

certainly save me time. The way I am drinking cokes these evenings, I will soon run out of money and we won't get our first Army pay until the end of next month. I drank 7 cokes this evening so far and my thirst is not quenched yet. Bob and I are at the Service Club now, and he is writing a letter to his wife so I guess I'll send a few letters to friends too.

September 1, 1945, Saturday

8:30 P.M. This Army life is so strenuous that it is so difficult to keep up with events on the outside. Consequently, the majority of the boys preoccupy themselves with all the little gripes about the Army. That's why so much emphasis is placed upon the dissatisfaction with food! From the remarks made, it sounds as if food is the most important subject in this shattered world. It would be justifiable if we were on a starvation diet, but I think it is generally true that "no man loses weight in the Army and most gain." Some of those boys who had poor diets in civilian life already look healthier. But the way they howl about the food! Captain Wheeler the C.O. told us today that our company had the best record for food in the whole camp for five months. I think that during the confusion of filling up our barracks, the food standard did drop off. Today about 2/3 of the company left the Post on a three day pass and we certainly had food in abundance. I saw Mandar eat three plates of food, and he topped it off with 9 helpings of ice cream! Then he had the nerve to say that the food was lousy! I think the boy just gripes from force of habit. Perhaps, he associates the food with his dislike of Army life, but he won't get far if he keeps up this resentment. The same goes for the rest. I don't particularly like this Army life, but I do believe that I can make it easier for myself by doing the best possible. I still can think on my off duty hours.

There are about four Mexican fellows in the lower barracks, and they are always speaking Spanish. This doesn't make them very popular. One fellow doesn't speak English, I don't think. The other fellows are beginning to let them alone and that's not so good.

The fellow next to me, Billy Sickman, 18, from W. Virginia is a bit slow in his reflexes , and I think he is going to have a hard time in his basic training. He doesn't catch on quite quickly enough, and he doesn't like me to give him any useful suggestions so I let him alone. Ned, the Turkish boy, is on the other side, and he asks me too many questions. He has finally found a friend in the other barracks so he goes off with him every evening.

We are going to lose one of the fellows. He got an emergency 21 day furlough so that when he gets back, he will have to go into the next cycle of training. His baby is seriously sick and he got a telegram to come home immediately. He was one worried man. He told us that the baby was only 4 months old and he has already spent about \$200 in doctor bills for it. He has to go all the way to Oklahoma to his home and the train connections are very poor. The concensus of opinion was that the man never should have been inducted, but the Army doesn't consider personal problems at the time of induction. It always costs the tax payer more in the long run. As Captain Wheeler said to us this morning: "The Army got the wheels going and as far as you fellows are concerned, it still applies to you and you will have to go through the training even if there is peace now." It seems so senseless to draft these married fellows with children. Some of them in our barracks have been spending all of their money for long distance phone calls to their wives and they are practically broke. And they are so helpless without their wives around to do things for them. Harry Gabel and I washed our fatigues and a few shirts after wearing them for 21 days. Harry didn't even know how to wash his shirt so I had to show him. I think I could make some money by doing a little washing on the side, but I have a better use for my limited leisure time than to open a "Chinese laundry." If I had the equipment, I think that I would cut some hair as I got enough practice on Jack and nobody cares how they look anyway! Harry and Carl were saying that they were willing to let a beginner cut their hair for 25¢ so they could save more money for phone calls to their wives. A lot are spending all their money on beer,

and a few of the 18-20 single boys took a 3 day pass for the express purpose of initiating themselves in the secret world of sex. They probably will catch some kind of venereal disease. The fellows want to be men and they are away from their families so that it is hard for them to resist. They hear so much about sex in the barracks that they want to experiment and then brag about their own accomplishments. The Army recognizes this urge so that it provides prophylactics free at the Orderly Room. The Captain told the Company not to take a whole handful of contraceptives as there would be 40,000 soldiers looking for a woman in Richmond. Ed, an 18 year old, went forth for his initiation into the Southern prostitute houses tonight, and he was so excited. He was going around asking the old married fellows what were the chances of catching syphilis. They all advised him to save his money, but he was determined to go so he took another 19 yr. old boy downstairs with him. Ed feels that he won't be a man or a soldier unless this mission is completed. I think he is going to be one disappointed young boy as he expects too much.

We had to start the day with a rush as we were required to dress, wash, and put our leggings on in 10 minutes. That's no easy job, particularly when we have to run downstairs to wash our teeth! Some of the boys were so worried that they got up at 5:30 to get a head start on the leggings. They made so much noise that it woke the rest of us, and we were quite put out for losing a half hour of precious sleep. I've only been getting 6 hours a night as I stay up rather late writing letters and things. Last night Bill Whitney and I went to the Service Club Dance after we finished writing letters, but we didn't have a chance -- 30 girls for 500 men and all the ladies were tall! The next two days will be easy, and then the training starts. This morning we marched out to the training area, and Captain Wheeler gave a lecture to us on the Articles of war. He stressed the 58th, 63-65th, 83rd, and 104th articles. These dealt with the subjects of desertion, A.W.O.L., insubordination, and the disciplinary powers of the C.O. for minor offenses. The severest penalty by court martial is death for desertion. The idea of the lecture

was to impress upon our minds that we had to tow the line and make the best record possible. I think our platoon is fortunate in having Sergeant Patterson as he is an educated young man, and not bit, dumb, and gruff like so many of them. It seems comical for such a young looking man threaten to "chew our ass off if we goofed off" when there are so many older fellows in the barracks. The morale of the upstairs is good and esprit de corps is developing. The fact that we all came from Illinois together helps.

From noon off we were free to do as we please until Monday night. We were all planning what to do, and some of us had ideas of going to Wash., D.C. but our hopes were dashed when they told us that we could not go outside of the 35 mile limit. Most of the boys went to Richmond just to get away for a couple of days. I was going too until the last minute when I changed my mind. I figured that there was not much doing in these sleepy Southern towns and that a lot of time would be spent in just walking around trying to keep from getting bored. The fact that I have to conserve my dwindling resources until pay day at the end of September also influenced the decision. If there were a worthwhile purpose in going out, I would have gone. I don't regret it yet, and I can always go tomorrow or Monday. I figure that recreation will be better and cheaper right here in the camp and I saw enough of Richmond already on the way in.

Carl and Harry were broke so they decided to stay in camp too. We went to the show and then we lounged around the Service Club reading and talking until I started to write this entry. They are still talking and Harry is telling all about the hard time he had in getting started in his teaching career in Wisconsin. He sounds like a Chamber of Commerce for his small home town. They want to go to the Service Club now!

Sunday, September 2, 1945

Today is officially V-J day, and the post war era is definitely upon us. Last night we listened to the surrender ceremonies which took place in Tokyo Bay.

General MacArthur gave a speech, and President Truman also talked from Washington. He gave a brief resume of what the war had cost us, and the role of America in the era of reconstruction. The unconditional surrender terms were signed on the U.S.S. Missouri. Truman made the point that altho the unconditional surrender was official, it did not mean that all hostilities has ended. The soldiers at the Service Club interpreted this as meaning that the end of the duration has not been proclaimed so they could not count upon getting a release within six months. The Army has not stopped drafting, and it will not do so for some months yet.

About six of us sat around in the latrine until about midnight discussing what the post war world would really be like. They felt that the soldiers would get a bad deal in six more months "as we will be regarded as a bunch of bums who have nothing else to do but join the Army." One fellow said that some of the USO's were already closing down and the soldier would be the forgotten man in another year. He concluded that the soldiers would not stand for this pushing around and there would be a lot of trouble if no jobs were available. I tried to get them to talk about the future of internationalism, but they were only interested in more personal things. They did not feel that it was necessary to occupy Japan and Germany for the next ten years. One of the soldiers who has been in the service for 6 mo. remarked: "The boys who have come through all that fighting alive still don't recognize the ideals which they were fighting for. They come back more prejudiced than ever. A couple of them told me that they used to have regular race riots against the colored soldiers in London, but the Army has hushed all of this up. The boys are sick and tired of the whole thing, and they just want to get back into civilian life as fast as they can and to hell with any of the world problems. They figure that they fought for it and now it's up to the law makers to make sure that it works so they won't have their lives disrupted all over again." The group were all married men with the exception of me so they started to speculate on how soon the discharges would come for them. Carl was certain that all married men over

26 would be discharged before next July.

I met one of the boys who just camp back from the one weeks bivouac and he really did stink. He swears that one of his company stepped on a booby trap and his head was blown off. He also said that a couple were led away with handkerchiefs over their eyes. We got a little worried about this because we have to go on the A.P. Hill during our last week of basic. Harry Gabel thought that it was not necessary for the Army to have such realistic battle conditions for us now that the war is over. I concluded that the Army could find better use for us by giving the technical training immediately. Carl believed that our group would all be placed in personnel work in the separation centers so that we would never see occupation duty. If I am in the Army, I think I would rather go overseas rather than be stuck in some God-forsaken Army Post in the South. One of the boys claimed that he saw our shipping orders and that I was slated to go to Fort Orglethorpe in Geo. to do my technical training. I think that too damn many rumors are going around this place and I resolve not to believe anything until a responsible person tells me. That fellow from the A.P. Hill certainly did get us worried though. But how much fortunate we are if that's the only danger which we will face. It must have been pretty rough on the boys who trained while the war was still on as they had to think about the chances for getting killed in battle.

Neil and his friend returned from Petersberg as they were very disappointed with the town. A few others have drifted back and I bet that most will not stay in town for the 3 days. Ned of Persia went in by himself, and he hasn't returned yet. A couple of the boys are very mad at him for "goofing off" from work. Ned has the most bored expression on his face. I feel sorry for the guy, but he hasn't come around to a more cooperative spirit yet. He is the most comical sight when he flops on his bed and fans his face with his handkerchief, all the time complaining how hot it is. Frank got mad and he said that Ned should be used to the heat because he came from a hot country. Harry is mad at him because Ned loves the

Chicago Tribune just because it has an anti-Russian policy. Harry gets upset very easily when anyone speaks up in favor of that isolationist paper. I'm more sympathetic to Ned, but I wish that he would quit asking so many damn fool questions. He lays on his bed so bored, and every two minutes he is asking me what time it is. Ned hasn't caught on to a lot of American customs so I try to overlook a lot of things. I think I am more patient than some of the others.

I tried like hell to explain the concept of an American, but it just didn't register with Ned. He was born of Persian parentage in Turkey. He has never been in Persia and he doesn't know the language, but yet he considers himself a Persian. He thinks that I am Japanese from the same basis of thinking. I tried to explain that American citizenship was defined in a different way, but he just can't understand it. But I guess he's no worse than a lot of native born Americans when it comes to that. Ned hasn't taken my suggestion about being more cooperative about work so several of the boys dislike him for that. They just consider that he is plain lazy without recognizing that an element of cultural conflict is present. Ned told me that his folks sent him \$120 a month before he joined the Army, and he implied that his family was comfortably well off and that they belonged to a fairly high social class. This fact conflicts with conditions in the Army where every man is equal, and where the rookies do all sorts of work without regard to their former civilian status. This is one lesson that Ned has to learn, and he is doing it the hard way.

There is another uncooperative guy, Williams, in our barracks. He had his own business before induction so he resents details like washing windows. The boys fixed him up yesterday. They were washing the barracks windows and Williams felt that he should only do his own. He talked a lot about how the job should be done, and then he sneaked away after doing only his own windows. The other fellows got sore about this so they cleaned all the windows and then they came back and soaped up the window that Williams had done, and quit. When the inspection came,

William really caught hell for having the dirty window. That should teach him to be more cooperative heresafter!

There is a sharp cleavage developing in our barracks between the Northern and Southern boys. I think that the Southern boys are at fault as they act too cliquish and they do not accept our friendly advances too well. It is going to take a little time to break them down.

I had a very comfortable rest last night, and I did not have to rush up at the sound of the bugle this morning as we are officially on "pass." It was good to lounge around, even tho the Army beds are narrow. The boy above me hasn't returned so that I was disturbed with a lot of tossing and turning. The top beds are very uncomfortable so the boy went to Richmond just to go sleep in a soft bed.

About a dozen fellows in our barracks returned from town last night, and I expect the majority of them to come dragging in today instead of tomorrow. It started to rain this morning so we just sat around and had a very nice bull session. It was the first good one we have had and I thought it was very interesting.

Grimes on Petersburg: "It was a soldier jammed town yesterday, and thousands of them were walking up and down the main drag without a thing to do. The clip joints were taking them all for a ride, and I suspect that many will come back with V.D. if they picked up those cheap women I saw. I wasn't interested in seeing B girls and cheap taverns so I went up to the Capital Heights area. There were no GI's up there since they weren't interested in seeing any historical sights. I saw where Lee had his headquarters for 6 months during the Civil War. Then I ate two very nice hamburgers. I decided to return to camp as there wasn't anything else of interest.

There were about 10 of us in the all morning bull session, but only five did all the talking. We covered every subject from International politics down to possible Army discharge. It was the first intelligent discussion I have heard since coming into the Army. Gabel and I were opposed to Grimes' definition of the freedom

of speech, and that's how the whole thing started. Grimes said that Bilbo of Mississippi had a perfect right to say anything he wanted to in the Senate, but we maintained that he had no license to advocate fascist doctrines in violation of constitutional guarantee. Grimes answered that altho he didn't agree with Bilbo's philosophy, he still had the right to say anything he pleased, and that was the most healthy safety valve we could have for democracy. Gabel then came back with the comment that it was not the will of the people, and I supported this by adding that Senator Bilbo was not really representative of the people of Mississippi, and some reform was necessary in our political structure so that all people could vote -- including the Negroes. Grimes granted that this was the ideal situation, but he was sceptical about it ever being accomplished in our time. He is really a liberal and a bright person, but he was just debating from an academic viewpoint. When Goodman and Williams began to take up the racial doctrine that the Negro should be kept in his place, Grimes quickly turned over to our side, and the big argument was on. Goodman and Williams got very emotional about the whole thing and they accused us of being "Nigger lovers." Goodman said that in Oklahoma, they ran Negroes out of certain counties and he thought this was the only way to handle them. He really gave us a clear picture of Southern prejudice and it was impossible to make him see reason as he was too charged with emotionalism. He threw us the stark question: "Would you like to see your sister married to a damn Nigger bastard?" Grimes, Gabel and I tried to eliminate this argument by saying that the problem was greater than intermarriage between whites and blacks. All this time I had no consciousness that I was any different, and I certainly did my best in trying to defend the democratic idealism. Grimes, Gabel and I had the advantage since we knew a bit more of the factual information, and it wasn't an emotional issue with us. The prejudice is not limited to the Southerners as Williams also had some things to say about the Negroes:

"Any white man who plays around with a Nigger woman should have his nut cut off.

They are the dirtiest race in the world and they all have syphilis. They don't want to improve their positions and they live in stinking hellholes. They are all out trying to cut up the white man. Last nite in Petersburg, two gigs cut up a soldier. The only way to get rid of the Negro problem is to get rid of all of them. There are a couple of exceptions, but not many. In my town (in Philidelphia) there was a Nigger man and he played square with me. I invited him to dinner once and he eat at the table with me just like a white man. But I have no use for them black bastards as a whole."

Goodman backed him up with even more drastic statements: "I wouldn't want them to put a damn Nigger in this barrack. They are only  $2/3$  human, and they were better off as slaves. They don't deserve to be equal with us. I bet you my bottom dollar that we will see a civil war between whites and blacks in my lifetime. The no good sons of bitches are trying to move out of their 'place' ever since Roosevelt became a Nigger lover. They will try to take over the country pretty soon if we don't keep them down. I wouldn't eat in the same house with any of them, and there are no exceptions."

It was hard to convince them differently when they were so charged with emotionalism. We explained that there was no biological difference between whites and blacks and that the blood types were the same. Goodman reflected the social thinking patterns of the South and he accepted these biases like many people accept religion. We pointed out how the dual system was wrecking the South because they couldn't afford to have a double educational system. Rogers said he went into a 5 and 10¢ store in Petersburg yesterday and there were different drinking fountains for white and colored. He couldn't see the sense of installing two sets as it was a waste of money. Goodman said we could never understand the Southern way of thinking, but they had lived with the blacks for a couple of hundred years and they knew how to keep them in place. When I tried to find out the reason why the Negro had to be kept down, Goodman didn't have the answer.

It is a set of conditions which he has just accepted and he has never thought of the reasons why. We felt that it was just this type of thinking which would contribute to the development of native fascism. The whole thing disturbs me, because it's so hard to make these prejudiced persons weigh things from a factual basis.

Goodman expressed the opinion that the Constitution did not refer to the Niggers so that it was not undemocratic to deny them the white man's rights. Grimes then asked him how he felt about me -- a Japanese American. Goodman answered that I should have American rights because I could be classed with the white race. What a dangerous doctrine to propose!! I then told Goodman and the group of some of my experiences at the time of the evacuation. They felt that it was a miscarriage of justice, but it was unavoidable because of the great threat to America right after Pearl Harbor and no chances could be taken. Harry said that the one good thing which came out of it was the fact that the Nisei had been widely scattered as a result of the resettlement policy. He believed that this was the best solution to race problems of this country. Grimes was dubious as he said that dispersal would not by itself change our social attitudes towards the Negroes. I felt that it could work in the case of the Nisei since set social patterns had not been imposed upon them at the time of evacuation, and that this was a drastic step in the direction of breaking down color barriers. Most of this was over the heads of Goodman and Williams, but we finally did get them to admit that they would agree to greater economic and educational opportunities for the Negroes if we eliminated the topic of racial intermarriage.

I think that we are in a position to do a lot of educational work in our barracks, particularly among the few 18-20 year old boys whose thinking habits have not become molded to any set pattern yet. Our barracks actually is not representative of the Army since we don't have a good cross representation. There is a greater proportion of college men and liberal thinkers in our group than usually found in

an average barracks -- and consequently the level of conversation reaches a higher plane. However, we have the Southern boys to deal with. Goodman is of Jewish ancestry and he has the distorted Southern attitude towards Negroes, while Williams is of Welsh ancestry and his grandparents left England to seek freedom of economic opportunity in the New World. They left the oppression of the Wales coal mines behind them, but their descendants took on many prejudices as they rose up the economic ladder. The one thing I hope is that our conversation may cause them to stop and think before making extreme racial statements as they know that several of us in the barracks will call them on it now. Goodman and Williams backed down on almost every argument they made when we presented the facts but I doubt if it will change their ways of thinking. The most it may do is to prevent them from poisoning the minds of the younger boys in the barracks.

We also had a discussion on internationalism. Gabel and I thought that this objective would be reached more quickly if the 2/3 vote rule by the Senate were eliminated. Grimes thought that the 2/3 rule was good because it put a check on too hasty decisions. Gabel and I believed that it was not democratic for 1/3 of the Senators to block the majority will of the people. He cited the Federalist Papers which indicated a fear of the common man; but he said that his reason for approving the 2/3 rule was because it was a good check and balance system. I said that the Constitution was an idealistic document, but not too sacred to change if condition made it necessary. Grimes answered that these changes would come about anyway, and it didn't hurt to go at a slow pace as hasty action often caused regrets later. I would say that Grimes is a liberal-conservative in his political thinking, while Gabel and I are more inclined to the liberal-radical point of view.

The lunch call came so we broke up the session. We all agreed that it was a very stimulating discussion because it developed spontaneously. Our lunch today was excellent and everyone expressed satisfaction with it. I ate half of a fried

chicken by myself and it was simply delicious!! Since there were so few boys left in the company, we could have gotten seconds on the chicken, but my stomach couldn't hold another bite -- I was so full. If the good food keeps up, the boys will lose their main topic for griping. But, there are many other dissatisfactions with Army life which can be seized upon as the scapegoats. One boy expressed our attitudes towards the Army when he said: "I wanted to be in this Army when the war was still on, but now I feel useless in it."

After lunch, Carl, Grimes, Roger and I came down to the library. In a few minutes I will sort of browse around. There seems to be a good collection of books here and I plan to read a few if I can squeeze in the time after next week -- This will probably be the most restful and enjoyable weekend I will have for the next two months, as we plunge into our basic training next week, while the rest of the world plunges into the problems of the "post-war" reconversion period. I think I am enjoying this experience, but only God knows why! Could it be an escape from "post-war" realities??

9:30 P.M.

It poured buckets of rain most of the afternoon so that it was fortunate we were in the library. I enjoyed the atmosphere there. They were playing classical recordings which made it nice and comfortable. There are two floors in this library filled with all sorts of books, and newspapers from all over. As far as I can see, there is no Army Index on books, altho I had previously heard that certain books on controversial issues were banned. I picked up Hemingway's "Men at War" and after reading a few selections in it I was more convinced than ever that I didn't like war -- altho we had to fight this one after we got into it. That is past history now, and I hope that we have profited by the lesson. Hemingway brought this out most clearly and I was impressed with it because of my past groping around for an answer to the seemingly irreconcilable dilemma between the desire to uphold Democracy and my dislike for senseless wars. He says in the

Introduction:

"The editor ... hates wars and hates all the politicians whose mismanagement, gullibility, cupidity, selfishness and ambition brought on this present war and made it inevitable. But once we have a war there is only one thing to do. It must be won. For defeat brings worse things than any that can ever happen in a war. Regardless of how this was brought on, step by step, in the Democracies betrayal of the only countries that fought on were ready to fight to prevent it, there is only one thing to do now ... We must win it at all costs... We must win it never forgetting what we are fighting for, in order that while we are fighting Fascism we do not slip into the ideas and ideals of Fascism."

I think that the main reason why we have not had any good war books which tell the truth is because most writers were too filled with the propaganda. It's hard during war time to speak up, but I'm hoping that there will be a reaction against all sorts of militarism now that the possibility for achieving some form of internationalism has been reached. I went to the movies tonight and I saw a grim picture of the rape of Mainia by the Japanese troops. Six months ago it would have made me boiling mad against the Japs; but tonight it only nauseated me to think that War could make man so degraded to refine murder instruments into such a fine art -- and that even includes the Atomic bomb. There just can't be another war, and I'm for reducing the armed services immediately as a strong Army is a dangerous force in peace time, particularly if we start having any social upheavals in this country. Carl feels the same way, only he has a closer personal reason for it. He misses his wife so much, and he finds it difficult to adjust himself to this Army life without her. While we were sitting in the theater, he said that he would never vote for an increase in armaments as he was convinced that this would only result in giving the military encouragement to start another war. He feels that the boys in the Army now are a lost generation and they may have to engage in another war -- with Russia "Once we start a policy of foreign wars, there is no withdrawing from it unless we do it now -- and drastically. The

only way to do that is to get rid of this vast military machine before it gets control over Congress and everything else. I'm really afraid of that as so many of those top Army officials don't want to give up the power they were given in the war emergency. I hope things work out and 6 million men will be demobilized by next summer -- with me among them." I don't see how we can possibly eliminate wars unless we can get truly democratic, and for all nations to quit exploiting the masses and allow them to have the freedom of the vote. That's a tough order, but it must be done.

The movie this evening, "Kiss and Tell" was a light farce and enjoyable enough. The Army posts don't seem to show more serious movies with "social significance" very often; but that is more the fault of Hollywood which does not make them. After the movie Harry, Carl, Ed Houser and I went to the Service Club's talent show and orchestra concert. I was too short to see over the heads of all those soldiers so I came on over here to the library. I'm enjoying the luxury of an easy going life this weekend because it can't be like that any more after Monday. I can't say that I am bored at all; but I am a little lonesome for home and all that it represents. But, I just don't feel restless like most of the fellows and I am beginning to feel that there must be something wrong with me. I picked up another acquaintanceship on the other side of the barracks. Ed Houser is from Illinois, but he has been in the base hospital with pneumonia for 3 mo. so that he didn't go thru basic training with his bunch. He seeks out the Illinois and Midwest boys as he claims the Southerners are not very friendly. Ed is broke and he has no place to go so I took him to the show with me. I think I'd better quit lending money as I haven't got too much left. But I felt worry for Ed staying alone in the barracks while we all went out.

Monday, September 3, 1945

Noon. Labor Day, so we don't have to do anything. Most of the boys in the barracks came back from town last night, but about 10 are still absent. I went

to the woods this morning with Carl and Harry -- and I'm still out here. It's really nice out here. The woods are full with soft pine trees and the birds are tweeting away. We passed one training combat area with a miniature battleground. There was one false grave with a sign saying that "this man failed to dig a foxhole." We have concocted a story about how a Lieutenant told us that the man was killed in basic training and we will tell Grimes. He is always so positive about everything and always taking a different point of view. He insists that no man has ever been killed in basic training so we have made up a good story for him! Harry and Grimes are always arguing about something and I'm usually drawn in eventually. Last night it was about the validity of I.Q. tests. Harry taught high school in No. Michigan before he was inducted, while Grimes was in the Detroit Civil Service Commission after getting his M.A. at U. of Chicago. It gets Harry excited when we kid him about his alma mater -- Northwestern. It's all in fun though.

We were gabbing away in a bull session until after midnight. At first they started out by comparing the weight and height of their wives, and pretty soon they pulled out wallets to look at their respective children by matchlight. It was touching in a way because up to now, very few of the fellows really expressed their lonesomeness for the family life. Goodman and Williams were surprising to me because they really seemed to be good family men. They were giving me a lecture on why a husband should be faithful to their wives while in the Army. Williams said that he had been married for 9 years, but it wasn't until he got into the Army that he realized how beautiful his wife really was. Goodman said that a married man was crazy if he was unfaithful because there was so much danger of contracting syphilis from an Army camp tramp. He said that it was too dangerous to later take the chance of infecting his wife and children. There isn't as much obscenity going on in our floor because the fellows are older. Downstairs, the young boys are talking about sex in various forms all the time.

This morning we didn't have to arise until 7:30 as it was a holiday. We

got a chance to eat a very leisurely breakfast and have a conversation. Usually, we are so rushed that we only have time to bolt our food down and run. We got into a comparison between city and country life. The opinions were divided. Harry said that a small town was best because the living costs were cheaper, housing facilities better, and the people more friendly. Ed maintained that the advantages of city life were greater because of recreational facilities, opportunities for a better education and career opportunities. Carl said that living in a suburb was best as it had the advantages of both city and town. Our conversation was rudely broken up by the Mess Sarge who wanted us to "get the hell out of here. What do you think this is, a tea party?" We are getting used to the non-coms yelling as it is second nature with them. It makes us laugh, until it is directed at us.

I really am enjoying this weekend as it has given me the chance to get acquainted with the fellows better than ever. A lot of the initial barriers has broken down and there is a growing cooperative spirit. It has given me a chance to write a few letters, read a bit, wash my clothes, etc. All of us are taking advantage of it as it will be our last break from the strenuous life for the next month and a half. The boys who went to town have been very disappointed, and they regret spending their money up without getting any value in return. We have to start back for lunch now.

8:30 P.M.

I'm going to jump into bed early so that I'll have a good rest in preparation for the start of the basic tomorrow. This afternoon we went down to the field to see the boxing matches. We broiled in the sun for a couple of hours before they announced that the matches would be postponed until 5:00 due to the breakdown of the buses bringing the boxers in. When it did start, it turned out to be a fair program but nothing was wildly exciting. Joe Louis, Lee Oma, Buddy Baer and other pro fighters were there to do the referees. Joe Louis got the best reception.

The only thing which spoiled the program was the acid comments of the loud mouth sports announcer Sam Loub from N.Y. He gave a lot of baloney about wishing that he were "young enough to be in the Army but I have two boys in the service so I know what it is like." The boys booed him plenty for that. During the waiting, the overseas boys started to chant: "We want a discharge, we want a discharge." They are getting plenty impatient. I don't think about it too much, but Carl follows every news item upon possible discharges. He thinks that all those over 30 will be out by next spring. The way he keeps guessing, he is bound to hit upon the exact time we will be out sooner or later. The latest war department announcement is that 6 million men will be discharged by July 1st. Harry does not think that this is possible because he doesn't have much confidence in the Army efficiency. He bases this upon the fact that it took one month for the Army to forward the box of candy from his wife! Harry is convinced that the Army is one of the most anti democratic forces in the country now: "Before I was inducted, I used to be for a large military force, but I have lost confidence in the Army after seeing the way it has bungled things up. That's why I believe that the Army will never succeed in getting a half million men to re-enlist and we will have to stay longer. The fault is that the Army system is only democratic for the officer group. That's why there is such a gulf between the 'brass' hats and the boys. All down the line there is inequalities, and the thing which is resented the most is the Army Cast system. This has no place in a democratic society and the fellows won't go for it. I think that this is the sentiment of almost every enlisted man."

The boys have all returned from town and in general they were not satisfied with the pass as it cost them too much money with no return. Ed was absolutely disgusted because "there were so many GI's that I couldn't even talk to a girl. Romey, Paras and Al and Rogers seemed to have a good time as they went to a private club where they got drinks for 15¢ a shot. They had girls, but they all

claimed that they behaved themselves. It cost them \$35-\$45 each for the three days of fun, but they don't regret it. However, they decided not to tell their wives about their activities. Romey concluded that next week he was going to be smart and go out into the woods and read a book all day. The boys don't like these Southern town very much as there were too many footloose GI's around. Harry got worried when Bob Withey told him that it cost \$6 a night for a hotel room in Richmond as he is expecting his wife to come down next week. He has decided that he and his wife will have more enjoyment if they go way out into the woods instead of looking for fun in town. From what was said, I think that it was a wise decision to remain in camp.

There is a crises as somebody stole socks and hangers from the boys. Now the boys are suspicious, and mad! It's too bad that there are thieves around here as we should trust one another completely. The hangers only cost 2¢ apiece, but they are hard to get. One of the boys has a radio here, but he is afraid to leave it around now. All the fellows are talking about buying locks now. I put my combination lock on too!

A sergeant exploded a rumor for me. He told us that the notch on our metal identification was not for the purpose of holding the teeth of a dead soldier open. He said that it was for the purpose of facilitating the stamping of these disks and nothing else. The "teeth rumor" is one of the most commonly believed ones in the Army. Rumors are a very part of our lives. Today the boys were all second guessing about where we would go for our technical training. So many of them claim to have seen the "shipping orders" but each say it is a different destination. Fort Oglathorpe (?) seems to be the most common rumor, but Grimes said that 2 fellows and I were on another list. We have 7 weeks to guess about our next location. I hope it isn't further south.

Tuesday, September 4, 1945

6:30 P.M. It wasn't so bad for the first day of basic, but we are certainly kept

busy. This evening, we are restricted because we messed up the packs. We had four or five lectures from Lieut. Gallup during the day, and some drill on how to march, come to attention, making turns, cover, parade rest, getting distance, normal intervals, preparatory commands and execution, at ease, close rank, double time, dress right and a lot of other things. The fun started when the platoons were put through these orders, and we made plenty of mistakes. Our platoon was handicapped by the Mexican man who doesn't understand English, by the boy who finds it impossible to keep pace, and several slow minded boys who just couldn't catch on. A "goof squad" was started for those whose reactions are slower. The way those sergeants yell is enough to confuse anyone! That's the old style psychology, but the Army still believes that the best method is by yelling instead of getting cooperation through respect of leadership.

The order we like to hear less of is "Fall out." We have to run down the stairs every time. This noon we had to do it three times because we were not prompt enough. We were tired from the early morning start, but we will get used to it. It was fortunate for us that it was cool today -- comparatively! The lectures were not exciting, but the Lieutenant did his best to indoctrinate us to military life. The only interesting part of it was the chart which explained the organization of the Army all the way from the Commander in Chief down to me. Everything links in, but I still wonder how the Army can function so efficiently with such a complicated chain of command. A mock battle was going on in the vicinity so I didn't hear all that was said.

I didn't care for the lecture on discipline either. He said that it was a prompt, intelligent, willing, and cheerful obedience to the will of the leader. That sounds like instructions direct from Hitler! A long line was also handed us about the pride we should feel in saluting.

The only lecture that I disliked was the one given on chemical warfare. I just can't see the sense of the nations outlawing gas warfare, and then going into a

full blast preparation for it just in case the other did use it first. We got a pleasant picture of what it would do -- choking, blister, paralyze, vomit. Then we were given gas masks which we will later get to use in training.

We ended the day by packing our field packs for the first time and we really did have said results. The Sarge was so mortified that he insisted that we stay in after dinner to practice the packs for a while. I just got through making mine, and it's too late to do anything this evening. Some of the boys have to do KP and others are scheduled for night firemen. They believe in keeping us busy. The rifles will be issued tomorrow, and the Sarge promises that all of our leisure time will be spent in cleaning it. The C.O. doesn't believe in us getting bored.

I learned how the Army takes care of teeth. It just pulls them out. One boy had 10 teeth pulled! How nice!! On top of that, these boys have to go out and drill for two hours in order to make up the classes they missed. I hope that the Army remedy for defective eyes is not to pull them out because I have to go fitted tomorrow. What a busy life. By the time I get shaved and cleaned up it will be time to go to bed!

11:00 P.M.

Bob and I crashed a western movie and went to the USO dance for a while to look on after we left the library. I haven't been to bed by the time lights go out at 9:30 P.M. yet so I always have to undress in the dark.

Wednesday, September 5, 1945

9:00 P.M. Just came over from the movies, "Captain Kidd" (Charles Laughton), to the rec hall with a bunch from our barracks. Bob Whitney and I are writing letters and stuff for a couple of hours, and I may get to read the papers a little later on. It's been a very easy day, but I feel so tired.

I can't focus my eyes very well yet because I had some drops put in my eyes

this morning for a refraction test and everything is bleary. Bob W. and I went over for our appointment the first thing after breakfast and we had to wait most of the morning so that we missed training. We will have to make up the class tomorrow night.

The drops makes the light hurt my eyes, but I'll have to get some more next Saturday. I don't like the idea of missing classes as it means my evening is tied up; but is important that I see well enough for the rifle training. We got lost in the hospital as it has so many wings so that we ended up in the prisoners' ward and the V.D. clinic. The guard chased us away and he threatened to make us pick up all the cigarette butts in the area if we did not make dust -- only he said it in more colorful language. I walked right past a captain without saluting as I could hardly see the man. Bob had his dark glasses on so he was able to open his eyes more. I didn't believe him at first when he said that it was cloudy enough to rain, but we just made it back to the barracks before it started to pour. We were congratulating ourselves on our good luck of missing drill when the First Sergeant came in on his inspection tour. He ordered us to put on our packs and go to the drill field, but the Corporal in the orderly room relented when I said I couldn't see. I made my point clearer by bumping into the door on the way out!

There was a rumor going arojnd that we will have 13 weeks of basic training instead of only 7 because there is not so much of a rush. The boys all feel that no basic training is necessary as we will be trained for another line. They think that it will be of no value at all to us, but Bob and I concluded this morning that it will be good physical conditioning. Bob and I talked for a couple of hours while we were waiting. He paid me a compliment when he said: "You know, Charlie, you've been an education for me. Before I knew you, I always had that common belief that all Japanese and their descendants were a stoic people. I thought they had no sense of humor until you came along. I never saw such a cheerful cuss like you. I half believed all those stories about all those of Japanese ancestry being cruel

and treacherous even tho it was insulting my intelligence. It was you who made the point clear to me. On the way down, Joe and I saw you get on the train and we sort of wondered. We would have ignored you like we did the Negro fellows until you started going around and making friends right away. It struck me then that you were just like us, and I learned your name among the very first. I have the theory that it's better for all people to mix up and be just plain Americans like the rest of us average people. What's the use of stressing differences all the time? You made me realize that a Nisei, is that what you call it, could be cultural like anyone else."

We were also talking about careers for the post-Army period. Bob said that he didn't know what he was going to do, but he felt that it was about time that he made a little money for his wife. He was teaching high school in Sonoma, Calif. this spring, and he worked as an assistant personnel director for a defense plant just prior to induction. He thinks that he would like to be a super salesman after he gets out of the service with some new fast selling product developed during the war. His brother is a Warrant Officer in the Marines so Bob went to visit him last weekend. We seemed to have hit it off so that we are beginning to pal around a bit. Carl, Harry, Joe, and Jim McGuire also go more or less in our group. We go to the PX to drink beer or cokes and shoot the bull. Joe maczinski is a milkd mannered fellow, but he gets very mad when the Sarge mispronounces it. It's only an outward manifestation of his inward dislike for the Army. He is very lonesome for his wife and kids. We all feel that too much stress is being placed on this saluting business because the officers are anxious to preserve the military cast system. Our whole barracks felt good today because we won first place in the barracks inspection of the company and a little plaque will be placed over our door. The inspections are very stiff as everything is standardized and done the Army way. All the clothes have to hang in a certain way with buttons all buttoned, shoes have to be lined in a row, and even the ledges are inspected for dust.

This will probably be the last time that we get Weds. afternoons off but we may

get the full weekend off if the 40 hr. week is extended to the trainees. I hope so even tho we won't be permitted to go to Washington, D.C. I've seen most of the historical spots in Richmond and Petersburg already. It was in Richmond that Patrick Henry proclaimed "Give me Liberty, or give me death." Also saw spots where Grant and Lee fought and there is a spot in Richmond which Captain John Smith bought from the Indians. There's plenty of historical spots around and I still intend to see more of them. The capitol building in Richmond was designed by Thomas Jefferson. The librarian told me quite a bit of Virginia history last night.

I had a very leisurely afternoon today, and I can't understand why some of the boys get bored. I wrote Bette a long letter and washed a few pairs of stinking socks. Our rifles and carbines were issued this afternoon and it took about an hour to clean them. I didn't even have any interest in examining the rifles, but I'll know how to take them apart and put them together by the time we are finished with basic. I was going to bed early but I guess I won't now.

I got my first letter -- from Bette -- and it felt good to get my name called out in rollcall, even better than eating the candy and cookies that the other boys have been receiving. Bette is having a crisis about her scholarship and it's partly my fault (letter attached). I wrote her a detailed letter on what to do, and also sent an explanatory letter to Student Relocation. It seems that Student Relocation found out that Bette received a scholarship from Kobe also and they feel that something fishy is going on. Actually, there was no "cheating" involved as Bette did use every cent for school. She just neglected to mention that part of the money came from another source. There was no attempt at deception since it was necessary for Bette to get both sums in order to go to the U. of Chicago, and she was acting in good faith throughout. It's a tough spot for Bette to be in, but I think that it can be straightened out. I told her to mention that she was acting on my advice so there shouldn't be any reason why Student Relocation should deny further assistance unless it wants to be small about it. She could say that technically the Kobe grant

was only a loan since the papers were made out in that way. I told Bette that I would see her through as it would be impossible for her to finish college without some sort of help and I don't want her to drop out of school for any reason.

I wrote to Student Relocation to explain Bette's position, and I hope that it will be useful in clarifying the whole thing. It has a new director who doesn't know our peculiar problems so that's why some questions were raised. I played up the point that I was less able to help Bette because of the family resettlement problems and I'm hoping that this will help out. It would be a pity if Bette were penalized for following my advice because she does have an intense desire to go through with her college education. If I only had enough money to see her all the way through, it would ease the worries immeasurably. Oh well, it's things like this which makes life more interesting. Bette doesn't deserve those bad breads though.

I don't know if we are entering a rainy season or not, but I hope not. It will make our basic training much more miserable if we have to slosh through the Virginia mud. My eyes are drooping so I think I had better go home and retire. It gets harder and harder to arise in the morning. There's a boy in our barracks who owns a radio and he insists upon listening to the hill billy music until late at night. About 4:00 A.M. we are always disturbed by the boys who have to get up for K.P. Frank Paros gets up about a half hour before reveille and he makes a lot of noise getting his leggins on. What a life!!

Thursday, September 6, 1945

9:00 P.M. Whew! I feel mighty tired, my back and legs ache and my whole body is limp after the workout we got today. I just finished up for the day, and after a refreshing shower, I feel much better. When I came in from the field, I thought sure that I would never be able to take another day of this tough conditioning. It would be a lot easier for us if the corporal of our barracks could explain things in correct English. I don't know what Narcolli is saying half of the time. He is

a little runt with a large abusive tongue which practically makes us cringe every time. At heart, I suppose he means well, but he certainly doesn't act like it. He murders the King's English, and his teaching manners are bad. He uses the wrong psychology because he could get far better results if he kept his voice down instead of hollering at us. I admit that we are pretty dumb rookies, but so were all the rest. If they wouldn't insult our intelligence so much, I'm sure that we would do even better than we are. That's the part I don't like about this military life. All of the fellows upstairs are inclined to think in this way. But our platoon doesn't get yelled at as much as the others. Our spirits rose this noon when we found out that we had won the inspection plaque for the second day in a row.

This morning we learned how to take our guns apart and assemble them. I was very clumsy at it the first time, but it was due to the faulty instruction. Narcolli tried to tell us that interchangeable parts meant that the parts could not be used in another gun. Grimes corrected him on it, and he got bawled out. Narcolli got angry and he said that common sense would have told us that he meant non-interchangeable! Then he went on to explain that the trajectory of a bullet traveled at an angle of 68" from the ground. This confused all of us because we couldn't figure out how an object could make an angle like that when fired from a rifle. He meant that the bullet traveled parallel to the ground to a maximum height of 68" up to 750 yards and then rose.

Our MI rifles are a marvelous piece of workmanship and very easy to assemble. We worked on it for a couple of hours. One boy dropped his in the sand so he has to sleep with it tonight. Terrible things will happen to us if we don't treat our rifles like our right arms.

For the rest of the morning we saw a training film on the dangers of contracting V.D. disease from "pick-ups." It was a very good film and I found it quite educational. I think it will make some of those boys stop and think before picking up strange women hereafter.

We had our raincoats with us as we marched back to the barracks, but we couldn't put them on. By the time we got into the messhall, we were drenched. It's hard to tell what the Cadre (our instructors) want because they are always yelling at us. Half of the time it is very difficult, if not impossible, to figure out what the commands are, so consequently the execution of the order is slow. But, we dare not say anything directly or we will get thrown on K.P. That's the good old Army remedy for every sort of delinquency -- real or imagined!

We didn't have time to take a deep breath before we were called out again. It's quite a load to lug the rifle, the cartridge belt and a few other things on the march, and invariable some person drops things. This is the signal for the Sarge to blow his top in his most choice language. It really is amusing, but if we don't take him seriously he will make us do extra drills on our own time. We can't win! One boy was hungry this morning so he grabbed an extra pancake without the proper military authorization, and the mess sergeant told him that he had to do K.P. for two weeks straight. That's a pretty high price to pay for those spongy pancakes we had.

We had another lecture on military courtesy after lunch. This is stressed over and over, and it's the part that I dislike the most. I think that the 2nd lieutenants make asses out of themselves for insisting upon the salute so much. They are so afraid that we will not recognize their "superior" positions. All sorts of dire punishments were promised if we did not do it. The non-coms gave demonstrations on the proper way to salute, and it made us howl when even they made mistakes. We were shown another training film on why we are fighting and the propaganda film was a little nauseating. All it did was wave the flag instead of attempting to present some of the basic causes for this war just completed. None of the fellows on our floor were stirred up much, and they agreed that the whole thing was rather silly.

The balance of the afternoon was spent in exercising! We stripped down to the

waist and Lieutenant Gallup put us through the works. I'll say this for him -- he went right along with us while a few of the non-coms took breaths when they got tired. My chest felt like it had ropes around it after we did this for a half hour. It was the hardest on my legs. But I got through the whole thing in better shape than a lot of the others. Altho, I was drooping when we marched in, I was glad that our tough physical conditioning has started. This is the best part of Army life as far as I'm concerned, and I was looking forward to it. I may regret it at the end of each exhausting day, but at the end of the training period, I should be in the best health I have been in for years. All the other regimentation forces are only secondary and I can swallow them if I don't let it get my goat. If I shoot off my top, I'll end up in the guardhouse. Our company commander looks like a decent fellow so I'm sure that we could appeal to him in the event that the discipline was too row. The boys growl a lot, but we are getting a solid barracks spirit now because we won the inspection test 2 times and the other 3 platoons in the company haven't won it once.

After our evening meal, we had to clean our rifles. Then Bob and I went to the makeup class for the half day we missed yesterday. It got borong so we sneaked out at 8:30. Tomorrow is another day, and I suspect that I will get more tired as the days progress. I just don't have any leisure time anymore.

Ed Gremblen and I were talking while cleaning the rifles, and he mentioned that he might enlist for a three year hitch in the regular Army. His reasoning was very practical, but he can have it for himself as I wouldn't want any part of it even though I don't feel caged or restless now. Ed's reasons: "I'm only 18, and I never had a chance to go through that devil may care period of life, because I had to grow up all of a sudden and be a man when I was inducted into the Army. There's no chance for me to get out before 2 years and by that time I may not want to go to college. I have been thinking of trying for a West Point appointment, or to go to college while in the Army. There will be some ASTP programs going on for a

long time and I might as well try and get into one. I don't think an Army career is so bad. I've never worked in a real job so I wouldn't have a chance in civilian life anyway. It's not missing much since I barely started to get a taste of civilian life before I came in. There will be no jobs for us guys in a couple of years so I have been thinking that it may be better to stay in. The occupation of Japan is going to last for 2 years anyway." I suggested that it could be cut a lot shorter if a great many American soldiers intermarried with Japanese girls. Ed answered that American girls would get too jealous to even allow such a thing to happen. Ed is with the "liberal" group in the barracks a lot and we have been influencing his thinking quite a bit. At the same time, he is picking up some distorted views from the Southern boys. They all feel that intercourse with a "Nigger girl" is about the lowest thing a man can do. I told Cunningham that 50,000 persons with some trace of "colored" ancestry passed over into the white group each year so it couldn't be that bad. He answered "Oh that's only the fuggen white trash who fools around those fuggen black mother fuggers." What a low mentality!! I get into debates with some of those Southern boys once in a while and they don't seem to resent me for it.

The boys are starting to get a lot of mail from home now, and that's the biggest event of the day. No matter how tired we are, we always rush downstairs at double time when the mail call comes. I'm getting to feel like an orphan because I only got one letter so far. A lot of the fellows are sending for money as they are broke. I just want to get some news of the outside once in a while. I hardly get time to read the papers so I don't know much about how reconversion is affecting American life. Some of the boys get home town papers; but I haven't seen a Chicago paper for weeks. We still talk about discharges, but it's only a dream as we are way on the bottom of the list. The U. S. seems to be returning to the ways of peace in great speed so that things will be changed greatly when I get back to civilian life. I'm half hoping that I will get sent overseas (there's no choice!), but I'm not so

sure that I want it. I don't have the slightest idea of what kind of a career to follow definitely, but I think about it once in a while. The 1st thing to do is to get through with my M.A. work before the urge dies out completely. From brief glances at the papers I notice that Labor is getting restless, and that the unemployment rate is growing. There may be a dramatic social upheaval sooner than we suspect if our economy is not ironed out in a hurry. Too bad that Big Business is exerting so much pressure to go back to the Status Quo. That won't work at all. The post-war reconstruction is in very much of a tangle yet, especially in the political field, and I hardly know what the trend is. I hope that it won't end up in a line-up of Power Politics once more.

Friday, September 7, 1945

9:00 P.M.- From six this morning when we hopped out of bed all tired and stiff until right now, we have been on the go. What a workout! We drilled and drilled and drilled. I thought yesterday was hard, but it was nothing compared to today. The boys are all weary and hardly anyone went out tonight. Right after we ate supper we had to GI the whole damn barracks. Our platoon is leading in the inspection and if we win the Saturday inspection we will win the prize for the whole week. A few days ago none of us were interested in a silly plaque, but the attitudes have changed. It must be the development of pride in our outfit. Four boys were moved to the 4th Platoon and they were quite angry about the whole thing because they felt that they were forced to leave the best group. I know that I wouldn't want to move now as I have made a lot of friends here. I could really get in solidly if I had a pair of scissors to cut their hair with! What they don't know won't hurt them! At least, I think I could do as good a job as we got at Sheridan! It isn't a matter of saving money but more for convenience as the P X Barber Shop is so crowded.

The hardest thing about the drilling is carrying the 10 lb. rifle around. It has dug a neat little hole in my shoulder. But I'm in better condition than some of the fellows. By the time we get in from the field, I'm dripping in perspiration and my clothes are soaked.

Corporal Narcolli really gives us the works: "God damn you dumb bastards. Where were you when the brains were passed around?" He knocks himself out yelling at us. It's so funny when it is directed at somebody else, but we dare not laugh or we will get K.P. He isn't very popular with us right now, because he drives us like dogs. His worst fault is that he garbles his orders so we hardly know what he is saying. It is dangerous too as one is likely to get his head knocked off

with a rifle if the rear turns are not made in unison. I have the added difficulty of trying to keep up with the platoon. The tall boys are all in front and I bring up the rear. It's about the hardest place to hear an order. Everyone is dissatisfied, but there is a certain pride that we can take it -- so far.

Narcolli rubbed it into us all day when he put the Mexican man, Avilla, in front of the platoon to be the lead man. The man has only been in the U.S. for 4 months and he doesn't speak English. Narcolli kept razzing us that we were so dumb and a few of the boys got fighting mad. Tonight Timako told us that his friend was so good because he used to be a Captain in the Mexican Army! No wonder he can drill so well! The way Narcolli speaks, it would take a foreigner to understand him. Timako is a big lazy-going Mexican American boy from Los Angeles and Narcolli is always getting after him. He dropped his rifle today so that he has to sleep with it tonight!

Sergeant Cowden is the best instructor but he is 38 and waiting for a discharge. He is a big tough Irishman but very patient with us. He told our group today that he realized we were greenhorns and that it would take a little time to catch on. Being a soldier is like learning typing -- you do both automatically. Red says that the Army is worse than slavery, but I don't think it's that bad. The instructors have to be firm with us, but they need not abuse us with such acid language when we have no chance to speak back.

Endicott thinks that we should mass desert the Army now that the war is over. He said that his friend from Camp Shepherd wrote him that 2,000 men deserted last week, but that's probably a rumor. Endicott says that if "Congress don't get its ass out of gear and do something for us married men soon, we will take things in our own hands." The trouble with us is that we don't make good soldier material as we are a bit older. The best thing to do is not to take things personally and

one is able to adjust better in that way.

One of the things which burns us up is that we don't ever have enough time to write letters, and that's about the chief morale builder the boys look forward to. For example, I have to sit on the toilet seat now in order to write. All of the pews are occupied similarly! There ain't no justice! Carl got a large coconut cake from his wife so he and I just came back from the P.X. where we had a coke and some cake. It was doubly good because the fish we had for dinner was not very appetizing.

We had to learn all about gas today. The Lieutenant gave us quite a scare by setting of a smoke bomb and hollering: "Gas!" We jumped up in a panic; but none of us knew how to adjust the gas masks. I still don't see why we have to be prepared for gas when it has been outlawed. We also had some lectures on first aid, and we had to practice bandages on one another. Roney and a few others wanted to practice on me as they insisted that I had more curves than a Varga girl. I'm sure that I melted some of the fat off today. All we had to carry was a canteen of water, a catridge belt, a gas mask and container, a raincoat, and a 10 lb. rifle. I can feel my feet slowly spreading out. I dare not admit it in public, but I'm enjoying the physical conditioning although I have to gripe once in a while in order to keep up with the times. We have improved a lot in one week, but our backs may be broken before we finish. I feel like a numb log now and I'm sure that I will sleep well. Morning comes so soon and it's dark when we climb out.

The Captain gave another lecture on Sex, and the Army policy is to instruct the young boys on how to take care of themselves instead of discouraging them. I think they stress Sex too much. The Captain told the young 18 year olds to be sure and come in for a prophylactic set before they go to Richmond this weekend. The lecturs on V.D. don't seem to discourage the boys too much. Nature must have

its way. The V.D. rate in Europe has jumped about 15% since the occupation (within the U.S. Army.)

Three of the Illinois boys have been made Squad leaders - Roney, Grimes and Gromblen -- so that speaks well for the caliber of our group. We don't get yelled at as much as the other platoons, but Narcolli still expects perfection. It took us three hours to scrub out the barracks this evening and most of us were ready to drop. I just haven't had time to put any notes in my basic training handbook because we are so busy from before sunrise to after sunset. I don't take a lot of things taught us very seriously because I know that I'll never use the stuff in actual combat. That's the chief difference in attitude between us and the boys who went before the war was over.

It's time for me to shower and go to bed as my eyes are so heavy that I can hardly keep them open. Tomorrow won't be so bad as I have to go get my eyes tested. I'm scheduled for KP on Sunday evening and all day Monday so my weekend has been ruined.

Saturday, September 8, 1945

2:00 P.M.

My bones feel creaking and my legs actually tremble when I walk, but I had an easy day today. Fortunately, I had to go to the Hospital this morning to get my glasses fixed. It only took an hour, but Whitley and I decided that we would "goldbrick" for the rest of the morning instead of reporting back for drill! It certainly was nice to go relax out on the lawns without having some non-com barking orders at me! We had a cool refreshing fog this morning. It's the first clean fog I have seen in three years, and I liked it even if it did make the grass all wet.

The optometrist said that I would receive two pairs of GI glasses in a week. I need them for rifle practice out on the range or I might shoot some sergeant in the pants. The optometrist said that I only had to wear them for distance vision like driving or seeing movies, and that I need not wear them all the time. I am beginning to suspect that the civilian optometrists were more interested in selling me a pair of glasses than anything because they told me that my vision was 20-100. The specialist at the clinic this morning said that my vision was fairly good (20-40).

Bob Whitley and I walked all over the camp in order to loosen our knotted muscles up later in the morning, but we did not begin to cover the whole camp. It is such an immense place, and I think it is beautiful. Bob can't agree with me because his vision is clouded by his acute dislike of the military life. He was so lonesome for his home that he told me all about his wife and baby, and he read me some of the letters he got from his wife. Bob says that for the first time in his life, he has developed a faith in Congress. He believes that all married men will be discharged from the service within the year. He doesn't know

what he will do in civilian life as he is a bit fed up with a teaching career:

"I have been seriously thinking of taking it easy for a year after my discharge. This Army life already is knocking all of the initiative out of me. We aren't allowed to think for ourselves, and effort is only rewarded with abusive language. There will be a carry over of this negative attitude back into civilian life, and I'm considering that I will be better off if I loafed for a year since the government guarantees me \$25.00 a week unemployment compensation anyway. We won't be much good in a competitive society after spending a year or more in the service. I was perfectly willing to come in and do my part before the war was over, but now I don't see the necessity of it. I'm going to have the 'hell with it' attitude by the time I get out. The only thing which keeps me from blowing my top now is the thought that my wife and baby will be waiting for me."

I did not agree with his comments that the Army ruined all fellows. I believed that many of them would come out of the experience with a much more mature level of thinking and a keener interest in international affairs. But, I did agree that the Army attempts to dominate our thinking patterns was particularly hard to take. Bob argued that it was impossible to maintain and develop constructive thinking patterns when the Army enforced a destructive way upon one. "You have to remember that most of the boys were so young when they came into the Army that they had little basis for developing their own individuality. The Army has stamped them into one mold, and they won't be much good to a peactime U.S. They have become practically automans and they are taught that might is right."

C.K. "I don't quite see your point. Do you mean to say that the Army has made American boys less democratic and more fascistically inclined?"

B.W. "Exactly! I would bet any amount of money that few boys really believed that they were fighting for democracy. They were out to kill their fellow man

to save their own skins. That's why I say we are going back to the cave man days when the axiom was 'Kill in order to survive.' How can a thinking process like that fit into a democratic society? We might as well be realists about the whole thing and not disguise the issue by hiding under superficial patriotism."

C.K. "I don't follow your reasoning at all. It seems that you have come into the Army with negative ideas to begin with -- and, your military career is only reinforcing them. I've noticed that your creed is the worship of the superior man and you don't have a strong interest in the common man. I'm a fool enough to believe that the majority of the fellows in the service have it, even if they know little or nothing about political ideologies. I think that we will reinforce our democratic structure even though the war is a terrible price to pay for it. But it won't be accomplished without an effort. I don't like military regimentation any more than you do, but I do think that one could accomplish worthwhile things in any kind of a disagreeable situation if one attempts to keep the mind as alert as possible. And I think I am falling down badly in this respect."

B.W. "You are the complete optimist! I'm not always like this, but I really am feeling blue and lonesome for home today, and it is being expressed by a strong dislike of the Army which is the cause of all my physical and mental discomforts."

C.K. "I'm not defending a military structure at all, because I think that on the whole it's influence is negative. I'm just upholding the point that I have faith in the individual soldier not to permit the military authoritarianism to submerge his individuality completely. I can understand your mood because I experienced the same thing when I was in a WRA camp. I thought and knew that it was unjust so I hated the whole thing. But, I don't feel exactly that way about the Army even though I don't believe it is a democratic force. But you have to admit

that the Army did win the war. Nothing would have been worse than a Facist victory. That doesn't excuse wars. The solution is to stay out of them. However, the job in the present war is not done yet. As a citizen, it is up to you and me to contribute our part. Isn't that the essence of democracy?"

B.W. "Well now, you are getting way up on the ideolistic level. But I'm down here on the ground -- in camp Lee, Virginia, and I don't like the marching, the saluting and all the crap which goes with it. So don't get technical!"

Bob then turned the conversation back to my remark about his believing in the "superior man". I said that I meant he had a contempt for the uneducated person, and also for various classes and races, even though he professed that he had a liberal point of view. Bob defended himself by saying that he was tolerant of all groups, and the only reason he referred to colored people as "Niggers" sometimes was to avoid an argument. He said he really sympathized with the Negroes, "but after all, why should I get my ass in a sling by letting some of those bastards in the barracks think I am a 'Nigger lover?'" I answered that he should be more than tolerant in mind, and he shouldn't agree with a group just to be less conspicuous, especially when it involved basic principles. Bob answered that this was the chief difference between the two of us: "I don't care what the other fellows think of me. I just ignore them. I don't think I have a single real good friend in the barracks except you. I know I can make friends very easily but I don't make the effort. I dislike Grimes because he is such an ignorant and positive bastard, but you are well liked by all of the guys because you make an effort to speak their language. And after you get to know them, then you work on their opinions like you did me. I don't think it's worth the effort because you can't change a persons thinking once he has developed certain habits and ideas. But I will say that your methods are better than Grimes. Only a fool would try to say

that he knows everything about everything. And I don't like Paros as he is a loud mouth and he gets up too early in the morning."

Maybe I didn't accomplish anything this morning, but it was a good way to loaf around. Much better than drilling, I would say. Bob and I ate lunch at Company #62 and then we went for a haircut before we returned to our quarters. The boys were sweaty and tired, but happy because our platoon had won the inspection prize for the first week. The competition is getting much stiffer though. Carl said that Narcolli broke down and admitted that we had the best drill platoon in the Company so far "but it sounded like a false note coming from him after the way he insulted us all week." There are certain drawbacks in this though, because one more fellow from our squad was made a squad leader in our platoon and he has to move downstairs. All four of the squad leaders in our platoon came from the "R" bunch which came down together from Ft. Sheridan.

After lunch, Carl and I came out here in the woods with our writing material and I have been writing letters for a couple of hours. Bob didn't come as planned as he had to wash some socks out and mend his clothes, and Harry left camp in a rush to go see his wife in Petersburg. He was so excited to get the telegram saying that she got lonesome for him so she decided to come down from N. Michigan. Most of the boys left for town to drink beer and seek women. I'm too broke for either, and perhaps wise. Beer is 1/3 cheaper right here in camp, and women are scarce in both places so it's all the same.

Tomorrow is Enriko's 21st birthday so I got off a long letter to her. She is a complete adult now. It's hard to imagine. I think that Enriko made such wonderful progress after getting out of camp, and I'm proud of her. Since she went into nursing, she has been on her own, but I need not worry about her in the least as she got over the bump of her adjustment problems in the first few months

there. She must be busy because she hasn't written yet. In fact, I've only received one letter from any of the family. They must be lousy correspondents like me. But it does make one feel a bit lonesome when fellows get 6 or 7 letters at mail call. Jim McQuire was positively beaming with joy this noon because he got a letter, pictures of his wife and daughter, and money. "What more could a sad G.I. want." Letters do mean a lot to the fellows. The only trouble is that they have to be answered. Even the toughest fellows get lonesome and homesick at times. William last night: "It was the anniversary of my marriage today and I felt so blue because it was the first time we have been separated. I went to the P X to drink beer and celebrate it myself. I spent a lot of money, but my depressed feeling would not go away. This is a hell of a life here. I'm going to devote the rest of my life (after I get out of Army) to keep my sons out of the Army!"

I got some very good news today. Dorothy wrote and told me about her present publication plans. The first volume is scheduled to come out around December 1st or rather go to press. Dorothy said that some of my case document data would contribute to Vo. II. It will be exciting to get my name in a book as one of the research workers for U.C. More important, the Study will be contributing to the spread of truth and I feel lucky for having been associated with D.S.T. for three years. I really don't think that I pulled my weight on the Study, but I tried so there are no regrets. I think that the Study may make some most valuable contributions in the occupational plans for Japan if the Army would take note. The social analysis of the WRA were ignored until they began to prove their point. But the most important contribution of the Study will be that the publications will be a reminder that the Constitution cannot ever be violated again through the influence of peanut politicians from one state.

11:30 P.M.

While I was out in the woods this afternoon, I took a nap and I was snoring peacefully until Carl rudely woke me up and said that it was time for chow. We rushed back to the messhall and I regretted my dream of being a civilian had to be shattered by reality. Them days are gone forever.

On top of that, we had a most disappointing meal -- the worst yet. It consisted of some sloppy macaroni with tomato sauce, and some bread and crushed pineapple. About five of us went to the Service Club Cafeteria to eat another meal in order to fill up. Johnson said that he was on K.P. yesterday and he saw with his own eyes that a lot of the fish was rotten. He said that the heads were cut off, but half of the fish were not cleaned out before they were cooked. This angered the boys so Jim proposed that a petition of protest be sent around the company to be given to the Company Commander. I had no comments to make because I had eaten 2 helpings of the fish. Johnson said that the cooks did not eat the fish, but they cooked themselves thick steaks and chicken legs. Joe believed that the best solution was to ask our platoon Lieutenant to go into our messhall unannounced sometime just to see with his own eyes the type of meat we were served. Bob felt that it was not much use because the Army had standard menus prepared a week in advance, and the chief fault was in the preparation of the food. Why is it that when a group of people are confined, the chief grip is against the food? I think the food here is good except for a slipping now and then. I think the boys are restless about Army life and griping against the food is the easiest way to indicate their dissatisfaction. The Sarge asked if any of us were interested in volunteering for the Regular Army for a 3 year hitch and he got a big horse laugh.

Al, Carl, Bob, Ed and I went to see "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry" starring George Sanders and Ella Rains. It was a psychological picture and we thought that it was the best picture we have seen here yet. Carl believed that the Army policy was to eliminate any pictures with "dup subjects" so that the soldiers

would not think too much and get morose. That's why we only see these light pictures. The Army wants us to be entertained, but not to think. We all agreed to that sentiment. Al went on to give his opinion that the propaganda we were fed in the training films nauseated him because the "actual cause for this war is presented in such a one sided manner." Al sleeps in the bunk over me, but I'm just getting to know him now. He is 30, married with 2 sons, and from Chicago. Al objected to the presentation of war causes as purely political as he said there was an economic basis for it. However, his solution is that the U. S. should become strongly nationalistic as the rest of the world cannot be trusted. He felt that the "white man's supremacy" in the Orient has been re-established and the only way to keep it that way was to build better and bigger atomic bombs and to have the strongest military force in the world. He sincerely believed that this was the only way to keep out of future wars and he wants no part of it. He said that he made every effort to stay out of the Army because he did not believe that it was a war of ideal, but more for selfish economic greed. He was convinced that the occupation would be a terrible fizzle.

After the show, we wandered over to the Service Club to get another bite to eat. We were joined by Joe, Johnson, and Jim. We watched the Service Dance for a while, but none of us tried to cut in as there was too much competition. Then we went to the swimming pool and watched the girls dive for a while. We ended the evening by going to the library to look over some of the old Chicago papers and I got out a library card. After I got home, it was too noisy to sleep so I came down to listen to some latrine gossip. The boys who went to town are reminiscing over their exploits, but hardly admitted to having a good time. Williams was scared when he came in. He had a fight with a sailor in Petersburg and his shirt was covered with blood. They got out before the MP's arrived.

Cunningham: "Never again will I go to that stinky town. I was standing on a corner being very peaceful when a fuggen whore picked me up. I had to spend

\$15 on drinks and food on her before she let me take her in an alley and pull down her fuggen pants. I remembered that movie on VD disease we saw so I got worried and I took a pro as soon as I could ditch her. There are a lot of bitches running around Petersburg, but I don't want any more of them. That fuggen whore even tried to steal my wallet because she thot I was too drunk to notice."

Etc., etc. The boys go on and on, but I'm going to bed.

Sunday, September 9, 1945

Noon. Dmiko's birthday today. She is now officially 21.

I didn't go to breakfast this morning as I was too sleepy. About 9:30 I got up leisurely and wrote a couple of letters. A newsboy came around with the Sunday papers so I read them for the rest of the morning. In between I washed some of my laundry. It's a hot sticky day and all the boys are relaxing this morning. Bob wanted me to go to church with him this morning, but I didn't have any spiritual impulse. In a little while we are going swimming, but I have to pass up the ball game because I have afternoon KP.

While I was looking at a few of the old Chicago papers, I was surprised to read about "Tokyo Rose" being identified as the daughter of Toguri. He is the man from Gila who was supposed to have embezzled so much money from the Cooperative (\$5,000 was the rumor). In Chicago, he opened a Japanese fish store, boarding house and some other business enterprises on Clark St. The news story from the September 6 Sun dispatched from Yokohama says: -

Tokyo Rose Held

"The 8th Army took Tokyo Rose into custody today. Pig tailed Iva Toguri, 29 yr. old L.A. Nisei whose family lives in Chicago was the Orphan Annie of Tokyo's propaganda leaned towards American servicemen...It was uncertain what dsiposition would be made of her case, or whether any charges would be filed. First, it must be determined whether she is still an American citizen. Miss Toguri who regaled American doughboys with honey-voiced chit-chat said she didn't consider herself

disloyal to the U.S. She said shw was caught in Japan by the War. 'I was just sitting on the fence as far as the war was concerned. I didn't think I was doing anything disloyal to America.' She repeatedly denied having broadcast propaganda."

"The family of Tokyo Rose wants her to know that she is welcome to come home and that her patriotism is unquestioned. Her sister Inez Toguri said: 'Whatever she did, it was because of her circumstances and not any desire to hurt the U.S.' Iva Toguri's father, brother, 2 sisters operate a small store in North Clark St. Her mother died in a relocation center in which the family was held before being released as loyal Americans. The Toguri family came to Chicago two years ago: 'We've been happt since we came her,' Inez explained, 'We didn't know what had become of Iva until we saw her picture in the papers.'"

It's a good thing that this story didn't come out sooner as it would have been used against the Nisei by those groups which were so anxious to prove disloyalty. It is likely that "circumstances" did have a lot to do with Tokyo Rose, and that she did consider it just as a job. But the "sitting on the fence" business is inexcusable. This was one of the chief weaknesses of the Nisei during the pre-war days, largely as a result of parental influences along with certain inequalities in the political and economic situations. What one individual does shouldn't reflect upon a whole group, but that is how things operate towards a minority under suspicion. Maybe Tokyo Rose was "bitter" or she may be happier in Japan. She will soon have those Tule Lake Nisei to join her; but the situation is tragic in their case because no overt act was committed and the majority are there because of their parents' bitterness about what happened in the evacuation.

This country is fully in the reconversion problems now, and the Nisei will be forgotten in the shuffle, I'm afraid. I think that they did secure some toeholds in the Middle West but many will be caught in the growing unemployment. Truman in his message to Congress last week urged direct action to restore the normal peacetime prosperity. He seems to be following some of the New Deal philosophy

when he asks for the difficult combination of a vast government public works project, full employment, while at the same time reducing taxes. He promises to speed reconversion while maintaining some wartime controls in order to prevent inflation. He didn't mention too much about our foreign policy. I heard over the radio today that the formal surrender of Tokyo took place -- the final touch to the end of the Japanese Empire. The Emperor is being used like the puppet he always was and meekly carrying out MacArthur's order to surrender all troops. England is rushing in to restore the "status quo" but China is determined not to allow any foreign power to gain a stronghold on any part of the country again. Imperialism rearing it's ugly head?

7:00 P.M.

Bob and I lolled around the camp swimming pool this afternoon until I went to KP. He was much more optimistic about the Army service because of what he read in Yank Magazine: "An Army counselor said that at least 10,000 more trained counselors are needed to help in the separation centers. I'm sure that we are scheduled to go to that. It looks like a fine prospect and I can take my training better now. Eventually it will mean a T-3 rating and if I get near Chicago I can bring my wife to join me. I wouldn't sign up for a three year enlistment though. But I do feel now that I have more of a purpose in the Army. We will go to Fort Meade to get our technical training and that is nearer civilization." Bob's conclusion from an unofficial magazine article has the makings of a nice rumor. He is acting upon the assumption that it is true so he is now sitting across the desk from me in the Rec Hall working upon his basic training notebook to bring it up to date while we wait for the second show at 8:00 P.M.

We had a nice swim at the pool and I managed to be most comfortable in this Virginia climate for the first time. It's really funny weather as it is raining outside now! When I met Yami at the pool last night he told me that Nisei were not allowed in that pool "because the cuombos (Negroes) can't go in." Yami had

never tried to go into that pool, and it probably was only a rumor as nothing was said when I went in, and I didn't expect anything to happen. However, I did ask Bob if the Negroes were kept out and he asked the lifeguard. He was told that it was an "unofficial" boycott. The chief reason was because the Army didn't want to break social traditions of the South too much, and many of the Southern boys objected to "Nigger backs" being so near to their wives and sweethearts. How silly! Bob said that there was the same sort of restriction in his home town, Springfield, Illinois, and the City Council had to build a separate beach for the Negroes because the white people threatened to beat them off with clubs if they came to the "white" beach. I asked Bob if he believed in such segregation and he replied that it was ridiculous but he could do nothing about it. I notice that when he gets acquainted with Southern boys, he makes some comments about "Niggers" to get support, and that makes me mad as hell. Like today -- he saw the Army prisoners and he told a Southern boy that the Niggers were the only ones to fill up the guardhouse in this post. I spoke up and said it only looked that way because negro prisoners were segregated and that was what we were looking at. The conversation changed after that. There was one Negro soldier who came into the pool uniformed but he did not stay long. Bob thought it was just as well to discourage them since they would come in drones and chase the whites out of the pool if they were allowed to come in. The Negro soldiers do not have a pool in their section, and that's not the answer either. They have two theaters in their section, but some Negro soldiers do come to Theaters #1 and 2. It is ridiculous for the Army to observe certain Southern prejudices when those Negro soldiers fought for Democracy too.

Bob and I enjoyed our swim immensely. He used to be a lifeguard so he "stands out" when he swims. He got acquainted with a couple of girls, but they gave him the cold shoulder when their escort returned. Bob got up on the platform and he saw some girls undressing thru the mirror. The dressing room had no top to it. He kept describing the scenes he saw so vividly that I could not resist the

temptation to look too! Soon there were about 40 fellows looking at the naked girls. One finally looked up and let out a scream so we scattered diplomatically. We were like a bunch of boys looking through a keyhole! What sad sacks!! Bob went on to the ballgame at 4 and I took his two suits back and then reported for K.P. We worked like fiends for a couple of hours and finished up by 6:30. I have to get up at 5 A.M. to work at it all day tomorrow so I will miss drill. I'll make some of the classes up in the evening so it will be a busy day indeed.

There was a big poker game going on in the barracks when I came in. The stakes were high and the noise loud. Bob and I decided to go see the overseas USO show, but it started to rain so we plan to go to see "Three Strangers" at the movies instead. Bob and I are getting to be very good friends and he is now inviting me to his home when we get out of the Army so I can sample his wife's cooking. He hopes that our bunch will go to technical school together, but he is afraid that we will be split up. It looks that way and I too would not like to go through the process of making friends all over again now that I have made some good ones in our company. Bob hopes that we will go to Fort Meade together so we can go see the Nation's Capital. It is one of our biggest disappointments that we will not be able to do it while here at Camp Lee.

The Cadet Nurses recruitment is ending next month so that Bette will not be able to take advantage of it. In a way she misses out on a fine free education and training, but I still think that she did not lose out entirely as she is getting two years of college. Lest she worry about it, I wrote and told her that I would try and do everything possible to help her through nursing. I don't think that it will be anywhere near as expensive as the U. of Chicago. The first year's nursing expenses are high, but after that the hospital pays a small allowance. It might be a good idea for Bette to go to Mt. Sinai so that she can use Emiko's books which the government is buying for her. Books will be one of the most expensive items. Emiko's and Bette's complete education is one of my chief concerns

as I helped to get them started on it, and it is something definitely worthwhile. To help them out is the least I can do for them. After all, I was their guardian and advisor for 3 or 4 years now and I can't desert them before their education is over.

11:00 P.M.

The Movie "Three Strangers" was enjoyable enough. I've gone to quite a few movies lately as that's the chief means of entertainment around here. On the way back to the barracks we saw another show at the P.X. There were 3 sergeants and a private in the outdoor beer garden. They were really drunk. They had the whole section to themselves because they were squirting beer at each other. The audience was howling with laughter and that only encouraged them. One would sneak behind the other and pour it down the neck, and he in turn would get a bottle poured into his sun tan uniform. Then they would run back and buy another bottle. They must have bought 30 bottles each to squirt. Finally they got tired of this so they wrestled each other in the sand. Then the sergeant went around and broke all the bottles on the table. "Hey, guys, this is a helluva lot of fun." All of a sudden the three sergeants turned around and bawled the private out and being a disgrace to his uniform. This show was so good that the soldiers started to pitch pennies at them, and the private had to pick them all up for his punishment. He kept insisting that it was the rain which ruined his uniform.

Monday, September 10, 1945

6:00 P.M. One month in the Army today and what a hard day it was on my feet! I was awakened at 5:00 A.M. and I have been on my feet ever since. There were six of us and we washed dishes, scrubbed, fix vegetables, table waited, etc.etc. We were so busy that we had to start preparing for the next meal as soon as we finished the previous one. And the day is not over yet! At 7:00 all of us have to "fall out" for a night class. I am so tired and sleepy that I feel positively dull.

This is the Army! I didn't get to sleep until after midnight last night as Williams got some of the boys started on dirty stories and there was quite an uproar. I could't ignore it and sleep as I kept straining my ears to catch the point of each joke. But, I was certainly sleepy when I got up. At that, I may have had it easier today than the rest of the boys who had to go out and drill. They came in dripping wet and exhausted at 5:00. Carl said that he almost passed out during the last hour as the exercises were so rugged. The sun was beating down very hotly and that added to the discomfort. Tomorrow will be another hard day as I will have to make up today's classes in the evening.

The cooks in the messhall are pretty good guys, but Red is the most obnoxious. He is always yelling in his Southern accent "Let's go. Oh shit. What a life! Let's work. What the hell! My gosh. Sweep the floor! Get to work. Oh my feet." etc.etc. He sort of sings these short sentences and it sounds very dumb. Corpino got sore at being ordered around so much so an argument started. Red went and snitched to the First Sergeant. Corpino didn't have a chance as the First Sergeant came over and bawled the hell out of him. It was really Red's fault for pushing Corpino too much, but a Rookie ain't got a chance. Sergeant Wilson is a tough customer and he can really sling that Army vocabulary!

Geo., the 2nd cook, from Brooklyn was much nicer. He is getting a discharge soon so he didn't act tough with us. He said that he sort of hates the thought of leaving the Army after 4 yrs "as I'll have to go to work and the Army doesn't teach you good work habits. I'm just going to stand on the street corners for a while and watch the chippies go by. I'm not worried about making a living. I'm going to join the American Legion and they will fix things up for the boys. If Congress doesn't do right by us, the vets will get together and elect one which will. This country is so far in debt now that it doesn't make much difference if we go a few billion more into debt. The servicemen need a break as we risked our ass while the civilians were cleaning up in defense work."

Geo. also told me why there is a meat shortage in our messhall: "The fuggen Cadre (instructors) come in at night and bring their friends to eat thick steaks. They take 3 or 4 men's rations in that way and that's why you guys only get a damn small piece instead of a large one like you should. Us cooks have raised hell, but they get sore at us. Then the rest of the guys get sore because they don't get enough meat. All the food is rationed and they only bring us a certain amount each day."

The KP's also help to reduce the meat supply. I had three slices of delicious roast beef for lunch today and I was drinking fruit juice all day long. It's the best I've eaten since coming into this company but I wouldn't want to do it every day.

Ned really is a lazy person. He made a lot of excuses to loaf around and he was the only one not to jump in and do his share of work. He looks so pained when he has to do some work, and the rest of us noticed how he sneaks off to sit down while we were busy. He does that all the time and he hasn't learned to be cooperative yet. He tries to alibi by saying he doesn't know the custom of this country, but that's no excuse when there is a large stack of dishes to wash right in front of his eyes. I got to know a few of the fellows from the other platoons at KP. They toot I was of Chinese, Portuguese, Filipino, and Spanish ancestry. When I told them I was of Japanese ancestry, they were silent for a minute before saying: "Well, you speak just like an American" or "You're an American though as you are in this damn Army with me."

Tuesday, September 11, 1945

9:30 P.M. The pace is getting rougher every day. I had to go to a makeup class this evening to make up for yesterday. I still have to get cleaned up, and then write a few letters so it will be 11:00 at least before I get to bed. We got quite a workout last night as we had to march out for several miles to observe a night operation demonstration. On the way out, the platoons were in a gay mood and there

was a considerable feeling of rivalry to get the reputation as the best platoon. It was the first spontaneous esprit de corps that I have seen. We were singing songs, and our cadre was also in a good mood. The funniest thing was when the platoons yelled the marching count in WAC Cadence in a high falsetto voice.

As soon as the demonstrations started, I lost interest. I was very disgusted with the whole proceedings. I can't see why it is necessary for us to learn how to kill a man with a piano wire around the throat or a blow of an axe at the base of the spine. The war is over so why teach men how to murder? We also learned other things about ambushing. Bob and I were bored so we went and laid down in the grass as soon as it got dark enough. Bob believes in a strong military force for national preparedness and we had some discussion on that. He felt that a trained force of 10 million men would insure permanent peace, but he didn't want to be included in this force. I believed that peace would not be permanent if all nations armed in anticipation of another war. "It's just like a country to say that murder is illegal and then all the citizens go around armed to the teeth just in case." My solution was a fair standing Army governed by an international body just like a policy force of any municipality. Bob did not think this practical as the nations didn't trust each other that much. Grimes and Thorburn came to join us after sneaking off from the stands. Grimes supported my point, while Thorburn said he didn't believe in anything based on nationalism. The subject got turned around to whether people in one country could get along with each other. Thorburn maintained that such a thing was a failure in the U.S. because of the evils of the Negro-White caste system. Bob took the point that there was nothing much he could do about it. I said he could, and Grimes got a bit excited and accused Bob of being very intolerant: "How can a high school teacher who professes to be liberal take such a sheep attitude?" This aroused Bob and he told Grimes that every person was racially prejudiced if he would only be honest. I then remarked that a mere profession of tolerance was not enough and I pointed out the unofficial

segregation system of the Post swimming pool as an example of how professed liberals accepted the system. Bob said he believed this was right and he personally would not like to swim with Negroes. He felt the solution was to build a separate pool for the Negroes. Thorburn jumped on him for this and asked if that was being democratic. I asked if he (Bob) believed that a dual school system in the Southern states solved any problems. Grimes said that the chief trouble was that too few people had the courage of their convictions. He cited about his observation of the Detroit riot two summers ago. "I saw one man jump up and face an angry crowd of whites, who wanted to get at a Negro in a car, and he stood there and told them exactly what cowards they were. I felt that this was real courage of conviction, and that's what we need more of. So many of us have the attitude that our parents' opinions are infallible so we take on their bias. I wouldn't believe a single thing my father said about Jews or Negroes." Thorburn dittoed this. Just then Sergeant Patterson came up so we had to break up our discussion and watch a perfectly silly demonstration on how to stab a man in the back noiselessly and then bash his head in with the butt of a gun to make sure that the job was completed. Very scientific but brutal! I enjoyed watching the lightening much more. It's this sort of Army psychology which prevents me from being a good soldier, altho I'll do my best to learn most of the physical things we are taught. I don't let it get me down too much, but Bob admitted that the whole demonstration was sickening to him. It's strange why Bob gets so angry when Grimes crosses him on any subject while I say practically what I please and we still remain good friends. And I hold my viewpoint just as strongly as Grimes. Thorburn sleeps downstairs and this is the first time I've talked to him. He seems to be quite an individualist.

We didn't get back to our barracks until 10:30 P.M. It was hot so we were thankful for the tomato juice we were served. We are scheduled to have about 3 of these night operations during our cycle of training. God, how useless so much of it is, especially those aspects which deal solely with methods of destruction.

I didn't have time to think about it last night as I was too tired. As soon as I took a shower I flopped into bed and I slumbered soundly until the reveille at 6:00 A.M. this morning.

Today was an equally hard day, but I didn't feel it so much. We drilled for a couple of hours, listened to lectures on riflemanship, and went into the gas chamber. Here again, my spirits rebelled inwardly. We are trained to protect ourselves from gas "because the enemy in the next war might use it." That doesn't sound logical to me. But it was exciting to get our gas masks on and go through actual gas. One deep breath of mustard gas or Lewicite would put the negligent person into the next world. Harry Gable was the only casualty in our platoon. He got a strong whiff of the gas while testing and he had to run off to the side and vomit. It made him sick for the rest of the day, but he came out and drilled in the afternoon as he wanted to make sure that he would get a pass to see his wife. Harry has a weak heart and it seems absurd to have drafted him. Anyway, the incident got a couple of the fellows nervous while in the gas chamber and they had to rush out as they got panicky. All the time I was in the gas chamber I kept thinking: "We don't have any international honesty when we help to outlaw gas and then turn around and produce the most deadly type in the world. It's a good thing gas was not used in this war as the casualty rate would have been terrific.

We ended the day up by having physical conditioning. I huffed and I puffed through all those running exercises, but I made it. Ned was the only one to drop out and now I think he was smart. I was dripping perspiration all over the place when I marched in. We looked like a "wet platoon" as we came home and our legs certainly did drag. The boys were tired and irritable so there were loud complaints at our cold dinner. Frank Paros is the most finicky guy I have ever seen. He growls enough for 5 people. He tried to tell me that the reason why he thought breakfast wasn't fit for a pig was that a lot of rotten eggs were thrown in and the bacon was tainted. I said that each egg was examined yesterday as I had

helped to crack them, and the bacon was the best grade. Frank makes me tired the way he cries about the food -- and he is 33 years old. Rogers made an unkind remark when he bet that Frank had eaten in a lot of dirtier Greek restaurants. Of course, the food here is not like the wonderful home cooked stuff, but it is fairly high standard most of the time. I wonder what kind of a riot these boys would have created if they had to spend months in a WRA camp like the evacuees did?

Each day will get harder from now. I can feel my body hardening a little, but I haven't lost any weight as I eat it all back. It's a clean wholesome life though. I'm convinced that mental attitude has a lot to do with the way a person can go through this training.

Wednesday, September 12, 1945

7:30 P.M. I'm writing under difficulties as the piano here in the Service Club is being pounded upon, some boys are playing ping pong at the next table, and Johnson, Carl and Bob are reviewing the material in our training classes at this table in preparation for our first test tomorrow. I haven't written a thing in my training book yet so I had better get down to business -- unless I go to a movie instead.

Our drill this morning was tough for the first hour. Then Corp. Narcolli broke down and said that we were doing pretty good. We had two hours on rifle marksmanship this morning, but we won't get to shoot one for a couple of weeks yet. This was more interesting than some of the things we have been doing.

I'm glad that we got the afternoon off. I managed to wash my stinking fatigues before I went to the pool with bob. We were swimming all afternoon and it kept us nice and cool. It's been very hot today and I am thankful that we did not have to drill this afternoon. It was much more comfortable in the water.

While we were sunbathing, we got acquainted with a couple of girls and some fellows. For a while we got into a heated argument about nationalism versus internationalism. One fellow and I were for internationalism but the rest said

that it was not a realistic policy as it was inherent in the human nature to war. They believed that the U.S. should look after itself and the hell with the rest of the world. Bob even went further when he said that he believed in the control of the world by a coalition of the strongest nations. I said this was fascist thinking and exactly what we fought against. Bob said that Democracy was not even involved in the war and we didn't have it in this country anyway. Later he said that he did not mean all he said as he was an internationalist at heart, but he didn't trust other nations. We were out in the sun so long that my legs got all sunburned. It was very interesting though to talk with the group and we all aired our opinions very strongly. About half of the fellows agreed that militarism was an offspring of economic struggle, while the girls and the other fellows felt that it was a result of man's desire to cominate others and that there would still be wars regardless of economic equalities among nations.

One of the fellows was a vet from the South Pacific and he said that the Japs should be made slaves for 100 years because they would stab us in the back if they were not suppressed. I answered that the continual use of force would breed this fraud and it was no way to democratize them. He couldn't follow this point at all. His solution was to make a lot of atomic bombs and wipe out every country which was "dangerous" to our national security. The others present all opposed this extreme view -- they felt that 20-50 years occupation was punishment enough. I proposed that peace would be more permanent if we did not insist upon punishment except for those guilty for the war, and that the rest should be educated by demonstrating democracy in action during the occupation -- both in Europe and Asia. Bob said that it was too idealistic to trust in an International Council to insure peace. The chief trouble was that all those present were not willing for other nations to have more equitable economic opportunities if it meant that we would have to give up a little ourselves. One fellow who was a messhall sarge in charge of the food warehouse spoke up quite strongly for internationalism and he proposed

that a socialization of our economy was the only way to peace. We were in the minority during this argument, but we all parted good friends. The mess sarge said that he would see to it that our messhall got a double ration of fruit after Bob told him how the Cadre ate everything up.

There is a fellow in our company who walks in his sleep. He has been placed on the second floor near the outside door and in a top bunk. Bob felt that this was a perfect example of the Army inconsistency. Both of us resent inwardly some of the nonsense we are taught, but I think that I am able to ignore it better than he does. He gets all riled up. But in our discussions he is always advocating a large military force. Bob explains himself by saying that he is practical: "For example, I think that I have been as tolerant in my relation with Negroes as anyone; but I wouldn't want them to think that they are equal to us socially." When I innocently ask, "Why not?" he never has a sound answer. He isn't being intellectually honest with himself, but he claims that 99% of the non-Negro people in this country feel the same way he does. I can't agree with that at all.

When I got back to the barracks, all the married men were arguing with Ned who maintained that a man who married with less than \$5,000 in the bank was crazy. Somehow he had the idea that a man in America was not a success unless he had this amount. All of the fellows told him that they never had that much money in their lives, and it was more pleasure to build up a home together with only enough cash to get started. Ned thot that it was a terrible practice for women to work. In Turkey, the women are placed on pedestals. And when the fellows started to talk about their married life, Ned said that it was a filthy practice for babies to be arcumcized. He certainly is naive in a lot of ways, but he will larn. Ned is engaged to a beautiful blond in Chicago and that's the reason why he want citizenship.

Emiko finally wrote. She has been sick. She was worried that she might have gotten a disease from letting all those servicemen kiss her on V-J night so she had some blood test made and they were all negative! I wish that I were getting

a few more letters as I am way behind on the home news. I'm in the library now as it got too noisy in the Service Club. Guess I'll read a while and then study my manual the rest of the evening.

Thursday, September 13, 1945

6:30 P.M. What a day! About five this evening, I was really drooping, but new energy has flowed into my tired body now and all's right with the world. Carl, Eldon Johnson, Bob are in the library and we have a little private room to "shoot the bull" in. They are mostly talking about their wives right now. Last night, we all stopped in at the Service Club Dance, but the only satisfaction we got was a piece of cake which the Petersburg Mothers' Club was donating. Carl is the most conscientious person and he took the first basic test seriously so he studied for it with Eldon. Bob and I couldn't settle down and I'm afraid that we didn't do so well in the test.

A big poker game was going on in the latrine when we came in and there were so many fellows in there that nobody could perform other functions! One fellow had already won \$100. That's the trouble with these "friendly" poker games -- they get bigger and bigger. I'm still sticking to my resolution not to play cards as it is too much of a time consuming habit and very difficult to break. Sooner or later, some of the fellows will go broke and then an epidemic of money stealing is likely to break out. The fellows can't afford large losses on the salary they are getting. None of Squad #3 in our platoon takes part in these activities. We seem to be older than the fellows downstairs. There are 3 teachers, 3 IBM workers, a couple of engineers, farmer, trucking contractor, furniture finisher and several other technical and professional men in the squad. For some reason there seems to be a barrier between us and the 4th squad across from us. They are more of the mechanic and other skilled trades in their occupational background and inclined to be very much more profane. All of us regret that the original 34

fellows from Sheridan were not permitted to stick together. We don't get enough cooperating in cleaning the barracks from the Squad #4 group as they only do around their beds and nothing else. Ned is the only lazy one on our side.

We started out the day in good spirits because of the way Frank Paros made us laugh. He talks a lot, and he is very fussy about anyone making dirt around his bed. I put two banana peels in his shoes and such a torried stream of profanity came forth when he stuck his foot in. He has been getting up 10 minutes too early each morning to get his leggings on so we want to teach him a lesson not to be so noisy. Frank was as mad as a wet hen, but he took the joke in good spirit after we all laughed at him. In re: to shoes -- we no longer have any individuality left in the way we lace them. The Army insists that all shoes be laced uniformly. One pair has to go straight across and the other crisscross. It's so silly, but the Army knows best!

Sergeant Narcolli was in very good humor this morning, and he actually praised our drilling on the way out to the morning classes. He got his sergeant's strips so now he doesn't need to drive us so hard in order to win recognition from the C.O. He isn't a bad sort even though he yells in a loud voice and gets so angry when we "goof up" the works by marching in the wrong way. But, we do drill with a great deal more precision than a week ago. Ramsey, our squad leader, got drunk last nite so that he was not in such good shape. We used him for our guinea pig during the first aid class so he could rest up. I bandaged up his arms and feet and then left him to untangle himself when the whistle blew for the next class.

During the second hour of first aid lectures, we had a "tragedy" which really scared us. There was a loud explosion all of a sudden. We ran down there and Sergeant Narcolli was laying on the ground with "guts" spilling out from his stomach. Some of the other instructors had blood running down their faces. A few of the boys got almost sick from the sight and many were pale faced. It was all a demonstration to show us that sudden tragedies could happen so that we should

pay attention to the first aid lectures. We took it more seriously after that! The "guts" and "wounds" were only rubber models, but most realistic. Some of the boys wouldn't even go look at the sight because they were so frightened. I'm glad that we won't have to see actual combat as it is not pleasant to see men all cut up.

The rest of the morning we took our first basic test. It was simple, but we were too cocky about it and we didn't do as well as we could have. Most of the questions were routine. Everybody copied each other so there won't be too great a range in the test. If we fail these tests, we will have to take basic training all over again. I wouldn't liek that very much. I want to go on to the next phase of technical training as soon as possible. Frank has been advising us not to get into any specialized work in the Army as he said that we would never get a discharge as we would be frozen. He thinks it would be better to take some kind of clerical job. His chief point is that the definition of "duration" has not been announced yet so the more technical job we have, the longer we will stay in. I don't worry about that too much, but the married men are really disturbed and they don't know what to do. The Company Commander told us about voluntary enlistments into the Regular Army for a 3 year hitch, but only the younger boys were interested. The company next to us had 107 re-enlistments.

Williams felt that there would be a "revolution" in the Army if the older fellows were held too long. He advocated that all of us join the American Legion as soon as we were elibible because it would "take care of the boys." Grimes and a few others hooted this down as they had no confidence in the Legion and Bob said that it was a very intolerant outfit and he had no confidence in it at all. I had my private reasons for being biased against the American Legion, but I did not express my viewpoint that I thot it was too fascistically inclined. I merely said that the old Legion members were entrenched and the World War II vets wouldn't have much of a voice in the policies. Most of the group who took part in the

discussions did not think that the policies of the Legion was the important criteria as they were more concerned about what it could do to benefit them personally. Williams went as far as to express the view that the Legion would form a third party in 1948 and elect a president. I hope that such a day like that never comes to pass as it would be a severe blow at democracy if we can judge on the past performances of the organization. The Legion is reactionary like the IACL and I don't have any faith in either.

We had two hours of riflmanship this afternoon and we spent the time in bending our bodies into the most gruesome forms in order to keep the weapon steady. We will be getting a lot of that from now on, and gradually our bodies may loosen up.

The most strenuous activity of the day was running the obstacle course for the first time. This course is a diabolical plot to make us suffer. We had to jump ditches, crawl under long, run across swaying suspension bridges, swing arm over arm through a high platform, and climb tall fences. It was an ordeal for me, but I managed to make it the first time. I had the most trouble in getting on to the high bars as I had to jump into the air. They were built for taller boys who could reach up so I was under a handicap. A miss would have meant a 20 foot drop, but I made it safely. Then we were forced to run the course for the second time and that was torture. My body was aching terrifically by this time but silly pride prevented me from dropping out. I couldn't reach the top of the high fence on the second round so I kept trying and trying. I would have given up but Captain Williams was looking on. On my 15th try, I made. The crowd cheered and I felt good. But I was a damn fool. I just didn't want to let my squad down. One boy dislocated his knee on this jump and that was partly responsible for unnerving me. The main reason was that I was so exhausted that I had no spring left in my legs. A couple more weeks of this conditioning will make a lot of difference. That spare tire around my stomach weighs me down now.

I hit the jackpot this evening with four letters which raised my spirits no end. Nichie wrote to say that Frank was still in Berkeley. I guess he had to extend his visit because of the publication plans. Dorothy wrote and said that the WRA does not want her to publish yet so she has to keep her plans secret. Pres. Sproul of U.C. is asking Rockefeller Foundation for money to publish the first few volumes so that a great deal of progress has been made. She hasn't started to work on my material for Vol. II yet.

Mariko wrote me a letter and I was quite surprised to hear that Obo Sakaguchi died from cancer. He was the dentist at Gila who fixed up Emiko's and Bette's teeth. Mary (H-25 (?)) is married to Wayne and expecting again. She is back in Chicago again. Her life certainly has been a series of tragedies, but she seems to be happy enuf. Jack sent me some clippings but no letter so I don't know what is happening to him. He doesn't even know that I am in the Army apparently as he sent the letter to the Chicago address. (Clippings attached).

September 14, 1945, Friday

All day long it was humid and I thought sure that I couldn't last the whole day. At 4:00 P.M. we began our hour's calisthenics. Stripped down to the waist, we began to twist our bodies around into all sorts of painful positions when suddenly it began to rain terrifically. I never saw a storm gather so swiftly. It seemed as if the whole sky had opened up. When it had lashed us to dripping wetness, the C.O. told us to march back double time to our barracks. We let out a great cheer despite the fact that we were dripping wet. It was just like having buckets of water poured over us. But we were in high spirits as we had gotten out of the toughest part of the day's activities. On the way home, Williams marched right out of the line. He had such a silly look on his face when he realized that he was all alone. He said that he was daydreaming of his home in Minersville, P.A. so that he didn't realize what he was doing. Williams is the clown of our company.

Frank is still trying to find out who put the banana in his shoe and he suspects Williams. Williams has been ribbing Frank for using a scent bag under his armpits and being so fastidious.

Even without the exercises, it was a hard day and I felt all in. Seven hours of sleep is not sufficient when living this sort of strenuous life. Four hours of the day was spent in rifle marksmanship. It is no easy task to hold up those ten pound rifles and my arms and back ache terrifically. Not only that, but we have to contort our bodies into strange positions to get the various shooting positions. Our first two hours this morning were easy as we learned some more about first aid. We also had a class in military courtesy and as usual saluting was stressed. The Cadre crosses itself up as the instructors tell us different things. Sergeant Narcolli is the worst offender, and he seems to be rather obvious in his resentment of Lieutenant Gallup who became our platoon leader this cycle. Some of the Cadre don't care anymore because they are hoping to get out of the Army soon. Last night an official program was held to announce the opening of a separation center here for veterans.

During our rest period, some of us had a discussion on the possibility of getting a discharge. The general opinion was that the Army staff was not willing to demobilize too rapidly because it wanted to maintain a large peacetime force. I thought that the success of the occupation of Germany and Japan was not much a necessity for a large military force, but more in the development of a clear policy. Thornburn added that MacArthur was a poor choice to head the administration of Japan because he was not a man of vision. Gable added that his opinion of Army occupation was low, but he felt that the greater danger was in the developments of the State Dept. He said that if Joseph Grew was made an important figure in the occupation plans, there would not be a growth of the democratic spirit in Japan because he (Grew) knew the high Japanese industrialists and favored them over the masses. He didn't approve of the present U.S. policy of using the Emperor as he

said that this would firmly entrench the very groups which caused the war. Endicott was more drastic as he said that a strong occupation was needed for 25 years and no Japanese should be trusted during this period. I was more inclined to side with Gable. Carl said the only thing he was interested in was getting out of the Army and if a short occupation of Japan made this possible, he was for it. Thornburn answered that this was an impossible dream because the Army had no intention of giving up much of its present power: "The Army demobilization plans sounds impressive at first glance, but it is so obvious that it is going to make a last ditch stand for a permanent large standing Army. They say that  $6\frac{1}{2}$  million men will be released by next July but have you stopped to think that this would still leave 4 million men in? Add the  $\frac{1}{2}$  million new inductees which will go in by next July and you have  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million men still in the Army next year. What the hell does the Army need this large force for. Only about a million could possibly be sent overseas for occupational purposes while  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million will rot in the Army camps here. I am willing to bet that this will result in the greatest disciplinary problem the Army ever had as the men won't stand for it. Congress will put a lot of pressure on too, but the Army is so damn fascist that it thinks it can tell the American people to go to hell."

Bob said this was a treasonous statement and it indicated disloyalty to the U.S. Thornburn said that he would never fight willing for the U.S. as he was a world citizen. Ramey, Grimes and I agreed that he had a right to his opinion and that many people felt this way. Ramey said that wars were getting to complicated that he believed many people would leave the U.S. instead of being betrayed again by a plea of fighting for democracy. These fellows certainly were not being disloyal to the U.S. for disliking war. Last night, they had a big conference in the latrine about whether internationalism could work. I could not help but overhear some of the things they said even tho I was so sleepy. I popped my head up when I heard my name come up for discussion. Gable and Bob were saying that my loyalty could

never be questioned even if I did spend a year in a "concentration camp." Johnson added that he certainly wouldn't come into the Army if such a thing happened to him. It seems that one of the boys downstairs was advocating that anyone with Japanese blood should be exterminated and I was used as an example of a "loyal American" who didn't have a white face. Bob, Carl and Johnson told the group about the evacuation as I had explained it to them earlier at the library. They also had some other complimentary things to say about me which I wasn't supposed to overhear. It made me feel good because I'm sure that I am helping a number of fellows in our barracks to view the Nisei as one of them.

We just finished GI nite in our barracks. I got Tinoco the big "lazy Mexican" boy to work hard. He is feeling that ostracization will result if he is not cooperative in the cleanup of the barracks so he worked hard tonight in order to get back into the group's approval. The boys downstairs are mad at us because I stole all the brooms, mops, and brushes and they didn't have any. Actually I got these things from the next platoon as ours had been stolen. They got pretty sore and threatened to get all of the brooms in the morning. I have been rushing down for them after breakfast so we can get cleaned up in time, but I will have to move much faster from now. We practically had to send a bodyguard along every time Carpino went downstairs for a pail of water! How silly!

Fischetti is the latest one to get on the "blacklist" of our squad. When I went to the showers, he was urinating on his friends. He thought it was so funny and he roared with laughter: "God damn, this is a lot of fuggen fun. We must do it more often." Fischetti is positively crude. A lot of the fellows do not have shower slippers and they didn't like the idea of stepping in a room with urine all over it. Bob got very angry and he called Fischetti down for it. Fischetti is hot tempered and his answer was: "Who in the fug do you think you are? Where's your stripes? I don't have to listen to any fuggen orders from you. Your're no fuggen sergeant." Bob was fuming mad and he called Fischetti a cro-magnon

man, but Fischetti didn't get the point. He really does look like an ape man, and Bob said that he wasn't civilized yet. Fischetti only went to the 4th grade so he doesn't have much use for us "educated" men in the 3rd Squad. I'm always yelling at him, but he doesn't realize that I mean it so he doesn't get sore at me. With a little diplomacy, I think that I can be made to conform.

Bette finally wrote another letter and she told me all the latest news. It made me feel good to get a letter from home. Sometimes Bette is a little imp, but her letters are always cheerful. (Insert)

The latest rumor is that a Colonel came to inspect our messhall and he told the mess sergeant to feed us better so that's why the food has improved in the past two days!!

Saturday, September 15, 1945

3:00 P.M. Another of those dreary Virginia rains today. There isn't anyplace to go on our day off so the boys are all taking it easy. A few are writing letters, but most are sleeping. The rest went into town to meet relatives and friends. I'm very thankful for this weekend break as it will give my body a chance to recuperate. The rain holds us within the barracks, but I don't mind excessively. A hurricane is supposed to be whipping up from Florida and it may hit this section of the State. Narcolli said one hit this camp last year and raised havoc. Pigs were blown right through the air. I've never seen a hurricane and I have no desire to see one now.

The lid has been blown off of the food dissatisfaction. This morning, Frank merely asked the cook what kind of meat we were being served and he blew up and told Frank to come to the C.O. with him at noon. Frank got all excited and 40 of us promised to go with him and back up his story that he had not insulted the culinary talents of the cook. (It was ground pork sausage creamed). At the orientation hour, Frank made his protest. Then everyone began to complain about the poor food. Captain Wheeler listened to all of it and then he made a speech. He explained that food was the most important concern of the company next to the training program

and he realized that all has not been well. He said that for five straight months our company had the record for the best food company and he did not propose to lose that reputation. The present situation, he added, was due to several factors. One was that several of the cooks were discharged and the replacements had not learned to function as a team yet. Secondly, he added, that our messhall was feeding 50 extra men a day because of the reputation for good food. On top of that the Army had cut certain items temporarily, like milk, and there had been some disruption in the main ration breakdowns. Captain Wheeler then promised to take immediate action. At noon, the cooks were called together and Captain Williams had a talk with them so that they were much more cordial to the men in line. We were given 2 desserts and the cooks are going to break regulations and serve us Virginia baked ham tonight instead of the regulation chipped beef. Thus, the conflict has been resolved!

The whole situation is funny to me and I haven't taken it seriously at all. There are so many parallels to the tension situation in the WRA camps. In this situation, the food is not bad at all. I still believe that the dissatisfaction on the food situation is more a result of psychological disturbances about being in the Army generally. The fellows take out their gripes by picking on the cooks and vice versa. It seems that several of the new cooks are made because they were transferred to our company without getting the promotions they had hoped for so that they have been a little gruff. Six cooks for 280 men in our company is no soft job and I wouldn't want it. The whole orientation period was used up for these gripes. The second most popular subject was: "When would we get a discharge?" One boy mentioned that Gen. Eichelberger had made a press statement to the effect that occupation of Japan might be ended within a year so that he wondered why so many men were needed in the Army. The boys are all anxious to get home as they are fed up with Army life already. Many just can't readjust themselves to this life of discipline and that affects their mental attitudes. If Frand had been an

evacuee, he would have been sent to Tule as an agitator!! So much energy is spent in the food concern. We were supposed to use the orientation hours to discuss the world political situation and its importance to the U.S. but the boys were not interested in such an abstract subject. The group was representative of the general American public which believes in a double policy which are opposed to one another. On the one hand, there is a strong desire to get out of the Army; while on the other, they believe that the occupation should last for 10 years or more. Both can't be done, that's a sure thing. Thus, there will be a tendency to restore the status quo in Japan and Germany without eliminating any of the economic problems, and consequently sowing the seeds for another conflict. The Russians are much more realistic in the occupation and there is a strong likelihood that they will become the most dominate world power within a few years. We aren't doing much in the way of spreading democratic doctrines as it seems to be solely a military occupation and nothing more. I heard over the radio that Truman proposes a \$16 billion cut in the Navy appropriations so that the naval force will have to be cut if this goes through. I hope that no isolationist trends develop in this country as it is our responsibility to win the peace now. And it can't be done merely by maintaining a large standing Army without a clear foreign policy in our State Dept.

We didn't have any outdoor drill this morning because of the severe rains. We had to push the beds back and drill indoors! The Army does not believe in wasting any time. The last two hours of the morning was spent in getting ready for the "big Sat. inspection" by 5 officers. We had to lay out a full field pack on our beds and fix the lockers up. Everything was standardized. Sarge Narcolli and Patterson got their wives crossed as they were telling us different ways to fold the equipment. Narcolli got sore and he said that it would be done his way. It was so childish for the non-coms to fight in front of us. The whole inspection is silly and the only ones who took it seriously was the young boys. They were

most nervous. Everything was checked and our platoon tied for the weekly award. During a lull in the rain, a representative squad from the two platoons went outside to drill in order to determine the winner. We lost. Narcolli was very angry about the decision as he said that the first platoon was honored because we had nosed them out last week. He almost blows a fuse when he gets excited and he can hardly talk. I never saw anyone take it so seriously. Captain Wheeler seems to be a good C.O. and he commented on our hard work in cleaning up instead of bawling us out for little mistakes like folding a handkerchief in the wrong way. I have also developed a lot more respect for Lieut. Gallup, our Platoon leader, as he went around quietly and he did not bawl any of the men out loudly for making mistakes. It was quite a contrast from the "God dammits" which Narcolli throws at us. I don't resent Narcolli though because he is only throwing his heart into his job, and he doesn't know how to use better psychology. It is chiefly the caliber of our platoon and not the non-com leadership which makes us stand up well in the company competition. It is so damn amazing how hard we will work for those silly wood awards which are hung on the front door to show our position in the platoon competition.

Ned got mad at me this morning because I suggested that he mop under the next bed instead of doing just his own every time. He said I was "too ironical." He has forgotten about it now and he just came around to show me a picture of his girl.

11:30 P.M.

Went to a movie this evening with Bob and Carl. The drizzle is still coming down, but a lot of the fellows went out anyway as they were bored in the barracks. We wandered over to the Service Club after the show and watched the indoor dance for a while. Only about 35 girls were there for partners so the fellows were 8 deep in the stag lines. Carl remarked that he didn't believe any decent girl would want to come to these dances and be mauled by the boys. Bob said they were being patriotic, but I thought the man shortage and the desire to be socially popular had the most to do with it. No doubt many of those girls were wives and girlfriends

of the servicemen. Carl felt that there wasn't any special reason to think that these girls were morally misled, but he didn't think it was such a good idea to come unescorted to an Army Camp dance as it did reflect upon their reputations in the small towns where they lived. Bob answered that it didn't make much difference as most modern girls experimented with sex before marriage anyway. I said it was too much of a generalization to make. Carl concluded that the best thing which could happen for American girls would be the discharge of all servicemen. He is so intently concerned with discharge problems that he clips articles on the most recent trends. Carl prognosticates that by next Spring all men over 30, regardless of the length of service, will be eligible for discharge if they are married. He would like to get out desperately, but he doesn't get moody about it. In our squad, Joe and Ned seem to take it the hardest as they brood with resentment and they are most touchy. Bob and Johnson have adjusted themselves to the situation fairly well, and I usually go with them to camp affairs and the library. Paros, Rogers, Hoover and Ramey find their "escape" in going to town and drinking beer. Gable has his wife in town so he is contented right now.

It is true that the fellows are all getting "civilian fever" (comparable to the "resettlement fever" in the WRA centers). The number of discharges are increasing and the newer inductees feel sort of left out. Johnson said that the servicemen will be the forgotten men within a year and they will be called bums instead of heroes. It is harder for the fellows in our squad to adjust themselves because they are older and mostly family men. They feel that their careers have been drastically disrupted and it will be more difficult for them to get back into civilian life the longer they are here. Most believe that their jobs would be given back to them if they were released right now, but the chances will diminish the longer they are in the Army. It is a cause for concern because they have wives and children to consider.

A few minutes ago I was talking to our cook and his case is a good example.

He will get discharged next Wednesday, but he doesn't know what he will do. He said that it took him 10 years to establish his own business before the war and it was wiped out with his induction. He is 38 now and he doesn't know what he will do. He fears a widespread depression so he doesn't want to risk what money he has to start out in business again. He felt that he would have to look around for several months in order to size the situation up. I got the impression that he was definitely afraid to go out after being "sheltered" by an Army life for 4 years. This is going to be the problem of so many vets. The younger ones can go back to school, but this doesn't take care of the vast majority. From what I have seen so far, the Army doesn't help very much in developing good work habits. It makes the men too dependent too -- just like the WRA camps!!

However, I don't think that our squad will have any difficult readjustment problems back into civilian life as they are all technical men and they have a fairly high educational level. Ten of the 15 are college graduates so it is not representative of the Army in general.

Squad 3, Platoon 2, Co. 69

1. Seikman. From West Va. 18 yrs. old. H.S. ed. farmer. Very quiet. Youngest in the squad. Single.
2. Al Guemmer, 29, Chicago, Emp't. Office Mgr. Married 6 yrs with 2 children.
3. Me
4. Ned (Nadin) Kamron from Turkey, 26, single. Grad. Student in Mech. Engineering at U. of Ill.
5. Harry Gable, 27, Michigan, H.S. teacher, He has 2 children.
6. El. Johnson, 30, IBM accountant, 2 children, from Wisconsin
7. Bob Withey, 29, H.S. teacher, Springfield, Ill., 2 children
8. B. Grimes, 29, Personnel examiner for Detroit Civ. Ser. Commission, 1 child.
9. Frank Paros, 32, soc. teacher, U. of Marquette, 14 yrs. married, 2 children
10. Bob Ramey, 29, TWA Airlines works, no children

11. Carl Bierbauer, 29, IBM supervisor, 1 daughter
12. Jack Kissone, 28, teletype repair mech., 2 children
13. Joe Kohl, 29, contractor (refrid.), 3 children, Wis.
14. Hayes Williams, 30, retail coal dealer, 2 children. Claims to have been unfaithful 30 X in 9 yrs.! (Rest all say no!)
15. Carpino, 36, furniture dealer, 1 girl

Sunday, September 16, 1945

11:00 A.M. Still raining so we have been forced to remain indoors. I'm enjoying the leisurely day though. The downstairs boys got restless so they held some boxing matches. A poker game has also been in progress all morning. Most of the 30+ fellows upstairs are just taking it easy. Only about 5 remained in town overnight. A few dragged in early this morning and they are sleeping it off. A couple of the more ambitious are washing their clothes or trying out their winter uniforms as the cold weather has arrived. Writing letters and reading the Sunday newspapers has taken up most of my time this morning -- with bull sessions in between.

Bob is so absorbed in "Forever Amber" and I have been ribbing him for his low taste. He says that he is engaging in a "literary orgy" so that he can remain faithful to his wife. I now call him "Amber." Bob claims that he is reading the book to learn about the Restoration period in England, but I notice that he is starting to skip pages to get to the more spicy parts. He just announced that Amber is no longer a virgin. Not many of us have time to read during the basic training. I've only noticed a few fellows reading books in our company although the camp library seems to be well filled evenings. A lot of the boys go to read their home town newspapers as the library is well stocked with them. It has all the latest magazines and I'm planning to spend a bit more time reading if I can.

Now the fad has spread and everyone is trying on the winter uniform. I even

took time out to do it; Bob left his book; and Ramey got out of bed from his hangover. I never saw such a vain bunch of fellows! They ran downstairs to see how the coat fit and they are all complaining because the fit is tight. They are just like a bunch of somen! Now they are all hoping that the cool weather is here to stay so they can strut around in the winter uniform. They look dressier than the suntans and more soldierly.

I bet some of the wives of the men in our squad could hear their husbands discussing married life. We had breakfast at 8 and right afterwards the fellows came back and talked about the better food and the new attitudes of the cooks. Then they started to talk about Sunday breakfast at home and how much they missed their wives and children. Soon they were comparing notes on the labor pains their respective wives had. Inevitable the conversation turned to sex. Only Williams said he had been unfaithful to his wife. The concensus was that there was no substitute for a night with a wife as it left no troubled conscience afterwards. They believed that they could hold out indefinitely. Williams said they would all fool around other women after 10 years of married life, but the younger husbands said this would never happen. Soon the discussions turned to their experiences on their honeymoon and how many times they had intercourses in the first week of marriage. Williams held the record of 14 in the first 3 days. They sounded like little boys bragging about their exploits. I wonder if wives get together and do the same thing? Some of the boys must have gotten guilty feelings for telling so much of their personal lives as they went out to the telephone center and phoned their wives long distance to assure them that they were still being faithful! Bob's wife is expecting in Nov. and he is worried that the Red Cross will not be able to get him a furlough for this great event.

Eddie's reasons for re-enlisting in the Army: "Hell, I'm only 18. I wrote my brother for his advice, but I think I'll sign up anyway. I'll try to get into chemical engineering so the Army can let me complete my college work. I figure that

this is better than being in occupation for 2-3 years as an inductee because I may not want to go to college after that." Eddie takes Army life seriously and he studies the manual. He has been made the squad leader for group #1 downstairs so he moved down there last night. His is 18.

Cunningham is the awkward man of our platoon. He sleeps across from Bob and every nite he stumbles all over the lockers. In drill, he just can't keep step but he tries hard. He is more like a hill billy type. Last night he went into Petersburg and got drunk in a tavern. He got acquainted with a sailor who admired his uniform so much that they traded each other then and there -- the whole works. Cunningham stumbled in this morning with a full sailor's outfit! Now he has to go and buy a complete uniform at the PX to replace the one he traded away!

Ran across an article in New Republic which used Taki Asakura to illustrate that the returnees had a place on the coast and only a small lunatic fringe were in organized opposition. Taki was at Gila and he worked in the Housing Dept. with me when I first went there. (Article attached).

4:30 P.M.

Spent a quiet afternoon here in the library. We had chicken for dinner -- only a small portion; but the boys did not growl because the mess Sergeant was cussing the warehouse for cutting the Sunday rations. Thus, the cooks were not made the scapegoats!

The boys understand the tough position of the cooks much better now so they aren't so much the scapegoats. It's hard to say how long this honeymoon will last. After lunch, Grimes, Rogers, Bob W., Ramey, Al, Carl, Williams and I had a bull session until the rain let up a bit in order to allow us to get to the library. Williams started it off by saying how well the veterans were going to run the U.S. Grimes immediately made the point that it was not liberal enough and that a major third party would have to come from another source. He said that there was a danger of intolerance towards all servicemen if they got demanding.

He showed the attached Bill Mauldin cartoon as an example. A friend's wife from Detroit clipped it out of the "Free Press" and sent it along. Grimes thot I might be interested.

Rogers proposed that Labor unions should be the group to enter politics. Immediately there was a divided opinion. Carl said that most unions were run by a bunch of racketeers. Al feared the power of the working man ( he claims to hate Wallace). Grimes, Rogers, Bob and I were more or less in strong favor of Unions altho we disagreed on side points. Rogers used to be a tool and die machinist in Detroit and he predicted that there would be a revolution if Labor's wartime pay scale were not maintained. Grimes cautioned that management also had a side to understand. Al and Williams began to advocate "free enterprise" etc. Soon we were into politics. Ramey felt that Avery of Montgomery Ward was to be praised for the fight he made against the Government. It wasn't long before we were calling each other reactionaries and leftists. Williams was so positive thatthe country would go to the dogs if the Democrats remained in power. He said that the Democrats caused all the wars so I answered that Lincoln and McKinley were Republicans. I added that it was not merely a matter of which political party was to blame for wars and depressions; but more a matter of economic weaknesses and basic philosophies as to how it should be operated. Bob was all for liberalism today and he predicated a social revolution within the next 10 years. About the only thing which we all agreed upon was that it was good that each individual could express his ideas, and that in the long run this country would make progress. I was for speeding up the process, but Grimes and Al said that caution was the best method -- the middle of the road idea. Williams was for a return to the good old Republican days with no restriction on anything. Bob and I answered that he wanted a "Heil Hoover" as the dictator of this country. Grimes felt that the liberal policies were the best, but practical politics had to be considered. He admitted that he had registered

a protest vote for Norman Thomas in the last election because the two political parties were not much different in policy. Roger's solution was a labor party and Williams a vets party so we were all back to where we had started from. It was still going on when Carl, Bob and I left for the library. It is refreshing that the fellows do think about these things no matter if they happen to have different viewpoints. At least, it indicates that they are alive to domestic problems and that's a healthy sign.

- Just before lunch, the boys were talking about the length of occupation in relation to their possible discharge. They agreed that it was a smart move to keep the Emperor in as it saved American lives; but they were not so clear as to whether he should be kept in permanently in the hopes that he would lead Japan towards Democracy. They asked me what I thought and I was in a spot. I admitted that I didn't know much about the situation, but I was inclined to believe that the Emperor of Japan should be removed for the sake of a democratic growth there -- if the Army could work with the State Dept. in making certain economic revolutions there. I believed that this was better for the masses in the Orient in the long run. I can't see any solution in helping to perpetuate the Emperor legend for the sake of expediency. That would only prevent the development of an enlightened and liberated masses and I feel that this is the more important issue. The Japanese system could not be turned into a constitutional monarchy when the very foundation of the Emperor system is to keep the vasses in subservience(?) through blind obedience. The big business interests of Japan would like that because it gives no government into the hands of the people. How can democracy arise out of such a setup as that? I'm afraid that the U.S. and Eng. are too anxious to maintain the status quo, but that's not going to prevent a social revolution. Free them of the old power groups in the country and there is a chance that they will really become democratic. But that includes certain economic changes too and true self government (now the WRA type). I don't know all the complications of occupation as I haven't been particularly

interested in that topic up to now. I'm "expected" to be an authority on Asia matters in our barracks and I don't have the least inclination in that direction. Maybe this is a result of my subconscious (and conscious) effort to cut any tie which would identify me as being an "Oriental" rather than an "American." I think I can accomplish more by stressing the latter because it affects me in a much more personal way.

On the way to the library, we were reflecting back on our discussions today and Bob said he was most confused and worried about what he was going to do after he got back into civilian life "because we certainly are living in a period of intense upheaval and nothing is certain anymore." He thought that he would like to do personnel work with a large corporation. He asked me what I was going to do, and I said I hadn't started to worry about that yet very much "but no doubt something would come up." Bob thought I could go into diplomatic work and make a great contribution, but I merely laughed and answered that I didn't have the qualification, aptitude, or intelligence for such an undertaking. Bob said I could do civil administration work and help to spread democracy in Japan. My answer was a polite "no thank you, I prefer to seek my future mission right here in the good old U.S."

Monday, September 17, 1945

Blue Monday! Rained violently all day. I've never seen rain like this. I think that some of the sewers are backing up as the odor drifts up to our barracks. That's why we braved the downpour and came over here to the library. There isn't much doing as I've already seen the movie -- "State Fair" We went last night. Movies in an Army camp are quite a laugh. The boys hoot and howl; they get a very vicarious thrill out of the love scenes particularly. The clever remarks liven up the movie. The men read all sorts of double meanings into the words spoken on the screen and they are not bashful about yelling it out. The few women in the audience must get embarrassed at times.

I was in bed by 9:00 P.M. last night, but Ned, Al and I talked until 11:00. Ned started it off when he said that he hated Jews. I asked him why he should say such a thing, and he answered that the Jews were the parasites of the world and it was a racial trait which could never be eliminated. I was surprised to hear him make such a strong statement. Ned claimed that 9 out of 10 Americans hated Jews and I challenged him on that. We took a poll of the barracks and found 4 hated Jews violently, 6 didn't like them, 3 indifferent, and 4 thought they were like anybody else. Ned still insisted that his estimate was nearer the truth. His main reason for believing that Jews were the scum of the earth: "Why is it that they are the only group which has been hated for thousands of years?" I said that in the first place the Jew was not a race, but a culture (chiefly religious); and, secondly, they have been persecuted because they have been blamed for persecuting Christ. Ned has a Christian background and Christ is the only Jew he will accept as an equal to the Gentils. I remarked that he (Ned) looked like a Jew if he insisted upon saying that they had definite physical characteristics. Ned felt insulted at this. He really hates Jews strongly. He said that they were a deceptive race and they could never be loyal Americans. Another thing which bothered him was his belief that the Jews controlled 80% of the wealth of this country. I gave him the true facts: one, that Eddie Cantor was an obvious example of a loyal American, and two, the Jews controlled less than 5% of the total wealth of this country and that there were no poorer people than the Jews who lived in the Ghetto of New York. Then Ned said that a Jew was always a Jew first and they did not care to learn of the culture of the country to which they emigrated. I answered that there were millions of Jews assimilated out of their culture, but there was a tendency for each racial group to cling to the old, especially if they were persecuted in any way. Every time I answered one of Ned's points, he would bring up another. Finally, the reason for his hatred came out. It is an outgrowth of his Turkish background, and a deep resentment that some (he thinks all) Jews are

economically successful. I told him flatly that if he ever expected to be a good American, he had better forget about his old world intolerances. Ned said he would never change his viewpoint. Daley broke in and said that up in New England, the Jews were trying to control the wealth and it was jealousy which brought this sharp competition about. His solution was that Jews should not be loaned money in order to force them out of the economic life of that area! Anti-Semitism must be strong around Boston from what Daley said. Ned was delighted with this support of his point of view: "There, didn't I tell you that most Americans hate Jews?"

Then Al broke into the discussion. He said that he hated Jews, too, but he couldn't help it because it was entirely emotional. He went on: "I used to be just as idealistic as you and I even belonged to the Urban League at one time. All my logic tells me that I shouldn't be prejudiced, but I am. There's something about a Jew that I just can't stand. I worked in the employment office for Wrigley Co., but we never hired a Jew. When I first went to work for them, I was surprised that they asked the Race of a Jew only. There were all sorts of ways in which I found out. Ford doesn't hire them either. I don't know the real reason for Wrigley's policy, but my supervisor told me a story which pretty much explains the reason. A man named Smith started a business. After 25 years, he built it up and a sign was put up Smith and Son. Then, Smith needed a bookkeeper so he hired Goldberg. Next year a sign went up "Smith and Son and Goldberg." A year after that the sign read "Goldberg, Inc.." That's the way the Jews are. They get into a business and pretty soon they own it.

"I had several embarrassing minutes on account of this policy. One night I was working alone when a husky man came in and asked for a job. I didn't know he was a Jew and we were in need of workers so I immediately hired him. He said he was a refugee from Germany. I told him that I was of Germanic descent but I hated the Germans too. We were talking so friendly together. Then I asked him to fill out the employment form. After a few minutes he brought it back and I

almost fell over when I saw that he had put 'Jew' in the space for race. I didn't know how I was going to get rid of the bastard. I couldn't come right out and tell him openly that the company couldn't hire him. I began to make excuses, but the bugger was smart. All of a sudden I had an idea so I said he could have the job if he brought his birth certificate with him when he reported. I knew I had him there. Actually, the company didn't require birth certificates at all. I got rid of him but it was a close call."

My answer: "Jesus Christ, what a narrow viewpoint. When I get out of the Army, I'm never going to buy Wrigley gum or a Ford! No, I take that back. Why should I be intolerant of intolerance? I could quote Voltaire and say: 'I wholly disapprove of what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it' but I think there is a limit to everything. I'm not interested just in the Jews and Negroes but in all minorities because they are Americans first and we fall into dangerous fascist ideas when we spread prejudice and try to pit one group against the other." All of the fellows were listening by this time, and Grimes sang out that he agreed with me. Al then said: "Well, it's okay for you to hold to those idealistic world views because you lived in an academic world in civilian life. When I was going to Wesleyan College I believed exactly as you do now; but after I got into a realistic business world, those thoughts were knocked out of me and I couldn't afford to cling to them as I had a family to support. I still say that I don't like the Jews even though I agree with everything you said, but that's the contradiction in me."

Ned: "I don't believe any of it because I hate the Jews and I won't even change. I know that they are one group which can never be assimilated. In Turkey there was one group of Jews who were forced by the Sultan to become moslems or die. That was 300 years ago. They changed all right. They became moslems and they wore Turkish clothes and spoke the language. But, inside they never changed because they are still Jews and they hold secret meetings to carry on their old ways. You just

can't trust them as they have no loyalty to any country -- just to themselves."

C.K.: "I'm not surprised by the results at all. You can't persecute the Jews into change, especially when they had a superior culture to the Turks. In America, we don't do things that way (I conveniently forget about the evacuation program!). We try to get all cultures to contribute to the American culture and make it the best of all because it belongs to all of us. That's the difference between democracy and dictatorship."

Al suddenly began to take my argument: "In spite of my personal dislike I have to admit that the Jews have contributed a lot to this country. I would like them better if they did not segregate themselves so much and act superior to other Americans. They should mix in just like the rest of us. But I guess their religion makes it hard to do that."

Ned: "The Jews are hated in all countries and they'll always be that way because of the greed in them."

Ramey: "Hey, down there, let's go to sleep now. The Jews are not so dumb. Neither are the Swedes. Warner is a Swede. He got a pass to leave our barracks today because he said he had to observe Yon Kippen at the Synagogue. He got it. Warner is a Swede, but he would do anything to get out of K.P!"

Al's goodnight remark: "Charlie, you may be a Jew and Nigger lover, but us buys here swear by you for holding on to your convictions." It was a minor victory, but I'm afraid that no attitudes were changed. But I don't want Ned to get off on the wrong track as his conception of America is that Jews are sub-human, fraternities produce the cream of the crop of American thinkers, and that the Readers' Digest is the greatest magazine in the country. On the other hand, he thinks Russia is greatly misunderstood and there is a lot to the Russian people so that there is hope for him! One thing which gives me personal satisfaction is that there has been great progress made in getting the fellows to understand the Nisei as Americans. Some of them even bring me clippings of Nisei in Service now! I

wonder why they are so unable to accept the Jews, Negroes, etc. with an equally open mind? I suppose it is because the prejudiced views towards the latter are more deep rooted, while in the case of the Nisei it had been localized primarily to the Pacific Coast up to the time of Pearl Harbor. I feel that I've made some very good friends and some day I will accept their invitations to visit their homes in the various parts of the country. Withey and I have definite plans already, Carl has invited us to his home, Johnson said to come up to No. Michigan to visit him, Harry Gable likewise. This morning, Ramey said to be sure to come to his apartment up on North Shore Drive in Chicago.

I got to know him much better this morning. He is a 6'2" good looking fellow; also good natured, but not very politically or socially conscious. We are always ribbing each other. At breakfast we talked for quite a while and he told me a little about himself. Ramey is intelligent in the business sense. I kid him all the time about being a "Babbitt Republican" I understood a bit better the reasons for this view after he told me about himself. Ramey is a small town Nebraska boy who went to Chicago 7 years ago and made good. He is 29 now. Three years ago he was married to an even more successful girl. Ramey got in with T.W.A. Airlines when it was just beginning to expand. By the time he was inducted he was earning \$150 a week as the Director of the Industrial Division for T.W.A. His wife is a layout commercial artist for several of the largest dry goods stores in Chicago. Between the two of them, an income tax of \$12,000 was paid last year. That's why they were able to afford a luxurious apt. near the Drake Hotel. Ramey said to be sure for me to come up during my furlough. His wife is flying to Wash. next weekend so Ramey will go there despite the fact that his pass has only a 35 mile limit from camp. He said that by the time he got out of the Army, he was definitely going to start a family. He and I were among the very few to have only 1 discharge point when the cards were passed out today. The rest have from 13-38 as they have children to give them additional points. Ramey was feeling blue about the fact that he has

84 points to go; but most of the men were convinced that the point system for Army discharge would never be used to the end.

Narcolli advised all of the one point men to enlist for a 3 year Army hitch, but I know I won't be in that long. The fact that I only have 1 point does not bother me at all. I must be in a rut because I don't have that wild restlessness to be a civilian, altho I wouldn't turn such an opportunity down! I have a hidden desire to go overseas, God knows why. My reason tells me that Army life is not suited for me, but certain idealistic motives cause me to feel that I may be able to accomplish something constructive despite Army regimentation. Back of all this is an awareness that I don't have any definite occupational plans for civilian life. The urge to get out of the Army will grow by leaps and bounds when I become disillusioned just like the development of the resettlement fever at Gila when I realized that it was futile to do much in camp.

Due to the rain, all of our scheduled classes were held indoors -- right in our barracks! We shoved all of the beds and sat on the lockers while listening to lectures on interior guard duty. For four hours we practiced rifle marksmanship and my knees are still sore from the pounding they took on the hard wooden floor. I doubt if I will make much of a marksman! My arms are too short to balance the rifle while aiming and excruciating pains shoot up my arms and back if I hold the position very long. We ended up the day by doing exercises and that was the hardest task for the day. All of the drills were eliminated so I hardly felt tired. It looks as if the cooler weather is here to stay and that will make our basic training easier. Fortunately we did not have to go out on a night problem as scheduled as the ground was too wet to practice infiltration methods. But, if this rain keeps up, we are going to get very bored doing our basic in the barracks! I was daydreaming half of the time as it was so boring. Sarge Narcolli yells as much as ever. There is a divided opinion towards him. Some hate his guts because of the way he yells, while others swear by him because they feel that he is out for

the good of our platoon and that he wants to make good soldiers of us. I have changed my estimate of him, but mostly I just ignore him and he never bothers me too much as I have a tough skin and I realize that he doesn't mean to be personally abusive to us. "Mac" got yelled at all day. He was married yesterday so his mind was elsewhere and he also was very tired from his brief honeymoon excitement. Poor guy!!

(Attached Alice and Margaret Mryako's letters.)

Mariko was 31 yesterday. How terrible!!! I forgot all about her birthday!! Oh well, she wouldn't want to be reminded of her age anyway!!

Tuesday, September 18, 1945

It was a very dull and uneventful day but not too hard. The morning classes were held in our barracks because of the threat of rain. Most of the day we had to learn about the rifle and how to load and aim it. Next week we will go out on the range and fire our first shots. I can't say that I am very excited about it. We haven't drilled since last Friday so we did not look military enough to suit the Sarge. He blew his top and yelled the most abusive language! This didn't work either so he made us do "to the rear march" and double time to ship us into submission. It was so funny. Finally Narcolli got so mad that he stopped us and delivered a torrent of words. Among other things, he said "Goddamit, if you don't like the way I am teaching you, you'd better go tuh see the Chaplain. I ain't gonna take no more of this goofing off. I wantcha guys to be the best platoon and I'm fuh ya, but I don't wantcha to go pissing off on me. If I catch any more fug ups I'll make you drill on your own time. If I can stick up for you guys before the head man, you can damn well do some more cooperation. Godamit, I'm not gonna get my ass razzed for having the worst platoon so get on the god damn ball."

Lieut. Gallup then had a few more words to add. He is a very calm individual and he hasn't lost his head once. The trouble is that the boys in our platoon are smart and they know it. Gallup has the respect of all of us because he doesn't

get abusive. He merely said: "You men are letting down and I know it. We have the material to be the best platoon and there's no reason why you should slack up. That's all I've got to say."

It was fortunate that when the first military test results were announced, our platoon won first place and got the wooden plaque! This cooled Narcolli down immensely. Our platoon had an 88% average! Sad to relate, Bob and I brought up the rear as we didn't even score as high as the average! I guess I'd better study a bit of that dull military information the next time. Even Fischetto and Tinoco got higher than we did. We got razzed unmercifully, but I can't get much enthusiasm up. I go to the library and read books when I should be learning all about the parts of the rifle, how to salute and other things like that. Bob feels that he is being shoved into studying so he has his notebook with him tonight. He insists that I learn the General Orders so I will be able to get a pass to Richmond this weekend. He wants to go there to eat a steak, but I am not wildly enthusiastic about the idea.

A flu epidemic has been sweeping this camp and a lot of the boys have colds. Mac was stricken this morning so he had to be admitted to the hospital. Al felt sick all day and he went to bed immediately after the evening meal. Johnson and Bob also claim that they are not feeling so well. I have a tired feeling myself, but that's from not getting enough sleep. I always intend to get to bed before 11 but I pick up something to read at the library and I remain there until it closes.

One of the boys in the next platoon is feeling very sad because the Red Cross would not verify a need for his emergency furlough. His wife was in an auto accident and she has her skull fractured and her arm and leg broken. The Red Cross did not feel that her condition was serious enough to require the husband's presence home. He is threatening to go A.W.O.L. now.

(Attached: letters from Kenny and Jack. I guess I think in the same way as Kenny about the removal of the Emperor of Japan in order to get the real democratic

processes started there. It certainly is strange why the Army stuck him into the infantry instead of the Intelligence School where he would be of more value. His basic training is much tougher and longer than mine so I don't have any complaints now!)

Wednesday, September 19, 1945

Nice clear weather and hot today. We had the whole afternoon, and it was a nice break for me as it gave my body a chance to rest up. Actually the basic training is not so hard here, and it will be all over before I realize it. I didn't spend the afternoon resting entirely as I have planned as there were so many little things to do. I washed out my fatigues, changed my mattress cover, and cleaned my rifle and carbine. By the time I got finished with all this it was already 3:00 P.M. There is a rumor that we won't get anymore Wednesday afternoons off. It like it much better this way because it breaks up the week. There isn't any place we can go even if all Sat. and Sun. is off.

Since the platoon of ours won the First Battalion Group Test Plaque, they are all enthusiastic about winning the rest of them. Next week we go out on the range and practice for rifle marksmanship (5 to 8). I've never shot a gun very much so I don't know if I will be able to hit the target. We practiced the different shooting positions all morning. It's quite a strain on my arms to hold that weight up for such long periods. When we start shooting the live ammunition, my shoulders will probably get all black and blue. They still tell us that we should learn this and that because we will need it in combat. When we remark that the war is over, the instructor says: "Well, I have to teach you by the book and that's what it says!" I hope the whole Army is not static minded like that, but sometimes I think so. That's why it is not able to keep up with the swiftly moving political developments.

I broke my resolution and got into a poker game this afternoon! I had kept away from it up to now because it can be such a time waster and bad habit. The stakes are fairly high for the kind of pay we are getting. Kaskin won \$100 Sunday,

and Rogers has been winning \$10-15 each time. I wasn't going to play at all, but the game took place near my bed and Johnson and Withey went into partners with me for 50¢ each. I had quite a streak of luck as I was able to put 7 crisp dollar bills in my wallet by dinner time as my share. It will come in handy as I didn't have much cash left. I really should have gotten stung then it would have taught me a lesson. But the 50¢ investment was for a worthy cause as I needed some ready cash to make the trip to Richmond Sat. in case we go. Camp Lee is having its first football game with the U. of No. Carolina here so we may go to that instead. Grimes urges us not to go as he said that I had already seen all the worthwhile historical spots already during the several hours we were there before. It may rain anyway so our plans are quite indefinite.

A poker game certainly does bring out a fellows characters. They show greed and everything else. Fischetto can't take it at all. He rants and raves every hand he loses. We took him down for \$20 this afternoon and he was very profane about that. A barracks poker game is not very gentlemanly. It makes the fellows moody and resentful when another person wins so there is no percentage in it. It's not very scientific either, and some of the losers were sore because I played the percentages, which is the way poker should be played. I wouldn't play after dinner as I had no intention of playing all night. Johnson, Al, Carl and I went to the movie, and we met Bob Withey here at the library afterwards.

Letter from Dolores and Jack. She seems to be happily married! Jack finally got admitted into Stanford Med. School. It's about time he got in. (Letter attached).

Thursday, September 20, 1945

4:00 P.M. In between class right now. We have to fall out in sun tans for a formal retreat. It hasn't been a strenuous day, but the excessive heat takes a lot of energy out of us. We just got through with a drill hour and we weremarched practically dizzy.

This morning we learned about maps, and then we went out on the rifle range for a couple of hours. I do fairly well with dummy ammunition, but when we finally get live ammunition it will be a different story.

The latest latrine rumor is that all fathers will be released by next spring regardless of the length of service. This has lifted the morale of the fathers in our midst. It is also rumored that the dependents allotment will be cut off, and that those with class B dependents will also be released by Spring. There are so many wild rumors going around that I don't believe anything. Dorothy wrote and said that if I got 90 days in and then was released, it would be fine for the Study as she evidently plans to do more follow up work on the evacuees. I'm not anticipating anything at all. By this afternoon, the rumor said that husbands and those with dependents would be discharged by Xmas. I heard a radio program at noon and it only said that a congressional military affairs was going to propose this measure to Congress. Only 75 men a day are being discharged from Camp Lee. It will have to go up well into the hundreds if it is going to keep pace with the Army goal of 250,000 a month by next month. Ramey has been taking a lot of ribbing because he is married and doesn't have a child. Some fellows passed a note to him this morning in class with the following formula for discharge: "One over one, plus 9 months equals out." Ramey daydreams every morning about Chicago. He straightened me up this morning because I said he was a damn Isolationist Republican. He said he was a conservative Democrat on domestic issues but a rabid internationalist. He has a ready made job with TWA when he gets a discharge and he was so proud of the newspaper story that TWA was expanding enormously.

Gabel is most anxious to get out because he figures that it will save the taxpayers money to make him a civilian. Carl believes that four 18 years could be trained by the Army for what it costs to keep him in. He believes that drafting could be replaced entirely by volunteering if the service were made more attractive to young men: "The best way they could raise the morale of the enlisted men is to

abolish all the officers and let all men eat together. And all uniforms should be similar instead of letting officers have fancy dress. The best thing would be to abolish the use of 'Sir' in talking to an officer. The use of this term inferes that only officers are gentlemen and we are only a bunch of bastards. That's military snobbery of the first water and I'm agin it. This is a democratic Army and we don't need a caste system to maintain discipline."

In our "orientation period" this afternoon, the subject was "Japan and its Future." The Lieutenant stressed the point that there was no deviation or alteration of the Potsdam agreement. I raised the question of a possible "negotiated peace" since the Emperor and the ruling clan had been retained, and that the masses didn't seem to have much opportunity for real democratic expression. I gave my view that the basic objections had been prostituted and that expediency seemed to be the first policy of MacArthur. The Lieutenant consulted his notes and said that the war department didn't have anything to say about this. The orientation hour is never very good because the moderator is poor and the audience doesn't participate too well. A few fellows raised a similar type of question that I did. Many of them seemed to believe that the removal of the Emperor alone would solve all the problems. The Lieutenant fell into this line of thinking when he said that the only reason the U.S. allowed the Emperor to stay in was to prevent confusion and resistance until the Army got control and then he could be removed at any time. A double cross would certainly help to spread democratic principles in Japan! I'm afraid that the occupation isn't going to be so successful. The Lieutenant is already talking about another war. Ned got up and made some damn fool nationalistic comment after prefacing his remark with: "I don't speak English so well." He speaks it as well as anyone so he didn't create the impression that he had hoped. The Lieutenant was really waving the flag around for a while. Cunningham and Endicott were up there proposing that all the Japs be killed off if 80,000,000 of them couldn't live on their stripped islands as that would reduce the population and they couldn't give

the cry about not having enough "living space." Too bad that the whole discussion was approached from such a negative point of view, but getting a discharge is the man preoccupation and the fellows weren't much interested in politics, especially the 18 yr. olds. They all hope that the occupation forces will be kept small so they won't be sent over. The Lieutenant keeps telling them that two years of service is what they had better resign themselves to, but nobody believes him.

10:00 P.M.

We just came in from our night problem and it was a waste of time. We had to crawl through the woods and get through the enemy lines. Nobody took it seriously and a good time was had by all playing Indians. If our lives depended upon it, we wouldn't need any lessons on how to crawl through the bush. It was a two hour class. I had a nice nap during the last part of the program. Practically everyone was sleeping until the call was sounded to come home.

The formal retreat we had at 5:30 was carried through very smoothly and our company gave a very good performance. Sgt. Narcolli earned the respect of a lot more men by his precise demonstration. Our Honor guard worked like a clock as the flag came down. It was very snappy and military. At that I got a thrill out of it and so did all the rest of the company. Captain Williams said that for 3 weeks of training we drilled very well. Even Cunningham kept the step as the military band played. It is this sort of thing which makes young boys so fond of a uniform. Several boys downstairs decided to enlist after we came in as they said that it was better to stay in for 3 yrs. and wear a uniform than to get out and be unemployed. Very few of the 280 men in our company are going to enlist for the Regular Army right now. Our platoons have the worst record in this respect as we have more married fellows.

Tomorrow will be another very busy day so I should get to bed soon. I hope this heat lets up a bit.

(Attached letters received today from family. Also got 3 other letters.)

Friday, September 21, 1945

9:30 P.M. This is the first chance I've had to breathe freely all day. The Army believes in keeping us busy! This morning was not exhausting since we held classes outdoors. I get bored stiff with them, and when Lieutenant Gallup asked what we thought about gas masks I said I didn't give a damn as it was not a legitimate aspect of warfare. He said it really didn't make much difference as it was obsolete to use gas anyway since full protection against it had been perfected. He was of the opinion that the atomic bomb made all weapons obsolete. I haven't been interviewed by Gallup yet, but he plans to get around to all of us soon. He asked me privately what happened in the first test and I admitted that my mind wasn't very much on it. Now I will have to do a little better even though I don't feel any personal shame about it. The idea is that I would be letting the rest of my platoon down if I didn't do my best. The failure to achieve one of the high scores was partly rectified when I got among the highest (if not the highest) for the brief test this afternoon. It was more on First Aid and Map Reading and that is more useful to learn. I've been going along with the attitude that while I am in the Army I might as well get as much as I possibly can out of it and I believe that I've kept pretty well up to that standard so far. It's hard to feel that way during basic training as it is so useless to train us for active war now. The thing which keeps me going is that I like the physical conditioning phase as it's good for my health. I've come to the conclusion that our company has the best Lieutenant and non-coms in the company. This dawned on me when I heard the Sarge of another company bawl at his platoon: "Get yer god-damn fuggen chings up like a real soldier or I'll put a 'block under it and I don't mean wood either. You guys don't know what it is to sweat cause you ain't seen battle. We'll make men out of youse guys who were scraped from the bottom of the barrel." The poor private has to take such insults even though an Army directive says that profane and abusive language shall not be used. Narcolli has been getting a lot better since he realized that he could

get a lot more out of us by reasoning instead of driving us like pigs. Joe Maczinski can't get over his resentment though and he really shows his hate of the Army life. Ned is almost as bad, but he doesn't complain as loudly as before. He has been rather friendly to me recently and he offered me cookies that his girl friend sent. I've been eating so many home made cookies in the past few days. All of the wives have suddenly decided to send their hubbies cookies and we single men get the benefit. I have to tell each fellow that it's the best cookie I ever ate. They are good, but one boy got very flat tasting cookies from his girl friend and it was an effort to tell him how good it was. It really gives them a lot of satisfaction to have me (and others) sample their cookies, and their faces glow when the product is complimented. It's all sentimental with them anyway. Bob Withey got a box of walnut cookies today. So did Carl, Eldon, and Frank so I had an ample supply! Bob W. must have been telling his wife something about me because he mentioned this noon that his wife thought I was a good influence on him and she invited me to come eat at their house during my furlough. I think we have a nice gang of fellows in our platoon and our 3rd squad is the tops. Joe Kissone was appointed the leader of the 4th squad today so all four of the squad leaders in our platoon come from our 3rd squad.

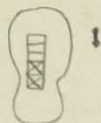
I wish that we could stick together after our basic is finished, but the chances are that we will be split up when we start the technical schools.

One of the boys downstairs had a tragic piece of news to stun him today. He got a telegraph this noon that a son was born to his wife. Everyone was congratulating Drall so he went to the PX and bought cigars to pass out. He beamed with pride and all afternoon he was so excited because it was a first child. Then at 5:00 P.M. when we marched to the field to get a company picture taken, a telegraph was thrust into his hands. He was still joking and smiling as he opened it during the "at ease" command. His friends were kidding him that maybe it was twins. Suddenly Krall got pale and he recoiled. The telegram said that his first

born son had died during the afternoon. The fellows helped him to pack his things for an emergency furlough and get a train ticket to California as he was too stunned to do anything. He left about 7:30 and we got together and decided to pass the hat around in our platoon to send flowers for the funeral. Every fellow dropped money in as I walked around with the helmet lining; but one smart-alek tossed in a roll of toilet paper. There are always a few of those people around in any group.

During our "GI party" (cleaning the barracks thoroughly) tonight, some of the fellows sneaked off. I worked like a dog in order to clean up and get finished. About 8% of us did most of the work upstairs while the rest stood around and supervised. The ones who yell the most about others not working are usually the ones who complain the loudest if some other fellows sneaks off. Ned still runs around with a rag and he looks so perplexed. He really hates to dirty his hands. Tinoco's laziness caught up with him. We left all the slop on the stairway for him to clean up when he returned after the rest of the work was completed. He did it cheerfully enough as he knew better than to buck public opinion!

After we finished the barracks, I cleaned my rifle and carbine and mess kit in preparation for the "big" inspection tomorrow. We even have to lace our shoes the Army way -- like this



I got two pairs of GI glasses today. They are sturdily built, but the best in quality. Carl, Bob and I went over together. It was so hot that we were tempted to loiter a bit so we would miss drill.

Carl is the conscientious one and he kept urging us to hurry back. However, I never wore glasses before, and a new world was opened to me as I gazed at the nurses! Bob and I got Carl to the hospital PX and we flirted with the southern girl clerks there. Carl was uneasy until he finally got us started back to report. Sarge Conden wanted us to help put a tent over a wooden frame so that was a half hour more. By this time I was feeling nauseated due to the combination of the heat

and not being used to glasses. It caught up with me and I vomited all over the Virginia woods. However, I went to class anyway, and I feel okay now. I only have to wear the glasses for distant vision and not for ordinary use, the optometrist says.

The letters are starting to come in steadily and I'm way behing in my correspondence now. Not enuf time!

Saturday, September 22, 1945

10:00 P.M. The day started with considerable excitement. Today was the time for the big weekly inspection, and this meant that we had to be up a little earlier in order to display our equipment on the bed exactly as specified in the Army diagram. We had agreed to get up at 5:30, but a few of the more nervous individuals got up at 5:00 and it woke all of us up. We were accusing Gabel of being the guilty one. He gets a lot of ribbing because his wife is in Petersburg and he is always complaining that he is so tired in the morning. All of a sudden, a loud commotion started at the other end.

"You son-of-a bitch!"

"Don't call me a son-of-a bitch!" Then bang, bang and bodies thud on the floor. I run up in my drawers, my eyes half open, and I am surprised to see Bob W. and Frank Paros pounding at each other vigorously! Several of us jump in to break them up, and I feel a fist flying by my head so I decided to make an orderly retreat. Both Bob and Frank are white with anger, and quivering. "You dirty Greek, you hit me while I was down," yells Bob. "God damn you, don't call me a dirty Greek; I'll cut your heart out," Frank frothes in anger. They break loose and start banging away at each other again. Blood flows. Frank is much bigger so he is on top. We hold them again. They argue some more, and then mix it up once more. It's pretty hard to hold angry men back as they get added strength. Finally we break them up and they continue to threaten each other with all sorts of sudden calamity. They sounded like a couple of 13 year old schoolboys. Frank is 34 and

the father of a 14 year old daughter; Bob was 29 yesterday.

At breakfast Grimes and I talked the matter over and decided that it was bad for the morale of our platoon to have a feud going on as it would split us into factions and there would be bad blood. Grimes thought it would be a good idea to organize a Kangaroo Court to see if Frank and Bob could not straighten it out. All of the fellows upstairs agreed that this was the best thing to do, except one or two who wanted to see bloodshed and they proposed that boxing gloves be borrowed from Narcolli so they could finish off the battle. The rest of us vote this proposal down as we felt that it would settle nothing, and we still had 4-5 weeks to train together. Grimes said he would speak to Frank and I was delegated to approach Bob W. I did it indirectly during the rest of the morning by teasing Bob that it looked like a very childish exhibition for a college graduate and high school teacher to be squabbling in such a manner with a college instructor who almost held a law degree. Bob was rather sheepish about it. He said that he was hot tempered and he didn't think. The whole feud has been building up over the past two weeks. Frank is so fussy about his bed and he scolds anyone who sits on his bed. He has suspected Bob of putting the ripe banana in his shoe (I was the guilty one there), and that added fuel to the fire. Bob had been nasty at times in making unkind remarks about Frank getting up early in the morning and making noise so this was a sensitive point. Thus, it didn't take much to set off the spark. I told Bob that he shouldn't have brought in a personal element by calling Frank a "dirty Greek" because Frank actually is very clean and there was no need to make any remarks about his ancestry. Bob saw this point, and he said he shouldn't have said that. Grimes told me that his approach to Frank was that there shouldn't be any individual grudges among us because we had a swell platoon and it shouldn't be spoiled. At any rate, the fellows were called together at noon and Frank and Bob practically fell over each other in kissing and making up. It goes to show that "wars" are not inevitable if each party attempts to understand the other! The nervous

tension has been broken so that our platoon should function even more efficiently during the rest of the training. Frank was much friendlier than usual and I had a long discussion with him at the supper table about how we would make out on the rifle range next week. Frank and I will be in the same firing group and we have to coach each other.

That wasn't all the excitement we had. There was a freak electrical storm this morning and a large bolt of lightening struck near our company. It sounded like a huge explosion and some of the boys were panic stricken for a moment. After breakfast we heard that Amelia Earheart had been rescued as a prisoner of the Japs for 10 years. She had not been heard from since her disappearance over the Pacific.

While we were out listening to our final instructions on the rifle range procedures, a wild rumor spread around the company that an atomic bomb had gone off in Oak Ridge Tenn. and that the whole area had been wiped off the face of the earth. I haven't heard any more about it since so I think that the rumor originated when some of the fellows didn't know what had caused the lightening explosion this morning. More excitement!

Our severest ordeal was the weekly inspection test. It's a lot of baloney to work so hard for a piece of wood as first prize; but we worked our fool heads off to get our barracks in order. Everything was shined, our rifles cleaned, etc. The younger boys were as nervous as old ladies! Five officers came around and they inspected everything while we stood at rigid attention. Seidman, the 18 yr. old boy next to me, was scared stiff. We were judged on the basis of barracks cleanliness, military courtesy, knowledge of the General Orders, notebooks in order, and rifle drill. Fortunately, I wasn't asked for any of the General Orders as I don't know any of them yet. When the results were announced, our deal "nd Platoon did it again! This pleased Sergeant Narcolli and Lieut. Gallup so much that they actually spoke gently to us and said that we were really "on the ball" and to keep up the good work.

Strangely enough, it made all of us feel good as we are rapidly getting the reputation as the best platoon in the company. We know that already without being conceited.

Several fellows from the other platoons approached me today and remarked that they had heard that our 3rd squad in the 2nd Platoon had a lot of "intellectuals" in it and they said they would like to come over sometimes and join in as not many of the fellows in their own platoon were interested in such an activity. I suppose that they approached me because of the remarks I had made in the orientation hour last Friday. It's encouraging to realize that there are plenty of fellows with active minds in our company.

Max Rosenbloom seems to be one of them. He is 23 and of Jewish ancestry. He introduced himself out in the drill area during our "break", and he said that he would like to join our "bull sessions" occasionally. Max is a heavy set individual with thick glasses. He was an instructor at NYCC before induction and working for his Ph.d. degree in Sociology. Max is interested in getting a commission as he believes he will be in the service for at least two years. He said that it was impossible to express a liberal point of view in his platoon because so many of the boys were Southerners, and they especially resented any suggestion that the Negro might possibly be a human being and entitled to the fruits of the democratic victory which they helped to win.

We have our share of prejudiced individuals in our barracks. Last night when I came in I overheard the following discussion about Negroes. It disturbed me, but I didn't butt in. I am going to make it my business to talk to Tinoco sometimes though and try to get him to realize what a dangerous game he is playing when he throws around prejudices like he did. Tinoco is of Mexican parentage. Goodman is from Oklahoma and he was a migratory worker in Calif. for several years (an "Oakie") Fischetti is of Italian parentage. None of the three has had too much education. Their conversation:

Tinoco: "Out in L.A. the damn Niggers drive the streetcars and buses. It isn't safe for a white guy to go down Central Avenue anymore."

Fischetti: "I'm glad I didn't go to Calif. 2 yrs. ago. I hate the fuggen Niggers. They get an inch and they try to take a fuggen mile, the pricks."

Goodman: "The Niggahs eat next to you in restaurants in California. They should be run out of the country."

Tinoco: "God damn, but they are mean bastards with the knife. The trouble out in Calif. is that the fuggen Mexicans are so lazy that they try to live even lower than the fuggen Niggers."

Fischetti: "The fuggen bastards are trying to take all of the white mans jobs."

Goodman: "That's the trouble with California. There's so damn many niggahs there that they push white folks off the streets."

Fischetti: "They should send all them black bastards back to Africa. I think Verginia has the best system. Let them clean the toilets and us guys will do the decent work. The fuggen niggers draft dodged and they made all the money while the white boys won the war. Then they cry now and want to be better than us."

Tinoco: "I bet there will be a war between whites and blacks soon. The Niggers will be owners of California and whe white man won't have a chance there." etc. etc.

It was the same way at the football game this afternoon. Several Negroes played for Camp Lee, and one in particular was outstanding. After the game, a soldier commented: "That guy played a good game for a Nigger, but they shouldn't be on the same team with a white man." I couldn't resist turning around and asking him why the man shouldn't play a good game and that his race had nothing to do with it. The answer: "He's still a damn nigger to me." Bob W. is also prejudiced altho he insists he isn't. a lieutenant drove by in a jeep and he said: "Look at that nigger lieutenant trying to own the damm road." I said it wasn't necessary to distinguish him by race, and that plenty of officers hogged the road.

12:00 P.M.

The resentment against a Negro getting a decent chance is quite strong in this

camp. For the past hour, about 12 of us have been debating the Negro question. The opposition takes the attitude that "you can complain about the weather all you want, but you can't do anything about it." Therefore, they conclude, you can't do anything to prevent race prejudice and wars as it is inevitable and a part of innate human behavior. Bob, Grimes, Al, Carl, Johnson and I were talking about the Southern race attitude when we came home, and the discussion got going when Thorburn, the cook, Daley, Kaskin and a few others joined us in our Latrine Seminar.

Bob continued his line of thinking that whites and blacks could never mix. He said that while he was doing Personnel Work, he had to go to the USES office quite a bit. "A big coon was the assistant supervisor and he had 5 girls working under him. He was very severe with the girls because he wanted to show his superiority and it was rumored that he went to bed with all five of them. Conditions just are not ripe for the two races to mix and that's all there is to it."

Grimes and I immediately pounced on Bob for throwing such a prejudiced thought into the group. Grimes penned Bob down and practically made him admit that it was only a rumor. I thought that a college graduate should at least eliminate the emotional bias. First, by coloring his story by calling a capable man a "coon", and secondly by injecting a miscengenation element into the story in order to appeal to emotions for response. He got this result even though he admitted that his arguments were weak. Then Daley started in by saying that the Niggers were taking over California. I said that the same proportion of Negroes went there as in the general population (150,000 out of 1,500,000 migrants during the war years), but they were forced into segregation and then the whites got angry about that. Thorburn added that another factor was the existence of the Native Sons organization which followed the fascist doctrine of race superiority. Daley admitted that he was prejudiced and that was that. Kaskin also sounded off a great deal until I said that there was just as much anti semitism in this country and the race problem was not separated one from the other. Kaskin is of Jewish ancestry so he quickly

changed his argument. He exploded one myth: "I hesitate to speak up about the Jews because I happen to be one, but there is a great distortion of the financial position of the Jews in the world. It just happens that the Jews are specialized in that field and they were forced into it. 300 years ago they were forced into ghettos in Europe, and they became the money lenders because that was considered the lowest trade for a human being to enter. It was in this way that the Jew built up financial strength and became a dominant power. Fiances control the world and that's why I don't think that Germany will ever be a first rate power again. But, the main point to remember is that there are just as many poor Jews in this country as rich."

Grimes then brought out the point that envy was one of the principal causes for race prejudice. The Day Cook then said he didn't care, but he wasn't going to let the "Niggers" take over this country. He said he was brought up in the South, and then moved to Indianapolis when he was 20. He was a Republican ward heeler there and he insisted that the Negroes controlled vote in that city. Grimes and I answered this by saying that (1) the Negro did not vote a racial block, and (2) 28,000 Negroes did not vote in Indianapolis. The cook said he didn't care, but the Nigger had to be "kept in his place" and then everyone would be happy. The strange part of the whole thing is that his argument was all emotional and when presented with facts he would back down. I felt that the Southern attitude hurt the South more than anything. I pointed out how silly it was to have a dual educational system when it could hardly have one good one, but the cook thought this was the best system. He then objected to Negro football players on the Camp Lee team and he said he wouldn't play next to one. I asked him if he would still feel the same way if he really wanted Camp to win. He said yes. Then I asked if he would fight next to a Negro in battle since they were both fighting for Democracy. The cook said not if he could help it. Then he added: "I wouldn't have much choice because I would be under orders. In the Army, it is different. I feel that the Nigger doesn't want to be in it anymore than I do so he is entitled to a chance as long

as he does his work. But I wouldn't want to sleep in the same building with one." Grimes asked him if he would work with one in the messhall and he said yes. The cook added that familiar old line: "Why one of the best friends I had in business was a Negro Lawyer, but I wouldn't think of mixing with him socially." I asked him what he meant by the Negro keeping in his place then. The cook backed down on his original statements and said that a colored man in civilian life was entitled to work for a living. The fellow was not consistent in his arguments at all, and the whole foundation of his prejudice was an emotional dislike and fear which he had accepted from his Southern cultural background -- but never examined rationally. It isn't possible to change his point of view completely, but a few facts may cause him to hesitate a bit when he sounds off the next time -- around us anyway.

The bull session was broken up when Williams and Endicott came back very drunk. The boys are all beginning to drift back from town now, and it seems that none of them had a very good time. Frank and Hoover said that all they did in Petersburg was eat 8 Kosher corn beef sandwiches, drink chocolate milk and write letters. One of the single boys downstairs told of the adventures he and his friends had with a pickup. The girl was brought into the camp and one of them went into the orderly room for a "pro" kit and then they took the girl out into the woods. They all left her flat after they had finished their business so the girl had to make her way back to town alone while the boys came back here to go to bed.

A bunch of us went to see "Hollywood Canteen" at the movies. I never saw so much undiluted crap in my life. It was all about how Hollywood won the war by keeping the morale of the servicemen up, and how patriotic the movie actors and actresses were. It was sickening and none of us enjoyed it too much. Afterwards we went to the Service Club and ate. We ended up in the library to read the papers and do a little writing. I'm so sleepy now that I had better get into bed. It's no use to go to bed before 12:00 on Sat. nights as the fellows make too much noise as they come in.

Camp Lee lost to U. of N. Carolina 6-0 today. Very good game.

Sunday, September 23, 1945

Mid-afternoon. Dreary weather again. I slept until 10:00 A.M. even though it was a great ordeal to go without breakfast. The boys are not very considerate so they make a lot of noise and it is difficult to slumber in peace -- unless one is real drunk like Williams. He and Fischetti are the clown of our barracks and they are always giving us the light touch. Their observations on womanhood are crude, but Williams still insists he is devoted to his wife. Endicott says different, but stories do get exaggerated.

I didn't do much this morning as it started to rain. Sunday is the best day in the week as far as I am concerned, but I never accomplish all I set out to do as the pace is so leisurely. A lot of time is spent in general bull sessions, but that's one way of getting to know the fellows better. A number of the boys go to church services, and I never can understand why. I asked Endicott why he went to mass and he answered: "To see the God damn chaplain about getting some relief for my aching balls." He was out drinking last nite, but he got up to go to mass anyway. What is there about Church which makes a guy do that? I would say that Endicott is the next to the most profane fellow on our floor and there is nothing religious about him. He doesn't give a damn about his fellow man, and yet he faithfully goes to confession every Sunday.

Some of us got into a discussion about religion this morning. Grimes approached it from an intellectual angle when he said that it was nothing more than man's ego to make himself divine and he illustrated it by tracing some of the other religious philosophies. I was more interested in finding out what made the fellows believe in Religion. As near as I could figure it out, it is a sort of faith which enriches man's life spiritually. I can't even subscribe to that belief because I would always question beyond the line of this "faith." I can't say that Religion has particularly enriched the lives of our roommates as it is a most abstract thing with them and they just accept it from force of habit. But they swear by it and anyone

who is sceptical is practically a fool in their minds. It is another kind of prejudice -- an emotional conditioning I could say. Somebody once said that "Religion is the opiate of the masses." It must have been a Russian materialist!! The fellows who believed most strongly were the ones who have expressed the most conservative ideas in other areas. I wonder if there is any correlation there?

There wasn't the usual poker game started this morning because most of the players were broke. Rogers must have cleaned them all out. He told me this morning that he had sent \$300 to his wife yesterday. Rogers is a nice guy. Big blond, not unintelligent. He was a skilled factory worker in Detroit before induction. This morning he was in a reminiscent mood so he told me all about his wife and baby and how he used to give his dog a bath every Sunday morning. It made him feel so bad that he went out and made a long distance call to his wife! All of the married men in our platoon seem to be good family men -- the backbone of America type. Al said that he was just getting adjusted to Army life now. He felt that it was a great shame to draft married men when they were just starting out on a home and family. He has written to his congressman about it, and the reply was that he might be able to get out if he could prove that he was essential to industry. He plans to take steps on it, but he doesn't have much hope of getting out before next spring. All of them say that they are anxious to get out, but I bet they won't ever regret this period of service. At least they won't feel different from other men who did the actual fighting because a uniform was worn.

Seeing those legless and armless men at the football game yesterday reminded me just how lucky we were not to have gone through the hell the fighting man did. I hope that this country doesn't forget the war wounded too quickly and betray the principles for which they fought. It isn't enough to take up a fund for a legless man and give it to him as that is not adequate compensation for the loss of a part of their body. Only the full fulfillment of the principles they fought for would repay that sacrifice as it can't be measured in dollars and cents.

This afternoon I have been fixing up my basic training notebook and reading the Sunday papers. Later I hope to get some letters sent off as I don't think I will have much time next week.

8:30 P.M.

Just came over here from the movie, "Love Affair." It was a very good picture with Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotton about a girl who loses her mind and who was convicted of murder. Carl and Bob got quite a vicarious thrill out of it. Grimes and Johnson also thought that it was very good. We began to discuss about Daley's case. He is from Boston and quite a nice fellow in our squad. Daley has been on edge because of his wife's condition. She had a nervous breakdown when he was inducted so she had to be placed in a state hospital and the baby put in the care of a relative. Daley is hoping to get out at any time, but nothing definite has happened so far. The draft board says it's up to Camp Lee, the headquarters here tells him that it is up to Washington, and Washington writes back that it's up to Camp Lee. It's enuf to make anyone bitter. In the meantime, Daley's wife is slowly recovering and in order to hasten the process the doctors have told her that he is getting a discharge. Daley is afraid that his wife's condition might get worse if he doesn't get home soon. It's a tough break and there doesn't seem to be any sense for the Army to keep him here. Daley has been taking the whole thing pretty good and his morale is excellent. He really has worries. Some of the other guys with lesser and minor worries take things much worse. Fischetti for example. He is bitter about being drafted so he makes quite a fuss about everything -- a regular hypochondriac. He complains of vast ailments, including piles, and he condemns everything as I march in drill with him. He's quite a character. When ever the chow call is sounded, Fischetti is usually the first down there and he runs like an antelope. But when we go to drill, he is always limping! He has a locker tray full of a strange assortment of medicines too!

After we got through discussing Daley's tough situation, Bob deliberated whether

to write and tell his wife about it. Carl advised against it because he said it would make her worry too much. Carl then told us that he had a terrific fright when he went into the gas chamber a week or so ago: "I never had a fear of death like I did then. Somebody stumbled against me and I got panicky so I inhaled a huge breath of phosgene gas. I remembered the Lieutenant saying that a man could drop dead from it 10 hrs. later so I worried half of the nite and I was worried that if I fell asleep I wouldn't wake up again! There is a lot of danger in basic training, but I don't tell my wife anything. Even in the rifle range there is a chance that some damn fool might point the gun the wrong way and kill somebody. It has happened before."

My gosh, why should a fellow worry himself about the odds of getting killed accidentally!! If it happens, there is nothing that can be done about it anyway. One might as well eliminate this mental hazard and enjoy living. I haven't given it any thought even tho I did take out the Army insurance. I was quite surprised to hear that Carl, Bob and others thought of it, primarily because it would leave their wives and children in such a tough spot, and incidentally because of a fear of death.

By coincident "Deathand Transfiguration" by Strauss and rendered by Stowkowski's Philadelphia orchestra is now being played in the library symphony recording hour. This library is the nicest place. What more can be asked than an announced sumphonic program, plenty of books to read, free stationary, nice writing tables, and pleasant librarian? It's the best place for relaxation in the whole camp. Our squad seems to make it a hangout as Bob, Carl, Johnson, Grimes, Al and I are here now, and also a couple of others. It's restful and peaceful to sit here and contemplate our vigorous schedule for tomorrow out on the range! I think I should get to bed by 11:00 P.M. as we have to get up at 4:45 A.M. tomorrow, eat at 5:00 and march 5 miles to the range at 5:45. I get tired just thinking about it!! It's been such an enjoyable weekend too. I can't understand those fellows who lie in bed all day long in our barracks and get bored. They should try to develop a few more interests.

Monday, September 24, 1945

8:30 P.M. The Army doesn't believe in Union hours. We got up at 4:15 A.M. to go to the rifle range, and we are just getting finished cleaning the rifles. I don't think I could go through many of these strenuous days. We have two more days of it, and I shall be mighty glad when it is over. My back aches, I have a blister on my heel and I am exhausted. I'm pretty sure I'll get to bed by 10:00 tonight as we have to get up early again tomorrow.

It was pitch black when we got up. After a hasty breakfast, we cleaned the barracks and then started out. We carried light field packs and a rifle. It's about 5 miles out to the range, but it wasn't so bad this morning. I suffered coming in because of my blister. Many of the boys took a physical beating and they are in bed already. We couldn't start shooting right away because of the fog. There are 100 targets out there and it makes a terrific din when all those M-1 cartridges are exploding. We had to stuff cotton in our ears in order to protect our eardrums.

I was on the scoring line all morning and it was an ordeal to sit in that sun for six hours without relief. An additional strain was in making out the color of the scoring disks 200 yards away. It was a good thing I had my glasses along. It wasn't until 2:30 that we finally got to eat our lunch out there. I was ravenously hungry, but I didn't get enough to fill my stomach as many of the fellows went into the line twice before I got there. After lunch I had to stay out in the sun once more to coach another group and the noise gave me a headache. We were all divided up into small groups to take turns on firing, coaching, scoring, fix targets, and work on the mess detail. The pit detail is the hardest as they have to strain their necks to get the targets up. They are in a ditch 200 yards away. The bull's eye is 6" x 6" and it looks like a dot at that distance.

I surprised myself by making one of the highest scores in the whole platoon. I got a lot of bulls eyes and 4's. I didn't miss the target once to get a "Maggies drawers." Many of the boys were nervous and they flinched at the terrific noise

or they didn't squeeze the trigger so their scores were very poor. They all blamed it upon the rifle!!

Harry Gabel missed the target 17 out of 18 times and he was expected to be one of the best shots. I think the boys will all do much better tomorrow, but I doubt if we win any away as we had the lowest average. There is a \$10 award to be given to the best shot in the whole company. I'll be satisfied to get a marksman score and I think that's a cinch. It is rumored that very few of the fellows will actually fail as the instructors shoot for them if the scores are too bad. It wouldn't be so pleasant to have to take basic training over again. I had to laugh at Frank because he was kibitzing all morning as if he were a sharpshooter and he didn't get such a hot score. I guess he won't brag so much about what a great rifleman he is now.

It will cost the Army approximately \$6000 for us to shoot the ammunition for 100 targets. I figured it all out this morning when I got bored. What a waste of the taxpayers money! I'm glad that we only have to shoot at a target though and not at human beings. Every safety precaution was taken out on the range so I didn't get nervous at all. In fact, Narcolli even praised me for my good form. He wants our platoon to win so badly. Everybody has headed for beer and cokes so I think I go out for a while too.

Tuesday, September 25, 1945

10:00 P.M. I'm writing with an effort as I have a bashed thumb as a result of a little accident out on the range today! I was loading a cartridge when the bolt clipped and hit me with a terrific thud. It has over 100 lbs. of pressure so it was a very painful experience. The blood spurted out all over and some of the fellows thought that I was shot. I didn't want to leave the range so I shot with this handicap for the rest of the day. It began to throb and ache right away and I couldn't inject any more clips as the least pressure made me wince. It is still throbbing merrily away. I should get a "purple heart." I can thank my lucky stars

that this is the worst that has happened to me in the Army and that I wasn't shot up like some of the soldiers in action.

The din of the cartridge explosions still make my ears ring. I was further unnerved this morning when a beautiful dog was shot and it had to be killed. The dog got behind the target just as 100 rifles banged away. It had a paw completely shot off and part of its insides were hanging out. It looked so pathetic as it tried to get off the bank. The Captain went over and killed it in order to put it out of its suffering. That dog was a sort of company mascot and it used to follow us all over when we went on our drills. I felt a little sad about it, and it made me think that thousands of human beings were killed without a chance either during the war just finished. I know that I'll never vote for a large standing Army as I hate the very thought of war. It would be so stupid to have another.

Due to my thumb handicap, I was very able to qualify as a marksman. I was doing so well yesterday too. One of the boys from our platoon shot the highest score for the company, but it was tied by a boy in the first platoon after a pencil was used to assist him. His score was erased and changed, but there is no way to prove it. Sarge Narcolli was fighting mad about the whole thing and he really did tell the first platoon off for allowing such dishonesty. There is a prize for top score and now it will have to be divided. Quite a few of the boys in our platoon made fine scores so we have a chance to post the highest average. All of the record fire was shot this afternoon. I don't think that I would have been able to qualify as a marksman if Joe didn't help me out. He loaded all the clips in for me and that was quite a job. I'm very happy about the whole thing as I "passed" the test and that's all I was hopeful for. Failure would mean taking another run on our spare time and it's grueling enough as it is. We go out and shoot the carbines tomorrow and we may get the afternoon off if we get finished in time. Spending the day out on the rifle range is no picnic as we are kept busy every minute of the time. We got up at 4:15 again this morning and we didn't get back until after 7:00. Right

after eating we had to clean all the dirty rifles. By the time I had shaved and showered, it was 9:30 and the lights went out so I walked over here to get a coke and then decided to drop into the library. Some of the fellows went into town to get beer as the PX didn't have any tonight. Most of them went to bed early.

The instructors have been pretty good to us out on the rifle range as they were all anxious to have the fellows qualify. Some of the cadre have the idea that a high platoon average will indicate that they are better instructors so they cheated like anything. Our cadre played it honest all the way though. The scorers are sent to other companies to keep the element of honest scoring in existence, but that doesn't mean a thing. I was the scorer this afternoon for one of the end companies, but the Lieutenant wouldn't allow me to keep an honest score. Everytime the zero flag came up, he told me not to mark it or to put a five in. They encouraged their boys to cheat in positions, and they were given "alibi runs" on the slightest excuse. Even at that, I think our company came pretty close to the top. We would have cheated too, but there was little chance because the Cadre was not "cooperative" and we were located right under the Colonel's box. The Negro boys kept our scores and a lot of them couldn't add so well. Paras, Hawkins and some of the others raised quite a protest about the "gigs" but I think that they did a good job and they were honest. They were pulling for us too, but it wasn't appreciated. In fact, Bob tried to say that the Negroes made the worst war record because they were cowards and ran away from the front lines. Williams was one of the friendliest to them and he was the one who had made some very prejudiced remarks about them before. Well, I have to go to bed now. Sixteen hrs. outside today is no easy assignment!!!

Wednesday, September 26, 1945

4:00 P.M. At last! Our range training is now completed so we won't have to go out there anymore, I don't think. We got up at 4:30 A.M. again and marched out for our carbine practice. The whole thing was a joke because we were instructed just to shoot them off rapidly so that we could finish by noon. The General came out in

his jeep for about 10 minutes so that we had to act serious about the whole thing. I never saw such a waste of ammunition!

My thumb felt a lot better and I was able to do my own loading so I improved my score by 30 points. It wasn't bad at all out there as we had a lot of fun. When I got up this morning, I didn't think that I would be able to make it. Five or six hours of sleep is not enough for this kind of life. It wasn't necessary for us to carry our packs on our backs out there, but the regulations said we must wear them so we did. Gabel took everything out of his in order to lighten it up. He wasn't even going to get up this morning, but a few of us ribbed him about being a psychoneurotic so he got dressed without further complaints. He has been having all sorts of ailments lately. His wife in town must baby him too much as he has been developing a very resentful attitude towards the Army recently. Nobody takes him seriously and he has been getting quite a ribbing about his diarrhea which he got from his dirty mess equipment out in the field. He sounds like a paratrooper when he hops out of his upper bunk in the middle of the night to go dashing down to the latrine. This morning the fellows got a package all tied up and presented it to him the very 1st thing. It was a cork and a note said that this was the best cure for his diarrhea!

We practically double timed on our way in from the range. Williams and I are always bringing in the rear because we can't take such long steps as the tall front men so Narcolli is always yelling at us to close the gap. We fooled them today by getting in the middle of the ranks. It seems that the tall husky fellows never carry in the rifles as we shorter "soldiers" are always weighted down with the extra ten pounds. By the time we get back here, we are practically ready to collapse. It's not much use to lose weight because the extra weight of a rifle is always placed upon us.

As a special treat, we were served beer with our lunch. It was ice cold and it went well with this heat. The 18 yr. boys even drank it, and now I notice that

several are complaining about headaches from it. Most of the afternoon, we have been cleaning rifles. The fellows are just starting to go out now, and it is also starting to rain. The storms come up very quickly in this area, but it is still stuffy hot in this barracks. Fischetti is sure that the Army deliberately planned for it to rain in order to spoil our afternoon off. He certainly is a funny guy. I was talking to him this morning, and it sounded like he was not losing so much financially by being in the Army. He gets about \$150 a month counting in allotments for his wife and children. Before the war, he was a machinist. He said he only earned \$1700 last year in wages and \$200 from social security because of his bad kidneys. That's the reason why he is thinking of going out to Calif. after the war. He's a nice enuf guy, even if he acts so ignorant.

I was going to take a nap until dinner time, but the feet odor is terrific and I can't stand it! If people believe that Negroes are the only ones with strong body odor, they should be here. I was seriously thinking of sleeping with a gas mask last night. Al's socks has the worst odor -- just like rotten garbage. He threw them under my bed so I had to get up and kick them in the aisle before I suffocated. What a life!!

I think we are getting more used to this life because I wasn't as tired today as yesterday. We are getting hardened up for the long hikes coming up next week. My big shoes make my feet float around in them so I'll have to wear 3 pairs of wool socks next week to avoid getting blisters. If it rains during our hikes, I can just turn my shoes upside down and get under them for shelter!

No poker games going on as the boys have not been paid since they came into the Army and the card sharks have taken what they had. They won't have much even after the 1st paychecks because of all the deductions which will be taken out for 2 months.

9:30 P.M.

We had a crises in our barracks this afternoon. Two rifles were not cleaned so

Narcolli ordered us all to put on our helmets and leggins on and go out and drill. Naturally, this was not very pleasant news to us so we protested vigorously. Our main point was that those who had "goofed" off were no around so that those who actually did the rifle cleaning job were getting a wrong deal. Endicott got all excited and he said that he wasn't going to go out. Nar colli said that he would be placed in the guardhouse for insubordination. Rebellion was in the air. We felt that Narcolli could not treat us like a bunch of children. After many words, Narcolli began to back down and he said that he would go through with his threat the next time. He never does.

I think that the tempers of some of the fellows are running short. There are always a few who never pitch in and help with the work. Endicott just couldn't cool off and he came upstairs and said that he was going to sock the "next guy who goofs off and you know who I mean." Then he said: "You all know that Charlie is doing the work of four guys around here in the morning and I'm going to see to it that you guys do some of it from now on." Up to that moment, I thought Endicott was in the wrong for making such an issue of the whole thing, but what could I say after he makes complimentary remarks about me? I feel that it isn't worth all that fuss so I just go ahead and do the work. Carl, Kissone, Jim and a few others do the same thing. Bob is more inclined to "goldbrick", but he has his streaks. Frank does his share, but he likes to be a supervisor. Tinoco, Fischetti, Ned and a few others are the laziest. It is remarkable that we get along as well as we do, and little things are bound to set people off if they take it too seriously. Al, Carl, Bob and I talked the whole thing over after the movie and we decided that the best thing to do is to have the Squad Leader portion out the work and a committee can take care of any difficulties which may arise. There's no sense in having any silly little fueds developing as we are all supposed to be adults. The boys downstairs are fighting all the time and there is a great amount of discord.

Nobody likes to do mopping, but it is a little chore which has to be done and

there is no use in fighting among ourselves to see who has the honor. Sometimes we act like a bunch of schoolboys. The downstairs bunch caused all trouble today. The whole thing is tied in with the mental adjustments of the group and it reflects in their actions.

Went to the show this evening with a bunch and then dropped in to the Service Club for something to eat afterwards. It's raining fiercely outside now so we will get drenched by the time we return to our barracks. The library here is jammed full. Tomorrow we go back to our regular basic training schedule and we will get up late -- at 6:00 A.M.! I still have to write a letter and read the papers tonight.

Thursday, September 27, 1945

Terrifically hot day today. We had a rigorous schedule for the day and I'm sure that I melted a bit. In the morning we went out into the training area to learn all about combat formations. It's really a waste of time and Narcolli said as much when he told us that the idea was only to give us some idea of how battle formations are made. Everyone wanted to be squad leaders in these formations as it is the easiest assignment. It goes to show how little Hitlers are made. I hope that 20 years from now, these fellows in our company won't be the American Legion type.

In mid-afternoon we were marched to the theater for a lecture and a movie on personal adjustment. There were two or three companies present so the theater was pretty well filled. The Lieutenant asked us to air our opinions. When he asked for a show of hands of who liked the Army, only six boys raised their hands. One got up and said that he liked Army life because it represented home to him! He must have been an orphan if he thinks that the Army gives him security! On second thought there is a great deal of truth to what he said. The Lieutenant then asked a boy to tell why he didn't like the Army. The fellow gave several interesting points. (1) Because he was separated from his wife and children at a time when his services was not actually needed. (2) His career was interrupted. (3) He disliked regimentation, and (4) he saw no purpose for the Army to continue the drafting of older fellows when

the cry of the moment was demobilization. The Lieutenant wanted to know why we thought the Army was regimenting us. Nobody would get up and answer. The fellows in my squad kept urging me to give my point of view on it so I got up and said that all soldiers in the U.S. Army were civilians at heart and more used to democratic ways than they were aware of. Therefore, they resented the constant indoctrination and caste system which was imposed upon them. I added that there was a great deal of talk about spreading democracy, but our basic training still emphasized the destructive aspects of war which made things quite contradictory to many of the fellows. I concluded that this authoritarian Army discipline didn't make much sense to most Americans so perhaps it would be advisable to emphasize education for democracy in order to create this international post-war world which we were all concerned with. Five sixths of the audience didn't know what I was talking about but they clapped anyway because they thought that I was advocating that they be given immediate discharges. The Lieutenant said that there was a definite purpose in being in the Army and the training film would prove it. We were then shown a propaganda movie made in England. It was pretty corny, and I doubt if many fellows left that theater with a converted frame of mind about liking military service. I hope that the attitude is lasting as I am afraid of a large standing peacetime Army. It is unfortunate that the training films and orientation lectures we get here are so superficial. It doesn't send any chills up my back to hear that junk, and the feeling is similar among all the fellows in our squad. My inconsistency is that even though I dislike the Army philosophy, I don't feel resentful about Army Service. I'm just indifferent to it, I guess. Perhaps the others feel more strongly about it because they keenly miss the separation from their families.

"Mac" is pretty ill over at the hospital. He is getting penicillin treatments for pneumonia now, and his situation is near the critical point. We have been taking turns cleaning his rifle while he is gone. Fischetti had some X-rays taken today and the doctor told him that he was normal. He is mad about the whole thing.

Gabel wanted to drop out of the physical conditioning exercises, but Narcolli said that he had to have a doctor's certificate. That is going to make him more resentful than ever about Army Service. The rest of the fellows seem to be making fairly good personal adjustments. We only have two more weeks of basic here, and one week out on the "Hill" before we are finished. I think the technical training will last for 9 weeks, but still no news about where we are going. We won't know officially until we get there.

Spending a quiet evening in the library reading up on the news events of the past few days. The Army should place newspapers in every barrack for our convenience. About the only papers we see there are old ones wrapped around the packages received by the boys from strange and unheard of towns in the East and Middle West!

Friday, September 28, 1945

I'm so tired today that my feet feel numb. It's the heat which makes it so difficult. Our program for the day had a lot of drill to it, and we ended up by running around the obstacle course twice. We also had a training film in the morning, but the boys were most cynical about this propaganda. It was the same old story that we were attacked and our democratic system had to be defended. No mention at all about the economic causes. Several of the fellows remarked that they were getting more and more pacifistic. Thorburn was convinced that we were going imperialistic: "Look at us in the Orient. If we have no plan except to take some military bases, then we have lost the war. I'm convinced that the masses in Asia will no longer stand for white sovereignty over there. They will look to Russia as the answer. I'm not speaking in terms of a world spread of Communism, but the common people of Asia want to rise now and not be suppressed as they have been for so many years. The Russian method is the only alternative for them, that is, unless we develop a real policy for Asia. I think that the U.S. is definitely at the crossroads. We have to decide soon if we are really interested in spreading the four freedoms, or whether we are just interested in maintaining the balance of

power. If it goes in the direction of power, the military here is going to get stronger and stronger and then we may as well kiss the democratic system goodbye. And we will be sure to have another war just in time for our kids to be forced to go through this crap. It will be with the same damn old slogans too. That's the hell of it. God damn it, we have the chance to realize all the ideals we fought this war for, and we can't let those 'brass hats' goof it up this time."

Training us for actual combat conditions really appeared ridiculous to all of us when we were given bayonets and told how to use them. The theme: "Always move forward and put guts into that blade." We were instructed to aim for the neck, but "don't get the rifle butt in front of you because you might break your hips if you hit a breastbone with the bayonet." We couldn't take this lecture and demonstration seriously. Very spontaneously, the fellows yelled "what a lot of horsewhit" as they charged. The usual instruction is to show enthusiasm and yell "huba-huba!" A few of the boys yelled "Banzai!" Narcolli gave us hell for not yelling the proper word and he said that it would sound bad if the C.O. heard it. Lieut. Gallup just laughed and he plainly indicated that he thought the bayonet drill was a waste of time. Chaskin cut himself on the chin when he pulled the bayonet from his rifle.

Narcolli was mad about something today so he made us drill very rigorously in the hot sun and we were forced to wear our gas masks just to make it more interesting. He acted more gentlemanly when he saw that we had won another award for the platoon. We have so many plaques hanging over the front door now that they hit the heads of the taller fellows. Only one big award has escaped us during the four weeks of basic so far, and it is fairly conclusive that we have the best outfit in the company. I think the reason for our temporary letdown this afternoon was because we were so disgusted about that bayonet sticking business, like sticking a pig. Bob has been advocating a large military force all along, but now he thinks that he is against it because the Army methods are so reactionary to him. He said that he would be glad to get out of this company as he didn't particularly like any of the

fellows except me. I can't understand that attitude because I think we have a swell bunch of fellows. Bob is still resentful because his wife is going to have a child in November and he believes that he never should have been drafted. I'm always ribbing him about "goldbricking" in the hopes that he will conform more. Bob is a nice guy, and he shouldn't take out his resentments on the rest of the squad. He is worried about his wife's financial condition as he says that he had very little savings put away in the bank by the time of his induction. He is getting a chance to earn a little money this weekend. Harry Gabel was listed for K.P. duty on Sunday and he was all excited because his wife is spending only one more week down here. He offered \$5.00 to anyone who would take his place but nobody wanted to give up a Sunday of leisure. Bob finally said that he would do it because I didn't want to go to Richmond with him and there was nothing else to do. \$5.00 is a pretty big sum here in the Army. If I want to get money that badly, I would play poker as it is a less painful way. I like to loaf around on Sundays and I wouldn't give it up for \$10.00. I think that a cold is coming on and I want to get real rested up this weekend. Bob promises to bring me plenty of food if I miss breakfast. I think that the cold symptoms is one reason why I feel so tired now. We had to GI our barracks after dinner this evening and clean our rifles so it was after 8 before we got finished. I still have to work on my basic training manual, and wash a few things before I go to bed. Some magazines here in the Rec. Hall are tempting me so I don't know if I will get around to the personal chores. We got through the Gi-ing about 45 minutes earlier because everyone cooperated. The boys downstairs yell at each other like a bunch of old ladies as they have no system.

Somebody finally hinted to Al that his feet had a most potent odor. We all whisper about it, but nobody dared to tell him because he is such a nice fellow. All day long the fellows rib me about how well I must have slept, etc, but Al didn't get the hint. Grimes talked to him and Al said that he always had feet trouble. Grimes suggested a more frequent change of socks as a remedy. It worked

as I saw Al washing his socks a while ago.

Williams was very happy this evening because his wife is coming to see him. He may be loud and profane but he's a lot of fun. We both march in the rear of the platoon as we are the shortest and it makes us so angry when the tall ones in the front take such long steps. Williams has lost 3 inches from his wasteline since coming into the Army. We both come in last every time we go over the obstacle course like today because it's so hard to get over that 10 foot fence. Fischetti, Seickman, and Stokes march in the rear with us so it is quite a bunch of characters. Sergeant Patterson is always giving us hell for laughing in the ranks.

Saturday, September 29, 1945

It was about 90° today, but fortunately we only had a half day. Drill for one hour, a training film, the rest of the morning for inspection. A Colonel came around for the inspection this morning. It's all a lot of baloney, but it is supposed to teach us discipline or something. My feet got most tired standing at attention so long while our rifles were inspected. Mine was in good condition so I had no worry about being ordered to clean it all afternoon. As usual, our platoon won the weekly inspection. We work for it in order to make Sergeant Narcolli feel good so he won't drill us so hard. The way we are going along, we won't have much competition for the rest of the awards. We get by on our reputation a lot so we don't have to put in nearly as much work as some of the other platoons and still we win. They are getting very disgusted so they almost expect us to come out on top. Their morale is much lower than ours too.

Our 3rd squad in the 2nd platoon is hoping that we will be sent together to the technical school some three weeks hence. The latest rumor is that we definitely will go to Fort Oglethorpe in Georgia. Ramey got a letter from a friend who says he saw the shipping order with our names on it. Here we go again! The camp down there is supposed to be a lot better than Camp Lee, and there is more leisure time available for the trainee. It is only 5 miles from Chatanooga, Tenn. I'd still

like to go nearer towards N.Y. and not into the South. However, it is lucky for us that the weather is so warm even if it saps our strength.

Here I have been feeling so good about getting into physical condition and I was positive that I had lost weight after all the exercising I have been doing. It was positively disgusting when I went into the PX and found out that I had gained 3 pounds. It's enough to make anyone lose fight! That's why I ate two big helpings at the evening meal. I have been eating fairly lightly, without butter too, but I guess it's no use. Bob restored my ego when he said I looked much thinner, but that I had probably put on the weight in the hardening up process. So all is not lost yet! It's not vanity which makes me want to lose weight, I know that I'll feel better.

Grimes, Johnson, Bob, Joe, John and a few others from our company went swimming in the pool this afternoon. It was very refreshing and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. There were only a few girls around so we spent part of the time speculating on which had the best shape! Johnson was just learning to swim so Bob gave him a lesson. Bob is a very strong swimmer and he never gets tired as he likes it. But on our drills and marches he is one of the very first to tire out! It must be all in the mind.

The boys were talking about what they would do after they got out of the Army. They were all optimistic and they felt that the best chance was to get into their own businesses. John remarked that maybe it was better for him to remain in the Army for a while because of all the strikes going on over the country over wage disputes. Labor doesn't want to give up any of the gains made during the war and I sympathize with the workers. The administration is in quite a muddle because it can't make good on its promise of 60 million jobs as it was not prepared for such a quick reconversion.

Sunday, September 30, 1945

2:00 P.M. The temperature dropped about 40°-50° today and everyone is complaining

about being chilly. We dragged out the winter underwear and put them on. Mine comes all the way down to my knees. All my clothes are the wrong size. I spent part of the morning cutting down my fatigue pants and pinching the blouse in. The biggest trouble I have is getting sleeves the right length.

It was too hot for blankets last night until it started to rain. The weather is very unpredictable in these parts. Because of the threatening rain we called off our proposed trip to Hopewell this afternoon. Ramey discouraged us when he said that it was a sleepy place with nothing of interest. It is supposed to be a historic location as the James and Appomattox Rivers meet there. Paros, Ramey and the Mess Sergeant went fishing down there yesterday. They were all packed up for an overnight stay. About midnight they came dragging in. All morning they argued about whose fault it was. Frank was sore because they had to camp on some swamp grounds and it smelled like a sewer. The Mess Sergeant drank all the whiskey up, and he really ribbed Frank for losing his fishing equipment on the first cast. Frank came back with a defense that Joe (the Mess Sarge) was a lousy guide for getting them lost, and this was answered with the argument that Frank was a softie. It went on and on. Frank can dish it out, but he definitely can't take it. He was burning under the collar, especially when Joe referred to him as "Greco." Frank is somewhat of a braggart, but he didn't have a chance with Joe. It took Joe 45 minutes to tell one anecdote and everybody walked off except Houser who was stuck. Right after lunch Ramey and Frank went off to town in order to get away from the talkative Sarge. Frank was mad because Joe drank so much of the whiskey. It kept all of us amused to hear the argument going on as it was liberally sprinkled with the colorful Army vocabulary.

Joe doesn't have any friends among the Cadre. He told us the reason for that was because he wouldn't allow any of them to go into the messhall at night to eat steak. Since he took over, we have been getting more meat. Cunningham also puts himself out to bake us good things as he came to this company with us. He shows

favoritism to our platoon when it comes to giving out cake and the other boys don't like that. It's the same way all through the Army -- too much petty grafting going on.

Very few fellows left camp for the weekend as there is nothing for them to do in town except drink beer. Liquor is only sold by the bottle and one has to have a permit or ration card for it. This morning we slept an hour longer because of the change back to standard time so that it was a long morning for the boys who had nothing to occupy them. Quite a few went to Church "to kill a little time." Al, Ned and I got into a discussion over religion. Al is a firm believer in Christianity and he is positive that the Bible is God's word handed down to man. I said that religion was a fulfillment of man's ego, but that I didn't believe in any particular religion. Al replied that our lives were poorer by not having a religious belief. Ned commented that Christianity wasn't the only religion in the world. He made the pertinent point: "Americans have a big weakness in believing that they are the center of the world and nothing outside of the U.S. is worth knowing about. They don't appreciate any other culture when the American culture is actually a part of all cultures. It's the same way with religion. The Christians won't consider other religions as being equally good when Christianity itself is actually adopted from some of the older religious philosophies." We didn't reach any conclusions as we couldn't agree on any promises so Al went off to Church "to pray for your heathen souls." I've never been interested in religious faiths, but I have no objections against people who want to worship in their own way. Al doesn't like the Catholics or the Jews, and his religious belief certainly doesn't contribute to any more tolerant attitudes. He wouldn't believe me when I said that he had the Jews to thank for the development of Christianity because of his dislike of that race. According to him "Christ wasn't a real Jew."

Many fellows in our barracks are anti-semitic in a superficial way and they believe a lot of distorted stories about the group. The morning papers headlined

the news that the Yanks in Germany were treating the Jews as badly as the Germans did. The general sentiment was that "it serves them right. They are the fuggers who put Hitler into power. The kikes will ruin any country as they are too greedy." Hitler's propaganda must have been pretty effective in this country to have so many people believing these lies. Ned doesn't sound off quite as much as before as he has discovered that there are a number of liberal minded and well educated fellows in our barracks who will present facts when he comes up with any distorted attitudes. He doesn't have any special friends in our barracks as he sort of holds himself aloof, but he seems to have made some friends among the band members. I finally got him interested in some other magazine besides the "Reader's Digest" when I told him about the article in "Common Ground" written by a Turk who became an American. Ned has been doing too much reading of conservative magazines so every once in a while he comes up with a startling statement like: "In America, any man can get a job if he wants to and he is a lazy bum if he doesn't"!!! Shades of the Hoover "rugged individualism"!!!

We came down to the library for a quiet afternoon, but the librarian put on the blaring radio announcement of the Camp Lee-N.Y. Giants football game "because it has been ordered."

9:30 P.M.

Br-r-r!!! It's really chilly this evening. Bob, Carl, Eldon and I went to the movies -- "Weekend at the Waldorf" (Ginger Rogers and Lana Turner) and now Bob and I are at the library while a symphonic recording program goes on. Bob has been deliberating on whether to go phone his wife with the \$5.00 he got for doing Gabel's K.P. work, and he just this moment made up his mind to do so so he is off to a telephone exchange. For the past half hour I've been trying to make this entry, but a Nisei boy here keeps asking me questions.

Nakagawa: "Are you from California?"

Me: "uh-huh" (But thinking, "I hope he doesn't pester me as I am busy.")

Nakagawa: "Uh -- Are you a Nisei?"

Me: "What's that?"

Nakagawa: "Oh, pardon me, I thought you were a Japanese American. My name's Nakagawa and I've been getting lonesome to talk to somebody from back home."

Me: "My name's Kikuchi and I'm from S.F. by way of Chicago. I've been in the Army for about two months and I'm almost through with basic."

N: "Oh, you are a Nisei! Do you know John Nakano?"

Me: "No I don't think so."

N: "Oh! Do you know Dekie Nakagawa of Berkeley?"

Me: "Yes."

N: "I hear she married a doctor."

Me: "Yes, I saw her in Chicago."

N: "I've been in the Army for 4 years and I'm sure lonesome to see some Nisei."

Me: "Why?"

N: "Because I can talk to them better."

Me: "Aren't the fellows in your company friendly?"

N: "Sure they are, but it's not the same thing. Did you go to the U. of Calif?"

Me: "I was there just before evacuation."

N: "I think I saw you around the campus. Are you married?"

Me: "No."

N: "Me either. There's about 15 Nisei in this camp. I'm trying to look all of them up because maybe they might know of a Nisei girl around here."

Me: "A man with your looks should appeal to the Southern gals."

N: "Where have you been? Don't you know that there is prejudice in the South?"

Me: "Have you run up against it?"

N: "I know better than to stick my head out and get it chopped off. I was stationed in Iowa until 3 weeks ago and if I get my discharge soon, I'm heading for Denver where I can see a lot of Nisei. I was in the medical corps for 3 years, but I didn't go overseas. Where do you live now?"

Me: "In Camp Lee! I was in Chicago when I got inducted."

N: "I hear that thousands live on the North Side in Chicago. I think they congregate too much. But I wouldn't mind seeing a Nihonmachi (Jap town) right now as it would make me feel like at home. In Berkeley we didn't have a Japanese town, but I went to S.F. a lot. Did you know Tats Kawano?"

Me: "No."

N: "Too bad you got drafted."

Me: "I don't think so."

N: "Do you like the Army after all the evacuation?"

Me: "The evacuation had nothing to do with my being in the Army."

N: "I got sore when my folks got kicked out. I'm not so bitter about it now. It was a dirty trick to do that when I was in the Army."

Me: "I guess it was at that."

N: "Who did you know in S.F.?"

Me: "I didn't know many Nisei."

N: "You get along good with the hakugens, don't you?"

Me: "Why do you say that?"

N: "I've seen you come down here a lot of times with hakugens boys and you go right up and talk to the librarian."

Me: "They're in my company and I like them so that's why I go places with them."

N: "I never feel good around Hakugens. I don't know what to say to them. That's why I always look up Nisei when I get a new camp. The hakugens are okay, but I feel funny around them even after 4 years in the Army. I don't think they would treat us like Negroes down here, but I still feel funny. That's why I think I'll go to a medical school and then go to Hawaii afterwards. No use going back to Berkeley. Did you know Toshie Marii?"

Me: "Uh-huh."

N: "I saw her in Denver once. Did you know Fumi Katsu?"

Me: "No."

N: "I know all the East Bay Boochies."

Me: "Would you pardon me, but I want to write a letter now and this place closes in a half hour?"

N: "Sure, sure. I'll see you down here again and you can tell me all about Nisei I knew from before."

I didn't want to cut Nakagawa short, but I also didn't want to talk about, "Did you know so and so?" all evening! I don't know why a conversation with a Nisei always seems to follow this pattern, but it is irritating. I suppose it is a groping around for something in common to talk about. If that's the type of conversation which will go on and on, I'm not particularly interested in cultivating Nakagawa. I just can't understand why a guy should be sensitive to Caucasians after he has been in the Army with them for 4 years. Nakagawa is a U.C. graduate so he should be able to get along fairly easily. I hope he talks about something else if I run into him again. The poor guy must be lonesome so I guess I should be more sociable and act pleasant when he asks me if I know such and such a person."

Eldon on strikes: "A lot of people are getting excited about all the strikes going on. I think it's the newspapers which makes it look worse than it is. Just like when they start to headline a lot of murder cases. Going on a strike is tantamount to beating a baby, the way the press plays it up. All the workers want is to keep their wages up, but the employer and the press makes it look like highway robbery. The cost of living has gone way higher than wages so the workers are entitled to a decent living. That's how we are going to get rational prosperity and full employment." Needless to add, I agreed 100% with him. Some of the fellows in our barracks denounce Labor, but I can't agree with them.

Grimes on occupation policy: "The way things are going in Germany, things don't look so bright for the occupation of Japan. Eisenhower is a much abler administrator than MacArthur, but he has General Patton to contend with. Patton is encouraging fascists over there just like MacArthur is coddling the conservative Japanese industrialists. The Army doesn't have too many able men with a sense of democratic responsibility."