

Monday, October 1, 1945

It wasn't such a hard day in the field. We marched out to the demolition area and set of TNT charges this morning. The stuff is very powerful and it makes a terrific noise. Only a few of the group had ever handled dynamite charges before so we were all nervous. A few of the boys were scared to set a charge off, but group pressure forced them to do it. Bob and Eldon hung around the back "Because expectant fathers shouldn't be exposed to unnecessary dangers." I didn't feel so happy about setting off one of those demolition charges but I managed to do it fairly calmly. The blast shot the water 60 feet up in the air like a gyser. During the war, this type of demolition bombs were used to destroy whole blocks. It makes me glad that I don't have to ever go out in combat and be around the stuff. The primer caps are so sensitive that a slight blow will set them off and blow one's hand off. I think we all breathed a sigh of relief when we finally got out of that area.

This afternoon, we learned all about camouflaging and we spent some time painting each other's faces up. I had Ramey looking like an Indian with those green and black colors painted all over his face. We went on to the combat formation practice for two hours after that. It started to drizzle a bit and we breathed a big sigh of relief when Captain Wheeler called us back to the company area. We felt fortunate for getting out of the physical conditioning hour.

Captain Wheeler assembled us all in front of the orderly house and he made a very surprising announcement. He said that out of the 104 companies in camp (consisting of 30,000 men), our 69th company had been selected to represent Camp Lee in a gigantic parade before a 5 star general and the newsreels within 2 weeks. He said that he didn't know any more of the details, but he was very proud that his company had been selected as the best outfit and it was a great honor. It made us feel pretty good. Captain Wheeler told us that entirely new equipment would be issued for this event and it would mean a lot of drilling to get polished up in

parade marching. The ones who do not come up to standard will be left behind. It will be a fitting climax to our basic training. We all began to second guess about where the parade would be held. The best possibilities were Washington or New York. It will most likely be a Columbus Day Parade, and I think it will be held in Washington, D.C. It's the first time that a company with our limited training has been selected for such an honor, says Captain Wheeler, so we must be making a good showing.

The excitement of this news overshadowed the culmination of the messhall crisis. The Mess Sarge had a run in with Sergeant Wilson today. He told Wilson that the Cadre broke into the kitchen on Sunday night and ate a lot of eggs and drank milk so there wasn't enough to go around this morning. Wilson replied that the cadre had always gone in there and it was okay within limits. The Mess Sarge wouldn't compromise so the matter was taken up with Captain Wheeler. Since there was such hard feelings between the cadre and the Mess Sarge, Wheeler said that he would ask the Mess Sarge to transfer to another company. That only leaves two cooks on the messhall and both are waiting to get discharged. The whole thing might have lowered our morale greatly, but it was counteracted by the other news. The Mess Sarge gets his neck chopped off for fighting for us, but he told Ramey that he was getting discharged soon and this would only speed it up so he wasn't interested in making it a fight to the bitter end.

Daley was very happy this evening because his discharge has finally come through. The doctors insisted upon it because of the nervous breakdown of his wife. Daley was passing a bottle around all evening to celebrate "my freedom from slavery." I never saw a guy jumping around in such joy. He has been under a great tension for quite a while so it was natural for him to release his feelings at the good news. Sergeant Condant is also leaving. I got along with him the best. Patterson is also itching to get out. He has been resentful ever since Narcolli was made the platoon sergeant over him. Narcolli used to be a cop in Pittsburgy -- no wonder he acts so tough. He has let down on our platoon a lot because of the reputation we have built up in the company.

Tuesday, October 2, 1945

5:30 P.M. I'm boiling mad today because of the unfair way in which I was treated!! Right after lunch, we started to drill in order to practice for a dress parade at Retreat. After a couple of hours, about 45 names were called out -- all the awkward boys in the company and my name was among them. The rest of the boys hooted while I burned. I didn't know why I had been selected for this honor, and I didn't believe the Lieutenant "Baby Face" when he said the very tall and very short were jerked out in order to have a uniform size company do this important drill. "Baby Face" insulted us right and left as we went through some drills and I was so mad that I could have told him off. He really rubbed it in and inferred that our mental processes were slow. My ego was hurt and my dignity damaged. I thought maybe that I had been selected for the "goof squad" for fooling around, as I do that sometimes, slyly I thought. We had to go clean up the training area and then come back and clean carbines while the rest went on the drill parade. All of the fellows with me felt badly. It wasn't because we wanted to march, but because we felt "left out." I couldn't contain myself for the "insult" to my dignity so I grabbed Sarge Narcolli and asked him why I had been placed in the goof squad. He answered: "That's just because you were too short. Don't let it bother you because I know that you don't goof off in drill. I never get after you, do I?" I felt greatly relieved after that, but I still think there ain't no justice. Just because I am short, I am elected to the Goof Squad. I hope it isn't that way when the selection comes for the Big Parade in Wash., D.C. It's the idea and the principle of the thing; but then, I should know by now that the Army has no rhyme or reason to it. There were about 6 of us in the short men category today. Neil and I are thinking of organizing a protest committee against this discrimination. We do all the hikes and everything else with the rest of the company, but we can't show off with them when they go on parade. All of the fellows in my squad thought it was a dirty trick, but they sure rib me about it!!

Thirty eight of our platoon have been put on the Green and White "alert" for tonight. We have to stick around and be ready to leave camp at a moment's notice with full field packs and helmets. We can't figure out why we are on alert but the rumors are that we have to go out and strike back. The hell with being a scob!! Also a rumor that we may have to go out and quell a riot. I suspect that it is merely for training purposes and nothing else as I haven't heard of any riots around here. Some of the boys said we would go to the "gig" (Negro) section to break up a riot and partoll and they are anxious to go after "the gigs." I told them that the Negroes weren't the ones to usually start a riot and I'd be damned if I would do anything like that even at the risk of a court martial. And I think I really mean it. Another rumor is that some rivers have flooded over and we may have to go out and help. It's all a mystery, but probably very routine. I think they want to keep all of us in so we will study for the training exam tomorrow. We have having a review class tonight.

It rained this morning and we all got bored with the combat formations and bayonet drilling. I still think it's a lot of crap, but I think that I had better do a little better this time or I may really get put into the goof squad.

9:30 P.M.

I feel better now! After dinner, the fellows in my squad all got worked up as they thought I got a dirty deal. They felt that since the elimination was supposed to be by drill and not size, a protest should be made. However, Bob suggested that I talk to Gallup first as it would bring less resentment. I did this after our review lesson here in the barracks and he told me that it was not a permanent arrangement so I need not let it bother me any more. So that is settled now, I hope. The idea!!

Wednesday, October 3, 1945

5:00 P.M. One of those enjoyable, relaxing days and I took advantage of it fully.

We only had a half day of training. For the first two hours, we went out into the woods and looked over the Field Sanitation area to get an idea of how men lived under battle conditions. It was so chilly that I almost froze. Winter must be coming on and I'll have to start wearing the heavy underwear soon. It's made of the best wool, but the darn thing is about as big as a tent for me.

Nobody was much interested in the field sanitation unit. The instructors were bored too so we discussed the world series games and some bets were made. The number of Detroit and Chicago boys were evenly divided so a few hot arguments started -- all in fun, of course. The boys are more interested in baseball than the Army!

The rest of the morning we took our second Group Training Test. It wasn't very difficult and I'm sure that I did very much better than last time even if I didn't do any preparation for it. The test wasn't very well written and many of the questions should have been thrown out for being ambiguous. We all rushed through it because it was so cold. Tinoco made sure that he would pass by sitting next to Carl. There wasn't as much copying of answers going on this time because the Battalion Commander was hanging around. It's hard to realize that we only have  $1\frac{1}{2}$  weeks more of this basic training before we go on the week's bivouac at AP Hill, about 85 miles from here. There will be a practice hike Friday, but I will be on KP that day. The boys are getting much more restless about moving on to another camp, but we may be fooled and stay right here for our technical training. I hope not, even though I am not exactly crazy about going to Forth Onglethorpe, if that is our destination. I will have fits if there is any suggestion that I go to Snelling. I never admit it aloud, but I have been enjoying this camp because of the fine associations in this barracks, and I certainly don't want to be thrown in with a bunch of 18 yr. olds in the next phase of our training.

We had the afternoon off. I had planned to do so many things, which I never got around to. I even turned down a suggestion to go to the county fair in Petersburg so I could accomplish something here. But Al, Bob, Eldon and I got started

in a rummy game while waiting for the baseball game to be broadcast. We played for a pot of 15¢ and I won so I guess I'll enjoy a free movie this evening! We are still waiting to be paid by the Army. I'm almost thinking of going into the barbering business, but I haven't the equipment here. I'm sure that I could do a better job than the fellow who "butches" them up in the 4th platoon. The only hesitation I have is that I don't want to cut into my limited free time. I think I can hold out on my cash until payday and it won't be necessary for me to go into business if I ration myself. I don't want to send for money as I don't need it that bad. Bette has been having bad luck in her school affairs, but I think she will make out okay and I still plan to see her through. I think she should try to get into nursing school in the Spring. I may suggest that if I write a letter to her tonight. It's partly my fault because I encouraged her to take a heavier school load than she was prepared for, but I was primarily interested in seeing her get through in 2 years. It's not time lost by any means.

Chicago won the world series game 9-0 while I dozed through half of it. It was chilly so I got under my blankets and I fell asleep! We will be going to dinner in a few minutes, and I am in the process of regretting that I wasted so many hours today; but the body was tired.

Boy, it is cold tonight!!

Thursday, October 4, 1945

8:30 P.M. I just got through with KP. This time I was a table waiter so it wasn't too hard. We worked speedily and finished by 7:15, but we had to help the kitchen crew. The cook took me off the dishes as he said I worked hard last time. Virtue has it's rewards sometimes. I never realized how many "pigs" we have in our company as our platoon has better manners. While waiting on the tables, it made me disgusted to see all those young boys grabbing the bread and fighting for the butter. One boy ate two heaping plates of stew piled high and he was no larger than I. He topped

it off with a bowl of fruit. He ate it right out of the bowl and he was too lazy to dish it out. When he left about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the fruit, I bawled him out for wasting food because he was such a pig about it. I don't think that he liked it very well. We have new cooks in the messhall and they didn't yell at us so much. Tomorrow I will be KP all day. Two fellows are picked from each platoon alphabetically and this is the second time it has come around to me.

I won't mind it tomorrow as the company is going on a long hike. It was so cold this morning that the heavy winter underwear didn't help much. I think I got a slight cold sitting out there in the woods.

The program for the day was not very interesting. We learned about hand grenades and one of these days we will have to go out on the range and throw a few live ones. Most of the time we drilled for the Big Parade. It is definite that the short men will not go to Washington as six of us were pulled out. Lieut. Gallup also said that men over 6 feet in height would not go, but he is going to try and get them through. It's all a lousy deal, that's what I think. A few of the awkward fellows were also eliminated, and Bob was one of them. He said that he was daydreaming about his wife so he didn't hear the orders. I've been ribbing him that we are both "goofs," but he insists that it's different for me because I was eliminated honorably by a cause beyond my control, while he got kicked out because of lack of coordination.

Tonight Bob is feeling mighty disgusted with Army Life: "It seems like the whole damn place is going to hell. My wife is getting restless and I'm worried about that baby coming in November. It affects my mental attitude and I think the whole Army is phony. I'm going to be stuck in it doo damn long to suit me and I can't do a thing about it. I never tell my wife how I really feel so that she is under the impression that I am making wonderful adjustments here. She thinks that I like the Army and that I am satisfied to do my part. My wife is funny because she is patriotic as hell and I would hate to disillusion her. But I just can't see any sense for being here. I've felt that all along, but much more keenly now. The whole

thing is silly and I'm getting very anti-militaristic. To think that I used to feel so differently about the Army!"

I said that he was probably suffering from a mental depression tonight and things were not quite that bad. Bob answered that I was a perpetual optimist. Actually, I am not, but there is so much griping going on around this place that it's no use for me to add to it. I think I dislike the existence of a military body as much as anyone, but I still believe there is a job to be done. This is rapidly ebbing however. I have to get up at 5:00 A.M. in the morning -- potatoes, gravy, sausage and cereal on the menu. I think I'll try to get to bed by 10 -- after I write a letter to Marge Tipchik and disillusion some of her youthful idealism.

(Attached M.L.'s letter)

Friday, October 5, 1945

I was on KP from 5 A.M. to 5 P.M. today. It wasn't bad, but boring as hell. I didn't miss anything because half of the company went on a full pack hike this morning, and the rest had to go out and drill. About half of the company are disqualified now, and the rest wish that they were too as they are no longer so enthusiastic about that Big Parade coming up next week. We are ending the 5th week of basic now, and the pace for next week looks terrific as everything is being crammed into it. When we go on bivouac a week from Friday we have to take everything with us as we may get shipped out from the "Hill." The boys were in a merry mood this evening as we GI'd the barracks and there was a great deal of yelling going on. Williams put a new mop on his head and he entertained us by jitterbugging while we worked. Even the most lazy ones pitched in and helped. We have things well organized now so it only took us about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours to scrub the place down. We are no longer interested in the inspection prize as it's old stuff to us so we don't try to clean every board anymore. We seem to get just as many awards by this method so the inspection is a big farce. The big Saturday inspection is merely an occasion

for the officers to try and batter us down to submission with that military courtesy stuff. Lieutenant Gallup doesn't stress it very much any more, but the younger Lieutenants in the other platoons are always yelling about it.

The fellows were very disgusted with the classes this afternoon. Al said it was a bunch of crap and the cadre didn't even know how to demonstrate a patrol. Paros got hell for making a sarcastic remark about this and Lieut. Frager got sore and reported it to Gallup. Al said his morale went way down and he was in a very rebellious mood because the training course had no meaning for him. He said that Lieut. Anderson also reported Sargenti for not having the proper military courtesy. Our platoon is always imitating the dumb Southern drawl of Anderson and Sargenti was caught at it today. He thought Ramey was behind him so he told him to hold his water. He was dumbfounded when he turned around and discovered that it really was Anderson. Our platoon has a low rating on military courtesy, but we rank high in everything else. Those real young Lieutenants don't like it so much when we don't act like they are such superior beings and we fail to recognize the Army caste system. They used to scare us with threats, but that doesn't work anymore.

The chief reason why the fellows were so happy and gay this evening was because it was the 1st payday for most of the company -- after almost two months in the Service. I didn't get paid because I was on KP but I'll probably get it tomorrow. I may get as much as \$40 for the two months, after deductions, but I'll settle for less. What a waste of the taxpayers' money. I haven't really done anything worthwhile to earn my Army pay. When I'm in for 3 months, I'll be eligible for veteran's rights. John Q. Public is going to pay for this war for many decades, I think.

My KP duties today was not as difficult as the last time. The cooks were more civilized and they treated us like human beings instead of dogs. They told us to eat all we could hold, and I even took a few bunches of delicious California grapes up to the barracks to pass around to the fellows. I didn't eat too much between meals

as I am trying to watch the waistline, but it looks like a hopeless cause when we get roast pork and stuff. I know all the cooks now so I didn't get abused. Carrol put the responsibility for cleaning the dining room on me so I was a "straw boss" this afternoon. The Army is full of straw bosses who pass the buck down the line to the privates, about 5 bosses for every soldier. The Army is ruining the work habits of so many men if today was any indication. The idea is to goldbrick as much as possible without getting caught. Our crew worked steadily all day, but we set a lesiurely pace. It doesn't pay to be too efficient because it only means that one will be appointed for further tasks.

I went for a haircut after KP and the barber told me all about how the clerk in the PX cleaning shop has given gonorrhoea to all the Canadian soldiers on the post here training as cooks.

Letter from Alice re: the further adventures of her Nisei flock. She seems happy in her little world. She doesn't say what Mark's plans are after his discharge from the Army.

Saturday, October 6, 1945

3:00 P.M. It's been a very slow day so far. It would have to rain just when the weekend comes around. We held our classes in the barracks this morning and it was indeed a boring session. We had to simulate the bayonet practice. Narcolli gives the dumbest reasons on why we should learn the stuff: "Remember this because you might get it on the test" and "we have to teach it to you because that's what the brass hats want." And then, he tells us that under real battle conditions, we would never use a lot of the things we are taught in basic. Williams innocently asks: "Didn't you hear the news yet? The war is over."

For two hours before lunch, we had to go through all the inspection nonsense once more. It seems that the Army is going back to the "spit and brass" methods to teach us military discipline, and it will be a lot worse in the next cycle.

Captain Wheeler was very upset because our platoon didn't have enough military courtesy so next week has been declared "military courtesy week." That's the main reason why we lost the weekly inspection plaque. None of us cared very much about it anyway. Captain Wheeler was also displeased because our notebooks were not kept up to date despite the fact that our platoon has been doing the best in every competition. The rifle range plaque got away from us by a matter of 4 points, but that was more because of the extra pencil work done on the range scores by the 1st platoon. Narcolli is the only one upset about that. The way Wheeler chastised us this morning, he must think that we are a bunch of babies. He doesn't overestimate our intelligence too highly. It rubbed all of us the wrong way, but we concluded that the cadre was pointing out our laxness in military discipline because we were on the closing week of basic training and they wanted to impress us that we should worship the "brass." The way the non-coms fawn whenever any "brass" comes around is sickening. Narcolli acted real angry when we didn't snap to attention quickly enough. He said that we were restricted to the company area, but he rescinded this order just as soon as the Captain and Lieutenant left. Gallup had to put on a show so he acted most displeased about the way we had fallen down on military courtesy. We had a good laugh about that. Johnson had the opinion that this type of foolishness was the main reason why we all resented military regimentation and that the only ones actually to be suppressed by it were the 18-20 yr. olds since their individuality had not developed yet and they could be molded into the Army pattern if they were held long enough. Ramey was a bit put out because Wheeler "scolded" him about not having an up-to-date military basic training notebook, so he mimicked Wheeler's favorite expression "Let's do it, huba-huba!" Ramey said that Wheeler held a job as a salesman in civilian life and his Army pay was the best that he has ever received. He felt that this was the chief danger of a powerful military because it inflated the egos of frustrated men by giving them a little power, without regard for the fact that they had empty brain cells. "Most of my college friends are officers and

I used to have a high regard for them; but the more I see of the officer class, the less respect I have for them. They don't know how to think because the Army has stamped them into a groove by giving them directions from above. Recently while I was in Washington, D.C., I talked to my boss who was there for an aviation conference. He was rather doubtful if many of the officers could make the grade back into the business world. They come into our company, and they think that they are too high to go through the regular employment channels so they ask to speak directly to the company president. They all want executive jobs. I was encouraged when my boss told me that very few of them were hired because they lack the initiative and the ability to arrive at independent decision and they were only offered salesman jobs as a test first. They have to prove their worth and work up as the "brass" from a military record is not the passport into business life. A lot of them will become bitter about that and turn to fascist thinking because they will feel that they are not being appreciated enough for winning the war. That's the worst thing the Army can do to a man, and I think that too much of that is happening."

Williams summed it all up with: "The real American is not a hero worshiper of military figures. Why, I would rather talk about Babe Ruth any day than General Pershing! Can Pershing play center field? In other countries, they may make a great fuss over military leaders; but in America, that only happens during wartime when we go a little insane. Why else are we in here for?"

Toe boys began to play poker right after inspection, and Fischetti has won over \$50 already. The big games only go on right after payday. Narcolli brought my paycheck up after lunch, and I am now \$41.70 richer. Three life insurance premiums, and one allotment was deducted from the total. Now we may not get paid for another two months. The money will come in pretty handy, and I may go into town after the world series game is over. Detroit is leading 4-1 now so the series looks like it will be tied up. This is the first time that Sholvin's radio had been appreciated.

This may be our last full weekend here until after basic is completed.

So many rumors are going around re: our next destination. Al felt that he got some inside deop from his friend in the Personnel office. According to him, 13 of the fellows who came down from Sheridan are definitely scheduled for Fort Orglethorpe, but they will come back here first for reassignment. He didn't know what would happen to the first three on the list -- which includes Bob Withey, Capuano and myself. Capuano says he is scheduled for Fort Myers. It's got me a bit worried as I'd rather stick with our group. I doubt if I will find another nice group like our squad. I'll really blow a fuse if any suggestion is made that I go to Fort Snelling. I'll go AWOL first!!!

Sunday, October 7, 1945

9:30 A.M. My goodness! What a fine ballon head I have this morning! Bob, Ramey and I went to Hopewell yesterday afternoon and we got tight. It was a very interesting episode in our Army lives. I was peacefully listening to the ball game yesterday and I turned Bob W's and Johnson's offer down to go to Richmond because of the threatening weather and I didn't feel like walking the streets while they shopped for presents. Ramey decides that we should go into Hopewell with his quart of Lord Calvert. I was rather reluctant at first, but I decided that since this was our last weekend here, I might as well go.

We hitched hiked a ride to the "Ritz." It is a semi-nightclub. For former marine who gave us a lift thought I was a Filipino cook. Ramey said afterwards that I should have told him that I was a proud American soldier of Japanese ancestry and to hell with the ride if it made any difference.

The "Ritz" was practically empty when we got there in late afternoon. In Virginia, no liquor is sold by the drink. We got the "set up" and we parked ourselves in front of the nickleodiam and started to drink and talk. Nice dim lights, music and drinks. Four hours later we were both drunk. The only other party in the place was a beaten up hag with enormous bags under her eyes. She was entertaining

three sailors. The place began to fill up about 8:00 and it was almost jammed when we left. When we reached the bottom of the bottle, we started in on beer. I was floating in the clouds by this time. In trying to maneuver my way to the men's room, I ended up in the telephone booth. I couldn't figure out why I was in there as I had no intention of phoning anyone. It's been a very long time since I drank that much, but I had a very good time and no regrets.

Ramey gets more fun out of life than anybody I know. We were laughing at every dumb thing. He decided that it would be nice to feel grass under our feet so we went out and took our shoes off and ran around the lawn while people gawked at us. It must have been quite a sight. Ramey is 6'1", very pleasing personality, good sense of humor, and much more intelligent than he has hitherto indicated. It makes him feel good just to get out of camp and walk into a civilian place once more. It was good at that.

I got to know Ramey fairly well as we talked in the Ritz. We teased the waitress about the lack of Southern hospitality around here and she didn't like that too much. We did some serious talking too. Ramey elaborated on his previous opinions of the Army. He showed me the letter from the president of his company trying to get him an immediate discharge from the Army and the difficulties involved. Ramey is scheduled to go to London to help open up the TWA office there as the airline is starting an international line. That's the thing which bothers him. He feels that he could be doing so much constructive work if he were out of the Army, but he has to "rot in the Army and get a lot of crap dished out to me. My respect for the military has hit sub-zero."

In the process of telling me how he got into the aviation industry, he practically told me his life story. During his childhood, his father was a very successful real estate man "worth several hundred thousand." We had servants in a big house in Omaha and I grew up rather spoiled. Then the depression came along and

my father was wiped out. He went \$35,000 into debt. He was determined to repay every cent so he quit smoking and drinking and lived on a strict budget. I really admire him for making a comeback at 50. He became a salesman and we moved up to Lincoln. Our family grew close because of this. Even my mother went out and worked and she did all of the cooking. I grew to respect her for what she went through and she never complained. She got slim and more beautiful, I thought. I can't say that we lived a life of hardship as we were in fairly comfortable circumstances compared to most depression families. My father began to make more money and he paid back every cent of the \$35,000 he owed. He always used to tell me that 4 hours of sleep was enough and the rest of the time should be spent in working for future security. That was the best advice he ever gave me when I was ready to start working.

"In college I played on the football team as Nebraska is wild about the game and a player had open doors to everything if he made the squad. I was able to get a lot of concessions through this contact and that kept me in spending money. I was the president of my fraternity and I had a good time. I went with the same girl all the way through and three years ago I married her. You'll have to meet her when you get back to Chicago as you will be interested in talking to the little lady. She's a peach, and terribly intelligent. I was making damn good money before my induction, but she did even better as a commercial artist. We have a nice pile in the bank and our marriage has been most successful. My wife and I have common interests, regardless of whether it is on a fishing trip or a cocktail party.

"But to get back to the point. After graduation from college in 1939, I had to start looking for a job. I had an offer at \$150 a month as an IBM operator and another one in the Kansas City TWA office at \$110. I was interested in aviation as I had learned how to fly so I took the airline job. But I wasn't happy to be getting \$110 a month all my life so I worked hard. I even put in 2 shifts of work many days at the airport. The company must have liked me because I was promoted all along.

I went to the Detroit office, then to St. Louis and New York. For the past 3 years I was in Chicago, but scheduled to go to London just as soon as the final arrangements were made. The draft took care of that deal. That's why I like to go out and enjoy a bottle in this stinking place. I don't fool around with other women because I have too much respect for my wife, but I think this double standard of morality is a lot of bunk.

"I was doing so well in civilian life and I regret being jerked out of it because my being in the Army doesn't make any sense at all and there is no point to it. At least, I don't have to worry about the security of my dependents, altho I am losing time by being here. My job is safe and I know I'll go back to it. The aviation industry is a lusty pioneer group yet and I was fortunate enough to get in during the time for expansion. I don't like to brag but I did hold a damn good job with TWA. I had 35 people working in my office there in the industrial relations department. My wife can take care of herself, but we want to start a family eventually. My parents are retired now in Seattle. Dad got into real estate out there and he hit it big. He's got a nice home out there and he's worth over \$100,000 again so he has security for the rest of his life. He was always a humanitarian and he gave thousands of dollars away to good charitable causes every time he got into the money."

Ramey re: religion: "I've never been religious, but my wife and I were interested in Christian Scientist before I was inducted. Jesus Christ, I don't believe in all these formal religions. The way I see things is that we don't know why we are here on this earth, but there must be a purpose to it. The mind is unlimited and we can eliminate a lot of the medical griefs and wars in this world if we had more faith in it. This is all confidential so don't ever start ribbing me about it. I'm almost convinced that we could have real brotherhood in this world if we looked at one's mind rather than his skin color. There is too much of that crap in this country to suit me, especially here in the South. I thought the civil war settled

all that, but the South is not convinced." The subject of religion came up when a tiny Salvation Army lassie came around with a tambarine to take up a collection.

Ramey re: Race: "You know, Charlie, you have been an education for me. I never knew any Japanese American in Nebraska and I didn't know what you guys were like. Since meeting you, I've become convinced that you're damn good Americans like any one else. I like to think that I'm broad minded, but I've never been interested in race prejudice. I like to see the Negroes get along, but I'm not so tolerant of them because of their ignorance. They push too much and I don't like that. I think they should earn their way. The best way to do that is to scatter out and mix up with the rest of the people and it can be done. The trouble is that segregation is partly self imposed. I don't give a damn if a person has Negro blood in them as long as they don't stress it and make an issue of the fact. A friend of mine in the company used to know Merle Oberon's family real well. Her mother is black as oal, but she won't even recognize her because she thinks that it might hurt her career. Hell sakes, the best way for a minority group to become acceptable is for the successful ones in the group not to be ashamed of his racial background. Just like when you go out with me. It never occurred to me that you were "different" when I asked you to come and drink with me. If you had acted "different" then I might have thought you really were. I admit that it's a lot harder for a Negro to do that, but it can be done. They have to have something to offer first before they try to push their way in. As far as I'm concerned, you are an American friend of mine and I'm not referring to color when I say you're "white." I mean by that, that you feel and think the same way I do on a lot of things so we can sit here and throw the bull. You have stronger political views than I do, but that's an individual difference. I get a hell of an education when I hear you and Grimes leading those discussions back in the barracks."

Re: Barrack's personalities: "I think we have a hell of a good group and I enjoy being with them. Grimes amuses me because he reminds me of the bright boy

in the class who always knows all the answers. Seikman is the boy who needs help as he's only 18 and he feels sort of let out. That's why he always stood on the sidelines when we GI'd the place and the other guys thought he was goofing up. For the last two times I've given him the job of water boy and his face really lights up when I give him that attention. His mental processes are a bit slow, but that's because he's from the backwoods of West Virginia.

"Ned is another one who goofs off a lot, but I think he is coming along fine. I get a big kick out of the way he has picked up American jazz. Paros hates his guts, but I tell him that it is hard enough for him and I to make the adjustments from civilian to military life; but Ned has an extra step to make and he is gradually getting wise to the fact that he can't act like a prima donna when it comes to doing K.P. and other details or else he never will get himself liked by the other fellows. He never seems to go around with the barracks bunch.

"Paros is the most peculiar fellow in our bunch. He had a loud mouth and a terrific temper. His wife is always writing him letters telling him to control his temper. I've been going out a lot with Frank, but I wouldn't call him a real friend. He's a fussy old lady and he can't take a ribbing. The thing I don't like about him is that he talks behind my back when he is supposed to be my friend. I got down to brush my teeth in the morning and I can hear him complaining about my 'goofing off' from the morning cleaning. I never see him doing too much work, but he talks a good day's job everytime. I'm supposed to meet him at 8:00 at the U.S.O. and he is going to be as mad as a wet hen when we go over there late. I laugh at him a lot, but once in a while he gets under my skin. He is the most nationalistic guy in the company (for Greece) and I can't understand that. I know that if he ever got sore at me, he would stab me in the back literally as he is that kind of a guy. He's sure going to be sore tonight when we get there so late. I am hardly wait to see his face.

"Johnson is one swell guy and I like him. We went over to have beer at the

Spa one night this week, and I was surprised to hear how successful he was in civilian life. He was making damn good dough up there in Michigan, but he never blows about it. Hoover is another nice guy and I have a hell of a lot of fun with him. Withey is the one I am disappointed in. I used to help him with his layouts because he was so helpless. But he turns around and makes nasty remarks about the squad leaders being too big for their hats. He is always goldbricking because of his resentment of Army life. He shouldn't take it out on his buddies as that won't get him any place."

After we got to feeling real high, we took a cab over to the Chesterfield to eat a steak dinner. It was most delicious and I enjoyed it immensely as it was a relief to eat leisurely and get away from the rush of the messhall. We tried to flirt with the waitress, but she gave us the cold shoulder. Ramey has quite a way with women as I found out later at the USO dance. We sat over our beers for over an hour and then decided to walk over. By this time we felt quite carefree and gay. We saw a shiny red motorcycle on the curb so we went over to admire it. Ramey decides that we should ride it to the USO. The next thing I know he is banging away on the front of the store window.

Me: "What are you doing?"

Ramey: "We want a ride, don't we?"

Me: "Yes."

Ramey: pound! pound! "Well, we have to get permission, don't we?"

Me: "That's a good idea." pound, pound!

A few minutes later a frowsy old man comes to the door. He is such a comical sight in his long winter underwear that we begin to laugh. He had gotten out of bed so he was cross. Ramey says "Say, you have a nice bicycle out in front."

Man: "It's a motorcycle. What do you want."

Ramey and me: "We would like to ride it to the USO."

Man: "Go away."

Ramey: "It's really a beautiful job."

Man's face lights up, "Yes it is. It has five shifts and a reverse" he tells us confidentially. We say good night and lumber off laughing loudly at the joke. In the USO we run into Hoover. He tells us that Paros is mad because we are so late so we say the hell with him and we go in. The hostesss puts a tag with our name on our collar and we go in. Ramey immediately gets acquainted with Mrs. Shyde. I talked to her for about an hour and a half in her office. Mrs. Shyde seemed to be interested in talking to us and she took us around to meet Mr. Ross the Director of the USO and Sergeant Spiegall. The latter is a Harvard law student who has been in the Army for 37 months and he is now recruiting at Hopewell. He doesn't like the South "because of its narrow attitudes."

Mrs. Shyde is the social chairman at the USO. She just arrived two weeks ago, and she felt that we could help her there in the program so she took our names and addresses down. She is a lady about 35, very pleasant to talk to. She said she was doing "Y" work in New York before coming here, and she felt that she could do something of social value during the time her husband was in the Service. She became alarmed at the way her husband's attitudes changed under the Army influence so she decided that she could do her part in USO work by working with younger soldiers: "The program here is not adequate at all. There is a distinct caste system and only the girls from the 'better' families are allowed to come in as hostesses. I am just feeling my way now as the community hostility towards Northerners is quite pronounced. I'd like to get some of the industrial girls to come in here as this is supposed to be a democratic service club. I'm quite interested in this race problem, but I'll have to work slowly as the patterns of thinking is set. I had a clubwoman come in today to orient me about how I should regard Negroes and not to dare allow them to set foot into this place. I boiled inside, but that is one problem I cannot do much about by myself. They are so afraid of intermarriage down here, as if that is the whole problem. Hopewell has a typical small town attitude, but a lot of

Northern influence has entered in through the influence of Camp Lee. I'm not out to do any drastic reforming, but I would like to help some of the soldiers to think a bit more. If I can get a nucleus of a well educated group together, I would like to start a Forum. It will take time to develop my program, but I think it is worthwhile. It certainly has been refreshing to talk to some people from the 'North' like you, because I have hardly dared to open my mouth among the Southerners here for fear of putting my foot into it."

We didn't do much dancing there altho Ramey was fairly successful. Hoover tried for a half hour to get a dance but he was cut out immediately so he finally gave up in disgust and went to write a letter. I only tried once. I went two steps and I was on the point of asking the girl her name when I was cut. Too many GI's. I guess I'll have to take a saw along to cut the legs of those tall girls down. Some of them were really attractive.

About 11, we went to get more beer but the down pulls in its boardwalks and closes everything up before midnight so we couldn't get a drink. Hoover found a grapefruit in the gutter so the three of us stopped to play football right in the middle of the main street. We ran into Paros, Carl, Kissone and Joe Kohl in a restaurant so we had some hot dogs to eat. Later we decided to go back to the Ritz so we took a roundabout tour to get there. Paros sees a girl coming down the street and he tries to pick her up. She is pregnant, but he doesn't care. In her southern drawl, the girl tells Frank to go peddle his papers. All the time we are yelling: "Let's do it, huba, huba" at him. Finally we take a cab to the Ritz and we discover that no more drinks can be bought. The place is jammed, but they all have their own bottles. A soldier tried to sell us a bottle for \$8.00, but we decided that it wasn't worth the price so we took a cab home. On the way we bargained with the driver to reduce the fare from 30¢ each to 25¢. It only costs 10¢ by bus, but we didn't want to wait around. Carl left us before we went to the Ritz, but we beat him home.

We went over to the messhall to get some coffee, but the night fireman wouldn't give us a thing. This gripes us so we woke everyone in the barracks up by rolling Hoover's grapefruit up and down the aisle in the dark. I fell asleep immediately after getting into bed.

1:30 P.M.

This morning I got up for breakfast for a change. It is nice and sunny today, but I don't feel like going out as I'm tired and I want to hear the world series game which is just starting. I've been to town once and that's enough for me as I am satisfied. It's been a leisurely day. I laid around most of the morning and read the papers. Everyone got excited when the latrine rumor went around that we would not have to go on the week's bivouac as the A.P. Hill would be closed on October 15th. But our enthusiasm was dampened when the rumor further added that we would have to take 9 weeks of basic instead of 7. I won't believe anything until it actually happens.

While sitting here, I overheard a very adolescent argument going on downstairs just now with Brezenski and Bolum opposing Ed Gremlen. They are all 18yr. olds. They are accusing Ed of being a traitor to the U.S. because he will not admit that we couldn't give Russia a beating in three weeks if a war came. Gremlen says that the U.S. doesn't have the best Army in the world and that it is possible for Russia to invent an atomic bomb also. They hoot him unmercifully for this and call him a communisht. How potential militarists are made!

Grimes and Withey had quite a debate this morning which I listened in upon while writing. It all started when Withey said that Shakespeare was anti semetic and that England was the cause for the development of Imperialism in the world. Grimes answered that Russia was just as imperialistic now and the foundation of a new war was being laid.

Withey: "We are just as imperialistic as any country. The economic interest

of the U.S. will govern our foreign policy and eventually lead to another war. We will seek for control of raw materials and this will clash with Russia's aims. It's all very materialistic and ideals have nothing to do with it. Eventually we will try to dominate the world economy and this will inevitably commit us to a policy of political imperialism. We are suffering from a cultural lag in our political philosophy and that's why we don't know what to do with Japan. Personally, I feel that Japan should be demobilized 100%. We should take every bit of industrial power from them and make them an agricultural nation."

Grimes: "Now that is a perfect example of an imperialistic argument. You say that the U.S. is cynical in political philosophy, but you advocate the same sort of thing. Do you seriously believe that you can strip a nation completely and expect peace? How many people can an agricultural support on her home islands?"

Withey: "Maybe about 40%. I say let the Japs go to China or let the bastards die."

Grimes: "You are talking like an American Legioner now. You should have a better proposal than that. I think that whay you say brings out the contradiction in our foreign policy."

Withey: "I guess I made too strong a statement because I know that you just can't kill people off to settle a war problem. But we will have to keep a lot of military outposts over there as the Japs are not to be trusted. What's your solution for the Orient?"

Grimes: "Sending the Japanese to China won't settle anything as the Chinese may not want them. Didn't we object greatly when Japan started her military adventure in China in 1937? I think that enough industrial strength should be left in Japan to support her population, but that means that market sources also has to open up. That's our policy for China, but even there we are contradictory. We just don't want the Orient to get too strong. They are awakening now and we can't always deny them world markets. This particular problem is very intense for Japan,

and our occupation forces are bungling it up."

Withey: "That's where the Russian influence will be felt and I don't like that either. I admit that we are on trial over in Japan now, but I doubt if MacArthur is the man to handle it because his vision is too limited according to what I have heard. Ask Charlie what he thinks?"

Grimes: "Hey, Charlie, how about it?"

Me: "I'm too busy now."

Grimes: "What do you think of sending trained Japanese American to Japan to educate them for real democracy?"

Me: "Nuts! The Japanese can work their own problems without me. You just don't put in a democratic system in a country and expect it to work without getting at the fundamental economic causes. It's up to us. How much are we willing to give up economically to realize political ideals?"

Withey: "That's where we started from. I still don't have any faith in ideals and it looks hopeless. I doubt if we are going to give up our imperialistic aims because of principles uttered at Potsdam."

Grimes: "And yet you think that Russia is double crossing us when she does the same thing."

Withey: "England has always been that way. She gives the argument of moral responsibility for her colonies. She won't even let the Jews into Palestine and look what she has done to India."

Me: "It looks like we can't agree because we don't all believe in the promise that world peace is possible. I'm optimistic though because there always is advance and progress made despite backsliding. The Constitution is idealistic too, but it still remains as the basis for our political system and we are gradually reaching up to its principles."

Grimes: "I'm reserving my final opinion altho I do believe that the pole between the Right and the Left is gradually swinging left. It's not fast enough

for the radicals and too fast for the conservatives. But progress goes on anyway. There seems to be a large gap between Russia and us now, but it isn't really as large as the conservatives think. The conservative will always oppose drastic change because they have the most to lose. It's the common man who has the most to gain, but he doesn't realize the implications."

Endicott: "Hey you guys! The best way for us to have world peace is for every damn guy to have a nice wife and a good job. Then they won't want to go out and make these fuggen wars and drag us into it. These guys get mad because they don't have a steady piece of ass so they take out their grips on another guy and pretty soon we have a war. We have those fuggen guys running this Army too and give them a little power and some brass and they get as bad as Hitler ever was." There was a lot of truth in what he said altho Grimes and I didn't agree that it didn't do any good to discuss problems as it was possible to reach solution through education and we didn't have to believe that power was the only instrument to govern the world.

8:30 P.M.

We all went to the show this evening. Ramey, Paros etc. went to town again. The movie, "Dolly Sisters" had beautiful women in technicolor, but the same old musical plot. It's the kind of show the GI's like and they really express themselves vocally whenever a pretty girl appears on the screen. Withey got into the dumps so he went off to phone his wife while Carl and I came here to the library to write and listen to the record concert, "The Barber of Seville" with the Milon Sumphony Orchestra.

Everybody seems to be getting into a depressed mood during the past few days. Everytime they see a guy's wife or a little baby around here, they get so homesick. I have to act tough or they will always be crying in their cups. The morale must be breaking down. The fellows were bewildered at 1st and they thought that there was a mission in being in the Army. But the basic training has disillusioned

them so much that they feel it is so futile. I get that blue feeling once in a while, but I don't think I feel it anywhere as keenly as the married fellows in our platoon. They are taking their gripes out on the Army much more now. It must be even harder for those fellows who have been in for a couple of years or more.

Joe Matchenzski (?) still hates it as much as ever and he is always moody. Withey is getting that way and Carl also. Johnson and all the rest ditto. Poor guys, I feel sorry for them. I don't feel so sorry for Paros because I don't think he really misses his wife. He is always phoning his mother and he seems to be more concerned about her than his wife. I think that Frank misses the money and the comforts of civilian life more than he misses his home. He is always wanting to go wolfing around. At 33, his glandular functions must be over active. It was rather vulgar the way he pawed that poor waitress at the restaurant last night. I shouldn't feel that way about him as he has never done anything to me; but some people always seem to strike others in the wrong way even after making a lot of allowances for character weaknesses. His bragging is very boring to listen to.

I think that I would be willing to serve a year in the Army if it meant that some happily married guy could get back to his wife and family. The guys think I am crazy when I say that they shouldn't wish for the days to pass quicker so it will be nearer to discharge because they should enjoy each day as much as possible. That's hard to do with a boring basic training course, but there are possibilities. I feel lonesome too, but it's no use showing it all the time as it only intensifies the feeling and that doesn't contribute to mental happiness.

Monday, October 8, 1945

11:00 P.M. I'm on guard duty tonight and I should be sleeping now. I walked two hours already guarding the parking lot near the Officers' Quarters, but it was a dumb assignment. This whole guard duty detail is a lot of baloney. We are supposed to get some good training out of it, but the only way I am benefitted is

flatter feet. I hate to think of going out again at 1 A.M. as the wind is blowing hard now. We are sleeping in these tents with holes, and no lights. The beds have no springs and the mattresses are filthy. We can't take our clothes off either because we may be called out at a moment's notice. The prisoners in the guardhouse here have things much more comfortable than we -- only there are bars across the windows. Plenty of lights around the bldg. to prevent escape. Johnson and I are sitting just outside the prisoners barracks to do our writing. On my 1st shift in the motor pool, I didn't do a thing except walk very slowly and try to relieve the rifle weight on my shoulder. When that got boring, I counted steps just to make the time go faster. We walk guard two hours and sleep four for 24 hrs. We get off at 7:00 A.M. in the morning and we go right out for a full day's training. I hate to think about it. It wouldn't be so bad if there were a purpose to our guard posts, but it means nothing at all. Such is Army life, and I guess I'll have to bear it as well as possible and gnash my teeth in private. It's a long night ahead and I doubt if I will get too much sleep as the different guard shifts keep coming in and out and it's too noisy.

Anyway, my morale is not at it's peak today and I don't feel like being cheerful. We had a training film on bayonet use the 1st thing this morning and it was exceedingly disgusting. Realistic pictures of how to run a 19 inch steel blade through a German were shown with blood spurting out and everything. "The spirit of the bayonet is always advance and have the will to kill" was the theme. It nauseated some of the younger boys, and made the older ones more cynical. We also saw gruesome pictures of how to rip the guts out of a man and where to stab him through when he is in a prone position. Lieutenant Frager said that when he was overseas any dirty tactics were fair, and even if the war were now over, we still had to learn how to smash a man's head with the rifle butt and put him out of action with a terrific blow in the groin. How pleasant! I guess I'm not the soldier type, especially in

taking to the negative phase of Army life. I'm glad more than ever that the fighting is all over. And I'm lucky not to have 17 weeks of this basic training in the infantry because we get out of many dull hours of bayonet drill and things like that in this concentrated course. It will be over this week, and an added week on the Hill if we have to go on bivouac. The rumors still say that we won't go, but I don't believe it as the Army doesn't believe in making things easier for us!

We took our final basic examination just before I came on guard, and it was easy. It was pushed up so that the company could practice for the Big Parade on Friday. About half of the company has been eliminated now so I don't feel bad anymore. The rest wish they could be pulled out too as they spend many extra hours in drill practice. Everyone is bored in classes now. This afternoon, we had to be Scouts and we just played around. Our observation scout notes consisted of sending messages like seeing a native girl urinating behind a barn, and what should we do about it? It wasn't any sillier than what we have been learning through intense Army indoctrination! We also were out and simulated taking cover from every airplane attack. I guess I'd better sleep now; I'm not in such a good mood!!

Tuesday, October 9, 1945

4:30 P.M. We just got in early as the company is practicing for the parade: We have a three hour night problem this evening and there will be a lot of hiking to it. I don't look forward to it at all, because I'm so tired and my joints creak. That guard duty all night was no picnic. I walked and walked, and I didn't get anyplace. I had a stomach ache, but for fear of a court martial I had to keep on the post! The winds howled and I froze. It started to rain at 3:00 A.M. but I got into the tent just before the downpour. Even though the water dripped through the tent holes on to my blanket, I felt grateful that I wasn't in the storm.

I caught a terrific cold last night and my chest has been binding all day. My stomach is upset and I feel practically like a wreck. What a life! At 7:00 A.M.,

we had to come back to our company and prepare to fall out. Johnson, Ned and I took our time over breakfast so we didn't have to march out to the grenade pits. We walked out very leisurely. I was half asleep even before I got there, as I got very little rest at the guardhouse. Being a sentinel is about the lousiest detail in the whole Army. My feet feel like pancakes now, only they ache. I haven't had my shoes off for two days so I am prepared to pass out from the stench of my socks!

Fortunately, it was an easy morning and we got to rest a lot. Throwing the live grenades was rather interesting. I wasn't nervous at all. I kept my body well down so that I wouldn't be hit by any of the flying fragments. We wore the iron helmets so only small rocks came down on my head. Our squad was the only one to knock the log target down. I hit it twice out of 5 throws. The only thing I didn't like about this morning's class was the long hike back and forth. My beard grew out quite a bit after the two days away from a razor. Lieutenant Molander made some sarcastic remark about it so I got sore and told him off in a very unmilitary manner. He couldn't do anything about it because I didn't have time to shave with the day and night training I have been having. It was a "protest" beard anyway!! That little punk Molander thinks he's pretty good. All he has is peach fuzz on his face. I have a grudge against him because of the way he insults those who are not in the Big Parade. The dope!! This is military courtest week so I won't think nasty things about him. (P.S. -- I just shaved.)

This afternoon was also easy. We just learned about booby traps and set a few of them. Narcolli bawled us out for not taking it more seriously. He used to say we may get questions on the subject matter on a training test, but he can't do that anymore because we finished the test yesterday!

It is definite now that we will go to the Hill for a week's bivouac. I hope my cold in the chest is cured before then. After that, we go to the various technical scrolls. Everyone is regretting now that our squad won't be able to stick

together because we have gotten along so well with one another, and we felt that it would be difficult to find another group like it. Carl said that 03 of the original "R" group in our squad from Fort Sheridan will go to Fort Oglethorpe, but I have a special assignment. He swears he saw the original orders and that I will be sent to Long Island. I don't remember him telling me that before and it's news to me. Maybe it's just another rumor, but I'm going to get all the addresses of the squad before we leave for the hill just to make sure. Carl and Withey think we should hold a grand reunion in Chicago every year after we get discharged, but Eldon and Grimes think it should be alternated with Detroit. I suspect that the group will break up and the fellows won't have any difficulty in making new contacts. I hope I get into a group with common interests if I have to be separated. I'd rather stay with this bunch, but I have no choice. There will be plenty of rumors floating around during the next 10 days about our next location and many of us may leave directly from the Hill and not come back to Camp Lee at all. We have received instructions to pack all of our belongings to take with us so that indicates something or other. A few of the boys are hoping for an early release, but only dreams are made of that stuff. We'll all be in 6 months as the absolute minimum and probably 1 year is my prediction. Getting sent overseas is not so certain, but I am beginning to feel more that I should go for the experience and therefore not to regret it if this action is taken. Carl says all the rest are going to do everything wrong in technical school so they won't get declared essential and hurt their chance for an earlier release. None of us like it, but that's the way things are so we might as well make the most of it.

10:00 P.M.

I didn't even go to dinner as I had the miseries. I flopped into bed to rest and I didn't wake up until a few minutes ago. Johnson said that the boys had it all planned to answer my name in the roll call so that I wouldn't have to go on the

night problem. Before they could execute it, Narcolli gave an order for the night guards to remain back. Ned went to him and said that he just couldn't hike tonight after being on his feet so much during the last two hours. Eldon said that the boys were all mad because they marched until 6 for the parade practice, came back and ate, and then fell out for the night problem. Williams offered Eldon \$5.00 to take his place in the parade, but it was turned down. Eldon said he was disappointed at 1st to be left out, but now he is very glad.

I feel a little better now and I still will get a good night's sleep. The fellows will make a lot of noise when they come in soon. It's very cold outside so I feel very good here in bed. I have that nice relaxed feeling. Eldon gave me some cough drops and that has relieved my throat considerably. I didn't even hear all the fellows come in after drill as I was sound asleep. Eldon said when the fall out cry was sounded, I got up and put on my helmet lining to go to breakfast but I don't remember that. Guess I'll sleep now and try to get rid of this cold.

(letters attached)

Wednesday, October 10, 1945

Two months in the Army today! That's a long time to be around in a uniform, but I'll probably see quite a few months yet. I slept like a log last night and I feel much better after the rest. I think I still have a fever as my face is a bit flushed yet. I almost went on "sick call" this morning, but the First Sergeant makes too much of a fuss as he is suspicious of everyone with an ailment. He tells all the boys that they will only get an aspirin anyway.

I should have gone over to the hospital as it was an utter waste of time. We sat in the freezing wind in the woods while the lieutenant lectured us for most of the morning on military courtesy. He insisted that we have been too lax in saluting so the riot act was read to us. They insist that it is for courtesy, but actually the fuss they make about it seems to indicate that they are anxious

for us to recognize them as superiors. Everyone was bored out there, and disgusted. They drilled us for a while because we were not paying enough attention. I went to sleep in class but my eyelids are so close together anyway so nobody noticed me. I had on two heavy undershirts, a sweater and a shirt, but I still shivered with chills. I hope that I'll be able to shake this cold off. A small epidemic is going around. We have our regular Wednesday afternoon off so I plan to rest some more. I feel very disgusted right now because the Detroit boys here are rubbing it in that the Cubs are losing the final game of the world's series. About 20 of us are sitting around the radio. We rushed over to the dispensary after lunch to get our typhoid, typhus and smallpox shots so that we could get back for the game. What a disappointment -- except for the Detroit natives! Ned just can't understand why we get so excited about a baseball game so far away so Ramey is explaining our national sport to him!

Narcolli is up here trying to get one of our squad to volunteer as a Cadre member for the next cycle. Sgt. Patterson is getting a discharge and he can't get a release from the C.O. until there is somebody to replace him. He promises Corporal stripes, but nobody wants the job as they would rather take their chances in the technical school. Williams says that God must have had his back to Virginia when he created the country, and that the South is a lousy place to be exiled to. He believes that the color of grass is even different in his beloved Penn.

Winter is officially here; we start wearing our heavy OD's today.

8:30

Went to the movies with about 8 of the fellows. They went over to the Service Club just now, but I decided to head for bed as my arm aches from the shots this afternoon and I don't feel so hot. I feel like I have some kind of a fever. It must be the cold as my chest hurts and I feel run down. I may go on "sick call" in the morning if I don't feel any better by then. I really haven't felt good

at all today. It's the miseries!! Some of the other fellows are complaining of feeling ill but they went to town anyway as they thought it would be the last chance before we left for the hill. There is another practice parade scheduled for tomorrow and I can hear the boys moan when they hold those heavy rifles at right shoulder arms as all the right arms are stiffening up from the shots. Poor guys! The rest of us will go to the woods again unless it is decided to shoot the rifle grenades. Such fun!!!

Thursday, October 11, 1945

6:30 P.M. I had chills and a fever last night and I felt slightly on the miserable side this morning so I finally decided to brave the wrath of the first Sergeant and I went on "sick call." About 8 fellows in our company were also signed up so Sergeant Wilson blew his top. He accused us of all faking illness and he said he would show us how to "take the kinks" out. So we had to go out and pick up papers, rake the yards and wash windows for two hours until the call came for us to go to the dispensary. Naturally I considered this an inhumane act but there was nothing I could do about it. It is true that some of the fellows fake illness just to get a rest, but that was no reason why the rest should be punished for being ill. I didn't want to get sick and I put off going to the dispensary for a couple of days in the hopes that I would get better. First Sergeant Wilson is a first rate bastard and an oversuspicious soul. Nobody likes him because he has such an ill temper. He must be made at the world about something.

By the time I got over to the dispensary I was feeling very nauseated. We sat around for a couple of hours in the stuffy room before the doctor saw us. Every time an officer came in, he was placed at the front of the line and given immediate attention. The general idea is that officers should not be contaminated by sitting in line with the enlisted men. It made the fellows in line pretty griped, but I just couldn't get too upset about it because I was preoccupied with

cussing Sarge Wilson in my mind.

The Doctor took my temperature right away and he said I had a fever. He diagnosed it as a slight case of intestinal flu so I was given some sulfa tablets and some bitter tasting medicine with instructions to go to bed in the barracks for the rest of the day. The doctor said that this would give my body a chance to get rest up, and the tablets would take care of the flu promptly. I was the only one in our group confined to quarters so Sergeant Wilson was convinced that everybody else was faking so he made them put on their packs and go out to the training area immediately. Fischetti was as mad as a wet hen. I think he does have some imaginary ills as he is always on sick call. It's his way of expressing his resentment towards being drafted. To hear him talk, one would think that he was on the point of death. He has some sort of kidney trouble. Gable was also on sick call and he tried his best to convince the doctor that he was ill with chills but he didn't have any luck. He is a sort of baby and now that his wife has left, he is just starting a new phase of adjustment to Army life. For a high school teacher, he is certainly a "sissy", but a good sport and not in the least objectionable. The only thing I dislike about being near him is that he has halitosis and that made me feel even more nauseated than ever as I sat next to him in the dispensary for two hours. Gable just can't understand why I don't gripe like the rest of the fellows about Army life and he has come to the conclusion that I am happy in it. I tried to explain to him that it was largely in the mind. He said that it was different for him because he was married and had more responsibilities. Gable goes under the assumption that every single fellow automatically is better suited to Army life. I told him that he shouldn't be so selfish as to wish a life of regimentation on the 18 year olds as their attitudes haven't formed yet and they were more susceptible to indoctrination. My point was that if the Army had older men, we would be less likely to become a militaristic nation, and thus decrease the prospects for future

wars. But Gable only saw things from a personal point of view. His attitude was that the Army drafted him just to make him unhappy. He began to bemoan the fact that his children needed his spiritual guidance as they needed a father. To make things more interesting, I took up the argument that his children would be netter off not to have him around. I contradicted his statement that there was such a thing as natural parental love. I said that it was all learned and a conditioned behavior and that his children wouldn't recognize him as father after a few weeks and that would not hurt their lives any. I said that "Daddy" to his children was no more of a reality than "Santa Claus" and the only reason why his children would call him that was because his wife would constantly be reminding them. Gable was horrified at the thought. He insisted that a child naturally loved and recognized his parent; and if he didn't, something was wrong with the parent. I answered that he was more concerned about his own ego than the welfare of his children. Gable wants to prove his point to me so he is going all around this evening to get the fathers in our squad to side with him. We have the most interesting conversations in our barracks, and sometimes they get very heated! Gable is so worried now that he has been a failure as a father because I got a hold of the rest of the fellows at supper and told them that I was ribbing Gable so they sided with me in the argument and they maintained that he was the exception to the rule that a father was a good thing for a child! He gets such a worried look on his face! Now he is going to write a letter to his wife to get proof that his children miss him so I can be convinced. Gable is a typical small town teacher. Maneste, Michigan is the best town in the world and there is nothing like it. I like to jolt his local pride once in a while. He has a good sense of humor so he takes a lot of ribbing pretty much in stride.

I feel much better this evening and most of my pains have diminished. The rest was a good tonic for my overworked body, and I'm glad that I had the chance to enjoy the luxury of relaxing all day. I was in bed most of the time, except for

an hour after lunch when I went to the Red Cross to inquire about the allotment mixup. I slept on and on most of the day and I didn't get a chance to write the letters I planned to get off because I wasn't in the mood. But I did have some interesting conversations in between naps. Two distinct groups have been created in our barracks as a result of the Big Parade activities. The Paraders are the chosen and privileged, while the rest are looked upon and treated as "goofs." Each group envies the other as having the easiest time this last week. Actually the "goofs" have much the worst of it. Their morale is low because the elimination competition was unfair and Captain Wheeler has lost the respect of everyone of them. They are given all the extra KP and guard duty and the Paraders are relieved of all this unpleasantness. The thing which has been brought out most clearly to all of the platoon is that the basic training is meaningless when a parade can take priority over it. The paraders are disgusted because they have to drill and drill and they feel that they are being made a bunch of suckers just because Captain Wheeler wants to fawn and K.A. some top brass hats. They are scheduled to leave early in the morning and go by Army trucks to Fort Belvoir or Washington, D.C. They come back the same night. The physical strain has been hard on them so that they are all worn out.

The "goofs" won't admit it, but they privately would like to be with the paraders on general principles. About half of the company is staying behind and Captain Wheeler has filled in the ranks of the paraders with the 70th Company and some veterans. The "goofs" had to dig foxholes today and have tanks run over them. They are giving us a lot of silly things to do just to keep us busy so a state of rebellion is developing. It's a good thing that the end of the training cycle is here as the morale seems to be completely shot. I listened to each group as they came in at various times during the day and it was so amusing to hear all the gripes! Joe Maczinski conducted a private rebellion and he ditched the afternoon

classes and stayed in the barracks. He said that he was sick and tired of all the crap. Joe is in a very bad state of mind and he has never reconciled himself to the fact that he is in the Army now. He is anti everything and intensely so. He makes himself unhappy by being so bitter about everything. Joe rarely smiles and his favorite topic is running down the Army.

Joe got started in on the Jews this afternoon and I was amazed at his anti semetism.

His parents were from Poland, but he is very intolerant of Jews because he feels that they caused the war. Ned goes even further as he doesn't believe the Japs caused the war, but it was the financial dealings of the Jews in this country which brought it about i.e. the Jews own all the wealth; they dealt in scrap iron therefore, the Jews started the war. I was working on Seikman, Bolum, and Tinoco to have more tolerant race attitudes, but all except Tinoco began to argue against Jews. Seikman is 18 yr. old stock American, from West Virginia. He was on K.P. this afternoon so that's how he got in on the discussion. Ditto for Tinoco. Bolum was the room orderly, and Ned has athlete foot on his hands (!) so he was excused from parade practice.

Seikman said he hated Jews because they cheated you in stores: "If you go buy a pound of meat, you've got to watch them or you will have sawdust in the package when you get home." He went on to say that I wouldn't dare to leave \$20 on my bed if a Jew were around as money was everything to them. I answered that I wouldn't leave \$20 around regardless of what color of skin or religion the fellows had. Joe said the Jews were unsanitary and the dirtiest people in the world. I answered that I have heard stories about the "dirty Polacks" in Chicago, but I didn't condemn a whole race because of that. Ned said that the Jew was internationally despised, and he wouldn't associate with one if he were placed next to a Jew in the barracks. I answered that the Turks were also semetic, and that he could easily be mistaken for a Jew. Ned got very much on the defensive about this and he

kept insisting that the Turks were Mongolians. Ned gets quite emotionally aroused against Jews, but by dinner time he had come around to the point where he felt that anybody who was born in this country or a citizen should be regarded as Americans. I think I put over the point to him that the dangerous aspects of his prejudice against Jews was that it was easy to shift it from one minority to another and that included Turks. His answer: "I just can't help it if I am two degrees more prejudiced against Jews than anybody here, but I've seen a lot of the world and everybody hates the Jew because they are so selfish for money and they would knife their own mother in the back to get it." What can one do to educate a fellow with such a deep rooted prejudice as that? The people from the old world are so nationalistic in their attitudes. Ned doesn't debate the point quite as emotionally as before so a little progress has been made.

Bolum didn't like the Jews because "they killed Christ and they control all the money in the world." He is of Slavic ancestry and his family lives in Penn. He said that he felt national pride for the country of his ancestors, and that it was ruined when the Jews came in. I reminded him that he was of a minority group and vulnerable to the same sort of attack. I said that Catholicism could also be attacked and he knew that a sweeping statement condemning all Catholics would not be true. Bolum considered the point and then he guessed that maybe he should judge Jews as individuals even though they were draft dodgers and war profiteers. Bolum is a typical example of a young boy who has never thought these things out and he talks on the opinions of older persons without even questioning the fact. I told him that there were many poor Jews in Maxwell Street in Chicago and not all were deceitful as he believed. Bolum is a baby-faced youth and he only looks about 16. He doesn't shave yet. For some reason he has been getting very friendly with me during the past few days as I have been telling him about the advantages of going to college rather than remaining a truck driver all his life. I've never noticed him

too much before as he sleeps downstairs, but I think I can help him get some tolerant racial attitudes. The strange part of it is that Ned helps my case along by advertising the fact that "Charlie is so intelligent and he tells me all about everything I don't know about America." !!! Our platoon has won all three of the Battalion Group tests so the word has gone around that the reason for that is because there are so many college graduates upstairs. Bolum wants me to tell him more about race prejudice, "because, hell, I know that this war was fought for democracy and it doesn't sound right when the guys say how much they hate a lot of different races in this country. Maybe I should know more of the kind of stuff you say."

One of the convincing points was Ned's contention that 90% of the fellows in our barracks were anti-Jewish. To prove how wrong he was, I went around and took a poll. 60% claimed no prejudice, 20% were indifferent or wouldn't commit themselves, while 20% said they were prejudiced. The fact that Chaskin was downstairs undoubtedly influenced the sentiment there as he is of Jewish origin. Squad 3 (ours) was 90% unbiased towards Jews (Seikman and Ned being the dissenters). Anyway, it wasn't an unprofitable afternoon and I'm sure that we benefitted more by the discussion than if we had gone out and dug a silly foxhole!

It seems that I'm going to have some difficulty on the family allotments. Bette wrote and said that the check was only for \$37 this month. (See letter attached). I was rather disturbed by the news as I am not in a position to do too much about it. There must be some kind of a mistake in the Finance office, and I can't understand why a larger sum was not sent because a full deduction was made from my October paycheck. I decided to go to the Finance officer here after lunch, and also to write Bette and suggest that she contact the Red Cross.

I went over to the Orderly Room to get Sergeant Wilson's permission to see the Finance office, and his reply convinced me that he was a stinker. He said that I couldn't have an appointment until next week. I thought this would be too

late as I was going to the "Hill" on Friday and that I may be shipped out after that. Wilson said that wasn't his concern and he couldn't help it if my family only had \$37 to live upon. I remained calm and I asked if I could go to the Red Cross. (Mentally I was calling Wilson a S.O.B.). He said that wouldn't do any good and "you are supposed to be sick." He sarcastically added that maybe the Chaplain could help. What an unpleasant grouch that Sergeant must be at home!! The Corporal there overheard the conversation so as I was leaving he whispered for me to go see the Red Cross anyway and he wouldn't check to see if I was "on quarters."

I went over to the Red Cross and explained the situation. The case worker thought that it would be possible to hasten the interview with Finance so a phone call was made. It was arranged for me to have an appointment on Saturday morning, and to hell with Sarge Wilson if he objects to my going over his head! I don't know if anything much can be done about the matter as there may be a lot of red tape to cut. I just can't understand why the allotment was so small and it's got me worried. It would have to get all complicated at a time like this. I don't know what I can do if the amount is not increased besides drawing heavily on my limited bank account, but I'm sure it can be ironed out in time.

Friday, October 12, 1945

11:00 A.M. Everybody had to get up at 4:30 this morning so that the paraders could get off to Washington or wherever they are going to march. I was just about to jump out of bed when Narcolli said that I didn't have to arise since I was still "on quarters." I felt okay, but a little weak yet. The fellows said I was crazy if I didn't take advantage of the chance to sleep so I reclined in my warm bed and watched the rest of them shiver. They brought me fruit for breakfast so I had nine oranges and pears by the time each fellow had donated. Very considerate of them, I must say.

At 9:00 I went over to the dispensary to get the official notice that I was

recovered enough to go back on duty. We got back at 10:30 and the Corporal gave the 7 boys details to do. The mess sergeant said there was nothing to do so I could go back to the barracks. It's been a very easy morning and I'll feel revived enough by this afternoon to go out with the rest. Those who didn't go on parade had to put on a full field pack and go on a hike all morning. They should give them the rest of the day off. A few are planning to "goof off" and not go out this afternoon. Joe got himself app't. room orderly for the day in order to avoid the final day of training. All we are doing this week anyway is killing time. The basic training has been very easy -- too easy to enable one to get in the best of physical condition.

8:30 P.M.

Sgt. Patterson asked me to help Joe do his room orderly job this afternoon so I didn't have to go out and drill. Johnson also was assigned to this detail. We decided to do all of the GIing of the barracks instead of waiting until this evening so we worked very hard scrubbing the place down. It took us most of the afternoon, but I was glad to escape drill. The boys had a tough workout in the field this afternoon; they had to charge with bayonets. The Cadre just couldn't find enough work to keep all the boys busy and too many were sent to KP. That's why Bob was able to get off. We went to the PX after dinner to buy some things for the Hill, and then went to the movies, "First Yank in Tokyo." It was one of those propaganda pictures full of inconsistencies. Johnson said afterwards that he never believed the movies as they tried too hard to make him hate and he was sure that all Japs were not that cruel. "I never knew a Japanese before, or even a Japanese American. For a long time I thot that you were of Chinese descent. I think that the reason why the American public hates Japanese more is because very few of them ever saw one in this country. I know Germans are not all like what was pictured in the movies during the war, but look how quickly Americans get over their

feelings of hatred. So many of the American soldiers are marrying German girls now. I think that it may be the same for the Japanese occupation and then the propaganda makers will be embarrassed trying to retract some of those atrocity generalizations."

I didn't have much comment to make as I didn't want Bob or Eldon to think I was on the defensive. Personally, I do think Hollywood movies are stupid, but they served a purpose during the war. It dawned on me why some German Americans are so intense in their feeling towards Jews. Al hinted at it when he blamed the Jews of Hollywood for all the atrocities of the war, but I didn't get it then. He meant that the Jews hated all Germans and pictured them as sub-human and he resented it as a reflection upon himself. I don't think I get that sort of a sensitive reaction about movies re: Japs; but I don't like any references that all people of Japanese ancestry are dogs. I take it more as a joke, but at the same time I feel sorry for those Chinese Americans who feed the flames of racism by portraying all Japs as treacherous, including descendants. Bob wanted to know if I felt sensitive about it as a reflection upon myself and I think I truthfully answered in the negative. Eldon's answer to that was all Americans aren't gangsters and he doesn't feel sensitive when the movies hint at this during the gangster cycles!

It's the N.Y. gang of Nisei who are now trying to establish Nisei lines of communication with a newspaper. Dykes letter was sent to my Chicago address as he still thinks I'm a civilian. I'm not interested in his proposal; rather disgusted. But generally, I don't give a damn anymore. I just don't want any part of it. (Letter attached).

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Saturday, October 13, 1945

10:30 a.m.

When I went into the orderly room the 1st thing this morning to get my appointment slip for the Finance Office, Corporal Lamb said he was sorry to disappoint me but the interview had been cancelled. He suggested that I go over to the Red Cross office without a permit from Sergeant Wilson so I went over immediately.

Mr. Lowie of the Red Cross office explained that there wasn't much that he could do, but he phoned Finance and told them that it was a rather urgent matter because I was going to the Hill and my family was in need of a full allotment. I had to wait around for quite a while for my records to be located. Finally, the Finance office phoned back and said that nothing could be done for me because my records had all been shipped to the next camp. It was suggested that I take up the matter there. Mr. Lowie said that this was all he could do for me. I was rather disappointed to leave this unfinished business so I went over to the Service Club to write a long letter to the Chicago Red Cross office asking them for assistance. I stressed the point that my hands were tied, and it was a sort of emergency situation. The Army Office of Dependency Benefits has all of the original affidavits which I sent in at the time of induction so I can't understand the mixup, unless the papers got lost at Fort Sheridan. It's a hell of a complicated mess and it comes at a time when I am so rushed. The Red Cross in Chicago may be able to write directly to the Dependency Benefits Office in New Jersey and get it straightened out. I hope so because it is only an additional worry. There isn't any reason why a full Class B allotment of at least \$79 should not be granted as the family is clearly

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entitled to it.

I also wrote to Bette and told her not to get all worried and think about quitting school entirely in order to go to work and help support the family. It will take a little time to get the matter all cleared up since there is so much red tape in the Army bureaucracy. It's enough to drive one nuts sometimes, especially when there is a Sergeant Wilson to contend with.

One interesting thing which Mr. Lowie told me was that my records might have been sent to Aberdeen or Fort Belvoir. Does that mean I might be shipped there after the Hill? So many rumors going around re our destination. There is no doubt that we will go to the Hill as the trucks are loading up now and this afternoon we have to have a clothing check. Ramey heard a rumor that we wouldn't go to the Hill, but that we would spend a week in the woods near here. P. is so afraid of the rugged outdoor life for a week as he is practically sure that he will catch pneumonia. The cold at night will be our greatest burden from Sunday to next Friday, but I'm sure we will survive. I think that it might even be fun to rough it for a week even though we will no doubt have a rough time. The change of routine is just what we need as everyone is so bored with the program now. A lot of the boys "goofed off" this morning just to get out of the bayonet crap out in the training field. I suppose I might be included in that category altho I did have legitimate business at the Red Cross and it was urgent for me to get the letters off. I saw Ned down at the Service Club; he was supposed to be at the hospital to get some medicine for the athlete's foot on his hands. He said that he was tired of the whole thing so he was giving himself the morning off! Now he is considering offering his services for

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O.C.S. as he considers himself officer material and above the level of the enlisted man! He just can't get rid of the idea that he is no better in status than the rest of us. It is amusing to the rest of us because Ned takes things so hard. Ned showed me the picture of a couple of Nisei getting 2nd Lieut. bars at Fort Belvoir yesterday. One of the Nisei was Jim Yamazaki. His sister was Bob Spencer's "Flower," and mom took care of the younger brother for a while at Gila after the father died. Jim is probably going into counter intelligence work since quite a few Nisei are being trained for that field.

We didn't get to sleep until after 1:00 a.m. and the boys were thoroughly disgusted with the parade. They went up to Fort Belvoir in a motor convoy and they only got off once. There were 4,000 men in the parade there, and only about 100 spectators. The occasion was a farewell for General Sommerville, the head of the Army Service forces, as he is retiring from active duty. The boys said that they had to listen to a lot of long speeches and they were ready to faint. Lieutenant Liddington has been telling the boys how much tougher basic training is in O.C.S., but he was the only one to faint. Carl said that the Lieut. was dragged out of line in a very undignified manner. They were very cold when they got here at 11:00 so they were rewarded for their efforts with a cup of coffee! Now they feel that they were a bunch of suckers. Eldon, Withey and I said we still would have preferred to be with them on general principles.

The paraders sounded like a bunch of silly girls and they just wouldn't go to sleep. They giggled at everything and Fischetts was doing his best to keep them entertained. It must have been a sort

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of emotional jag and a release for the boys. I never heard such a bunch of slap happy guys like that before. It was really funny the way they made fun of the Brass Hats. They feel that they were gypped so it was a waste of time to practice all that drilling. All they saw was the back of the other guys neck. Corpine said we missed them and they answered that they appreciated the fact that we had turned their beds down. The line of division has finally closed and we are one group again - for at least one more week.

5:00 p.m.

We have been busy all afternoon getting our bags packed up and being oriented for the week's bivouac. It is always a problem to pack, but I got everything into two bags. We are going by truck convoy and we certainly will be weighted down with our rifles, full field packs, gas mask, cartridge belt, bayonet, 1st aid kit, spade, etc. to throw on our backs. The blankets and comforter will be an extra burden! I'll have stuff piled so high on me that I'll be lost! It should be fun to go camping. We are going to have double pup tents put together so there will be four fellows to a unit. Bob Withey, Carl Bierbauer, Eldon Johnson and I have decided to stick together. Although we still have a week together, everyone is regretting that our squad has to break up. Carl and Eldon are waiting for me to go to Petersburg with them. We are going to stuff a field pack in our beds so we can miss bed check. I have a number of things to do yet so I may not go at the last minute.

10:30 p.m.

We left for Petersburg at 5:30, and we wandered around in the business section for a few hours before going to the U.S.O. It was nice seeing civilians in a city once more. So many soldiers seem to

resent them, but I envy civilians for being so free from the regimented life. It was nice to watch the people go down the street leisurely, especially the women! Petersburg is a town about 10,000 in population but the business district looks like any other small town main street, with the exception that everything commercial is directed at the military. It reminds me of lower State Street in Chicago.

Eldon, Carl, Bob and I went into a few of the honky tonks and we saw a woman roll out of bed. The idea is for a soldier to buy 3 balls for 10¢ and try to hit the bullseye and the bed tips over. The girl on it is reported not to wear panties and Eldon was disappointed because he could not see any positive proof. He and Carl are so naive that they act like a couple of 17 year olds. They get shocked at some of the things that Bob and I say re women. Eldon and Carl are a bit on the puritanish side, but they are swell fellows - the solid backbone of the American home type. They never played around with any other women before marriage and they think that such a thing is terrible. Bob Withey is more liberal in his attitudes and he shocked Carl when he said that he believed in trial marriages. We tried to drag Carl into a "whore-house" but he was horrified at the idea. He has the impression that prostitutes are very wicked women. We weren't really serious about it, but it was fun teasing Carl. We saw the run down Negro section and some colored girls knocked on the window as we passed.

One thing I don't like about the South is that there is too much child labor. Little boys of 6 swarm over the streets shining shoes. The race barrier is also strong altho Bob tried to tell me that he thought sometimes that the Negroes were happy in their place

because they were too unwilling to think for themselves. This brought about some caustic remarks about narrow minded teachers so he changed the subject.

We went into a ~~family~~ fairly nice restaurant, ate hot dogs and hamburgers and we ate them very leisurely while talking because we never get a chance to do that in our messhall. Eldon said that this was his greatest disappointment, and then we began to talk of the good times we had in basic. We practically shed tears in our cokes at the thought that we would be separated. The boys take it for granted that I won't be with them so they had some nice things to say about me. I reciprocated likewise. I call Carl "Colonel Beerbelly" and we've had a lot of fun out in the training area. Carl is the banker type, rather conservative, and prematurely balding. I rib him by saying that the helmet lining wore out his hair. Johnson is also of the conservative type so the four of us should have a good time in our pup tent up on the hill as he and Carl will take good care of Bob and me and do everything right. The three of them have received a lot of cookies, candy, cheese, etc. from their wives so we should eat well up on the Hill. I get the chief benefit out of the deal, but they don't mind.

We felt that Wheeler had lost the respect of our squad for making false promises. Our platoon won the best Honor Platoon Plaque, but he didn't ever present it. He promised us a party but we didn't get that either. That's why we all chipped in and had a beer and coke party this afternoon. It should have come from company funds, but we suspect graft. The 70th Company has had 3 parties on the house while we haven't had any.

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Bob and I ended the evening by going to a show while Johnson went to phone his wife and Carl to write letters. We came out of the theater right behind Sgt. Norcolli and three of the Cadre but they didn't spot us! We had strict orders to be in bed by 9:30 or be marked AWOL. I doubt if anything will happen to us. To bed now as we arise at 4:00 and I have a couple of things to pack. I'm certainly a sight in my long wool undies, but I'll wear them to protect me from the cold on the Hill. (Insert: Jack's letter)

Sunday, October 14, 1945

5:00 p.m. We are now camping up here on the Hill. We got up at 4:30 and did some last minute packing and then carried everything out to the truck convoy. It may have been the last time I will see camp Lee as there is a chance that I will be shipped out from here. We were a bit excited about leaving, but we had to wait around until 7:15 before the trucks pulled out. The convoy trucks were driven by Negroes and we stretched out for several miles. Each car had 17 men and we were packed in like sardines! The 70th Co. also came to the Hill so there are about 300 men or more around here.

We had a lot of fun singing and talking in our truck. Thorburn had his sweet potato to lead the singing. Fischette slept most of the way up, but the rest of us took in the scenery. The highway is very nice for sightseeing and I have to admit that Virginia has some pretty sights. It is very pleasant here at this time of year. We saw some historic places on the way. Everybody in Richmond must go to church on Sundays as there were many people out early in the morning. We waved and whistled at the girls to occupy our time.

There was only one stop on the 85 mile trip up here. It must have caused passing motorists to wonder when they saw all those

soldiers a little way back in the woods with their backs to the highway!

After we got tired of singing, we started to debate the race issue. Withey started it with his silly remark about "Niggers pushing all the whites out of St. Louis." That got <sup>Grimes,</sup>.... Thorburn and I started on him and Bob just got himself deeper and deeper I just can't understand how a college graduate and high school teacher can be so narrow and all he did was spout the usual emotional arguments. For a while Bob was angry and on the defensive so he crowns his points off with the remark: "Well, you guys can go marry Nigger girls, but I don't want them to live in my neighborhood." The other fellows all supported Bob, including Johnson, only it was not a very important subject to them. All my work on Bob has been in vain and I didn't realize how shallow his thinking was on the Negro problem. Ramey was also speaking up quite a bit, but he took the point that his objections to the race was that they were trying to push themselves into acceptability and that was not the proper method to create race harmony. Thorburn answered that the Negro had to be aggressive to become socially acceptable. Then Ramey said that he only had a bias against Negroes and not other races. He went on to say how he got to understand the Nisei better through his association with me. I took this cue to inject my chief point that it was dangerous to bait one minority at the expense of another. I directed this at Trioco who is of Mexican ancestry and very prejudiced against Negroes. Rogers and Endicott's solution was to shoot all the black bastards. They couldn't answer any of the facts which Grimes, Thorburn and I presented so they used the old emotional arguments. Bob's conclusion was: "You guys can talk all you want about the ideal

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crap, but the Niggers just don't fit in so why worry about them." I really was surprised at his intense statements as I figured him to be a little more broad minded. I think it was brought on because of his antagonism towards Grimes. After I said something about Democratic ideals, the fellow agreed half heartedly that we shouldn't be prejudiced towards Negroes, but I doubt if it will have the slightest influence on their thinking. Grimes added that the real absorption of a liberal education for whites was the main thing needed to eliminate prejudice.

We got to A.P. Hill about 11:30. It is way up in the wilderness. It would be a nice spot for a vacation. The Army owns about 185,000 acres around here, and for the next 5 days we will wander around and simulate that we are in actual battle conditions. I hope to have a good time here if it does not get too cold. It should be fun to be out camping like this. It wasn't so much fun hauling our bags up to this spot. I was puffing away like a steam engine by the time I got to this hill.

Things aren't very well organized yet so there is a great deal of confusion. We ate our 1st meal at 1:00. It was K rations and I thought that it was most delicious. It is a marvel the way so much edibles can be put into one package the size of a corn starch box. I had coffee, ham and eggs in a can, candy, gum, 4 cigarettes, sugar, and cereal. It was just like opening up a grab bag. Some of the boys don't smoke so I went around and traded gum for cigarettes. I think everybody enjoyed the meal. The real griping won't come until this evening when it gets cold. It is very inconvenient to eat here as we sit on the ground and we have to wear our rifles, gas mask and cartridge belts in case the enemy suddenly appears! Some

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of the fellows already have guard duty. They sit around in fox holes all night to challenge infiltrators. Others have to dig latrine trenches, slump holes for garbage, and K.P. duty.

Carl, Eldon and Bob and I were lucky as we didn't get called for any of these details so we pitched our tent after eating. Carl had to have it just so. Bob got some pine needles for a mattress so we are hoping that we will be comfortable this evening. It is very chilly and windy now, and it may rain. That would be a calamity!

After the tent was fixed up and camouflaged, we set to work digging our foxholes. We only had small spades to dig with so it is an enormous project. We were lucky to find filled in holes dug by the last group so it was less of a strain on the back. I was the first one finished because I didn't have to go so deep. That's one advantage of being short! In about 10 minutes, we have a night problem and we have to sit in the holes and watch for "enemies". The password is lamb's wool! We had a hot dinner so I feel fairly contented right now. It's almost dark already. (Insert letter).

Monday, October 15, 1945

12:00 a.m. Brr! It is awful to be so cold and uncomfortable. My cold is coming back and it isn't so good. It's impossible to be comfortable anyway out camping. We are doing what the Boy Scouts would enjoy in the summer time.

Last night we had a night problem. We sat in the damp foxholes and waited for the enemy to appear. We shot them up with blank ammunition, and we were supposed to get enthusiastic about that. I'm afraid that we are a bit too cold to simulate war. I sat in my foxhole and smoked cigarettes.

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By 8:00 p.m. last night we were in bed. It was pitch black and nobody thought to bring a candle along. Lights are forbidden because we are in "enemy territory." I don't think the Cadre takes this whole thing too seriously, but they have to follow orders. We could have such a good time out here if we didn't have to go through a lot of this nonsense.

Most of the fellows said they froze last night, but I was warm enough. The only difficulty was that I almost broke my back on the hard ground. But, we were so tired that we went to sleep almost immediately. Carl, and Bob brought some food and candy along so Eldon and I enjoyed that. It's a good thing I'm short because my feet would stick out of the tent if I were any longer. As it was, Eldon's feet pushed me down and I thought I was an accordion for a while. This is how we slept:

We are supposed to shave everyday, but the water would freeze on our faces if we dared to try. I'm going to be a woodsman as long as possible. We take our shoes off at night, but we keep the rest of our clothing on. We have to be prepared for "war" at any hour. I just hope it does not rain! That would be a calamity.

One of the boys was digging his foxhole yesterday and he dug into a nest of hornets. They swarmed all over him and he was stung a number of times. The officers did not think it was enough of an emergency to take him to town for medical care so he laid in his tent all night and suffered. This morning he couldn't move so he had to be rushed out of here in a jeep. The rumor has grown to the point where the boy was supposed to have died on the way, but Frank

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was in the same car so it definitely is not true. The fellows resent the officers more and more. They have nice camping beds and their tents are roomier. They eat at a table while we sit on the ground. They get warm clothes and they carry light carbines, etc. That's why the boys take their discomforts out upon them. Rumors spread so quickly. This morning Eldon innocently killed a 3 inch snake. I told somebody that it was a small rattlesnake. By noon the story had grown to a three foot rattlesnake striking at Eldon and biting him severely!

I am trying to have as much fun as possible, but it is discouraging at times. Carl is so damn conscientious about everything that he follows every order. The only trouble with that is that we have a Captain, a Lieutenant and few non-coms issuing conflicting orders. The best policy is to take it easy and relax as there is no sense in running our heads off. We get sufficient exercise as it is. We are Educating Eldon, but it will take a little longer to get Carl to conform to the general squad method.

This morning we had a silly "problem" to do. We simulated a malaria control problem. Our squad went down to a three inch stream and made mud pies. Lieut. Gallup was disgusted too as he said that the creek had been worked upon at least 15 times already and there was nothing we could do. The Army must have spent over \$2,000 of the taxpayers money for us to go stand around that creek for a couple of hours. A bunch of us found a sunny spot and took a sunbath. The rest of the morning we camouflaged our foxholes. Lieut. Gallup selected mine as the model for the rest of the platoons so he helped me to do a good job. Carl almost fell into mine because he didn't

realize that it was there. I doubt if we will ever use those fox-holes again. I got a sore back from all that digging yesterday too.

5:30 p.m.

This afternoon we went out on a combat mission. We walked way out into the woods by a trail and then we had to find our way home through the underbrush. After we got to our point, we thought the whole thing was silly so we had a great debate as to whether we should go back by the trail or the underbrush and swamp as we were told. There were no non-coms along with us so Raney took a vote. Gable and Carl wanted to go through the underbrush as instructed because they were afraid of getting caught. We had to argue with them for an hour in order to convince them that it was no use to get all scratched up as there was no purpose in it. Gable was the last to give in, but he was sure that we would get caught and be punished. But we overruled him and then proceeded to take a two hour nap! It was wonderful! Carl kept mumbling that the Army was ruining our work habits and that we wouldn't be worth a damn in civilian life. It was his conscientious spirit coming out. I thought that we had spent our time in a much more worthwhile manner as we had a discussion on politics and the future of the Army. By the time we were ready to go back, we were in high spirits and we had a lot of fun hiding from the jeeps scouting the roads to make sure that we went through the swamps. We were the last ones to get in so that we were ribbed quite a bit by the other squads for being so slow. We just kept quiet and allowed them to think that.

Tuesday, October 16, 1945

12:00 a.m. Right after dinner last night, we had to put on full field equipment and go out on a patrol. It was pitch black as we

stumbled up the road. We were given a map so that we could hike five miles. Our objective was to find a little path and come back through the forest. We looked and looked, but we couldn't find the damn thing. The whole company went on this mission and we were supposed to be absolutely quiet, but it sounded like a herd of elephants going through the woods. After awhile we got discouraged, so about 15 of us stopped and we had Williams lead us in community singing. We sang at the top of our voices. Whenever a jeep came along to investigate we would run and hide. Then we would creep up to another point on the road and come up and try again. We gave the Lieutenants in the car quite a bad time. A squad from another company got caught, we heard, and they had to go back to the starting point and begin the problem all over again. Quite a few of the boys were angry about being sent out at night and they griped like anything, but there can be fun here if they try to make the most of it. It was very chilly out there though. Finally everybody got tired of looking for our path so we came back to camp and reported that our mission was a failure! We were given hot coffee, and that softened our hearts towards the Cadre.

We brought the coffee back to our tent and we feasted upon Carl's crackers and cheese and Withey's hershey bars. It was delicious. Then we got into bed and talked for an hour before going to sleep. It was extra cold last night and we were bundled up extra heavily. About 4:00 a.m. we woke up and we talked for 15-20 minutes about childbirth pains of all things. Eldon had to go urinate but he said it was too cold to crawl out so I said he was just trying himself. From there we began to talk about how mankind in general tortures himself. Then we went back to sleep. The nights are really

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too long to sleep on the ground for 10 hrs. Without lights of any kind, we have to turn in at 7:00 p.m. What a sad fate!

7:00 p.m.

Joy, joy!! Here it is our bedtime and I am writing and talking. and in light too! We bummed a candle from one of the other boys. It is wonderful to have light like this. We are laying here in the pup tent with the candle on the top of the iron helmet and it is quite cozy. Gable came wandering by as he was lonesome in his tent so we invited him to squeeze in. He was so happy about it that he brought over a box of cookies which his wife sent. They were really delicious. What more comforts of home can we desire!! It isn't quite as cold this evening either.

Everything seems to be working out our way today so we are in a good mood. There is so much laughing going on right now that we have made a rule that one has to cup his mouth before guffawing because it may blow out the candle otherwise!! We had very satisfying meals all day and our problems for the day were not too strenuous. My cold is still bothering me, but I felt very much refreshed when we were given some hot water to shave tonight. Our helmets really come in handy. We wash in them, we shave, we can use them to dig and even vomit in them if we had to. It also serves as our candle holder. The only thing I don't like about the damn thing is to wear them. They weight about 4 pounds and it makes our necks stiff to march a long way with such a heavy load on our noddles.

All day long we had a mock battle out in the woods. Our objective was to take a house on a hill. We were given blank ammunition and hand grenades. It was a lot of fun and we charged up the hill

very bravely in the face of blank ammunition. The officers acted as umpires and from the latest reports coming in, we did a stinking job. We were supposed to crawl through the thickets, but we didn't want to get our shins all banged up. It took us all day for a problem which we could have done in two hours. All we did was go in the woods to sleep instead of ~~practicing~~ practicing the attack. It was rather silly for us to carry 40-50 pounds on our backs when we didn't use any of the stuff. All the boys felt that it was wasted effort and that the Army should have put us into technical training immediately instead of using up 6 weeks to try and make bums out of us. Even though we took it easy I was tired because my wind was short from the cold and the added weight on our backs. Narcolli was yelling at us most of the day to "Come out of the God damn woods and practice your formations!" But, he was too lazy to come in and get us so we snoozed on. He finally gave up trying and went to sleep himself. He doesn't like Sgt. Patterson so he gives counter orders. Lieut. Gallup knew that we were "goofing off" but as long as he didn't see us he didn't care. He acts disgusted himself. The terms used by the boys for acting lazy is "Fuck up" in plain Army lingo. I bet some of them will use the term in civilian life in the presence of their wives. We can't be serious about all this stuff now that the war is over. It is just a lot of bullshit in plain American language. That's why we don't have the energy to do all the things we are supposed to do as it has absolutely no meaning. But that's no reason why we can't have a lot of fun while going through this nonsense. Lieut. Gallup tells us that these problems appear silly to us now but the Army has a reason for everything we have to do. Narcolli's excuse is: "The guys overseas went through hell, so you guys should

have a little taste of it too so that you will realize how lucky you were to be civilians for so long." What a dumb statement to make. The morale was pretty low for a while today for some of the fellows but everybody was happy when the 1st mail call was sounded.

We have been talking for the past hour about personalities in our company, and it sounds like an old ladies sewing club session. Gable tells us that he dislikes Frank Paras very much because he is so sneaky. He claims that Frank has been bribing the non-coms so that he will get all the easy details. He also tells us that Frank has been doing some grafting because he sent two wool shirts home and he is getting an Army carbine for \$10.

The boys started to reminisce about their homes and they are making plans for getting home by Xmas. Each of the fellows is issuing invitations to come and visit after getting out of the Army. We decided that we would have a grand reunion after we get Army discharge since it has been very pleasant associating with the squad's three members. Gable is regretting that he wasn't put in our tent as he doesn't have much fun in his own. He made us roar with laughter when he described the smell in his pup tent from Al's feet. Ned is also in that tent and he is always coming over to our group. If we had a large enough tent, we would invite them all into our tent. We are all so glad that the four of us are in this pup tent. Bob was feeling a little low today and he thought I was deserting him this morning. We have been doing everything together, but we have a hard time slowing Carl down as he always wants to rush here and there and then wait in line at the other end instead of sauntering leisurely along. I guess we are a sort of clique, but Carl and Eldon seem to enjoy it very much. They like to live by the clock, so I always rib

them. Bob gets disgusted a lot and he hangs back on the combat patrols so I have to urge him on. Eldon envies my ability to be in good spirits all the time and the four of them are discussing it now. We all figure that we will be separated after this month so a lot of frank talk is going on about our friendship. Pretty soon they will start shedding tears so I'd better kick Gable out soon so we can go to sleep. It is the ungodly hour of 9:00 p.m. now.

October 17, 1945, Wednesday

11:30 a.m. Our bull session lasted until midnight last night. Al, Ned, Joe Kohl and Gable all squeezed into our pup tent and we started to discuss banking and finance. I started to rib Carl about being a "banker type," and the debate raged from that point on. Carl is very conservative politically and economically. He was dead serious when he said that a man should have no economic restrictions at all upon him and he was entitled to make as great a profit as he possibly could. He didn't believe in any regulated or modified capitalism and he accused me of being a radical. I maintained that the liberal trend was good for this country and a greater degree of socialistic measures would actually contribute to the greater wealth of the country. Carl was horrified at the thought and his chief point was that the less regulation we had in Germany, the better off we would be. He maintained that the profit incentive was the main thing which has contributed to the industrial power of the U.S. I agreed that a fair rate of profit was absolutely correct, but no profit should be at the expense of the wage earner. Carl couldn't see my point that it was of greater importance to raise the living standards of the masses of workers because they were contributing labor and therefore they should share in part of the profits. Al and

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Bob more or less supported my point of view, as well as Joe and Ned. Al felt that there was a disproportionate distribution of wealth between management and labor, and that it could be equalized without destroying the capitalistic system. Carl and Eldon held that economic conservatism was the best for the U.S. and that men too lazy to work shouldn't be given handouts taken from rich men who sweated for it. That made us laugh like hell. Bob answered that the "rugged individualism" school of thought was outmoded and that it would be impossible to go back to the "good old 1920's."

Carl and Eldon believed that the primary goal of life was to make as much money as possible so that their families could have the comforts of security. They were not willing to upset the economic system at the risk of hurting themselves: "Why can't people be satisfied with what we have? We've done well enough in this country so why try to reform it?" I answered that this was a very negative social attitude to take because our primary aim should be for the welfare of the majority and that one-third of the nation definitely had no reason to be economically satisfied because they had never had an opportunity to share our economic wealth. I did not think that it was radical to believe in a more equitable distribution of wealth. Carl said this country would go to the dogs and inflation would set in if larger wages were given to the unskilled workers! I answered that the more money we had in circulation, the greater the prosperity of the nation would be, except in wartime conditions when an artificial scarcity of goods was created through its destruction.

Our main difference in thinking was that I saw economic problems through the working man's situation, while Carl felt that the management class was his primary concern. I accused him of being a slave

in a bank and that he could be better off if he identified himself with workers more. Carl and I argued on and on after the other fellows left. Finally about midnight, Carl admitted that his position was extreme. He went on to tell me that his father was a poor immigrant from Germany who worked hard and became a fair success. Then he got mixed up in the trade union movement and he neglected his family and everything for this cause. "I always resented him for doing this to us so I became very cautious and conservative in everything. I hated all unions and I worked hard to get into the middle class. I still believe that it was through my own efforts that I worked up to a position of bank supervisor at a salary of \$300 a month, and I don't want any of these radicals to upset the apple cart for me. It's okay for some people to have humanitarian social attitudes, but I have to make a living for my family and that's the most important thing that there is. I have no interest in reformers. My father died a cynical man and a failure. I always told him that if he disliked the system here so much he should have gone back to Germany."

My answer to Carl was that he should have admiration for his father for fighting for progressive principles. We talked about that for a while, and Carl suddenly awakened to the thought that he had never clearly understood his father. We ended the discussion by agreeing that there should be both liberal and conservative thinking in this country, but that the line of difference should constantly move forward. I said this was a world trend, but Carl was most doubtful about that. He said we would have to wait 100 years before we could really tell if economic reforms made now were any good. He's just naturally conservative to the end, I guess! He gets his

facts from the Chicago Tribune and Daily News and he sincerely believes that all printed works are merely men's opinion so that nothing can be proved by wide reading!

5:00 p.m.

We had a hard morning out hiking today. We had to load our aching backs with a full sack which weighed like lead. The full equipment weighs around 65 pounds. I was further handicapped with my cold which is getting worse. It was very difficult to breathe. All the boys were tired out after we went a few miles, but nobody dropped out. The fellows who have been on sick call a lot were all picked for K.P. and permanent camp guards, but they have no easy time of it as far as I can see. We got out into the open fields so that it was quite warm. I felt ill near the end of the "problem" but I managed to get back to camp. The 36 hour problem is coming up this evening and we will break up camp and go to a new area. By the time we get back here, we will have walked many weary miles. I don't think that it will be an impossible task and we can have a lot of fun too.

This afternoon we went out and laid booby traps and anti tank mines. A small charge of TNT was placed in each mine so it was ticklish business. We had to go find the mines of the other platoon by sticking our bayonets into the ground. We came back into camp about an hour ago. Everything is rushed in getting ready for our night problem. We are scheduled to leave at 7:15. I've been having chills this afternoon, and I felt so miserable that I didn't go eat. I want to rest up for an hour or so in order to be prepared for our night hike with full packs. We only go 4-5 miles so it won't be too bad. Narcolli hasn't been yelling around too much today. I don't think he feels too well either. The Army pilot took him up for a

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plane ride this afternoon and he gave an exhibition right over our mine field. He did all sorts of maneuvers and Narcolli was dizzy by the time he reached solid ground once more.

That Frank Paras is a bigger baby than I thought. He is always crying about something. He was complaining all day that he couldn't go on the 36 hour problem because he had hernia. A little while ago he and Fischetti were picked out to go by truck. The boys immediately began to rib him about "brown nosing" the Sergeant and paying a bribe. He got sore about it instead of taking it in a good natured fashion. This led to more ribbing so Frank finally went to Patterson and asked him to explain to us that he had nothing to do with his selection for the choice job of riding on the truck and loading bundles. This led to loud ribbing as everyone was in a good mood. Frank still didn't get the hint and he almost came to blows with Gable. This has turned everyone against him and I suspect that he is the most unpopular fellow in the whole platoon right now. He talks too much anyway. Raney got fed up with Frank's bossing everyone in the squad around so he told him off. Now Frank has no tent partners for tonight as nobody wants to bunk in with him. It doesn't pay to get on the wrong side of the fellows. We have been getting along so well that it's too bad that Frank has become a disruptive element. I'm sure that the boys will give him another chance if he learns his lesson and keeps his big mouth shut.

9:30 p.m.

The hike out to this new camp was pretty rough. My feet must have spread at least four inches with all that pack weight. We were in luck because the moon was bright enough to light our way through the swampy places. Now that we are bedded down for the night in our

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tent, I feel much better. It's a healthy weariness that I have. Our candle is lit and the other boys are busy writing their letters. We had to dig foxholes right after arriving, but we managed to locate some old ones. The holes will never be used since we fill them up again when we break camp up in the morning. It's a rather nice location here among the trees. The pine needles will guarantee a slightly more comfortable sleep tonight. In a little while Carl is going to open up his can of sardines and we will eat them with dog biscuits. Gable and Joe are visiting us now. It's so nice to have the candle; we have to make it last for one more night.

We are always griping about the hardships of this trip, but I'm really enjoying it a lot and I think that the other fellows are too. It's been a good opportunity to get to know the rest of the squad better. We seem to stick together as a unit much more than the others. Gable talks so much about his hometown, Manistee, in Northern Michigan that I told him I would go up and see it for myself some day. He immediately offered an invitation to come and stay at his house. He said that his wife would cook us a nice dinner and he would show me the high school where he teaches and coaches. He made me promise to come and he suggested that I cross Lake Michigan by boat and he would pick me up in his car. All this is in the distant future, but we have all been getting each other's address so we won't lose contact with one another. It's nice to have good friends. Gable is a much sweller fellow than I suspected. I have to admire his guts. He is frail in build, but he never complains on the long hikes and he won't drop out. Everytime we get on the home stretch he seems to find new energy and he goes streaking by the rest of us. Our squad ribs him quite a bit, but we won't let the other squads

have this privilege. I guess our esprit de corps is strongest now because we are living close together and we are also conscious that our group will be broken up sooner or later.

The suspense for me has been broken. I won't be shipped out from the "hill" but I will be going back to Camp Lee temporarily. Only about 65 fellows will be left from our company of 250. Most of them will be shipped to Aberdeen and Belvoir. We lose Ned, Williams, Corpino and Sickman from our squad. It's a good possibility that I will go to Fort Oglethorpe with the balance of our squad to train for personnel work, but Captain Wheeler won't tell us a thing. He hinted that I should shave today, but there just isn't any facilities. We can't sit down for 20 seconds without some officer or non-com yelling at us. We act pretty independent because we are almost through with basic now. However, we honestly believe that we have the best Lieut. and non-coms in the entire company. Lieut. Gallup has been making things easier for us. We would have had to march two extra miles this evening if he hadn't taken us by a short cut.

Carl, Eldon and Bob have just voted to blow the candle out in order to conserve it so Gable, Joe, Jock Kissone, Grimes, Ned and Al have departed. We seem to have the most popular tent in the company because of our candle light and food snacks. We also like to feel that our friends like to come and talk to us. God, I'm tired!

October 18, 1945, Thursday

11:30 p.m. Whew! I think I lost some weight today. It was rough. My cold bothered me a lot last night and I didn't sleep as comfortably as I thought I would. My back was all stiff from digging the foxhole. Carl is always the 1st one up and he pulls the tent down before I get out of bed. Bob W. and I need his influence around

because we are always playing around. I tied Eldon's shoes together last night so he had quite a time getting to breakfast on time. Carl and Eldon get on very well with Bob and I. I call Carl Bierbauer, "Colonel Beerbelly" and Eldon is called Dick Haymes. We make a good combination for the tent as there is the full amount of cooperation. Our breakfast this morning consisted of K rations. I've eaten so many dog biscuits that I expect to start barking any day now. The rations are not that bad though. All of us get so hungry that we eat anything handed out to us. It would be even more enjoyable out here if Sgt. Narcolli would only stop barking so much. We have to listen to him from morning until night. Every morning we are greeted with his: "Get your damn cotton-picking ass out of those tents." We yell squally profane things back at him and then duck under the blankets to giggle like sorority girls.

We broke up the camp at 7:00 a.m. and groggily started our hike for the day. We went about five miles down the road and then each squad took to the woods on a compass problem. As soon as we got out of sight, we sat down and had a nice long rest. It was quite a struggle to go a mile through the underbrush and swampland. We were supposed to be on a combat mission, but we sang as we hiked. Williams made us weak with laughter with his jokes. Too bad that he won't be in our group after tomorrow. It's our last day together and I think that all our squad feel a bit sad that our group must break up. We remember about all the good times we had on our basic training. In all, we traveled 17 miles today, but I didn't go all the way - only 12 miles - as I was a casualty.

After we hiked through the woods, we joined the other squads to perform the Battle of the Gully. With sweat pouring down our brows,

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we crawled up a gully and with blank ammunition and hand grenades we stormed the house and ran bayonets through the enemy - all the while yelling like Indians. Afterwards we held a critique and the Captain made remarks about our battle technique. We thot that the whole thing was a lot of silly nonsense, but we wanted to do a good job for the sake of Lieutenant Gallup as he's been very decent to us. I was puffing like a steam engine by the time we finished this battle. The weather has grown very warm - Indian summer - so it was uncomfortable while walking with full packs.

By the time it was noon, I had developed two large blisters on my feet. I didn't say anything about it, but Lieut. Gallup wanted to know the condition of each person's feet. When he came around to examine mine, he said I could ride the last five miles on the mess truck and to say I was on K.P. if any of the other officers raised objections. The fellows thought this was pretty decent of Gallup. Needless to add, I was most appreciative. I almost got bumped off the truck as there were a few other "casualties" and no room to carry them. Lieut. Molander wanted to put his men on and kick me out, but Lieut. Gallup got sore about that and said that if the others could ride, I would too. We finally managed to squeeze everybody in. Lieut. Liddington apparently didn't like the way in which Gallup had stuck up for his men so he ordered the mess sarge to put us to work digging latrine trenches and sump holes for garbage at the new camp. Gallup had told me not to do any work until the platoon came in, but there was no use in arguing the matter. Hamilton, Rodriguiz and I dug the three holes and it was a back breaking job. After that I staked our claim for a camp site and started to dig the three foxholes for our tent.

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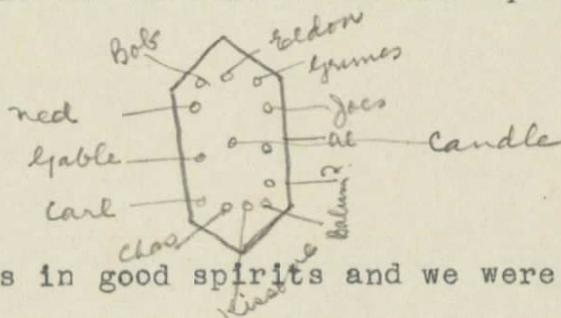
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I was exhausted by the time the platoon marched in. The thought of a good night's sleep kept me going; and the tired feeling left when I realized that this was the end of the basic. The morale of the whole company was up 100%. Suddenly my joy was dampened when Lieut. Liddington called out the fellows who had come in on the truck to be the all night sentries. Gallup was quite angry about this, but he couldn't counteract a superior officer's orders so he just told me to get on the truck in the morning instead of marching the last four miles back to our original bivouac area. At 1st we thought that it would spoil our plans for a pup tent party, but I wasn't scheduled to go on duty until 10:30 p.m. so it didn't interfere with our plans. At 12:30 I'm off for the night so it isn't such a bad deal. I have Hamilton's flashlight so I'm writing instead of walking my post! There is a beautiful full moon out tonight and everything is so quiet now. It sort of makes me homesick. I'm no good as a guard anyway since I only have blank ammunition in my rifle.

Our week on the Hill is ending in a very nice way and there has been a lot of fun in it - nothing like what we had feared. The PX truck came about 5 so Carl, Eldon, Bob and I decided to have a "graduation" party in our pup tent to celebrate the end of our basic training. We got Hershey bars, cokes, cookies, etc. from the PX truck and everything tasted so delicious because this was the 1st time that the PX truck has come up here. I saw one boy buy a whole box of Hershey bars and he claimed that he would eat everyone by himself tonight!

We had a swell party in our tent from 6:00 to 10:00 p.m. We

lighted the candle and 12 fellows in all squeezed in like this:



Everyone was in good spirits and we were laughing and joking around long after the rest of the platoon had gone to sleep. We mixed up our ration lemonade and orangeade and some of the other fellows brought food to add to the pile. I had to show everyone how my \$1 cigarette lighter worked because I was so pleased with it. We started to reminisce about the good time we had together. It's an experience that we will all remember. There's something nice about having comradeship with a group of swell fellows and I suspect that the entire group felt this. I would say that our graduation party was a huge success and we nursed the candle along very carefully in order to make it last longer. I told them how Lieut. Liddington had Hamilton and me do the officer's dishes. We were so sore about this assignment as a part of our guard duties that we smeared macaroni on the plates after washing in the hopes that the officers would get diarrhea. It was a dirty trick, but I bet under battle conditions the officers didn't have soldiers to do that for them. Balum only stayed for a short time because he was so tired. He was feeling sorrowful about leaving our platoon for another camp tomorrow. He made us laugh when he went and got hot water to shave because he is only 19 or 20 and he has a smooth baby face. He wanted to be considered a man. He said: "Boy, when I get out of the Army and go back to Pennsylvania, I'm really going to appreciate my girl friend. We will go out in the woods for a walk and my mother will come along."

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Ned was more talkative than he has ever been. He told us hilarious Turkish jokes, which were just like American ones. Everyone was telling jokes and some of them were the type for men only. Even Grimes and Eldon had a few choice ones to offer. Carl was cheered up considerably and he felt much better as the evening progressed. The party only broke up when the candle burned out. It was really grand to have the gang come around in such a good mood. Joe Kohl is usually quiet, but he let himself go for this occasion. Joe, Jock Kissone and Ned will leave us tomorrow too.

I came on sentry duty at 10:00 p.m. instead of 10:30 as there was no use in sleeping for only a half hour. Rodriques was the sentry I was to relieve so we sat up on the hill and talked for an hour and a half. I just got to know him when we were digging the latrine pit this afternoon. He is the Latin lover type, deep and rich voice, speaks with an accent, 22 yrs. old. Two years ago he came to the U.S. to study chemical engineering. He got drafted a couple of months ago and he felt that this was a great injustice. His father is the millionaire owner of three chemical factories in Peru, and efforts have been made thru diplomatic channels to get Rodriques discharged. Rodriques has no desire to become an American citizen as he will take over his father's factories. He dislikes American conceit, and the way in which he is regarded as a "Mexican" or a "South American." He feels that the U.S. has dishonest motives in trying to control the economic life of South America. Rodriques is rather nationalistic, but he likes the conveniences of the U.S. His father sent him \$200 a month and bought him a car during the time he was a student at the U. of Oklahoma. In Peru, a large family could live for a year on

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this amount. Rodriques feels that the masses of workers are paid enough wages to subsist and they hardly deserve any more. He hopes that the Communist influence will not spread as it would disrupt the whole economy of his country and cause a revolution. He wanted to know why Americans were so lackadaisical during the war, so I tried to give him some of my impressions. I went on to explain how democracy functions and what is lacking. Rodriques at 1st believed that a military dictatorship like in the South American countries would make the U.S. function more efficiently, but he withdrew from this position when I identified militarism closely with Fascism. Rodriques stayed on duty an hour overtime just to talk with me. We also discussed Latin women, South~~ern~~ American music, U.S. educational system, morals of American women compared to So. American girls, etc. etc.

October 19, 1945 - Friday

10:00 p.m. Our bivouac is over and now I'm back in Camp Lee! We got up at 5:30 a.m. to break up camp and fill in the fox-holes and by 7:00 the company was ready to hike the 4 miles back to the main bivouac area. Since I was on guard duty last night, I went in on the truck. We loaded it up with all the blanket robes and other field equipment which had to go back to Camp Lee. At the main bivouac area we turned in our rifles and a lot of other gear which has been loading us down. It certainly was a relief to get rid of all that junk!

It was a little sad to see the trucks pull out with the friends we have made in the past six weeks. Most of them went to Fort Belvoir and Aberdeen for their technical training. Our 3rd squad

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was the least affected. The 65 remaining fellows piled into the trucks to return to Camp Lee at noon. I'm glad that we are finished with the basic training phase at last. Our ride back from AP Hill was very tiring and hot so I dozed most of the way. It is Indian Summer around here now, and the weather is just right. Al tells me that it snowed already in Chicago the other day. One of the nicest parts of Fall around here is the pretty colored leaves on the trees - all kinds of shades. I never saw anything like that before. We came back through some forest area which was as pretty as a picture.

On the way back, one of the convoy trucks got sideswiped and it turned completely over. Fortunately, there were some blanket rolls in it so that only one of the 8 boys in it was hurt. John Capvano said that only the presence of mind by the Negro truckdriver saved their lives as he kept the truck from spinning by twisting the wheel hard and gunning on the gas throttle. Roger's comment: "That one guy is okay, but I wouldn't give a wooden nickel for all the damn niggers in the world. There never was a more yellow bellied race in existence. Look at the way they deserted in this war." Grimes answered that this was a pure racial bias and the 'poor' record of the Negro troops was forced upon them because they had no incentive for fighting for democracy when they were all placed in labor battalions. Narcolli then gave vent to his prejudice with some outrageous remarks so I reminded him that he was of Italian ancestry so he shouldn't be the one to advocate the deportation of all Negroes to Africa. About 60% of the fellows on our truck seemed to be prejudiced towards Negroes and it is supposed to be a college group. Something must be wrong with our educational system. Bob Withey seems to have come around to a more tolerant attitude as he made a few statements

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about why the Negro should be granted economic equality. He still has reservations about social equality as he is afraid that too many white daughters might marry Negroes. His Marine brother has told him that more white women have been raped and "knocked up" in Washington, D.C. by Negroes because of the strong movement there to give Negroes greater social outlets! His conclusion: "Give them an inch and they'll try to take a mile. The risk socially still seems to be too great so it's better for the Negroes to gradually work up to acceptability rather than trying to storm the gates by force. It's not in human nature to be forced to like the other person and that's where the Negro psychology is all wrong on this social equality business!."

The funny part of the whole thing was when we passed through Richmond we saw a lot of Negro college girls going to a football game. Some of them were very attractive, the sweater girl type, and this resulted in wolfish howls from our truck. The boys admitted that some Negro girls were "smart looking" and that not all were "black bitches" and prostitutes. Not one of the fellows made insulting remarks at these well dressed Negro college girls.

We got back to camp about 5:00 p.m. All the way in, we were looking forward to nice clean barracks with hot water for a shave and shower. We found dirty barracks with cold water instead because some casuals had left the place in a mess. On top of that, our 3rd squad was split up and some of us had to go to the 1st platoon. We didn't like that at all, but only 50 fellows can go in one barracks and the overflow had to go to the 2nd platoon. Carl, Grimes, Hoover, Eldon, Jim McGuire were among them.

I made the best of the situation, but that cold water almost

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pulled my beard out by the roots. I couldn't stand all that dirt around my bed so I got a broom and swept out a bit. After dinner, we were told that we could get a Class A pass until Monday morning, 6:00 a.m. Bob and I decided that we would remain around camp to rest up and do our laundry. But when the boys all started to sign up to go to Washington D.C. and NYC etc., we got the fever too. Grimes, Carl and Eldon said that they were going into Richmond, Va. for the night and head for Washington D.C. in the morning. Bob and I felt that we were not in such good financial condition to spend \$15 or \$20 for a trip like that. But when we were told that those who remained in camp had to work in the Supply Room and K.P. we decided to go anyway. We felt that we could have fun hitch hiking up. Capvano also wanted to come along so we invited him. Then Gable said he would like to go so we welcomed him to join the party. After all this was decided, we went to the camp movie to relax. We drank about five cokes to make up for lost time. The rest of the fellows went to the Spa just outside the camp gates to drink beer, but we thought we should save the money for our trip. Bob and I are going to try and make the trip on \$3 (?) and I think we can have a lot of fun in doing that. We have been planning on a trip to Washington for a long time and this is the 1st opportunity that we have had.

(Insert: Bette's letter)

Saturday, October 20, 1945

Washington, D.C.

1:00 a.m. It's been a very enjoyable day even though I'm dead tired and my feet are sore and swollen! Human nature is a funny thing. The other day we were moaning about going on a 30 mile hike on the 36 hour problem, while this morning we thought nothing of

starting out for Washington, D.C. It's all in the mind, I guess.

Everything has broken just right for us. It all started this morning. The rumor went around that anyone who remained in barracks would have to go on K.P. As a result almost everyone left camp without any breakfast. We figured that if there were nobody around, there would be no need for any K.P.'s so we took a chance and went over to the messhall. When I stepped inside the door, the cook says, "How do you want your eggs?" I almost fell over in surprise as it seemed impossible for the cooks to have a pleasant disposition like that instead of their permanent grouch. I asked, "Do we have a choice?" "Sure," he says, "You can have them any way you want." So I asked for sunny side up and he cooked them individually. It was the best breakfast I've eaten since coming into the Army.

Some of the boys got lonesome for the 2nd Platoon so they moved out last night. The excuse was that #1 was filled with bedbugs. Bob and I decided that we would like to join our friends so we started to lug our things over. Sgt. Gibbs of the 1st Platoon didn't like this a bit as he felt it was an insult to his barracks so he got quite nasty about it. When we kept on moving, he ordered us to report to the Supply Room to work all day. It wasn't any use in arguing with ~~him~~ such a simple minded person so we picked up Gable and Capvano and started off for Washington, D.C. without saying another word. We will probably hear from Gibbs when we get back, but it's worth anything to get away from the barking non coms and the Army Camp for a while and feel like a free man.

We took the bus to Petersburg and then started hitch hiking on U.S. Highway #1. Washington was about 200 miles away but we weren't worried about that. Bob and I went on ahead so that the chances of

getting a ride would be better. A Negro truckdriver hauling beer from Norfolk to Richmond picked us up and we got him to allow John and Gable to squeeze into the front cab with us.

After we got to Richmond, we split up again, Bob and I got a ride with an old white share cropper who told us all about why the "Niggers and the Jews" were ruining the country. "You know the truth is that the Jews in Washington tax us to death and they give the money to the Niggers," he says as he spat out the truck window and splattered it all over Bob when the wind blew it back. The only comment I made was that this was too easy an explanation of the complex economic system we have. I don't think he understood me. We passed Grimes, Eldon and Carl on the Highway just outside of Richmond and yelled that we bet we would beat them to Washington. A few minutes later, the farmer let us out and we were quite embarrassed when Grimes and Co. passed us up in a new Pontiac. We only stood there for about 5 minutes before another car stopped and picked us up.

It was a charming Southern couple, about 40, who were on the way up to Fredericksburg, Va. to pick up their daughter at the college. They told us all about the beauties of the State and pointed out various spots of historical interest. I was a little suspicious of the fact that the North won the Civil War, and I found out in no uncertain terms that the South won. All along the line, there are little signs telling about how the South made tactical retreats and withdrew. This was of great interest to me as I've read all about these events before. There are little monuments all along the highway for different generals and battles. The South apparently still live in the old days of '65. That's one of the things I don't like about the conservative south. It is too sleepy and it lives too

much in the past. In every city there is a sharp dividing line for "white" and "colored." It's so damn silly to build two waiting rooms and toilet facilities at the station when most of these small towns can't even afford to build one good one. A lot of the streets and highways are named after Confederate military heroes. The main highway out of Richmond is called the Jefferson Davis Highway and the toll bridge across the James River is the Robert E. Lee. All of this is okay as long as these Southern States remember that they are still in the Union. I can see now why they call it the solid South in politics. There is a general tendency for Southern folks to be anti-Negro, anti-Jewish, anti-Catholic, and anti-Washington D.C. The couple we were with were more educated, but they also held some of these attitudes. They were against a large Army in the U.S. chiefly because they felt that it would be controlled by Northerners in Washington. They were very much against the large waste of the tax payers money by the Army and we agreed with them. The lady said that her nephew was recently drafted from a law college and put into the infantry. She was concerned with the fact that the Army was ruining the young man's willingness to work and she believed that this was going to cause a sort of revolution with everyone insisting upon the government supporting them. She said that these social tensions would be particularly dangerous for the South, implying that the Negroes would rise and endanger white supremacy. I didn't care to incur any hard feelings since I was getting a free ride so I tried to be diplomatic. I just said that there seemed to be a trend towards more liberal practices and perhaps it was better for this country.

The man then had some rather warm comments to make about how the government was taxing the people to the point where it was almost

impossible to make a living. He was a district salesman for Westinghouse Co. and from the looks of his car, it seemed that he was doing well enough. The man felt that it was the officers in the Army who wanted a large military force and that if Congress didn't appropriate enough money, he wouldn't be surprised in the least if a military coup d'etat took over the country. His reasoning was that the majority of the officers never made such good salaries before in civilian life and they would fight to keep what they had. Bob, surprisingly, responded that he was against militarism because of this dangerous fascist possibility. We didn't have time to finish this topic as we reached Fredricksburg. Bob told the salesman if he ever went to Springfield, Illinois, to be sure to stay at the Abraham Lincoln Hotel where his father is the chief engineer.

Bob and I wandered around Fredricksburg for a while to look at some of the historic sights and the colonial type homes. Neither of us have seen the inside of a real home for two and a half months. The salesman practically talked him into buying the Westinghouse automatic laundry machine rather than the Bendix which Bob was planning to get for his wife.

We walked through the middle of the business district and then caught a ride with a fish truck. The back of it stunk like anything, but the front seat wasn't too bad. The fellow driving it was a very interesting egg. He was a discharged Vet, fought in the South Pacific, hated "Niggers," "Jews," "Japs," and U.S. Marines. At 1st he thought I was a Mexican, but I told him I was an American of Japanese ancestry. Silence. Then he said, "Well, you don't have nothing to do with those Japs over there" and he went on to tell us all about the three fishing boats he owned and why he would never allow a

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"dirty Nigger" to work for him. He sells his fish to them at fancy prices though. His prejudice against the Jews was motivated by his belief that they controlled the gov't "and don't believe the newspaper propaganda that Hitler is dead. The Jews own all the big newspapers and they want the Americans to believe that. They are hiding Hitler right in Washington because they plan to take over business and everything in the U.S. and put Hitler in to run things. They have bought him out. The 'Niggers' will be used to kill all the whites who don't like it and then the god damn Jews will stab them in the back to get rid of them." The fellow was very serious when he made these preposterous comments, but his tongue was no doubt loosened by the enormous amounts of liquor he consumed (Seagrams). Not wishing to offend his hospitality, I helped him drink a bit. I reasoned that if I helped him to drink, he couldn't have so much and the chances for an accident would be lessened. Bob was quite nervous for a while, but he calmed down when he observed that the man really was a very efficient driver. I egged Mr. Fisherman on about the Marines and this made Bob squirm because his brother is one. My purpose was to show Bob exactly how silly emotional reasoning could be by hitting at him in a personal way. Fisherman said that the Marines were dirty so and sos, and they would have lost the war if they were sent to Europe. He said that seven of them jumped him once because they were cowards. Everytime we passed a Marine on the road, he had a nasty remark to shout. The only exception was the two lady marines which he invited to sit on our laps, but they declined as they practically held their noses at the fish smell which wafted up from the rear of the car.

Despite his deep rooted prejudices, Mr. Fisherman didn't seem to

be a bad guy at heart. We passed John and Gable on the road about 30 miles from Washington and we asked him to stop for them, which he did. Gable explained that they were riding with five marines who were passing 7 bottles of whiskey back and forth. Gable drank, but John declined. As they weaved down the highway at 70 miles an hour, John decided that he'd rather walk than risk his life so they got out. We went about two miles further when Gable shouted that the smashed car we passed in the middle of the road was the one he had been in and John confirmed this. John was in the truck wreck the day before so he was much more on edge. He preferred to have a little fish smell on him than to be mangled up.

Fisherman was in a mellow mood when we pulled into Washington. He went out of his way to drive near the Pentagon Building and the airport so we could see it. He also drove us around the capital a bit. It was such an impressive sight to see the Washington Monument looming up in the sky; but Bob, the cynic, couldn't get thrilled. Fisherman took us to a place where we could get hamburgers for a nickel and then departed. We ate there and then came to the Service Men's Club #1 where we signed up for a 50¢ dormitory room for the night. We are lodged in the Old District Building near the Nat'l Gallery of Art, right on Pennsylvania Ave. Washington seems to be a Serviceman's town as there are many U.S.O's etc. for them with good facilities. And there are so many women here, very pretty too. I never saw anything like that in Richmond! Loads of Waves and Wacs roaming the streets. They go around in herds. I think the boys were more impressed with legs than sightseeing. We vowed to make this an educational trip so I refused to go with Gable to a Burlesque! What a wet blanket I was! We decided to see one thing at a time

instead of drawing up a rigid itinerary as our time was limited and we wanted to proceed leisurely.

It was very impressive to see all of the government buildings. We stuck near the Capitol Building area as we are saving the lower end of Penn. Ave. for tomorrow. We follow a guide tour partly around the Capitol Bldg. and visited the rooms where the Senate and the House meets. The lady guide pointed out the exact spot where Pres. Truman would stand on Tuesday when he addresses Congress. We saw all the state statues in the Hall, and then we proceeded to walk up the stairways up to the Dome. It was such a long hike, but well worth while. There is a beautiful mural on the ceiling of Geo. Washington in Heaven. Around the railing on the outside, we could get a magnificent view of the whole city. The people looked like ants on the street below. Everyone was writing their names on the stone so like a silly schoolboy I did likewise. Who should we meet in the Capitol Bldg. than Grimes, Carl and Eldon! We agreed to get together for a steak dinner later and then proceeded on our way. Grimes is a strong individual and we didn't feel like being pulled hither and yon as we had our own ideas of what we wanted to see. Gable was just as excited as a schoolboy. He is a history teacher so he will have a lot to tell his students when he gets back to civilian life.

We walked on down past the Mint and other buildings until we arrived at Smithsonian Institute. We ended our sightseeing tour for the afternoon there. It took us about two hours to see the inside, and then we barely skimmed through it as we didn't have the time to examine each room in detail. We saw Lindburgh's "Spirit of St. Louis" with which he was the 1st to fly the Atlantic in 1907 (?) (1927?) Langley's original plane; lots of old automobiles; the tattered

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American flag which inspired Francis Scott Key to write the Star Spangled Banner, and many other historic objects. All of these things made the past live for an instant. I guess we were all pretty inspired altho we tried to act matter of fact.

By this time we were tired and hungry so we started to look around for a good place to eat steak. Grimes, Eldon and Carl joined us while we wandered around. We finally located a nice spot and I stuffed myself. I wonder why servicemen all get starved for a good steak? It must be the national dish. About 7:00 we went over to the Stage Door Canteen. The hostesses there are so nice. It's the best atmosphere for a service club that we have found yet. The girls were friendly and everyone was well behaved. It's a magnificent place fixed up like a night club, but no liquor served. Most of the girls are government workers with some stage people. We saw a nice stage show besides. Everything was free, the best part of all. The novelty of the place pleased us immensely. Washington is a Serviceman's town even if there are lots of ladies of the street walking around for no good purpose.

About 9:00 p.m. I decided to phone up Bob and Fumi Iki as I thot I should say hello to them. Bob was surprised to hear my voice. He is still with the F.C.C. doing propaganda broadcasts or something. He said that he was on the way to a Nisei dance and he invited me to come over. I wasn't aware of such a program and rather reluctant to leave the Stage Door Canteen, but Fumi put it in such a way that it was hard to refuse the invitation. Bob said that if it were against my principles to go to a Nisei dance, to bring my friends along and help the Nisei to get more acquainted. Bob, Gable and John were anxious to go as they had never seen a Nisei girl before so I led

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them over to the St. James Parish Hall, near the White House, where the dance was held. There were quite a few Caucasians sprinkled in the group of about 100 or so. Bob seemed rather distant and cool, and I couldn't understand that. Fumi was very warm in her welcome. I thought that maybe I had offended Bob by coming at 10:30 instead of 9 as I had promised. It made me feel ill at ease, not knowing what was wrong. I got a hint of it while dancing with Fumi. It seems that Bob has been the chief agent in initiating these Nisei dances and he thought I was going to condemn him. I said to Fumi that it was none of my business, altho I still didn't feel that self segregation of any type exactly contributed to the assimilation process. She countered then with the point that the immediate happiness of the Nisei was more important than a vague goal like that. She said it with such a sweet smile that I couldn't debate the point. I just answered that I was there to dance and my opinion wasn't important so there was no need to justify anything. Fumi told me that the U.S.O. sponsored this Nisei dance weekly, and "we don't have so much trouble with the Yogores now because they have all gone overseas." I told her about the good time I had at the U.S.O. and Stage Door Canteen and Fumi replied that most of the Nisei servicemen were too hesitant to go into one so that a Nisei dance was better for them than to go to cheap bars and get drunk. Not very many Nisei soldiers go to the Service Club for sleeping facilities, she added, because they would rather go up to the Hostel for Americans of Japanese ancestry. I see now why it is so damn difficult to get the Nisei to branch out into the greater society. They are afraid of imaginary things and a limited shell feels much more comfortable to them. I

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don't like it, but I guess I'm more tolerant of what is happening because force won't make the Nisei change. Bob, John and Gable had a good time at the dance and they were greatly surprised that Nisei jitterbugged too! I introduced them to Toshie who could really dance and she was very pretty. The Nisei stags didn't like it so much when I cut in on all the girls and brought them over to the boys to introduce and dance with. I didn't know any of them myself, but it was a simple matter to introduce myself. I think that the Nisei servicemen sort of ganged up on us because we couldn't go more than two steps when we cut it. It was rather discouraging to the boys, but I explained that this was the usual tactics in a Nisei dance and it wasn't because their presence was resented in any way. True enough. At 1st, we were going around at least 6 steps too! Bob wanted to know why the Nisei girls didn't smile very much and he wondered if it might be his looks. I explained that many Nisei girls tended to be slightly reserved but he shouldn't pay any attention to this characteristic. Despite these minor things, the boys did a good job in mixing around. There is no doubt that the Nisei girls are more socially acceptable and I don't see why they couldn't go to a regular U.S.O. instead of setting up a separate segregated one, but what's the use of trying to convince myself that the impossible is going to happen in the immediate future. About 11:30, we decided to go to the Pepsi Cola U.S.O. so we departed. Fumi said I could stay over at their home if I came into town again and we would have more time to talk. Most of the Nisei girls I met at the dance are gov't girls and they seemed to be rather nice. John and Gable thought they were all glamorous, but their enthusiasm must have been more powerful than my glasses as I couldn't support that. However, I was pleased that they

got to know the Nisei a bit better as average Americans and not a bunch of foreigners. Bob's statement sort of hit the spot: "Now I can tell people about Japanese Americans with some authority as I've actually had contacts with a group of them." Naturally he was thinking more of the girls, but that's all right too!

I ran into Jimmy Yamazaki then, but I didn't have much time to talk to him. He is a Lieutenant now and he believes he will be shipped overseas. He said that some Nisei would soon be sent to Camp Lee for O.C.S. and he wanted to know why I didn't try for it. My answer was still the same: "I'm not interested in an Army career and I'd rather be a private with the rest of my friends."

We drank free Pepsi's at the Pepsi Cola Center until it closed up, and then we wandered around town for a while looking enviously at the guys with their sweethearts. The boys felt homesick then and they wanted to phone their wives, but it was much too late. We passed by the "Gayety" a burlesque and we were just thinking of looking at the posters in front when who should come down the street but Grimes, Carl and Eldon. They swore up and down that they were only going to look at the posters too. They were much more embarrassed than us because we caught them in the act and we accused them of sneaking out of the place. The seven of us strolled around for another half hour and then decided to go drink beer. I came on up here. They should be along any minute now to go on over to the dormitory. I've decided to quit drinking, even mildly as it will start the old habit again and it's too expensive. None of the boys drink much, just enough to break down inhibitions and be more sociable, but I don't think I need any stimulant because I talk too much as it is! Here they come now!! The end of a perfect day!

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Sunday, October 21, 1945

11:00 p.m.

Another exciting day finished and here we are back in dear Camp Lee once more. We just got in a short time ago and we are reminiscing about our adventures here in the latrine. Our day started quite early. From force of habit, we arose early. It was our plan to leave the city at noon, but we lingered around much later in the afternoon because it was so enjoyable. After a satisfying breakfast, Bob, John, Gable and I went to the Salvation Army where we got four bicycles (free) to tour Washington. Our bipeds were too sore for much walking. It was the greatest piece of luck we had because we got around in ease during the next four hours. We must have been stopped 20 times by servicemen to tell them how we got the bikes. It is almost impossible to rent any and we had all those available at the U.S.O.

I think we broke more traffic regulations today than anyone. We biked everywhere without regard for traffic lights or anything - like a bunch of country yokels. The first thing we did was to go to the Washington Monument - right up to its base with bicycles while the well dressed tourists looked on with amusement. Then we went over to see the White House. The guard said we couldn't go into the grounds so we went around the fence on our bikes. The White House looks just like the postcards. Our most thrilling moment was at the Lincoln Memorial. We were laughing and talking as we started up the stairs, but the solemnity of the occasion seemed to overcome all of us when we saw the massive temple with Lincoln sitting there (in a statue). His Gettysburg speech and second inauguration talk were inscribed on the walls. As I read, I got the proud feeling of being a part of this kind of America and it wasn't a schoolboy feeling either.

From there we went over to see the Jefferson Memorial and the Nat'l Gallery of Art. We ended up the tour by cycling along the Potomac River trying to find the spot where Washington tossed the dollar across., but decided that it was an impossible legend. At the front of Smithsonian Institute, we again ran into Grimes, Eldon and Carl, so we let them use the bikes for a while as they were not making much progress on foot. We dirtied up the lawn with peanut shells as we waited.

It was getting late so we decided to go eat and then start for home. A couple of sailors and 2 soldiers wanted the bikes so we said that we would tell the U.S.O. they were our buddies. They pumped us back on the handles down Pennsylvania Ave. There was a mad scramble for the bikes when we returned, but our new found friends managed to get them.

At the Emerson restaurant where we ate, I witnessed an unpleasant incident which burned me up and put a bad taste in my steak dinner. An elderly colored man came in and the waiter stopped him and said that he could not be served as it was restricted for whites only. The man walked out very puzzled, muttering, "Wal, I'm a United States citizen!" I felt pity and hot anger. Grimes cooled me down and said that we all felt the same way but nothing could be done. I was for walking out in protest, but the boys wanted their steaks so I didn't say anything else. Gables comment: "I just can't understand it. They have colored busboys who handle all the dishes, but they won't allow any Negroes to eat here. It doesn't make sense. Maybe it is because the busboys wear white coats." It was pretty disillusioning to be a witness to such disgusting blind prejudice in the Nation's Capital. Blind intolerance like that bothers me and I

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go through a lot of emotions because it could just as well be me. I know that such things exist, but I can't accept it or be matter of fact about it. Damn it anyway!

We split up into pairs and threes on the way back from Washington. It was about 3:00 p.m. when we finally got across the Potomac River. Gable was so worried that it would get dark and we would be stranded. Bob had 40¢ in his pocket and I had three dollars, but we didn't care. We waited a half hour on the highway by Alexandria, Va. before we hitched a ride. Gable and John were in the car already. It was such a relief to learn that the Ensign would take us all the way to Hopewell, three miles from camp! He was only 20. His philosophy: "I'm planning to stay in the Navy for a while. I'm single and I'm young. I have a pretty good job in the Navy now. I don't have any civilian job to return to. I only went one year to college. In the Navy I make \$42 a week clear and I get a 5% increase in 8 months. What have I to lose?"

The Ensign wasn't used to much night driving and he almost missed the road a few times. Gable was supposed to be our navigator but he got us lost in Richmond. We drove around for 45 minutes before we could find the highway out of town. It was only 8 when we reached Hopewell so we stopped and had dinner before coming home. We decided that the trip was so good that we would plan on going to N.Y. next weekend if none of us were shipped out. My total expenses for the weekend was only \$5-6.00, a very amazing. And we had such a swell trip on that sum. A civilian couldn't do anything as cheaply as that. Well, my head aches so I'm off to bed!

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Diary

Monday,  
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11:00 p.m. This morning we GI'd the barracks and cleaned the rifles. I also slipped in my laundry on the side. As punishment for "goofing off" on the order to report to the supply room Sat., I had to go to K.P. at the officers' mess this afternoon! I peeled onions over there for three hours, but I have no regrets for being a bad boy and skipping out on Sgt. Gibbs, the rat!

A rumor orgy took place this morning about where and when we would be shipped out. I decided not to believe any of it so I was very surprised after lunch when I was ordered to report to the supply room. It's the end of Camp Lee for me. I'm shipping out in the morning at 8:00 a.m. Destination unknown. I may end up as a cook or something the way the Army operates.

The only thing I regret is leaving the gang. I knew it would happen but I still don't like it when the time comes. I'm just not going to worry about where I'm going as I'll find out tomorrow when I get there. It may be Fort Myers or any of a dozen places. Capvano thinks it is back to our Service Command. I hope my laundry dries by morning!

I've been so busy today that I haven't had a chance to do anything. Saying good byes is pretty hard. The rest of the boys are going to Oglethorpe as the rumor said all along. I think Bob will really miss me for a few hours as he had a sad face when I told him I was going. He has been classified as an occupational counselor. Grimes is technical consultant; Al and Gable are industrial interviewers; Frank a vocational counselor, and Carl and Eldon are IBM men. They all got fixed up fine; I hope the Army does likewise for me but I am not going to build up any hopes at all as I might get disappointed. John is worried stiff that he may not be a chemist,

but he should bother his mind like that.

It is too bad that we couldn't train all together since we know each other so well. The boys will work in the separation center here for about a month before going to Georgia. Al, Gable, Hoover, Bob, Eldon, Carl etc. gave me a sort of informal farewell party this evening. We went to the PX and toasted one another with mild beer. Gable treated me to the show and Bob bought me ice cream at the Service Club afterwards. They wouldn't let me spend a cent all evening. They were all sure that I would get into a professional line in technical school, but it is impossible to predict what the Army will do. I'm not sorry to leave Camp Lee itself as the place doesn't have any hold over me. There are 13 of us going out tomorrow and such wild rumors as to our destination are circulating: The consensus is Fort Myer, but I don't see what I could be assigned to there as it is for engineers and things like that. It's the next phase of my Army life and I'm quite calm about the whole thing. We are having our final latrine bull session now and most of the talk is about how we shall have a reunion in Chicago. Rosenbaum is bitterly disappointed because he has been classified as an interviewer instead of clinical psychologist. He only had college courses in the field so he shouldn't expect too much. He claims that he is going to take the matter up with General Somerville himself, but I doubt if he gets far. Who knows, I may even become a permanent K.P. flunky at Ft. Myers!

Tuesday, October 23, 1945.

11:00 p.m. New York

I'm lost here in the Pennsylvania Station! It's such a huge place. My train for Long Island is going out at 12:18 but I'm

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not worried. We left camp at 8 this morning, but the truck didn't get out of the gate until after 10. I had to carry that heavy duffle bag and gas mask for blocks. We were told that the destination was Fort Myers. I was very surprised when I was handed a special order a few minutes later to report to Mason General Hospital in Brentwood Long Island. I guess the Army wants to make a flunky out of me after all. All of the fellows were most envious of me because they felt that I was being assigned to something very special and they said that it was quite a break to be able to travel on my own instead of a group. I was rather elated at the prospects and most pleasantly surprised. It started to rain while we were waiting around in camp but that didn't dampen my spirits any. I hope that my technical training will meet some of those expectations. I still have no idea of what I am going to do although I suspect that it may be connected with psychiatric case work. Whatever it is, I hope I will be able to add to my experience and not be disillusioned. I was the only one in the group to receive the special orders. Hulbert was positive that he was going to Ohio, and he was so disappointed when his papers assigned him to Fort Myers with the rest. John Capvano was quite relieved as he is sure now that he will get into his field as a chemist. A group of vets were going to West Point so they got on the coach with us. We stopped in Richmond, Va. for an hour and then took the Atlantic Coast line to Washington where I separated from the group to take the Penn. R.R. line to N.Y. Most of the way to Wash. I chatted with John. He was telling me about his hard struggle to get through college and the reason why he places so much emphasis upon financial security. He said he was a radical in college, but now he has given up all ideals for a goal of making money. He hopes to start

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his own plant after he gets a discharge as he has developed a new remedy for athlete's foot which he believes could be sold in large quantities to high schools of the mid-west. We exchanged addresses before we said goodbye, and that was the end of my last contact with the gang. Seeing Washington, D.C. once more was not the thrill it was last weekend. I never expected to see it again so soon.

All along the line it has been raining so I can't see much scenery. We passed through Baltimore, Philadelphia and Newark before arriving here a couple of hours ago. I talked to an inebriated serviceman all the way up, rather I listened to him tell about his adventures in Paris and Germany. He had a bottle of cognac which he brought back from France with him, but I refused a drink all the way through Delaware, Penn and New Jersey; but finally had a last toast with him as we pulled into N.Y.C. He is getting discharged and he was drinking a lot of toasts all the way up the line to his buddies like this: "So long buddy till the next war." I hope that toast never comes true. Truman gave his speech before Congress this afternoon and he asked for the draft of 17-20 year olds on a conscription basis. I hope it is defeated, but the forces are strong for it.

It was exciting to arrive here in N.Y.C. even if I could only see skylines, bridges and lights through the rain. I think I'll go outside and look around for a while now. The U.S.O. here allows Negroes in. Civilization at last!!

Wednesday, October 24, 1945      Mason General Hospital, Long Island

7:00 p.m.

I'm right next to the largest mental hospital in the country, but I'm not a patient there yet. The pace has been very rapid since

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I arrived at 3:00 a.m. last night. Brentwood is ~~1~~ only a small town 43 miles from N.Y.C. and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hr. by train from it. It was raining hard when I got there. Dark, and nobody to meet me. I got a taxi cab and the driver took me the 7-8 miles over slush mud roads. On the way out, he told me how he was a war vet. He was extremely friendly and we had quite a chat about N.Y. I sat on the front seat with him. The young man was a red head with a thick N.Y. accent of some kind. He pointed out various spots of interest and apologized for the bad weather. At the end of the trip he only charged me 35¢ and said he was always glad to help a buddy. After he left, I really felt lost in the strange place. The building was so large that it was difficult to locate the reception office. The Sergeant there immediately began to tell me how I should try and keep away from the job of ward attendant, but he didn't hold out much hopes for me. This wasn't such encouraging news. There were no open beds at the Mason Dormitories so that I had to take a bus to the Edgewood Annex about a mile away. The driver was an overseas veteran and he expected to be discharged soon. He told me a little about the post and he emphasized the fact that there were plenty of opportunities to get ratings. At the end of the bus ride, he curiously asked me my ancestry. After I told him, he remarked: "Hell, buddy, that makes no difference to me. I'm of Jerry ancestry myself but I killed plenty of them while I was in the anti aircraft unit over there. To tell the truth I hate the Limies and the Frogs more than I hate the Jerries. What the hell's the difference as long as we wear this uniform?" I had to wake the night orderly up to get some sheets. I went to sleep almost immediately as I was so exhausted.

This morning I missed breakfast as I overslept. It has been

rather pleasant here so far. Nobody has barked at me, not even the 1st Sergeant. It doesn't seem like the Army at all. There is little of the military atmosphere on this post as far as I have been able to observe. We don't have to have K.P., guard duty or anything like that. Each person is assigned to specific duties like a regular job.

I haven't gotten over the feeling of strangeness and slight bewilderment yet. The hospital here is so huge that I manage to get lost every time. I have to commute by bus to the main hospital here, Mason General Hospital, but the annex (Edgewood) where I am located, is equally huge. I'm in the large dormitory in the hospital, but I think that I'd rather be in the barracks detachment post because it is going to be a difficult task to get acquainted with the fellows in my present place. Their cliques are already well formed and many of them work at night so I won't see them very much. On top of that, a lot of them are from overseas and waiting for a discharge. Almost everyone went out to the surrounding towns this evening so I wandered down here to the ~~new~~ library in this building. The place here has more of a large hospital atmosphere than anything else. It is just like a self service cafeteria and the food is much better than at Camp Lee. The Medical Corps must get the best of everything. The WACS, civilian girls and soldiers (white and colored) all eat together. Most of the soldiers wear the white uniforms so I felt rather conspicuous in my OD's! I think I'm going to like the informality of this post. I didn't see anyone saluting all day long, and I passed up all those officer nurses without saluting myself. I seem to be about the most lowly private in the place. All of the fellows I saw had some kind of stripes. They practically laugh at me when I admit that I've been in the Army for less than three

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months. But they all seem to be friendly enough. I wish there were more privates around starting out new like me as we would have more in common. It's by working together that one gets to know his fellow workers well. I just can't get over the absence of barking non-coms around here!

I had to run all around today to get classified. After an interview in the C and A office I was sent up to see the Lieut. in charge of the Psychology and Social Worker office connected to the hospital. He was very pleasant and he told me that I would be trained as a psychiatric social worker. He mentioned that the training was on a high professional level and that eventually I would be placed in charge of a ward of 75 patients to take their social histories, help them in emotional adjustments, give guidance when they were ready to leave for civilian life, and to consult with their relatives. It sounds like quite an interesting prospect, and very far removed from the military. The Lieut. said that it would be just like working in a large hospital when the training was finished. There is no definite time limit on this training as it depends upon my background and ability to catch on. I had to see Sgt. Greenberg after lunch and he was equally as friendly as the Lieut. He said that I could have the rest of the day off since I needed to ~~fix~~ orient myself a bit and get rested up. I report tomorrow morning at 8 to start the training. It will be just like doing field work in a graduate Soc. Welfare program. I hope I am not building my reputation up too highly, but I think I have been very fortunate in getting this placement. This is the constructive phase of the Army and the only part which I could readily adjust myself into. Sgt. Greenberg asked quite a bit of my background and I didn't feel any

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hesitancy at all in making a few critical remarks about the Army's method in handling the evacuation program. He wanted to be sure that I had a desire to learn psychiatric case work. It is the only way in which the Army uses social workers and it seems that they have quite an important function in this hospital in helping the emotionally unstable patients. I never thought that I would have a chance to add to my skills like this. Emiko will probably be very much interested in this hospital because of her training in nursing.

I walked around for part of the afternoon and stopped in at the library in the Mason hospital before taking a bus back here. This is also a huge hospital, but not as large as the main one. The detachment soldiers occupy the 2nd floor. It has all of the usual recreational and social facilities right in the building. I won't begin to feel settled until my baggage arrives and I learn my way around a bit more. I'm not interested in going to N.Y. for the present. I fervently hope that I am going to find the in-service ~~internship~~ ~~internship~~ as a psychiatric social worker interesting as my other mental adjustments will depend primarily upon that. After I get over this feeling of newness, things will be much easier. But it is exciting too! I went to the finance office to find out about the allotment difficulties, but my papers haven't arrived yet. Once that problem is settled, I can put my complete efforts into the life here and try to get the most out of it. Part of the reason for this present anxiety is that I am in too much of a hurry to get to know people. Everyone looks at me ~~am~~ curiously and that isn't self-consciousness either. I guess they haven't seen very many Nisei around here. I suspect that there are many liberal attitudes around here because of the large number of Jewish professional people on

the staff - only a hasty impression from my contacts today and from seeing Negro fellows mingling freely in the messhall and the library. (And also, I suppose, the fact that I will be placed in my line of work without any question of social background). N.Y. State has some anti-discrimination laws on the books and it is about 100% ahead of the South, even though it will take more than legislation to eliminate prejudices. At least, there won't be as much of that sort of irritating practice up here in the North - it does exist in many subtle ways and I'm not blind to that. A Negro and a white patient are sitting on the sofa in front of me discussing the hospital basketball team and they seem to be very good friends from the way they talk. I never saw anything like that at Camp Lee.

I took a short nap late this afternoon but I still feel very tired so I think I'd better retire early. It must be the after-effects of the Hill, the trip to Washington, D.C., and the long journey up here catching up to me. I'm still unable to shake my cold. The weather here is very brisk because of the nearness to the ocean. The Atlantic Ocean looks just like the Pacific! I haven't been able to figure out yet how we got to Long Island without crossing any water, but it must have been through a tunnel.

CONFIDENTIAL

Thursday, October 25, 1945

7:00 p.m. All day long I read psychiatric social work literature which completely exhausted me. It must be partly mental as I haven't gotten over the feeling of newness and strangeness yet. For the past hour, I just laid on my bed and thought all kinds of thoughts. I suppose that it is natural for one to get a tinge of lonesomeness

in a new environment. It is a difficult situation to cultivate friends in this huge ward as the fellows work at night or go to N.Y.C. The lowly privates have to be here for 6:00 a.m. reveille and I am one of the few yere. I suppose this temporary lapse of mental depression is partly caused by hearing everyone talk of discharge. It has emphasized on my mind that I'll be here for a long time and there is too much certainty to that. Nobody on this post has been declared surplus because of the hospital work. I also found out today that I may not have a furlough until next year and that deflated my enthusiasm in other areas a bit. The hours of work here are long. 12 straight days and then three days off. That's because of the hospital situation that a 40 hour work week is not observed. I won't mind that if my work is interesting. The consistent rain here also affects my morale. Furthermore, my baggage hasn't arrived and that is very inconvenient.

I got up at 5:30 a.m. to answer roll call. It is a farce because of the presence of so many overseas vets, but, nevertheless, it is an early hour to arise. I felt like a college freshman starting the 1st day of school and I was 45 minutes early. I didn't mind too much as the civilian secretary in the Psychology and Social Work office is a personality girl. It did my soul good to see some feminine beauty after the rough life at Camp Lee! The girl has the kind of smile which makes one melt. And I became convinced that I would like the setup when I saw all those Red Cross girls and WACS in the office. Oh boy! Their presence gives the place a civilized atmosphere. I met quite a few of the Army social workers and psychologists in the office today. They were all friendly, but the

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ice has not been completely broken yet. Sgt. Eppers took me under his wing at noon and he toured me around the hospital after lunch so I could get better oriented. It is very easy to get lost in that huge building. There are 1500 patients here now in this neuro-psychiatric hospital but the number is steadily declining due to the end of the war. The capacity is 3,000. It is a beautiful hospital. Most of the patients are soldiers but there are also some servicemen's wives here.

It seems that a large number of the department staff is of Jewish ancestry. They impress me as a very intelligent lot. I was rather surprised to hear one relate about the anti-semitic stand taken by a local Red Cross Club. The fellow was mad because his Lieutenant girl friend was not allowed to go out with him and he was threatening to expose some of the anti-democratic elements around here in the Press. They seem to be such a good group that I am anxious to get to know them. However, they seem to be a little cynical about military psychiatric social work and I don't wish to be disillusioned right at the start. Most of them are talking about discharges at every opportunity and that's one of the things which makes me feel like an outsider. The only other person I met outside of the office staff today was Jack's friend from L.A. He recognized me in the hall even though I couldn't recall him. We only talked briefly as he was on the way to the gym. I was too tired to run around so I declined his offer to come along. There isn't very much activity around here in the evenings and everything closes up about 9.

I got a better idea of the function of the Psychology and Social work department when I was oriented by Staff Sgt. Greenberg, the

Chief Psychiatric worker. He said that he came to this hospital shortly after the Army rented it from the State in 1943. He began to organize the department at that time. Lieutenant Holstead arrived in mid 1944 to assume the responsibility for the clinical unit; while Captain Bruer took charge of the Psychology Section early this year. (She's such a nice lady - getting discharged next week). The Red Cross began to put in psychiatric social workers from the inception of the department until now there are about 19 of them around in all. The 27 military psychiatric social workers do the same type of work.

Sgt. Greenberg explained that there were five areas of responsibility which I would assume when I got out of the apprentice class:

1. Orient new patients to the hospital
2. Obtain social histories
3. Help solve emotional problems of patients
4. Talk to patients' relatives to reassure them that the patient is not insane.
5. Help to orient the discharged patient to civilian life

Sgt. Greenberg said that the Army had planned to start a psychiatric social work school here, but the war ended these plans. However, I come in under these provisions and I will be trained singly. After a 3-day orientation course, I will be apprenticed to one of the regular workers. Eventually I will take over a ward myself and I will be an assistant to the Ward Officer. There is no time limit on this training. I wish I had some regular classes until I am able to get my teeth sunk into the project. The field is new to me as my previous experience has been in general social

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work. However, I have dealt with emotionally disturbed persons on occasions so I think I can handle the job.

There is no doubt that a lot of constructive work can be done. Greenberg said that 50% of the Veteran's Administration hospital beds were filled by neuropsychiatric cases from the first World War. It cost the government an average of \$30,000 to care for each case from inception to cure or death. It is this sort of thing which will be the heaviest cost of the war just completed. The one thing which was novel to me was when I read in one of the Army pamphlets that the military social worker was primarily a soldier and this took precedent over professional work. Greenberg said that everyone of the staff was a highly trained social worker from civilian life. He explained the term neuropsychiatric as the "essential conflict between the ego manifestation of the individual and the demands placed upon him by his environment." This emotional process is a result of the military requirement that the individual express himself thru the most complete identification with the objectives of the Army group. He added, "The traumatic effects of discipline, accumulated anxieties, intolerable living conditions, separation from home and family are contributing factors." In simple words he meant that "griping" was an emotional release and a verbal resentment; but its exaggeration led to complete mental breakdown, ie. neuropsychiatric.

The Psychology and Social Work Dept. here works as a team by using the psychiatrist, psychologist, and psychiatric social worker in a unit. In more technical terminology, the pamphlet I read this morning said that the role of the military psychiatric social worker was as a professionally trained individual who "understands the

nature, varieties and motivations of human behavior"; and he "participates with the psychiatrist and psychologist in the diagnosis and treatment of personality and behavior disorders growing out of the individual soldier's impact with conditions of Army life and training." My gosh, is that what I'm supposed to do??? The only thing about the whole thing which I don't agree with is that the Army wants a change in the soldier's attitude and open him up to further indoctrination and regimentation. I can't see any value in that if it is going to destroy a person's initiative, self-respect and basic morale. Maybe now that the war is over the department won't stress making the psychoneurotics better soldiers but will emphasize curing his attitudes so that he can fit into civilian life. Greenberg said that the number of cases has increased greatly since the threat of death ended with the close of the war. Here are some of the reasons for discharge (popularly known as Section VII cases):

1. Neuropsychiatrics - include psychoses of schizophrenia, maniac depressive
2. Epilepsy
3. Neurological disorder
4. Psychoneuroses
5. Psychopathic personalities
6. Eneuresis
7. Mental deficiency
8. Illiteracy

Very interesting, if I could only understand what each thing was in simple words!!

Charles Kikuchi

Friday, October 26, 1945

I'm working up to an enthusiastic pitch about this place now! I think I am going to enjoy it and my morale has been boosted considerably. I am getting to know some of the workers in the department and that helps. Next Tuesday evening the department is giving some kind of a party at the country club and I will have an opportunity to meet the combined psychology and social work staff of Mason and Edgewood. Altho I sleep at Edgewood, I have been going over to Mason for my orientation.

This morning I went to one of the seminars for psychiatric social workers and I met a number of new people. All of the Red Cross workers, the WAC social workers and military psychiatric social workers were there and I got introduced around quite a bit. I was surrounded by Red Cross girls and WACS from where I sat. Mary and Charlotte (WACS) were extremely friendly and they made me feel at home. Mary joined the WACS after graduating from the U. of Michigan. She is of Armenian ancestry and her family is moving to Fresno soon so she wanted to know all about California. Charlotte is the vivacious type, pleasingly plump, cute face, plenty of personality. She seems to know just about everyone. She hasn't any inhibitions either. I was walking down the corridor when she whistled way down from the other end just to wave! I was slightly embarrassed, but pleased to be recognized. It's a good feeling to start making some friends. Another WAC, Eleanor, is in the office. She seems to be rather quiet, but nice. She got her social work training at the U. of Chicago. I met a few of the Red Cross girls too, but I don't remember their names now. I'm getting to feel that it's a nice environment to live in!

The fellows in the office were also cordial to me today.

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Diary

Friday, Oct. 26, 1945

McCullough works over here in the library evenings, so I'm getting acquainted with him. I ask a lot of questions, but that's the only way I'll learn. He has been extremely patient with me and I appreciate that. McCullough was teaching Social Work at the U. of Washington just before getting drafted. He lives in the same dorm as I, way down the other end. He said that he had been here only two weeks, but he has been put on some ward cases already. Mathews was a teacher and an insurance man in civilian life. He hopes to continue in psychiatric social work in a veteran's hospital after his discharge as he likes the work. Sgt. Dave Andrews is another of the staff workers I got to know today. He is a very extrovert type of individual and he has charge of a group therapy section. Sgt. Greenberg seems to be a more formidable character, but perhaps I am at fault as I feel conscious of the fact that he is the Chief Psychiatric social worker. He got his training at the U. of Penn, and he has had a number of years of agency experience. Lieut. Holzberg, the head of the department, is a clinical psychiatrist and he was on the staff of the College of Medicine at NYU before he came into the Army.

Mason hospital has quite a reputation as a psychoneurotic institution. All of the soldiers suffering from "battle fatigue" in various degrees were sent here during the war. They still come in from overseas, but not in such a large flow. Life Magazine for next week has this place written up and Mary said that a movie will be released soon about the hospital. I counted the number of floors at the Hospital this morning. There are 14 at Edgewood and about 10 at Mason. No wonder I've been getting lost all over the place!

One of the post newspaper photographers came in this morning to take a picture of Sgt. Greenberg giving a lecture to a few of us new students. It will come out in the paper next week, I think.

Actually, my instruction is not coming through classroom lectures as I am the newest apprentice. Sgt. Harry Salutsky is my instructor and he is orientating me at a leisurely pace as I can only absorb so much. I will be under his direction for the next two or three days. I found out for the 1st time today that all the fellows I see running around in maroon slacks and jackets are psychoneurotic cases in the milder degrees. They appear normal enough to me so that the rest and treatment here must be doing a lot of good. Last night in the library I overheard two patients discussing the relative merits of the Bible and they made plenty of sense to me. They drag out the Bible, the encyclopedia and a few other books to support their points. One boy was trying to convince the other that science has refuted the Bible so he was not talking from ignorance. His chief point was that the Bible couldn't possibly be true if it said that Isaac lived for 902 years and then begat a son. "That is biologically impossible," he says with absolute conviction. The other answers: "Let's look at this rationally and quit making a joke of it. You are misquoting." The other then says: "Is it a figment of my imagination when I read that there were giants in those days and they were mighty men." The other gets disgusted and he remarks: "The stupidity of some men is enormous. There is plenty of wisdom in the Bible and I won't believe any of your cynical comments." The first: "Well, I must be peculiar, but it doesn't make sense. I won't accept it if it is full of improper statements. I doubt the Bible, but you doubt what I read out of it

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so I don't know who is the more stupid." etc., etc. The second walks away muttering: "It's a poor translation. You're crazy."

It was a very educational experience for me to go around the ward with Harry this afternoon. He took me up to the 7th floor where he has his cases. It is a locked ward where the most disturbed psychoneurotics are kept. I had all sorts of layman's ideas of seeing madmen running around tearing their hair or smearing feces all over the walls; but what I saw was a group of sane men who have deviated slightly from the so-called normal. It is true that they were mentally ill, but I saw little evidence of it in my tour. Sgt. Andrews was leading a group therapy discussion and there was little resentment shown towards him. The doors are all locked and the windows barred. There are attendants guarding the locked doors. Harry and I went in and sat with the group. They were discussing the nature of nervous conditions and how to solve life problems. Andrews was very good in getting group participation. The group was very responsive, but I almost broke out laughing when one said that the easiest way to solve a life problem was either to get married or commit suicide! For the most part, they made some very pertinent points. The objective of these discussions is to get these boys to understand the nature of their illnesses, and to help eliminate any anxieties about being in an "insane asylum." Harry said he had more trouble with the relatives than the patients on this point as they had all of the layman's misconceived ideas - worse than mine! I talked to one of the boys and he told me that the best way to cure alcoholism was abstinence plus "solving the problem which caused it." What could be more rational than that? By the time the session was over, I saw the huge King Kong Negro in a far different light than

when I first went in there. They also talked about fear in battle, and Dave Andrews explained how a man's breaking point differed according to his previous background history and stability. The boys all seemed to grasp this concept, only they also concluded that the rich families son was the most susceptible to nervous breakdowns because they were all pampered. We later went into the hydrotherapy chamber where Harry talked to one of his cases - a Negro youth, Jones. Jones was quite calm and he explained that he had created a disturbance by throwing his lunch around because he had been deprived of the privilege of smoking cigarettes. He felt that the psychiatrist had deliberately ~~put~~ picked on him because he had been promoted to Captain today. Actually, Jones had a case, as Captain Black said that he was unaware of the policy for seclusion and he had permitted cigarettes until he found out that it was not permitted.

I was a little surprised to find out that race problems is a touchy subject in the "disturbed" ward. Austin, a penitentiary case, resents the Negroes in his ward because he considers them to be of the lowest human mentality. Negro and white are not segregated there. But I also discovered that the Negro soldiers here are segregated in a ward in our building and that was surprising to me as they use the same washroom and messhall.

Afterwards I asked Harry how they could help a psychiatric Negro back to normal after he had "broken" due to deep seated resentments towards discrimination, especially when the causative factors could not be eliminated very easily. Harry said that this was a tough problem and definitely related to fundamental weaknesses

in our social and economic structure. He admitted that these cases were a bit more difficult and some of his Negro cases keenly resented all whites, especially the Southern Lieutenant Psychiatrist. Sometimes I wonder just who is a psychoneurotic when I see so many inconsistencies in our so-called normal world! Harry pointed out that we all had these neurotic tendencies at some point; and the psychoneurotic is merely a person whose family and personal history was not fitted to meet the tremendous strain under which they were placed. He also said that the rate of psychoneurotics was not too much greater in the Army than in civilian life, altho "many potential psychoneurotics make civilian adjustments where the requirement for personal adjustments are not so rigid as in the Army."

The hydrotherapy chamber is a very interesting place. All it consists of is a large bathtub affair with a canvas hammock about a foot below the top for the patient to lie upon. A heavy canvas cover stretches over the top with holes for the head and arms. The patient's body is oiled to prevent perspiration and loss of weight and strength. Jones had the cold treatment which calmed him down from his excitable and disturbed state. Usually water at body temperature circulates in the tub. It is a remarkable object to treat neuropsychiatrics. Harry said he would take me to the electric-therapy room later.

I'm gradually getting the feel of things around here, but I need plenty of orientation yet. I suspect that I have been going through some of the feelings of the patients here as I am in a slight state of anxiety and insecurity because I don't know if I

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can do a good job as a psychiatric social worker (263) yet. I've never had any experience in this field before, but I am anxious to try it. At least it is something I can sink my teeth into and I'm hoping that I'll be a success at it.

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I got a field jacket from the Supply room today, and I also ordered a pair of G.I. low cut shoes. If the boys at ~~the~~ Lee heard this, they would think that I was in Shangrila! The food here is so tasty. We had steak tonight and three desserts - ice cream, diced fruits and fresh apple. We get fresh milk every meal - all the things we didn't get at Camp Lee. Yes, I think I got a very fortunate break in coming here. One of the fellows I met today said he would take me to N.Y. one of these days as his home is in Brooklyn. Things are picking up all the time. I wish my baggage would arrive though as I need my clothes.

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Saturday, 27 October, 1945

3:00 P.M.

I'm a little bored today. All I have done in the office is read psychiatric literature, except for a brief orientation talk from Sgt. Harry Salutsky this morning. Not many of the staff are in today so it has been rather quiet. They have gone out on weekend passes. SGt. Greenberg told me that I could have an unofficial half day off Tuesday and I hope that I'll be able to find a "guide" to show me around NYC by then. The office staff have all routinized their lives so I don't think they would find much novelty in going to N.Y.C. Most of them already live off the post. Maybe I'll go by myself and just get lost.

I've tried to concentrate on my reading today, but the words are meaningless as my head has been spinning around with other unrelated thoughts, none very important. It could be that I am a little impatient to start the practical application of this work, which will come in due time. Some of the staff members came in this morning to clean out their desks as they are getting discharged. It set me to thinking about what I would do when I got out - I expect to see at least a year's service. It's the same old conflict between the desire for traveling around and of settling down permanently in some routine job. Being in one place all one's life is not such a pleasing thought. I was thinking that perhaps I could ask for some overseas duty after I learned the job well. It's not that I want to escape from it all already - I'm thinking in terms of taking advantage of the Army to travel a bit. There must be some quirk within me which encourages the compulsion to

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move on instead of seeking deep roots in a place. I don't think that the lack of emotional stability is present in this restlessness. It's hard to explain it. What is it that I am seeking? It could be the realization of certain idealistic concepts which can't be satisfied easily. And yet, I usually seem to adapt myself fairly well to a new location. Part of it is wound up in my desire to find satisfaction for my vague goals, but I'm not sure what field of work will lead me to it so I keep on the search - thinking that I come closer with each new phase of my life. I find it is a fairly enjoyable method and I doubt if I am trying to dodge any responsibilities. After I get out of the Army I have to decide on a career. Right now, I think that I should finish my M.A. work on the G.I. Bill of Rights, but I'm not particularly excited over the prospects of sitting in on dull classes for a year. I'm not getting any anxiety tensions over the problem; merely trying to outline my thoughts down on paper. It ~~is~~ is my problem to find the happy point where all of my varied interests coincide. What a hell of a way to make time pass until the office closes!

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Last night I discovered the Rec. Hall in Edgewood. Some of the fellows from the office, including Sgt. Greenberg, were playing poker so I joined in for "political" purposes and to cement relationships with this "in-group." The money I lost was worth the price of this cause. This noon, this office "clique" invited me to go to lunch with them and to go play shuffle board afterwards. One of the fellows offered to ride me into N.Y. tonight, but I haven't got a pass and I'd have to be back in the office to work tomorrow. On Sunday to!!!

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Sgt. Harry Salutsky, Bill McCullough (promoted to Corporal today) and I went to the PX for coffee a while ago, and Harry told us all about the near race riot which occurred in his ward after we had left there yesterday: "The near race riots have flared up on a few other occasions, but yesterday's incident came dangerously close to a violent conflict. I've been trying to get at the roots of it for a long time and I have come to the conclusion that the patients themselves are not the precipitating cause. It is a matter of administrative attitudes. Lieutenant Brooks is a Southerner and unfortunately his emotional bias enters into his professional work sometimes. I have been trying to get him transferred to another ward for the good of all concerned.

"The incident was centered around Williams, a highly intelligent but extremely sensitive colored boy, who, I thin, has reasons for his bitterly resentful attitudes. When he was drafted, he was placed in a very inferior assignment. Partly as a result of this dissatisfaction he went AWOL for a year. When he was caught he was shifted from camp to camp without any direct action being taken. Williams had contacted syphillis during the time he was AWOL, but through the negligence of the Army Medical units, he was not given one single treatment for the next six months. The condition has affected his nervous system and Williams himself knows that permanent scars will be left upon him for life - eventual blindness or something like that. He is extremely paranoid. Yesterday he made a scene about getting some milk. He was struck by an attendant which disturbed him greatly. Lieutenant Brooks was called and he ordered Williams into hydrotherapy without

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making any investigation. Williams resented this and he logically argued that hydrotherapy was not to be used for punishment. Force had to be used and in the scuffle which followed Lt. Brooks lost his head and called Williams a black son of a bitch. The Captain reprimanded Lt. Brooks for this but the damage has been done. This was the reason also why Jones [whom I saw in the rub] created a scene as he sensed the injustice of the whole affair." Harry was rather incensed about this show of race prejudice in a medical officer and he asked Bill McCullough to watch out for race tensions among the patients. I asked Harry just how far a social worker could go in seeking justice within an agency. Harry replied that within an Army setup a social workers couldn't be very effective as an individual because of the basic limitations within it. Bill was more for compromising one's stand. He said that his philosophy of social work was that these agency limitations should be recognized, but gradually change should be promoted. He believed that these social changes would come in time so that a social worker need not try and obtain overnight reforms. My comment was that this attitude appeared to be one of the greatest faults of social workers because they soon got lost in a rut and eventually their active liberalism degenerated into a passive approach which was only voiced at tea party affairs. It was my opinion that this approach caused one to prostitute one's belief and cause one to become timid, especially in a civilian agency where economic security became the primary motivation. Harry agreed that social workers should be in the forefront of the fight for social progress without necessarily being revolutionary, but

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he said that this couldn't be done within an Army agency because the military psychiatric social worker's primary mission was to be a good soldier. He added that this did not interfere with the liberal attitudes of the workers individually. From what little I have observed in the office, I think that this is true enough. During my spare time I pick up literature from the desks and a lot of it is in the nature of more liberal publications. Without doubt, it is a keenly intellectual group and I look forward to learning a lot from them in the extra curricula areas of attitudes. There has been no question of my acceptability as an individual and no eyebrows raised because I happen to be of oriental ancestry. All I have to do now is to prove that I am capable of handling the job, and that is an individual matter.

I haven't entered this department with any rebellious attitudes. However little incidents like the Williams affair keep me aware of the fact that the race tension in this country cannot be ignored because it permeates all aspects of our living. Within the past few years, I have tried to look on it more objectively and not personally as it's solution is one kind of a goal that one could work for - without ever reaching absolute solution though.

I suppose that the starting point would be to accept the assumption that no human society is perfect. Even a democratic system is bound to create stresses and strains. People are constantly on the lookout for scapegoats to relieve these stresses, usually other men. But I can't accept any assumption which says that, therefore, race prejudice is inevitable. The stereotyped

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rationalizations for prejudice has no basis in truth or logic, and I think that these attitudes could be eliminated by eliminating the insecurity in our environment. This implies great social and economic changes and I haven't given up hope yet that it can be achieved thru the democratic system. I have concluded, however, that we have no right to force democracy on other nations like the missionaries "forced" the spread of christianity as such a development must come from within any people and through a practical demonstration that it is desirable. Education rather than a military regime seems to be a more suitable vehicle for long term purposes.

Sunday, October 28, 1945.

2:00 P.M. Because of the selective nature of the soldiers here and also because of the presence of so many nurses, WACS, and civilian and Red Cross workers, I haven't heard very much of the usual rough Army terminology since arriving. It's taken about five days for this fact to sink in and I only became aware of it this morning when I heard some of the ward attendant's profanity as they rolled the dice in the shower room! The ward attendants knew all of these colorful Army terms and when I woke up, I thought for a moment that I was back in Camp Lee!

There weren't many people around last night. Bill and I came over to Mason to see a ~~drill~~<sup>dull</sup> double feature movie with a lot of WACS and soldiers who didn't have weekend passes. I don't quite know how to plan next weekend as I'm still a stranger around these parts. After I got back to Edgewood last night I played poker

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with some of the fellows in the Rec Hall - won a slight amount. I slept until 10 this morning and then read some Sunday papers about the great Navy Day celebration in N.Y. One thing I like up here is the immense paper one can buy for a dime, with a lot of choice. Down at Camp Lee we paid 15¢ for a thin Washington or Baltimore paper.

About 11:30 I wandered down to the messhall with a couple of other chow hounds to be pleasantly surprised with a tasty chicken dinner. We got half a fried chicken each, plus mashed potatoes, string beans, ice cream, cookies, glazed pears, milk, coffee, butter, fresh apple etc. This kind of meal is not out of the ordinary here. The medical detachment obtains extra food rations in order to keep the patients healthy and we share in the benefit. I have a hard time not overeating. To salve my guilty conscience I have walked the mile or so from Edgewood over to Mason so I can get some exercise. On the way I passed two officers. I didn't know what to do so I saluted. I never saw such surprised expressions on anyone's face as they saluted back. in utter amazement! It's just not done on this post, it seems.

I've been sitting here in this office for an hour without anything specific to do. All of the social workers and Red Cross girls are out interviewing the relatives of patients. It is a beautiful sunny day with a fresh ocean breeze which reminds me of S.F.

11:00 P.M.

A lot of the boys are coming in on passes and making terrific noises so I can't sleep! My bed is next to the door so I can hear every disturbance. That's why I came into the laundry room to address a few envelopes in order to get my letters sent out. As soon as the disturbance dies down, I shall go back to bed. The boys are making French beds on their friends and when the occupant finds himself short sheeted a howl of wrath goes up.

I was with Sgt. Greenberg, Sgt. Harry Salutsky, Gary and Bill most of the evening. On the way to dinner on this side of the hospital post, I got a glimpse of the Italian General who is in a ward on the same floor as the office. The little man with a peculiar mustache is out of this world. He paces the floor with a vacant look in his eyes. Bill said that the gentleman was next in command to General Bagaldo (?) in Italy and his mind snapped when his desire to fight on was overruled. He has tried to commit suicide several times so he has to be under constant surveillance. His method of trying to escape from reality is not to have any bowel movements and things like that. Bill didn't say why he was in this country.

The patients are not the only ones who do peculiar things. Everytime I get into an elevator I see a girl in it. I wondered what her function was because the passenger presses the button for the correct floor himself. Harry finally enlightened me by saying that it was an army directive that there should be elevator operators, so there they ride up and down all day long, drawing good civil service wages, but without anything to do'.

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At the supper table, we sat with some of the Red Cross girls and discussed the relative importance of the fields of Social work and Sociology. The group was biased as they relegated Sociology to a position of minor importance, an accessory to Psychiatry. I tried my best to defend the honor of Sociology, but the odds were against me. After that we made comparison of various Schools of Social Work, and again the western schools got little recognition.

I got to know Gary Sharrigan quite well this evening. He is a likeable fellow, extrovert, about 5'9" tall. He and Jack were good friends in L.A. Gary and I had quite a session talking about dear old Cal! He is a psychologist in the Department over at Englewood.

Afterwards the whole group went to the Rec. Hall and we played Shuffle board until our interest was diverted by a small penny ante poker game. I won again. Then we went over to the Red Cross movie for patients, "A Bell for Adano." Hollywood, sad to relate, has taken out the "punch" and "message" in the film version so that it didn't make much sense. It portrayed the Italians as a bunch of excitable and sentimental people who acclaim Democracy wildly just because John Hodiak gets an ancient town bell for them. Pretty stupid, I thought. There was only a hint of the Army's inefficiency in dealing with human civilian problems.

After the show, I followed the group to the Red Cross lounge where a committee meeting was held for the Hallowe'en party

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Tuesday nite. I am on the decoration committee now. The biggest problem was how to keep 44 girls happy with only 17 men at this departmental party! Oh boy!!! It is being held in a swank county club.

Monday, October 29, 1945

4:00: Rather uneventful day thus far. I sat in the office and read more pamphlets and started in on a technical manual on neuropsychiatry. Sgt. Greenberg gave me a short orientation on the case history forms. Bill discouraged my growing impatience by telling me that he had to spend three weeks on general orientation and the average was two weeks. I haven't been here a week yet. There is still a lot of orientation needed, but everyone seems busy with his own cases. Harry has gone over to Edgewood to supervise and there is nobody around here to fill in his place. It seems that the discharge excitement has sort of taken over 1st place in popularity.

There was some mention that the Army needed more military social workers in Germany, and that interviews would be held in N.Y. at some future date. I'm definitely interested in this possibility now, altho I would like to remain here for a few months and learn something. All sorts of rumors are going around that the Army will be closing this general hospital soon. If that is true, I'd like to go overseas as it will be added experience and a chance to see Europe. I don't want to go to the Orient though. Of course, all of this is contingent upon the belief that I'll see at least a year's Army service. It's nice to speculate on the possibilities, makes life more interesting.

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Still no solution to the allotment troubles. I went to the Finance office today, but the girl there couldn't do anything about the matter even though my papers were in order. Finally the Sergeant came over and he said he would sent out a letter to the Dependency Board immediately.

Tuesday, October 30, 1945.

1:00 P.M.- This is my unofficial afternoon off but I haven't anything specific to do so I'm sitting here in the office. Later on I'll go out to the country club with the Red Cross girls and some fellows to help decorate for the departmental party.

When I went to the supply office to turn in my request for a pass, I met a Hawaiian Japanese fellow. I thot he was a Mexican and I wondered why he stared at me. Finally he came over:

"Are you from Hawaii"? He says.

"No, I'm from Chicago."

"It's been a long time since I saw any 'Japanese.' I leave Hawaii 20 years ago and it's the shits for me to be in Army. I live in New York 18 years and I have 3 children. They go and drafted me when I come to be 38 years old next month. Why you sentenced here?" The fellow was quite friendly and apparently he was glad to talk to somebody who knew what had happened to the evacuee group as he asked me a lot of questions on resettlement. He thought it was best for the evacuees to spread out all over and he didn't think that there would ever be a concentration in N.Y. The fellow expects to be out of the Army next month. I didn't get his name.

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The department had a staff meeting this morning and one of the Sergeants led the discussion on the value of group therapy among psychoneurotics. It was all new to me so I didn't doze like some of the others did. Afterwards I talked to the secretaries until Sgt. Greenberg took me up to the Board meeting at 10:00. There are 4 girls on the office staff. Two of them take dictation, while the other two handle administrative work. 'Jackie' is the lively one of the group, and most extrovert. She flirts outrageously but the fellows seem to like that. The other secretary is quieter, but I think she is nice as she isn't flighty and she goes out of her way to help me on little things. She lets me use her typewriter; but I don't like to type when everyone is here because 'Jackie' is always bringing it to everyone's attention by saying, "Gee, he's a faster typist than anybody in the office." I'm not taking any chances of being roped in to do any typing work as that is not my mission here! I went to lunch with Eleanor and Miss Sussman and they explained the work of psychiatric social workers a bit more and cautioned me to take at least 2 weeks to get oriented or else I would get swamped in ward work. The WACS start out as psychiatric case work aides and it's harder for them to get classified as psychiatric social workers than the E.M.263's. Eleanor said that the Red Cross girls are mostly from the N.Y. School of Social Work because they got their training thru the Red Cross scholarships. They start out here at \$2,600 a year or something around there.

The Board Hearings was a very interesting experience for me. The two psychiatrists and two medical doctors review the

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cases presented by the ward psychiatrist and the patient is brought in for an interview. The atmosphere is informal, but I suspect it appears rather formidable to the patient to sit in that easy chair and be cross examined. The Board determines the final disposition: whether the patient has to stay here longer, whether he can be released on his own, whether released on his relatives custody, or whether he is to be sent to another hospital. I can hardly blame the patients for being nervous as their future depends upon the decision of the board. After each interview, the board discusses the case before the chairman dictates the final decision. The thing which struck me as significant was that the psychiatrists are by no means agreed on interpretation of cases. On some of the cases, they had several different diagnosis. The chairman seemed to know his stuff, altho I felt that he was a little abrupt in his interview methods. But I also noticed that he gave each patient a break in use of release in the interpretation of eligibility for disability pension. It's not entirely clear to me how it works, but apparently the type of discharge does make a difference.

My outstanding reaction was a sort of depressed mood to see the wrecked lives of these patients. The Army did exactly cause these psychoses of men, but it was a fertile field to cultivate the latent potentialities. A few of the patients who came in were quite shaky. All I can say is that "War is hell" and it's almost enough to convert me to permanent pacifism! It is in cases like this where the toll of war has been the greatest. I guess I

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felt angry that human lives had to be ruined so much because mankind can't get along without wars. There was one aviator who came in for the hearing and he had such a guilty feeling because he didn't come back with his outfit and he thought that he should be punished! The most excitable one was the Negro, Reed, who had been wounded three times in combat. He became a psychiatric casualty when his fear of death led him to believe that his platoon sergeant was trying to kill him because he knew there was a girl in the next room. He felt that everyone was against him. The board diagnosed him as a schizophrenic because he "was unable to grasp his troubles and become aware of the fact that there is a discrepancy in his story. One psychologist wanted to consider the element of racial sensitivity as contributing to his mental illness but this was ruled out.

Another boy broke down in the Philippines 6 weeks ago and he began to threaten to end the world to show that he had no fears of death. He was also diagnosed as a schizophrenic. Another had pains in his legs everytime he went into battle and a voice told him not to fight. The doctors here find nothing organically wrong with him, but the boy will get a disability discharge. A similar case was the boy who was wounded in France and after this was healed, he couldn't go back to fight because he would begin to "shake all over." He was diagnosed as in an anxiety state and recommended for discharge. The most pitiful was the 21 year old boy who went on 36 combat missions in the Pacific before his nerve gave out. He said that he didn't care to live anymore as there

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was no future. The Board recommended further shock treatment because of his suicidal thoughts. His life has been completely shattered as only battle conditions would have ever brought him to this state. Another boy who served 44 months overseas got a bad ~~stutter~~ stutter, but his anxiety state was much better after 8 weeks here. The Board recommended a discharge with pension even though he has had neurotic tendencies all his life - on the basis that 44 months overseas should be rewarded. The hospital is full of these psychoses and neuropsychiatric cases, many much more disturbed than the ones I saw this morning. I suppose I'll get used to seeing a lot of them, but the experience today really hit me. If people could understand that war consists of more than the glorification of the uniform and parades, we won't have any more wars. It has to be a pretty damn good ideal to fight for, and those politicians and economic vultures had better not double cross the war goals this time as the price has been too great for victory already.

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Wednesday, October 31, 1945

7:30 a.m. A new order has gone into effect stating that we have to arise at 5:30 and get to roll call by 6:00. One of the reasons is that ward attendants have to be on duty by seven and they have been oversleeping. I usually get up about 10 minutes before roll-call and rush down, going to eat my breakfast afterwards. At that, it isn't nearly as hard to do as at Camp Lee where we didn't have any time for ourselves.

It was particularly difficult for me to get up on time this morning because I didn't get to bed until almost 1 a.m. It was the party. The social affair was a great success, and I had a lot of fun, met new people, danced with a lot of girls, ate plenty, had some sociable drinks, talked a little with different people, and, in general, thoroughly enjoyed myself. I went out there about 4:30 with the committee to help do the decorating. There were four of us fellows and four Red Cross girls in the staff car. I don't see how we all fit in; we were sitting all over one another. The food went in one of the Army trucks, and there was an enormous quantity of it for the 60 people expected.

Nobody knew the exact location of the Timber Point Country Club so we rode around for a while to find it. At the very first my spirits were somewhat dampened as we rode through the grounds of the Pilgrims Mental Institution, a huge place covering many acres. The buildings were modern and the grounds pretty; but it was so pathetic to see all of those mental cases staring out of the barred windows with absolutely no emotional expression upon their faces. The pace of modern life apparently was a bit too

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fast for these people. Emily said that there were a number of hopelessly insane people there, but that many of the patients were cured. Pilgrim is the largest state mental hospital; there are quite a few in this state.

The Timber Point Country Club was a very fine place to hold the party. The Republicans use it for their county headquarters, but I didn't hold that against it. It was one of those huge country places, with pretty landscape around it--near the Bay. I helped Becky cut out the pumpkins at first, and we had a nice chat. She is from Vermont, the state known for granite, and a Red Cross worker here. She is also a rock-ribbed Republican so I had fun teasing her about her State's politics. After that, Gary took me upstairs where the group had liquid refreshments and by the time we came down we were raring to cook the hamburgers before the group arrived. Such confusion. However, we got going by the time the people started to arrive and we did a fairly good job under Ann's management as she took the responsibility seriously.

There were about twice as many girls at the party as men, but I liked that! The poor married fellows had to be faithful to their wives so I felt sorry for them! It was so enjoyable to meet all those people. We played games, danced, had skits, etc. etc. When the bar opened we adjourned there for the last hour. It was my first chance to meet a lot of the girls who worked in the other office, . . .

'Jackie' just came in so I had to relinquish the typewriter. She dresses so nicely that I told her she should be a model. She

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answered that she had been one but she quit because she lost too much weight. She wears her clothes very well, but she said she was always complaining at home that she didn't have any clothes.

. . . . .

It's strange how some people are much easier to like instantly than others. Charlotte and I were talking like real old friends within a few minutes, even though I had only spoken to her once before over at Edgewood. She tried to teach me how to dance the rumba, but I wasn't a very good pupil. Charlotte has been in the WACS for a year. After graduating from Boston U. she thought that she would like to do something for the war effort in a direct way so she volunteered. Now she is anxious to get out as she feels that she ~~is~~ no longer has a useful function. She is a psychiatric aide, but there isn't many cases for her to handle because Edgewood is closing up. She seems to be a most liberal minded individual; she came in with Carl, the Negro Sergeant in the Dept., but he disappeared before the party really got going. Also met one of Gary's girl friends, Ruthie. She is a Red Cross worker here, but very conscious of the fact that she doesn't have a college education. I cheered her up by saying that I believe we social workers overrated our status because of the desire to be professionally recognized. When I left her, she was debating with Gary about whether a girl could get dead drunk and still know enough to prevent an escort from seducing her. Ruthie said that a girl with high morals could never be influenced by liquor unless she desired herself to be that way, i.e. to let liquor be the escape for deep

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frustration. Gary is one of those kind of fellows who stands around and girls flock around him. He and Harry are going to take me to N.Y.C. this weekend, and they thought that they might go on down to Washington as Harry's friend promises to fly him back in an Army bomber. It would be quite exciting to do that as I've never been in a plane before. It will be just our luck that rain will come on our pass days!

I can't remember all the names of the people I met at the party; my memory is bad. All of the office girls from the two offices were there and I think they were the prettiest of the entire group -- maybe because they had civilian dresses on. Natalie is the name of the other girl in our office--she is a native of Bayshore, a small community about 6 miles from the hospital. Toni and I almost won the donut eating contest. Bill McCullough was the surprise of the evening as he put on a hilariously funny skit about social workers, with such a dead pan face. Larry did magician tricks and Gary was the goat. I also met a Red Cross girl who has just returned from overseas; she said that she was so glad to be back in the States. All in all, the party came at just the right time for me as I got to meet many of the department workers. I hope I can make work adjustments as well. On the way back in the bus, we sang songs all the way. With this social introduction, I am raring to start definite work. I have to go listen to some more of the board hearings tomorrow morning in order to get acquainted with the various types of nervous disorder cases. Sgt. Greenberg is orienting me slowly so I'll be able to absorb things as they come up.

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6:30 p.m. One of the fellows in the Psychology and Social Work Office in Edgewood wanted me to go to the gym with him tonight for a workout and later drop in at the WAC party (Halloween) but I was too tired so I didn't have the energy. I usually don't turn down invitations made as a friendly gesture, but my physical body couldn't take much more punishment. I have a strenuous weekend coming up so I have to recuperate from the party last night. Gary came over today to make more plans for our weekend. He is going to N.Y. tonight and he wants me to meet him there tomorrow, but I haven't fully made up my mind on that yet since I'm going in late Friday afternoon for the balance of the weekend. There is a mental hygiene conference being held at the Waldorf and Irv. (Sgt. Greenberg) has given the department workers permission to attend. There is a \$2 registration fee, but Gary promises to get me in for nothing through some side door. Harry (Sgt. Salutsky) is going in the morning, and I left a note on his bed asking if he would mind if I accompanied him since I didn't know my way around. Greenberg tried to fix it up for me to get a ride in with Miss Hind (?), but her car was already filled. I'll know in the morning if I am going in or not. Liebowitz is taking us in on Friday afternoon so we don't have to worry about transportation down. Things are picking up after exactly one week here and I feel very comfortable in having made so many friends through fortunate circumstances. Three of the boys who left camp Lee for Fort Myers with me came here today to take a 6 weeks course on the machine which records brain waves. They are here definitely as trainees so I think my status is a bit different. They have returned tickets back to Myers. I felt like an "old timer" around here as I

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showed them around. I wasn't in the same barracks with them at Camp Lee so I don't know them too well. One of the boys was on the chow line during our bivouac and he never gave me enough to eat, but I have forgiven him for that, especially when he expressed such envy that I had a desk job here!!

I got paid up to date for my Army service today, \$20.90!! Maybe it is a good thing that I won't be off every week as my money would go that much faster. As it is, I'll have to stretch it out for a whole month. Laundry and cleaning bills, haircuts, and other incidentals also has to be accounted for. It's a good thing that one is able to get along without too much money in the Army. I got letters and a box of cookies from Mrs. Wilson today so that my mail is starting in. I almost feel settled already. I can go around and say hello to different people I know and that certainly takes the edge off of feeling strange. Bill is the librarian here evenings so I came down here to relax and read the papers and write a couple of letters. I'm reading Surmeillion's (?) "I ask you Ladies and Gentlemen" so I can find out all about the Armenian culture and use it on Gary Sharrigan and Alice Baronian.

One of the reasons why I haven't got a ward yet is because of the decline in patient population and the growing number of psychiatric social workers. Greenberg feels it's best for me to take my time and I don't have any particular argument against that. I feel that going to the Board meetings has been educational for me because I get to see the various types of mental disorders and listen to the psychiatrist discussing each case before making a final diagnosis. The patients who appear are almost cured in many

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and their release is a mere formality. Some fairly interesting cases appeared this morning while I was up there:

1. Bruno, 29, seclusive nature, suicidal thoughts, has many headaches, 21 mo. overseas. History of 5 arrests in civilian life for drunk and disorderly conduct. The Board recommended disability discharge on line of duty because of his long overseas duty. It diagnosed that Bruno suffered these mental depressions from childhood and his attitudes indicated extreme resentment of life. "Picture of deprivation." He looked very tense as he answered the psychiatrist's questions in a low voice.

2. Sax, 25, a massive boy with a disproportionate large head, unprepossessing; speaks with a lisp. Had I.Q. of 60, but got along in civilian life as a laundry worker. The Army drafted him 3 years ago even in this illiterate state. For 6 mo. Sax was in semi-combat areas. Known and teased as "queen" by his buddies. Finally began to indulge in bizarre behavior like lapping coffee from the cup like a dog. He said he got "pushed around" by his buddies and Sax was finally brought back here as a mental deficient when he claimed to hear voices warning him to keep awake all the time. The Board concluded that the initial error in diagnosis was made when Sax was given psychometric tests as an illiterate when he was actually a psychotic. It recommended discharge for Sax on his own care because his psychosis unclassified was cured.

3. Embers, 21, spoke rather sheepishly as he related how he believed his delusion that he was God. He was sent here as a dementia praecox case. Harmless, so Board decided to discharge him in c/o relatives.

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Sax plans to raise chickens so he will be alone and away from his cruel fellow men.

4. Mike, 21, a tense and high strung boy all his life. I.Q. 99. After he was overseas 2 yrs. he became uncooperative and he was finally hospitalized last July because of extreme emotionalism, restlessness, paranoid ideas, hallucinations, etc. He plans to go to college. The Board classed Mike as a simple schezorphrenia, but believed that the old symptom of surliness and belligerent and emotional instability would return eventually. His diagnosis Psychoses-schizophrenia, paranoid trends.

5. Dexter was the pitiful one. 31 years old, comes from split family, never made good civilian adjustment. Had 10 mos. combat and wounded twice. Finally developed extreme anxiety state. He was tense and he bit his shaking hands all the time he was in the room. Claimed that Army made him ill and that only liquor would sooth his nerves. The Board said he suffered from battle fatigue and there was quite a discussion on whether Dexter should get a disability rating in order to get a pension. The Boarded concluded that it is the Army's mistake for putting such a man in combat and that he would eventually end up completely insane.

There were also several alcoholics, one a Negro, but the Board gave them honorable discharge recommendations as their temporary psychoses was cured. The argument was that these men were driven to heavier drinking by exposing their lives to death constantly so that they were entitled to future medical care.

Actually seeing these cases gives me a clearer understanding of the various types of Psychoses. I wasn't so depressed by the sight