two years of high school and I'm going back after I get my discharge. I might as well try for an education. I'm good for nothing now. It's all the damn Germans fault. I was a PW over in Germany and I didn't get treated as good as they treat them here. I had to work every Sunday over there for 9 months to get a good meal. Man, those fuggin kraut girls are not bad at all. Those krauts are all smart, but Jesus you have to do everything their way. They

sent me out to harvest, and I worked with plenty of those Russian women. They are built for work, and they could lift a heavier S.O.B'n load than me. I got one in the haystacks and I bet you a damn dime I knocked her up plenty. They got good shapes; it's mostly clothes which makes them look so big. Underneath, they get just as hot as any damn American women." And back to sex talk .....

In another barracks, I heard the following argument: "Don't say the American soldiers are not dirty fighters. I've seen a lot of my buddies rob dead bodies. Those Germans never did that. They are military."

"But the bastards raped every damn women they could in Europe, the S.O.B's."

"Christ sakes, where in the hell you've been. I suppose you never saw American boys rape German girls. I saw with my own eyes three American boys raped a German girl and they ran a bayonet in her afterwards. That's the lowest god damn thing any man could do and it wasn't any fuggen Niggers doing it either."

"Shit, you've got to expect a certain amount of rape. The American boys always treated the German children good. Haven't you seen all of those pictures of the fellows giving the kraut bastards candy and gum?"

"Sure, that's true. But I also saw guys in my own outfit machine gun women and children during the thick of combat and they didn't feel bad at all about it. I saw one guy stamp right in the face of a German with his heel before the bastard was dead."

"You can't blame a guy from going battle crazy. It's either his life or theirs, and they started the whole fuggen thing so they had coming to them all they got."

"Maybe you are right, but don't try to tell me that the American guys were cleaner fighters than the krauts. A lot of them were pretty decent to us guys when we were PW's." etc. etc.

It is these boys who are going to represent the American Legion in future years. I hope that not all of them think along those lines. Actually not many knew what they were really fighting for as they are just asprejudiced as ever.

It was just a fight for survival to them. It will take time for them to readjust themselves back into the more decent codes of civilian life. I doubt if many of them were with idealism while fighting, but there was an element of something present which gave them the spark -- maybe excess nationalism and super patriotism.

I wish that there would be a speedup in getting us to a regular company. This temporary system is too hard on us and I don't like the 10-14 hour work days because we are never certain that our evenings will be free. We may be nabbed for night KP any time.

I ran into "Yomi" today; the first Nisei I have seen. He said that he was dropped from Snelling because of tissue scars in his eyes from a mine explosion during basic training. He has been taking treatments in the hospital here for 2 months and he is quite bored with the place. He said that "a lot of Buddaheads are beginning to be sent here now, and they will end up in Japan for occupation sure as hell. You will be one of them too. I was so surprised as hell to see you in the messhall that I almost dropped my tray. It's been two years since I came in the Army and I hope that I get shipped or discharged soon as the South is no good for Buddaheads. There's no whorehouse to go to and I can go anyplace on my pass." Yomi wanted me to go over to the other company to look up the Nisei who came in but I wasn't very enthusiastic about that since I'm making enough friends in my own barracks.

9:30 P.M.

On the way home, I stopped for a half hour to watch the U.S.O. dance. All the Belles of Petersberg were supposed to be here, but I didn't see any rare examples of Southern beauty. I felt sorry for all those lonesome boys and I had a twinge of it myself. There must have been about 800 boys standing around the patio while less than 100 couples were dancing. It reminded me of the Nisei dances

altho there seemed to be a much livelier atmosphere present. But the jitterbugs look said in comparison to the Los Angeles standard. It must be a recent innovation around here. There were also the usual female wallflowers standing around and being ignored despite the women shortage. It must be cruel on them; the pained expression on their faces made me feel sorry for them. A group of foreign service men were exchanging ribbons with each other near me and plotting on wolfing the Wacs present. They did not have social dancing ideas. A tall silent French soldier stood in the crowd trying to look dashing, but he was sad too. Caledonia was out there with a funny looking dame. He is big and dumb, but he seems to appeal to some women as he gets around. I bet there was a lot of lonely hearts in that stag group. The Army should release the whole bunch so that they can go home to more familiar surroundings.

Weds., August 29, 1945

1:00 P.M. We got a break as we shipped to our permanent training barracks this morning. We had to wait around for a couple of hours and I spent the time talking to a couple of overseas vets as I won't get any more chance to do it now. I heard some rather amazing comments on the occupation by a hill billy from Kentucky who was overseas 27 months. After expressing his delight at the fact that Congress may discharge all men who have seen two years in service, he spoke his views about the war and its solution in his deep Southern drawl:

"That MacArthur is gonna land in Japan tomorrow and it's about time. The war has been over for a month now. What we should of done was tuh drom a dozen of them there bombs on the biggest cities of the Japs. Of course, it would of killed a lot of children, but they would of grown up to be man and those damn Jap soldiers ain't no good. We gotta learn them a lesson so they won't go around starting any more wars. They don't believe in a God, and any man who don't ain't no fuggen good. God damn their hides anyway. But I say it ain't no use in sending a lot of American boys over there. They got a god damn man for a God, and that's a shame. Hell,

they ain't civilized yet. I don't know much about those things, but it gotta be done. I did my fighting over in Belgium and I was taken PW. Me feet got frozen and I hadda lay on my back for three fuggen months. Jesus, it was hell. I was 11 months in the PW camp in Central Germany and I didn't get no fuggen battle star for that. I don't know what I will do after I get a discharge. I'm 39 years old and just good for killing off those fuggen Jerries."

Milwaukee boy who slept next to me: "I was a PW for 9 mo. I was so scared when I first went up to the front that I could hardly hold my rifle. The only thing I got out of this damn war was 9 cases of silverware. I took them out of a Naz's house and it was real good stuff. It all arrived safely. After I was taken PW Jerry treated us okay. It was just like a game and they played it according to the war rules. They were happy as hell to capture us as they thot the Black cat outfit was really something. All they did was search me and they took half of my cigs. They didn't beat us or nothing like that. Some of our boys played the game real dirty. I've seen some take German prisoners and then make them turn their backs with their hands up in the air while they shot them down with a machine gun. They won't tell you that our American boys would be bastards like that, but I've seen it happen. They giving us credit for being the best soldiers in the world, but I would say that it was even steven most of the time. It was our superior equipment which beat the Jerry. We all gave up when there was no chance. It's not like the way they show it in the movies. I don't hate the Jerry, but I have no use for them. I'm gonna try and forget about the whole thing when I get back to civilian life. I don't know what kind of work I will get as I've been out of circulation for quite a few months."

Tennessee: "You may not hate the Jerries, but I'll take every chance to shoot down the s.o.b. bastards. They are a bunch of mother-fuggen stinkers. In my PW camp in Central Germany, a damn Nazi sergeant hit me in the jaw when I was helpless. As soon as I got liberated, me and a couple of Frenchies took off to his house and

we caught that s.o.b. in bed with his wife. We beat that bastard over the head with our pistols until he was helpless. Then we took him out in the back and hung him by the neck to a tree. I ran a pocket knife into his stinking guts just to make sure he was daid."

His friend: "That's not playing the rules of war so you'd better not advertise it. PW's are not supposed to go back into the fighting area. You should be thankful that you were taken out of the battle area and brought back first to the states. On my way back, I saw one of those guys so scared to go to the front that he blew his fuggen toes off."

Another: "Hell, we were all scared like hell and we would have done the same thing if we had the guts. I don't want any more of that fighting. Not many of us will re-enlist. If they try to give me a lot of drill now, we will get mean. They'd better let us out fast as we are in no mood to take any more of this Army crap. They'd better do away with all that point shit and discharge any guy who saw action overseas. It's not fair anyway (point system) because a lot of those fuggen commissioned officers went up to the battle area for a week end just so they could get the credit for a battle star while us bastards had to stop all the bullets on the front line. They won't send me to no Pacific because I only got 50 points. I tear the fuggen place down if they try any of that shit on me."

Bob on the Emperor: "It was a smart political move to keep the Emperor on. When MacArthur goes in there today for occupation, there won't be a confused civil government. We are just using the Emperor for expediency and he can be removed later. If he were thrown out now, the Russians would gain domination. They know how to play a smart political game and the atomic bomb had a lot to do with the 30 yr. treaty they signed with Chiang Kai Chek. It will stabilize China, and I think it means a savings of American lives as it shows that Russia is willing to cooperate with us. Now our Army can really begin to demobilize even tho those

generals want to keep a large standing Army so they can maintain their fat salaries."

Bob and his friend then tried to convince me that I should go into diplomatic service. It was hard to explain why I resist any sort of suggestion which is concerned with the Orient. It's like Yammy who said that he was willing to demonstrate Japanese weapons, but he wouldn't put a Japanese uniform on evern at the risk of a court martial. Maybe it is a sensitivity and a weakness on my part, but I know definitely that I don't want anything to do with the Orient. I don't know what I will do in the future, but this afternoon, I thought it would be nice if I could get into some sort of veterans' counseling and research work. The sights of my ambitions have gone up, and having this uniform on makes a great deal of difference. Most of the fellows with our barracks feel that they lost out in civilian life, but that doesn't apply to me no matter how much I may rebel inwardly towards the military discipline after the going gets a bit tougher.

7:00 P.M.

The first day in our new company was not bad at all. I was rather excited at the prospect of finally starting our training, and this was the general sentiment of those shipped. Fortunately, our whole group from Chicago got into the same barracks so that we won't start out in a completely new environment. Most of us are upstairs, while the first floor is a mixed group. There are a few Southerners on our floor too. From now on it will be strictly military! I like the new quarters much better as it is clean and it does not smell like dirty socks all the time. We are having a spell of hot weather right now so that our quarters are hot. We have a nice shower room with hot water and real toilet paper! I got a lower bunk which was a fortunate break. I was put in Squad 3, and we are also in some kind of platoon, but all those things are foreign to me right now and meaningless. We will learn in due time. The Persian boy is the greatest worrier I have ever seen and he is always going around with a perplexed look upon his face

and asking innumerable questions. We are all greenhorns so we can't tell him much. All of our platoon is composed of older fellows so that we won't be a match with the others in the inter-company competition. They give citations as a reward, and those with the best records have the least amount of KP duties. Our messhall is nice compared to the one we have been eating in. It is smaller and the walls are painted a sea green color which makes it more homelike. There is no PW service in this messhall.

Sergeant Patterson gave us a little orientation talk. He said that we had to uphold the name of the 69th Co. -- to have pride in it. Rah, rah! He explained that we would have a 6-7 basic training period, and most of our leisure time would be spent in cleaning rifles. Some of the boys felt that it was rather silly to give us training in fighting instead of in technical training from the first, and I agree in a way with that. At the same time, I think it will be a good opportunity for me to finally get into excellent physical condition. (I'm getting to be a regular Pollyanna), but there's no use at looking at the dark side of everything as it will only make our lives more miserable. We may get a 3 day pass over the weekend since it will be the Labor Day holiday. I have no plans to to anyplace. I would like to go up to Wash. D.C., but I'm sort of broke and I don't know the addresses of my friends there, so I can't go mooch off of them! Carl and I have decided that we may go into Petersberg just to get away from the Camp. Actually, there is much more recreational activities here in camp, but the single fellows are itching to go out to look for feminine companionship and to satisfy basic urges!

Sergeant Patterson said that we would have it easy until next Tuesday when the company will be filled with recruits. He talked to us humanely and it was quite a change from the barking we have been hearing these past couple of weeks! But, there will be a great deal of strictness from next week on. Sergeant P. emphasized military discipline, and particularly saluting. I haven't saluted an officer in

this camp. I told him that I could see the officers coming so Patterson said I could go and try to get GI glasses tomorrow. I will need them or I shall never be able to hit a target! We have to say "Sir" to all officers and call them by rank or else we will be required to go sit in a class for 2 hrs. and learn military courtesy. We rookies are practically shaking in our boots already!!

Since our barracks will be our home for the next 6 weeks, it is up to us to keep it clean. We have to be in bed by 11 and fall out for formation at 6 in the morning. Every Friday nite is GI nite. That's when we scrub the whole place up thoroughly with brushes! We have our own lockers to put our clothes in, and that was a great relief to us. Most of us spent the morning in getting our lockers fixed up. No clothes hangers yet, but we can buy them. It is doubtful if we will get a furlough for months. I'm glad to get started at last; we are all a bit curious as to our prospects. All we have been doing so far is go from the induction station to the reception camp at Sheridan to the casual area here and now to a regular company where we will be settled for a while. Along the way, we just learned how to do KP and salute. We won't feel the real Army life until our basic is started. We lost Bruiser today as he went off to live in the football barracks. Our squad is composed of a well educated so that they have more liberal ideas, I hope. I did get my wish of not being in a Nisei group so I'm thankful for that as I can meet them anytime.

This afternoon we went to see the baseball game against the Norfolk Naval Station and they won. Camp Lee's big attraction is Johnny Tindell of the Yankees. This evening the boys went to see the beauty contest at the swimming pool, but I came here to the Rec Hall to write and read the papers. It's a nice setup here, but I'll have to locate the library to find any books worth reading -- if I have any time!!

Thursday, August 30, 1945

7:00 P.M. Whew! This Virginia late summer is really hot. It reached 95° today,

and I was dripping wet by the time I took a shower after dinner. We have only been issued one fatique outfit and it is so dirty that the things almost stand up by themselves. We do KP details and everything. The perspiration odor just about cancels all the onion smells from the messhall! I'm glad my glands do not eliminate such a powerful smell as that of other fellows!

We got up at 6:00 A.M. this morning, and a half hour later we were put to work "policing" the grounds around the area PX to clean up all the butts. After breakfast several of us went on sick call in order to get glasses. We were over there all morning as there was a long waiting line, but we didn't mind too much as we got out of some work. The regional hospital is similar in structure to the WRA ones. The grounds are beautifully kept up. I haven't seen much of this camp yet, but what I have seen has been most attractive. The prisoners in the Guardhouse seem to do most of the ground-keeping. Even the tin cans for cigarette butts are painted and lettered. The garbage cans are painted in silver so that each area looks neat.

At the hospital, the very best specialists do a good job in giving diagnosis so I'm sure that I will get a good fitting. We will be issued two GI pairs. I've never worn glasses before so it will take time to get used to them after I get them. I should be issued an extra large nose to go with the glasses since I don't have any bridge on mine. I figured that I might as well get them so that I will be able to see the targets when we begin rifle drill.

Frank Paros had 20-250 vision and the optometrist wondered how he was ever inducted into the Army. I had quite a talk with Frank while we were waiting around at the dispensary. He is 32, and rather disgusted about being drafted now. He has 4 brothers in the service. Frank said that he was within 6 months of getting his law degree at Marquette University. He got his M.A. in sociology there and he was working as an assistant prof. when drafted. Frank's life has been completely disrupted as he was in hopes of getting well established by the time he was 35.

He is married and he has one child. Frank's ambition was to teach in the law school for a while and build up a private law practice on the side. He was born in Alexandria of Greek parents, but he has derivative U.S. citizenship. He spoke at some length about the history of the Greek colony in Milwaukee. He said that in 47 years the group has become entirely assimilated. "For the young second generation Greek, it was a terrible struggle to break the hold of the old folks. They objected to the arranged marriages, and they didn't like to go to the language school after the regular public schools. The Greek immigrants all went into small business and the second generation branched up to the professions. Much of the cultural conflict was intense, and many of the American born Greeks became marginal individuals. However, the second generation has won out completely and they no longer believe in the old world cultural traditions which their parents were so anxious for them to maintain. The Greek Orthodox Church was the strongest single force to hold the community solidarity together. The old folks really did frown when the young Greeks began to intermarry with other racial stocks. If Greece had been a strong modern state, they would be quite nationalistic due to the pride in the old Greek culture." Insert the word Nisei instead of American born Greek, and the picture would be exactly the same during the pre-war days.

I asked Frank about this desire to maintain the cultural unity. He said that he married a non-Greek, and his little daughter did not hesitate to say that she was Greek. He said that many of the second generation were ashamed of their racial background because of the popular stereotype that all Greeks were fat cooks. But, he added that the shortening of the given name was primarily due to practicalness and not shame. "The Greeks in the country have gone far enough up the ladder to make them economically secure so we don't worry about those things anymore." I told him that the evacuation of the Japanesepopulation was partly a result of the insistence upon maintaining cultural unity so that the Nisei were most sensitive about

his racial origins. Frank said that all racial groups tried to maintain the old tradition, but it did work hard on those individuals whose parents came from an axis nation. However, his point was that America was a of culture since there was no distinctive American culture. He resented the fact that most whites tried to make only the Anglo Saxon culture American. I agreed with him to a certain point, but I could not agree that there was no real American culture. I said that one was emerging and it was okay for different racial groups to contribute to it as long as old world habits of thinking were not forced on the young people. Frank said that he could see more sympathetically the desire of the first generation to hang on to control because he was born in the old country himself. However, he felt that he was completely Americanized and that it was possible for a racial colony to modify its culture to fit into the American ways.

I have always been less discriminating in my desire for the Nisei to throw overboard all of their parents' culture; but when I try to be completely objective, I can see that this is expecting a bit too much, particularly when the American culture has no real deepness to it as yet. The one thing I like about the Army is that it is mixing all kinds of Americans together. I don't have any reluctance about explaining the Nisei, whereas I may have been a bit more hesitant in civilian life. We have all sorts of racial backgrounds in our barracks, and I'm trying to get over to the fellows in a subtle way that they have no indisputable claim on calling themselves "Americans" because they are white. At the same time, I am more firmly convinced than ever that the racial segregation of any minority in any form is a barrier to common acceptance. However, I admit now that I may have gone overboard subconsciously to the conditioned idea that Anglo Saxon culture is supreme and it is the American culture. But, I have never been completely satisfied with it. It is well to propose that the cultural heritage of a group should be maintained; but it is difficult to determine at what point a departure should be made. These groups cling all the more to the past because they are

not accepted as fully American. It's a strange paradox but it does exist. It would be wonderful if all Americans could accept the idea that the real American culture is a mixture of all cultures of the world. Once this is done, the emphasis upon clinging to the more conservative old country ways will fade rapidly. It is largely feal which makes them cling so hard. But, I am also convinced that it is up to individuals to go out and find that common acceptance as it can never be achieved as long as a strict group solidarity is maintained. Maybe I am being too hasty in believing that the Nisei can make the jump in one step; but that's the only solution as far as I can figure it out now. The Nisei do not have any kind of a Japanese culture to contribute to the general American pattern so he might as well start from this point and try to convince other Americans that they have no monopoly on the title, and that it isn't an inherited right of caucasians alone. The war has done a great deal in this direction so I hope the Nisei will continue to go forward without any laspes back into the pre-war ideas. It's one hell of a problem though. A guy like Frank Paros can do it much easier, because he overcomes the major barrier of being acceptable as an "anglo-Saxon" caucasian. He has written a thesis on the assimilation of the Greek Americans which he will try and send for. We have some very well educated boys in our barracks, but there are also some young Southerners with very prejuficed ideas. Even the educated fellows have prejudices to a milder degree, particularly towards Negroes.

A bunch of us were planning to go to Wash., D.C. over the Labor Day holidays, but we were disappointed by the sergeant who told us that our Class A passes were not any good more than 35 miles from this camp. But I may still go into Petersberg just to get away from this Army atmosphere briefly before our basic begins.

This afternoon, I had to go out to the field area to shovel dirt and cut weeks in the company training area. The Persian boy Nadin (Ned for short) is going to find himself a very unpopular lad if he doesn't men his ways. He is always goldbricking as he hates to do any type of manual labor. This is making him

unpopular, but he doesn't realize it yet. His griping sounds like whining, and he continually states, "Oh what a fool I was for volunteering. I didn't know that Army life would be like this." It is okay to gripe, but he hasn't developed the right technique at it. I talked with him this afternoon, and I think I discovered the reasons for his reluctance to work. Ned is 25 and he has been in the U.S. for 1 year. He was doing graduate work in mechanical engineering at the U. of Illinois. A great deal of fuss was made about his volunteering so that he came into the Army with the idea that he was a rather special individual. But the fellows just treat him like any other person and this has puzzled him. On top of that, he comes from an upper class family and he feels that is is a bit degrading for him to do hard common labor. I told him that he would have to get over this notion or else he would have a very unhappy Army life. Already a couple of the fellows have ostracized him because he shirks sharing the common work. We all try to get out of the details, but when we are stuck the idea is to work together cooperatively and finish it. Ned hasn't caught on to this fact as he keeps right on whinning and he hides at every opportunity. The real reason why he volunteered was not because of a love for democracy, but because he wanted to become a naturalized citizen. He plans to remain in Chicago permanently as his family is now scattered all over the world

Friday, August 31, 1945

Three weeks in the Army today! I had to work rather steadily all day. We marched out into the woods this morning to work. They have to keep us busy so that I was engaged in pushing a rubber tire wheelbarrow filled with sand to the training pit. Tomorrow, no doubt, we will have to go back and take the sand out. There isn't much percentage in it; and it works as an incentive for some of the more lazily inclined fellows to go hide out and loaf. The sergeant caught one of them at it so he sneaked a booby trap under the wheelbarrow where the boy was sitting. It went off with a very loud explosion and it scared the boy stiff.

The hot sun made the sweat ooze out of me, but I suppose that there is some compensation in realizing that my muscles are hardening a bit. For a while I went over by the rifle range to watch the recruits shoot grenades, and it was good to get in the shade. It wouldn't have been so bad if we could have had a drink, but there is no water out there. It is rather pretty in the training area with all of those small pine trees, but they don't begin to compare with the large Calif. redwoods. There are some Los Angeles boys in the company and we had a lot of fun bragging about how good California was in comparison to the South. It developed that a Mexican boy and I were the only ones who were born in that state. Mandar said he used to go around with some Nisei when he was attending Roosevelt High. Some of the fellows are rather curious about me yet so I calmly tell them all about the evacuation. They are greatly surprised, and they wonder how such a thing ever happened. I can't explain it myself. I try to tell them the story objectively, but I find that I do slant the story a bit to put the Nisei in a more favorable light. I think that we are going to have a very interesting company as there are so many racial stocks represented. One of these days I will pick the right time to try and pin down the reasons why they are so prejudiced against the Negroes. The fellows don't realize what a truly American group we have. The ancestry of the company includes Irish, French, German, Oriental, Mexican, Greek, Turkish, Jewish, English etc. It can't be much more American than that, except that there are no Negroes in the group. The boys refer to them as "Gigs", "dirges," niggers, and "goos". I almost felt like saying something to one fellow who suggested that we hire a "Nigger" maid to scrub the floors for $1 and intercourse. I merely remarked that Negroes had to work for a living too, and that $1 a day was too cheap a wage.

A sort of clique is developing as the "Illinois" boys on the left side of the barracks on the Ind. floor stick together, while the mixed Los Angeles, Southern, and Middle Atlantic States boys have their own group. It just so happens that our group is the best educated and it consists of older fellows so that the topic

of conversation has a greater variety. There are 5 schoolteachers in the group. The other side of the room consists of younger fellows. However the ringleader is a negative sort of person who is bitten about the whole thing, and he works himself into a nervous exhaustion by his constant complaining. He gripes about the food, the details and about everything in general. He is going to lower the morale of the group unless he changes his habirs and attitudes. The fellow is 30, and very mad at the Army for drafting him so that he is resentful about everything. He tries to cover up by acting in a hard boiled manner. He only went to the 7th grade in school.

This noon, he was making some loud nationalistic remarks about the proper custody of the atomic bomb. He felt that the U.S. should make a lot of them and hoard them away. Grimes and I tried to point out that this was the very sort of thing which would defeat internationalism. We worked upon his dislike of the Army life to point out that a militaristic notion was only headed for another war. Our chief point was that other nations would soon unlock the secret of the atomic bomb so that it was better for the World Security Council to use it as a weapon for Peace. The fellow couldn't see the connection at all so finally I tried an analogy closer to him: "It's just like us fellows in this company. We have to work for the whole group and not just for the platoon in our barracks. Right now we don't know each other too well so we are inclined to be a bit suspicious of one another. At the messhall, some greedy individuals will take two pieces of cake when it is quite obvious that there is only enough for one each. The best thing to do is to use moral pressure on the guy and show him that he is making himself very unpopular. That's a lot better than everyone fighting for the cake. The more we work with the other fellow, the better we get to know him and to understand each other until we find that there is a much better morale to have things this way. But guys will get out of line once in a while, and then the whole group can take care of him." The fellow thought this was a good analogy of

the family of nations. I hope it sticks, but I think that he is too deeply inbued with the Chicago Tribune type of thinking so it won't last. It will be guys like him who will insist after a few years that the veterans run the country and that all aliens be chased out. Some people have queer twists in their thinking, and there is no use in getting emotional creating an argument with him.

There is some justification for complaint in the meals we have been served in the past couple of days, but I don't think it is as bad as some of the more disgruntled say it is. Griping about the food is only a manifestation of the general disatisfaction of the fellows with Army life. I've seen the exact parallel of this in the relocation camps. altho I doubt if it will ever get to the riot stage here as we are governed by the stern military laws. For lunch today we had a chicken stew -- that is, it was flavored with chicken. I got two pieces of skin and some peas with the gravy. It make the fellows very angry, and loud accusations were made that a lot of grafting was going on. One fellow said that he had inside information that one of the mess sergeants was selling choice pieces of meat to his friend who lived off the post, and that he was pocketing all the proceeds. Shades of the Gila rumors!!

One of the things which keeps morale from getting too low is the strenuous training we have which will keep us very occupied for the next seven weeks. There are plenty of recreational programs here. I find that I don't have time to go to many of them. There seems to be dances every night with good orchestras, major caliber sports events, swimming, movies, etc. The best talent is made available. Last night I went with Joe, Jim, and Bob to the Water Follies. This evening Bob and Ed and I went to the movies. I find that I have to make some sort of a decision soon, as I can't keep up with my writing, correspondence, and recreation all at the same time. I will have to do each in moderation so that I can spread my limited time over things I like. I wrote 6 letters last night. Getting letters is a great morale builder and if I expect to receive any I will have to write a few. It's too bad that there isn't a typewriter rental service on the post as it would