

December 1, 1946
(1945?)

As soon as I got paid I dashed for the bus going to Bayshore, and just ~~x~~ managed to catch it. Gary was a little worried that I wouldn't make it. There was a driving snowstorm all the way into N.Y. and for a while it looked as if we wouldn't have such good weather for our pass. After we got to N.Y. we decided to take in a play and go eat and then take the late train for Boston at 12:45. There was no possibility of hitch hiking the 250 miles because of the storm. It didn't seem to bother the people much because Broadway was crowded. It was freezing cold, but it didn't bother me too much. Gary complained all the way here and he has been moaning for California constantly. He says his blood is thin. One would never know that he lived for 15 years in Boston the way he talks about how cold it is up here. He was smart enough to wear heavy shoes, socks, underwear, and extra sweater though, while I hadn't been forewarned so that I only have a field jacket on!

We walked beyond Times Square looking for the Red Dragon Restaurant on 48th St., but it was jammed full when we got there so that we decided to go eat at the Neopolitan instead. It was a nice meal, Italian food. Somehow or other, we haven't gotten around to eating Chinese food yet, but I plan to get to it before we complete our round of going to all different types of eating places. After dinner, we went to the Golden Theater to see "The Rich Full Life" (Judith Evelyn, Virginia Weidler, Frederic Tozere). It wasn't such a good play, but the acting was fair. There were plenty of empty seats downstairs so that the usherette gave us some of the choice ones up front because we were servicemen. I was irked because I sat next to a girl who apparently was of the Cafe Society class with all

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her fine clothes and jewelry, but she wore funny red stockings and she kept calling her escort a bitch. I suppose that is New York Sophistication, but it looked cheap to me.

After the play, we made our way to Grand Central Station by dashing from drug store to drug store to get out of the freezing cold and thawing out with coffee. (I was absent minded once and I ordered coke.) My feet began to bother me across the bridge and the shoe tightened up so that it got very painful. By the time we got on the train, I was glad to rest and I took my shoe off to camp there for the evening. We had a number of magazines and papers to keep us occupied. The train was packed and some of the people had to stand in the aisles from New Haven into Boston. I almost gave my seat to a pretty WAC officer, but Gary discouraged me when he said that it was against the GI constitution to show special favors to women, especially of the officer class. I wasn't too enthusiastic about it anyway because I didn't want to put my shoe back on; my foot was quite painful anyway. Just after we left Providence, a sailor with a wooden leg got on the train and he was in a very ugly mood because nobody would give him a seat. He shouted to the carfull of people in general, and to a civilian (with a discharge pin in his lapel) in particular what he thought of such selfish people who would not give a man a seat after he had given his leg to his country while in the Pacific. He picked upon the civilian man who quietly answered back that he should not expect the world to hand him everything on a silver platter because that was not what the U.S. had fought for. The sailor, who was drunk,

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became very abusive and threatened mayhem. The civilian man then pulled up his pant leg and said that he had a wooden leg which he had lost in Europe, so what? The sailor then became embarrassed with rage and he started to swing wildly until some of the other passengers pulled the two apart. The sailor was offered a seat, but he cursed and moved on to the next car.

It took us only five hours to go through Conn, R.I. and into Boston, Mass. It was icy cold when we got there at 6:30 in the morning and we hated to get out of the train even though it was overheated. Gary had slept all the way in, but I only dozed once or twice. When I started to put my shoe on this morning, I discovered that my foot had swollen so much that it wouldn't fit into it. Gary and I tried our best but it was no go. Since the shoe was obviously too tight, there was only one solution. I got Gary's knife and cut a slit on the top--a \$10 pair of shoes shot to hell. There was nothing else I could do about that. As the day progressed, the swelling went down and I wasn't limping anymore by this evening.

It was too early in the morning to call Gary's relatives out in the suburbs so we walked around and looked at some of the streets. Boston has the most narrow streets of any large city in the country. There weren't many people up at that hour so that it looked like a ghost town with all that snow piled up. Boston Commons, the public square, was a beautiful sight. It looked just like the pictures of a New England landscape in winter. We didn't go to the Servicemen's Club in the Square because it has become our policy not to take advantage of free things for servicemen if we

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have the money to pay for it ourselves. Besides we want to get away from the military atmosphere, and there are too many GI's around a USO. I don't object as much as Gary, but he has a good point. I figured that I would spend my month's salary (\$20.00) over the 3 days anyway so there was no use in worrying about expenses until the time when we got real low. With the holidays coming up I shall be in a sad financial circumstance so I have decided to forget about Christmas. I rationalize that these trips are educational--we are thinking of going to Philadelphia next despite the warnings of provincial New Yorkers that it's a waste of time.

As we sat in a restaurant eating breakfast, Gary read the headlines that Boston had just passed through the worst blizzard in 45 years and that over 25 people had been killed, and thousands of dollars damage done to buildings. We had just missed the end of the storm by a couple of hours. After eating, we went to look at some of the quaint buildings. I got my first taste of Boston conservatism when I wasn't allowed to smoke in the restaurant. Gary mysteriously was given \$5 too much change from his \$20 bill and he didn't discover it until we got on the subway. After a brief struggle with his conscience in which I took the side of the Devil he decided to keep the money. He wanted to anyway so why should I discourage him. I told him that if he felt guilty about it, I would be glad to share in his new found wealth and allow him to pay my subway fares for the day. (10 cents in Boston). Agreed.

We ended up in Cambridge so we went to Harvard Square and looked over the campus of the university there. We saw most of the main

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buildings which were located on the banks of the Charles River. Everytime I expressed an opinion that it was a nice setting, or that a place had historical significance, Gary would sneer and belittle his native city! I dragged him to see many things which he had never seen before during his 15 years here. We went on to Watertown, and then Gary got a little excited because this was the suburb in which he had spent 15 years of his life and he had been gone from there for 13 years. He took me around to see the building in which he had lived, the school he had attended, the hills he had sledded upon, etc. He pointed out the Armenian Church in which his grandfather had his funeral service, but he said that this was the past and most of his close relatives were in California now where they could look to the bright future. But he was just talking like that because every once in a while a note of pride would come into his voice as he told about his childhood in Watertown.

We went to Aunt Grace's house and met her and her husband Dick (Keshishian) and the 10 year old precocious son, Marlen, who was practicing on his accordian and singing in a beautiful high tenor voice when we came in. Gracie and Dick were very hospitable and they took us in immediately. They are about 40 years old--Gracie still has a lot of her youthful Near East beauty left. She is May's cousin (the one I met in NYC). Gary has so many relatives around here that it is practically impossible to identify them. It seems that the whole community is related to one another in one way or another. Dick told us at dinner that a great migration of Armenians had come to the Boston area shortly after the Turkish

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massacres in 1915 and that they were employed as factory workers and in the huge government arsenal in town. A number have become economically successful in the rug business and other small trades. Dick is an engraver. The thing which struck me was the ease in which the first generation Armenians had become absorbed into the New England picture, without going through the terrific cultural struggles which other immigrant groups have passed through. Most of Gary's relatives I met today were definitely in the upper middle class. Gary said that I had made quite an impression upon his relatives so that we have a full day of activities scheduled for tomorrow without any effort on our part. They are all fighting to have Gary over for dinner, and it seems that the rich relatives in Medford have won out for tomorrow. Dick and Gracie insisted that I could put up with them for the weekend as they have plenty of room in the house, while Gary is going to stay with another cousin. For some unknown reason, some of his relatives do not speak to each other--I think that the family clan took sides after his parents were divorced. Dick and Gracie were the nicest relatives I met today. Every home I went to had expensive Turkish rugs in them! Other than the use of the Armenian language, there is little evidence that they came from the Old World. They speak English well enough too. Gracie said that her mother had brought the five daughters to America to escape the Turks and they never planned to go back. She has a terrific attachment to her family, according to Gary. Gary said that this strong clan feeling was one of the things he did not like because it prevented greater rates of

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intermarriage among them and social ostracization; but that it was crumbling clan and the old folks had lost power with the rise of the second generation so that now many of his cousins have married native American girls. Gary objects to Armenian girls because he says they have hook noses, but I certainly saw a lot of pretty ones today.

In Watertown, the population is almost equally divided among Armenians, Irish and Italians--predominantly Catholic! It is the only Armenian community in the country, but there is no definite boundary to it because the more successful younger generation have moved on to other suburbs as their economic success advanced, and some of Gary's relatives hob nob with the richer set on the Hill--an exclusive residential district. There are about 15,000 Armenians in Watertown and 140,000 in the whole country. Boston and New York have large Armenian populations but they are widely scattered and in no particular district. The group on the West Coast were primarily of the agricultural class who went out there because the climate was similar to their native land. Dick said that there were a few Armenian language newspapers, but they had passed the peak of being effective because of the fact that they were too nationalistic. Dick, himself, is strongly favorable to the Armenian Republic in the Soviet Union as he feels that the time for small nations is definitely passed and the new trend is for large federations of nations with common economic structures. He said that it was not true that the Russians deliberately destroyed the Church because the Czarists used churches for defense and they had to be blown up

because of military tactics. He does not believe in any religion himself. The Armenians in this country are Protestant, Catholic, or Armenian Catholic. Gary is going to take me to church with one of his cousins in the morning so that I can hear the choir. He is like me in many respects because he scoffs at the clinging to the old culture by the first generation, and he is very happy to see the increasing intermarriages between the Irish, Italian and Armenians in Watertown. He said that he grew up with all of these groups and there had never been any race frictions. The Jews were the ones who suffered the most, and there is still a strong anti-semitism movement in Boston. The Irish are so afraid that the Jews will take away the political control from them so that many Irishmen encourage anti-semitism. They originally came to Boston as railroad laborers after a potato famine in Ireland about 1840.

Gary and I went to visit some of his boyhood friends, but most of them were still in the service. We visited with Eddie Conlan who has just been discharged from the service. One of his brothers was killed in the South Pacific. Gary was amazed at how huge Eddie had gotten to be; he is an Irishman, and he couldn't get over the fact that Eddie has premature gray hair. It was so funny the way they just looked at each other for a minute before recognition dawned--they were only boys when they last saw each other. Gary remarked afterwards that it was just no use to attempt to capture the old boyhood feeling because after they got through talking about themselves, they had nothing in common to talk about. That's why we decided to go back to Boston to spend the afternoon looking at historical sights. We got a ride in with an ex-serviceman and he

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drove us around Harvard before we went downtown.

Although we rushed from one place to another, it was a very interesting experience for me and I enjoyed it thoroughly. We went to the Union Lobster House to eat lobsters the first thing. The building there is a couple of hundred years old, and it has a definite colonial atmosphere to it. I had to go there because Ruth had recommended it so highly, and I wasn't disappointed even though the lobsters did taste exactly like the ones the Japanese families had for a few years. It was the atmosphere which made it an unique experience. The waitress treated us very good and we had excellent service. I should be suspicious after meeting so many nice people today!

For the next few hours we wandered from place to place and it was not very cold by this time. We visited the State House, King's Chapel, Old South Meeting House, Site of Boston Massacre, Faneuil Hall (cradle of liberty), bakery where they make bread like they did for 100 years, site of Boston Tea Party, Paul Revere's house built in 1660, Old North Church where the revolutionary signal light was given to Paul Revere "one if by land and two if by sea", etc., etc. I was the most amazed by Faneuil Hall, the seat of the Revolutionary movement. I approached it with a note of reverence I thought and I was absolutely taken aback to discover that the lower floor was being used for butcher shops! A lot of stalls are lined up and everybody comes to buy meat there like they have been doing for so many decades. The buildings in Scollay Square were very ancient, with thick iron doors. Gary said that the poorest families lived there with the prostitutes, and they needed thick doors with slide

peek holes because the Italian gangsters used this district for their hangout--a nice contrast of the ancient and the modern! It was a queer mixture of the quaint Boston and its traditions with the influx of the more recent immigrant groups which has given new life to the old New England stolidity.

The most lively and colorful experience of the afternoon was to go walking through the Quincy market district. Hordes of Italian produce men line up their carts and horses on the street while the stalls on the sidewalks are filled with other vegetable sellers. Mobs of people were down there bargaining for vegetables. At first the Italian peddlers are very insulting "Watcha wanna for five cents, diamonds?" "Hey, comma here and buy this for 10 cents." "Dontcha put fingers on banana." The old ladies bargain like anything and they raise their voices so that the whole district sounds like a madhouse. I never saw anything like it before. As the best vegetables are bought, the peddlers get more reasonable and soon they are begging the sidewalk patrons to please buy. They only come once a week from the surrounding truck farms around Boston so that if they do not sell everything, it is a loss. The whole thing is a carryover from the European market center, I guess. But it was strange to see such liveliness in Boston of all places. And I was very disappointed because I didn't hear a Boston accent all day. Gary thinks I am crazy because I said I was wild about New England and that I would even consider living here some day. I do think that it is nice, and who knows? Boston certainly has much more personality than Chicago for instance. I think I'd like to live in New York too. I guess everyplace has it's good points, and also

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it's bad. The slums of Boston are pretty miserable.

On our way back to Watertown, we stopped in to meet another of Gary's aunts, "Sat." I met his grandmother there, "Booboog" (an informal expression reserved for old folks). She is 78, beautiful silver hair, smiles all the time as she doesn't speak English, but made it plain that I was most welcome by pushing me into the softest chair in the house. Since Gary is a favorite relative of theirs, they give special consideration to his friends--plus the fact that I was just as much a novelty to them as they were to me! This is the aunt we are going to church with in the morning.

We had dinner with Dick and Gracie--such a wonderful Armenian dinner. It was raw meat ground up, mixed with oatmeal, sprinkled with chopped vegetables. Delicious. Also had Armenian bread which is more tasty than the Jewish matza, Armenian pickles, and real Turkish coffee. (There's an art to cooking and serving it just like the Japanese with their tea, and Gracie is an expert. It is not considered good coffee if it does not foam when served). It was so nice to sit in a comfortable home and eat liesurely, and our host and hostess really did put themselves out in our behalf. Gary thinks I am a success as they phone to their relatives and talk in Armenian about "Gary's educated friend from California." That's because I was pumping them about life in Turkey and their flight to America, and I was able to hide my ignorance by quoting a few of the things I had read in Surmelians book: "I ask you Ladies and Gentlemen." After dinner, we went over to visit still another cousin (he has four Turkish rugs!) and we talked about California, politics, Russia, human beings as people and not nationality groups, etc. Apparently,

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this wasn't the anti-semitic relative Gary spoke about because they had very liberal attitudes. Dick was worried about whether he should move the family to California or not. The relatives are migrating to Los Angeles one by one, but Dick is more cautious and he doesn't feel like pulling himself away from his present security, leaving all of his friends, and starting out over again at his age, but Gary thinks he should go. Dick said that he made enough moves in his life, and his family had been split up or killed off at the time of the Massacre. His story makes the evacuation of the Japanese sound like peanuts, as the Turks butchered the Armenians as they fled out of the country. It was because of the Moslem-Christian conflict, and the fact that the Armenians would not support the Turks against Russia. He said that the Armenians had never been fighters because of their belief in religion, but in this war when their Republic was at stake the Armenians were the ones to hold Stalingrad against the German Army. He didn't like to talk about these things, but I had asked him directly out of my own curiosity. It's 2:00 a.m!

Sunday, December 2, 1945

1:00 a.m. I awoke about 10:00 to see the sun shining on the snow; it's been very crisp weather all day, but perfect. Everything was so white and clean that I felt in the mood to go to church for the first time in many months. After a real fancy breakfast--eggs, Jewish corn beef, Armenian bread, etc.--Gary came dragging over reluctantly to take me to the Armenian Holy Apostolic Church! Imagine me requesting to go to Church! I didn't feel in a particularly holy mood, but my curiosity got the better of me. I was glad that I went

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because it was a very colorful performance which the Bishop and his choir put on. Today was a special memorial service for the servicemen of the community who died for this country, and for the 25th anniversary of the Armenian Republic in the Soviet Union. The music was out of this world, strange fascinating Oriental tunes. I was shooting so many questions at Gary about this church which he could not answer that he finally had me ask his aunt, which she did very patiently. The services are a lot similar to the Episcopalian church, a lot of rituals, crossing self, chants, liturgies. The Bishop was dressed in bright yellow robes with a high crown on his head. Candles all over the place. The Armenians have devised a system of getting the people on their feet at certain times by putting on a red light on and off. That's because the younger generation cannot follow what is being said. Whenever the choir sang (such lovely girls in it!), two of the sub-bishops in front would clang and wave two huge silver stars. "Sat" explained that in olden days when the Armenians were first taking up Christianity, they were persecuted so that they had to go down into catacombs to worship. It got so stuffy in these caves that men had to go around and wave fans so that people would not faint. This ritual has come down so that the bans have become a sort of church musical instrument. I didn't dare ask "Sat" if that was the reason also why the Bishop came around the church and waved his incense container up and down as I can imagine how powerful B.O. could get in a hot stuffy cave. The Bishop had all of the servicemen go up and get blessed, but Gary refused to go up as he doesn't believe in religion. One

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of the deacons came up and asked (in Armenian) but Gary quickly answered (in Armenian) that he didn't want to go because I was along with him and I was of another faith. The Deacon said that I could go up anyway because God was universal, but Gary declined the offer. "Sat" said that I was the center of a lot of curious glances because I was the first Nisei to ever go to that church, the first to visit homes in Watertown as far as she knew, and that most of the villagers had never seen an Oriental before. She was very surprised when I told her that there were about 200 resettlers in Boston. She introduced us to more of the clan relatives after the meeting was over. I thought the nicest part of the service came at the end when the Bishop came down to the center of the floor and said a prayer in Armenian asking God to bless all humanity regardless of their race, creed or color. That's quite liberal for a religion to do, give a universal prayer for other religions and people.

Dick, Gary and I dug the snow from the garage driveway out after Church so that the Buick could be taken out. Then we went back to Dick's house for lunch--pork chops cooked in straight American style--and afterwards Gracie read my fortune from the thick grounds of the Turkish coffee. She said that there was something I was striving to reach, and that a change was coming into my life soon, that there was a short man standing in my way, but that I would overcome all difficulties and reach great success. No wonder people believe in fortunes! Also that she saw mom sitting in the chair reading a Bible. Now how in the hell did she know that mom was religious; must have been a wild guess in the dark. Gracie has

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a reputation as the best fortune teller in the community and she does it on social occasions.

Afterwards we drove around some of the pretty new England towns and saw the Governor's home. We went to Arlington Heights where Gary's rich second cousin lives. This was supposed to be the anti-semitic one, but he seemed to be a nice guy. They had a beautiful home, expensive furnishings, silver cups, etc. Paul Long changed his name to be more American, broke away from the clan by marrying a Boston girl, has three children (two very blond and one with dark black hair). Gary said he was the opportunist type and his only goal in life was to be financially successful like Americans should be. We met his friend there who was drunk. Mr. Ward has a successful music shop in Cambridge which caters to the Harvard students; thought I was Chinese and wanted me to meet his friend Wing Jones (!) who comes from the only large Chinese family in Boston; said that his brother was anti-Negro and he was indignant when he came up here to visit and had to sit in a streetcar next to a Negro; married to a woman of Norwegian descent--very nice; invited us to go skiing with him sometime. We were supposed to stay at Paul's house last night, but Gary decided that it was too far out. The way he barges in on his "lansmen" (relatives) is amazing, and they think nothing of it. The whole tradition comes down from the time the Armenians were coming to this country, and they sought out relatives for help upon landing so that old debts have to be repaid to their descendents.

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From there we went to Medford to have dinner at Helen's and Johnny's. They are another prosperous young couple with 3 children, one very blond. They are cousins too, the rich relatives. Their home was immense and even fancier than Paul's. Johnny is a big shot in the local shriners, a dealer in electrical goods and operates an automobile agency. Met a couple more aunts there who spoke very little English and they kept apologizing for using Armenian. Gary was hopeful that Helen would have an Armenian meal, but instead we got a delightful Boston Irish Corn beef and cabbage meal. I ate and ate until I was stuffed. All the accessories to the meal was American and Armenian dishes. Cooking is an art among Armenians; it's no wonder so many of them open up large restaurants specializing in tasty dishes of the Near East. I had a very pleasant conversation with Helen until we were dragged into a poker game; this family are poker fiends and according to Gracie, they play with the "rich set" and hundred dollar bills means nothing to them. We played for nickel and dimes and I came out even. Dick and Gracie were so concerned about us because they didn't think that servicemen should get into games with this crowd, and they tried their best to give us winning hands. Gracie didn't think that a host should win from guests!!

Helen is 36 years old, holds her good looks very well. She let me read the story she had written about her experiences during the Turkish Massacres when she was 5 years old. She said that these experiences were so vivid in her mind, so terrifying, that even now she still has nightmares about them. She said that she could

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remember the time that food was so scarce that a piece of bread was nursed along. Helen writes very well; her story was written at the age of 14 when she was trying to learn English. She has never had it published, but Gary and I thought that she should. Helen said that she was interested in getting the children's point of view/^{over,}and how they react to the impact of war, but that she didn't have time to do any writing because she had the three children to take care of. She said that she would be willing to tell her story to some writer who could write it up in the way it should be done. I think she should do it herself because she has a very good command of writing in a colorful and touching way. I suggested that instead of ending the story with how the Statue of Liberty filled her with hopes, she should continue from that point and show how an immigrant had to constantly struggle for democracy and they had a right to insist upon it as they were a part of America to.

Helen said that she has always recognized that fact that there was weaknesses in our system, but that she had been fortunate than most in rising to a level which most Americans never achieve--high middle class income group. Her maiden name was Sheroudian. She said that when she was five years old she could remember the Turk who came to her village and read the message that all ~~Amer~~ Armenians must leave the country in 24 hours, taking only what they could carry. Her family decided to migrate to Ourfa on the Arabian Desert, and in the nightmare which followed she lost her parents. She saw boys leaning over for water getting shot by the Turk guards, old ladies thrown overboard, girls taken away for orgies with the

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drunken Turks, men shot in the back, etc. The orphaned children were adopted into Turkish families and made Moslems. Helen said that she lived with one for a year and they were very nice to her. She just couldn't understand why the Turks had to be so cruel to her people. Finally through a relative in America, Helen was able to come to Worcester, Mass. via European countries. She has lived in New England ever since. Helen said that she has never hated the Turks for what they did because she realized that they were victims of their system just like the Germans and Japanese were under Fascism. Her primary concern is that such things will never happen to children again; believes the dropping of the atom bomb upon Nagasaki was the most inhuman thing which America has ever done to defenseless women and children; and that another war has to be avoided at all costs. It was at this point that the conversation was interrupted by demands to enter the poker game!! We left there about 11:30. For the past hour we have tried to get the huge Buick into the driveway, but the ice was too slippery and the car got stuck. We finally managed to get it out of the snow, and Dick brought it back here to park out in front. Gary and I will dig the snow bank away tomorrow so that the car can be put away. It's been such a nice day; I'm certainly enjoying my visit up here. There is just one more day of it left, and then back to work I will go! It's so comfortable sleeping here that I probably will sleep most of the morning.

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Tuesday, December 4, 1945

Yesterday was a sort of anticlimax as we had to think of coming back here. We slept most of the morning, parked the car, said our goodbyes, and then went downtown again to do some last minute sight-seeing. We rode all around on streetcars as that was the only way to cover ground. Saw the public library, museum, MIT, Tufts College, Chinatown, Copley Square, etc. Too bad we didn't have more time to go exploring. Gary wanted to get a pair of leather mittens for \$1.50 so we chased through the crowded Christmas shoppers in the department stores looking at all the samples. I tried to tell him that he couldn't get leather gloves for that price, but he wouldn't believe me until after we went to about a dozen stores. Finally, Gary raised his ante, and found a pair to his liking. He plans to buy ice skates too. I think that I will pass this sort of thing up this winter as skates are too expensive.

We had an hour to wait for the train in late afternoon so Gary insisted that I go look up Yoshihashi's address as he thought that he knew him in L.A. I didn't particularly care to go barging up to the WRA, but we went up and talked to the lady. I could have spit in her eye when she immediately started to tell me that I had come to the wrong place to meet Nisei because there were only 200 here, and how lonesome I must be for them, what a wonderful job the WRA is doing in NYC trying to get a committee going with the JACL to sponsor Nisei events because the poor Nisei must be utterly unhappy to be so alone in such a large city. Same old crap. The lady was very unhappy because the 200 Nisei in Boston didn't seem to want the WRA to lead them out of the wilderness and they weren't

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"cooperative" enough. It didn't dawn upon her weak mind that maybe they wanted to be left alone. I don't see how the WRA could have picked up such a stupid woman. She was a church person, and she was so sure that the Nisei were happy because many of them were seeking God. Jesus Christ, that's enough to make anyone exasperated. I controlled myself and acted pleasant and didn't argue with her. I guess some people just can't help it when their perspectives are dulled to the point where they can't see what is happening; but it's much worse when a person sees it and then drifts along because of helpless feelings. The WRA woman was so proud of the fact that all of the camps were now closed, surprising news to me, and she was very reluctant to tell me that they were housed in trailers and barracks on the coast. That doesn't make her 60% figure look so hot. It must have been a mess. She showed me some nice literature telling about the wonderful humanitarian work the WRA was doing, and she apparently wanted a pat on the back, but I couldn't stomach that much. I can't see how it is going to be of any credit to the WRA if they send the evacuees back to worse slum conditions than they ever had and put the finger of segregation upon them on the Coast so strongly that they will never get out of it. The whole thing is stupid, including the evacuation to begin with. Makes me irritated to see how the WRA butchered things up when it has had such a fine opportunity to really achieve a part of the democratic ideal; but I guess they were too afraid of Congress. I think maybe I should get a nice snow shoveling job in New England after I get out of the Army as I've had enough of the "Nisei problem" to last for a

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long time. It creates an unhealthy mental attitude to be in it or around it too long. The WRA lady thought the U.C. study was too terrible for words because it did not offer any suggestions during the past three years. We had plenty of them, but nobody paid any attention to most of the suggestions given. The WRA lady thinks that God will eventually solve the whole thing anyway so why should I waste time disillusioning her. The caliber of the WRA personnel certainly must have gone down--the idealists probably quit to take better jobs because they were really materialists all along and in the thing for the money they could get out of it. Maybe it will be better for it to go out of existence at this point because the Nisei will be the ones to suffer if the WRA continues to have more of its stupid policies. The WRA lady was really convinced that the organization had set a new precedent for democracy by getting the camps emptied before the deadline!

We got back to Mason about 1:30. I only got five hours sleep last night so that I am very tired. I passed up the basketball game to catch up on some accumulated correspondence this evening; took a nap for an hour first. The day hasn't been too strenuous as I spent most of the time getting my cases dictated, and I only did one new case. Joseph, 25, was interesting because his case reminded me so much of what Alice said about Mark's problems in her letter (attached.). I'm quite surprised that Mark is even considering re-enlisting for a year. It's foolish for a man with a family responsibility. After 4 years of service, I can't see any percentage in it--unless Mark is a bit bewildered about coming back

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into civilian life and taking on responsibilities he never had before. But he has to do it eventually and an extra year in the army is only postponing decisions--with the likelihood that job opportunities will be scarcer and the serviceman will not be so palatable to the public by then. It is this sort of thing which is more important than the possible security (or escape) in the Army for 12 more months. But, it's none of my business and it's up to him to make his own decisions. I can see how it might be a bit difficult for him because he is just getting used to the idea of being a father, and he has too many relatives around throwing advice at him. I think the best thing for him to do is to go back to Minneapolis where he will have more chance to make his own decisions. ~~Or where he will have more chance to~~ Or Detroit or Cleveland. The tenacles of in-laws are too strong in Chicago with all the assorted Ikedas, Satows, and Kikuchis dishing out advice. My sympathies are with him.

The case I did today had many similarities, only I'm sure that the personality structure of Joseph was much weaker. He has a $1\frac{1}{2}$ year baby to support, a wife he has never lived with, and a lot of his wife's relatives to contend with. He came back to New York after 5 years in the service, has never worked in a steady job. He didn't know what to do, but took his relatives advice to stay in the Army until winter was over for financial reasons. But the extra months in the Army gave him time to brood and he got very frightened as the weeks passed because he still didn't have any idea of how he was going to support his wife and baby. He resented

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the in-laws but he didn't know how to contend with them, especially now when he has a mental illness and they think he is "nuts." He broke down in Bermuda after going on a lot of drunks because "I guess I was a coward and I didn't want to start supporting a family when I can't even make a living for myself." Felt that he was being persecuted, and that the U.S. was ungrateful to the GI's for winning the war; began to have nightmares and hallucinations; thought somebody was trying to kill him, so one night he knifed a strange GI because he felt that he was about to be killed. After 6 weeks here, he has come down to a more normal behavior and a lot of his fears are disappearing rapidly. His wife wants him to move to Trenton where they can be away from the relatives until they get adjusted to each other and the baby, and I have encouraged him in this plan because I think that if a lot of intense family stresses accumulates, he may break down again. Is very fearful of civilian life, and freely admits that he re-enlisted because he doesn't know what he can do on the outside and it was a good escape to put it off for another year. But that's no solution; only a postponement of reality. We get a good picture of the readjustment difficulties of the veterans back into civilian life when we have the orientation discussions on the wards each week.

Captain Buller elevated my ego today when he complimented me upon my cases and thought that I was doing some keen analytical observations upon some of the more difficult patients. I bet he tells that to all of the social workers. Lt. Johnson is just starting out on my ward as a psychiatrist so we have been going over some

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of the cases together. He's a nice guy, just out of medical school. I think he is a Southerner, but I haven't sounded him out on attitudes yet. He hasn't said anything about some of the colored patients whose histories I did, which included statements about the cultural factors in their breakdown. Same for the Jewish boys. I'm about the only one in the staff who brings out this sort of thing strongly because the rest are more interested in personality evaluations and they take the environmental factors for granted.

Mason is going to get some more publicity next week when Coca Cola will bring Les Brown's orchestra to do his "Spotlite Parade" program over NBC from here. "We the People" had Mason last Sunday. Maybe it won't be long before psychiatrists are accepted completely, but there are a hell of a lot of quacks in the field too. The main function of psychiatry is in preventive work as it's curative functions aren't too well established even yet despite the tremendous strides made during the war. At least it is a respectable field now, and not an orphan bastard of the medical profession. We discussed about the relationship between the psychiatrists and psychiatric social workers this morning in the staff meeting, and nobody seems to know just where the dividing line is because it overlaps so much. I have to go over and see Tess one of these evenings and discuss it further with her because it is so damn difficult to define a social worker, other than that he works in an agency setting and deals with all sorts of personalities from one extreme to another for various purposes. Tess is going to get me one of those sleeveless army sweaters from the Red Cross so I

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won't get too cold this winter. I wish so many of those Red Cross girls were not leaving. Many of them believe that this hospital will close by February at the latest, and rumors have been circulating to that effect. I may even get sent overseas, says Irving. He thinks I should investigate getting into OCS, but I don't want an Army career. Besides the Red Cross girls "hate" officers! It's more fun being an EM, and I don't expect to be in the Army all my life. I think I'm learning just as much and I don't need any more prestige. I may get another rating in a few weeks if the Colonel gets generous with his recommendations and I prove myself a bit more.

9:30 p.m.

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It's been a hard day, at least I think I worked pretty hard. I was busy every minute it seemed. The first thing this morning I went to an Orientation Class to hear all about our educational rights under the G.I. Bill. Then I had to go to the office and do janitor work since it was my detail today. Then I had a two hour interview with one of my patients. Shuffle board game right after lunch, and then another two hour interview. A half hour discussion of a case with Lt. Johnson, a conference with Leo, my supervisor, and then put my papers in order for tomorrow. I had a slight headache by the time I left the office. After dinner, we rode back to Mason with George Tittman and went to the movies, "This Love of Ours" (Claude Rains, Chas. Korvin, Merle Oberon). The picture was fairly good, a tear jerker type, but the ending was pure corn. The Red Cross girls fell for it though as they were practically bawling. We came back to the Edgewood gym to see the final playoff game in the 2nd Service

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Command and Mason won the championship. We rooted for Upton because we didn't like one of the officers playing for Mason and George had \$11 bet on our opponents. I decided to come to the office for a while so I left the boys. They want to go to Deerfoot in a while to get something to eat, but I don't care to ride in the rumble seat in this freezing cold. Besides I should go upstairs and do some laundry as I never get to the dorm before the lights are turned off at 10:30. A lot of new ward boys have moved in but I haven't seen them yet.

The big excitement around here today was that one of the patients got into the back room on the closed ward and he hung himself by a sheet. A 15 minute watch was supposed to have been placed upon him because of his suicidal thoughts, but somebody slipped up and there may be a court martial for negligence of duty. The patient was dead for two hours before he was cut down. It was on Bill McCullaugh's closed ward, but he had not had a chance to talk to the boy.

My two cases today were quite interesting. Edgar, 20, came to this hospital three weeks ago from Germany. He is a big boy, nervous, shaky, depressed, extreme anxiety. He told me that his life had always been a lonely one as he grew up with his aunt in upstate N.Y. and never mixed with other children in school. Worked in odd jobs until he got drafted. He was overseas for 19 months, and had six months combat in the anti aircraft artillery. About last December he began to get quite moody and wanted to eat and

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sleep all the time. Got into several fights and tried to attract attention by offering boys \$35 to shoot him. Finally about a month ago, his condition got bad and he drank some bore cleaner in order to commit suicide. I wondered why he wanted to end everything and he said that occupation duty was too monotonous and he didn't care if he lived anymore. He said that he had nothing to look forward to so he didn't see the use of struggling anymore. He has attempted to completely withdraw from the world, a schizoid tendency. He might improve completely in a less tense environment so I encouraged him to start making some post discharge plans for himself. He was very cooperative with me, and he confided to the extent that he voluntarily told me about all of his mental worries in his childhood and how he never felt that he was wanted. Lt. Johnson may try phynoses on him to find out why the boy places such an emphasis on the fact that he thinks all of his troubles started when one of his buddies said not to talk to him anymore. He was in a bad condition when he got here, but he seems to be much better now. Lt. Johnson said that I could be present when he tries hypnoses. I feel that I am accomplishing something when Lt. Johnson discusses these cases with me and asks me my opinion. I'm going to make it a point to talk to Edgar informally at every chance so that he won't get so depressed. He still doesn't care too much for living, although he will admit that it was foolish to try to take his own life overseas.

Paul M., 32, low normal intelligence was a puzzling case. I spent two hours listening to his story that he had syphillis contrary to all of the medical reports in the charts. It's a phobia

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with him. I didn't argue with him, but I tried to get him to accept the fact that his belief might be in the mind since there was no organic evidence. He feels bugs crawling on his stomach, bubbles on his sides, pains in his genitals, and at one time he was sure that there was a bird flying around in his head and he said that the eggs would hatch and there would be so many birds that his head would pop open. Paul seems to be very rational, but he has little insight into his condition. His orientation is good, but he indicated poor judgment. Memory has been unimpaired. He may get better or he may end up as a schizophrenic. He said that he had a very disturbing childhood because of his drunken father, and he was very nervous as a child. His mother went to a state institution when he was drafted. Paul is convinced that he does not have a nervous disorder despite the fact that he shakes like a leaf and he doesn't have anything organically wrong with him. A clue to the reason why he is attempting to convince people that it is organic is that he is worried that his own mentality is threatened so that he has regressed to a childish viewpoint by blaming all of his inadequacies upon bodily pains. I wouldn't have believed such things could be possible until I began to interview some of these patients. Paul has been married for 5 years, but he has never had a child. It may be that he has some kind of a guilt feeling about an extra marital relationship while overseas, and he feels some need to punish himself. He imagines all sorts of symptoms of syphilis and he has convinced himself that all of the pains related to it are real. He got rather violent overseas about two months

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ago and he had to be placed in hydrotherapy. If I can get him to realize that it may be emotional problems, it will facilitate the psychiatric treatment. Such behavior of the mind certainly is a mysterious thing. I don't understand it. At the end of the interview I assured him that I wouldn't betray his confidence and let his wife know that he had been unfaithful to her overseas. She is coming down this weekend, and Captain Buller thinks it might be a good idea if I talked to her and find out if there had been satisfactory sexual adjustments before he went into the Army, as it might give the clue to explaining his present phobia. I've gotten quite used to talking about intimate things with women now so it doesn't bother me anymore. The surprising part of it is that they respond.

Thursday, December 6, 1945

After our evening meal, we went up to the 3rd floor dayroom to play a short game of poker, 6 of us. Somehow the hours went by and it was about midnight before the game broke up. Six hours at one session is a bit too much. It's still a sociable game, but the ante has been raised. I thought for a while that I would be minus \$8, but I made a slow comeback and managed to show a small profit of a couple of dollars. Gary finally won a big game and he had a five and ten dollar bill to show for it. Irving also won, but the rest lost--Harry, Eggart, Ben Goodnick, George Tittmann. Ben plays very seriously and intensely, and he figures each hand out scientifically so that's why he lost. George Tittmann was behind about \$18 or so, but rumors are that he can afford it because he comes from a fairly rich family. He has a nice car to

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run around in, and he is always betting \$10 or so on the basketball games so he must have change to spare.

I had planned to work on some of my case writeups this evening, but the hours went by too fast. I think I did enough work for the day anyway, I had a slight headache for a while. My two interviews for the day lasted about five hours in all, and I was busy on some short contact interviews also. Tomorrow, I plan to spend the whole day in writing up my cases--on office time. As the winter goes on, we may be marooned out here and then I may be forced to do some evening work for a change. I have done very little reading lately despite the fact that I have a couple of books waiting in my locker.

Teddy Yee, 29, was so pleased to be interviewed by me this morning because he has just come in from France and he was quite concerned to find out what it was all about. He said that he didn't know what it was all about as he thought that he was just sick from overwork. He was alarmed to find himself in a neuropsychiatric hospital and he wanted me to tell him if he had lost his mind. I explained why the boys were sent here, and this seemed to relieve him considerably. It was very easy to get a social history from him. He wants me to meet his father when he visits on Sunday, and I was introduced to his fiance later in the afternoon as it was visiting day. I swear that she looked exactly like Bette's friend at the U. of Chicago, Mary Wong. Teddy is a quiet, cooperative, soft voiced individual; well mannered, neat, pleasant, with a slight build. He assisted his father as a lecturer on Chinese religion and art for eight years in the Chinese Temple in New York--

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conducted for the benefit of tourists. Teddy spent three years in the Army before he was sent overseas in August of this year. He was doing clerical work, but the long hours proved to be too much of a strain, and he had a breakdown--severe anxiety case, with possible conversion hysteria when he couldn't walk.

Teddy's parents were both born in S.F. Four of the children were also born in S.F., but the family moved to N.Y. about 20 years ago for economic betterment. Teddy said that his father's primary occupation was as a court interpreter. His father evidently has a great deal of prestige in the N.Y. Chinatown. About 20 of the clan members are there and they consist of the professional class with the greatest prestige in the community. Teddy said that he was brought up in the Chinese cultural patterns because of the strong hold of the family unit, but he never rebelled against it. His parents were "old fashioned" in many respects and they insisted upon a divided loyalty to America and China. This did not cause an intense conflict because the family relationships were generally good. "Filial piety was always pounded into me so that it never occurred to me that I should question the wisdom of my father." He felt that his frailty was a factor in making him an obedient child. It was after he got into high school that he began to see that there was some conflict in the Western and Oriental ways, and since there were not too many Chinese around, the children were gradually able to convert the parents more into their ways of thinking. The first big conflict came when the oldest son wanted to marry the girl of his own choice, but the clan elders

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"beat him down." The second son was more successful, and there has been no difficulties since then. However, Teddy felt that the 3rd generation was being held back "because Americans expect us to be Chinese in our ways because of the fact that China was an ally in the war." Teddy said that he never got much of a chance to go beyond high school so that he has been picking up most of his education since then by doing wide reading on his own. After he got into the Army, he made normal adjustments. His first sex experience while in France bothered him a great deal because he was so worried about getting VD. It gnawed upon his mind until he got into an extreme anxiety state, and this affected his work. Finally he couldn't walk anymore so that he was hospitalized and sent here. He said that he had been put in a closed ward and given hydrotherapy while overseas so that he felt much better. He still does not accept the fact that his "fluttering heart" actually is due to an emotional state. His greatest worry now is that his parents will not find out that he indulged in sex while overseas as he seems to have a terrific guilty complex about it. He wants me to talk to his father and explain that his present condition is just "nervousness" brought about through fatigue so I promised to see what I could do. Teddy is a likeable person and he already has made a number of friends on the ward. I talked his case over with the psychiatrist, and there is a chance that Teddy will be boarded and discharged soon if he keeps on improving. One of his main difficulties was that he was always too protected in his family group, and he didn't learn the facts of life until he was almost 30! The psychiatrists suggests that I do so one of these days!!

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My other case for the day was O'Donnell, of Irish descent. He looks and acts like an English cockney. Very polite, but speaks in the Brooklyn language. He was slightly depressed, but willing to tell me all about his past life and what had happened to bring him to this hospital. He has been in the Army for over 44 months, doing laundry work all the time. He said that for a long time he was on Canton Island doing laundry work at the secret base there. O'Donnell has been the black sheep of the family as he has never achieved the economic success of his brothers. One of them is a member of the N.Y. Stock Exchange. His father died a month before he was born, and his mother had to go out and work in order to support all of the children. He said that he began to stutter as a child, which I think was a result of some sort of mental conflict about not having a father like other kids. He mentioned several times that this used to bother him a great deal, and it made him shy and sensitive and withdrawn. For 20 years after he quit grammar school, he never held a job more than a year. He traveled all over the country; was on the WPA for 17 months; and never did succeed in getting above the laborer's class like his brothers. His sex relationships have been entirely with prostitutes and pick ups, and he seems to have a distorted idea about women. It was during the time that he was on the isolated Pacific Islands that the problems of sex began to disturb him greatly. About August, "something snapped in my mind and I thought sure that I was going crazy." It became an obsession with him and he attempted to commit suicide. He was sent here as a manic depressive psychotic, and there has been some improvement. He blames all of his troubles upon women

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and he hates with a fierce intensity. He said that often he felt like spitting on the nurses, and I tried to convince him that this would not be a very gentlemanly thing to do. The fact that he recognizes that he has been ill is a good sign of improvement and he is pretty well oriented now. In a few weeks, he should be back pretty close to normal. His life has been one of complete frustration on all levels, and sex is only one aspect of it. The Freudians around here would say that sex was basic to his illness, but I still don't believe that freudian concepts can't operate in a vacuum and that Sex is overstressed. Any person isolated on a Pacific Island all those months would get nervous tensions and his breakdown was a result of multiple factors. With the change of environment, he is coming out of it even though his sex problems have not been solved. We have informal discussions in the office about some cases, and the social workers from the N.Y. School of Social Work are sold on the freudian concepts, especially the gals. Personally I think that a few of them are morbidly curious about the sex life of their patients because of their own frustrations, but it wouldn't be polite to bring this point up in our discussions! Social workers are least appreciated by other social workers, methinks!! Feldman said that one of his patients who came from a closed ward told him that the WAC social worker was so curious about the "night Stuff" which went on with his wife that he drew her a picture of just how the sex act was performed. This patient's IQ had regressed to 64, but I don't think he was so dumb! His drawing was not included in the case history!

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It's been nice and quiet on the wards this afternoon. I'm covering Amelia's (2 SE) and Marie's (3 NW) ward besides my own (2 SW), but there has been few visitors coming in today. It may be a busier tomorrow, but it's not such an easy job to reassure anxious relatives (Dittmer calls it "grinding out the baloney"). We can't give any medical diagnoses out from the charts, but we aren't supposed to give the relative too optimistic a prognoses either. It puts us in a difficult situation as we can only help the relative to "understand" the patient better, and I don't think that is very satisfactory either. We don't get too many relatives on my ward since a large number of the boys get weekend passes if they live close by and if they are well enough. The sad looking boys are the ones who have no pass or visitors. I go around trying to talk to some of them, but if they are not in a very good mood I let them alone. The two psychiatrists are off this weekend so I have the office all to myself. Lt. Tunley, the chief nurse has a cold so she is very quiet (and irritable to the patients today). She calls me Corporal Gaguchi, and I have a lot of fun with her. Lt. Hellor is the new nurse and she seems to be nice too. She said that she has been reading over a few of my social histories and they were helpful in getting to know the patients. I seem to be just about caught up with most of the cases now as we have cleared the backlog. I think I am proceeding rather slowly, but the other social workers say that their pace is no faster. I don't bother to record the short interviews because I'm not interested in making my case load look good and it's a waste of time.

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This hospital does very little treatment during the 6-8 weeks the patients are here because of the short term nature of the psychiatric care given here. It only attempts to eliminate the most pressing symptoms, and not to cure the deep-seated emotional difficulties which contributed to the patient's breakdown initially. It's not the ideal sort of setup, but not much more can be expected. I don't know if the V.A.F. does curative treatments either, altho it is supposed to.

This morning I had several short interviews with boys who had personal problems. Robert B. came into the office in a very excited state of mind. He was disturbed because he thought he was going to get a medical discharge and he believed that this was a raw deal to give to one who had fought $4\frac{1}{2}$ years in the Army. Robert is 27, a moody sort of fellow, but he can get emotionally aroused very easily. The way he talked, it sounded as if he were suffering from quite a persecution complex, but it is ~~fr~~ dangerous to label a person so matter-of-factly. There was some justification to his feelings. He had been wounded in Germany and then shifted from depot to depot when he should have been returned to the U.S. on his 95 points. He appeared to have quite a guilty feeling about leaving his company and being returned alone because of the supposed stigma and the fear that he would be labeled a "coward" and weakling. I gave a lengthy explanation as to just exactly what a medical discharge meant and attempted to convince him that this was not a mental hospital. He denied that he had told the doctors overseas that he saw snakes come out of the C.O's eyes. He said

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that he wanted to return to line duty, but was fearful and confused as to whether this was what he really wanted. His ambivalent attitudes were definitely pronounced when he told about his desire to go to the Julliard School of Music, but at the same time he was afraid to face civilian life so he thought he should re-enlist for one more year. The chances are likely that he will get an honorable discharge on the basis of his points, but he doesn't seem to be adequately adjusted yet as he projects all of his difficulties to the "Army," the "Doctors", etc. I'll have to work with him a bit more and encourage him in his music because he has a fine voice and he has appeared as M.C. on the hospital radio program on several occasions.

Bob II, 22, came into the office because he was worried about how his relatives would accept him if he were escorted home by a ward boy. I explained that this hospital regulations for those boarded in care of relatives and tried to get him to feel more comfortable about accepting this necessary procedure. He needs a lot of treatment yet, but he may not get it after he is released from here. Bob II was hospitalized as a psychoses schizophrenia. He told me that he had undergone a rather abnormal sex experience while in the Philippines. When he first came to the hospital 8 weeks ago he couldn't talk at all, but the nature of his emotional blocking was obtained through sodium omytal (a drug given to produce a hypnotic state). While under the effects of it, he told all about his abnormal relationship with a Filipino girl that he had an orgy with while living in a native shack with her at the time

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he was AWOL. It seems that he has always been a very inadequate person, reticent until his inhibitions are loosened with whiskey, and very closely attached to his mother. The psychiatrist interpreted that his bizarre sexual aberration was symbolic of his life long inner tensions. He told me that the Filipino girl was really a Japanese spy who had drugged him to get him oversexed so that she could pry information, but he now recognizes that his behavior at that time was very abnormal. He is still suspicious that people are talking about what he did in the Philippines so that he went to the door several times to make sure that none of the other patients were eavesdropping on him.

Also talked to Saul L., 24, this morning as he wanted a list of psychiatric clinics he could contact for further care after his discharge. When he first came to the hospital in Sept. he was paralyzed in both legs (conversion hysteria). He is now able to get around easily as some of his emotional tensions seem to have been resolved with the change in environment. He used to tell the psychiatrists that he could see God at will and described him as 20 feet tall and 37 years of age. He said that he realizes now that he was ill, but there is little insight into the nature of his personality defects as he blames it all upon "battle fatigue." There seems to be some relationship to his previous family adjustments his hatred of his "unfaithful wife," and his tendency to attempt escape from reality by developing paralysis without any organic reasons. It is this type of person that faith healers perform their religious "miracles" upon.

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12:30 a.m.

I spent a leisurely evening doing nothing much. There wasn't a soul over at Edgewood when I went over there--the place was deserted. Bill wanted me to go to the movie and Red Cross with him, but I decided to putter around for a while. I was tired so I took a nap and went to sleep until Wally came around. He suggested going in to Babylon to see some of the girls at the USO so I was persuaded. We got out by the gate when a taxi came along and voluntarily offered us a free ride to town. The USO was not too crowded. We played ping pong with some of the girls, listened to records, played cards, ate hamburgers, etc. until after 11:00. I won the door prize for the evening--some free theater tickets and a box of Christmas cards. It was a pleasant enough evening, but I felt restless. I think that the first stages of boredom is setting in now. I don't enjoy running around from one social activity to another like I did for a while. And it seems sort of futile to get to know new people as they are leaving one by one. Wish that we were closer to N.Y.C. We could have gone in for the evening, but it is too strenuous a trip to make. We hitched home, walking the last mile, and just got here. The way I feel now is that I definitely would like to go overseas to Europe in about two or three months if I have to remain in the Army for a year--a likely possibility. It would be both broadening and educational, and I enjoy seeing new places as I've never been the settled type. Four months in the army certainly has gone by fast. My first furlough won't come until about February so I've a long way to go yet.

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Sunday, December 9, 1945

2:00 p.m.

Not too many visitors on my ward this afternoon. I could go out and bring them to my office for interviews just so I can make my weekly report more impressive, but I figure that they come to see the patients and it wouldn't be fair to cut into their limited visiting time unless they request an interview. I've been sitting in the nurses' office talking to Lts. Tunley and Hellar. They are griping about getting discharges as they want to go back to real nursing. Lt. Tunley said that she can't stand the frustrated "cow" WAC officer downstairs so she is anxious to get back into civilian life. She thinks 9 mo. here is enough--that she could have gotten married and had a baby instead of being so "patriotic." Her fiance is now in Japan so she thinks that she may ask for a transfer there if the Army refuses to discharge her.

11:00 p.m.

Listened to radio programs and went to a show, "Confidential Agent" (Chas. Boyer-Lauren Bocall). Very quiet evening.

Monday, December 10, 1945

12:45 p.m. Very busy day today. We had a staff meeting the first thing--Major O'Leary gave us a talk on the electroencephograph machine and explained what it was all about. Right after that I went down to my ward and had an interview with one of my patients for the rest of the morning. Alphonse was born in the South; father a civil service worker. The family moved to N.Y., and father went to work for Subway as supervisor. Alphonse was the oldest child--he has three sisters. His father contributed to his nervous condition

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because he ran around with other girls and wouldn't admit the fact that he was getting "older." Father picked on mother through the years and accused her of being unfaithful, etc. Many family fights. Eventually mother broke down, and is now an invalid. Sister got her back broken; another one has asthma; and third is a social butterfly like her father and having a lot of affairs. Alphonse tried to escape all of these family complications by turning inwards to books and he read a great deal as a child. Instead of following a musical career as he hoped, he decided to go to work in order to help support the family. Within a year he worked up to an interior decorator and had an income of \$80 to \$100 all through the depression up to the time he was inducted. Most of the money went to pay doctor bills, and father ran away with a lot of the family savings. Alphonse was inducted when all of these things were piling up. He married a French girl shortly before going overseas; but she deserted him 5 days after living with him and took a lot of his money. While overseas Alphonse saw heavy combat, got a head injury, was hospitalized once for nervousness. After 2 yrs. he was sent back here. His family troubles really began to pile up so he went AWOL and took a job to get some money for his mother. Was court martialed and busted back to private from staff sgt. Claims that he went on sick call, but only given aspirins. Finally, he began to have fainting spells and was hospitalized to this place. His family problems are not solved yet; he is tense, nervous, over agitated. He should come around in a few more weeks. I think the doctors made a wrong diagnoses because he was listed as a possible psychoses and they

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didn't even know all about the background to his case because he wasn't able to talk at the time. Alphonse just talked and talked about himself because I was the first to listen to him. It's too bad that the psychiatrists are so rushed because some of the diagnoses are made in a rush, and it may be a black mark against the soldier when he gets his discharge because the public doesn't understand the nature of these nervous and disturbed conditions too well, and it is a stigma against a person. I don't think he can be labeled a paranoid because he is worried about his family responsibilities and thought that things were against him, and because he says that the girl he married was a prostitute. Maybe she was.

At noon, Gary and I rushed out of her since it was my afternoon off. We caught the ambulance convoy going into Staten Island with some patients so we went along via Brooklyn. It started to snow furiously, but I thought it was very pretty--the soft sticky kind of snow. We were taking in a conversion hysteria case ^{who} ~~would~~ couldn't talk. After we got into N.Y., we wandered around Broadway for a while, went to eat, and then went to a show. Just before the rush hour on the subway we went up to Gary's cousin's house and we were fed a delicious steak dinner there. May is planning to feed us some real Armenian food the next time we come over. We were going over to visit Ruth, but she was working so we spent a very leisurely evening around May's apartment, talked to Kelly, read part of "Well of Loneliness," discussed plays and wines, talked about politics, etc. In no time at all the evening had passed. I was a little disappointed that I didn't get to see Ruth as she is moving to Jamaica Plains very soon. We got the next to the last train home and arrived here at a decent hour

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for a change. (We also listened to Les Brown's orchestra over the Spotlight program of Coca Cola--coming from Mason). It's icy cold outside so I shall depart from this office and try to get some sleep.

Tuesday, December 11, 1945

"Lt. Holzberg wants to see you," says Jackie when I came into the office this morning. I wondered what it could be; I had a guilty feeling that I was going to get a lecture although I couldn't think of any reason why I should. I waited around a few minutes, but he didn't show up so I went down to my ward and had an interview with one of the patients. After I got finished, I went into Lt. Johnson's office and he commented on how smoothly we were functioning in the ward now that we have the place organized. He thought that my cases were very good, and he made some comments about additional things I should look out for because it would be of use to him in his final diagnosis. Right in the middle of our conversation, Lt. Tunley came in and said that the office upstairs wanted to see me as soon as possible. I was very puzzled when I went upstairs.

Lt. Holzberg broke the news gently; he said that I was going to be transferred to Fort Hancock in New Jersey. My heart sank. He hastened to add that it was no reflection on my work; that actually it was sort of a compliment. When the generals came in last week, he said, orders had been given to send four social workers to Hancock immediately. Since it was a Second Service Command order, ~~we had~~ ~~for~~ there was nothing which could be done about it. Holzberg said that he had protested, and Irving had been very much against it. Finally Colonel Simen said that four could not be spared, only one. The staff held a conference and another social worker had been

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chosen, one of the older members of the staff. But the second service command wanted at least two social workers. After much discussion, it was decided that since it was hard to make a choice, it was only fair that the newest members of the department be sent. So Mathews and I were selected. Holzberg said that the Army was planning to build up the department at Hancock and that eventually other people from here would be sent since Mason was gradually being decentralized. He said that the ships came right up to the Fort and discharged the General Prisoners from overseas. "It is becoming one of the most important developments in Army Psychiatry. The plan is to process the general prisoners right there and it will be determined if they will go to a Federal prison or be sent to a neuropsychiatric center for treatment. The Army is breaking up Mason since it doesn't want a single NP hospital because of the public stigma." Holzberg went on to say that my work as a social worker ^{responsible one} there would be a ~~responsibility~~ ~~enzz~~ since the case histories would weigh heavily in the psychiatrists final report and disposition of the case. Hancock is about 60-80 miles from New York, across the Bay but I think that the transportation is not so good.

I was pretty stunned by the news; my first reaction is that I hated to leave such a pleasant environment as Mason. My stay here has been short and sweet, and I feel more than ever that I would like to stay. But in the Army one doesn't have much choice over these things. I hate to leave all of the friends I have made here, and that is going to be the hardest thing to leave. And I was just getting to know Fran and Dotty, the two secretaries, so well too! Lt. Johnson and Cap't Bullen were amazed at the news and they were

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sort of sorry to hear that I had to go after we had gotten to working so well as a team in the ward. I think that they were very sincere in what they said. The Army is like that and I could have been sent to a more distant place so I guess I'm getting over the shock of the thing a little. I will be processed out Thursday, and I will leave Friday if the shipping orders are not changed at the last minute. One consolation I have is that I was scheduled to be CQ Friday night, and I will get out of that all-night vigil taking care of the post! Mathews was hit pretty hard because he had just located an apartment in Bayshore and had sent for his wife to come out from Wisconsin. He had to send a telegram in a hurry and tell her not to come.

I'll go out of here as a trained social worker, and the new work may be interesting at that; but right now I'm not looking forward to it because the blow has been heavy. It came as such a surprise. Originally I had been sent here for training, but since they decided not to have the school here I was assigned to the post. That's why I labored under the impression that I would be around until the place closed up. It had to come sooner or later, but I didn't expect it to come so quick like this. I had a premonition that something was up when Lt. Holzberg called me the first thing this morning, but not for anything so drastic in the way of change. I have been here less than two months, and I certainly have enjoyed every minute of it, particularly the social adjustments because they were so close to a normal civilian situation. I suppose the next place will be more military in nature. It's supposed to be a very pretty fort, right on the Atlantic Ocean, but that doesn't make me happier. I

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doubt if the social work department there will have Red Cross workers in it, or WACS either. It will probably be purely military. But there may be a lot I can do in the way of helping to decide what happens to general prisoners. A lot of them were sentenced for going AWOL during combat, and they are not "bad" individuals at all. Those who get sent to a NP hospital get all the breaks because they won't have to serve the full sentence in a federal penitentiary. Part of my new work will be to find out what factors there are in the background history which made them go to pieces in combat, and if the evidence is strong enough they may get treatment instead of punishment.

The news of my departure has caused consternation in the office, not because it is me, but because it has made everyone wonder if they are going to be next. It is the thing which most of them have been dreading as they would rather get out of the Army from here than be sent to another post. I guess everyone was sort of sad, and it made me feel good to have so many friends. Some of the girls wanted to give us a farewell party, but there won't be time since the evenings for the rest of this week are taken up. We are all hoping to get tickets for the GI preview of Maurice Evans in "Hamlet" in N.Y. as this is one of the big events of the month. There aren't enough tickets to go around, and some of us didn't get signed up early enough. I put our names on one of the first sheets, sort of squeezed them in unofficially, but the demand for tickets is still great. When I went to see Gloria of the Public Relations Office, she said that she would make a special effort to save a ticket for me since I

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was leaving. It breaks my heart to realize that all of these nice girls around here have to be left behind; it will be hard to get another swell group like the whole staff in any one place.

At first I thought that I would be right across the river from New York, but actually it will be much further than Mason and the connections are not as good. When I told Gary about the transfer notice, he took it much harder than I did. He was bemoaning the fact all over the place, emotional boy that he is. Anyway I appreciate his friendship and loud demonstration of it! We had plans for Christmas and New Years all worked out, but it will be shot now even though we probably will be seeing each other. But things won't be quite the same since I will have to develop new friends up there and not live in the past. At least I can remember that it was good while it lasted, and there shouldn't be any regrets after the initial blow is recovered from. It should be a new adventure. It's funny, but it's been a long, long time since I had this particular deep feeling about leaving a place. I guess that because the all around adjustments were good, and there were no particular "problems." on my mind, I was supposed to go with the gang to play volleyball, and then go out for Christmas caroling, but I have too many things to do this evening so I cancelled most of the evening's events. Maybe I'll go a little later on. I rushed around this afternoon finishing up my interviews and dictation so that I only have a little last minute business to attend to tomorrow. I want to take it easy the last day anyway. On the way over here, I ran into Lt. Togasaki and she took me to task for not coming over to the officers' building to visit her.

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I haven't had time for it. She seems to be very well liked around here as everyone I meet tells me what a nice person she is. She said that one of her sisters was overseas, while the Doctor one is in Chicago. She comes from a pretty large family of sisters, all of them doctors and nurses. Lt. Togasaki wanted me to go over to the Western Union office with her to meet the Nisei girl from Hawaii who has just come in to work here, but I felt that it was no use since I was leaving anyway. It seems that the several Nisei who are stationed here have made very good adjustments to the place, and I wasn't aware that they were around until Lt. Togasaki told me about them. (3 in all to be exact).

I'm glad that I'll be within traveling distance of N.Y. as there are so many things I want to see there yet, and I enjoy it so much everytime I go in. I hope that there will be a nice group up in the new place, I hope! Everyone gets the same kind of feeling when they leave the department here so it must be good! Usually a soldier is glad to get away from his post to a new place, but that's because it's strictly military. I think I'll have to write quite a few letters to give change of addresses and that will take a lot of my time left around here. It means going all through that adjustment process all over again. Damn!

Howling, freezing wind outside. Guess I'll go to the gym for a while after all and type more later on as I'm not in the mood to be solitary at this moment.

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What a day! I feel worn out already and the afternoon is only half over. The tickets arrived for the Hamlet performance in N.Y. tonight, but there were only enough for 65 couples and over 250 had signed up. Everyone rushed down to the Special Service office to scramble for them. It was decided that only those who signed on the first list would get the tickets. This meant that a lot of people would be disappointed. Bob Mathews and I were not on the first list, but we started to get the tickets for others in the department. We were running up and down all morning. All in all, we got about 30 tickets so that the Social Welfare department definitely got a corner on the best seats. But when it came to distribution, a lot of feelings were hurt. The married fellows wanted to get two tickets in order to take their wives. This meant that some of the staff would not get any. On top of that, a lot of them thought that Bob and I were pulling some fast stuff on them. That's gratitude! I never saw so much selfishness come out of people. Finally we got most of them happy, but I doubt if they appreciated all the trouble we had gone to for them. I managed to get tickets for Gary, Harry and Jean Smillie, but none of the others over at Edgewood got any. The whole thing was very badly managed, and the boldest and the dishonest got the tickets. If Bob and I had not used these methods, hardly any people in our department would have gotten tickets. It was a matter of bad distribution and we had to get them or else others would have horned in. But our rewards were to get criticized by the people who did not have the initiative to get some of their own tickets, and they weren't satisfied that we got seats for them.

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I never saw anything like it. But I guess everybody is happy now so all is well. There are plenty of disappointed people in the detachment though. I had a ticket to take Ruth, but I decided that since this was a command performance and for GI's they should be the ones to go so I gave the extra ticket to Bill. It certainly was complicated for a while though.

My shipping orders to leave here came through this morning so I rushed about getting my desk in order, seeing the ward officer and saying my goodbyes to a few of the people. I went to lunch with Charlotte, and she said that she was in such a sad mood because she hated to see any of her friends depart from this place before she did. I think that our pending departure has thrown the whole office in consternation because there was very little work done with all of the excitement over the tickets and other things. I have everything wound up now so that I can relax for the last day here. Now that I am resigned to leaving, I don't think that it will be too bad. I still don't like to leave here, but the other place will have some good points of its own too. Every good thing has to end sooner or later. I haven't been able to find out too much about the new place except that it is sort of isolated, but right next to the sea. Last night I went over to the Red Cross and said goodbye. Gary is trying to arrange a farewell party for Thursday night, but I don't think that there will be enough time for that as I will be rather rushed packing my barracks bag, etc. I'll be a nervous wreck by the time I get out of here if things go on like it has been for the past few days. I should drop everything and just rest for the next two days,

but I don't think that it will work out that way. I might as well enjoy things while I have the chance so there is no regrets.

Captain Bullen said that my last case on the Chinese boy was so good that he was going to use it for discussion in one of the staff meetings. That's a nice compliment for me to be leaving this place with. I think that I learned quite a bit here so that I don't have any guilty feelings about not doing my part around the office. I think that I learned quite a bit too. It seems much longer than 7 weeks since my arrival here, and it has been a happy period for me because it was a constructive period all around and I don't feel that my time has been wasted in the Army while here. It is an experience which will prove helpful to me even when I get out, and I'll probably be getting even more experience after I get to Fort Hancock. Maybe I left here at a good time because last night all of the EM were called together and the riot act was read to them about keeping up on military discipline, saluting, etc. The Captain is going to make some reforms around here as he thinks that things have been too lax. A lot of new rules were posted, and everybody was unhappy about the whole thing. The Army wants things to be spick and span so that the EM will respect the officer class; they don't like the informal system we have been operating under.

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Noon: The office has been very empty all morning; I guess the workers all slept because we didn't get in from N.Y. until after 2 last night. Bob and I had to get up early because we had to run around to the different offices in order to clear the post. It only took us about an hour, and we have been fiddling around the office

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since. It's the last full day here. Bob and I have been talking about the "ethical" problem of interpreting GP's at our new assignment. Bob said that he just did a case yesterday of a general prisoner in his closed ward. The boy had deserted under combat and received a sentence of 25 years in the court martial. Bob thought that this was very unjust in view of the fact that the boy had honorably fought for the U.S. for three years, while at the same time the Army was only giving 10 year sentences to some of the Germans who had killed a number of American soldiers. He felt that this was a direct contradiction to our democratic system, particularly when our goal in the war had been to fight for justice and human decency. I answered that it was impossible to reconcile all of the contradictions in our democratic system, and that the Army was authoritarian and very anxious to maintain its status so that the boy actually was only a symbol--a threat--for the rest of the soldiers to respect and be aware of the military setup. Bob felt that we could not work out the answers in some of the cases we will be doing at the next assignment, but he would like to get his thinking clear on it or he might get very biased in his case interpretations. I didn't think that we had to worry about that because it was assumed that we would be representing the GP's side of it when we took our social histories. Ann broke into the discussion with the comment that the Army does not always work for justice. She told of the two medical officers from the Philippines who are stationed here. She said that these Filipinos were spreading dangerous fascistic ideas around the hospital while they were getting medical training

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from the U.S. Yesterday she had lunch with one of them who told her that he had collaborated with the Japanese during the occupation. Ann said that she was amazed when he began to tell her vicious stories about how treacherous the Japanese American soldiers were because "it ran in the blood" and he believed that the Nisei were just as guilty for the war crimes of Japan. Ann said she was so upset that she just got up and left the table when the Medical Officer would not listen to her story about what the Nisei had done in the U.S. Army. She looked for me yesterday afternoon as she wanted to tell me all about it then, but I was on the other side. She wants to know more about me so that she can use my experiences as a basis for future discussions when the subject of the Nisei comes up, "because I can say that I personally know it to be true then." (!)

Last night's trip into N.Y. for "Hamlet" was a very pleasant way to end my stay at this post. We all decided to hitch hike in as it was "too ordinary to go in by train." But it was 18° outside so one by one the people began to back down and got on the train. Bob Mathews, Tanya, Alice Baronian, Gary and I decided that we would stick to the original plan so we started out after the evening meal. Bob and Tanya went on ahead and they got one ride all the way in so that they had a couple of hours to roam around. Gary, Alice B., and I got there more leisurely. We only had field jacks on (against regulations) and I didn't notice the cold too much. We got all kinds of short rides, about six in all before we got to N.Y. Everytime we were left out of the car, we would have Alice stand practically in the middle of the highway and the male drivers would just about tear

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their brakes out to stop for her. Gary and I would then step out of the background and climb in for the ride! Very good psychology for night hitch hiking! We had a wonderful time going in. Everyone seems to be so nice to GI's on Long Island. We were picked up by farmers, rich people going to their suburb homes, a secretary for a Wall Street broker, a nurse, former GI, etc. We took the subway from Jamaica and got into Times Square two hours after we left the hospital because of the round about way we went. Broadway was all lighted up, millions of people seemed to crowd the street. I get a thrill out of seeing broadway at night every time because it is so picturesque. We went up to 44th Street where Gary knew of a small notch of a restaurant which served excellent pastrami sandwiches. I'm going to be pretty lost without Gary around to be my guide after this because I still don't know my directions. I let him do all the worrying about finding our way around in the tangled subways.

The restaurant we went to only had about three tables in it. It was about 10 feet by 20 feet in size and it was jammed with people. After some manuevering around we finally got a seat with a dowager looking lady. Immediately, she began to get friendly. She said that she had just returned from a USO tour of the Pacific in the cast of "What a Life!" and she played the part of Mrs. Aldrich. She showed us some of the clippings, and she entertained us with her stories about show people and the lives they lead. She said that a USO troupe was more closely chaperoned than a group of nuns so that all the girls came back frustrated. The boys overseas went wild over them, but they were not allowed to have any single dates. They could only meet in groups and the boys fell in love with every girl

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"because we all reminded them of their sweethearts back home no matter how ugly some of us may have been. We looked like angels to those boys who have been isolated up in some of the lonely pacific posts for months and months." The lady felt that the best thing the Army could do would be to send one-third WACS to every post so that the boys could get married and have some semblance to a normal life since the Occupation was going to last for years and years: "Otherwise they will all come back with Japanese wives and we poor girls back home won't have a chance." This didn't bother her too much; she thought it would be interesting to see what kind of blend the children would be. Show people seem to be more international in their attitudes.

We had to tear away from the place after eating our delicious sandwiches as I thought the curtain time for Hamlet was 8, and the Columbus Circle Theater was way up on 59th. Gary insisted upon walking, but after three blocks he got discouraged so that Alice suggested we take a cab and go up in style. There were no dissenting votes so we got a cab and rushed up there, only to discover that the play would start at 8:30. So we went to a restaurant and drank chocolate and talked to some of the other people from Mason. The theater was packed with GI's, a surprisingly large number of them colonels and majors. A lot of sailors came up to see the play, but they could not get any tickets so they had to be turned away disappointed.

"Hamlet" has it's official opening night for the public tonight, but we got a special preview because Maurice Evans used to be in

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Special Services in the Army and he likes the GI's. It was the best play I've ever seen; for the first time in my life I understood Shakespear. The thing which amazed me the most was the way in which all the actors had their long speeches memorized. The stage setting was superb; in fact, the whole production was out of this world. I didn't dream that I would appreciate the play so much. The whole cast was given a tremendous ovation, and the fellows in the audience whistled and stamped--which brought a spontaneous pleasing smile on Evan's face. After the play, we all rushed to the Penn Station to get the last train back. We sang Xmas carols most of the way to entertain the civilians. Our group consisted of Harry, Gary, Mathews, Bill, Tanya, Alice, Charlotte, Walter, Eleanor, Marie, etc. We got home about 2 a.m.

I suspect that I will be leading a much quieter social life after I leave here. One thing I plan to do is to organize my reading backlog more efficiently. I have a large number of psychiatric pamphlets sent to me from the Josiah Macy Foundation and I haven't had time to really read many of them yet. Now that I have more experience in this particular type of work, I think that I may appreciate this data more. One indication to me that my last case histories were fairly complete is the fact that the girls in the steno pool in our office like to type my dictation cylinders up, and that's why I've been getting some of my typing done before other social workers who had their rolls in before me. Fran says they are very interesting, and that is something because she sits here all day typing nothing but case histories. I'm glad somebody appreciates them because Leo worked quite hard on me to follow the

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more rigid organizational order of the social history form which is used here. I was given more license as I got more experience, and I think that I learned some new techniques too. Since the office girls have been so nice to me, I dictated a special cylinder this morning in the other room saying good bye to all of them! This will give their work a little variety when they start to type the dictaphone cylinder up! I've gotten to be good friends with Bud Finnerty, the male steno here, but I no longer will have to read his corny poems. He is a budding poet, but I can't quite get the moods and sentiments he tries to get over. Some of his stuff is fairly good, and it has been published in the post newspaper.

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Friday, December 14, 1945

9:30 p.m.

Bob Mathews and I had a very rugged day; I should have gone to bed early last nite. But Gary had a sort of farewell party planned for me at the Red Cross. We planned to go to the Xmas Choir practice first, but we got stuck in a poker game with Irving, Geo. Tittman and Harry. We lost! Time went by so rapidly that it was 9:30 before we got started for Brentwood. I phoned Edith Lipskin to tell her that we were coming and she sounded a little disgusted because we were over an hour late already. There was no suitable excuse I could give so I confessed that we were delayed by a poker game. I pulled Gary from the game and we started hiking the two miles over to the other side. All the way, Gary was feeling very guilty for letting Edith down like that. But she wasn't sore at all. We went in and sang Xmas carols for a while and then we went upstairs. Edith had some hamburgers which she had kept warm on her radiator and a "Bottle." After everyone had gone home or retired in that building, Gary, Edith and I went into the Red Cross Theater balcony and in the dark we sat around and talked for a couple of hours. We told each other what childhood memories Xmas brought back and I told them about some of my experiences while I was in the "Orphanage." Edith got feeling so sorry for me that her large eyes were practically tearful, and she held my hands in sympathy! About 12:00 we had to dash out to catch the last bus back and I bid Edith farewell with a juicy kiss while Gary looked on in approval! He insisted upon it so what could I do? Edith is really a very nice girl--plenty of personality and attractive. But

she thinks she is too plump. As I was riding home I thought that I probably would not run into such a good social work department at Hancock, and I felt bad about leaving. Gary felt bad too and he said that he was going to try to get transferred to California. We made plans to meet in New York, and Gary got very noble and said that he would even get up in the morning and help carry my barracks bag. That's friendship!!

Bob and I got up early this morning and made our final packs and started out for the Detachment office. I didn't even go up to the office to say goodbye as it is always awkward to leave a place with such finality. Sgt. Clay made all the last train preparations, and we started out in an ambulance for Bayshore. Immediately, my barracks bag began to get heavier, and I really felt it by the time I got here! It weighed a ton. We had an extra obstacle in the slippery ice since it had snowed quite heavily during the night.

We went 5 miles on the train and then we lugged our bags to another train at Babylon. I was exhausted by then and Bob was in even worse condition as he had an extra bag to carry. On top of that, the hangers I had placed in my barracks bag punched a hole right through and it kept getting bigger and bigger each time I lifted the bag. I alternated between being hot and cold as I had on my blouse and the heavy overcoat on. The worst pang was hunger since we missed breakfast.

Our troubles started when we reached Penn. station. Instead of giving us a direct train connection, the Army with its usual efficiency had routed us by a very indirect way. We stumbled through the station to the subway and finally got down near the harbor. We

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couldn't find our way at first so with panting breath we walked and walked. Nobody in N.Y. seems to know the subways. We got to the street and then walked 5 miles to the Ferry Bldg. in the Battery. I was so disgusted and tired by then that I wanted to take a cab for the last block, but Bob gave me a pep talk and I finally managed to stumble into the Ferry Bldg. with a temporary blackout and whirling head. My back was practically broken too! It was inhuman! Bob was staggering too! By this time we were starved, but we had to get on to the Ferry right away. It was a nice ride across to Jersey City as the harbor was full of ships (covered with snow.) It was pretty to see the N.Y. skyline from the other side. We had to walk with the bags to the railroad station and then ask for directions. When the lady told us that we had to go back to Penn. Station, I almost blew my top! The mistake was rectified in a hurry and we were told that we should ride for 30 miles and then transfer at Matawan. We had a half hour left so we rushed to a restaurant and devoured a meal in a hurry. I was too tired to admire the landscape across New Jersey, but I remember going through Elizabeth, Port Ambay, etc. We went right along the coastline. From Matawan we got a slow local connection and rode 15 miles to Highlands. The snow was piled high right up to the water's edge. We passed along all the summer resort towns, and the conductor and everyone told us what a beautiful place Hancock was in summer! We were destined to hear that phrase about 40 times before the end of the day. From Highlands we rode 7 miles in on an Army truck to the Fort. It's located on a peninsula right at the end of Sandy Hook. It's only about 20 miles across to N.Y., but four times that distance by train.

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There's a Ferry which runs across too!

The first thing we saw was the Disciplinary stockades. The Fort is really a beautiful place - nice buildings and the Bay is on one side, and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. It's pretty windy too. The Fort is a regular Army installation and it has a reception center for recruits. When we went to Headquarters, we found out that the place was strictly G.I. I don't think I'll like that so much. We met Tom, a Sgt. from Camp Upton, who is also a social worker.

Much to our amazement we learned that there wasn't even a social work department organized yet, and that the hospital was very small. Nobody knew what to do with us so for the rest of the afternoon we were passed from one office to another. Then it was discovered that no beds were available. One Sgt. wanted to give us a weekend pass, but the other said that this couldn't be done. Our hopes rose and fell. It was decided that we had to stay. But still no beds. By this time most of the regular office workers had gone for the day and we were left sitting in the office. We picked up quite a bit of information about the Fort, none of it very complimentary. Not such a good way to receive us. The pass situation here is difficult; the offices are not organized to function properly; the Colonel makes a G.I. inspection on Saturdays; the food is lousy, etc., etc. About the only good thing we heard was that "it's nice here in the summer time"!!!

I don't think that it will be as bad as all that. It is a beautiful place (now!) Right now, it's covered with ice, snow and confusion, but it must be beautiful in summer! The new recruits do

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all the dirty work around here. They are called "Jeeps" and I never saw such a scared bunch of young boys. I guess I looked like that when I first came to the Army too. Since I am now a T-5, I get a little more consideration. That's the old Army game.

Anyway, we finally got beds! We have to sleep in the beds of fellows away on passes--no clean sheets either. It's not exactly a Hotel New Yorker setup, but it could be worse. Our first meal here wasn't as bad as they said either. The officers eat with the EM in the hospital mess. We still don't know if we will be attached to the hospital or the disciplinary barracks. There are only 100 GP's here now, but 900 more are coming in from Monday on. We don't know what we will be doing yet. Nobody around here seems to know what a social worker is so I have decided to tell the boys that I am assigned as a yardbird to pick up cigarette butts along the ocean!

Things are so new to me that it is bewildering. Too much of the GI touch to the place. Mason sort of spoiled me; but I might as well be optimistic about what comes next. Bob, Tom and I went to the show -- full of GI's - and then we got lost along the lake. We just waded through the snow and admired the fine houses which the officers live in. We found the Service Club and the USO and they were not bad at all. I don't know how we managed to get back to this barracks. We don't have anything special to do tomorrow so we may have an opportunity to look the place over. We will have to wait a day or so for permanent housing. At least we won't be placed with the rookies since they are at the other end of the Fort.

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The boys in this barracks seem to be nice enough, and they have been telling us all the worst parts of the place. Nobody seems to care much for the GP's and they are sneeringly referred to. I guess they just don't understand. But we also heard that Major Wolf, who is the head of the Psychiatrists here, is a "nice guy" so that is encouraging. Most of the fellows in this barracks seem to be "old" Army men (2-3 years service) and they spend their time talking about the usual Army top--women and sex. Right now, the boys are talking about whether they could contract V.D. if they swallowed "... drippings." Such a disgusting topic. It seems strange to hear such vulgar things after being in a nice normal social atmosphere at Mason for 7 weeks. I'm hopeful that we will get in with the hospital group because it won't be so discouraging. It is likely that the psychiatric dept. may boom now that the GP's will be brought to the Disciplinary barracks and processed here in large numbers. It may even be an interesting experience if Confusion doesn't overwhelm the place. The Army inefficiency is a wonder to behold, and I just can't understand how it manages to function at all despite it. Tom is sort of disgusted about the whole thing because he was rushed here as being necessary immediately, only to find that there is nothing. He has been in the Army $3\frac{1}{2}$ years so he will get out in January. He is close to home too so he doesn't mind too much. His advice to us is to "take it easy and not knock" ourselves out. Maybe he has a good point there.

There seems to be a lot of recreational facilities about the Fort and there are theaters, service clubs, etc. Very few WACS on the post though. After I get better adjusted to the place, I'm sure

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that I'll notice more of the good points. No use making myself unhappy just because of the initial bewilderment. To bed now!!!

Saturday, December 15, 1945

12:00 Noon: What great confusion we have stepped into!!

Nobody knows what to do with us yet because the special orders regarding our function here hasn't arrived yet. A neurotic sort of Sgt. is very anxious to get us into the dispensary unit because he needs more men to pull night C.Q. details. None of the EM in the medical detachment knows what the function of a social worker is so Tom believes we should build it up, or we might end up doing clerical work. Everyone seems to be concerned about what section of the medical detachment we will fit into, but we aren't worried because we know that the special orders will take care of these details.

We sat around half of the morning; but when we received no instructions, we wandered off to see the camp. It's freezing cold weather here; I can see now that I will be wearing those wool undies. The wind whips in from the ocean; I expect my ears to have icicles formed on them at any time. We went over to the Service Club for a while and drank coffee; then over to the PX and drank more coffee; finally ending up in the YMCA to drink more coffee. In between we visited the Post Office, library, and a quick tour of the hospital. The station hospital is very small--holds only about 60 patients--and it's primarily for medical cases. The neuropsychiatric section will be set up after the psychiatrists and other personnel arrive.

Mathews was blue--with cold and depressed mood--all morning because of his disappointment in coming here just when he had plans

completed to bring his wife and child out. He feels now that he would rather be sent overseas than have all of this uncertainty. Bob M. used to be an insurance adjuster in Wisconsin, and he has also worked in the midwest area and the South. He's always had his wife along until he got inducted. Bob has decided to "bluff" about psychiatric social work experience because of the Army's inefficiency in placing trained workers; he has a good idea there. I'm going to do the same thing because I don't want any more of those training periods; I think I can handle the work right along with the rest. At Mason, I made a mistake of admitting lack of experience and I wasted about 3 weeks.

At first glance, this fort appears to be a desolate place; but it isn't too bad now that I've been here for one day. The permanent buildings are very good. There's a radar station of some sort here. The reception center handles hundreds of rookies from the N.Y. area; the Disciplinary Barracks will be built up; and the Headquarters Co. is also fairly large. The Sgt. estimates that there are 5,000 men stationed on this post at the present time. The rookies, or Jeeps, only stay for a few days before going to a basic training camp. We are right on the tip of Sandy Hook peninsula which extends way out into the mouth of N.Y. Harbor. Tom Leemy grew up in this area so that he knows all about New Jersey. He seems to be a rather nice fellow, despite the fact that he is so anxious to impress us about how important a function he fulfilled at Camp Upton in the convalescent hospital there. Coming from Mason, we have the advantage since it is recognized that the psychiatric social work dept. there is the best of any Army unit. Tom graduated with an M.A. from Catholic U.

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in Washington, D.C., and worked 2 yrs. with the Fed. Bureau of Prisons before his induction $3\frac{1}{2}$ years ago. He seems to have more liberal social attitudes than Bob. It may only be a difference in personality though because Bob tends to be more conservative in all of his habits. We managed to talk to two Lieuts. just a short while ago, and they appear to be good eggs. Very informal. They are here as clinical psychologists and we will be working with them. Lieut. Jenkins said that about 12 Enlisted Men Soc. workers and psychologists are expected here, and with the commissioned officers, this will constitute the nucleus of the Psychology and Social Work Dept. Major Wolf will be the head of it. There are a number of "275's" (classification interviewers) who will also be in the dept., but their function is not quite clear yet. Lieut. Jenkins said that they may do the preliminary processing, and our function will be to spot those with neuropsychiatric traits and make tentative diagnoses. That sounds like a pretty responsible function for us because the fate of a lot of boys will depend upon our recommendation!

The dept. hasn't even been organized yet; great confusion is my prognosis for at least a week! Altho we are assigned to the Medical Detachment, we will be working down in the Disciplinary Barracks. We haven't an office building, office equipment, or clerical staff yet. It is all starting from scratch. No women will be allowed in the stockades so that's the reason why WACS cannot be assigned to this work. Jenkins said that 400 GP's are expected from Europe next week, and he predicts that we may have to work day and night if the pressure gets too heavy. There are 5,000 American

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G.P's to be returned from overseas in the next three months, and this place will process half of them. The G.P's will go to either Federal penitentiaries or rehabilitation or psychiatric centers, depending upon whether they have any psychotic tendencies or not. 75 of the first 400 coming in are murderers. There are also G.I's being sent thru here because of rape and robbery offenses. A large number are AWOL's, and there is more hope that we can do something for them. If they get processed for psychiatric treatment their court martial sentences will be reduced cancelled.

About half an hour ago the Sgt. called us to the hospital orderly room and told us that beds couldn't be found so he wanted to know if we wanted a weekend pass! Bob was rather reluctant at first because he said that he didn't think he could find a room in NYC and he didn't know anyone. I said I didn't have a place either but not to worry about that until we got there. He was still hesitant so that Tom invited him to his home for the weekend. Our passes were made out, and I'm walking down to the pier in a few minutes to take the Coast Guard boat to N.Y.C. I haven't any definite plans, but interesting things should happen if I scout around a bit!!

Sunday, December 16, 1945

10:30 p.m. I'm tired and weary from a very busy and interesting weekend. I barely made the boat yesterday as I didn't anticipate that it was so far. The pier is on the very tip of our narrow peninsula. We ride free in the boat, but some of the overseas G.I's were very disgruntled because the EM had to be jammed downstairs without seats,

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while the officers got the upper deck accommodations. That's the Army class system!!

The water was quite rough, but we got into N.Y. in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours -- very good time. The only trouble is that there are just 2-3 boats running each day. I enjoyed the trip despite some symptoms of seasickness from the bouncing boat as I looked out the porthole and watched the distant land draw closer with it's varied sights. I thought that the Coast Guard cutter was flying through the water until those Navy PT crafts roared past us about 50 miles an hour. I never saw large boats go so swiftly. The huge waves which the PT boats churned up made our boat rock like a cork in the water. Coming into the main port of N.Y. harbor, we saw hundreds of Navy boats which are now obsolete. The Harbor looked about as congested as a busy city intersection with all sizes of ships moving in and out in a steady stream, many of them foreign boats. They ranged from huge ocean liners to tiny sloops.

When we came into sight of the Statue of Liberty, the overseas G.I's rushed to the port holes and they got an immense kick out of it. I wasn't so cynical then because it sent a shiver of thrill up my spine too when I heard those boys getting so excited about it. We landed in the Battery and the 300-400 G.I's scattered in all directions to go to their various destinations.

I didn't have any plans to rush to completion so I leisurely went up to Times Square and then got off of the subway to wander around a bit. Saturday afternoon in Manhattan is no time to wander around as the thick holiday crowds push one along. I just drifted

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about, enjoying it because of the novelty. I went over to Rockefeller Center and watched the ice skaters for a while. Then over to Broadway to window shop for a while. It was rather colorful to see Broadway packed with all sorts of people knocking themselves out to buy Xmas presents. The children seemed to have the most fun; that's the way it should be for Xmas. Instead, I bet a lot of those old ladies were bargaining around for cheap presents for their friends in hopes that they would get a better one in return. The spirit of Xmas is too commercialized these days, and it no longer has any meaning as far as I am concerned. But I guess people enjoy it so why should I be cynical and deny them their meagre happiness when life is so dull and miserable for so many people in this world.

I decided that I had better look for lodgings, but remembered that Saye urged me to come anytime so I went up to 110th. Saye was working in the store--Oriental Food Shop--so I overcame my paranoid dislike of such places and walked in. Saye greeted me warmly, and business stopped as she gossiped. I hung around for about an hour. That store is an amazing place. It's only a dinky 2 by 4 store, but the way in which it is conducted reminds me of a country store. Saye and the other girl stop everything while they gossip with Nisei girls about "who's going with who," "How's your baby's cold," "Oh, what a pretty hat," "Did your family go back to California?", "How did you like that movie," etc., etc. Every once in a while dried up Issei ladies would walk in and whisper orders in Japanese if Caucasians were in the shop. Well dressed Nisei boys and girls picking up the Xmas cards printed for Chinese Relief benefits, and

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raising their eyebrows as if to ask: "What are you trying to do? Create the impression that this is a Chinese store?" Bachelor boys asking Saye how to make chop suey. Saye chasing boys out who hang around more than 5 minutes because "it ruins my trade with Nisei girls who don't like to come in and be stared at, and the Caucasians will stop coming too." Society ladies coming in to snoop around the shelves, and remarking, "What queer foods these Orientals eat." Russian lady wanting some Russian foods. Funny Japanese salted fish smells all over the place. Saye taking orders in Japanese over the phone, arguing the prices and limiting the orders: "Things are so hard to get from Denver now." Timid Nisei girls so dismayed because they feel ashamed to carry a gallon jug of shoyu sauce on a streetcar, wrapping newspapers around it "to hide the 'Nihon' writing on it." Rei, the Nisei girl, making faces at Saye behind her ~~back~~ back because she has worked 12 hours and she's tired and wants to go home. She whispers, "It's against the Union" but refuses to make a complaint and works meekly on. "Sonny," Joe's wife, comes in so the customers have to wait until I'm introduced to her. A Nisei girl with 2 half-Japanese, half-Chinese children comes in to buy Chinese food for her husband, etc., etc.

Finally I decided to go visit Joe and come back later to pick up Saye to go out to dinner. Sonny decides to come along as she has to feed her baby. On the way, she stops to shop for food "because Joe gets tired of eating Japanese food all the time!" Sonny (Sammy) seems to know all the storekeepers well. In a vegetable store, the manager openly calls down his new war vet

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salesman for not getting fresh carrots out of the refrigerator for Sonny (Sammy), while profusely apologizing: "He didn't know you were a special customer; it won't happen again."

Monday, December 17, 1945

Cont'd from yesterday's entry:

After we got to Joe's apartment, Sammy went off to the kitchen to cook, while we talked. It was the first time that I have seen his baby; Joe seems to be quite the family man now. I don't know if he is happy in business, but he mentioned that it did get him down at times. However, the income which he makes now is sufficient reward. Joe is still intensely interested in political developments, and a group meets at his house every Sunday to discuss some current subject with noted speakers as moderators. Joe has been active in the JACD. He showed me a recent copy of the JACL Reporter, and it was sickening. Kido is now shouting around that all good Nisei should organize and join the JACL in order to help the returning evacuees on the Coast--playing up the fact that they should remember that there is a blood responsibility to "our people." From what I saw of the paper, it seems that the JACL has given up all pretense about supporting the dispersal policy, and it is now attempting to become the chief Nisei organization in all of the developing Japanese communities throughout the country. I never did trust the JACL bunch. Mike Masaoka is coming out of the Army, and he can be depended upon to start waving the flag violently, and to attempt a complete racial organization of Nisei vets. The JACL never did have a clear policy, and the opportunists within the group never for a moment had any

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intentions of letting the Nisei become scattered and a part of the general community, because these "leaders" would rather be small fry fish and a Japanese community is economically profitable to them. It's disgusting, but what the hell!! Joe believes that some sort of mixed organization is necessary to "educate" the Nisei to important political and social legislation, but I wonder how effective that can be, considering the fact that Nisei are no different than the population at large. Joe believes that the Nisei in N.Y. are fairly dispersed except for the group around his store district 110th to 125th St. A number of Japanese businesses have opened, but they are all trying to cater to the Caucasian public. There is a Japanese language newspaper for the Issei, the churches are fairly well organized, and a Resettlement Committee is trying to become the chief representative of N.Y. resettlers rather than allow the JACL to take over. Joe is willing to give me a general picture of the resettlement patterns in N.Y. if I want to come over some time. I made a tentative date for this because I really am not too interested in the subject right now; my scientific curiosity pulls me to make these inquiries at the same time. Sammy and the baby had their picture in the recent issue of "Common Ground" and Joe displayed it to me quite proudly. His wife is independent as all hell; she runs off to the show alone and lets Joe take care of the baby!!

I went back to pick up Saye to go to dinner, and then over to her friends to pick up Wes Jr. I stayed and talked to the Alberts for about 20 minutes as they were interested in Mason. The husband is the chief officer in some Veterans of Foreign War organization in

N.Y.; not very politically minded. Saye says she cultivates them because (1) they take care of Wes when she has to work in the store, and (2) the husband is influential in the Vets of Foreign war and she wants to educate him so that the group does not pass any American Legion type of resolutions against the Nisei or other minority groups. After I got back to Saye's apartment, we sat around and drank sauterne wine for a while. Wes jr. was so disappointed because he had to go to bed with his cold--he had been sledding too much--and he had plans on where we were going to eat. On the way out we bumped into Harry, one of Joe's friends, and he insisted that we go to a bar with him and drink for a while. We were there until after ten, and I was famished by this time so we pulled out on him. Saye took me to a Chop Suey place and we ate an enormous meal--first Chinese food I've eaten since I've been in the Army. Saye says that she will cook me a special meal next time, Chinese style, because I don't particularly care for Japanese foods--pretty to look at, but not too tasty. She embarrassed me because she paid for the dinner, it was quite expensive, and she wouldn't allow me to repay her! How one's pride must suffer while in the Army! Saye got the place to take an ad in the new Nisei newspaper coming out. She wants me to subscribe for it, but I'm just not interested. Saye is helping a Tommy Kobura to put it out. It is called the Nisei Weekender, it will be devoted to social activities in Nisei circles, it will not have much of a policy--to help support it, plans are being made for a Nisei dance. Saye said that there has been very few Nisei dances in NY and she felt that this was a special occasion. In the next breath, she says that she doesn't believe in Nisei segregating! It doesn't make much sense.

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Saye feels that her present activities makes no difference because she has her Caucasian friends and such things won't affect her much. She also thinks of it in terms of advertising the Japanese food store. A more altruistic motive is that she has gone through some great hardships during the past 7 years so she feels very sorry for some of the lonely Nisei. Saye said that there were close to 5,000 Nisei in NYC, but they were widely scattered and she felt that in such a cosmopolitan city small organized groups of Nisei here and there would not be much noticed. She said that she didn't believe that they would ever be solidly organized at any time because too many of them had gone their own way already, that there were more Nisei intermarriages than in any other city in the U.S.

Very confidential:

We went back up to her apartment, and we read the papers and talked until about 3:30 a.m. "Yam" has gone to Indianapolis to do chick sexing, and Saye said that she was going out there next month to ~~go~~ finally marry him. She feels that Wes will be murderous in his reaction; and has some fear that he may try something violent. She went on to tell me about her married life with him--how he used to gamble the last cent of grocery money, his obsession in making money, how he used to beat her, his infidelity, how he tried to coax her to have an abortion before Wes Jr. was born, etc., etc. Three years ago, she decided that they were incompatible so she left. Wes has been desperately trying to win her back ever since. He suddenly struck rich in the sale of Japanese foods to the evacuees in camp; set up headquarters in Denver and profited exorbitantly. But his

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realization of getting money has not made him happy; he carries around a roll of bills (\$3000 worth) to impress people by flashing it. Wes is a sensitive, intelligent, frustrated individual with a deep inferiority complex. Despite her deep hatred of him at the time she left, she said that now she feels sorry for him. He has been trying to buy her back for three years. Saye couldn't leave Denver because Wes had joint custody of the child. She waived all alimony and claims on his estate, but readily takes money given for Wes Jr. Wes's latest offer is to give her \$300 a month and buy her a house in Calif. if she will go back there. She has given him the final no. She doesn't trust his mean streak, and she doesn't like his underhanded business methods. Claims that Wes had a finger in the black market liquor ring which profited on the people in camp. Saye says that he clears "over \$1000 net profit a month now," and has no more desire to make money but he is caught in it. At the time he had his induction scare, he induced Saye to take part in his business affairs because he couldn't trust one other person. She said that Wes' brothers and sisters are all sympathetic to her, and that they have a low opinion of him despite the fact that he bought his parents a home. But he makes a great show of it in front of other people. Saye said that he used to do the same thing to her when he was giving her \$5-10 a week for Wes Jr's support, throwing it at her in front of other people. He is trying to win her back by lavishing gifts on his son; Saye doesn't doubt that ~~she~~ he loves his son, but it's no use. She said that Wes had been living with a Nisei girl for a year and that now she is pregnant. He is trying to force her to have an abortion, but she refuses. He makes half hour long distance

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calls from the Coast asking Saye what he can do, and he is stalling off marrying the girl until the last possible minute. In the meantime, Saye is afraid that the girl might commit suicide. Wes's parents are the only ones who stick by him; they think that Saye is trying to get her fingers on his money. She said that Yam would never be a world beater, but he is kind to West Jr. and he loves her. She is trying to get him to go into some kind of business which will cater to Caucasians, but he is fearful of taking the plunge. Saye lives in a very cramped apartment, mice run over the place, but she now feels that money is not everything and that she could never convince Wes of this fact. She would rather have a bit of happiness now. Saye is a strong, dominating personality, with a powerful drive. She doesn't swear as much anymore; she used to do it a lot in Chicago for "show" and to indicate sophistication. Now she is very human, with a normal conceit for a person of her intelligence and nervous energy. She said that she could never cut her five years of married life out of her existence because she suffered too much; feels that too many Nisei girls marry unwisely before they are mature enough to judge a person from an all around basis--that good looks are over-emphasized and too many Nisei only have flatness to go ~~on~~ with it. Thinks that this is a part of the Nisei break from the Issei ties and they have not developed their discriminatory tastes yet because they try to adopt all aspects of American life without realizing their limitations, and that too often only the obvious things are used as a criterion. Saye said that she has always lived in comfort, her family was economically well off. She is a little worried about

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what has happened to her parents because she has not heard from them since the outbreak of the war. She said that she did not try to contact them through the Red Cross because the government here might find out that her brothers had connections with Japan's government. Said that one of her brothers was a Baron and a Jap general, and in a very matter of fact way told me that she read in the papers that he committed hari kiri recently when he was listed as a war criminal. Her other brother worked in Jap propaganda. Saye's reaction to the whole thing is that it is a tragic blight on our civilization that people cannot live together, and that the distorted seeds of hatred are bred in corrupted political governments so that all the people are affected. She is not too optimistic about having a peaceful international world in the near future. She tends to support the extreme left in political views, but this is more from association with a certain class of Nisei rather than a deep conviction. She does have sound ideas; I've never talked to her as seriously before. She told me all about Wes Jr's progress in making social adjustments in school; how bright he was considered to be by his teachers. She doesn't force his learning, and she doesn't want him to be a sissy. West Jr. is extremely bright, and he has a tremendous vocabulary for a boy of 6: "Mother, please don't aggravate me because I get temperamental when I am sick!" Saye really let down her hair and told me all about her personal affairs, and I didn't ask her anything about it--just listened.

Sunday morning: I slept until about 11:00 and then got up to cook breakfast. Saye wouldn't trust my cooking so she took over and

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we had a nice late breakfast. I left there about noon to go up to Gary's cousins house to see if he had come in. The Keleshians, Kelly and May, were so surprised when I turned up because they had just finished discussing me with Gary, and they said that he was so downhearted about me leaving. Kelly and May said that I should consider their place as my headquarters anytime I was in the city, and I was invited to have a special Armenian dish which she was cooking up for dinner. I wanted to go over to see Ruth Wittenberg for a while so I dragged Gary out with the promise that we would be back in time to eat.

Ruth was looking as beautiful as ever, and she seemed very joyous about seeing us again. Her mother and father immediately made us feel at home. We didn't know that we were walking into anything, but the whole family was expecting to gather for a special welcome home dinner for Ruth's lieutenant brother. We met her other brother, Leo, and his wife and two children. Before we got out of that place we met about 20 people! More relatives! Leo is married to a non-Jewish girl, and he is thinking of moving to the Southwest because of his asthmatic condition. He is a free lance commercial photographer. We met his in-laws, uncles, etc. Edith Lipskin was there, and I was surprised to see her. She looked very ravishing in her kelly green dress, first time I have seen her out of her Red Cross uniform. Ruth and her family insisted that we have dinner with them; we just couldn't get out of it. It was the most marvelous dinner-- chicken, noodle custard, and a lot of strange Jewish dishes I've never tasted before. We didn't get to meet Ruth's sister because

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she was ushering at some concert. Ruth was as vivacious as ever. She and Edith were going to a concert after dinner, and she wanted to meet us afterwards, but we had to return for our dinner appointment at Kelly's and I also had to catch the evening boat back to Hancock so we made tentative plans for going to a hockey game sometime. She certainly has a nice family; they live in a well furnished, comfortable apartment. Ruth has quit her job with the dentist and she is going to work for her father who is a wholesale jobber of some kind. She said that she was moving to Jamaica Plains at the end of the month. There were so many people around that we didn't do much talking with our "Mason group." Ruth certainly does have a very nice family.

About 5 we rushed back to Kelly's and had a second dinner--I got stuffed!! How can I resist such fine cooking. Some of Kelly's friends were there so we sat around after dinner and talked for a while. I had to rush for the 8:00 p.m. boat, and I barely made it back. The water was most violent, rocking the boat up and down. It was freezing cold when I got back to the pier, below zero it seemed. That wind never stops blowing around here.

Monday, contd.

11:00 p.m. Going to the movies here is quite a problem. We stood in the freezing wind for 40 minutes just to see "The Bells of St. Mary's" (Crosby-Bergman). It was a human kind of picture, acting perfect, and I enjoyed it a lot, as did all those who sat it. But I don't think I'll see many shows here if it keeps on being this cold!

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Last night, something went wrong with the furnace and we almost froze. My shoes were so stiff that I could hardly put them on. It's not much fun to get up in the morning with violently chattering teeth. This place is one of the coldest spots on the Atlantic Coast, I think.

Most of the day we ran around trying to get our housing problem settled. Everything was snafu, but one learns that this is standard operating procedure for the Army. We finally got action when it was decided to bring us to this barracks, "The Owl's Next." We have private rooms here, but it is only for a couple of days until more beds are available in the medical detachment barracks. We came over here and slept most of the afternoon; it's nice and warm here. Downstairs, the reception center medical dispensary takes care of the rookies and some of the cadre personnel sleep up here in the 25-odd rooms. It's a nice setup, but alas not permanent.

We didn't make much progress on our work plans because Major Wolf is still waiting for more personnel to arrive. There will be a staff meeting in the morning, and action too. The boat is coming in within two days and there will be hectic confusion unless the department starts functioning immediately. One more social worker comes in from Texas, and a lot of classification interviews. I was exhausted all day from just waiting around. This cold weather seems to increase bodily metabolism because I'm hungry all day long; I'm hungry right now! But I guess I'll have to go to bed shortly so that I will be able to get up for breakfast for the 3rd day in a row and establish a new record for myself!

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We are way down on the tip end of the peninsula, and I discovered that we have a lighthouse near us. It guides the ships at sea into N.Y. Harbor. I've never been in such cold weather; it's the wind which makes it bad.

December 20, 1945--Thursday

Dear Bette:

It seems that right now we have a lot of time on our hands until the department gets organized, but I don't seem to get too much accomplished. I've been around here all week, but I actually have done little work because of the fact that there is so much administrative confusion. As far as I know I'm connected to the Medical detachment but the Psychology and Social Work Department will be working primarily in the Disciplinary Barracks with the general prisoners. We don't know exactly when they are coming in, but the latest word is that they will be arriving about the 30th so it means that we have to work right through New Years. The plan is to work in 10 day stretches in order to process 400 GP's and get as complete a social history as possible. There are only about six of us with any sort of psychiatric social work training so that we have been assigned to supervise the 21 other interviewers--and to do interviewing ourselves. We review all of the case records and try to get the interviewers to do as good a job as possible under the present conditions, bearing in mind that their job is to help the prisoners and not to condemn them. I don't know how this procedure will work out once a large batch of GP's arrive. It may be entirely likely that quality of case records will have to be sacrificed in order to meet the

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deadline of the schedule of 10 days. The whole thing is sort of silly because we will be sitting around loafing for 10 days or so and then we will have to work like the devil to complete the Army schedule. It's all worked out to the very last detail as to when the GP's will have time out to answer the call of nature. The thing which may very well snafu our work is too many supervisors. I have a Lieutenant Thomas over me--he's a psychologist--and he is under Major Wolf, who in turn is under the fuddy duddy Colonel, who is responsible to the CO of this post and right down the line. I did the very first social history yesterday, and what excitement it caused because everyone including the Colonel had to read it before I could discuss it with my group! I felt pretty important for a while! For some strange reason, Major Wolf seems to have confidence in me so that I have the most men to train. Ahem! The officers in our office are good joes so that we have a great deal of informality in our relationships with them. Major Wolf is a psychiatrist, but he will be so busy with administration that he has asked us to do the psychiatric determinants in the cases, which will be dictated under his signature.

I'm very happy that we will not have to deal with many of the regular line officers as most of them are Grade A jerks. Yesterday afternoon we had some difficulty with the Colonel. We "Supervisors" were in the Medical library for a staff meeting, and after it was over we decided to have a game of rummy until chow time. Right at the crucial moment when I had 135 points on the table, which would have given me the game, the fuddy duddy Colonel walks in and barks:

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"What are you men doing here?" We told him, but it was simple enough so he yells for us to get up on our feet while talking to an officer. The thing was so silly. After about 10 minutes he finally understood. The Colonel is one of those officer types who believes that enlisted men are sub human and not worthy to be spoken to civilly. I almost felt like telling him to join our rummy game.

I'm sure that once we set up our own offices down in the stockades, we will be much happier. I went down there yesterday to do the first interview. The place has high fences around it and nobody can enter without a pass. The prisoners must get pretty bored stuck in a place like that; I certainly feel sorry for them. It was snowing violently yesterday, but some of them had to work out in the open. The weather here is terrific; it's right at the mouth of New York Harbor and we have the ocean coming right up to us. There is a lighthouse by my barracks, and at night I can sometimes see the ships coming in--if it isn't snowing too hard. It's very scenic, but isolated in miles by train to NYC. I don't know how long I will be here because this present project I am on is only supposed to last for 2 months--about 5000 GP's will pass through here for processing. The case I did yesterday was a colored boy who got five years for stealing government property, but his story is that he merely removed the stuff from one part of the warehouse to another. When the stuff was recovered, his sentence was reduced to one year. I recommended that he be given immediate hearing for clemency and minimum security control on the basis that his military history otherwise was clean, and that despite his poor social background and inadequate adjustments to his environment he had never gotten into difficulty with

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the law in civilian life. Because of the fact that there are so few trained social workers here, I think that our recommendations will be followed in a lot of cases--unless Army xprocedures snafus everything, not an unlikely prospect.

Aside from that factor, our biggest handicap is the lack of trained personnel. A lot of the interviewers we will be training are young boys who have not had much previous experience. I have a couple of 20 year olds, one a Harvard student. The other two have been in the Army for many, many months and their work habits are nothing to brag about. But they seem to be fairly intelligent, and I think that they can be trained to do brief histories. I'm going to have one problem of trying to get them not to make pre-judgments on the GP's and put them through a personal trial for their offense, or to try and find out if they are liars or not. We aren't supposed to get too friendly with the GP's ~~and put~~ or offer them smokes, but I told my group that they could ignore this edict. I think that Major Wolf and the other officers in our department would agree to this too. There has been some resentment on the part of a few interviewers that they outrank Mathews and me, but Major Wolf made it pretty clear that the number of stripes on the sleeves was not important because he was more interested in experience and ability to do the work. I haven't had any difficulty since the first day when I told them quite clearly that we were all working together, and I haven't acted bossy around them. In fact, they pester me with a lot of questions on case work which I find it difficult to answer because they haven't had the background in education to understand some of the

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concepts we use--very simple ones too. On the whole, I think that we had a much more capable staff at Mason General Hospital as the personnel was professionally trained. A good indication of that is the fact that I was being supervised up there, while here I am supervising a group!

One impression I get is that the "trained" social workers from the regular line Army camps did not perform at too high a professional level; but they certainly talk up a good case for themselves. The Texas group thinks it had the best system; Tom believes that the Upton procedure was tops and he likes to "blow" about what an important person he was up there. Mathews and I just don't say much about Mason because we agreed that this was a new kind of setup and there was no use in shooting our mouths off too much. It seems to have paid dividends because both of us have been assigned as supervisors without us saying anything. Tom is a nice guy, but sad to relate he has a know-it-all attitude which gets somewhat offensive at times. He is definitely bucking for a staff sergeants rating even though he is scheduled for discharge in the next month or so. In our meeting this morning for our group of trainees, he certainly did a lot of talking about what a good social worker he was; it made me squirm with embarrassment! But all in all, he is a friendly guy and his only difficulty is that he has been in the Army for 44 months and adopted the military attitude of bragging vociferously, an Army social climber. The good side of him is that he has a very friendly personality, his Irish dogmatic attitudes is harmless in most instances, he is very liberal in his attitudes, he has a good sense of humor, he is able to back up a lot of his statements with his

ability, etc. And he is a damn good poker player! Last night he walked out of the game with \$10 of our money--I came out ahead a little too. (It was the first time we played poker here, and it was mostly a sociable game to get acquainted with one another. Six of us are staying in private rooms above the reception center dispensary but we are supposed to move to the medical detachment barracks in a few days.)

I don't know too much about the rest of the fellows yet, but they seem to be a capable enough bunch. We have a number of college graduates, and men experienced in other types of interviewing in our group so that we won't have to spend too much time in training them. This afternoon, Lieut. Jenkins and Thomas reviewed the cases which Tom and I did yesterday in order to get the boys acquainted with the form. I had spent a little more time in my writeup so that it was done better and not bluepenciled as much. Tom's difficulty is that he has been used to working up at Upton where sloppy case records are written, but he doesn't realize it because he has little else to go on for comparison. Matthews does more careful histories so that it must be the Mason influence which makes the difference. The fellows who make me laugh are the young boys just out of college who feel that they are so important, and they are always cornering the busy Major to tell them how capable they are. One of them is called "General" Spears because he is trying to run everything already, but the Lieutenant stepped on him hard so that he has been quiet today. Well enuf shop talk as it probably bores you no end. I can tell you more about it when some of the present confusion is eliminated.

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I don't think that I will be able to get my furlough even in February now, if present plans of work are followed since this is a rush assignment. There is a possibility that I may get a few days off for Xmas but I will hardly have time to go all the way to Chicago so I have been thinking of roaming around New York. I never get tired of that city; it's wonderful. If you get enrolled in U. of Chicago, maybe there might be a possibility that you can come out here for spring vacation--if I'm still assigned here. I'll try to cultivate Saye some more as I'm sure that she will put you up in her place; she always invites me to stay over when I go up to visit her. I appreciate her a lot more since she has toned down and discarded that pseudo-sophistication; she's human now. It's cold in NYC, but not as bad as I expected. I have a pair of those combat boots I am breaking in because I find that it offers the best protection from the deep snow.

In re your future school plans--I think that you should give serious consideration to the application process to nursing school right after the holidays and not allow it to drag on until the last minute as most of the good schools only accept a limited number of new students. I think that it might be a good idea to try and enroll in UC School of Nursing, but I think that you should find out what the entrance qualifications are first, and not bank on it too definitely. I suspect that the U.C. Hospital will only accept students who have completed the pre-nursing curricula at U.C. and a lot of the girls are not taken in even then because so many of them apply. Aside from that factor, you should be thinking a little about what care the family will receive in the event that you go a

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long distance from Chicago. Personally, I think that this is a major consideration in view of mom's ill health and the absence of older members of the family in the house. It is understood that Emiko will be able to take over for about a year or so after she completes her course, but in the meantime, somebody should be around to fill the gap. It would be asking too much to have Alice or Mariko do that since they have their married responsibilities. I felt that one of the practical solutions would be for you to enroll in a school within fairly easy access of the family so that you could lend your "moral support." There is also the consideration that Tom may get drafted. I realize that Jack is anxious to have the family on the Coast, but it's not done as easily as all that. In terms of future job possibilities, I think that the Middle West and East has more available resources in nursing--there are more hospitals. But all these things are merely conjectures which comes to my mind, and I'd like you to think about all of them. However, it is very important that you do get in nursing school this fall and not delay it any further. You'll have to think it out by yourself and arrive at the most satisfactory conclusions since it is your future which is the primary consideration. There is always the possibility that I may be out of the Army, but it would be hardly fair to expect me to take over the family responsibilities completely immediately in view of the fact that I would like to finish my M.A. work. It sounds very complicated, but don't let it disturb you because I'm just throwing out some opinions for you to consider in the hopes that it will help your decisions. Let me know anyway. I agree

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that Chicago is not the ideal city; but have you considered the East, namely N.Y? I'm thinking of it seriously as an eventual place to work in, but everything depends upon job possibilities. California is definitely more limited from this point of view. However, I can't plan anything definite because the Army controls my destinies for a time yet; while you are a free agent and these things have to be decided upon definitely as far as you are concerned. Aside from all this, coming out here for a visit is something which has immediate possibilities in the next few months so you can think about that. I hope that your present school plans work out and that you will be in regular classes by the time the new quarter opens. Even if not, you should go to school full time (possibly Jr. College) and not feel that there has been an unredemable failure on your part. I've still got confidence in you, and I think the worst blow would be for you to give up because of a few initial difficulties. You might write to Student Relocation for leads on nursing schools to apply for throughout the country. You can always transfer even if you go to a Chicago Hospital first so nothing would be settled forever no matter was your decision is. Anyway, save your money and hope that I stay here for a few more months. (It may be only for the two months assignment, but I am going to try and stay in the N.Y. area as this is the most important thing which adds spice to my Army life!) Maybe we can work out something for Emiko too as she needs a yearly vacation after emptying bed pans for 12 mo. "Bells of St. Mary's" was a very good picture.

Much love, Charlie.

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I thought that I was going to get up for breakfast this morning, but it was so cold that I turned over and slept for another hour. Something must be done about that because it is too long until noon to eat; my stomach growled like anything. We had an all morning session with Major Wolf and some of the other officers, and the organizational plans for the department were made. Major Wolf seems to be a very good man. He frankly admitted that all of this was new so that there would be some confusion at first. About 35 enlisted men were present. He said that the first boat of prisoners would come in on the 26th so that we would have a little time to get organized. He had no sooner told us that when he was called to the phone and told that two of the general prisoners were coming in late afternoon. So we don't know where we stand now and the whole things will be rushed. The prisoners have to be processed in 10 days and it will be a tremendous task with our limited personnel; it may end up in a very superficial processing. Major Wolf said that the procedure would be similar to that used by the Federal Bureau of Prisons. The GP's will be finger printed first, and given a medical examination. Then they will be divided into three groups and the classification interviews will start. 400 prisoners will come in at a time, and we may have to work day and night; but that will depend upon how the ships make the crossing across the ocean, bad weather will hold them up. It seems now that we will do things gradually until the day after Xmas and then work right through New Years if the boat does come on the 26th. Major Wolf said that we may get Xmas off, but I'm not too optimistic about that; I would be greatly surprised if we got four days in a row. The 4 psychiatric social workers are in a medical

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detachment here, and we have our class A passes to stay out overnight, but this has caused some friction because the classification interviewers are with the Detachment Headquarters and they don't get passes so easily. It seems as if most of the staff has recently arrived in this camp. A lot of them are young, and they have had very little experience, but a lot of them are young, and they have had very little experience, but Major Wolf said that if we get pressed all of us would be doing the social histories on the prisoners.

Our function in general is to review the records of the GP's, and if there is time to determine those who need further workups in case histories. The original plan was for the psychiatric social workers to do the admission interview alone, but since there are so few of us it was decided to train the classification interviewers on the spot. The idea is to refer those with possible mental deficiency to the psychiatrists. The men will be sent to either Pinehurst Disciplinary Barracks or Green Haven. It will be up to us to make recommendations for possible clemency, referrals for psychiatric treatment, whether they should have maximum or minimum security, and other special problems. A Disposition Board will make the final decision and some of us may sit on it.

Major Wolf and the other officers interviewed all of us, and the clerk typists were taken out. The classification interviewers were split up on the basis of experience and they will be assigned to the psychiatric social workers. I was greatly surprised when Major Wolf assigned me as one of the supervisors of 4 men, and I am to help train them and review their interviews. I don't know if I bit off more than I can chew, but I told him quite confidently in my interview with him

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that I had some experience, and of my educational and work background. I must have impressed him because he gave me four men to supervise and one of them outranks me militarily. Tom, Bob, and Harry were given 3 men to supervise, and there were two others with psychiatric experience who have 3 men each to train. Major Wolf asked me to interview one of the incoming general prisoners tomorrow, and Tom will do the social history on the other. It seems to be ironical because only six weeks ago I was being trained myself and under supervision until I left Mason on Friday. But I think that I can handle the job, and I've learned that the Army is no place to be a shrinking violet. The Army just can't seem to send more qualified persons here so that the job training ~~has~~ has to be done on the spot. If too many prisoners come in, we will have to rush the thing and all of us carry a full load of interviews. The boys I have in my group seem to be nice fellows; they have had some college education I think. I gave them the afternoon off as my first action because I didn't want to try and show off and make them think that I was better than they!

The work here may only last for 2 months, and then I don't know what will happen to us. We may be sent to another disciplinary barracks or stay on here. Whatever happens, I want to stay in the vicinity of New York. Harry and the other boys came from the 8th Service Command in Texas because this sort of work has such priority. Tom had hopes of getting out of the Army in January, but I think that he will have to remain until this assignment is finished. We have to get passes to get into the prison stockades--the area is called Camp Low. The prestige of the psychiatric social workers has suddenly zoomed!! The Psychology and Social Work Section will form the core

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of this processing. We may end up with less than the 30 classification interviewers since the detachment office may not wish to assign that many.

This afternoon, we read records on some of the 100 general prisoners who are here as trustees, and whose cases will be reviewed shortly for clemency. Their social histories are very similar to the ones done at Mason, only the social worker has much more responsibility in making recommendations. The sentences given to the boys doesn't make much sense. Most of them were for desertion and AWOL under battle conditions and they got from 5 years to 40 years, depending upon how their records were previously. Some of these boys are only 19, and they are no more criminals than I am. Many of them came from very disorganized families and they had never made adequate social adjustments in civilian life. I think that they can be rehabilitated though. The Captain of the Guards is a hard boiled son of a bitch, and he thinks that all of these boys are hardened criminals. I only saw one offense which was worse than desertion, and that was for rape. The two boys were involved during a drunken spree in Paris, and they went AWOL for 8 months. They appeared definitely to be psychopathic personalities and they should be in a neuropsychiatric hospital for treatment instead of serving a 40 year sentence--it has been reduced to 10 years because it was found that the girl had not actually been raped as she claimed. The military board felt that the most important issue was desertion during combat anyway. I'm still not too optimistic that we can do too much because the Army operates by regulations and everything comes through directives, but there is hope with Major Wolf as our Chief.

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This evening, we went over to the Non Coms club and we were given the cold shoulder. Instead of being welcomed as prospective members, they told us that we had to get membership cards and prove that we were really non-coms. The caste system in the Army evidently goes right down the line. We were all very disgusted with the whole procedure and I doubt if any of us will join now. We went to the show with the recruits instead. Tom was very angry about the whole thing and his Irish temper is up; he doesn't go for such undemocratic attitudes. Harry was more calm, and he said that we shouldn't even bother with such a cheap outfit. He is one of the older persons on our staff, 31, and he just came up from Texas. He has sort of fallen in with us because he is a psychiatric social worker too. Either he or Tom will probably become the chief EM supervisor in our section! None of us will get further ratings because of the temporary nature of our assignment to this work, but Major Wolf felt that we should have at least Sergeants ratings. It doesn't bother me at all even though the extra \$12 would come in handy, but I still don't want a career in the Army!

It hasn't been too cold today, only about 28 degrees. The wind still blows even though the sun was out today. I think I'd better send a few Xmas cards out now before the CQ takes this typewriter away from me. I don't seem to get to bed as early as I planned. It's already after 10 and I haven't done a single constructive thing all day.

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Friday, December 21, 1945

Dear Emiko:

Since I wrote to Bette last night, I thought that it was about time that I sent you some news of my activities, very uninteresting lately, although I presume that you have been kept up to date from the general letters I send home when I get the impulse. It has been exactly one week since I arrived at Fort Hancock, and a lot has happened in that time but nothing worthy of note. There isn't much I can do tonight because the cold wind is blowing, and the temperature is down to zero degrees. For the past few days there has been an "unusual" cold spell in these parts. Furthermore, I saw the dumb movie "Getting Gertie's Garter" already and I dare not venture out to the YMCA or service club tonight because I might freeze. I'm sorry that I could not make the trip home for Xmas; we are getting a pass from tomorrow noon until Wednesday morning but I didn't know for sure until this morning and it was too late to make reservations. Matthews, one of my co-workers, is going to Wisconsin to visit his wife and child, so I made the noble sacrifice of supervising his boys so that he could get off in time to catch the train from Grand Central station tonight. Another boy, Harry, is going to Albany to visit his wife so I did a complete job and said that I would review and help to write up the case document of his group. I felt that as long as I could not make it home for Xmas anyway, I might as well help out some of the boys who could go. That's the reason why I am sticking around the office here in the dispensary where we live as the boys are coming down to work this evening in order that they can be sure to get the case histories out by noon tomorrow.

Actually, there was no necessity of keeping us until tomorrow

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noon, and the Major at the head of our department tried hard to get us the extra half day off but this was vetoed by the CO of the fort. Nobody will be working much in the morning anyway. We were lucky to get as many days as we are because it just happened that the boat from Europe was held up by the storms and it will not dock with the 400 prisoners until the 28th. We may get 1200 in all during the two weeks after that. The whole thing is one grand confusion, and we are desperately trying to get our department organized in time to be able to process them. We'll probably have to work day and night when they do come. There will be 5000 in all from Europe and about the same number of general prisoners from Asia after that--unless it is decided to process them on the West Coast and then some of us may be transferred out there. We won't finish the Europe group until about March so a lot of things may happen before then. I like the work, if we ever can get started and if we don't get all tangled up in Army snafu. We got 8 prisoners in from the Pacific area today and we had to take our groups down to interview them. Tom Leamy and I were the only supervisors left out of the six because we had volunteered to take over so that the other four could leave tonight. The boys whom we are supervising also want to get out, hence the night work. Tom only lives 25 miles from here so it's no problem for him. All the staff live in the New York area except Matthews and I.

I'll probably be roaming around NY on my 3 day pass. The town will be crowded with stranded servicemen and there will be a problem of finding housing accommodations but I think that Saye may put me up. I'm not worried about it because something always turns up. I have more fun in NYC and I never get bored when I go there. I have a

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few friends in town now that I can look up--the ones I got to know while at Mason General. Maybe one of those kind souls will even take pity on me and invite me for Xmas dinner!

One sure thing is that I won't hang around this post as there is too much of the military about it to suit me. I'm glad that I got into a better department. The hospital officer personnel is very informal except for the fuddy duddy Colonel at the head of it. He has his eyes on me because I never salute him. His bark is worse than his bite though. I haven't any complaints though because my Army life has been very lucky for me in many respects by the mere fact that I am a psychiatric social worker.

I went to the Red Cross today because they wanted to know about the allotment. I was sort of irritated because the report sent in from the Chicago chapter was an account of the interview which the social worker had with Alice the first week she was in Chicago. In it, Alice told the social worker that there was no necessity for supplementary assistance because she was going to supplement the family income herself. On that basis, it was decided not to carry mom on the Red Cross assistance plan. That really did fix things up because the decision is final, and I'm sure that Alice will not be able to give mom a monthly allotment with her own family problems to look after. I'm not going to say anything to Alice about it because she probably meant well, and she didn't understand exactly what it was all about. I've sent so many detailed letters to Bette about what to do so I was sort of irritated that Alice had to gum the whole procedure up innocently. The family is now getting \$79 a month allotment, and I applied through the Red Cross to get retroactive payments on

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Sept. and October when mom only got \$37.00. I also asked them to investigate the possibility of a supplementary allowance through the public welfare, but mom will have to decide if she wants to apply for it or not. I also applied to get an additional \$11 a month for Bette on the basis that she is in school and needed at home to take care of mom. As it stands now, Mom will get the \$79 a month regularly so will you advise Alice etc. not to say anything which may stop these payments like saying she is contributing. I think that mom should be able to manage on that, plus the additional \$45 which comes from Jack and Mariko. (Has Mariko been sending the money regularly?) I don't want mom to worry about finances because the last time, Dr. Iki told me that it was advisable that she did not overstrain herself or worry too much--something about the ill effects it would have on her gastric juices and stomach. I hadn't mentioned this before because I didn't want any of you to worry. As long as mom is free from worries, things should go along smoothly. I do think that she should see a doctor sometime though because another operation may be necessary if her last operation did not heal properly. Could Alice take her to a clinic, or has this been done already? It doesn't cost anything to take a little extra precaution, although I'm sure that things are fine with mom now.

I just heard over the grapevine rumors that General Patton died. The boys here who fought with his Army seem to hate him because they were saying that they were glad because he caused the unnecessary death of 12,000 men just because he was so vain about getting headlines and he pushed them too fast in the last offensive on Germany when it was not necessary at all. As a rule, the GI's don't have too

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much respect for officers who get all the glory while they do all the fighting and dying. One boy, Abe, who is in the next room is very vehement about his hatred of officers. He said that when he was on the front lines, he was ordered to bash the head of a German in when the soldier was already dying. Some of his atrocity stories are amazing. Because he saw so much bloodshed, it is now his ambition to be a doctor and he will go to medical school on the GI Bill of Rights when he gets out next week.

I'm glad that I am doing more of the constructive sort of thing in the Army because our recommendations may mean a lot to the GP's. As long as I am bragging I might as well tell you that the Major thinks that I am one of the several from the whole staff of about 30 men who is capable of making the psychiatric determinations and summaries! That shows how much we are in need of more trained personnel.

I have one 20 year old boy who is in need of case work on himself so that I have been spending a lot of time with him. It is natural for him to be tense and full of anxiety about interviewing because he hasn't done any with GP's before. On top of that he has definite psychoneurotic tendencies himself, and for the past two days he has been spilling his problems to me while we sit around in the Service Club drinking coffee, with no sugar! The boy, HG, comes from a rich family, his father is one of the big time real estate men in NY, but he has led a sheltered life. His sister is a model, and HG has always felt inferior to her. He said that he always had a feeling of insecurity, and that he was a 4F because of a diagnoses of PN so he went to Harvard for a year. He was suddenly drafted, and since induction he has been very unhappy in the Army. He wants me to give him the

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answer to his problems, but I don't think that there is anything fundamentally wrong with him; all he needs is encouragement and some self-confidence. That's why I asked him to do one of the interviews this afternoon; he is sitting here now struggling over his report on it and I refuse to help him until he finishes the rough draft so that he won't get too dependent upon me. He is a nice fellow. Despite his feelings of inadequacy, the few girls at the Headquarters office seem to go ga-ga over him because of his good looks. I have another young boy like him in my group of 4, but he has been on "sick call" for the past few days. The 3rd boy has been in the Army for 3 years, and he has done a lot of interviewing of Italian PW's so that I think he will manage nicely. He is very conscientious and he has taken the trouble to go do some reading on psychiatry so that he will know the meaning of some of the terms used. The 4th fellow outranks me, and he has developed the subtle habit of "goofing" off so I will have to stop on him after he comes back. He tells me first so I have been letting him get away with it since we are not busy yet. None of them will be able to do psychiatric summaries because of lack of training so I may have to do it myself-- I hope not as I will have a case load of my own to carry.

I go on the assumption that we have to be on the side of the GP's because the Army doesn't understand them as individuals. Some of them do get raw deals, while others deserve the punishment they are getting (or at least part of it). I had one case of an ex-officer today who was objectionable as anything, and it was all I could do to be unbiased and try to understand that he was really a sick man. The fellow is from the South. He was in charge of a Negro company in

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India. One day while he was drunk, some Negroes seemed to have displeased him so he pulled out a machine gun and threatened to shoot them down if they did not step out of his path. When they refused, he kicked one in the groin and started shooting wildly. He was court martialed and given 2 years. His story was that in his home town, "Niggers were allowed to walk on the same street as the white man and they knew their place. But when them black niggers come into the Army they think they are equal with us." I tried to reason with him, but his prejudice is so deep that it didn't have any effect. He said that he was not sorry for what he did and it would only make him hate niggers all the more after he got back into civilian life. He comes from a poor family, and evidently he is resentful of Negroes because of the fact that some of them lived on a higher standard than his family did, and this hurt his pride no end. He said that now he is convinced that maybe Hitler was right and he hates the Jews too. I asked him what he was fighting for and he sullenly said that it was not "to give equality to Niggers." Then he hastened to add that he thought "Chinese" were equal to whites because he knew a lot of nice ones in the Orient and he had even "shacked up" with Chinese girls in Burma. He said that he had almost received a court martial once before because he had stolen two army blankets to give to a Chinese girl with whom he was "shacking up." (This is the Army vernacular for having an affair.) Evidently, he thought I was "Chinese," hence the long account of how he felt towards this group. The man was psychopathic and g bigoted, but I am recommending him for rehabilitation despite the fact that it won't change his prejudiced views any.

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The other man, 34, whom I interviewed this afternoon got 8 mos. for attempted sodomy. He swears up and down that he was framed by the Indian coolie man who accused him. His story is that he won a lot of rupees in poker, and the coolie tried to blackmail him. Whether his story is true or not, I got the impression that he was definitely a psychoneurotic individual and his past history showed that he had never been a stable individual. His wife had left him because of cruelty; he had one illegitimate child from another woman; his work history was poor; he couldn't get along with people well. But when he got into the Army, everything was decided for him and he made good adjustments for 44 months. He got very bored while in India, and his offense, if true, is understandable if one accepts the assumption that there is a latent homosexuality in everyone and the monotonous conditions in India might have brought it out in this case. The man blames the Army for everything, and he wants no further part of it so that he doesn't wish a review of his case and he doesn't care if he gets a dishonorable discharge. I am going to recommend that he be restored to line of duty and be given an honorable discharge on the basis of his otherwise good military record, and because there was no definite proof of his offense. But I don't think that my recommendation will count for much in this case because the psychiatrist has overruled my interpretation of the case.

I shall not bore you further with my work. I've been hearing nothing else all day because the boys we are supervising have never done any interviewing like this before and they are all excited about the work. I never saw such an anxious bunch in my life, but I guess

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that's because they were nervous. It did bring out pretty clearly that interviewing is a definite technique and that it has to be acquired by experience and education. It takes practice to put a man at ease so that he will talk easily and tell about intimate things in his life story. The Major does not expect too much from the interviewers because of their lack of insight and experience, and also because we may not have time to do detailed histories when the large batches start coming in. Well, I'll try to write of more interesting things later. To tell the truth, I am killing two birds with one stone as the carbon copy of this is my diary entry for the day-- hence, the technical stuff on my activities! So sorry!!

Love,

Chas.

MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM YOUR DEAR BROTHER CHAS!

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

Wed. December 26, 1945

I had a wonderful, pleasant 4 day pass; lots of activity, pleasant social contacts, amusing adventures, and a touch of the dramatic. Now, I'm just about worn out and I will have to get some sleep just as soon as I jot down my rough notes of the past few days.
Saturday, December 22, 1945.

It wasn't necessary for me to work in the morning, and there were only a few of us in the office to review the 8 cases. Major Cohn of the Washington Surgeon General's office was in for an unexpected visit, and he came up to me and made some nice comments about the social history which I had done. He said that it was the plan that recommendations would be followed as much as possible although definite procedures had not been worked out yet. That was encouraging, but we shall see. From the first glance at the cases done by the more inexperienced interviewers, I have my doubts about the efficiency of the staff. There won't be time to adequately train them, and it may end up with the psychiatric social workers doing all of the psychiatric determinants. That would be an almost impossible task. With all the available manpower, it is difficult to understand why the Army does not put more trained personnel on this project. Major Wolf told me this morning that the supervisors would have to keep him posted on the development of the interviewers as he would have to remove those who could not do the work. I think that he overestimates my abilities; it looks better than what it actually is because of the comparison with the work of the untrained workers. But most of the interviewers haven't had any social work training so that they can't be expected to do too much.

All of the remaining staff workers rushed down to the boat at

noon in order to get into the packed thing. It was bitter cold, snowing rather hard, and miserable when we stood out on the boat landing while the cold Ocean wind blew on us. This time I was lucky and I got a seat. About 2500 GI's must have been on the boat as most of the regular GI's on this post were given the holiday passes. On the way, we talked about some of the new cases we had handled. The thing which agitated me the most was the unjust sentence given to some of the boys. A white boy was given an 18 months sentence for cursing an officer and calling him a "chicken shit bastard." Another boy was given 5 years for being AWOL for 40 days. But in sharp contrast was the 10 years sentence given to a colored boy for being AWOL for one day. An element of prejudice exists even in our Army courts of justice, a sad commentary. But the Army does seem to be more lenient in the matter of clemency and I think that our staff will recommend it in most cases which have been overlooked.

Tom and I were rather amazed at some of the conservative comments made by Howard. It is unfortunate that a 19 year old boy gets so dogmatic in his thinking, and closes his mind to fresh ideas. He gave us all the arguments picked up from his Republican father. Howard even refuses to read the PM as he thinks it is Communist. He believes in rugged individualism, and that class has to be supported because there are men destined to be on top over the masses. Howard makes a lot of talk about the economic position of his family; but somehow I get the impression that he is laying it on thick in order to impress us. There is no doubt that his family as some position in "Society" and that his father is a very successful real estate man but there really is no sense in trying to impress us with that stuff. We are more democratic and we accept him for what he is. Howard says

his father is democratically inclined too: "Once my family was in our cadillac, and father brought a man out and introduced him as Sam. We thought he was a business friend and so he rode in the back with us. We talked to him and everything. When we got home we discovered he was our new butler." Noblese Oblige! I asked Howard why he shouldn't consider the butler as an equal as he was merely working for a living, and his answer was that "you can't get friendly with servants: they are different kind of people." I said that I had worked as a servant once, and what did he think of that. Howard answered that this was different because we were in the Army and furthermore I wasn't of the servant class really because I had only done it to get an education. When I said that nobody really wanted to be a servant, but sometimes it was forced because of the economic situation his response was that "but class will out." There was no breaking down this point, but give us time. It can't be Harvard which produces this type of thinking, or is it?

I forgot about the conversation when we got into the middle of NY harbor as some of the ships bringing GI's from Europe were pulling in. Those boys will be stranded over the holidays because there is too much of a rail jam. The newspaper said that people were practically rioting to get on the train at Grand Central, and that's where Bob Mattews has to take his train. The harbor was full of snow covered ships, many of them naval crafts. I left the boys at the pier and walked along the harbor to look at some of the last ships for a while. Then I went downtown, and got jammed in the shopping crowd. I managed to get a little gift for Saye and then wormed my way into the subway and went to her apartment.

Saye immediately invited me to stay over for the four days.

She was a little worried because Deedee was catching a cold and she had to put him to bed so that he would be up for Xmas. I chatted with her for a while, and then went on up to Gary's cousins place where we had dinner. Kelly and Baybel invited me to have Xmas dinner with them, but Saye had already invited me so I declined. They are always most hospitable everytime I go up there. As soon as we finished dinner, we rushed down to Penn station to meet Harry who was coming in on the evening train. Carl had invited all of us to a little gathering at a friends apartment in Greenwich village. Harry hadn't eaten yet so we went to a Jewish restaurant and had pastrami sandwiches. From there, we went over to the Hotel New Yorker to have a few drinks at the bar and to wander around the place. I'm a naive character so I like to do those things.

Carl Sax, his wife and a number of other girls were in the full swing of the party when we arrived, but it didn't take us long to mix in. It was a very pleasant evening. Most of the girls there were students at the New York School of Social Work. There was one girl, Nanette of Brooklyn, with whom I had a lot of fun. I told her that I was new to NY and I asked her a lot of dumb questions like "is Brooklyn on Ellis Island where all the immigrants arrive?" Nanette went to a great deal of trouble to tell me all about what a wonderful place Brooklyn was. We drank wine and ate refreshments until we were feeling very comfortable. Then we sang songs. It didn't occur to me until after we left that the reason why we only sang one or two Xmas Carols was because Gary and I were the only "Christians" there while the rest were "Jewish." Carl sang some of the Yiddish

chants, and Ruth led the folk singing. There was also a refugee girl from Europe there, but I didn't get much of a chance to talk to her.

A girl from Antioch College in Ohio sang some labor songs, and Harry sang

his usual songs from "Carusel" in his monotonous voice. After we all got a warm glow on, we pulled out about 2 and escorted some of the girls part of the way home. I suppose some of the people there would be accused as being radicals and communists, but I found them quite interesting. I got back to Saye's apartment about 4:00 and immediately went to sleep.

(Sunday, Dec. 23) Another very active day. I slept until about 11:00 and then got up leisurely. Saye cooked wonderful waffles and eggs for breakfast, and we sat around and talked for about an hour over our coffee. Saye was very ~~exic~~curious about what I have been up to so I gave her a rough account. She doesn't get out much because she has to take care of Deedee, but she is planning to be married next month. She said that Yam was out in Calif. right now visiting his parents and as soon as he gets them settled he would go out to Indianapolis where Saye will meet him for the wedding. Saye said that she planned to live there, and she did not have any worries about making adjustments. She said that Deedee had given her introductions to a lot of people because he was so uninhibited in talking to people. Wes sent her a \$1100 check for a Xmas present, and Saye said that she was going to keep it because should could use it for Deedee. It was his last effort to win her back; he still hasn't married the pregnant girl. Saye said that she had to discourage him from making long distance calls from SF and talking for a half hour because it was no use. She felt that she would rather have security and a comfortable married life rather than go through life with Wesley since he was so unpredictable, and that she didn't care for his money so that he could not buy her back. Wes doesn't know yet that Saye is planning marriage. Yam has waited over 10 years for Saye so he must really

love her. Saye said that she didn't know if she could have any more children because of her poor health, but this was one of Yam's hopes. For the first time, I learned that she had a miscarriage prior to the time that Deedee was born.

After lunch, I went over to Gary's and had another lunch with him. He said that Ruth phoned and wanted to take me to a hockey game in the evening at Madison Square Garden. He acted as if it were my date, but I persuaded him to come along. He used to go around with her, and he still likes her a lot even though he won't admit it. For some reason, Gary is afraid of allowing any single girl to get too attached to him because he doesn't want to get married until he is 30. He certainly did break a lot of hearts at Mason. Right now he is busy dodging Alice Baronian because "she has got that look in her eyes." Fran, the office secretary, is also interested in him even though she is engaged, and Edith has the same disease. What a man! I feel sorry for those girls, because Gary is a sort of fickle guy and the girls flock to him. His father is like that too from what Kelly tells me.

We went over to Ruth's house in the early afternoon and her mother made us have another lunch with them. Ruth was as beautiful as usual. I met her 19 year old sister, Doris, for the first time and she is even more attractive. She goes to NYU and is graduating this year. The father won't send her to school anymore so that she may work for a year and then go to music school for an MA. Ruth has made her whole family read the chapter in Adamic's book about my life story, and that has elevated my prestige in the household. Fanny, the aunt who lives with them, said that she agreed 100% with my point of view on cultural integration. The whole family has

broken away from the orthodox Jewish culture, and Leo's wife is a "gentile" as Gary had surmised. Ruth's brother, Teddy, is now out of the Army and he is going to take over the uncle's store downtown, while the uncle and his wife will travel through Europe and Russia for a few years.

Later in the afternoon, Ruth took us down to visit her girl friend who had just gotten married a few months ago. Sylvia lives in Greenwich Village. The Village is a very dirty place, and I can't see what attraction it has. Sylvia is the girl who took the bike trip up in New England with Ruth and the one who was so timid about having discrimination against her. After I talked with her for a while, I began to understand why. Sylvia is one of these perpetual worrierers. She locks the door about 4 places every night, and is terrified when she hears strange sounds outside. When she comes in, she said that she always looks in the closets to see if a thief is lurking around ready to rob her. Her husband works nights and goes to school days. She is timid about everything. Some of her comments about discrimination against the Jews sounded very much like the defeatist things I've heard Nisei say. Ruth is very much the other way, and she has broken away from the culture so that she agreed more with my views that an American culture composed of diffused cultures was much better than any one of its components. Gary was in between--he really wasn't much interested as he'd rather talk about wines, foods, and his problems. Ruth said that she went to a lecture on Palestine the other evening at Columbia University and she was amazed to find that it was the center of 3 great religions: Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedism. She wanted to know about Jesus because she had never read much about him so I sounded like a minister as I

explained how he was born on Xmas and how he was crucified "by the Romans" and came back to life on Easter. It didn't make much sense to her, so I gave up. We then began to discuss religion as a whole. Gary and Sylvia believed in Idealism (that there was some kind of a God, while Ruth and I were inclined to be materialistic, and denied the existence of anything beyond the forces of nature which governed the universe. We finally compromised and said that we were agnostic, and that it really made no difference.

Gary had to go back to his cousins for dinner, so Sylvia told us of the Blue Mill where wonderful steaks were served. The place is run by an Italian family, and it has a tremendous following. Fortunately, we got seats fairly easily. During dinner, Ruth chatted merrily on while I just gazed at her pretty face in admiration! That Boston accent of hers is so full of charm. Ruth said that she has been working all these years and suddenly she is worried about getting married. She didn't go beyond high school because at that time her family was having a difficult time, and couldn't send her. Ruth worked as a receptionist in a general hospital for 5 years, worked for her uncle for a while, spent a year at Mason, and is now working with her father. Her father has a sideline business of making straps for cameras and luggage. Ruth said that he made \$70 a week clear on this last year and now that she is a partner she thinks that business can be doubled. She is anxious to buy a new car so that she is depriving herself of taking out of town trips to go skiing. She hopes to have the car by next summer and she plans to tour out to the West Coast, taking orders for her father on the way. Another girl is going with her "if she doesn't get married first" and she has been trying to talk Gary and Harry into going. She wanted to know if I would be

out of the Army by June as I could go too, but it all sounds like a dream. Ruth is serious about it and I guess she will do it as she usually acts on things she sets out to do. She wouldn't allow me to pay for her dinner because she said that servicemen didn't get much money and it was practical for girls to pay for their share under these circumstances. These New Yorkers!

We rushed up to Madison Square Garden where Gary was waiting for us, but we discovered that no more tickets were available. Gary had to take a midnight train so we decided to go sit in a bar near Grand Central Station and have a few drinks and talk. Gary told all about his troubles. He said that his big struggle was in breaking away from his family. "But every time I go broke I wire my mother for money and obligate myself some more. A guy 27 years old shouldn't do things like that, but I can't help it. I'm irresponsible as hell, and I've never had to struggle for myself. I know that I can't float through life doing things like that, but I don't seem to be able to make the break." Gary comes from a home where the parents split up and there has been a constant struggle by both his father and mother to win him over to them. They have tried to buy him with gifts, and this has spoiled him. Gary recognizes all of these things, but he feels that his position is made more difficult because he is an only child and "also the family is pretty strong in the Armenian heritage." I think he puts it on a little thick to get sympathy from girls, and it seems to get results. Gary is now thinking of going to Davis to learn about viticulture since he has the GI educational rights coming to him. He should work for a chamber of commerce the way he sighs for California constantly. His sensitivity to the NY cold is really psychosomatic. The way he tells it, one cannot help but suffer with him.

By this time, Ruth was in a pensive mood so she began to tell about her great loves. She said that her one and only love was when she was 22, but the guy had another affair so that she finally broke off the engagement. A couple of years ago, she finally decided to marry for security even though she didn't like the doctor, but at the last minute she couldn't go through with it. She was also engaged one other time. Now she is worried that she was too choosy because "there are so many younger girls growing up." It's really very funny because that isn't the true situation at all. She goes out almost every night on dates, but now she has decided to reserve two evenings to take classes at the Thomas Jefferson school in order to fill in the neglected gap in her education. Ruth is really very proud of her sister's popularity, but the way she tells it is sounds like she doesn't. She said that she even hit her sister on the arm this morning, and made her cry. Ruth isn't too happy about living at home because she has silent conflicts with her mother as both are dominating in their personalities. It isn't anything serious, she says, but her mother doesn't realize she is an adult yet. Ruth is somewhat spoiled from what I've seen at her home as her mother waits on her hand and foot, and there is a great deal of close family feeling in the group. We had such a good time that we decided to have another get together for the following night, and Ruth said that she would arrange a meeting place in a friend's apartment, while Gary was delegated to collect some of the Mason bunch and bring them down. After we got him on the train, I took Ruth home. As Mariko used to say, "Charlie always falls for the prettiest girls and gets hurt." In this case, I have fallen, but I don't think I'll get hurt because it is an impossible situation and it is just mutual friendship. She

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sure is a nice girl though, the kind to make one swoon!!

After I got back to Saye's place, I talked to her until about 4:00 a.m. Deedee was still in bed but he seemed to be much better. He was so anxious to get well so that he could open up his Xmas presents and play with his gifts. He put a present for me under the tree. On the way home, I had a funny experience. A drunk was sprawled out flat on his back on one of the dark streets near 110th and I didn't want to leave him freeze to death in the snow so I tried to get him up. A 15 year old girl came running up and said that it was her father and that he had gone out for groceries early in the morning and hadn't returned. She wanted me to help him home. When I helped to carry the man into a dark passageway, I got a little worried as I thought it might be some kind of a trap so I put my key in my fist just in case. But the family did live in the back. The ~~woman~~ wife was so relieved. I sat and talked with her for a while. The place was really poverty stricken and a mess. She said that her husband didn't work and he was always drunk so that they were on relief. When I left after an hour or so, I left a couple of dollars on the table for a Xmas present. New York certainly is a wonderful town, and such experiences like this could only happen here. I think that I may come here to live eventually as I like it so much. It's not the bright lights which attract me as I don't care for nightclubs and that sort of thing, but this city has something about it which appeals to me.

(Monday, Dec. 24): I slept most of the morning, and visited with Saye until late afternoon. She said that Joe Oyama wanted us to come over for dinner as he was planning a party for Xmas, and that I could

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also go to Eddie Shimano's studio apartment on N.Year's Eve if I happened to be in town as there would be a mixed gathering there. She felt that Deedee's cold would be cured by Xmas as he was very chipper during the day. About 4 p.m., I went over to Kelly's and waited for Gary. We listened to Truman speak while waiting around for Gary to arrive for dinner. Maybel had gone to a great deal of trouble to cook a special Armanian dish for us. The hours went by; no Gary. Kelly was upset about it because Gary was always so absent minded. He said that it ran in the family even when he knew them back in the old country. Kelly is one of these conscientious people and he hates people to be negligent about appointments. While we waited, I had a couple of drinks and I felt rather high because I had an empty stomach. I finally phoned over to Ruth's place, but her mother said that she had already gone. I just assumed that Gary would show up since Mrs. W had mentioned that Gary had phoned shortly before I did and said he would be in town. Kelly doesn't have a phone in his house so it is hard to contact the place there. By this time I was getting a little impatient. About 8, Kelly said that we would no longer wait for Gary and that he was in the doghouse so we had dinner without him. I was having a very good time, even though I was impatient too. Around 8:30 I phoned Mrs. W again and she told me where I could contact Ruth. Ruth was upset a bit because Gary had pulled a "dirty trick." He was there and his excuse was that he just got into town and he was planning to come over and get me immediately. He said that he was delayed because he had gone into Babylon with a group to get a bottle and one thing led to another and before he knew it they were singing Christmas carols from bar to bar in the middle of the day. Ruth wouldn't allow him to finish his explanation and she

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gave me directions to come over right away. Gary was a very worried person when I told him that Kelly had him in the doghouse. He said that he had forgotten all about the dinner engagement. The evening went along well after that, and we all had a nice time.

I was quite surprised when Gary said he had heard from Jack. I read the letter which mentioned that Jack had a touch of pleurisy, and the doctors had advised him to take a leave of absence from Stanford Medical school because it might develop into TB if he overstrained himself. Jack said that he was cooking for Dolores while she worked. He hasn't mentioned his illness to any of the family, and I only found out about it by accident. It's a tough break for him as it will disrupt his education just at the point where he was finally getting into professional training. I never suspected that anything like this would happen. It doesn't sound too serious, although it does put some people flat on their backs for months if the condition is aggravated. That SF climate is not too good for Jack's health as it is too moist. He always did have some kind of sinus trouble, but no illnesses on account of it. It's too bad.

I met some of Ruth's cousins at the party. One of them was in the Navy. Kurt works for the American Labor Party, or he has some connection with it. He is very politically conscious and he told me about the implications of the NY mayoralty elections upon the 1948 presidential campaign. We sat around and talked, listened to records ate and drank until around midnight and then left. After taking Ruth home, I went back to Saye's to be greeted with the surprising news that Deedee had pneumonia. She said that the doctor had just been there. She didn't suspect that Deedee's cold was getting worse

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until she took his temperature late in the evening to discover that it had jumped to almost 105 degrees. She ran down and phoned the doctor, and he had told her to give Deedee penicillin pills (\$8.00 a bottle) every two hours for the rest of the night, also to apply mustard pads and give him some other medicine. He did not advise removal to a hospital until he checked further in the morning. He said that Saye had done everything right, and it might have been much more serious if she had not insisted upon keeping him in bed with his "cold." Saye was very worried about Deedee so I talked with her for several hours and I finally got her to go to bed about 3 as I said that I would look after Deedee for the rest of the night. I read and wrote a letter until about 6 and then I got too tired so I went to bed, and Saye took over from then until noon. I must have been disturbed about what had happened because I had a terrible dream about a mouse crawling into the canary cage right over my head and having a fight. It was so realistic that I jumped up and looked in the cage, but no mouse. In the morning Saye said that this had actually happened once so now I don't know if it was a dream or not. She said the mice go into the cage to eat the bird seeds.

(25 December 1945 Xmas) The doctor came in the morning and said that Deedee was past the crisis, but that another 24 hour watch would have to be put on him. He said that there was no need for hospitalization because he would get better care at home. This was a great relief for Saye. She had planned to send him to the best specialist available and use the \$1100 which Wes had sent for Xmas to pay the bills. It was a pretty sad Xmas for her, but fortunate that things turned out so well. She was so appreciative of my moral support, but I had actually done nothing. I only slept 3 or 4 hours in the morning,

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if that much, so that I was very tired. Saye cooked ham and eggs for ~~mami~~ breakfast, and then she allowed Deedee to open the Xmas presents. She had bought him an electric train set so Deedee is now convinced that there is a Santa Claus. That penicillin certainly is a wonder drug because Deedee seems to be well on the road to recovery. Saye said she could not go to dinner at Joe's but she insisted that I go. Joe and Sammy had given her and Yam a Bridal silver set as a combination wedding and wedding present. Saye couldn't get over the fact that Wes's own brother had given her such a present for her second marriage. Julie and Harvey, the next door neighbors were very concerned about Deedee because their son plays with him all the time. Saye kept saying that they were so impressed with me the time I went to pick up Deedee there, and they wanted me to meet one of their friends. I insisted that Saye go to dinner there so she dressed up in all of her fancy clothes and spent several hours there for dinner during the afternoon. I tried to take a nap, but Deedee's kidneys must have been overactive as I had to take him to the bathroom every ten minutes. I guess he felt neglected and he wanted attention. Mothers never get illnesses from their children, but I don't know if I'm immune or not because I feel a slight cold coming on. Joe came over and asked me to come for dinner about 6. He said that Kenny wanted me to go to the Opera with him and he would pick me up around 7:30. I felt a little guilty about going there for dinner and then rushing right out, but Joe didn't seem to mind.

After Saye came back, I went over to Joe's and had a delicious Virginia baked ham dinner. Met Carl Kondo, Chiye Mori (Cracker's former wife), Harry Oshima, Geo of Wash DC (he works for the OPA)

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and some others there. Carl Kondo is a dwarf like man, from infantile paralysis, but with a keen mind and quite independent despite the fact of his handicap which causes him to use crutches. He used to write for the Rafu Shimpo in LA and does some writing for the Jap paper here. He supports himself by operating a typewriter repair shop of his own, and he is also going to a watch repair school right now.

During dinner, we had quite a discussion about the advisability of having a Jap newspaper here. Harry Oshima is getting his Ph.D. in economics at Columbia, and he had inherited a lot of money from his father who had a large string of restaurants in Hawaii. He has put up the money for this project--the "Nisei Weekender" and Chiye will be one of the writers. They make their defense on the basis that the paper could be a strong influence in "getting the Nisei interested in sociological plays and to develop their reading habits." George said that a lot of Nisei felt that this paper would not be representative of all the Nisei. For the first time, I learned that there has been some sort of schism of this issue of how to integrate the Nisei. Harry and his group are resentful of the fact that all Nisei do not understand his motives. I just couldn't see how a newspaper would help the Nisei integrate and the points made were no different from what the JACL has been lambasted for. I'm no longer interested in this inter-fraternal dispute, outside of the implications which it has upon the general solution of ethnic minority problems in this country. In fact I felt smug because I pitied these people for being so intense about the Nisei problem that they argue in a circle, and the general objective seems to be personal--that of elevating their personality

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structure in a very limited circle. I just couldn't see it, but I was a good guest, and I didn't try to debate with them. Joe has been trying hard to invite me into the "intellectual" Nisei groups here, but I've been avoiding it because my time has been more interestingly preoccupied otherwise. I'm beginning to believe now that a Nisei group damages one's personality structure by making the individuals in it too race conscious. Harry and Chiye and other "intellectual" Nisei damn those Nisei who integrate because they think it is a betrayal of the group, and I can't see that at all. How otherwise can integration be accomplished? Bringing them together and telling them to read a Nisei newspaper and go to Nisei social activities doesn't seem to serve that purpose, and that is the reasoning which was followed. Despite the present Nisei schism, I think that this city is far ahead in the integration program than most other cities. Joe also gives a tentative analysis of this sort by comparing the amount of "mochi" he sells this year and last. He is making a fat living in the grocery store, but it doesn't make him happy as he is still an idealist at heart. But his baby has to be fed. He gets some prestige by being a solid citizen and member of Boards for the Jap paper and things like that. He has dropped out of the JACD movement. It seems that there is going to be some sort of gigantic rally for a democratic Japan next month, but many Nisei will not attend because they have heard rumors that the only way to get tickets will be through Communist bookstores, and they don't want to be tainted. The Nisei here support JACL more because it offers safer activities like occasional inaugural balls in some downtown hotel. Actually, the number of Nisei social activities in NYC is very limited, largely

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carried on by the churches. One of the interesting new fields that Nisei have gone into is making gravestones because they are clever with their fingers. Lots of restaurants coming up too. The most popular one for the Issei used to be up on 66th, a speakeasy type of place, where they met quietly to talk about the prowess of Japan. Since the end of the war, the Issei have been quiet and they no longer talk about the day when the Jap fleet will come out of hiding to blast the Allies out of the war. The poor fools.

The Opera was pretty interesting. Lily Pons and James Melton were playing in "Lucia Di Lammermoor." The Metropolitan Opera House is really an amazing place. All of those balconies going around it in five or six layers comes down from the old English theater. High society sits in the lower boxes with their noses up in the air; while the common people sit next to the clouds and peer down. It was a comic relief to watch dainty girls trying to climb over fat, crabby old men who blocked up the aisle. I liked the opera, but the soothing music was too much and I fell asleep in the second act and disgraced Kenny. It was at the climax too when Lily was going into the mad scene. When we came out, we got the first taste of fickle N.Y., it was raining torrents. It's a wonderfully fascinating and intriguing city though, and I didn't mind walking down Broadway in the rain. I was soaked when I got back. About midnight I went to bed so that I could get up at 5 to make the boat back to Hancock. All in all, I had a very nice time during my pass.

Today--Wednesday 25, 1945: I returned to the more humdrum existence of this post this morning after fighting my way through the mob to get on the boat. It was an easy day as we just fixed up the office

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in the stockade. There is still a lot of confusion, and I don't know how things are going to turn out. The storms have delayed the boats from Europe, but the first one will be in on the 28th. We may have to work nights if it gets too piled up in the processing. There isn't enough space in the two story barracks which we will use as the office, and apparently rank will insist upon its privilege and take all of the small offices upstairs so that we will have to do the interviewing in the lower room which has no compartments. On top of that there are not enough desks so that we may be forced to put two people at a desk. Tom objects to that very much. It actually is a bad practice and I've never heard of such a thing done in social work but this is the Army, and there is no sense in worrying. Major Wolf still has some ideas that the trained social workers can help the commissioned Lieuts write up psychiatric determinants, but I don't see how we will be able to do full interviews ourselves, supervise the group, and do that on top of it. It will take time to iron out procedures and by the time this is done all of the GP's may be processed as the boats may come in lumps. The rumor is strong that this work will be done by the end of Feb. at the latest and that we may be transferred to the West Coast to process the GP's coming in from Asia. I'd rather stay on the East Coast or go to Europe. The social workers have been declared primary, but Tom is trying to get the major to sign his release as he has been in the Army $3\frac{1}{2}$ years and he is anxious to take the civilian job offered him by the Vets bureau. I think he may have to stay in for 90 days more, but Tom is certain that he will get out by the 15th.

We didn't do anything this afternoon so I came back here and

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slept. We have to move to the Med Detachment barracks sometime tomorrow so we will lose our private rooms. I don't regret that in the least, but the thing which does bother me is that I won't have a typewriter available for use anymore. I can't go to the stockades as it is 3 miles away. It has a nice view of the ocean down there, but nothing else appealing about it.

Mariko sent a box of crackers, a very large box of assorted kinds, for Xmas. I wish she hadn't done that. They were all crushed, and I'm not in need of food. It's a kind thought, but I keep telling her not to send me any Xmas presents. The only way to discourage her is to be brutal about it, but that would not be in keeping with the Xmas spirit so I'll write her a nice thank you letter tomorrow. I don't like people to send me Xmas presents; the day is only for kids anyway. I'm tired tonight so I feel cynical. It really was funny to see all those crushed crackers though!

December 27, 1945--Thursday

The morning was spent in fixing up our offices in the stockade. One with a rating seems to have some prestige because all the privates in our group had to do the heavy work of carrying the desks, etc. There still is some confusion on how we are going to operate when the GP's get dumped into this place. The latest word is that starting tomorrow three batches of 400 GP's will arrive in the next three days. Our staff is still in the process of organization, and a lot of the interviewers are getting into an anxiety state because it looks like we will get swamped; the officers are also a bit uncertain about their position here. Major Wolf called a staff meeting the first thing this morning to explain the latest procedures in processing. It all

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depends upon how the ships come in; the storms at sea is delaying all the boats. A lot of the men with maximum sentences may not even be processed here, but sent directly on to the camp where they will serve their sentences. As things stand now, we do not know how long this project will last since the processing may go faster than expected. We have about 50 EM and officers in the staff now and there may be more coming. It is going to take a little while to get the department functioning properly. A lot of griping has started because the boys feel that it is a hopeless task. Major Cohn of the Washington office told us about the ideal situation under which to work, but it is perfectly obvious that we are not going to have anything like that. The way I feel about the whole thing is that I would like to do some of the recommendations instead of making a simple clerical task out of the interviewing and I think that I will be in a position to do it since nobody seems to care what is going on.

After the morning there wasn't anything else to do so that we were put "on call" just in case some of the prisoners did come in. The six of us in the medical detachment went up to move our belongings to another barracks and I was fortunate enough to find a good bed with a wall locker and everything. The rest of the boys had to take beds in the center of the room where the cold draft will undoubtedly hit them during the night. I was relieved to finally move because I can now unpack my things and get my clothes and other things out of the bag. All of the boys in our barracks are connected with the medical detachment. The rest of our staff have to stay in the barracks where recruits are placed and their housing is very crowded. They have been complaining about the bad food but nothing can be done

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about that. We have to commute to work under very adverse conditions--about 40 of us jammed into one truck at times. We have a large number of clerical workers, but it hasn't been decided yet where they will work since the CO will not allow any records to come into the stockades. If any prisoner got his hands upon a record and destroyed it, the Army couldn't hold the man since all of the court martial proceedings are in these folders.

I was fixing up my bunk when Aaron said that he was going to Newark and not wait around for Sgt. Vass since there wouldn't be anything to do anyway. On a moment's notice, I decided to go too as the ride was free, and I felt that I might as well go to NY via Newark for the evening. I didn't even have time to change my clothes. We got into Newark about 2:30, and Bob and Bunko started to hitch hike to the tube with me. We wandered around downtown for a while as I had not seen the city before and we ended up in a bar for a few drinks. We met one of the fellow's wives and talked to her for a while. About 4:30 we took the train for NY. As soon as I got in I phoned Ruth and asked about our tentative date, but she disappointed me ~~ex~~ by saying that she had to go buy a dress with another girl because she had been invited to go to a wedding. She was sorry that she could not make it so that it made me feel better. I couldn't tell her for certain when I would be coming to town again because my working hours are so unpredictable--"it all depends on when the boat comes in." I just go into NY whenever I have the ~~ex~~ chance and I always seem to enjoy myself immensely even though I may not be doing anything special. I certainly do like that town. The weather was very mild for a change and I only had on a field jacket.

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I didn't have time to change from my combat boots so that I looked like one of those overseas vets. I wandered around downtown for a few minutes and then went on up to see Saye.

Saye was very surprised to see me again so soon. She said that Deedee was well past the danger point, but he was still in bed. For the first time she was dressed in something besides a housecoat; looked rather stunning in her maroon outfit. She had just come back from shopping, and Rei was there visiting. Saye wanted to cook dinner for me, but I persuaded Rei to stay and watch Deedee while I took Saye out to eat. I wanted to go to the Jap restaurant to eat raw fish so we went on down. On the way I saw some colored boys setting fire to a large billboard and the cops came to chase them.

The restaurant where we went actually is not a restaurant for the public. It's hidden away in the basement and only Issei men go there to eat. A former Japanese cook started the place to cook for his bachelor friends and it just grew and grew until now it has a steady list of customers. The idea is that the Issei like to eat Jap food, and the popular places for tourists are too expensive so that this place was started. The place served wonderful food and it only cost about \$1.50 for the two of us. I wanted to go there to eat the raw fish, "sashimi." The cook was very friendly to us and he gave us extra service--that's because Saye was there. The place only has about five tables in it, and the waiting customers go to the cook's quarters to wait their turn. They get together to talk about evacuation, what they did in California, Japan and things like that from what I could gather through Saye's interpretation. Since the end of the war they have not been so nationalistic, and now

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they have hopes that America will give Japan a chance to survive as a nation. Strangely enough, they have a lot of hope in the U.S. to keep other white nations from crushing their fatherland. A lot of those old men do domestic jobs or cook for families and Thursday is their day off so that there were a number hanging around the place. The atmosphere was just as good as the food, but I doubt if I will ever be able to bring any Caucasian friends there as they wouldn't be welcomed. The Issei patrons there want to keep the joint as a sort of social club for themselves, and it seems to be harmless enough. I still have to find a Jap restaurant to take Gary to as he has been pestering me about it and I keep on giving excuses.

After dinner, we went back to the apartment. Rei was induced to visit for the evening so she went down to phone her mother. I was very surprised to learn that she was only 17 years old and still in high school. For a Nisei girl she is exceptionally mature for her age, and I took her to be several years older. Rei has been getting very restless and now she wants to quit school. She doesn't care to go around with her own age group because she thinks that they are just kids. She has been dating Nisei soldiers who come on furloughs and they take her to night clubs and places like that so that she is in the stage where she thinks she is sophisticated. When Saye tells her what she used to do in her younger days, Rei listens with wide open eyes and no doubt she will go out and try to do likewise. Rei said that she had taken up smoking because it seemed to be "smart" and she also drinks when she goes to nightclubs. Her mother doesn't know what is going on, but Rei said that she was always honest with her and never told a lie when asked. She should outgrow this "sophisticated" stage soon and then she could be a very nice girl.

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We sat around for most of the evening and talked. I enjoyed getting away from the Post even for the evening as I get enough of the military atmosphere during the day. Just so that Rei wouldn't have any funny ideas about me staying there, Saye explained that I was an old friend of hers "like a brother" etc. Saye later said that the reason why she went into such details was that she didn't want Rei to get the wrong idea because a young girl could easily get into trouble by trying to imitate something like that and she didn't want to be responsible. Rei listens to Saye so that she is getting some guidance. She has four older brothers but they are all in the Army. She comes from Tacoma. Saye and I dropped in on Harvey and Julie, the next door neighbors, on the way back from the store and we were there about a half hour talking and having a drink. They have a large nude drawing on the wall, and it seems to be the source of some dissension between the couple because the young son is now at the age where he notices such things, and Julie thinks that he may get the wrong idea about sex. Harvey is a conservative person politically, and he indicated that he had racial attitudes against the colored people when he mentioned that Northerners didn't really know the Negroes because they had not had the experience of dealing with them for several generations. I didn't argue with him on that, but I did question his point that he could look at a group of men and pick out all of those who were of the "habitual criminal type." I didn't think that people were born with such characteristics, but he insisted that it was true. Harvey used to be in the Navy, and he holds an important office with the Veterans of Foreign Wars so that I may drop in occasionally and see him in order to try and inject

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a few new ideas into his thinking. Saye said that the Alberts were not politically minded at all, but they were human beings and she liked them as people. Julie once questioned the wisdom of Saye reading the newspaper as it was "communist," but Saye said she didn't argue the point with her. Saye has changed their attitude about Nisei and all of the Albert's friends are anxious to meet her socially as they think that she is such a novelty. Deedee is the only boy in the neighborhood whom the son, Donald, is allowed to play with because the Alberts have some sort of idea that they belong to a superior class. They belong to the "Riverside" part of NY society, while Saye lives with the "poor people" along Broadway.

After I walked Rei home, I came back and read for a while and talked to Saye about what her future plans were going to be. She doesn't know the exact date when she will be going to Indianapolis, but plans may be changed if Yam comes to NY in the next few weeks. She will then go out there to live when the chick sexing season starts for Yam. She was very excited about getting married and she was sure that this time the marriage would be a happy one. She said that she wired Wes about Deedee being sick, and he phoned her long distance to find out about it. Wes still wasn't sure that his son was getting the proper care so he again phoned Joe and asked him to help Saye out. I wonder what his feelings are going to be when he finds out that Saye is getting married to Yam?

Friday, December 28, 1945

2:00 p.m. I got up at five ayem this morning in order to make the boat back to Hancock. I was able to sleep most of the way across so that I'm not so tired this afternoon. One of the Captains on our staff

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had a car waiting for him so that we got a ride all the way into the stockade, and I was on time. I wasn't surprised to find out that the boat has been delayed again and it will not come in until tomorrow. We have about 16 cases who came in as strays and they were mostly rape cases, and colored boys. One of the interviewers under me mentioned that the Negroes were the ones to rape the girls most, and he was inclined to be a bit harsh upon them so that I tried to explain a few things to him so that he wouldn't have a biased attitude in the cases he handled. I told him that it was not up to him to judge these cases all over again, but his function was primarily to get social information so that they could be better understood. I also added that colored boys were not the only ones who have gone around and raped foreign girls. Some of those cases were rather atrocious and shocking, like five fellows taking a native girl out in India and raping her by force. Most of the cases were similar--it's the old story of an uncontrolled biological urge and many of the offenses were committed by dull normal boys.

We are having a hard time getting organized around here and it is still in the state of confusion. Each time we come down to the stockade there is a different system of check in. Now we have to sign, show our dog tags and passes. I don't know if we are going to get straightened out by the time all those boat loads come in. We have nine psychologists around here now, and not one of them have done a lick of work since arriving; they are trying their best to shove the work on us while they sign the case histories with their names. They are just as disgruntled as the enlisted me because some of them have come from installations where they felt they were

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performing a useful function while they have no faith in the possibilities here. They are just marking time until they get a discharge anyway so that they don't care too much what happens. Their attitudes makes it a bit more difficult for Major Wolf in his administration of this project because he is very mild mannered and he is anxious to have the full cooperation of the staff regardless of rank. He apparently has not had too much experience at administrative work, but he is trying hard to get things in shape here so that we can do the necessary work.

Saturday, December 29, 1945

I was sitting in the office peacefully yesterday afternoon when Major Wolf announced that we could have the rest of the day off since the prisoners were not coming in because of a mixup in the medical processing. I had no plans of doing anything, but Bob (I don't know his last name) suggested that we go to Highlands to look it over. It's a summer resort town and it looked very lifeless except for the 27 bars which caters to the men of this post. We thought we would go on to Red Bluff so we hitched over. It is a nice little community, sort of cut off from civilization. I suggested that as long as we were this far, we might as well go on to Newark. So for the rest of the afternoon we wandered from one town to another. By late afternoon we were near Newark so we decided to go into NY city for the evening since Bob lived in the Bronx. We got a ride on the Pulaski highway into the city, and it was an enjoyable trip since the scenery was worth looking at. We came over the skyline bridge across the river and then entered NY through the Holland Tube. I was in NY by 4:30 and Bob and I parted in the Battery. I phoned up Ruth

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to find out what she was doing in the evening, and she said that she had to look after Burt's baby, but she asked if I wanted to come over and keep her company--which was a most acceptable proposition. I went on up to Saye's to see how Deedee was getting along. He seems to have almost completely recovered, but still has to remain in bed for a few more days. Saye asked me to stay for dinner and she went to a great deal of trouble to fix up something special, a Chinese dinner. Just as I was about to leave Cracker arrived on the scene most unexpectedly. He said that he had been shipped back and forth across the country a couple of times and he was rather disgusted with the Army efficiency. He is at Camp Shanks and scheduled to be sent to Europe at any moment, maybe even tomorrow. He wasn't too enthusiastic about the prospects and wished that he could get out of the service, but resigned himself to stay in for another six months. He said that for the past three months since he finished his basic training, he has just been laying around and hasn't done a bit of work. Under those circumstances, I don't blame him for being utterly disgusted with the whole setup, but that is the way the Army operates so often. I was lucky in that I got into something constructive without any waste of time. Cracker still hasn't gotten his divorce from Chiye Mori and she gets the allotment each month. Cracker is too much of a gentleman and he allows her to take advantage of him. He was looking very healthy; but still drinks a lot.

I left in a rush and went over to see Ruth. I had a very nice evening over there. We just sat around and talked. Ruth told me all about the big family blowup she had earlier in the day. She said that her sister talked for two hours on the phone and this got

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everyone in the house very angry because it was a business phone too. There were some sharp words, and Ruth told her mother that she couldn't stand it anymore. She said that she also had an argument with her younger sister and it was rather nasty. Ruth felt that she was cooped up in the house too much working there for her father, and she didn't know whether she should take another kind of a job instead of concentrating upon saving money to buy a car. She felt that her year away from home made a lot of difference because she was not so willing to please her mother just to avoid an argument anymore. She said that her mother didn't have enough outside ^{so} interests/that was the reason why she was hanging on to the girls. Ruth was also a little resentful because her younger sister was spoiled so much. She feels that she will move up to Jamaica with her family for a while and try it out, but if the situation doesn't improve she plans to go live with one of her girl friends. Ruth is also disturbed about the marriage problem because her family wants her to marry a Jew and she is determined not to do that. But she also feels that she limits herself because she doesn't care to marry anyone with whom she will have a religious difference. She said that there was one fellow who was taking her out a lot, but he was too simple for her and she couldn't see marrying him just for the sake of getting married. Ruth is quite insistent upon breaking away from the old Jewish cultural holds and just being a plain American, but she said that there were a lot of things which made it difficult, particularly because of the in-group opposition. I guess she feels like I do about the Nisei integration into the general community life without having any racial consciousness. Actually, Ruth doesn't have

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much of a problem because she is popular, well adjusted, and a cheerful sort of personality. We talked for hours on a lot of other things also.

About 11:30 Kurt and Burt came back, and I talked to Kurt for another hour or so. He is a very interesting guy--an Austrian Jew who has become a citizen. I think that he works for Max Lerner of the PM newspapers in addition to his activities with the American Labor Party. We got to discussing the Palestine situation, and what could be done for the European refugees. I didn't think that it was any solution to create a Jewish national state as that didn't solve anything. Kurt got very excited about this topic, and he said that the Jew didn't have a chance in Europe for the next several generations. He said that he went through the Hitler purges and he knew how ~~ax~~ the Jews had suffered. He didn't see any solution to the problem until Germany was made an agrarian nation and possibly sovetized. When I mentioned that maybe we should handle the peace in a more humanitarian way than allowing the Germans to starve to death, he said that the German nation had to be reduced for the sake of civilization because the young German generation had deep seeds of Fascism rooted in them and they couldn't be educated to better ways. I didn't agree with this at all, but I felt that if some fundamental economic changes could miraculously be made in Europe, there was no reason why Germany couldn't become a stable state once more and be allowed to join the family of nations. I said that we had to have faith in people and not judge them as a race. Ruth got very excited about this and she said that she hated all the Germans and that they were bastards and could starve to death as far as she was concerned.

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I said they were getting emotional because they happened to be of Jewish ancestry, but we had to look upon this question of world peace in a rational manner. I felt that if they allowed themselves to become full of prejudice towards all Germans, they couldn't hope to expect the elimination of racial prejudices towards other groups, and never again could they complain about anti-semitism. Ruth admitted that she felt particularly violent about this topic, and by the end of the evening she was qualifying all of her statements. Kurt and I couldn't come to an agreement except that perhaps the oppressed people of Europe should be fed first before the Germans. Even there I was not in complete agreement with him. Kurt told me a lot of firsthand things about the German treatment of the Jews which he had witnessed himself before he fled Austria. He is a very interesting guy, and I'll be sure to accept his invitation to come and talk to him again. I think that Ruth is trying to show me off as she gives me a big buildup, and I objected against that. She is making all of her friends read about my life story. By coincidence, I discovered that a boy I knew in the Salvation Army is married to one of her distant cousins and Ruth wants me to meet him sometime. The boy reacted violently to that religion like I did and he broke away from his family and went to Harvard. He married a girl who is a Party worker, and Ruth says that they are living a wonderful life. Edith phoned and said that the tentative plan to go up to Connecticut with Gary and some of the Mason bunch was off.

It was snowing violently when we left Kurt's apartment. (His real name is Gottfried, but Americanized to Godfrey). I walked Ruth all the way home and she got her hair all wet so that she said it

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would come down. But she didn't seem to mind that too much. I certainly have a higher opinion than ever of her. She certainly is a wonderful girl. Too bad that I am not the handsome type who appeals to pretty girls in a romantic way. She has become one of the best friends that I have ever had. Maybe she likes me because I listen to all of her "problems." Ruth is one of these natural individuals, no pretense about her, and friendly in a warm way. That's the kind of friends that I like.

It was about 2:00 ayem when I went back to Saye's apartment. She and Cracker had gone to a nightclub to listen to Josh White sing folk songs so I went to sleep for two hours. Cracker wanted to talk to me once more before going overseas so he woke me up when they came back about 4:00. I talked about a half hour and then he dashed off to catch his bus. I couldn't sleep after that so I got up and prepared to come back to the Fort. What a rugged life I have been living in the past week! I am in need of a lot of sleep, but I may go into NY again tonight.

It started to rain this morning, and I only had a field jacket on so that I got drenched. We interviewed 14 cases this morning, mostly the rape and attempted murder ones, and the process was slowed down because the new interviewers got too fascinated in reading the court martials records for the gory details and this wasted a lot of time. Even then, I don't see how we are possibly going to do even a half way decent job on 133 cases a day when it takes half a day to get 14 done. Assuming that the initial cases will go along small, there still has to be a great speedup. Matthews and I are objecting to doing a sloppy case history like we are encouraged to

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do and we have started a campaign to do something about it. We feel that it is unfair to the prisoners to rush them through here so fast and that it is very important that we get a good social history so that reliable treatment and recommendations can be made. The Lieutenants do not help the situation out very much because they are psychologists and they know very little about writing psychiatric determinants so that they discourage the interviewers to do a rush job. Mattews and I do not think that this is right, but we will probably lose out. I don't think it is possible to do six and eight good social histories a day, but that is what we are expected to do in order to meet the schedule. The whole thing will bog down if that has to be done. Our suggestion is that the psychologists should pitch in and help do the social histories, but they resent any suggestions that they work as hard as we do "because they are more professional people." Nuts!

About 250 of the GP's arrived this afternoon, but the records have not come in yet so that Major Wolf divided the staff and allowed half of them to "take the rest of the day off." The remainder will work this afternoon on the records and pull out the pertinent information since the Captain of the Guards will not permit these records to be brought into the stockade. I think that I will go into NY tonight if the rain lets up a bit. Might as well since I get tomorrow off and it was pretty strenuous this morning. It is going to be one hell of a job getting these cases out, but I am still determined to do what I think will be best for each individual GP, and the hell with the Army system of rushing them through on a minute schedule because the GP's will probably have to sit around at the next installation

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anyway and waste time. It's only fair to them to do the best job possible. If we had more psychiatrists and psychiatric social workers on the staff, I'm sure that we could function more efficiently. I have to go work again now.

12:00 midnight

Another day almost over. We worked pretty hard this afternoon amid all the confusion. The more I see of these Army courtmartial records, the more I am inclined to sympathize with the inmates. We haven't got our procedures worked out yet and it is going to take a lot of experimental procedures before it is worked out smoothly. My viewpoint is slightly biased in favor of the GP's because a lot of them have received unusually severe sentences and there doesn't seem to be much consistency in the penalties imposed. In general, the colored boys do get stiffer sentences. If the courts are biased, then it is perfectly justifiable for us to lean in the direction of the GP's as individuals. Two colored boys I interviewed this afternoon got 15 and 25 years for rape, while a white boy got only $7\frac{1}{2}$ years. All of them say they are not guilty. In another case, a murderer got 3 years (it was accidental) while another fellow who shot a Lieutenant in China got life. We can't do too much in the felony cases except recommend clemency where there are mitigating circumstances. Actually, only about 6 of us make any recommendations. One of the murderers was definitely a mental defective and he should be institutionalized. I've been able to get away with my recommendations as the Commissioned Psychologists seem to have a fairly high opinion of my social histories, and they are pushed through without disagreement. I've told the fellows in my group

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that they should not try to give the GP's another trial, but it's difficult for them to handle the interviews in the correct way. It's a sad situation because it is almost impossible to train them in the limited time we have. The latest plan is that the psychiatric social workers will write up all the social histories and the less experienced interviewers will get only the factual information. It's too bad that more qualified workers can't be sent in. I just refuse to do a half ass job on these cases because it means a lot to the future of the GP's. The trouble is that we have too many "goof offs" who are anxious to make things as easy as possible upon themselves and they don't give a damn. The skilled and experienced social workers are the ones who are the most concerned because we realize more the importance of this work to the GP's.

Altho it rained quite hard today, I made a sudden decision to hitch in to NY with Harry. We have tomorrow off because the records of the 290 GP's who came in this afternoon still have to be processed. We rode almost to Elizabeth, New Jersey, with Dorsky and then got out on the highway and thumbed. We caught a ride immediately with a stuttering ex-GI who talked incessantly all the way into NY. This time we rode into NY over the Geo. Washington Bridge. The driver was most accommodating and he drove slowly so that I could get a good view of the beautifully lighted skyline into the city. It made me like NYC more than ever and I still can't see it as a cold impersonal city.

I arrived at Saye's about 6:30 and she fed me a very large dinner. She couldn't get out for the evening as Deedee is still in bed so I decided to visit with her. All week I've been rushing back

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and forth from Hancock and the pace has been terrific. In the past few days I haven't gotten over 3 or 4 hours of sleep a night and it is physically wearing me out. After New Year I shall have to institute some reforms as I can't keep up this pace much longer without suffering the consequences.

Sunday, December 30, 1945

2:00 a.m. I talked to Saye until about 3:30 last night, but managed to get 7 hours of sleep by remaining in bed all morning. Gary phoned and left a message that he, Harry and Herb were in town on a three day pass so I went up to Kelly's to see him about 2:00. I just missed him, but he left a note saying that they were going to the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn to go swimming. Since Ruth was engaged for the day, I decided to go on over and spend the day with them. I didn't get to the hotel until late afternoon because I got fascinated with the quaintness of Brooklyn and I wandered around to see some of it.

The St. George's pool is a magnificent place--salt water, violet ray lamps, mirrors all around the place, steam heat. The boys couldn't take it for more than 2 hours so we left for Herb's house to have dinner. Herb Liebowitz has a very charming mother and she knocked herself out cooking us a delicious Kosher steak and lamb chops. It was magnificent food. Herb is a graduate of NYU and the Pittsburg School of Social Work, but he is thinking of doing further study in psychiatry. He said that his original ambition was to be a doctor, but he couldn't get into a medical school because of the quota on Jewish students. It's a rotten shame that such discrimination like that exists in a "liberal" state like

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NY, but I was told that the quota system was applied in most medical schools in the U.S. If a person is good enough to be a doctor, it's a damn silly thing to put a "racial" obstacle in his way. It burns me up! I wasn't aware of this until after I left California as I never heard of such a thing before. Herb is rather cynical about "patriotism" because of his experiences. Shades of the Nisei!!

After dinner we decided to go see a play so we rushed back to 99 Park Ave. to get free tickets, only to discover that very few plays performed on Sunday nite. We got tickets for "Polonaise" (Jan Krepura - Marta Eggerth) and we were given the best seats in the house. The play was not outstanding, but I enjoyed the Chopin music and the ballet scenes. After the play we went to eat again, and then parted with the plan to meet for N.Y's Eve to pursue a number of parties which the boys are lining up. I couldn't make a definite commitment because I don't know if I will get off tomorrow. I've asked Saye if she can get out, but she isn't sure if she can get anyone to look after Deedee. She is waiting for Yam to show up, but he has been delayed by icy highways. She said that they may get married here, and she would leave N.Y. about the end of January. She's been talking about her plans all evening, but I'm getting so sleepy that I'm sure I won't be able to remain awake much longer. I have to get up at 5:00 a.m. in order to catch the boat back to Hancock.

Monday, December 31, 1945.

12:00 noon: It's the last day of 1945, but I'm in no mood for philosophizing as my brain and body is weary. I only had 2 hours of sleep last night, and we have been mighty busy all morning here

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in the office interviewing prisoners. We almost didn't get here this morning as N.Y. harbor was fog bound and the boat was delayed one hour as we crawled through it. There was almost a panic when a huge ship passed suddenly within 50 feet of us. It was the Queen Elizabeth. A short time later we almost collided with one of the troop ships coming in from Europe. Despite the fog, the GI's were crowded all over the deck in order to get their first glimpse of America after several years absence overseas. The harbor was full of ships and the fog horns blowing constantly made it sound like a premature New Year's Eve celebration.

Our office is still a madhouse, and there doesn't seem to be much coordination among the various departments dealing with the GP's. We instituted the new plan of the social workers doing all of the social histories after a brief interview but we were handicapped by a lack of dictaphones and typewriters. The GI typists are very slow too. There is still a lot of administrative tangles to be ironed out and we are way behind our expected schedule. We have about 400 cases piled up on us, and the case histories have to be brief out of necessity. I can't reconcile myself to doing a sloppy job, and I stood up for quality during our staff meeting with Major Wolf and the Psychologists, but a compromise has to be made because the GP's have to be sent on within a week. At the rate we are going, we will never have any time off. At 1st we were going to work this evening, but everyone is opposed to nite work at any time, the biggest opposition coming from the officers. The morale of the staff is very low, and it resents having to work tomorrow when the rest of the camp gets off. We have a job to complete, but most

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Diary

December 31, 1945

of the boys do not have their hearts in the work. The whole thing boils down to the fact that only about one third of the staff is capable of doing social histories, and no plan devised can eliminate that handicap. I interviewed a couple of cases this morning, but I don't see how I am going to get the 7 scheduled cases per day out and do ~~xxx~~ even a half way decent job - I hate like hell to see those GI's shoved around any more. A lot of them served months overseas in combat, but now they are treated practically like PW's. One boy told me that their guards overseas in the disciplinary center were very brutal, and they had to run double time to everything no matter how ill they were. He said that the colored boys in one barracks were forced to get on their hands and knees and beg like dogs in order to get food. I can't understand why the Army allows such inhuman practices to go on. I got a little angry when Captain Bolton, the Psychologist, told one of my colored cases that he would get along better if he "realized his place" and "eventually your people will be recognized like Geo. Washington Carver was." It was so stupid and condescending. I insisted upon minimum control for the boy and Bolton finally agreed after I explained the social background. He may be a good psychiatrist, but the fact that he was a country doctor for 20 years in Rural Tennessee, and only studied psychiatry for 3 mo. after he got in the Army, prejudices my impression of him. He is the biggest "goof off" on the whole staff. Back to an afternoon of work now; we may possibly get off but the chances look remote for getting into NY this evening.