

2 September 1947, Tuesday.

We spent a lazy Labor Day weekend, but it was a nice rest. On Sunday we went to the beach with Marvin and Martha Green. Both of them are social workers. They live in Brooklyn and we visited in their new apartment and had lunch with them before going to the beach. Marvin has one more quarter in the school and he is aiming for an administrative job as he does not think that he will remain in casework. He worked for a number of years in a Jewish group work agency, but was extremely dissatisfied with its sectarian philosophy. Marvin is a strong believer in the integration program and he gets a bit impatient at the right wing, or Zionist, group of Jewish leaders. He feels that America should be the first consideration of all cultural groups living in the U.S., but he is certainly no nationalist. He said that when he saw what had happened in Germany when he was there with the army, he determined that he would work in the direction of real integration. All of his in-laws are living in Brooklyn—he has a younger brother working on the N.Y. Post.

We didn't get to the beach until about 2:30. It was very crowded and there were a goodly number of Negroes on the beach and nobody objected to them. It was really the first time in our lives that we have seen so many Negroes mixing on the beach, and it made me feel good that such a thing was possible if people could only forget their unreasonable fears. There are still many swimming pools which discriminate. In New Jersey, a number of people have been arrested because they picketed Palisades Pool for its discrimination policy. On Long Island, there is an unwritten law that Negroes cannot swim on the beaches of the fancier resorts. But in spite of all of these rank instances of stupidity, NYC as a whole has progressed much further in smooth race relations than most other areas of the country. Marvin felt that the Jewish group could be a formidable force in breaking down prejudices if they were



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not so concerned about themselves, but he also pointed out that the group has more than its proportion of liberals in various social action movements.

When Yuriko and I went swimming, we almost had an unpleasant incident. We swam right out into the deep water, and we were not aware of going right into an area where there was a strong undertow. There was a buoy to mark it as a dangerous spot, but we didn't notice it on the way out. But when we started to swim back, we found the going very hard. Yuriko stopped once to put her hands on my shoulders but she was very calm and she didn't say anything. I didn't want to alarm her so I told her that we should swim for the buoy as we were out too far. I didn't think anything special and I was calm. But we were not making much progress back. All of a sudden I saw the four lifeguards swimming madly out towards us, and it was then that the thought flashed into my mind that Yuriko was in danger. She was paddling along almost casually and she didn't say a thing. I swam close to her and then the lifeguards helped her get over the part where there was a strong undertow. Yuriko's only comment when she got her feet on the sand was that "I was getting a bit tired." She looked a bit scared but she didn't say anything else. I then got a vision about being victims of another Labor Day accident. We immediately went out swimming in the waves again and forgot the incident. The funny thing was that I got worried after it was all over, and I watched carefully over Yuriko for the rest of the day. It taught us to be more careful of where we swam.

The rest of the afternoon at the beach was uneventful. We played cards, ate our lunches, talked, and generally enjoyed ourselves. We didn't start back until after six pm. Marvin took some pictures with his Leica camera which he captured in Germany and we agreed to get together again some other time for dinner as Yuriko wants to cook them a Japanese dinner. Martha works in a social agency and she seemed to be quite a charming girl. Both she and

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Marvin were very much impressed with Yuriko and they were very much interested in her dancing activities. They will probably give the company some free advertising. Yuriko said that the company had a new manager and a tour might be arranged for November, and in March there will be a coast to coast tour.

We were famished by the time we got home after 8 pm, and so we immediately ate a huge dinner. We were just finishing up when Kenny and Kimi dropped in, and they visited us until about 2:00 a.m. Kimi told us about her disappointment in not being able to take a vacation with Kenny since he has to go to work right away. Kenny voiced a few doubts about his job, but felt that he would stay at it permanently. He will live in the same apartment in Yorkville so that three hours of the day will be spent in commuting back and forth. Kimi is still working for the ADA organization but she is now looking for another job. They have bought a gas refrigerator so they want to give a party in two weeks. It will also mark the celebration of Kenny's completing school and going to work at last.

Kenny said that Saye had to move out of their apartment by the middle of the month so that she was looking for a place in New Jersey. She and George want to buy a home and settle down. Saye would like to stay near the Japanese area around 110th, but she feels that her son must associate more with the middle class children. Her ambitions for Wesley Jr. are very high. Saye seems to have finally separated Wesley, her former husband, from her mind although she still takes money for him for Wes Jr's education. She has been sending him to private school thus far, and has some doubts that a public school contact may not be too good an influence upon her son. Wesley is in Japan right now making business contacts so that he can make more money. He is living with the girl who bore him a child, but he hasn't married her.

Kimi told us that Warren and Betty have moved to another apartment near



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120th and Broadway. Warren has a very hard time with his mother-in-law because of the pressure put upon him to go back to Hawaii with her but he held out. Betty also put pressure upon him, and Warren has some sensitive feelings about the injustice of being "bought off" and apparently he has had some arguments with Betty about this; but they seem to be adjusting fairly well to each other in other areas. Warren finally quit his Time Mag job and he will now concentrate on writing his thesis. His plans for the future are still vague, and he may go to Hawaii to live yet if economic adjustments prove difficult. We haven't seen him all summer.

Kenny brought us up to date on the JACL chapter here. He said that there was now a struggle for control between the Socialists and the Communists. Koji Arioshi, the fellow who wrote a book on China is leading the opposition, and it has the national office very worried. Joe Oyama has gotten active in the JACL and he is canvassing non-socialist oriented Nisei to membership so that they can win the elections. There has been a lot of red baiting in the local JACL chapter, and the big split came after a discussion of some point in policy. Clara is the brains behind the socialist group, and it has a large following among the more conservative and non-politically minded Nisei so Kenny believed that it would be very difficult to dislodge them from control.

Yesterday was Labor Day, and I listened to a bit of the labor movement plans over the radio. Labor is marshalling its forces for the '48 elections to defeat the Taft-Hartley Law. It will be a terrific struggle, but the Republicans may yet win out in the elections because of its red-baiting program and reactionary movements. The great red scare is more a creation of the mind to scare the public and it seems to me that there are many more concrete problems which politicians could work upon than crying about world war three. The high cost of living is expected to shoot up sharply because a billion



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in bonus money will be given out, and I suppose the ex-servicemen will be blamed for it. Actually most of the have to cash their terminal leave bonds because they are not able to make ends meet as it is. It is a crime when we have to pay 30 cents for an anemic-looking head of lettuce. But the corporate profits go up and up. It doesn't make much sense, but some thing is wrong with the economic structure. Hitler diverted the Germans from thinking about economic ills by leading them into a war against Communism, and we seem to be going in that same direction. If democracy could meet this challenge, then we wouldn't need to worry about Russia. I'd rather see the government build more housing than to put the money into armaments or a UMT program.

We went over to visit Duggy yesterday afternoon and we met her friend Joe there. He is a writer of pulp magazine stories and his great God is James Joyce. We discussed whether Joyce had schizophrenic tendencies in his writing, but Joe could not agree to such a thing. He is a product of Antioch College. We talked for about two hours, and then Yuriko and I went to a movie. We got home in early evening and I cooked a delicious meal. Afterwards we puttered around until about midnight.

This morning, I had a hard time waking up despite my resolution to get started on my thesis. Yuriko went to teach a private class about noon, and I am just on the verge of tackling the thesis and half of the afternoon is already gone. I have to get my thesis into shape this month as I will not have much time for it next quarter.



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All this week I have been madly at work trying to get my thesis started. It's a problem of trying to keep it limited down to a few subjects instead of getting too ambitious and covering the whole field. I have decided to work up something on the social adjustment process and briefly analyze all of the factors which might have gone into it. It is a lazy way of doing a thesis but I am very anxious to get most of it done this month if I possibly can. I really needed to take the whole week off and forget school, but I felt that I couldn't afford to do that. One of the disadvantages of working on the Nisei adjustments in Chicago during wartime is that my data is stale to me and I have forgotten so much that went on. I can't take the time to read over all this data as that would take weeks. I am planning to use the social adjustments section of the Chicago report which I worked up a couple of years ago, and trying to elaborate from that. One of the advantages of doing the thesis now is that I get a better perspective on what went on after a two year break. I don't think that the picture has changed too much since there were distinct patterns coming out of the wartime resettlement, but my job is to pick out some of them. I don't think that I am really very qualified to do a good job by myself, but fortunately the school is not too rigid in its requirements for a thesis. The big problem is to try to slant it in some way so that it will be pertinent to the field of social work.

For the past couple of days Yuriko has had a cold which made her feel a bit miserable, but she seems to be better now. She wanted to get sick enough to go to bed for a day or so, but she decided that she was not that ill so she went to work teaching her private school. I am afraid that part of her motivation was due to the fact that our income is not going to be so good this month, and there is a possibility that we will be asked to pay for Mrs. M's hospitalization, which would be a terrific drain upon us. Yuriko doesn't



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want me to worry about living expenses during this month so that I can concentrate upon my thesis, and my advise to her to take a day or so off was to no avail. I feel pretty badly about not being able to take Yuriiko on a vacation, but it is financially impossible at this point. She has been working very hard all summer and she should have a rest. Her schedule right now is not so rigorous as it was during the hot summer months.

We heard that the end of the first year and the start of the second year of marriage would be the most difficult in marital relationships since many marriages broke up during this period, but that doesn't bother us too much. We will be married for one year on the 14th and it has been a very happy period. I don't think that we have had any quarrels in the whole year so we must be pretty much in love with one another. Once in a while I get irritable about something or another, but Yuriiko never loses her fine balance. She said that she just doesn't feel like being quarrelsome, and I couldn't get angry with such a sweet girl. Very objectively, I feel that we have been most fortunate in our marriage to find that we are so suitable to one another. Yuriiko isn't even "pushing" about my achieving any sort of job status. She just wants me to get some work in which I will find satisfaction, regardless of the salary. She has never complained about the fact that the larger burden of support is upon her. The only thing she won't do is to mind me when she is ill, like throwing all of her covers off with a cold. The other night I had to tuck her in about twenty-five times and I didn't get much sleep. I get too worried if she is ill. Yuriiko seems to be unusually healthy, and I hope that she remains that way. Her dancing keeps her in good physical condition. I started to exercise for five minutes a day, but I seem to have dropped that procedure within one week. Yuriiko teases me about the three tires on my stomach, but she doesn't insist that I go on a diet as she knows that it won't



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do much good anyway--she says she likes me as I am!

Yuriko bought some fish for tonight as the meat prices are so high. She didn't know how to fix it so she asked the Italian woman downstairs, and the lady cleaned it and everything. Yuriko has to go downstairs again tonight and Mrs. Longobodi will prepare the fish for baking for her. She is always giving us some bits of Italian foods. Yuriko has the faculty of making friends very easily, and she knows more people in this district than I do.

Last night, we went to see a technicolor film of a ballet. It was a private showing, and we used Martha Grahams invitation. All of the ballet crowd was there, plus a drama critic. The place was so hot that I got uncomfortable. Yuriko sat on the floor because she could not see otherwise. It was the closest I have ever seen a ballet performance, and it wasn't bad at all. We had to wait about 40 minutes before the film started though, and I couldn't understand why there should be such a long delay when all they had to do was to project the film. Yuriko danced for one of these film productions once when they took pictures of the Graham dances. The only thing I regretted about going out was that Yuriko made me shave my four days growth of a beard. I had been so busy on my thesis that I just went from bedroom to kitchen to study, and I didn't step out of the house once. Yuriko said that the beard scratched her face too much. The other night Kazuo Oyama came down to visit and I must have scared him half to death because I was so disheveled. Oyama is from Hawaii, and he had been studying law up at Harvard. At one time he was keenly interested in Yuriko, and I guess it must have been disappointing to him to see what a magnificent specimen of manhood finally led Yuriko to the altar!

Earlier last evening, Rhoda and Lamar dropped in. We were surprised to see Lamar since we thought he was still directing the summer stock company



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for Jane Cowl, and our plan had been to drive up with Clara and Charley to see the play this evening. Lamar said that he ended his job early this week, and now he is back at the same old grind of finding a job in the theatrical world. He did fairly well financially, and managed to make a few extra bucks by padding his expense account. He felt that it wouldn't hurt the company since it was paying Jane Cowl about one thousand per week while he was getting less than one hundred. Clara had told Yuriko that she heard reports that Lamar was too critical and devastating in his remarks to the stock company actors and actresses, and Lamar gave us a hint that this was true. He felt that it was important for him to be "somebody" when he "blew" into town. He doesn't know what he will be doing next since Broadway productions are even more limited this year than last.

Lamar and Rhoda are going to try living together for a while to see how it works out financially and to determine if their temperments are suited to one another if they are constantly together. This is the best deal which Rhoda could work out as she wanted to get married, but Lamar felt too insecure to plunge into it right away. So Rhoda has moved all of her belongings into his apartment and taken up housekeeping. Rhoda is now looking for a showgirl job. She might get into a touring company of one of the Broadway productions, but she doesn't want to leave the city. She tried to get into one of the Jewish circuits productions, but when she found out the low wages and bad working conditions, she turned it down. She would have had to dance seven nights a week, plus matinees, paid \$1.00 a week to a union she couldn't get into as a member, rehearsed three weeks without salary--all for \$44.00 a week, minus taxes! The manager told her that she could draw social security while rehearsing. Rhoda felt that it was this sort of thing which re-inforced prejudice against the Jews and perpetuated the stereotype that they were money



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graspers. Rhoda paid Yuriiko back \$100, and she now owes about \$400 yet. Yuriiko was very surprised to get it, and it certainly will come in handy at this time.

We still have one bottle of champagne which Martha Graham gave us at the time of the wedding reception last year, but we haven't made up our minds whether we would open it on the occasion of our first anniversary. We don't know if we should be selfish and drink it all up by ourselves, or to invite some friends and given them a token taste! I think it would be more romantic if we drank it all by ourselves, but Yuriiko feels that we should let others partake of the sparking wine. We shall see! It will be up to Yuriiko to decide. We now feel that we should get to know more married couples socially since most of our friends are single. The trouble with so many dancers is that they don't believe in the marriage institution, and so many of them are unstable. I've made friends at the school, but so many of them come from out of town that it is not a good basis for a continuing friendship. After one year of marriage, we now feel that we should expand our social interests a bit if there is time, which is a problematical question. I have to get Yuriiko some kind of a one year wedding present, and she won't tell me what she would like.



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We had an Italian fish dinner last night which was indeed tasty, and Mrs. L. was so delighted that her directions were followed well that she insisted that Yuriko have a cup of coffee and discuss Italian cooking with her. And, this evening we had a Chinese dinner for Kenny and Kimi. Yuriko and I slept for most of the morning, and then we went shopping for the weekend supplies and spent more money than we could afford in order to buy enough food to make out. The dinner was very successful so it was worth it. It is much better to spend a social evening at home than to go out. Next Saturday Kimi is having us over for dinner, and we will take our bottle of champagne over to mark out first year's anniversary. We played cards for most of the evening, and it was an enjoyable way to relax. The men won all the games! Kenny finished his first week at work, and he said that the social workers were not regarded very highly by the psychiatrists and all he has been doing is take preliminary case histories. However, Kenny plans to stick to the job since it pays so well. He and Kimi are now worried that their combined salaries will put them in the surtax brackets. A few years can certainly make a lot of difference. A \$5000 a year income for a couple in NYC puts them in the fairly comfortable standard of living class, but it's only worth about half of what a pre-war dollar bought and they still consider themselves in the struggling stage.

Yuriko kept me on edge for a couple of days as she started to mention that if she got pregnant now it wouldn't make her sorry at all. I didn't know what to make of that because I thought that something was happening, but it was a false alarm. I don't feel that we are settled enough to take on any responsibility like that right now because we have other problems which need to be worked out first--mainly, some economic security. Yuriko is naturally optimistic and she doesn't worry too much about that because she sees the brighter side of things. I think that she has the right idea.



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However, she really doesn't feel prepared to have a child either. I think that any planning like this will require a great deal of preliminary thinking, and my ego strength is not up to it at the moment. I think that I would feel better if I had a regular job and got out of the student role rut. I know six more months will fly by and that is one consolation. On the other hand, I think that I will enjoy life within that period despite any developing problems. Yuriko says that now that we are passing the crucial first year of marriage, she might ask me to do some of the housework since she has let me off of these tasks since last quarter. Everytime she gets busy in the kitchen, I usually find some excuse to study, but Yuriko takes it very good naturedly and she doesn't resent it at all. She just wants to let me know that I am not getting away with anything clever. I think that our combination will work out because I don't mind too much. The only thing I don't like to do is to go out and dump the garbage in the street. This is the practice in this district; we don't even have a garbage can in this building. It makes me feel very uncivilized, but I suppose the cats have to live too.

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Confidential.

We have had an interesting day, and a couple of new problems confronted us. The first was in regard to Mrs. M, and the second was the eternal housing problem which has finally caught up to us. As a social worker, I should know how to react to these things, but I am human, I think, and these knotty questions are of deep concern at the present moment. Yuriko has shared this concern, but at the moment she is relaxing in the arm chair and reading a novel after concluding that all we can do for the present is to formulate a plan of action and not worry about it too much. I think she would have made a good social worker.

It was very warm when we went up to Long Island this morning. We had a small picnic lunch which we ate up on the lawn of Pilgrim State Hospital before going in to visit Mrs. M. As soon as she came in, she began to discuss some of her worries about the plot and expressed some anxiety that we might be in danger. Superficially, she seemed to be very much in contact with the environment and she was even spontaneously gay for a short time. She said that she would like to work in a maternity ward if they had one so that she could learn something useful. It seemed that her thinking was definitely slanted in a positive direction and that she was making a spontaneous recovery from her involutionary melancholia state of emotion. However, it soon came out that Mrs. M still had some ideas of reference and a continuing feeling of being persecuted. She talked in terms of the plot. Right now, she realizes intellectually that she should not have tried to solve all her problems by self destruction, but emotionally she is still very much mixed up. She told us that she did it in order to avoid causing Yuriko any trouble, and that was not a very realistic way of interpreting her disturbances.

It is difficult to understand her completely because I have to talk to



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her through Yuriiko. When Mrs. M. indicated that she still wanted to be controlling of Mr. M, I thought that I would try to do a little bit of therapy with her since the psychiatrist can't do a thing. It was a superficial sort of approach, but better than nothing at all. I didn't want to probe too deeply since it would only cause her to get more disturbed, but I thought that it might help to try to guide her along a little more realistic path of thinking. Like all of the other patients, Mrs. M feels that she is not emotionally ill at all and she had quite a few comments to make about the inefficient staff at the hospital. In everything that she says there is a part of a realistic basis and that is why it is so difficult in trying to get her to resolve some of her inner feelings.

After talking to her for a few minutes in this way, we found out that Mrs. M. is not accepting of her status at all and that she has just been saying "yes" to everything and smiling at all who talked to her because she wants to convince the hospital that she is well. The most threatening thing to her is that she feels that she will have to spend the rest of her life in the hospital, and she displayed some tears just before Yuriiko left and came out with this fear on her part. I tried to explain to her that an emotional illness of her type was not necessarily coincident with her interpretation of "crazy," but that an inner disturbance differed in degree among people, and when one found it impossible to handle realistically there was a tendency to break down, but this did not need to be a permanent illness. Mrs. M. felt that once she left the hospital, everything would be smooth, but she was just fooling herself. She talked in terms of forcing Douglas to contribute to her financial support, and we didn't tell her that he was not her legal husband since that is one of the things which is helping her to cling to some measure of reality.



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The essential thing which came out was her underlying resentment against me. She finally came out with the statement that my knowledge of some psychological concepts was being used in the plot against her. It was no use in arguing against the illogic nature of her points, because the underlying feeling is much deeper. When I mentioned it to Dr. Jucovy, he said that Mrs. M. probably had a deep hostility against me because I married Yuriko, and Mrs. M. never has been willing to give her up. I had recognized this a long time ago, but did not think that it would be a continuing factor in her present illness, which is not related to us at all. The fact that Mrs. M. feels that Yuriko is the only one she can depend upon no doubt influenced this attitude of projection. However, it is clear that it would never work out if we took Mrs. M. into our home to take care of her because she would only be a cause of friction between us, and she would do a lot of this deliberately in order to provoke conflict. I know she wouldn't be successful in this, but it would be an uncomfortable situation nevertheless. We talked to Mrs. M. a bit about what it was to "project," but did it gently so that it would not increase her sensitivity. Mrs. M. finally said that she would like to get well, indicating some awareness of the fact that she is ill. Eventually she spoke in more positive terms. She said she couldn't talk to the doctor because of the language barrier so didn't know how he could help her. Yuriko suggested that she use broken English and not feel embarrassed. Mrs. M. agreed to ask for an appointment, which we made for her. She also said that she wanted to go back to California because she had friends there, and that it was hard for her to live in NYC because she was not aggressive and because she would think too much about what happened at the Hostel. I don't know how deeply these feelings went, but I don't think it was too deep. What Mrs. M. really would like would be to kick me out of



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Yuriko's life so that she can depend upon her entirely for the rest of her life. I don't feel threatened by this because Mrs. M. is ill, but it makes the entire situation very complicated.

We talked to Dr. Jucovy, and he said that Mrs. M. was in need of some shock treatments. I wondered if it would affect her physically, and he said that it was given to people up to age 70. He said that the staff presentation of Mrs. M. had taken place last Tuesday, and at first Mrs. M. was very smiling but quickly became agitated when they asked her about whether she still wanted to eliminate herself. The doctors were convinced that Mrs. M. has gotten over that idea, but there was some doubt about how much ideas of persecution she still had. He said it was recommended that she be given a dozen shock treatments, and asked if Yuriko would sign the consent form, which we did after some deliberation. Mrs. M. is going to be more than ever convinced that I am in on a plot to drive her out of her mind, but that can't be helped.

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Our second major problem which has been hanging like a sword over our heads is now reaching a head, and we got a preliminary taste of it when we got home. Allan Ohta dropped in to visit us, and very apologetically presented his mother's side of the case in the housing issue. He said that he had to be neutral, but that Mrs. Ohta would be dropping in to see us on Tuesday to discuss the matter. I am afraid that an impasse will be reached. Mrs. O's story is that she made no commitment that we could have the place for one- and one-half to two years. The matter which brings the problem to a crisis is that Mrs. O's other building has been condemned, and she has to move out by November. So that makes two of us with a serious housing problem. I feel sorry for her, but what are we expected to do--dump our things out in the street and go live in the park?



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Allan recognized the fact that the condemnation of the other building precipitated this whole crisis, but Mrs. O. is not willing to recognize that fact. She wanted somebody in here for two years originally because that was the length of time she thought Allan would be in the Army. He doesn't want to move us out, but he is caught in conflict because his mother needs a place too. She has been up in the country all summer so that is the reason why we have not been hearing from her. I am afraid an impasse is going to be reached, but we are in the most delicate position.

Allan then gave us a recital of his own problems which we listened to very sympathetically. He is unable to continue on with his college education because his parents need his support. Right now he is trying to get into some progressive teaching school in order to get a teaching degree in one year, and he is willing to take a chance on trying for a job afterwards without having a college degree. His situation is complicated because his parents are practically broke, and both over 60. Mr. Ohta has been a progressive for many years, was useful to the OWI during the war, but now can't find a job because of his reputation as a "communist." Mrs. Ohta is too old to work. She rented the other building, and managed to sub-lease enough apartments to make ends meet--plus the added income she got from this apartment from us. But now the other building is going to be torn down, and Allan feels that he has to look after his parents. He said that his sister and her husband, Pete Singer, have gone out to California to act in a play but they may be back in six weeks. Pete is a folk singer, and he sunk his last cent into a new car because he needed it to get to places where he was booked. If they come back, it will mean that six people will move into this apartment--when and if they get us out. I feel sorry for Allan, but we have to feel sorry for ourselves too because we are just as much victims of the housing shortage. We



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have our problems, too, everyone has problems, and I guess they can be related to the housing shortage! All I can say is "Jesus Christ, what a mess!" Yuriko says we will find a place as she has a hunch. We told Allan that we have been looking for a place, and that we should work cooperatively on this problem; he was more than willing to jump to that proposal as he doesn't want us to be sore at him. But, I am sure that Mrs. Ohta is going to be nasty, and that is the catch. Maybe we will have to be stubborn and just stay if we can't find a place. After all, she did make a verbal agreement. Evacuation gets to be so monotonous!!

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I worked very hard on my thesis all day long. Yuriko only had one private lesson in the afternoon so she rested all morning. Another of the Selznick students she teaches, Mickey McGovern, may be going to Hollywood, and Doris Avgdon is in Europe so that this source of income is about finished unless new students are sent. It will mean some revision in our budget for the next couple of months, but we are in no danger of starvation. Yuriko said that she may not get her coat because we would be having so many expenses soon. I think that she should get it since she hasn't had a new one since before the war. We usually manage to make ends meet, and we haven't had it tough yet even tho the prospects for the next couple of months are not so good. It's too bad that I cannot get out of school in January.

Yuriko took the initiative to go house hunting this afternoon, and she was exhausted when she returned. I told her that it would be better psychologically if she went to the real estate offices because a woman always has a better chance. Yuriko teased me by saying that I was just trying to get out of it, but she dressed up and went herself without any complaints. She visited several offices but they had nothing, except one \$125 a month apartment. Our problem is to find a place, but we also have to consider the rent. There just doesn't seem to be anything under sixty dollars a month available. If we are lucky, we may get a place for fifty dollars. Even the cold water flats seem to be all pretty much taken. Yuriko got one lead which she found promising. One of her students, Lillian, told her that there might be a place in Brooklyn. The real estate agent only wants artists in the building. They phoned him and he said that he had nothing until Lillian mentioned her friends name. Then Yuriko said she was an artist, but did not give her name. The agent said he might have a place so come and meet him tomorrow. It's a lead; the rent is fifty to sixty dollars. We



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don't mind living in Brooklyn as it is only twenty minutes by subway from the studio, and it might be pleasanter over there. Yuriko said we might even develop a Brooklyn accent. We may get the place, and then again this might be the start of a lot of housing headaches.

Last night we went over to visit David and Rose Zellman. He used to be in the Graham Company for a while, but he gave it up after he came back from overseas. He was a flying officer, and in public relations work after he got back to the states. He met Rose while stationed in Denver as she was an Army nurse there. They got married and came to NYC after discharge. Rose comes from Kansas originally, and David from Wisconsin. They don't know too many people out here, and they had a very hard time during the first year of marriage. At the time Martha gave us the wedding reception, we met them for the first time and they were just on the verge of a separation. They had separated for six months, and the baby which arrived was unplanned so that it made things tougher and they decided to give it another chance. They are a nice looking couple. David is of Jewish descent, and Rose is Catholic. They seemed very happy to cultivate us, and we enjoyed the visit over there. We drank beer and talked all evening. We were going to play social poker, but we didn't get around to it.

They have a year old baby, and they have to put partitions about one corner of the room because they only have a two room apartment so the baby sleeps in the living room. David had a hard time in getting started, but he is now fairly well established at CBS. He writes the scripts for the news broadcasts, and he finds it the most interesting work. David felt that it kept him in contact with all of the world developments. He talks to the various correspondants all over the world just by pressing buttons. Right now there is a lot of excitement about the way the British are treating the Jewish group on the Exodus, and David told



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us about some of the maltreatment which went on but could not be broadcast because of censorship. David is liberal in his political thinking and he said that he is learning a lot about the inside of politics from his work.

Despite his fairly good job, the Zellmans find it difficult to cope with the high cost of living too. Rose was telling us about how hard it was to make ends meet because of the large bills for almost everything. She comes from a family of 10 people so she has some practice in making ends meet, but she said that it was so difficult in NYC. Her family thinks that David is making mints of money because he used to be in the theatrical world and now he is in Radio, and her mother is the only one who knows that they are having a hard struggle right now. It has to do with pride.

They live in a very interesting courtyard full of crazy characters. There is a Lesbian girl who just wears a tiny Ike jacket and nothing else and she poses in front of her window all evening. There are a number of fairies and they give all kinds of noisy parties. Upstairs there are a couple of Lesbian girls who smoke opium, and they are living on social security while they try to "create." Another party there blasts a recording of army recruiting blurbs late at night, until the people throw bottles at them and call the police. There is a potty old lady who lives for her window flowers, which breeds mosquitoes, and Rose almost broke her heart by spraying the plants with DDT and killing them.

We told them about our neighborhood, which is quite colorful too, and how we regret thinking of moving out of the village. Rose said there might be a vacancy in her building, but the rent is \$65 a month and that might be a bit too much for us. David said that he sees all of the want ads first when they come in at CBS so that he would let us know if anything turned up, but he was not too optimistic as he said that he had been looking for another place for the past year himself.



9 September 1947, Tuesday

By a miracle, we have found an apartment! The lead which Yuriko got from her friend proved to be fruitful. We went over to see Mr. Sweeney, the agent, this afternoon. He showed us about five apartments, all renting from \$55 to \$65, which he was saving for artists and veterans! We qualified under both so he let us take our pick. It was hard deciding. We finally decided to take the third floor on the other building, which only has three apartments in it. It rents for \$60 a month and it has steam heat. We have to put in our own stove and refrigidare. The only hitch is that the place has all electric outlets and no gas. It will be a problem about what to do with our gas Servel. We may try to sell it to Mrs. Ohta, at least she can do that for us. We won't tell her that we found another place yet so that she will be more anxious to get rid of us. Our new apartment costs more than this place, but that can't be helped. We are right near downtown Brooklyn, and only twenty minutes from here.

Our new address will be 63 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn. It may cost us a little money to get settled down, and a lot to move our stuff over there. The best advantage of that place is that there are plenty of windows so plenty of light and fresh air. We can get up on the roof also. There is a parking lot next to us so that our building stands all alone. The whole cluster of buildings is owned by an estate, and some day the city will buy the property for something. That got us worried, but the agent said it won't be for a good many years. We asked for a lease and he said we could have it, but we need not worry about evictions because the only reason we could be moved out would be non-payment of rent. The apartment is newly painted, but all one color and we may have to do something about that. It will require a lot of work to fix it up because we have to get a larger sink to wash the dishes in. Everything costs money these days! We can move in anytime as our rent runs from the 15th of the month, and we might as well get our money's worth. We had to pay an agent fee of \$30

9 September 1947, Tuesday

for the place. But Yuriko is very excited about our new home so I am satisfied. We certainly were lucky to get a place right away like that. Yuriko gets all the credit! I told the agent that I was a writer to make our position stronger—well, I am writing a thesis!!

Yuriko is now phoning David and Rose to ask them if they would be interested in one of the other apartments because they have been looking for a place, and it would cost them less in rent than where they are. In addition it would be conveniently near a shipping district. We have been trying to think of couples to tell about the place. The agent is so fussy, and wants just artists! I guess they figure that it gives the cluster of buildings more prestige. We met one of the tenants in the other building, a sculpturer, and he had a lot of complaints to make which dampened our enthusiasm momentarily. We also met our next floor neighbor, and by a coincidence it is another Nisei couple, with a daughter. Mr. Tagawa is some kind of an artist and we talked to him briefly. They just moved in last week: we don't know if they will object to another "Jap" moving into the building, but they better not! We don't mind having them!



10 September 1947, Wednesday

I typed on my thesis for about ten hours yesterday. It takes so much time to go through my notes and pick out citations to use. I'm rushing it very much because we will be moving shortly and there is a lot of packing and things to do. We don't know yet what we will do about our gas refrigidare. Yuriko has been advertising it around in the stores around here. Late yesterday afternoon, Mr. Sweeney phoned Yuriko and suggested that perhaps the Tagawas below us would be willing to extend a line so that we could have a gas connection. It is a very good idea. If that is not possible, then we will try to have a meter put in. We would like to keep our refrigidare very much, but it may not be possible. There is no use in selling it hastily since the price has gone up forty dollars on these units since we got ours.

Rhoda came over to dinner. Lamar was supposed to come too, but he was nervously indisposed. He is having job troubles again. There is nothing in the theatrical world opening up and he is rather discouraged. The crowning blow was when Jane Cowl told him that this was her worst season and that she was dissatisfied with the way he directed. This was a mortal blow to his ego and he got so upset about it that Rhoda has been taking him to movies everynight so his mind will get off of it. Lamar cannot understand how Jane Cowl could be so much of a double crosser, and Rhoda was very vindictive about it.

Now Lamar doesn't know what to do, and he may head back for the coast shortly because he doesn't see anything in NYC for a while. He had given himself a year to get started, and all he has gotten has been some rough experiences. Rhoda is quite concerned about the contemplated move, and she will follow him out. She hasn't got a job yet, and she probably is going into debt some more. Yuriko can't afford to loan her anymore as Rhoda owes almost \$400, and we need every cent. It was a good thing that Yuriko got that \$100 repayment because Rhoda would have used it up by now.

10 September 1947, Wednesday

Rhoda and Lamar's arrangement of a trial living together has been beset also by housing problems. The owner is getting into all sorts of debt and everyone in the building may get evicted. Rhoda is looking for another place to stay. On top of that her uncle and aunt are going to visit NYC and she needs a temporary place to stay so that they will not know that she is living with a Man. These are Rhoda's rich relatives, very proper, and she needs to keep in their good favor as they send her money occasionally. Rhoda complained that the start of their living together has brought more problems so they still can't get married until things go smooth. Yuriko told her that Marriage and problems go hand in hand, but that is Life and if Rhoda was waiting for all problems to be solved she would never get married. Rhoda wished that Lamar felt this way. They are both very insecure individuals, so afraid of getting tied down with extra responsibilities, but they need each other for moral support. I can just imagine them griping all evening about the world in general as that was all they seemed to do when they were here. Everyone has problems; it's all in the way you look at them.



11 September 1947, Thursday

I worked hard all day long on my thesis, and I think that by tomorrow I will have the first rough draft of it done, except for one section. I've been concentrating upon it so much that Yuriko must feel neglected. There are so many pressing things to be done and Yuriko has done most of the actual arrangements thus far. My big job will come when it comes to packing. Yuriko went to the gas company and found that it will install our refrigerare for nothing since it has a one year guarantee. I phoned Mr. Tagawa and asked him if he would be agreeable if we got an extension put on his line, and we will pay him rental and he said it would be okay if we could not get a meter. I don't know how receptive he was to the idea. Yuriko had one offer of \$145 for the refrigerare, but we will take it with us if we can install it. Yuriko also found out about a mover, and she went to the phone company but we will not be able to transfer our new phone which has not even been connected yet. We can't have everything.

Yuriko complains of a sharp headache and it may be due to a combination of her lingering cold, her work, and her going to different places to find out about moving in this muggy weather. We are having about the last heat wave for the year, I think. As soon as we move, it will start getting colder and I hope that the steam heat system over there is good. It should be more comfortable than the oil heat. Mrs. Ohta has not been in yet, so that she may not have returned to NYC yet. We haven't told them that we found a place yet as she should sweat it out a bit like we did for some months now. I am going to take down the closet I built and use the lumber over at the new place for pantry shelves for Yuriko as I don't intend to leave a master carpenter closet behind for Mrs. Ohta!

Dorothy wrote and said that she is flying to Washington DC this week for some conferences. She mentioned that Prof. Merton of Columbia looked at my diary and he thought it was one of the most remarkable diaries from a sociological viewpoint written. I doubt that, but Yuriko can have the letter to show off to

11 September 1947, Thursday

her friends! He thought it should be condensed and published, and Dorothy said she may do it some day. It sounds like a big order. Dorothy suggests that I look up Dr. Merton since he is the head of the Research Institute at Columbia and he might be a useful professional contact as well as an interesting person to know. I'll plan to do it after the start of the new quarter and when we settle down in our housing a bit. Yuriko has to start on her concert plans soon, but she hasn't been able to do a thing because of all the housing complications. I hope that she doesn't think I am interested in housing because I have been madly trying to get the thing roughly written before we move.



12 September 1947, Friday

I finally completed the first rough draft of my project thesis, and it was a great relief to get this out of the way. It is a very hack job, but I think that it will get by after I polish it up a bit. Now I can concentrate upon packing and getting ready to move next week to our new apartment in Brooklyn. We don't have enough boxes to put all of our things in so that we have to spend part of a day going around to the different stores to see if they will give us some cartons. Moving is always such a tremendous job, and very expensive too. Yuriko had a headache today so that she was not able to do much. Since most of the movie firms are retrenching, by cutting off many of the bit players from contract, it is likely that Yuriko will not get any more students from the Selznick office. She said that she might look around for another teaching job since the Graham company doesn't enable her to earn enough. She is a bit worried about all of these things coming up: moving, problem of our refrigerator, her concert in the Fall, and so forth. I guess that we will be able to make out okay, but it might prove to be a bit more of a pinch than it has been this summer. There are millions facing the problem of the high cost of living and it is no fun. Yuriko has been working very hard on the moving plans as there is so much to do. We are a bit concerned about the use of the electric stove for cooking because we do not know how much more expensive it will be, and there are so many other things about moving which we have to do. Tomorrow we will go to Brooklyn to go around a bit and price things. We won't be able to afford new furniture, but we want to get some idea of the cost. We already know that it will be too high for us!



13 September 1947, Saturday

We got up at 10:00 this morning and went to Brooklyn. Mr. Sweeney was at the apartment, and he said that Mrs. Tagawa doesn't want us to connect our refrigerator to her line, as she is afraid that the line will leak. The real reason is that she thinks that it will cost her money. She was not in, so that Yuriko will go over and talk to her personally next week, and try to convince her that it only costs less than \$1 a month to run our refrigerator so that she will even make money on it. Later we went around to find out about electric stoves, and found that they cost at least \$150. We didn't see any second hand one, which made us very discouraged. We may have to cook on a small heating plate for a while until we get organized over there. All of the salesmen told us that it would be very expensive to cook by electricity since the rates were so high out in the East. Yuriko still wants to keep the apartment and try things out for a while, since it would be almost impossible for us to find another place. We got the janitor to put in another sink and that cost us another \$20. So even before we move over there, it has cost us \$110. Sweeney was very helpful and he seems to like Yuriko a lot as he was telling her where she could go to price certain items, and he suggested that we try to get the gas company to put in an extension of the gas line from the basement to our floor. We definitely plan to take our refrigerator with us, and Mrs. Tagawa is our main hope.

Later, we walked and walked around the various department stores in the downtown section, which is very close to us, and we priced furniture, rugs, stoves, and a lot of other household articles. I guess the salesmen thought we were going to set up a house and they tried to talk us into taking a lot of things. It made us feel a little prosperous to get all that attention. We even went to try out a Austin as it didn't cost anything, but naturally we didn't buy it! We figured out that it would cost us more than \$500 to buy all of the things we need



13 September 1947, Saturday

for the apartment, and since we don't have that much for this purpose, Yuriko has decided that we will go to the Salvation Army or some other place and try to get things second hand. Yuriko has a lot of fun looking around for things; she says that this will be really setting up a home since we didn't buy too much after we moved into Thompson Street. With all of this inflation, it isn't possible to buy too many things with the limited amount we have at our disposal. Beds which sold for \$30 a couple of years ago now cost over \$70 and the other prices have gone up in the same way.

In one of the stores, the saleswoman noticed Yuriko's antique wedding ring and made complimentary remarks. This made us feel very romantic as we shopped, and we talked about how we would be able to buy a lot of things later on. For our first anniversary, I gave Yuriko some fur slippers and she gave me a specially engraved wallet so that I could keep my allowance safely in it!

We were exhausted by the time we got home. After I listened to the ball game for a while (Brooklyn won), we started out for the dinner party at Kenny's. On the way, we saw a part of the Jewish New Year Parade. We got to Kenny's on time, and we waited for the next hour for Warren and Betty as they were so slow. Kimi became impatient because her dinner was being ruined so we started to eat. Just as we got started, the tardy ones arrived and very apologetically said they had been busy fixing up their new apartment near Harlem. We opened the bottle of champagne we had been saving from last year and we toasted our first successful year of happy matrimony. Then we ate and ate. Kimi is a very good cook. The only thing I object to is that Kenny jumps around too much in the kitchen and gets his hands into everything. That is very bad for the Husband's Union. He even helped the girls do dishes. Kimi has him well trained and he doesn't seem to mind very much.



13 September 1947, Saturday

We were discussing about moving, lack of apartments, and high cost of living, and every once in a while, Betty would make a sarcastic remark, "But, of course, you can afford this." I didn't know why she always made such a point of our financial status, but we came to the conclusion later that she is very jealous of us and couldn't stop from showing her feelings. Betty measures everything in terms of money, and that is why there really isn't anything solid about her. Everything she says seems to be so superficial and it has a dollar sign on it. If it isn't about herself, it is about her family. She started the old line about Hawaiians being more Americanized, and I had enough drinks in me to make some comments which indicated that I was bored with her stupid remarks. Poor Warren must have a hard time with her. Betty always says things like, "Warren doesn't do that for me," or "I hope you won't mind if I gloat about our apartment," "I got a six dollar raise last week," "I wish I could make \$50 a garment for sewing," and so forth. Later in the evening she calmed down, so I acted nicer to her. Even Kenny got a bit peeved when Betty made remarks about him earning so much, etc. Kimi just doesn't say much, she cooks.

Joe and Sammy Oyama, Saye and Yam, Setsuko Nishi, Bill Cauldill and wife came over later in the evening. Sammy is going to have another baby; Joe has a butch haircut and he was a bit high, Saye and Yam are looking for a house; Setsuko and Bill are out here to "pump" Nisei on adjustments out here in comparison to Chicago. I just let them read my rough draft of the thesis which I had taken over for Kenny to look over, and they spent most of the evening reading it. They are both working for Phd degrees and they got some money from the Rosanwald Fund to make a study of Nisei adjustments. They kept asking me about NYC Nisei adjustments so I gave them a lot of baloney, which they probably took down in detailed notes later. Yuriko almost laughed when I was telling all



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of these things because I don't know what the Nisei are doing out here. I didn't particularly want to talk about them and that was the easiest way of getting rid of the subject. It was surprising that none of the others challenged some of the things I said so I guess they know even less. Actually, at the party we say practically all of the Nisei we know in this city.

By 2:00 Am, we got a little high, especially Warren and I and Kimi got worried that we wouldn't go home when we got on top of their bed and went to sleep. Yuriiko finally got me propellered out of the dorr and we made it home about 3:30 and I fell immediately to sleep after drinking a glass of milk and wishing Yuriiko a happy first anniversary—and telling her that I would have more detailed things to say in the morning.

14 September 1947, Sunday

We spent most of the day smooching, and we didn't get up until late afternoon. We had a romantic lunch of fried potatoes and eggs, and pickled pigs feet to remind us of our romancing at Fort Hancock. We both agreed that we made a very good match with each other and didn't regret "jumping the broomstick." At the party last night, I guess the other people thought we were a bit mushy. Just before sundown, we went for a walk to Washington Park and looked at the artists exhibits all along the sidewalk. When we came home, we ate a huge sirloin steak dinner, and smooched for the rest of the evening and discussed our moving plans. I did a bit of the preliminary packing, but didn't get too far. Most of the time, I was falling in love with Yuriko.



15 September 1947, Monday

We have been packing all day long, and we finally ran out of boxes. It just started to storm after being so hot all day so we can't get any more packing crates from the sidewalk vegetable and fruit stands. We have quite a bit of stuff, and I am taking a few small articles which belongs to the Ohtas because they gyped us so much and we feel they got more than paid from the extra rent which they illegally charged us. My books are going to take up most of the space. It will probably cost another \$40 to move to Brooklyn. We will move later this week, but we want to get all packed as soon as possible. This house is a mess, and we are not going to clean it for the Ohtas since they are evicting us and we don't feel like being very nice to them. The dirty trick which Mrs. O. pulled is costing us several hundred dollars or more so we just can't feel kindly disposed towards her. She is still in the country, or else afraid to come over here after we let Allan know how we felt. In checking up, we discovered that we took this place last November so we haven't even been here a year.

The apartment is all in a mess as we really got to work and packed our belongings for the coming evacuation to Brooklyn. We got to thinking of how much it is going to cost us, and felt badly--but Yuriko said that it wouldn't be nearly as much as in the Original Evacuation. This is about the ninth time that Yuriko has moved since coming to NYC and she is getting very tired of setting up new households. Each time there is a greater accumulation of belongings. We are worried that it might take at least \$50 to get the things moved. I was a bit gloomy about our sudden great increase in expenses, but Yuriko said that she was always optimistic so "don't get me all worried too!" So I cheered up, and then Yuriko got to worrying whether the electric bill might not be too high when we started cooking with electricity over there. But



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at least we didn't get all irritated, and the packing has proceeded quite smoothly. We have had to run all around the neighborhood getting carton boxes to put our belongings in, and all of the storekeepers tell Yuriko how sorry they are that we are getting evicted. I hope they all give Mrs. O. a dirty look when she goes shopping. We haven't told them yet, but we will let them know tomorrow.

Our greatest concern of the moment is the gas refrigerator. We haven't been able to see Mrs. Tagawa yet, and we have quite a problem on our hands trying to decide what to do with it. We hate to sell it at a great loss, so we will tentatively take it with us in the hopes that Mrs. T. will relent and let us run an extension to her line.

I was planning to take a lot of things from here, but Yuriko won't let me! She says that it is not honest, so I have to give in. I hate to leave them the nice closet I built and if it were not so much work I would knock it down. We have left them too many improvements in this place already and they do not deserve it. I am piling all of the junk in one room and leaving it there, although Yuriko feels that we should clean the apartment up before we leave. I wouldn't have my heart in that. We will probably be able to get out of this place by Thursday if we can find a mover, and then we will be very busy in the new place getting fixed up. Our cost of living is bound to shoot way up, and we may have to withdraw some of our savings, but that cannot be helped. Yuriko said that she may not put on one of her concerts, but I hate to have her sacrifice that. We shall see how things turn out. We should feel more discouraged by the turn of events, but it hasn't saddened us excessively, and we feel that there will be some compensation of starting a new household.

Confidential.

We did feel very burnt up this evening when we went over to the cleaning



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shop to pick up Mrs. M's share of the dividends for the past month. Jeannie was there, but she didn't say a word all the time we talked to Douglas. We were amazed when Douglas shamelessly said that he was keeping all of the half share of profits for himself because he could not make a living otherwise and he was using all of his talents to build up the business. He had some bitter complaints to make about the Ishimarus, and he felt that everyone was taking advantage of him in order to make him suffer. He went on to say that Mrs. M was at fault for doing the thing she did, and he had given all of his money to her, which was a damn lie. We tried to reason with him in order to protect Mrs. M's interest, but it was no use as he was so self centered that he could not see any other point of view. He said that they had hired a presser so that he was only making \$30 a week, and therefore he was going to take Mrs. M's share also because he had to pay \$15 a week for rent since moving out of the hostel. I felt like punching the selfish bastard right in the mouth. But, he had us in a spot because we don't know how to run the place if he walked out and he knows it. We told him to sell the place as soon as possible, and gave in on allowing him to keep the entire half share since he said that he wouldn't give it to us anyway. He also said that there was a bill of \$40 from Bellevue Hospital which he sent over to us, but we told him that we would not pay that. The cheap bastard is stealing money from Mrs. M. and he doesn't feel any conscience about it in the least. We have gone all along letting him get away with a lot of raw deals, and our hands seem to be tied legally, but there must be some way in which we can force him to be at least a little honest about things. We don't expect him to ever help Mrs. M. as he is too callous about that: he didn't even ask about her—only to tell her that she was not going to get any more money from the cleaners. He tells a lot of lies to the Ishimarus,



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and we don't want to get involved anymore. If we could get the place sold, that would be the best solution. His story is that Mr. Ishimaru is holding out for a high price in the hopes that there will be so much trouble between us that he will be able to buy up the half share for a very small price. We feel that Douglas is really the one who is stalling as he is making a good living off of the place. Bitch Joannie does nothing but sit around the place all day long: she probably is pregnant. Douglas carefully told us that the land he bought in Long Island is not in his name so that he is very crafty and he has turned all of the ill-gotten money he stole from Mrs. M. over to Joannie. There are too many bastards like him in the world, and I shouldn't have controlled my temper but smashed him in his sneaky face. That wouldn't have solved anything. I am waiting until we get the shop sold and it will probably be at a great loss. Douglas has turned out the way we predicted after we found out what he was really like, and we might as well forget about him after we get Mrs. M's money because I doubt if we could have any legal recourse. Of all the louses, he blames Mrs. M for all of his troubles. He said that none of his friends would talk to him anymore because of what Mrs. M did to disgrace everyone. Isn't that too bad for him! I kept thinking to myself that a social worker should be accepting of other people, but I certainly had a difficult time of it. I know what he is like, but even then there is only a limit that one can take this sort of thing. Yuriiko told Douglas off, and he didn't like it at all. The trouble is that he is so convinced that people are taking advantage of him and he just cannot see that he was the cause of all the trouble himself and not other people. On top of all that, Douglas is selling the few pieces of furniture they had and he is keeping the money for himself and Joannie. He was even advertising Yuriiko's sewing machine chair for sale so we took it out of the shop and brought it home with us. I hate to stoop to argue with such a cheap



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weaking like Douglas, and that is why he pulls rawer and rawer deals. Gad, what a guy! After all this phoney business, he still expects us to feel sorry for him and Jeannie! Such a colossal nerve. He hinted that he wanted to borrow Mrs. M's money so he could get his nursery started on L. Island, but we just ignored that. Sad to say, it is cheating bastards like Douglas who make all the money—I hope he enjoys his ill gotten gains. Some day there will be retribution for him in other ways so we needn't bother with him after we get Mrs. M's money as Douglas will always get himself in jams. He is just a psychopathic personality and I feel sorry for him now.

17 September 1947, Wednesday.

We packed most of yesterday and today, and the finishing touches have practically been made. I've been busy re-packing some of the small boxes into larger ones since we have to pay the movers \$8 an hour to take our things to Brooklyn, and the small boxes would only encourage them to take light loads and stretch out the work so that we could be charged more. We had originally planned to move tomorrow, but we may have to do it Friday or later if the mover is not available. I went over to Brooklyn this morning and got the electric company to put on our lights.

We don't start out in such a good way with our downstairs neighbors, the Tagawas. Yuriko phoned Mrs. T last night, and "I sweetly explained all about our refrigerator problem, how much we invested in it, and asked if it would be possible to have an extension put on her line. Mrs. T. got very nasty, and practically said that I had a hell of a nerve asking that a big hole be bored in her ceiling, that I shouldn't ask such things, etc. I told her that we only wanted to put a small tubing through and that it would not be noticeable, and that we were willing to pay twice the rate for gas so that we would not suffer a loss on our refrigerator, but she had no understanding at all." Yuriko was furious when she came back, and wanted to know what sort of policy we should adopt toward the Tagawas. I guess we shall just ignore them if they don't want to be neighborly. We suspect that the T's are a bit peeved because there are other "Japs" in the building now, but we certainly didn't know they had that place until after we rented our apartment—and they can consider that the feeling is mutual if that is the way they want it! We just won't let it bother us, and I suppose in time Yuriko will be making friendly gestures because she can't remain peeved at people too long.

Happily, our gas refrigerator problem is solved—unless something goes wrong at the last minute like before. Allan Ohta was here when Yuriko came



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back from phoning as I had left a note for him asking him to drop in so we could tell him that we were letting his mother have the apartment even though we had found out that she could not legally evict us. Mrs. O. is still up in the country and she had written an appealing letter to us so we decided not to let her sweat it out anymore. Mrs. O. in her letter said that she was disturbed because "your attitude was that you should be compensated for the improvements that you had made on the apartment, but it was rented 'as is'. This I only sensed for nothing was said." She went on to say how cold it would be for her to remain in the country shack this winter if she lost her place in the city. Then, she said that she still had hopes of keeping her other place so there was a chance we could stay here until spring if she got her lease renewed on the other building. In other words, she wants her cake and eat it too, but we don't want to be kept dangling until November and then be asked to move.

Allan was still very embarrassed by the whole situation, and there were unspoken apologies for his mother's distorted interpretation. I told him that we probably could get partial repayment for the improvements--worth at least \$200--but that I had no intention of charging him, and that I was even leaving him the nice closet I built. Allan was almost overcome with our "generousity" and insisted upon thanking us endlessly despite the fact that Shirley was visiting us at the time. He said that he really did appreciate it very much because he didn't know what his mother would be doing. He said there was a slim chance that the eviction at the other place could be forestalled for the winter, but it would mean that they would have no heat since the chimney was condemned and there were many other violations of the building code, but the owner will fix it up if Mrs. O gives her a \$1500 fee in return for a three year lease. Otherwise, out she goes and the owner will fix up the building and rent it out at double or triple the present rent.



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The building was erected in 1790, and suffering from old age like Mrs. O. However, there is a chance that Mrs. O. might be able to keep the place without heat if she kicks in with a 15% rent increase, but Allan does not think it is worth it and he wants to move out of the place. He said that our moving solved his problems as he was at his wits end, and he knew that we had partly decided to move because we felt that it might help his family as they could not get another place to rent for \$30 a month. Since he mentioned it, I emphasized the point that it had been a great financial sacrifice for us.

When Yuriko came back from phoning Mrs. T about the refrigerator extension, Allan said that he would be interested in it. We had not been able to ask him about it before. He said that it cost \$4.00 a month for ice and it would be a good investment. However, he didn't know if his mother would object since they might not have to move in here. Then he said immediately that he wanted to buy the refrigerator, and asked us for the price. We told him what we paid, but that the price had gone up to \$186 now. Yuriko said we were asking about \$140 or \$145. Without hesitation, Allan said he would give us \$150 for it as he could sell it later in view of the great demand for refrigerators which existed. He said he would bring the money over today. Now, if his mother does not interfere our gas refrigerator problem is solved.

Actually, it was hard for us to sell the refrigerator and we were hoping that we could install it in the new apartment. It will cost us over \$100 to get a used electric refrigerator so that we are losing out on the deal, but it solves the great inconvenience we have been faced with due to the fact that there is no gas line in the new apartment. Allan then said that his mother would be coming in today and she might be able to help us get a moving rate from a concern she knows, and that she had a lot of furniture in the other place which would have to be stored if they move here so if we wanted to buy some of it, perhaps a deal could be made. Yuriko is not too anxious to bargain about



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furniture with Mrs. O because the old hen will try to gyp us, but we will wait to see what Mrs. O's attitude is tonight. Perhaps she will be so happy to get rid of us, that she will give us some bargains. She should in view of the fact that she is getting all of the improvements here for nothing. Duggy, who knows Mrs. O well, said not to be too hopeful as the old lady drives a hard bargain. We know that she would not give us the same sort of deal on the refrigerator as Allan did because she would take advantage of our problem. We hope that Allan will come over with the money before he tells his mother, and anything may happen.

Yuriko is making me clean up the apartment a bit as she thinks that no matter how angry we are about the dirty trick pulled by Mrs. O, we should not leave the place in a mess so I have reluctantly given in. I almost felt tempted to take out all of the fillings in the walls and floors which I put in with my skilled hands, but I decided that this would only make more work for Allan and he is not the cause of the trouble.

Duggy and Bob Johns dropped in, and they broke the news that they were getting married in November and they were so happy about the whole thing. They did not have any in-law trouble about getting married like Ethel and Paul is having right now—yet—so they plan to get married in Duggy's home. Yuriko was very happy that there would be another married girl in the company with her, and she hoped that this would start a movement. They will live in Bob's apartment on 9th street, and Yuriko was telling Duggy how to manage things, like a veteran! They felt that they were fortunate in being able to have a place to live. Duggy said that Sasha is now romancing with another girl. He had some furniture, but no apartment; while the girl had an apartment, but no furniture—so they decided that the only practical solution was for them to combine their assets and start living together. That seems to be one of the prevailing NYC systems. Yuriko said that it



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would make another married couple we could cultivate because so many of our friends are still single yet.

Shirley was here for dinner, but she didn't say anything about the college instructor she is living with. She mentioned about her new philosophy of living the simple life, and she seemed to be as mixed up about everything as before. Poor Shirley would give anything to get into the Graham Company, and it is so disturbing to her that she can't make the grade. She is still too much mixed up emotionally to be able to dance well. Shirley lives the pseudo-intellectual life, and she is a bit snobbish about her intellectual inferiors. One of these days she will work out her problems and then her personality will blossom.

I got a sad note from the school saying that I will not get any credit for field work. That Miss Heyman got her revenge, but it doesn't disturb me too much. The way the system works is that if I do well next quarter in my field work, it erases the past difficiency--and I'm pretty confident that I will do much better under a different supervisor than Heyman. I still haven't received any notification that I will be able to do field work at the International Institute. If I don't adjust myself there, I might as well quit social work but I don't have that gloomy outlook right now. I just feel that it was worth it to get out of the clutches of that castrating woman Heyman, and I know that I would not have learned anything from her without being a big hypocrit and putting interpretations into the case records which were based solely upon speculations of Heyman. I didn't think that Heyman would be that vindictive, but she had to save "face." Any maybe, she did it honestly because I haven't been able to accept all of the psychoanalytical approach to case work, and I was expected to do it there, or else. I still think that I will get out of school in March because I intend to do well enough the last two quarters in order to finish up with a fairly decent over-all evaluation



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for field work.

Yuriko got an offer to put on a dance concert with a Chinese-Indian girl, but decided to turn it down as it would be too expensive and she didn't think that it would be particularly advancing for her in the dance field at this time. She thinks I want her to go commercial for the financial rewards, but I don't. I just want her to do the thing she will find the greatest pleasure in and there is a need for pure artists even if the rewards financially are limited.

Later:

Our faith in people certainly has been taking a beating in the past week, but we know that there are so many materialistically minded individuals who will squeeze a person for all he is worth. My gloom comes with the news from Allan reneging the deal on the gas refrigerator. He just came over a while ago, and he said that he had phoned his mother about it since she didn't come down today from the country as expected, and she told him not to buy. Although he didn't say it, we can get no other explanation in our minds than that Mrs. Ohta figured that it would be foolish to pay \$150 when she could get it for less if she waited until we got desperate. I refused to sell it for any less. Allan then said that people were not buying anything these days because of buyer's resistance and he wanted a guarantee that he could sell it for \$150 since his mother didn't want it. He just forgot about the deal last night when he definitely bought it, but I didn't remind him. Both Yuriko and I were pretty disgusted about the whole thing. Allan then said that he would pay the \$150, and he would try to sell it for the same amount. Then, in case he had to take \$130, would we guarantee him the difference. This put us on a spot since we had not made any deal like that originally. On the other hand, Allan wants to make sure that we don't cancel our moving plans. There was nothing for us to do but agree to his terms, but I said for him to



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hold out for the \$150 since it would be silly to sell for less. Allan was protecting himself from the wrath of his Mother, no doubt, but hell's sake, what does he want anyway. We have inconvenienced ourselves so much, and at much expense, and the Ohta's don't want to make even the smallest concession. We don't want to have anything to do with them anymore. In the past few days we have met several unpleasant people—Douglas, Mrs. T, Mrs. Ohta—and it leaves a bad taste in our mouth. I hope Brooklyn is not like this. We decided not to wait for Mrs. O. to ask about a cheaper rate on the moving, but went over to the place and made arrangements to be moved the first thing in the morning, and get it over with. We definitely will not buy any furniture from Mrs. O.

Yuriko is down talking to Mrs. Longobodi and daughters now as she stopped in to say goodbye. I stayed for only a minute and left. Mrs. L. was so sorrowful that we were leaving. She said in her heavily accented English: "Oh, so sorry to see you go. I told you the truth. You are very nice people. We never have trouble with you. Everybody like you. You gooda people. My god, it is too bada. I really so sorry you leave. Oh it is terrible." Then Mrs. L. almost cried. The Italians have a facility of showing so much emotion, and once one gets to know a family, there is a close feeling. We have gotten along so well with them, and we hate to leave this neighborhood because we are known in the block and people seem to enjoy us because they always smile when we pass. In the store I went into today, which I have never been in before, the proprietor asked me when we were moving. I was so surprised because I didn't think that he would know but news evidently travels around in this block. I think that some of the people in the block were a bit proud to have us living here because we added to the Village flavor, just because of "high visibility" and Yuriko's charming personality. The Longobodi's probably have been telling all of their friends about us, and they



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have so many around here. Listening to Mrs. L. restored some of our faith in people. Why can't everyone be nice and human?

Michiko was over for dinner. She has been so busy lately that she hasn't the time to do anything. She broke an appointment just to come and see us before we moved, and she told her employer that a friend of hers was leaving town so she had to see us. Living in Brooklyn evidently is considered as moving out of NYC! Michiko said that she is going to tour with Devi Dja in November and she is rehearsing without pay every night and weekends. The Shubert play is not going to be produced until the Japanese peace treaty is near signing so that it will be more timely. Michiko said that she met a European playwright who has written a play called "Soldier Tanaka" and he is looking for an all-Japanese cast and wanted Michiko to try out, but she was not interested. The man is going to Calif. to see if he can round up some Nisei who can act.

Michiko said she would be getting \$75 a week on tour, but she would have a chance to do a couple of specialty Japanese dances so that the publicity would be very helpful. She seems to be really getting started now after many months of trying so we congratulated her warmly. Michiko said that it was uncomfortable to tell Teiko Ito about her progress because the woman is so jealous of Michiko's success, and also Yuji Ito who does designing in Hollywood. Michiko said that the Devi Dja company might also do some night club work here as the dances they do are suited for commercial night club entertainment. There are only four others in the company, and they can't find another girl. Michiko thought it would be such fun if Yuriko would take it, but Yuriko said that she has her own plans with the Graham company. Michiko works all day long, rushes to teach Japanese dancing, then rehearses until late hours so that she hasn't been eating regularly or sleeping very much.



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I told her that she should take it easier, but Michiko said that this was all she was living for at the moment. I gave her Jack's address in S.F. so that he can put her up since her expenses on tour will not give her much of a chance to say any money. She thought that they might go to Hollywood and do some dances for a movie, "Ziegfeld Follies". It's nice that Michiko is finally able to get going on what she wants.

I asked her if her romances were coming along, and she said that she just didn't have the time for it now, and that she was not interested in men because her dancing activities took all of her concentration. Yuriko told her that she felt the same way too, but Michiko would find out that there was a lot in marriage too when the time came for her to think along these lines. Michiko thought it would be a long time. She said that she mostly goes out with men who are curious about Orientals, and some of them try to get fresh. Her younger sister is coming out here soon, and Michiko will give her the job in the costume designing place. Michiko seems to know a lot of people, but Yuriko is about her only real close friend that she can confide in. Michiko now is not so timid around me and she talks freely without getting all blocked up like before. She told us all about her relationship with Devi Dja during dinner. She was here when Allan came and we introduced her. We had been telling her that we would "fix" her up with Allan, but we didn't get the chance to find out if the impression was good. It wasn't under good circumstances because of the gas refrigerator deal. Michiko thinks it is terrible we have to move too. I guess friends have been dropping in to console us, and we really are beginning to feel badly--even more than before. But, tomorrow we move and Life begins in Brooklyn. 63 Hoyt street sounds very Brooklynish!

Later:

Continuation of the trials and tribulations of the gas refrigerator:



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Allan Ohta just came in with the joyful news that Mrs. Tagawa had a change of heart, and that she now was agreeable that we connect the machine on her gas line. It seems that she knows Mrs. Ohta, but she didn't know that we lived in this apartment which was rented from them. She said to tell us that she was very sorry for acting up in the way she did. The real reason also came out. It seems that Mrs. Tagawa was very much upset because she believed that there was a plot to fill the building up with "Japs" and she felt that she had been betrayed by the agent. We didn't know about the Tagawas until after we took the apartment, and it was the fourth one we looked at in the cluster there. We got the place because Yuriiko is also an artist. I guess Mrs. T. wanted to escape from all the signs of her ancestry, and she was most relieved to hear from Allan that we were "nice people." So patience does have its virtues at times, but we did a lot of sweating. Yuriiko was so happy that we could keep the refrigerator that she ran down and told Mrs. Longobodi, who also was very happy. Yuriiko gave Mrs. L. a Japanese lucky charm and told an elaborate story about the meaning of it. Mrs. L. comes from a section of Italy which has many superstitions so that she was so pleased. She invited us to come over and have an Italian dinner sometime.

Now I have to go to work and try to disconnect the refrigerator without ruining it. I gave Allan the \$150 back very gladly because we do have a sentimental attachment for the refrigerator and it can be used. I hope that we will not have any trouble in getting it attached now. Allan was also relieved because now he won't have to face the wrath of his terrible Mother. Probably if we saw her again, we would feel more kindly disposed towards her. We have to do all the last minute packing now. I hope that we will not have any trouble in getting the extension put in now. Such a nerve wracking complication it was to settle the Great Problem of the Unwanted Gas Refrigerator!



18 September 1947, Thursday.

Well, we got moved to the new apartment today, and it was a long and tiring day for me. Yuriiko spent half of the night last evening in cleaning up the other apartment as she said that she just couldn't leave it in such a mess regardless of what Mrs. O. might have done: "I won't feel right if I do wrong to others." There was no arguing with her so I went to bed while Yuriiko puttered around and made the floors nice and clean after I had deliberately scattered a lot of things around. But, Yuriiko was so tired today that she couldn't do much about the moving. She went downstairs and had some Italian coffee with the Longobodi family while I helped the movers with the things. I didn't take as much in a load as they did but I think that I was pretty consistent both in loading and unloading and my bones and muscles feel a hundred years old right now.

The movers were very efficient and they only charged us \$24 for the moving, which was remarkably cheap. We had figured on paying at least \$40. I felt so good about it that I gave each of the workers a tip. They didn't even stop once to rest. I doubt if we could have gotten as cheap a rate from any other place. Yuriiko figured that I did about \$8 worth of work. After resting for an hour or so here, I began to unpack all of my books and got them arranged on the bookshelf before Yuriiko had a chance to plan the apartment layout. I will probably have to move things all about until she is satisfied. Mrs. Tagawa was very cordial to us and she showed us her place. Her husband has done a lot of building of shelves and things but I don't think that we will do so much.

We went out to eat dinner, and after paying \$1.70 for lamb stew we decided that we should hurry up and get the electric stove the first thing tomorrow. We did a little shopping in the large department stores near us, but I was too tired to take much interest. Yuriiko stopped to pick out a silk tie for me,



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but she said that I didn't look happy enough about it" so I didn't buy it for you." When we go to department stores, Yuriiko always thinks of so many things to buy. I feel the safest with her when we are shopping in the five and 10 cents store! But, we do need so many things for the new apartment and we have decided to shop carefully because we can't afford to spend too much money at this time.

I took a hot bath with running hot water when I came home, and that was a pleasure. Yuriiko said that as long as we had fresh water, she was going to make full use of it. At the other place we had to heat the water up and we never knew how long it would take to heat a tank. Now we can go in and just turn the water on. Yuriiko said that she is going to enjoy everything here: "In case we have to move back to a cold water flat sometime, I can at least remember the luxury of the running hot water and steam heat here." She even reads in the bathroom now; she has had her nose in the "Captain from Castile" for a couple of days and I feel that the Captain is infringing upon my rights as a nice husband! Yuriiko tells me to go to sleep so she can finish reading a chapter, but I just lay in bed and look neglected until she take pity on me and gives me some of her warm attention; then I can sleep in peace and comfort.

19 September 1947, Friday

We walked and walked around downtown looking for second hand bargains in furniture this morning, but we did not find anything. We did buy our rangette electric stove after going to a number of places. In most of the stores, we were told that we might have to wait for three weeks until the order was filled, but we didn't feel like eating out that long. Finally, we got the stove in a small shop, and we even got several dollars discount so that we felt it was a very good bargain. We walked and walked uptown looking at furniture. At the Salvation Army furniture store we saw some things we wanted but decided to shop around a bit more before buying. Most of the second hand stores want \$6 for broken down lamps, and other atrocious prices of that sort. Yuriko and I decided that we would try to get good things, but only the most essential articles right now as the prices are just too high. We walked through the Negro district here in Brooklyn and Yuriko mentioned that she was glad that they had better looking houses here than up in Harlem and she was glad that some of the migrating Negroes and Puerto Ricans were able to get fairly decent housing. But, I think that the insides of these houses are pretty bad. Most of the buildings in Brooklyn seem to be about 80 years old at least. We live just off the downtown district and it is most convenient for transportation to Manhattan.

Yuriko went to teach a private class this afternoon. She hasn't been doing much teaching this month, but the Studio will resume full operation within a short time. Since she has lost all of the Selznick students, her income has been cut way down but Yuriko feels that we will be able to manage fairly well. I hope so. She had to take one of her pictures to Miss Matsui (she wrote a book once) who is sending it to a magazine in Japan along with an article about outstanding Nisei in America. This is part of the gov't plan to demonstrate to Japan how democratic we are in the U.S.A. We saw headlines



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this morning about Russian and American representatives calling each other "war mongers" and it hardly seems possible that the war to end wars is hardly two years over. I'd rather see headlines about Brooklyn winning a baseball game or something like that. All this talk about a new war in the making sounds fantastic, but the fact is staring us in the face. The most discouraging part of it is that the public doesn't protest against the idea very much. For a peace loving country, we certainly are very war-minded at the moment.

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We went to a movie this evening as we didn't want to make a lot of noise around the house late at night. We still haven't found out if we can have our refrigerator installed, and we may yet have difficulties with it. If all the problems in the world right now were as minor as our household troubles, the world would indeed be a very happy place to live in for all people. We listened to a review of the UN proceedings, and the growing pains of this world body seems to be indeed crucial at the moment.

20 September 1947, Saturday.

We are not republicans, but we are going to heed Taft's edict to cut down on the consumption of food--not because of interest in the GOP program to defend private enterprise, but because of sheer necessity. We had not realized how lucky we were in the Village because food prices there are so much lower. We shopped all around here in downtown Brooklyn today, and we were amazed at the terrific inflationary prices for things. Eggs 85¢, butter 85¢, meat up to \$1 a pound and so forth. It was quite discouraging to a struggling couple like that, and we certainly wished that the OPA was still in effect. Yuriko decided that we would not have eggs every morning and we have cut out bacon. Our meat consumption will also be greatly decreased until the prices come down a bit. We know that things are not as tough as during a depression, but it is very difficult for us to make ends meet now that our rental and food bills have gone up, and our income declined. By the end of the month, we find that we are just breaking even now. During the summer, Yuriko managed to save a bit, but most of that will be going into her concert expenses, and we will have to draw on some of our savings to meet current household expenses until our income picks up a bit. That may not happen until next spring when I get out of school and find a job. It worries me, and I know that there are millions of others in the same fix despite the seeming prosperity which the newspapers write about.

I suppose that our food problems are nothing compared to what the people of Europe and Asia are going through. Congress is trying hard not to give any help to the starving people of other countries, and the most cruel thing is that the congressmen blame the present high cost of living upon the fact that so much food is already being exported. It seems more like a problem of distribution than of lack of foodstuffs. In the congressional hearings which will be taking place next week, the farmers of New Jersey are going to bring



20 September 1947, Saturday.

their trucks of produce into the city to show how there would be plenty at lower prices if the fat middlemen profits were cut down a bit. It doesn't make sense when these same farmers have to plow under their produce because the middlemen will not pay them enough, but the public pays the highest prices it ever did for these same vegetables. The same for any other foodstuff. I am afraid of another depression because the lowest income groups will be the hardest hit, and this includes most of the minority groups of the country.

We sadly read in the papers that former Mayor LaGuardia died last night. He was one of the great liberals left in the country. That's fate--life doesn't make much distinction between a Bilbo and a LaGuardia, and all men have to die sometime. We just don't have enough humanitarians with courage these days. Yuriko said that LaGuardia only made one reactionary statement as far as she knows and that was at the time she first came to NYC and he said that he didn't want the city flooded with "Japs." Yuriko was interviewed by PM at that time and she said that she couldn't understand his attitude since he was the son of an Italian immigrant himself. A tribute to LaGuardia's greatness is that all of the newspapers have devoted much space to his passing.

We didn't do much today, just shopped around for window curtains and a few household things. We have been very comfortable here thus far. This evening, we will retire early as we have a busy day facing us tomorrow.

21 September 1947, Sunday.

The crisp fall weather has arrived, but we had a nice trip up Long Island. The train schedules were changed so that we had to wait for an hour in Jamaica for the train to Brentwood. We got up to Pilgrim Hospital a little after one, and we immediately went up to the wards to see Mrs. M. She was so happy to see us. The atmosphere in a state hospital is so dismal and cheerless and it is a wonder that ill people are able to make progress towards recovery under such circumstances. One of the things which bothers us is that the assistant ward workers seem to be so uncouth. They must get that way from working under such irritable conditions, and not many people would be willing to take those jobs.

Mrs. M. was in a cheerful frame of mind all the time we were visiting. She has not been getting any shock treatments as the doctors think that perhaps she may make a spontaneous recovery. They still haven't diagnosed her completely because of the language difficulty and I doubt if they ever will. Mrs. M. indicated in some ways that her intense depression has passed and she did not mention the past as frequently. She did say that it was her opinion that the hospital was putting her through many different sorts of tests to find out if she was capable of going back to the normal community life, so that she had to get well or else spend the rest of her days in that place. She has been keeping herself busy writing English words so that she can learn a bit, and she got a Parents Magazine to read a bit about the care of children. She would very much like to take care of children up there, but we had to tell her that they did not have any children in that hospital. Mrs. M. laboriously looks up words in her Japanese-English dictionary and practices writing them. It is possible that she may be ready to leave there by the end of this winter, but it is difficult to determine how she will be able to take the strain of leaving the more protective environment of the hospital where almost everything



21 September 1947, Sunday.

is being provided for her. Yuriko has written some friends about the possibility of Mrs. M. going to Los Angeles, but there has not been any answers yet. We still haven't told her about Douglas marrying Joannie, but we did tell her that he is keeping her share of the cleaning shop profits.

We just haven't been able to work out any sort of a future plan for Mrs. M. because we don't know the degree of her illness. It is still possible that she may merely have gone through a reactive depressive period, and even the doctors have not been able to determine how deep the illness goes. Mrs. M. is too guarded to say anything now, and she always falls back upon the defense of not understanding English when she doesn't want to answer anything. I don't talk to her at all because of the language difficulty, and I just spent most of my time reading the papers as Mrs. M. still seems to resent my presence and no doubt hopes that Yuriko would get separated so that she could have daughter to herself. It is this situation which makes it impossible for us to ever consider taking her in, but we don't know how we will withstand the pressures which will be sure to be applied to us when the time comes.

We got back into the city about 5:30 and went up to visit Kenny so that I could pick up my thesis which he is looking over. He was not in so we went down to the East River and sat in the park for a while and watch the boats go by. We ate over in the 1st Avenue district in Yorkville in a small German restaurant which had vulgar things written on the walls of the Gents Room. One of the things pencilled in was "Kill all the God damn Jews." A lot of the relief for Germany is being handled by Jewish financeers too. We had already eaten there, too, and the waiters were nice to us; but I just couldn't understand all this hate. We came home about 8:30 and read till bedtime.



22 September 1947, Monday.

Most of the day I sat around the house trying to figure out how I could make another bookcase which would not be in the way like the one we now have. Mr. Tagawa showed us some of the things he built in his apartment, and it was skilled craftsmanship. I shall be satisfied if I am able to build things one-fourth as well. Mr. Tagawa is a commercial artists for Survey Associates. Yuriko found out from Miss Matsui that Mrs. Tagawa was a Cornell graduate and that she had helped Miss Matsui write her book some years ago. There had been some sort of dispute over authorship and this broke the friendship up. Miss Matsui told Yuriko that Mr. Tagawa's father ran for Mayor of Tokyo recently. Mr. Tagawa is an extremely mild mannered man, and he seems to be unfreezing a bit. We have had more contacts with him than his wife as she apparently works out while he does most of his work in his study right here. They have a daughter about 14 years old, very bright but she looks more like the serious student type. Yuriko arranged for the plumber to come and give us an estimate on how much it will cost to put the gas line extension for our refrigerator in. The gas company says that it is illegal to do this, but the plumber didn't mention anything like that.

Yuriko taught one lesson today, and then ran around doing a lot of necessary things for the household, while I did nothing--I was thinking about how I could build things without spending too much money for lumber and that is quite a tactical problem. We don't want to put too much money into this place and then have what happened to us before. We have paid a plumber \$20 to come and put a sink in and we haven't seen the guy since so we may be out that money. The agent promised to replace the toilet seat, put in a medicine cabinet, and other things but no action has been taken on any of this. It sort of stymies us because we can arrange the apartment completely until these things are done. Yuriko very cheerfully said that she knows everything is going to turn out right



22 September 1947, Monday.

for us because "The goldfish is all well now; remember how sick he was? It's a good sign, isn't it?" Yuriko always manages to say pleasant things when I get impatient. I cooked dinner in the pressure cooker tonight, and burnt the vegetable all to hell, but Yuriko didn't say a thing. I probably would have scolded her, I think! She fixed curtains this evening and washed some clothes while I went over to Kenny's to pick up my paper.

Tom Shibutani and a guy by the name of Ishikawa was there, and I visited with them most of the evening and had some of Kimi's delicious desert. She baked a pie. Tom appeared to be the same as ever, perhaps a bit heftier--but he said the same thing about me. We hadn't seen each other since November 1944 when he went into the Army. Since then, he has traveled all over the country, and he was stationed for nine months in Yokohama as a war crimes interpreter. Ishikawa was also in Japan and they talked considerably about conditions there and the prospects of it becoming democratic. Ishikawa felt that the mass conversion to democracy was very superficial. For example he said: "I know one old Issei man from Los Angeles who was fanatically pro-Japan during the war, and he was put into Crystal City. He spread all kinds of propaganda about Japan being the hope of the world, and bitterly denounced the U.S. He was finally sent to Japan, and while on the boat he called all the Nisei together and said that from that moment they were on Japanese soil so that they would have no more American lipsticks and things like that. He thought that Japan had won the war, as well as all those repatriates who arrived in Japan on that boat. The last I heard of the man, he was elected to the Japanese parliament on his platform of having a thorough knowledge of American democracy."

Tom told similar stories, and he concluded that the Nisei repatriates were a sorry lot, and many of them accosted Nisei GI's to beg for things.



22 September 1947, Monday.

Tom said that he visited Frank Miyamoto in Seattle and that Frank was doing quite well teaching at the U. of Washington. Frank lives in a "swank house" inherited from Michie's father, and he is writing his Phd thesis on the Japanese in Seattle. In Chicago, Tom said that there was a great increase in Nisei concentration and a lot of what he said seemed to confirm what I had noted in my field notes and thesis. He said that Al Doi was about the most prosperous and that he is now incorporated in a quarter million dollar business, but still not married, the sad guy. He drives around in Taxis, has a weekend place in Wisconsin, spends lavishly, but has never been successful in his wooing. Earl Yusa sold the vernacular paper he published because it lost so much money, and he is now doing some sort of type setting for \$50 a week. He has three children, and Mimi runs the boarding house for Nisei single men. Tom felt that the degree of personal disorganization among the Nisei in Chicago was still as great as ever, and he predicted that it would be about five years yet before any real stability emerged out of the group. Many individual Nisei are doing well, but the mass of Nisei workers are still fearful about their economic security. He said that there were approximately 18,000 resettlers in Chicago now. Tom said he saw Togo recently, and that Togo is still at his same job, but doing some writing on the side.

Tom is about through with his Phd work, but he will keep on with his studies until the end of next year because he gets a nice fellowship from the SSRC, and it is tax exempt. He doesn't know what he will do after he gets his degree but he will either go into teaching or else try to get into the UN. Tomi is doing some statistical work for Prof. Burgess at the U. of Chicago. Tom said that Dave Okada is now teaching at Bowling Green College. On the whole, the professional Nisei seem to be doing quite well, and they certainly have gained a lot in the way of opportunities through the resettlement away



22 September 1947, Monday.

from California. Tom is doing some research on Rumors, and he came out to Washington and NYC to get material, all of his expenses were paid. He isn't writing his thesis on Nisei alone, and he still resists JACL membership as he said that he hadn't developed strong enough rationalizations to do that yet.

Ishikawa is the regional representative of the political arm of the JACL, the Anti-Discrimination Committee, but he seemed to be quite an intelligent fellow and not as stupid as so many of the JACL leaders I have seen. All of the things he said was news to me as I haven't been following Nisei activities, but I wasn't particularly interested. As far as I am concerned, I still feel that there isn't a vital need for the perpetuation of the JACL, but I suppose that is a debatable question. Ishikawa takes the viewpoint that segregated Nisei organizations are necessary for the masses of Nisei even though he may not believe in them himself. However, he stated that membership in segregated organizations would help the Nisei to develop confidence and this would encourage them to participate more actively in the larger community so that the integration process was actually being furthered. It seems to me that it is a very roundabout method, and I still think the Nisei won't ever get out of the "transitional" stage as it only encourages withdrawly into a tightly knit in-group society.

25 September 1947, Thursday.

For the past few days, I have been working from morning until night on my thesis. I hope to get it typed up in another four or five days. There has been a sudden change of weather and it has been so cold in this apartment. We won't get any steam heat until sometime next month, and Yuriko is worried that it might get too cold for the tropical fish in our fishbowl. Kenny dropped in yesterday and he thought that we had a very fine apartment. He had to go out on a case. He didn't think that he would stay at that job for more than a year because he did not feel that he was going to learn anything. He said that he just isn't using any of the theory he learned at school. I told him that he would be much better off working for the city or in another public agency since the future of social welfare rested on public funds and not private.

Yuriko says that she has hardly talked to me in the past few days because I am concentrating on my thesis. She has been busy doing little things about the house, and teaching private dance lessons. In a few days the studio will start the fall term and Yuriko will be teaching regularly once more. She also has to start rehearsing for her concert soon, as it comes up at the end of November. She does her dances by inspiration and gets them completed in a rush. Yuriko has been very sweet to me lately; she does all the shopping, cooking, washing dishes, and she doesn't leave me a thing to do about the house so that I will have more time to type on my thesis. I am trying to finish it by the time the quarter opens. I haven't received any word about my field work assignment yet. I'm not even sure when school begins but I think that it is around the first of the month. I hope to be able to build some shelves in our apartment by then. It is the same old difficulty of trying to get lumber without paying a fortune for it. The plumber is coming today to put in a larger sink and we paid \$20 for that. He said that his mother was sick upstate so that was the reason why he has not been around.

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26 September 1947, Friday.

I've been typing so much on my thesis that Yuriko said to me, "Do you think you can take thirty minutes off so that I can talk to you socially?" Yuriko has been storing up all kinds of ideas about how to get our new apartment fixed up, and I'm afraid that I haven't been interested in anything but my thesis this week! She has been doing all of the housework and cooking and about the only time I have talked to her at all was during mealtime briefly and at night. I concluded that I had better pay a little attention to her or else she might pay attention in some other direction, and then I would feel neglected! Having her around is such a comfortable feeling, a part of me, but I have to be careful that I don't take her for granted. Yuriko has been very sweet about not bothering me while I do my thesis and she never complains about anything---just mildly at most. She has been working at her private teaching, and she said that things might pick up for her after next week as she will resume her studio classes and also for the Selznick girls. She also has to start her rehearsals. Actually this will be the first month in which we have not broken even in our budget, but at least we have been doing the things we want to do and we don't live from hand to mouth. I think that we have done very well under the circumstances. I still am scared to invest too much money in furniture for this apartment because it is so expensive. We have not bought anything yet because we are waiting to get our refrigerator installed, and another kitchen sink put in.

Yuriko and I went over to the cleaners yesterday to pick up a few clothes, and we found out that the cleaning shop will be sold next week. Douglas was very mysterious about the whole thing and he didn't want to tell me who was buying it. Finally, it came out that it was Mrs. Azawa! It will be sold for \$3000 but Douglas is up to his tricks agains and he wants to deduct \$300 for a boiler which had been installed. He wants to save money, at the expense of

26 September 1947, Friday.

gyping Mrs. M. We didn't argue about it since we want to get Mrs. M's money back. The shop has been grossing about \$300 weekly recently so that Douglas was telling us a bunch of lies. He took the half share to support the Azawas. Now they are going to make the shop a family affair, although Douglas did say something about getting a job in a florist shop. I bet he stays right on at that shop, and that Mrs. Azawa is just the "front" for him as I think that he bought the shop himself. We found out last week from Mrs. M that there was over \$3000 in their bank account at the time they bought the shop (a half interest) so that over \$1500 mysteriously disappeared, which I am sure that Douglas was not careful to put in Joannie's name. We decided not to haggle with him because he tells so many lies and we haven't any definite proof. Actually, he kept more than half of their money, but publicizes that he gave Mrs. M everything. He has also sold the few pieces of furniture they had, and he did not mention anything about giving Mrs. M her share of it. Apparently, he is going to cheat Mrs. M. right to the end so we are glad to finish with him, and we hope that the sale does not get cancelled. I just feel a mild "hell with him" and we are happy to terminate all contacts. What a rat!

We went to a dinner party at Lamar's and Rhoda's. They were being very domestic. Rhoda is going to teach dancing, but Lamar hasn't found anything yet and he is down to his last \$50 from the \$3-4000 he had about a year and a half ago when he first came to NYC to try to get into the theater. Paul and Ethel were also there, and Paul talked about business as usual. We played cards later, and Lamar won. Fairly nice time.



28 September 1947, Sunday

Such a busy day we had yesterday! I got up early and typed some more until the plumbers came to install our refrigerator—cost \$15—and Yuriko was buzzing around getting things ready for them. I think that she will be very happy when I finish my thesis because I am unable to concentrate on household activities until that time. While the plumbers were here, I was fixing the typewriter which went on the blink and Yuriko was a bit frantic because I didn't go downstairs with her to talk to the Tagawas. The plumbers had a difficult time in boring the hole through the floor and we were a bit afraid that it might harm Tagawa's ceiling, but everything was fixed up in proper order. Yuriko said to me, "My gosh, every time there is something important to do, you say that it is woman's work because it is better psychology, and you make me do everything that way just so you can get out of it." I shall have to think up a new angle as she is wise to me now! Yuriko says that the second year of marriage is crucial so I had better make it a mutual enterprise! She doesn't get sore and pick on me, but her gentle and subtle way of saying things has a much greater influence as she works on my conscience! Yuriko was very sweet with the plumbers and they fixed up the refrigerator very nicely so that we would not have any trouble with it, we hope.

After the refrigerator was safely installed, we went out on a four hour shopping tour for furniture. Everything we priced was so high that we were very dismayed. Some of the salesmen sympathized with "young couples" starting out; while other bitterly condemned the "Republicans for causing such inflation." We went through the second hand section and we finally bought a nice new studio couch, a second hand sofa chair, and a living room chair for \$77.00. It pained me to spend anything when prices were so high, but I felt very satisfied that we got an extremely good bargain by careful shopping around and we saved about



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60% on our purchase. Yuriko didn't want to rush into buying the first thing which appealed to us, and that saved us money in the long run. We then went through all the downtown stores looking for chairs, but all the prices were out of reach. When I expressed surprise at some of the prices, the salesmen would ask me when I had last bought any furniture, and I would answer before the war. Then they would laugh and say that they bought butter at that time for 35 cents a pound instead of \$1.00 a pound. That didn't give us much satisfaction because it made us realize all the more that our savings were shrinking each day that the prices went up because the purchasing power of the dollar was just that much less. It was interesting to go through all the large department stores and just look at things, and then say to ourselves that someday we could be buying a lot of things. Yuriko would philosophically comment that "we are doing pretty good for just getting started and I don't mind because we have a much better apartment than thousands of helpless people in this city." Her natural optimism is a good balancing factor for me because I get furious that the poorer people are being cheated so much by the manufacturers.

We also shopped for the weekend food, and managed to buy some good quality meats in McGrory's, a five and ten cents store! The Five and Dime stores in Brooklyn carry everything imaginable and good quality can be obtained in some things because of the terrific turnover. All of these stores are near to us, and we have some advantages by living in Brooklyn. The "town" is a bit haywire since the Dodgers won the pennant. There is a distinct atmosphere about this city, and it has only taken us a week or so to consider ourselves as Brooklynites. One of the things which we like is that the salespeople in all of the stores seem to be more sociable. It's much more informal than in NYC across the river. I think that we will be very happy around here. The only



28 September 1947, Sunday

thing we find it hard to shop for in Brooklyn is vegetables. We went to a number of places but couldn't find the fresh vegetables of good quality like we got in the Village. We had to walk about six or eight blocks before we found an Italian vendor with a cart and then we got good buys, even if he cheated us a thin dime in the price. It was worth it because the savings were so great. In the East, one has to count change because it is a local custom to shortchange, it seems! The funny thing is that when Yuriko buys fruits and vegetables from these wagons she always gets good stuff; but if I do it, I always find some rotten products tucked away in the bottom of the bag! On the whole, we had a very interesting outing yesterday just going shopping and we enjoyed it very much.

When we got back, the couple downstairs were here wallpapering their front room. They are going to move in next week. The Rosenthal's are a young couple who have been married about six months more than we have, and the wife is pregnant. They were very friendly and we will get along fine with them. The Tagawas are by nature more coolish so we don't bother too much with them. I guess they still feel threatened by our living here, but we don't mind them! They have lived in NYC for years and both the husband and wife works. Rosenthal is a chemist, and a native New Yorker.

We went to the Brooklyn Paramount last night to see "Perils of Pauline" and it was the first time we have been to a first run movie in a long time. Yuriko held my hand and whispered that she guessed I still loved her, so I needn't splurge for high cost movies often!

We gained an hour of sleeping due to the change back to Eastern Standard time. Yuriko is now dressed up in army fatigue clothes with a cap, and she is going to clean up the apartment a bit. We have to clean the floors, and measure for rugs as we saw some advertisements of sales in the newspapers

28 September 1947, Sunday

last night for Monday and we will go there first thing tomorrow to see if we can find a bargain. We have to move things around in the apartment to make room for the furniture we bought, and we will spend the day doing this. Sue wanted us to come to some sort of party for the benefit of the AYD today, but we decided not to go as we needed the time to get more domesticated around here. Yuriko is just bubbling over with ideas about necessary improvements, but we are planning so that we won't have to build in too many permanent fixtures due to our last unfortunate experience at 168 Thompson St! We are having a cold spell right now, but the steam heat does not go on until the middle of next month. The janitor still hasn't come around to install another kitchen sink for us, and we are getting a bit peeved at him, but maybe his mother is ill again.



29 September 1947, Monday.

We got up bright and early to rush to Abraham and Strauss, the Department store, to see if we could get the rugs which they had on sale. When we got to the store, which is only a block from our apartment, we found a mob of women there waiting for the place to open up. I thought that there wouldn't be much chance of our getting the rugs since I didn't see how I could push through the crowd of women. But Yuriko sneaked in first, and she whirled down the floor and got to the rug department first. A lot of ladies came dashing in like fire trucks, and they all buttoned the salesmen and demanded to be shown the rugs which were advertised. Yuriko just stood there, and a salesman seeing a pretty girl, came over to her ahead of all the others. We were shown a beautiful 5' by 9' rug which originally cost about \$50.00 and the salesman said that we could have it since it was the only one left and it had a slight defect, which we haven't found yet. We got it for \$10.00. Yuriko was all excited about this broadloom rug, and she was the envy of the others she had beaten out. Not only that, but we got another large 9' X 12' jute rug for only \$10.00, and the salesmen took it right from under the fighting hands of several women and put "sold" on it, and added our name. It was marked down from \$20.00 as a second, but the new ones like this cost over \$60.00. So for only \$20.00 we got two rugs, and we felt so happy. The department store don't make any money on these rugs, but there were only a few on sale. All the people who came down and were disappointed looked around for other rugs, and that was what the store was counting upon. But, we got the advantage of it, and we were glad that we only had to put out less than half of what we had anticipated for rugs.

Yuriko figured out what we have spent this month, and she said that we were over \$300.00 already. That is what it cost us to move, and only \$100 of it represents something tangible, so that it was a high price to pay in order



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to satisfy the Ohtas. But, we will have good furniture, and we hope to be compensated by having a nice apartment. Yuriko took an old bed spread, and made some nice drapes for our bedroom. I only have to paint a little of the floor, which I haven't gotten around to yet. We are not spending much for permanent fixtures for the apartment as it is too much of a loss in case we move. I used a lot of old orange crates to built a little food cabinet in our huge closet, and I will use boxes to build a linen closet. All of our friends are very curious to see our place, but we don't plan to have any visitors until we get our place fixed up.

Yuriko said that Duggy and Bob Johns are getting married the day after Thanksgiving, and we are invited to drive up with them to her home to witness the ceremony. I may have field work at school that day, but I will try to fix my schedule. I phoned down to the school, and I was told that they were still working on my placement so I don't know if I will go to International Institute or not. It depends upon whether it will take any students, and I am hoping that it can be worked out. Registration for the Fall term was today, but I had already done this last quarter. My first class is Thursday, and I start field work next week. I spent the entire day proof reading my thesis. It is over 200 pages, and I hope that it is accepted by the school. I may not have put enough of a social work slant into it, and the school does not like the students to be influenced by sociology theory. Most of the references I looked at were sociology references. I never could have written it without my experience on the Study, and I find that a lot of the things which Dorothy and W.I. said to me informally were of tremendous help. And, I find that I also learned a lot from Frank and Tom as they gave me a good perspective on the Nisei. Frank was the most important frame of reference I used and I couldn't have written my dissertation without his comments, I don't think. I really



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didn't spend much time on the writing since it was a hasty job completed in less than one month, but a lot of work went into it previously. Now my main hope is that I will be able to get it accepted by the school! I think it is good enough for a M.A. thesis even if I have a lot of misgivings about my qualifications for writing it!

Yuriko went to see Mr. Ross, the representative for the Selznick offices, and he was very pleased with the improvements made by Mickey and Doris. He told Yuriko that the Company was retrenching, but that these starlets would be carried for several more months before going out to Hollywood or going into Broadway shows. The Fall term is starting at the Graham Studio so that Yuriko is busy in teaching again. She will start rehearsals on her November Concert soon, and she estimated that it might cost her about \$500. Dancers really love their art, and I wouldn't think of asking Yuriko not to spend the money because of our indefinite status right now, because it really is an investment for her career and it does give her a lot of self satisfaction.

In six more months I hope to be working, and then we will be in a more comfortable situation. Because of a combination of fixing two apartments up this year plus the soaring spiral of inflation, we have averaged over \$240 per month just to live modestly and that worries me. Very little of our income is spent on intangible things like recreation and entertainment. Before the war, I would have felt that Utopia was reached if I ever had a standard of living based on this amount, but in this city it is just "struggling" along. I have given up daily eggs and bacon for breakfast, and I am trying to talk Yuriko into feeding me Oleomargine. We already use cheaper cuts of meat and we waste very little food. The thing which gets me down is that with so many starving people in the war left in a miserable position as a result of the war, we are hearing so much about "getting tough" with Russia, and the comments of

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many radio commentators are actually belligerent. We are certainly a long distance away from the One World idea. Sunday night we heard Winchell blasting away at Russia on the thesis that he was not a war-monger, but he certainly sounded like one to us. I've always felt that phoney liberals like Winchell were dangerous people for the country, and they certainly do not help in getting us on a path to permanent peace in the World. I just refuse to go into an army again, even if I didn't suffer as much as those who sweated through the combat campaigns. It is ridiculous and it solves nothing. War is so stupid and it solves nothing, and I'd rather have Peace resolved by other mechanisms, like a strong U.N.



30 September 1947, Tuesday.

Well, I got my thesis all finished and proof read so I shall sleep late tomorrow morning. It has been quite a grind. The sad note of the day was the arrival of the gas company inspector who stormed up here and said that we could not have the tubing going through the floor, and a half inch pipe would have to go through. What a mess! I was depressed, and disgusted. When Yuriko came home, she was so disappointed, and she thought that we should get rid of the refrigerator even at a loss since it only caused a lot of trouble and she didn't think that Mrs. Tagawa would want a pipe going through her apartment. So we have decided to sell it. We don't know if even a pipe will do and we may have more trouble later on. The only consolation is that the refrigerator was given to us. We will only get about half price on it if we sell to a dealer so that Yuriko will ask some of her friends if they are interested. It is sad! Our furniture arrived this afternoon and we can arrange things about the apartment as soon as the janitor comes around and puts in the sink. We haven't seen the guy since we paid him the \$20 to do the job and that was three weeks ago. His mother may have died so that he may be on a Wake. He hasn't been around here since Saturday and we don't have any hot water. Life in Brooklyn is filled with little uncertainties, it seems!

Several dancers have asked Yuriko if she will put on joint concerts with them, but Yuriko said that she could only put on one this season as the Company may go on a tour. There has been some talk revived that they may go to Europe in the Spring, but I will believe that when it is definite. Yuriko said that we will not be able to go to Duggy's wedding after all because her concert is that weekend. Bob Johns is all excited because he may lose his apartment and that means they have to look for another place to live. He got in on one of the same kind of deals we had, a verbal agreement. They are willing to pay up to \$75 a month rent. Yuriko told them to find out about one

30 September 1947, Tuesday.

of the places in this cluster of apartments. I think that there is one more apartment left around the corner.

To top the sad news of the day off, the Dodgers lost the first World Series game. I think I shall retire early.



1 October 1947, Wednesday.

We may be able to keep our refrigerator after all. It is such an on again, off again business! I went down to talk to Mr. Tagawa about it this morning, and he was fixing his stove which leaked so I "advised" him on how it should be done, and strangely enough the experiment was a success. Now we have to get the approval of his wife, and I don't think that she will object because she knows us a bit better now. I went to the gas company and found out that there would not be any objections to putting the pipe in. I hope that this will settle the business. Mr. Tagawa showed me around his apartment. He has built all of his own furniture so I envied it properly and he relaxed a bit and wasn't so reticent. I think that he has lived out in the East for about 20 years, and went to college out here.

I spent the rest of the day knocking down my old bookcase to build a larger one for the corner. Yuriiko didn't like it as it was so I had to please her. It looks pretty good now, I hope!

2 October 1947, Thursday.

I went to my first class for the Fall term, a case work course. I guess I will be able to suffer through it. I turned in my thesis also, and I have a conference scheduled with the project adviser next week to find out if it will be acceptable in its present form. I think that it is pretty good, but the school may feel otherwise. My field work assignment finally has been decided and it will be the International Institute. It is located at 99 Park Avenue where I used to get all those free tickets for plays while in the Service. I spent the rest of the morning running around changing my address, and trying to find out what happened to my subsistence check for last month. I probably won't get it for months. We need it.

After I came home, I painted the bookcase I built yesterday, aqua blue, and Yuriko didn't like the color when she came home and saw it. She said that we had too much color in the living room. I said that it was cheaper to use the Kem-Tone, and that's why I didn't buy the more expensive paint. She said that she would have to buy material to cover the sofa and club chair in order to make things match up. I can't win! I also built a little box for the linen so that we can use the large dresser for clothes. We can start putting the rugs down, and arranging the furniture if that damn janitor will only come around and put in our sink.

After listening to the world series game, I got into the bed--we have no heat yet--and read the papers, all about how Pres. Truman wants us to eat less. The way we have been economizing lately, I feel we are doing our part. I have lost seven pounds. We have cut into our food budget so that we will have enough money to go up to Long Island twice monthly, as that costs us \$15 or \$20 a month extra. We haven't heard from Douglas about the payment for the cleaner shop yet, and we hope that he is not up to another trick.

Yuriko just got home and she is cooking now, some sort of concoction in



2 October 1947, Thursday.

the pressure cooker--it smells good. The pressure cooker saves on our electricity bill. She rehearsed today. She said that we are invited to listen to a series of lectures by Cecil Smith, a critic, on Art. There are 12 lectures which cost \$24.00, but company members can go free since he is sponsored by the Studio. We may go to some of them. Warren and Betty invited us to a housewarming party on Saturday nite. It will make a busy weekend for us because we have so many other things to do, but we shall try to squeeze things in. I shall try to find out about installing the refrigerator, unless Tagawa changed his mind again. I shall also put my books into my bookcase, which is a huge thing. It cost so much money to move the books each time we go to a different place. We are accumulating more and more things, and I hate to think of having to move again for a long, long time.

3 October 1947, Friday.

I spent the day being a Carpenter, and I completed my project of creating two end pieces for the studio couch. The boards were very crooked so I had a hard time making things fit, but managed to do a fairly decent job. Yuriko liked them. Now she wants to buy some fancy end lamps, and she spent the evening figuring out how she would cover the furniture so that the color scheme would match. Everytime I build something with the naive hope that it will save us money, Yuriko comes up with some new plan of getting something else which is necessary with the article I built! However, she has some good creative ideas about apartment decoration, and I have to admit that it will look nice after we finish.

I walked around part of the morning looking for lumber. It was so expensive that I finally went to a second hand shop. The guy there tried to sell me an old rotten piece of board for two dollars. Finally, the man brought out an old table top and said that I could use the lumber on it, and that since he was a good fellow he would let me have it for three dollars. I said that I only wanted it for shelves and that the boards were not long enough anyway. The man was undaunted and he brought the price down a dollar. We finally bargained around and I got it for 75¢. Then I told him that I was going to build an end piece out of the lumber, and he said that if he had known that he would never have reduced the price. The salesman then tried to talk me into buying a 1890 lamp for \$6.00 and I said that my wife would throw me out of the house if I ever brought an ugly thing like that home. Then he tried to sell me some old chairs. I was interested until he quoted a price of \$3.00 each for the second hand articles. My surprise registered so the salesman hastily gave me an elaborate story of how these chairs were "important" chairs. I asked why they were so important, they looked pretty ancient to me. He meant "imported" but I'm not used to the Brooklyn accent yet! His last plea



3 October 1947, Friday.

was that they were "wrestling" chairs, and very strong. I wondered why they were called wrestling chairs, and finally found out that he meant restaurant chairs! We parted friends after I told him that I was a Brooklyn Dodger fan. The people in Brooklyn seem to be so much more informal than the Manhantanites, and the pace of living is much more leisurely.

Karigan, the janitor-plumber still has not shown up to put in our sink, and Yuriko is fed up so she gave him an ultimatum. I don't know if that will make international relations tense, and he may retaliate by not giving us hot water and steam this winter. Janitors in Brooklyn have to be tipped in order to get them to do their work, we have found out. Karigan seems to be a very temperamental Irishman and he certainly has been a problem for us. Rosenthal suggests we petition Sweeney to give Karigan an injection so that he will do his work around here. Such is apartment house life.

We visited the Nydorfs briefly. They have the end apartment in this cluster, and their place is very nicely fixed up. He is a painter and he seems to be doing quite well. It was through him that we found this place.

Yuriko has started giving private lessons to the Selznick starlets again, but not as often as before. Doris Avedon came back from her vacation in Italy, and she is having her last chance with Selznick. She doesn't care very much as Yuriko said that Doris plans to go to Europe to live sometime. Her husband is a well known photographer. I hope Doris stays until the end of Dec.

4 October 1947, Saturday.

We have just eaten a delicious steak dinner, and Yuriko is relaxing in the front room and planning some more on living room decorations. We shopped this morning for the slip cover material for the studio couch and the club chair. The thing I can't understand is why women are so fussy about the selection of the design on couches and chairs when right away they cover it up with some other colored material. It doesn't make sense to me. However, I must admit that Yuriko knows what she is doing and her deft hand and taste is evident in our place already. It's no use to my objecting about anything because somehow it always ends up with us getting the things which Yuriko selects; I don't have any ideas anyways, but I like to put in my two cents worth. Yuriko is very good about these things because she will never go ahead and buy anything until I am completely convinced and she says that it has to be a joint decision. And here she is the one making all the money in our household, but she wants me to make the final financial decisions—at least it seems that way! Yuriko is not extravagant like she used to be, and she is an excellent shopper so that we always get good quality in anything we buy. Her idea is that it is better to get nice things because it will last longer and look better and I cannot argue against that. The way she has been managing the food budget is remarkable because we eat as well as before, and it is not as costly—this in the face of the rising food prices.

This afternoon, I camped down in the chair next to the radio and I refused to take any hints about the pile of household tasks facing us. I had to give my undivided attention to listening to the ball game. The Dodgers lost. Yuriko has become a fan, and she makes friends in the stores around here by discussing the trials and the tribulations of the ball team with the loyal Brooklynites, a fanatic breed of men. Yuriko says that this establishes her as a native daughter of this fair borough. We like it more and more here and it was a



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wise move to establish our household in this city, despite our problems of the apartment which will undoubtedly straighten out in time. By a coincidence, Mrs. Tagawa downstairs is a social worker and she has been very friendly to us of late. We have her permission to put in the half inch gas pipe so that we will keep the refrigerator after all, unless the gas company comes up with another unknown edict.

I have to get ready to go to Wangs and Betty's housewarming party this evening as Yuriko calleth. We will take one of our valuable bottles of bourbon over with us. Wang now lives up on 120th, near Columbia University, where the majority of the Nisei in NYC live. There is scarcely a handful of Nisei living in Brooklyn as near as I could find out. They seem to think that it is less glamouress to live away from Manhattan, but it is so close by subway. Yuriko figures that we never go to the expensive commercial entertainment places in Times Square anyway so there isn't any particular advantage of living so close to it. The living costs in Brooklyn are supposed to be slightly lower, but we haven't noticed too much difference. It is roomier, that we know.

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I drank too much at the party last night, and I don't feel so healthy today. Yuriko and I got over there about 8:30, and there was a Chinese fellow there who used to go to school with Wang at Syracuse U. Later, Dave Perkins, Davis Platt and a friend, Kenny and Wife, Joe Oyama, Tosh and wife arrived. Several bottles were brought as housewarming presents so I did my share to consume it. I didn't circulate around too much so that I didn't talk much to some of the people there. I camp down in the comfortable club chair, which Betty bought second-hand for an amazing \$7.50, and relaxed with my drinks all evening. Joe didn't bring Sammy as she is pregnant again. He has been married to her for so long that he doesn't take her around to many of the social affairs he goes to. He said that rice is up to \$25.00 a sack since OPA controls were lifted, but he sells at \$18.00. His brother just returned from Japan and a lot of Japanese foods will be imported, but prices very high. It's a good thing that Yuriko and I don't eat much Japanese foods, although Wang claims that it is cheaper in cost. Betty makes a lot of it, and she reproved Joe for not giving her a discount after all the business she gives him. She had some rice cakes for refreshments. Warren got an expensive camera from his mother-in-law so that he has become an amateur photographer, and some pictures were taken during the evening. Warren now speaks in terms of "perhaps" going to Hawaii, and he may end up there yet. It is difficult for him to turn down economic security by his in-laws despite his desire to be independent, and if he does not get established out here within a reasonable period of time, he may forget about his ideals and go join the in-laws. Betty still works on him about this, and she will probably get her way sooner or later. Now that Warren has been lifted above the "poverty line" via marriage, he likes the comforts that money can purchase, and it may help him to forget about the economic problems of those who "ain't got it." It is always a problem for



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those who fall into something of this sort, and I suppose ideals of social justice and so forth fade when one gets personal security, or a good taste of it. Warren is registered at Columbia again and he will get his M.A. in the Spring. He doesn't know for sure what he will do after that, but he mentioned that he might have to sell his furniture cheap when he moves so he may be thinking in terms of leaving the city. Evidently, Betty's obstentatiousness in displaying that her family has a little money is a bit irritable to Warren yet and there has been some differences of that. Betty said that she may go to college, too, since her family would subsidize them for a while. She is working as a seamstress now.

The Tsuneishi's have a basement apartment, and it is fixed up nicely. The steam pipes pass through their apartment so that they will get plenty of heat in the winter. It is located in a nice building around the corner from the Columbia campus, and they have fixed it up very comfortably. Since Betty always has to tell us the high prices she pays for everything, Yuriko and I decided to tell her how cheaply we get out things through sales as Betty wants to know all about those things anyway. Kimi doesn't do that as those things are not important to her. Betty has gained many more liberal ideas since marriage, and she now reads PM without thinking it is a communistic inspired newspaper. Among the few Nisei couples we have met out here, economic security seems to be a topic of concern, and the wives have done better than the husbands in most cases. (except Joe). There wasn't much discussion about the Nisei in a specific manner, which gave some indication that this particular group has become considerably integrated into the New York Life. In fact, they are provincial about NYC, and they think that Brooklyn is a foreign country. Warren was so concerned about us getting home, and offered to put us up for the night so that we would not have to undertake the long trip home.



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Actually we live closer to the center of Manhattan than he does. The group has a high academic background, but few of them are established yet. I didn't talk much to Tosh and his wife and Kenny and frau as they were in a corner discussing about "Nisei things", the only ones and the rest of the group wasn't particularly interested in deference to the Non-Nisei party group.

Dave Perkins told us some interesting things about the latest developments in bacteriological warfare, and he was a bit concerned that the Army was quietly rounding up all of the young scientists by paying them high salaries. However, he didn't believe that bacteriological warfare would wipe out the world, and if it did come to that, it was no use in worrying about it. He claimed that the reports of germ warfare wiping out the world population with one cup of bacteria was greatly exaggerated, and that Mankind could survive even atomic warfare. As evidence, he cited the number of soothsayers who made predictions that the world would be wiped out with World War II, but it didn't happen. However, each war does get more severe and I don't like all this talk about another war. Perhaps it is just a psychological reaction, but it sounds pretty dangerous to me. Dave is almost finished with his Phd. degree and he isn't sure what he will do after he becomes a Biologist. He thinks that he would like to go to a small college town and teach for a while, but he is unsettled. He has been so busy studying that his romances has been neglected and he is still eligible.

Davis Platt is also still eligible, but it is because of his neurotic behavior. He pays fabulous sums for twice weekly analysis and Dave mentioned earlier in the evening that Davis seemed to be better balanced since the death of his father whom he hated severely. Yuriko talked to Davis for a while, and they got along well. He is very much interested in Michiko, but hasn't taken the initiative to do anything about it. Davis and Dave room together at the



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old place on 124th where Warren used to stay. Don has gone upstate to teach college psychology. Art Reagon, the writer, is in a V.A. Hospital after a breakdown, sounded like Manic-depressive, and Warren said he went up to visit him once. Art wanted to become a writer, but he unhappily ended up making hot-dogs in a Nedicks' counter and it got him down. He was an officer in the Navy, and never made re-adjustments back to civilian life.

After six hours of sitting, I got up loaded and started home with Yuriko about 3:00 A.M., and I was loaded. I felt fine until we got on the subway and then my stomach began to misbehave so I had to get off four times. Yuriko was very kind to me, and she gently brought me home; but after we got here she gloated that I got sick and couldn't hold my liquor. My ego was hurt so I said that she had to be a loyal wife and not tell others about my "stomachache." Yuriko laughed and said, "When you see an old drunkard throwing up, do you say he is sick?" I said that was different, and it must have been those rice cakes I was allergic too, but Yuriko just snickered. Then I said that it was cheap liquor, and that got no response so I dramatically swore off drinking from now on--until, the next time. I think I will be more moderate though because I don't need liquor stimulation with such a nice wife.

We got up about 9:30 this morning to go up to Long Island, and it was beautiful Fall weather. In the country, the trees were in varied colors, and everything looked so peaceful. I didn't appreciate all of it because I felt tired and weak from the night before. Mrs. M. had been moved to another ward, and she waved to us through the barred windows. I didn't talk to her very much this time. She seemed to be in fairly good spirits, and her improvement has been growing steadily. She said that she has started taking shock treatments, but she had no idea of what happens except that she was a bit concerned about not being able to remember anything after the treatment. Confusion is

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a common reaction to electric shock. Yuriko discussed a bit about going to California and got some name of friends, but Mrs. M. seems unable to make any plans for herself yet because of her excessive dependency upon Yuriko now and her fear of the outside environment. She talks in terms of wanting to get out in a couple of months, but she cannot speak too realistically about it yet. Planning for Mrs. M. is a very complex problem because she seems to be so helpless since the marital breakup and it is difficult for her to be realistic yet altho she talks in terms of going to California and earning her own living. It is a positive sign and I think that if we can work slowly with her, she will gradually gain more insight into the real nature of her situation.

The entire problem is a very serious one for Yuriko, who sometimes tends to block when she thinks of the realistic problems, but positive steps have to be made sooner or later. It may be cruel in a sense to plan in terms of Mrs. M. making her own way in California, but I can't think of any other plan. It wouldn't do to have her come and live with us because her resentment of me would only cause friction in our marital relationships, and Yuriko would be caught in the middle of a terrific mental conflict. Mrs. M. would like to cling to Yuriko, but that just won't work. Any plan which is made will be difficult for Mrs. M. but Yuriko and I have to think in terms of our own future too. Naturally we both feel threatened by this situation which can't be unrealistically pushed out of our thoughts in the hopes that it will work out automatically, and Yuriko's feelings of wanting to help her mother blocks her thinking at times about the feasibility of sending her off to California. At the same time she faces the dilemma of recognizing that it would be an unfair burden to bring her into our apartment, and, further, that Mrs. M. would have even less chance to adjust to reality in this environment. Mrs. M.



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is comparatively a young person, she certainly isn't aged yet, and there is the chance that she can adjust to life in a Japanese community in Los Angeles and be self sufficient to a great extent. We would help her financially as much as possible, but we have to give full consideration to ourselves too. Questions of who would be responsible for Mrs. M. how could she find housing, how about jobs and so forth came up yesterday, and this problem was very discouraging to Yuriko. I suggested to Yuriko that she should not indicate that she was discouraged in front of her mother since this would only intensify withdrawal and dependency on the part of Mrs. M., and she needs positive pushes now. She still talks a bit about the wrong which Mr. M. committed upon her, and it is no use to suggest that it took two too create this marital maladjustment as she would just continue to use past wrongs and injustices as a prop for escapism. It will take time for her to face her problems objectively, but that is the only solution. Yuriko bears the burden of this supportive task for Mrs. M's emotional rehabilitation and it is by no means an easy job. I would say that Yuriko provides more psychiatric strength for Mrs. M. than the doctor does since he is unable to communicate with her on an intensive basis. My thinking is that Mrs. M. could make reasonably good adjustments once she regains self confidence in facing her environment objectively. She seems to be pretty well out of her depressive state of mind currently, but she may be hiding a lot of emotional turmoil because she doesn't want to take any chances of being hospitalized indefinitely. This repression of her inner conflicts, if it exists, isn't too good. If she ever does break down again, it is nobody's fault. I think that this is one of the things which bothers Yuriko. She might feel that she would have some personal responsibility of future breakdowns if she participated in sending Mrs. M. to California, but the chances are that it would happen just as well if she remained in the NYC area. The only

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sensible way to look at this problem is to recognize that the chances for recovery from an involutory melancholia state is the best of any of the emotional illnesses, and we still are not sure if Mrs. M's breakdown was as serious as that. There are many factors which might indicate that Mrs. M's suicidal attempt was more in the nature of depressive reaction to the precipitating factor of Mr M's actions, with some complicated paranoidal aspects which could go back much deeper into her personality structure. Dr. Jacoby indicated this previously, and he was unable to make a definite diagnosis because of the language handicap. Whatever the nature of Mrs. M's breakdown, I think that we should plan in terms of positive factors which exists--and there are many--in the present situation, and work from that basis. Certainly, it will be difficult for Mrs. M. to go to California, but it will be just as difficult for her to remain in NYC, and there is even more of an opportunity for her to become completely withdrawn here because of the fact that it is too near the scene of her marital complications and she doesn't have anyone to talk to outside of Yuriiko so that she would not have any initiative to make social readjustments. I certainly will not think of Yuriiko ruining her personal adjustments by being tied to a situation of this nature, and I think that she realizes the implications of this. It is a complex situation, but it has to be worked out with Mrs. M. If she gradually achieves a positive outlook about her future, it will make it that much easier. She says she wants to go to California, but hasn't mentioned going back to Japan. Right now there are restrictions about going to Japan, but that may be the best solution in the long run. It is pitiful that a woman enters the downhill paths of her life with such little security as Mrs. M. has, but we cannot blame ourselves for that as it was a lifelong process in creation and we can only work with what exists. We don't know when Mrs. M. will be able to leave the hospital, we only assume



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that it will be a matter of a few months now, so that we have to think in positive fashion. Yuriko is going to write to some of Mrs. M's old friends in L.A. to ask about possibilities for housing, employment, and social adjustments. Yuriko said that they wouldn't want to assume any direct responsibility, but I didn't propose that they should. I thought more in terms of getting information from them and perhaps some tentative arrangements like the people used to do before they resettled from camp. There are even social agencies which could help with some of the problems of initial adjustments, but it is still too early to think about that. Yuriko mentioned on the way home that it was unfair to me to have this problem with her, but I don't think of it in that way at all since it is our problem, and we can do as much as we can to work it out concretely without allowing it to overwhelm us or causing any marital disruptions because of an uncomfortable "in-law" situation. We just have to be as objective as possible, and work the thing out rationally without being overcome by any emotional implications. That's the most we can do for now, and the groundwork needs to be started immediately.

On the way home, we stopped in Jamaica and found out that the world series game was still on. We went into a bar and watched the thrilling end of the game on the television set. Almost as interesting as the game was the reactions of the many patrons of the bar. They responded to the television set as if they were actually at the game. Television has been the biggest boon to the liquor business in years, and it certainly increases business. The game ended happily for us as the Dodgers won to tie up the series. Yuriko got so excited, and she has all the attributes of a dyed-in-wool Brooklyn fan.

We got home about six pm, and had a leisurely dinner. Afterwards I went into the bathroom to soak in the hot water tub. Yuriko joined me and she

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brought the radio with the remark that "This is the Life," and we enjoyed several sunday evening programs before coming out of there. I washed some of my clothes in the bathtub. After the bath, I had to get my things ready so that I would be able to leave hastily the first thing in the morning for my first day at fieldwork. I haven't gotten back in the swing of school yet, but I anticipate that field work will be a much more pleasant experience and a greater learning process for me this quarter than last. I just wasted my time at Psychiatric Institute despite its overrated reputation as being the best placement for students. I think that the main trouble was that the Social Service staff there was so insecure about its position in the hospital that it just didn't fulfill its functions. I guess I did learn something though as it would be "sour grapes" to think that I didn't. The main trouble was that the castrating supervisor Heyman needed some analysis for her personality frustrations. That is past now, and I think more in terms of gaining a new experience at International Institute during the next two quarters. I suppose that it won't meet up with all of my expectations, but that can't be expected and as long as I feel that I am learning something, that is all I ask.



6 October 1947, Monday.

The headlines about the Dodger loss of the World Series crowded the news of Trumans pleas for saving food for starving Europe off of the top spot. Truman said over the radio last night that we should all cooperate in saving food, but it made me wonder if a voluntary measure like that is going to do the trick. I still think that we need strong government controls, and a revival of the OPA to knock down the inflationary prices before there will be much success in accumulating food surplus for Europe. Yuriko asked why the millions of Asia were not included, and my facitious response was that Asians were not of the superior white race. I think that the truer answer would be that Asia is not as politically important to America as Europe is at the moment, and political expediency is at the roots for the present humanitarian appeal. Starving people should be helped, but I don't care to see a politcal qualification attached to it. When I read about Europe, I feel thankful that I am so well off here despite the many internal problems of the U.S. which has to be solved.

Today was my first day at the International Institute, and I think that it will be a stimulating experience for me. I had a long conference with Miss Siebold, the director of the Personal Service Department, and she gave me a complete description of the agency functions. The International Institute of NYC, Inc., is an autonomous agency, but it is affiliated with the National Office. The personal service department serves immigrants with naturalization problems, it helps social adjustments of old and new Americans so that they will become integrated into the National life, it furthers inter-cultural understanding, it promotes social integration of second-generation Americans, and it gives case work service to those with personal problems of all sorts. The primary emphasis right now is on naturalization and immigration problems with clients, but the program has been developing recently. It had only one social

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worker a year ago and now it has four. NYC has about two and one-half foreign born so that there is a lot of work to be done in this city. The personal service department has had to limit its functions to chiefly technical information and problems growing out of it, but it provides plenty of opportunity to do case work with those who have personality problems arising out of cultural differences and other factors. I have three cases assigned to me already, and one of them is a German youth who is trying to get his wife over here, another is a Norwegian woman who is sponsoring the support of a relative, and the third is a young Hungarian student who comes from a highly educated family but is now having trouble with his visa. The Int. Inst. works closely with the U.S. Department of Immigration. It also has a group activities program. There are about 10 people on the staff and I met all of them today.

Miss Siebold certainly made me feel comfortable by giving me a private office on the fifth floor (the regular workers share a large room with partitions separating them!) and I have a typewriter for my use and other facilities. No phone yet, darn it! I think it will be nice doing field work there. I am the only student assigned there, and Miss Siebold said that she had some very good reports of me so that Mrs. Austin really must have done a good job in selling me to the agency--I hope I can live up to it. Miss Siebold is a kindly woman, she must be close to 40 or maybe over, a bit reserved but she shows a lot of warmth in her personality. I don't think that she will drive me too hard, and the staff certainly made me feel welcomed.



7 October 1947, Tuesday.

The Nydorfs came over to visit us last night, and we chatted for a couple of hours and got acquainted. They seem to be interested in cultivating us socially, and we don't mind knowing another couple. Both of them are artists and they seem to have traveled around the globe quite a bit. They wanted to know a bit about the resettlement of the Nisei, and from there we got into a discussion of the implications of the evacuation in setting a precedent for the "thought control" of the entire population. The Nydorfs are politically active in the PCA, and they are getting their friends to register for the special elections this year. We haven't lived in Brooklyn long enough to register, but Yuriko will be able to vote from her last place of registration. There is a move by reactionary elements in the city to repeal the provisions for proportional representation in elections so that smaller political parties will not be able to elect anyone to office. The real estate interests are also going to try and get the public to cut their throats by voting for a rise in the subway fares. The elections next year will really be important and crucial as it will determine the direction of our domestic and foreign policy, which right now seems to be very imperialistic despite all of the State Department denials.

Truman asked Americans to have meatless Tuesdays in order to save grain for exporting. That is why I am eating pork and beans tonight. Yuriko had several extra private lessons to give, and she decided to stay over this evening and listen to the lecture on Art so that she will not be home until after 10:00 p.m. I spent most of the day cleaning the living room floor and painting it. I left a spot in the middle of the floor unpainted as the rug will go over it, but Yuriko may change her mind about where the rug should go and then I will have to do some repainting. We have been slowly getting things done around here. I saw Karigan today and he promised to come and install the sink tomorrow; I



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hope so. We will be able to put the rugs down as soon as the sink is fixed and then the apartment will be much more homelike. Now that school has started and Yuriko is busy with her teaching and rehearsals, we won't have so much time to fix things up around here. We want to get it in presentable shape as things will never get done if we let it slide too long.

I have been reading most of the evening, and I started some of my class assignments. It is so quiet without Yuriko around and I miss her! I think that we have gotten along so nicely in the almost 13 months we have been married and it has been a continuing satisfactory experience. I don't think that it was too difficult for us to make mutual adjustments during the first year of marriage. I think that we are temperamentally suited for each other and that is why things are smooth. It must be love as we don't take each other for granted, and married life is not in the least dull. We are pleased with our new apartment and in another week or so, it should be in first class shape so that we will be able to enjoy it in comfort. We still have to get the gas company to install the half inch pipe for the refrigerator, but Yuriko hasn't had the time to phone them. She has been so busy lately. This morning she caught up on her rest a bit by sleeping until noon, but she has a rugged schedule from now on until after her concert at the end of November.

I had lunch with two of the regular social workers, and they told me a bit about their work. It will take a little time to get oriented to the function of the agency, and I have to learn a lot about immigration and naturalization laws in order to work with the clients. I'll probably be able to use a lot more case work techniques this quarter without having to go through a third degree on the psychoanalytical implications of the client's relationships with his mother in infancy. There may be some difficulty in language but Mr. Glaisner said that most of them spoke English. He is a graduate of the



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N.Y. School and I believe he is a refugee himself. Mrs. Blatner(?) or Balent is not too talkative, rather reserved and I didn't get to know her too well. Her husband is a technician seaman. The one thing I like about this place-ment is that the social workers are given a lot of responsibility and they do not have to run to the supervisor to get permission for everything which is done. The Int. Inst. in this city is about the only one which does so much individual case work with immigrants, war brides, and so forth; but I don't know very much about its group work activities yet. I go there on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and I have already scheduled an interview for Weds. and one for Friday evening. I might as well get a good start there and be an eager-beaver for a while. I have an advantage over the regular social workers there in that I will be able to do much more individual work with the clients since my case load will not be too heavy to begin with.

Yuriko is teaching this evening so that we will not have any dinner until about 9:30. Fortunately, I had a large lunch. It may be a financial problem eating lunch since the regular social workers go to a place where \$.75 is minimum, and that is much more than my past lunch scale. However, it would be difficult for me to go off and eat alone at a cheaper place so I guess I will have to manage my budget carefully and allow for the added luncheon expense. It will take about half of my allowance each month, I am afraid. My subsistence check for last month did not arrive yet, and I think that I may have trouble getting my checks since I moved.

8 October 1947, Wednesday.

Yuriko attended a lecture on art last night so that I was alone most of the evening. This evening we went to a Clark Gable movie as Yuriko said that he used to be her favorite star while she was in her adolescent age in Japan. We haven't been to many movies lately because of so many other pressing things to do. I didn't feel much like reading after the field work. Yuriko had a long day also but she said that she did give one easy private lesson. Doris brought two large apples and they just chatted for the hour because it was too warm, and the Selznick office was paying for the lesson anyway, at \$7.50 per hour. Yuriko said that it didn't make much difference as she usually runs overtime anyway and there isn't any extra charge.

I was busy all day long with further orientation into the International Institute function, and I read up on some immigration laws. I helped one naturalized citizen make out an affidavit of sponsorship for a relative in Poland, and this man had saved up \$30,000 in ten years so I had to agree with him that American certainly was a land of opportunity. The quota lists for all of the European countries are filled for years ahead, and only those on the preference lists are getting in. Some of the East Europe countries discourage immigration to the U.S. and all sorts of legal obstacles are placed in the way. The consulate offices make a lot of extra money for the government by requiring multiple copies of all kinds of photostatic data. It has been very interesting so far to get into this kind of work. Despite some limitations in dealing with the cultural aspects of case work, I think that I will get a pretty sound background into this area during this placement. It's taking a chance since there are not too many jobs open within this specialized area, but I like it better. The Common Council of American Unity does some case work with immigrants, and there might be possibilities for job placement with it when I finish up my studies. I don't know anything about the work it performs other than what I



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have seen in some pamphlets in the office. This group publishes Common Ground magazine, and Louis Adamic might be able to establish some sort of contact for me when I start job hunting. I think that I would prefer dealing with some aspect of cultural groups rather than straight case work, which I have found a little limiting and it lacks giving me the satisfaction I want to have on any job.

Most of the morning I was interviewing Oscar Lenart. He is a young Hungarian, intelligent, of the wealthier class, and he came over here on a visitor's visa last summer but decided that he would like to get an American education so he came in to find out how he could get a change of status in his visa. It will be a difficult task since the Immigration Service is very suspicious of these attempted changes and Oscar has to prove his plans beyond doubt. The difficulty is that he is uncertain about his own feelings, and it did come out that the main reason he wanted to stay here was because of the unsettled political situation in Hungary. After five years here, he might be able to change to a permanent resident by coming in from Canada, but the Immigration Service is very wary of any subterfuges. Oscar knows about five languages, but his English is heavily accented so that I had some difficulty in understanding him clearly. Since he comes from a high social stratification, he has some snobbish attitudes about the "masses" but he will learn quickly enough when he gets adjusted to life at Queens College. There is a doubt that he will be able to stay, but we might be able to work it out. Life in NYC is bewildering for Oscar after coming from Budapest, but, on the other hand, he saw a lot more of the war than most Americans did.

9 October 1947, Thursday.

That man Karigan still hasn't been around to fix our sink and we are getting mighty exasperated. He is so elusive that we never see him around. For the past few days we have left our apartment door unlocked in the hopes that he would show up but he has disappointed us every time. It certainly does hold us up in the fixing up of the apartment as we plan to use the space to make a little kitchen and we can't do a thing while all of those pipes are still there. In another week both of us will be so busy with other things that we won't have the time to work on the completion of the apartment as we planned. Yuriko is starting rehearsals for her November concert, and she said that it will cost about \$60 a month for studio rental. My V.A. subsistence check will not come until the end of this month, but fortunately we have enough to meet our current budget. We have a rent bill coming up next week, and the landlord still hasn't installed the medicine cabinet and toilet seat in the bathroom, or put in a mailbox. Once we get into the place, the landlord does not worry anymore because threats of moving out are meaningless in these days of housing shortage.

I went to one class this morning, case work, and it was fairly interesting. Mrs. Austin seems to be a very good teacher—I guess that is because she is about the only instructor at the N.Y. School who hasn't written a book! I went to see her after class to get her signature on my plan to drop two points of my course for the thesis. This means that I will be able to register for 2 points of thesis next quarter and I won't have to do a thing since the job is about completed. I still have to find out if the project adviser will approve it. We get 8 points in all for the thesis. I don't need any more courses but I have the field work to complete so I thought I might as well register for a full course in order to get that \$90 per month subsistence. I wouldn't be able to work at any part time job since field work takes up most of the week.



9 October 1947, Thursday.

I gave the living room floor the second coat of paint this afternoon, and this weekend I will wax it. It seems that we are very slow in fixing the apartment up, but the Nydorfs have been at it for five months and they don't seem to be too much ahead of us in the progress of getting settled down. We have put in a minimum of money into permanent improvements on the apartment itself due to our last unfortunate experience, but it still will be a fairly good sum after we fix up the kitchen, install the refrigerator, paint the floor and do sundry other things. I peeked at our bankbook this morning and it says that we withdrew over \$500.00 during the month of September and that got me scared. I just won't feel any economic security at all until I finally get a job and start earning a salary. I hate to be living off of Yuriko for over a whole year and the \$90 subsistence hardly pays for anything. Cost of living in NYC is the highest in the country, and now the real estate interests are trying to take away our last inexpensive item--the five cent subway fare.

Mrs. Austin felt that we were planning wisely for Mrs. M., and she said that we should not even consider setting up joint household as it will cause too many conflicts, and that we had to live our own lives. It doesn't solve the problem, but it makes us feel easier about our tentative plans which we have thought about.

11 October 1947, Saturday

I was at field work until almost 7:30 P.M. yesterday, but I thoroughly enjoy the work. The thing which appeals to me the most is that service can be given on a practical level, and we don't spend most of our time digging out deep internal hidden meanings. This sort of thing is necessary for some of the more disturbed cases, but, too often, social workers go overboard and try to find out psychoanalytical interpretations for everything when the answer could be found in a simple and practical level. I feel more comfortable in doing social work which is closely related to the external structure of society instead of isolating it completely to the internal psychoanalytical concepts which disregards the external society. I suppose that in time social work will reconcile this problem, and it is just a matter of interest. The type of work I am doing now is much more limited since the N.Y. School psychoanalytical influence is so great, but I have to take my chances.

I had three interviews and a conference with Miss Seibold today. My conferences are very enjoyable and I think that I am learning a lot about immigration problems. It is no longer a bunch of statistics to me as I contact the people involved, but a living process. It is so interesting to work with individuals who come from all parts of Europe and to learn about the problems which develop as they become adjusted to the U.S. Most of our work is dealing with individuals who want to get relatives here, and I get the feeling that Europeans are people instead of an abstract political entity. I talked to a Danish woman, a naturalized Hungarian, and a German "Kibei" boy today. The Danish woman, Mrs. Jacobsen, is trying to get her brother into the country. The quota list for Denmark is not filled for the next ten years like so many other countries and I think that she will have her wish eventually. Her brother in Denmark is a magazine publisher. Mrs. Jacobsen has lived in New Hampshire, and she has taken on the characteristics of the reserved New Englander. In just the one brief contact, I think there was a lot of movement in the case. When we finished, she wanted to give me a \$2.00 tip for the service rendered but I turned it down. However, I did get a gratifying feeling of accomplishment.



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I also discussed with the Hungarian man the problem of getting a passport for his friend in Budapest. This friend is a well-known photographer, and he was married to a Jewish woman who had to flee from Paris when the Germans came over. His wife is now in Montevideo, but the husband wants to come to NYC. Mr. Shostal, the prospective sponsor, has his own business in NYC, and he seemed to be a rather anxious, authoritative person. Time evidently doesn't have the same meaning for many Europeans as for Americans, as he very calmly accepted the fact that it might be five years before his friend got on the quota list.

My evening interview was with Walter Zinck. He went back to Germany in 1936 when he was a boy, and he just returned recently. He wants to bring <sup>in</sup> his wife whom he married one month before coming back.. Walter is only twenty, but he seemed to be much more mature. I suppose that is because he has had many more experiences than the average American. He told me all about how it felt to be in Hamburg during the Allied blitzes, and life under the Nazi's. He works for \$36.00 a week now, but he puts over half of it in the bank. It costs a fortune to get all of the necessary photostatic documents for the American consulate, and Walter carries a pouchfull of papers around with him. I asked him why he carried so many documents around with him, and he said that he thought he had to have them for identification purposes. I told him that in America one did not have to have so many identification papers. Walter likes NYC very much and he thinks that he is making a fortune now as he never got paid as well in Germany. He was very discouraged when he first came back three months ago, but he finds great happiness now. The one unfortunate thing is that Walter told me in a guarded statement that anti-semitism was something which was pounded into all Germans, but he didn't know how much he was influenced by it. He lives up in Yorkville now where this particular disease is the most rampant. I explained to Walter that in America people did not judge by race so much (neglecting to mention the Negro status) and that was the basis for democracy. Walter thought that he would be very happy under this system as he always lived in fear while the Nazi's were in control in Germany.



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When I came home Yuriiko greeted me with the sorrowful news that our fishes had "boiled" to death. I had placed the fish bowl on top of the radiator because our apartment is still in a mess, and the janitor foolishly put the steam heat on for the first time. He must be drunk as it was such a warm day. Last night the janitor raised quite a commotion by yelling loudly for the police and claiming that two men tried to rob him. He was positively drunk so I don't know if he was really attacked or just imagined it. Yuriiko did some washing last night and we took a bath so that we would be sure to have hot water. The janitor neglects to heat water on week ends sometimes. Then we went to bed early and listened to the radio. For a couple of hours we just talked about what we did when younger. Yuriiko said that she wouldn't have looked at me if she met me in 1940 when I was such a dis-organized person! We slept late this morning, and I may wax the floor later on. We have to go shopping later on. Yuriiko cooked a big pot of stew the other night and we are still eating it. She threatens to go on strike against eating it another day, and I just say "But look, darling, how much money we are saving on our food budget!" We are invited to Don't party this eveing. He came back from Montana recently.

12 October 1947, Sunday

Yuriiko went to the store yesterday to buy some vegetables, and while she was waiting the salesman made things interesting by dropping a large can of fruit on her toe. It hit her with the edge so that she has a very painful bruise, and she may not be able to teach her dancing next week. Friends at the party last night advised her to sue the Ralston Company since it was a large chain store and covered by insurance. Yuriiko will wait to see if her injury causes her to lose money from inability to work. She says that it doesn't hurt so much today, but the toe is all blue. We slept until after noon and leisurely got up and had a breakfast. Now Yuriiko is sewing some slip covers and I am waiting for the end pieces and coffee table to



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dry so that the living room can be finally arranged. We feel pretty good because the large bookcase, the two end pieces for the sofa and the coffee table only cost us about two dollars to make. We still have to get some chairs. Yesterday we bought some more tropical fishes for our bowl, and we hope that they will not freeze to death this time. I don't feel very much like studying today so I am taking it easy. It is a perfect Fall day, and we had originally planned to go to Prospect Park but Yuriko cannot walk too well. Football season is here and the boys are playing out in the streets. Brooklyn on Sundays is a very quiet place. I wish the rest of the world were as peaceful. The papers are full of news about the Arabs getting ready to invade Palestine if the U.N. partitions the country. The war just seems to go on and on, and the ideological struggle between U.S. and Russia continues in Europe. The latest is that Italy may go Communistic and fall into the East Europe Communistic block of nations. We are trying to save Europe for democracy by using food as a political weapon, but that may not be effective enough. It seems to be such a bleak future with the world on the edge of another long conflict and this country faced with increasing inflation, but life goes on and there is always hope.

Don's party last night was the usual pattern. We had drinks, food, music, and lots of gossip. These parties are always mild and Bob Cohen and Stuart were complaining later that there should be a real party put on without Martha Graham being invited so that the guests could really let their hair down. When Martha speaks at the party, everyone hushes up until the Great One finishes what she has to say, and I am sure that it is as embarrassing to her as to the rest of the group. The group still is a little too reserved. There were about twenty-five people in and out of the party, and it wasn't too bad. I didn't drink much as per Yuriko's orders so that she did not have to carry me home. There are many more males coming to these Company parties and they outnumber the females now. Formerly the Graham Company parties were exclusively females. We met Helen McGee's fiancée. He is a Spaniard, an artist, and he served in the U.S. Army. Bob Johns and Duggy were there and they plan to get married right after Thanksgiving up in Massachusetts and we are invited,



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but we can't make it because it is the day before Yuriko's concert with Nina and Talley. David and Rose Zellmar were able to come after finding a baby sitter to look after their offspring, and we renewed plans to get together more often. Paul and Ethel were present as usual, but there has not been any progress in their marriage plans. There was a girl artist from Kansas who has a psychologist husband, several of Lee's friends, Natanaya, Sasha without the girl he is cohabiting with, Erik escorted Martha, and others. Don just got back from Montana after recuperating from his nervous breakdown and his future plans are indefinite. Most of the talk was about the show world. Pearl couldn't come as she assists the dancing program for "Allegro" the new Broadway hit. The Graham company may go on tour in January, but there are no definite plans yet.

Bob Cohen offered to get his father's car so that we could haul some of Mrs. M's things from the clearners. We haven't been up there recently so that we don't know what is going on, but Mr. M. is probably up to some funny business as usual. We haven't collected the money for the sales of the shop as he didn't drop us a card telling Yuriko to come as he promised. It will save us about \$20 in express haulage if Bob gets the car. He was saying that his father makes a good living doing linotype work for newspapers, but he broke away from the family tradition to do dancing. In the past year he has been taking lessons on the G.I. provisions. He moved to the East Side with some friends and they have a three room apartment, without heat, which rents for only \$14 a month. He would like to move into the Village since most of the company members live around there. We feel better off in Brooklyn even if the cost of food is not as low as in the Village. Don and Lee pay \$125 a month for their one-room studio apartment. Paul and Ethel seem to be interested in finding a place so that it may mean they are contemplating matrimony.

Yuriko hopes that we will get our place fixed up so that we can invite some friends over before the dancing season gets under way. We would like to ask some of the couples over. We know enough of them now, but we never seem to get together. One of our problems right now is that we don't have any chairs!



13 October 1947, Monday (Columbus Day, Holiday)

The weekend was restful so that I don't feel lethargic today. Yuriko worked so hard on the sofa slip, and it came out beautifully—looks like a fifty dollar job. She is very anxious to put the rug down and fix the furniture in place, but I keep discouraging her until the janitor can come in and install another sink. We don't know when Karigan will make his appearance. The refrigerator installers told us that it would not make any difference to leave the tubing in, but Mr. Tagawa will feel too timid about risking a clash with the gas company so we still have to get the half-inch pipe put in, at added expense. All in all, we are making good progress. I used strategy in encouraging Yuriko to do the sewing yesterday as it kept her off of her bruished toe, and it was much better by this morning.

I haven't been too busy today at field work as few clients were scheduled to come in due to Columbus Day. This morning I had my conference with Miss Siebold, and it was an interesting discussion. She spends most of the time discussing the technical aspects of this work, and she doesn't emphasize too much finding out reasons why a client might blink his eye or blow his nose. I seem to be learning a great deal, and I am convinced that I would like to do what I have defined as "cultural social work." I suppose that it is a very limited field and the pay won't be much, but I enjoy it more and I will try to find out what the possibilities are in the coming months. I asked Miss Siebold about possibilities and she said that only a few agencies were doing this type of work. However, she said that the International Institute might enlarge its functions. It has been independent of the YWSA for only a year and the program is still in the process of being built up. I met Mr. Auerback who edits the Interpreter releases of the Common Council for American Unity this morning; he is teaching an immigration course at the N.Y. School this quarter but I didn't know about that before.

I had lunch with the staff, a leisurely informal affair in the large committee room. The staff members bring sandwiches and each person has coffee and sugar so that it is very nice to eat here instead of going out to a crowded restaurant during



lunch hour—and much cheaper. I met the director of the International Institute, Mrs. Cole, and some of the other board members. There was a lady just back from Europe and she was telling of the extreme starvation in the European countries, and how they all wanted to come to America. It was the general opinion that our policy of using food relief as a political weapon was a pretty inhumane program. Mrs. Cole said that she was horrified to listen to Dewey say over the radio that we should only provide an "honest share" of overseas relief, implying that we couldn't spare much for starving people. Mr. Gleisner felt that this was part of the indifferent attitudes developed from the war during which the public became immune to large scale suffering. I said that the Truman-Marshall Plan was a continuation of the war policy.

One of the staff members had been to Puerto Rico recently and she related some of her experiences of how this group is getting along in this city. Puerto Rico has been an American possession since 1898, and our record in the past 50 years there has not been too enlightened. It has been mostly concerned with economic exploitation. American citizenship rights were conferred in 1917, and the Puerto Ricans have migrated in large numbers since then. They have the "honor" of being the first large group of air-borne migrants to this country. It is estimated that about 250,000 Puerto Ricans live in NYC, and most of them have been crowded into the East Harlem area and the Bronx. I doubt if the slums aid much in cultural assimilation since they experience the worst which America has to offer in the initial contacts, and this contributes to the tendency of self segregation. There are about 25,000 second-generation Puerto Ricans in the public schools, and it is this group which has the sharpest cultural conflicts and which offer the most hope for being eventually integrated into the American culture. Their problems are similar to that of the Nisei. They had language barriers, they start at the bottom of the economic ladder; they have facial features which conflicts with the color line; they face the cultural clashes in the homes; they have faced the sharp impact of resettlement to a new environment. The older people naturally cling to their customs because they haven't



been made to feel very welcome in this city, and there are plenty of distorted stereotyped ideas circulating about Puerto Ricans. One advantage they have over the Filipinos who migrated to the Pacific Coast is that they come in family groups and that gives them some stability. There are more Puerto Ricans in NYC than in San Juan. They range in shade from white to black because of the intermarriages which went on during the hundreds of years after the Spanish came. They have a caste system in Puerto Rico, but it is not based on color as much as economic status. The biological foundations for considerable race mixtures in Puerto Rico disproves the thesis that white and black will not mix. I don't wonder that they are confused when they come to NYC and experience the different attitudes of the people here. The Puerto Ricans never have had a good diet so that the TB rate is high, but that is not a racial characteristic anymore than it was for the Japanese on the Coast, or the Chinese now. Get them out of the slums and give them economic opportunities and they will be just as healthy as any other group.

The lady said that most of the Puerto Ricans are going into factory work here, and there are large numbers on public relief--they are eligible because of their citizenship status. Because of their disadvantageous economic position, the Puerto Ricans resent it very much if they are identified with the Negroes here. Unfortunately, many of the second generation Puerto Ricans adopt the prejudices of the caucasian group so that they can identify <sup>themselves</sup> more closely with the majority, a similar experience to that of the Nisei who resettled to the Midwest. I may get some Puerto Ricans in my case load here soon. This International Institute doesn't do as much in the program of cultural integration as some of the other offices in different cities, despite the fact that NYC has the greatest diversity of minority groups. In a way, I think it is better that it does not attempt to treat them as racial groups, and I like the idea of doing individual service much better. Whenever these "transition" groups are organized, it seems to be a step back to a segregated pattern instead of towards fuller integration into the larger community. NYC offers the best possibilities for rapid integration because of its



liberal attitudes and the presence of so many Americans of diverse origins. On the other hand, there are many sectarian agencies which is doing all it can to keep the group identity alive because the very existence of the agency depends upon having a supporting group. This is particularly true of the Jewish United Service Agency, but there does seem to be some legitimate need for it because of the large numbers of displaced persons coming in every month. It carries on a resettlement program among the DP's, but its emphasis is more upon getting individuals into existing Jewish communities all over the country rather than a widespread dispersal. In some ways this is more practical since it is largely a first generation group which it deals with and not second generation. But in the financial appeals for money, it seems to me that there is a tendency to make demands upon individuals who are culturally assimilated into the larger American pattern, but the in-group keeps on stressing the fact that they are of Jewish origins. It must be a dilemmic situation for those who don't feel the necessity of being particularly "Jewish." The JACL uses the same sort of appeal for the Nisei who want to be integrated, and the similarity struck me as I read over some of the pamphlets.

14 October 1947, Tuesday.

We have been married for 13 wonderful months today. Yuriko said that it was strange that our 13th month was a bit more difficult than the others because we had so many problems--moving, gas refrigerator, lower income, hurting her to and so forth. She said, "You better watch out on our 13th year because that will be crucial too." I replied that I would know her too well by then, and would be careful not to take her for granted. Yuriko's toe got worse today, so that she didn't go to teach. It is costing her money to be laid up like this and she said that she is going to sue the store for loss of wages and doctor bills. I hope that it will heal in a few days since Yuriko has to do some rehearsing for her concert. Her toe is all blue, and very painful. I even cooked for her so that she would not have to walk around too much, but she insisted upon cutting out the pattern for the club chair slip. We decided to put the larger rug in the living room, so we had to move all of the



furniture. Afterwards, we just sat on the rug and admired it and took a nap. Karigan brought up the sink, but he didn't return to install it.

I read "Boy from Nebraska" which is the story of Ben Kuroki, and I felt that either the writer was exaggerating things for effect, or else Ben Kuroki was an extremely sensitive young man. I never had anyone call me lousy Jap while in the Army, but the book was full of things like that. I suppose prejudice is a very subtle thing, and sometimes it takes a very sensitive person to recognize it. The book mentioned discrimination in NYC, but I never experienced anything like that and I first arrived at the same time. And nobody ever tried to make me go to the non-white washroom while I was in the South. The book set me to thinking about how much discrimination and prejudice really exists for the Nisei. In its larger manifestations, it is doubtably present, but I feel that in the everyday social contacts, it depends upon how a person interprets a thing. The inner stability of an individual would be one of the most determinant factors. Not that external causes do not exist, but it can be magnified out of proportion to the actual fact. But on the whole, the battle against prejudice and discrimination has to be fought in all of its insidious ways, and from that point of view the "Boy from Nebraska" was timely, and it did help the Nisei in some ways.

I took a nap from 7 to 9:30 and then I went to Clara's with Yuriko as they had to have a meeting to determine the dance schedule for the concert in November. Clara looked pretty worn out; she said that she had been working hard arranging for some large banquet. She does this kind of work for a living, and it pays her very well but she is thinking of going into something else soon. I think that despite her financial success, she doesn't get the full enjoyment out of life because she has missed marriage and the stability which it might give to her. She is still going around with Charley, but they have no matrimonial plans. It is more of an intellectual companionship as far as I can figure out as he never displays any romantic tendencies for her in public. Clara spends most of her \$100 week plus salary in living expenses, and she buys a lot of books. She is thinking of moving



and she wanted to know if we were interested in her apartment but the rent is too high for us.

Nina Fonaroff, Talley Beatty, and Yuriko are the three who are going to put on the concert. Nina looked pretty beat up as she rehearses night and day, and I think that the poor girl is the epitome of frustration despite her success in dancing. Talley is a Negro boy who acts more feminine than male, and he has a very girlish laughter, but he is supposed to be a very good dancer. The concert is already sold out, and the auditorium seats over 1500, but unfortunately the three dancers will get only a very small share of the income. The three of them will have to divide \$350, and it will not begin to cover their individual expenses. Nina was particularly perturbed because she has a group dance to put on and she has to pay the performers extra. In addition to this, the three main dancers have to pay someone for lighting the stage, they have to pay expenses for moving the props, they have to pay accompanists and so forth. Yuriko figured that it would cost her about \$400 to put on her part of the concert, and she will get less than \$100 of it back. That's a pretty high price to pay for art, and Clara suggested that Yuriko should do some commercial dancing as there was no use in starving. Nina had to borrow money to put on her last performance. Most of the modern dancers struggle along except Jean Erdman who comes from a wealthy Hawaiian family. Clara's boy friend, Charley, suggested that the dancers should form some sort of a cooperative guild so that they could put on their dances and get some returns on it. The trouble is that most dancers are too individualistic and jealous of one another. I think that most of them go to one another's performance to pan the concert artist while in the audience, but then they go back stage and mean how perfectly wonderful the dance was, the big hypocrites. If Yuriko ever does things like that, I shall spank her, but I don't think I have to worry about that as she is naturally sweet and secure about herself. She offered to let Nina take half of the \$350, but that wouldn't be fair to Talley. It should be divided equally three ways since all three are



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going in the whole on this dance. The high cost of art is a bit too difficult for me to understand, but I don't mind as long as Yuriko gets satisfaction out of it. Afterwards, we went out for coffee and Charley gave us a ride home. He is very much interested in industrial psychology and thinks I should investigate it since it will pay more of a living wage than working for social agencies. I told Clara that I was interested in cultural social work and if she heard of any jobs which might fit into that interest to let me know. She might be a good job contact around about next Spring.

15 October 1947, Wednesday

I feel very tired today as I only had three or four hours of sleep after coming home last night. It has been busy at the office all day long so that I feel knocked out. I am waiting for one more client to come in after office hours as he works. This morning, I listened for about two hours to a tale of woe from a foreign student who is out of money and he doesn't know what to do. He doesn't want to be sent back to his country because life in the U.S. appeals to him, but I don't know if there is much we can do about it. There is a chance that we might be able to get some sort of scholarship from one of the agencies sponsoring international students. There is supposed to be an exchange of 25,000 students yearly with Europe, but the trouble is that few Europeans can pay the high living costs here as they lose so much on the rate of exchange.

This evening, I am interviewing Walter Zenck again, as the poor guy is pretty desperate about getting his German wife over here. He has to get so many papers signed that it is a very long process, and the State Department is very fussy about these things. Immigration has become more of a living thing for me after talking to some of the people involved. I would like the work of this agency to be a bit broader in scope, but that is too much to expect from it when it has been functioning in this program for only one year. One thing I like is that I am able to experiment



in my case recording, and my supervisor doesn't dictate to me what I should put in and how I should interpret a thing. I put in what impressions I feel and my supervisor discusses them with me. She never tells me to leave out anything. Most of our conferences are about technical aspects of the agency function in the immigration and naturalization field. I think I am learning things, and I like it fine so far.

Later:

In my discussion with Walter, the most striking thing which came out was the authoritarianism of German parents. Walter said that he was reared to obey elders explicitly and that throughout German life there was a sort of reverence for authority. In Walter's case, it is a cultural factor which influences his behavior. For example, he experienced the harshness of Nazi labor battalion so it is confusing to him when the foreman at his shop yells, "Hey you, get the lead out and work harder." Walter said he almost gets frightened because it reminds him of Germany. I told him that it was a bit different here, and that he would get used to his foreman who thinks of him as an individual even if he does yell. Walter says he gets a strange feeling when he sees a uniformed person. It's a reaction from his life in Germany and he will overcome his sensitivity when he gets more adjusted. He doesn't know how he will get along with his wife when she comes as he was only 14 days with her after the ceremony.

16 October 1947, Thursday

I went to see my project adviser about my thesis anticipating that there would have been modifications and a lot of extra work involved before it would be approved, but Miss Hurbutt said that it met the school requirements, and that was that! Now all I have to do is to get it typed up, and I asked for an extra copy to be sent to DST since the cost will be borne by the G.I. provisions any way. I only have to pay for the binding, which comes to about \$1.75 each. I guess I can afford that. Miss Hurbutt said that few students did such a thorough research and



writing job, and she felt that it might be considered by the school committee for publication if I were willing to do some revisions. I told her that my primary thought was in fulfilling the degree requirements and I had just thought that the thesis would gather dust in the school library. Miss Hurbutt said that it should be published and there might be some groups interested in it. I told her that the material really belonged to U.C. and it was up to DST to decide what to do with the data, but that I personally felt that it wasn't too good a thesis, and, further, I couldn't have done it without the help of the U.C. study staff. Miss Hurbutt pointed out that it would help one's professional future to have something published, and that it would add to one's prestige. I don't think I am interested in such things but it would be nice if people who were interested could have a chance to read the material. Maybe DST will have some plans about it, but I doubt if she will find the thesis very worthy. I still think that it is just a hack job even if it did take a lot of work to sort out the references. Anyway, it did feel good to hear the project adviser say that she enjoyed reading the thesis and that she would be sure to have future classes of hers refer to it for data about the Nisei as she found the report very objective. Miss Siebold, my field work supervisor, asked to see the thesis so I will take a copy down to the office tomorrow. There are also students at the school who are interested in seeing it, but I think that is because they are worried about their own projects and they would like to see how one was done. Of course, I act like it was nothing at all to write and that I just dashed it off in my spare time during September! Most of the students struggle months to write anemic looking projects, but that is because they don't have the advantages I did in working for a university study of a group. Sometimes I wish that I could write interestingly, and had things to say, but it just isn't in me to do that sort of thing. I do feel that I could do some sort of research, however, if it did not deal too much with statistics. Dorothy will probably chastise me for writing such a stinking thesis, but I only wanted to get that damn degree. I think that I shall be rewarded enough if I get my name on



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volume two of the study as one of the associates. I'm ashamed to send the thesis in to U.C. but I feel obligated to let them look at what I did with good material! My great satisfaction is that Yuriko is pleased, and I think that I was very modest when I told her what the project adviser commented, Yuriko had to drag it out of me!

I met Blanche in the library today, and she said it was a good thing that I left Psychiatric Institute as most of the students are very dissatisfied with the new supervisor who took Tessie's place and they feel that she will not be very lenient with them. Blanche said that the students are very angry about Heyman as she is worse than ever and that some of the students claim that every student who ever trained under her has ended up as psychoneurotics. She thought that it was very brave of me to ask for a change in placement, and that the students believe that Heyman took it out on me because of her jealousy regarding Tessie. If that is the case, Heyman is a bitch because I never once mentioned my progress with Tessie while I was up there and Tessie didn't even know that I was changing placements until the night of the party. It's all water under the bridge, even though Blanche feels that I should let the school know about what sort of supervisor Heyman is but that is not up to me. The hell of the whole thing is that placement at P.I. does have prestige value for job references. For the first time I learned that Leilani had a nervous breakdown last spring because Heyman was so hard on her, and that explains why she was so afraid of Heyman last quarter. The conversation with Blanche made me feel that I made a fairly mature choice, and I think that I enjoy my present placement much better and that I learn more about case work in the new setting with less frustration. Heyman is certainly a sly one; she acts nice and fools one, but sticks the knife in all along just to make one squirm. I still feel that it is a subjective matter in evaluating recording--last quarter I had to fight with Heyman when I had any kind of an opinion, while this quarter so far, my supervisor says that my recording is very sound, I don't think that I have changed my style of recording either. Blanche said that the rumor was that



I got the International Institute placement on the basis of my experience. To elevate my ego, I described in glowing terms how I had an office all to myself with carpets and everything. She said that she was going to work up her courage to ask for a change next quarter as she doesn't feel that she can stand that setting for another term. It made me feel better about the whole thing. It wasn't all Heyman's fault since I did block against the psychoanalytical orientation and it was during a period when personal matters put some stress upon my school work. However, I think that I gained something out of the experience and I don't count it a total loss. It probably was just as much my fault as anything, plus my lack of the analytical concepts. In some ways, it might turn out to be a blessing in disguise because I did find a field work placement which intrigues me,

Yuriko said that in the company meeting, the dancers were told that they would have a NYC concert in early January, followed by a tour of from three to six weeks out as far west as Chicago, and then they might go to Europe next August as they have been invited to several European Festivals. The big "if" in the Europe plans will be finances. The alternative plan will be a summer school in the country like a summer stock project, and concerts will be put on. I hope that they get the trip to Europe, but it will be a very sad time for me. However, Yuriko deserves the opportunity and I wouldn't stand in her way. Dancers get such few breaks as it is. Yuriko said that she was going to rehearse every night next week for her concert. She is still limping a bit, but her toe is much better. She says with cute exasperation, "Hells, why did it have to happen to me!" This morning she limped to the store to phone and she saw a lot of old ladies rushing into Namm's department stores so she got all excited and went limping after them to the bargain basement. She proudly showed me the two wonderful shirts she bought for only \$1 each, and they just fit me. Yuriko said that they were \$4 or \$5 shirts of very good quality, but with small stitches in front and she picked out the shirts with the most invisible marks. It was so sweet of her to buy me the shirts.



So I took her to see "Crossfire" this evening and it was one of the most mature films we have ever seen. It handled the question of anti-semitism in a very dramatic manner, and the picture had a message as well as being first rate entertainment. Yuriko felt that Hollywood could do so much more if more producers had the courage to handle controversial topics in a realistic way.

17 October 1947, Friday

I had such a busy day at field work that I was exhausted when I came home. All I ate was a hamburger sandwich, and then I took a nap for a couple of hours. Yuriko is rehearsing late and I am thinking of going after her when I finish this typing. It was such a warm day that we ate lunch on the roof terrace. My work is beginning to pile up even with my few cases as there are so many letters and affidavits to be sent out. The secretary flatters me about being a good typist and moans about how overloaded she is with her work so like a fool I type a lot of my own stuff instead of dictating it. I only had one interview and a conference today, but I still didn't catch up with my recording. The whole staff is pretty loaded down with work, and they put in a lot of overtime without pay. The secretary and the receptionist say that this is a bad precedent to set, and that social workers should lead the way in raising standards. I agree! The International Institute is working on a limited budget, but next year it hopes to get regular funds through the Community Chest. Miss Siebold said something about wanting to expand the functions a bit if they could get the money. The social workers there are not protected by social security, and there isn't much economic security because they would be just out of luck if the money ran out. But they like to do the work, and they don't complain--except that they would like to get a more decent salary. I doubt if they get more than \$2500 a year, and there are no provisions for yearly raises yet. This is because the agency is so new in being an independent organization.

Geisner was telling me a little of his experience at lunch time. He is from



Germany, but he has lived in most of the European countries. He came here as a refugee about six years ago, and he held jobs with a number of social agencies before he went back to school to get his degree. He said that he, too, was convinced that the future of social work was with public agencies, but he liked the International Institute because it gave him the opportunity to use his knowledge of foreign cultures in case work. None of the regular workers do much recording because they have so many letters and other things to write, and they only make monthly summary entries except for the more difficult cases which needs intensive treatment. There hasn't been much done on the group work aspects of the program, but the agency managed to give service to over 8000 people last year.

I should do some class studying this evening, but I feel too weary. Douglas sent over Mrs. M's things and they are all out in the hallway. He hasn't sent us a note telling us about the arrangements for the sale of the cleaning shop as he promised so I am getting a little suspicious that he is up to another one of his tricks. It takes a pretty unethical individual to cheat another person like he has done to Mrs. M., and I should sock him one, but I keep remembering that I am a social worker and supposed to be accepting of all types of people. He probably to trying to figure out a way in which he can get the shop without paying Mrs. M., the lousy rat. He's just too small to be bothered with anymore, and we just want to get Mrs. M's money and then wipe our hands of him. He'll never make good on all of his grand promises which he advertises around in the effort to regain some of his former friends who ostracized him for the double cross tricks he pulled not only to Mrs. M. but to others. Joannie is probably pregnant and that's why he would ride roughshod over Mrs. M regardless of what happens to her. He still thinks he is being noble, and doing the honorable things for Joannie out of love. Too bad, any child of theirs will have such neurotic and selfcentered parents, it's not fair to it.



19 October 1947, Monday

I have been reading records all day long, and I feel quite tired right now. I have an evening interview, and afterwards Yuriko will meet me here so that we can go up to the clearners to see what is cooking. I took a long nap yesterday afternoon so that I didn't sleep well last night, and as a result, I feel dopey today. It is still warm and that helps to lull me into almost a state of drowsiness. I am afraid that I was not very alert in our conference today, but nothing happened to alarm me about my field work status. I have a feeling that Miss Siebold is a little forced in discussing case work techniques of my recording so I have to play along with it. The regular staff hardly does any recording because they are pressed for time so all they write is brief summary reports. Miss Siebold is anxious to improve the standards of the agency so I think that she is experimenting on what I can do, since my status in the office is more ideal and I don't have the pressure that the others do. There is so much technical information to learn about immigration that it practically drives me dizzy. However, I still find it very stimulating and I hope that I get a case soon where the client can speak decent English as it is so difficult to interpret what is said by some of them.

During lunch, I had a little discussion with Mr. Gleisner, and I found him to be an extremely cultural and educated person, but a little intolerant of the lack of education of Americans to the world situation, and totally disgusted by the American lack of culture. I had to defend the fair name of our country so I said that at least it didn't create such a "cultured" thing as Hitler like what happened in Germany. Gleisner then gave me a long winded explanation of what happened in Germany to make it so nationalistic. I guess he doesn't quite understand the American art of ribbing or "pulling leg" as he got so serious: he gets excitable too, so that hardly anyone can put in their two cents worth. After we got my historical background re-interpreted by Gleisner, we discussed the present "Communist" danger to world peace. One of the girls in the secretarial staff said that the movie "Best Years of our Lives" was being branded as communistic



19 October, 1947, Monday

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propaganda, and this gave us quite a laugh.

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Our weekend was very quiet. We finally got the half inch pipe installed, and I went and painted it for the Tagawa's and Yuriiko made her peace with them. I guess they are reconciled to us now as they made friendly gestures. It cost us another \$12 to get that pipe in, but if we don't have anymore trouble it is well worth it. Mrs. T. said that Karigan might be fired because he was always drunk, so I rushed down to find him, and ask when he was going to put our sink in. He was so nice about it, and described how he was being so persecuted, and put on a smooth talk just like Douglas. He promised up and down that he would come Sunday, so I thought my case work technique worked, but we waited all day yesterday and he didn't turn up. I haven't been home yet so I don't know if he did the job today or not. I have to come to the office for a staff meeting so I can't chase him tomorrow. We may lose our \$20.00 investment on that sink if Karigan takes a powder on us now.

I did the laundry while Yuriiko went to rehearse Saturday, and I wanted and waited for her. When she finally came in, she announced that she was home early, and didn't realize that her watch had stopped until I told her that it was 8:30 instead of 7:00. That's why she didn't bawl me out for getting stains all over her blouse which she bought in Mexico; I didn't know that the ribbon would run! Yesterday, I just loafed around the house waiting for Karigan while Yuriiko sewed the slip cover. She had planned to rehearse but her toe bothered her a bit. It was a good rest for her; I don't like to see her driving herself so hard.

21 October 1947, Tuesday

I came down to the Institute today for the agency staff meeting discussing the subject of should clients pay a fee of services. It was generally agreed that since this agency is supported by voluntary contributions, that the workers could accept money, if offered. The Institute Board members have been wrestling with the problem of getting sufficient money to expand services, and some pressure has been placed on the social workers to accept contributions. Fees are not charged



in many social agencies, and Miss Siebold did not feel that the Institute should take the lead in this matter, until the agency function were more clearcut. She felt that it would create too much extra administrative problems so that it would not be worth while in the long run. However, the workers were told not to be reluctant about accepting contributions from clients who could afford it. The thinking behind this was that they were getting definite services, and that they would have to pay exorbitant sums if they went to a lawyer or commercial agency to get the same papers filled out, and they would not get the case work service with it. It is difficult to measure the case work service, but I think that it is considerable in this agency and it is easier for me to see movement in a case here than at other placements I have been---and not so many of the cases are in the "hopeless" category. Although I am just a student trainee here, I think that I participated quite well in the agency staff meeting, and I discovered again that there is plenty I don't know about immigration laws.

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After my interview here at the office last night, Yuriko met me here and we went up to the clearners to find out about the payment. Douglas gave us a big line about writing us. It seemed that he just wanted to stretch out the payment as long as possible so that he could think of other ways in which to get a larger cut. However, we threw a scare into him when it was mentioned that the State could declare guardianship over the shop and then it would be completely tied up. Douglas got very alarmed about this, but acted as if it could not be done since the gas and electricity bills were paid in his name. He immediately said that he would take action this week, and that we would be notified when the papers were drawn up by the lawyer. Then he began to itemize the deductions from the \$1500 share for Mrs. M., and by the time he was through it was down to \$1325. He gave us a long story about how there were unpaid bills and so forth, and how Mr. Ishimaru walked



out on this responsibility, and what a dirty character he was. He said that he had more character(!) and that Mrs. M. should, therefore, pay for it! The Ishimaru's got their full \$1500, but Douglas wouldn't give us their address as he was afraid that we would go and talk to him, and he tried to convince us that they were dishonest and not worth bothering about. Yuriko and I figured that we just didn't want to bother with Douglas any longer after we got the payment so we let it go. Right down to the end, he continues on his cheating ways! Then he wanted to charge us for the freight bill, but I reminded him that he had sold all of the furniture and that Mrs. M. didn't get any of the money. There are other things in which he gyped Mrs. M., but he didn't care to go into that. We just don't care to bother with him anymore, such a smooth liar, and he cheats without having any qualms about it. Maybe we will locate Mr. Ishimaru and plant a few things in his ears about what Douglas said about him, and then we will get some of the truth of the situation which existed in the cleaning shop and who got all the profits, and I am sure that Mr. I. will spread the word around to Issei that Douglas is a conniving bastard, which will hurt Douglas's feelings no end to feel that people don't trust him. There isn't any legal way in which we can get Mrs. M's full share of money, and we have to take what we can before it diminishes any more. It will be a relief not to be bothered with him any more.

The Azawas have taken over the shop, lock stock and barrel, and I think that they are going to live in the back. It will be strictly a family affair and they should make a good living. Now that the sale is completed, Douglas says that they gross over \$400 a week, which is a terrific profit and we have no way of finding out what happened before. Previously he always said business was so bad, and that was why there was no profits. The Azawa family will net at least \$200 a week from that shop as Douglas is doing the pressing, Mrs. S. the sewing, and Kimi takes care of customers—while Joannie sits on her ass at home and acts like a queen. She has the poor bastard tied around her finger, and we now think that she made sure of it by getting pregnant. What a nice happy family life the four of them must have. They slave in that shop from morning to night, and never go out.



21 October 1947, Tuesday

Karigan continues his "Douglas patterns"—he still has<sup>not</sup> fulfilled his promise of coming to fix the sink. I think that I shall go after him this afternoon when I go back to the apartment. I usually go after him full of righteous anger, but after he gives his sob story, I feel sorry for him, as if I am persecuting him. The guy has a psychopathic personality so it's no use trying to be logical with him, and we just hope that he doesn't skip out with our twenty bucks without doing the job.

I got a letter from the Veteran's Administration Regional Mental Hygiene Clinic here asking if I would be interested in applying for immediate appointment as social worker at a salary of \$3394 per annum! Sad to think that I can't consider it because I am still a schoolboy. The V.A. is expanding again, but the personnel will no doubt be filled by next March. This is going to be a problem when I go looking for a job because the thing I want to do won't pay too much, and I have a hunch that I will probably start at \$2700 or less; but at the same time, salary is an appealing consideration. Yuriko says I should look for the job in which I think I will have the greatest satisfaction since happiness in job adjustments is more important than salary. But we have to pay expenses, too, and I would like to be in position where we can relax more about economic stability. March isn't such a long time away. I still don't want to do straight case work, but I may have to work at it for a while before I find what I want. I should consider myself fortunate in some ways, I guess. I don't bother too much with job worries yet, but there is an undercurrent of economic insecurity present since I haven't even held a decent job outside of the U.C. Study. I'm glad that Yuriko isn't too ambitious for me as that would make it harder. We have done well economically until the past two months, when our income shrunk and our expenses rose. We have spent over \$500 since the beginning of our residence in Brooklyn in mid-September and it is hard to figure out where it all went. We still feel that we are just struggling along because living costs are so high in NYC. Yuriko has a lot more confidence and feeling of security about the future, and her natural optimism is pretty sound. I wish I could



22 October, 1947, Wednesday

buy her a fur coat. Yuriko says that our marriage is not based upon money, and I know that we have had terrific happiness on our present basis of just managing from month to month on a minimum scale. At that, things haven't been bad at all since we haven't gone into debt like so many couples do. Some day, I hope we can take a vacation though.

22 October 1947, Wednesday

It's five o'clock already, and I don't feel that I have accomplished all I set out to do this morning! I'm trying to absorb a lot of information about this work, but I can't do too much at one time. I had one interview, a conference, and a lot of paper work today. Only two of my cases are real active, but I have four others. This keeps me busy, but I hope to get even more variety within a short time. I like the feeling of independence that this placement gives me so I don't mind the overtime so much. This evening, Yuriko is rehearsing late so that I am in no rush to get home. I have to eat dinner alone, and it will, probably be just fried eggs and rice, with left over vegetables, as I don't feel like going to shop for meat in the rush crowd.

This noon I had lunch with Gleisner and Miss Martinelli, the group worker here, and I found out more about the agency. They seem to have a sense of insecurity about this job because of the agency lack of funds. It is in the transition stages yet, and the workers give a lot of their time voluntarily. However, they like the work very much. The group work activity is primarily in connection with war brides from overseas. In discussing how I could help one of my cases become integrated into the community, Gleisner thought that it would not be a good idea to refer a German boy to Bronx House which is non-sectarian but supported by Jewish groups. I thought it was a good thing, but Gleisner said that I just couldn't imagine the feeling that a German has for the Jew and that I should proceed much more slowly with my case. I understood some of what Gleisner meant when I saw one of the Nazi passports later. It was for a young Jewish girl, and it has a yellow "J" stamped on it. All of the



female Jews are given the middle name of Sara, and the males Issacs. I don't care to refer the German boy to a group which stresses nationality interests too much if it is going to perpetuate a kind of chauvinistic nationalism which will retard integration into American life. We don't need any of the German racial doctrines incorporated into our life since we have enough of our own stupid ideas. It is puzzling to me how cultural and national interests can be kept apart, but the I.I. has a philosophy that it could be done. It feels that orientation to American life is one of the valuable services it can give to the newcomer, and also the second generation and that all of it adds to the eventual contribution to American culture. It doesn't know whether it should sponsor a single nationality club or many nationalities in a club. The Group Work activities here are not too extensive yet, and since the case work department got started first, there has been a tendency to stress individual service. The I.I. has an ambitious program, but lack of finances and personnel has retarded it somewhat.

One thing which I ran across today was that case work can have political complications! Lenart, the boy from Hungary, was telling me about the present Communist regime in his country, and how his father is persona non grata. I got the impression that it might be because his father must have given passive support to the Fascists when the Germans occupied Hungary. Lenart is from a middle class family, and he accommodates himself to whatever party is in power. It's not like in the U.S. where one is a life long Democrat or Republican, but that is because we don't have the political changes that occurs in some European countries. Lenart has used his father's influence to get into this country on a visitor's visa, and he eventually hopes to remain permanently. He has many connections or else he would never have gotten here. The thing which puzzles me is where does a case worker fit into a situation of this court. Do we help Lenart stay in this country so that he eventually may shove a deserving person off of the quota lists, or do we leave him stranded. We have to go along with his planning if they are realistic plans, and Lenart has everything worked out except finances. According to sound case work



23 October 1947, Thursday

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practice, I should assist, but I am puzzled because of the political connotations. A young fascist can come in, but not a young communist. I could rationalize and hope that he will become educated to democracy. I don't know for sure if he is fascist anyway.

23 October 1947, Thursday

About 8:30 last night, Yuriko came home exhausted from her rehearsals and she had not eaten any dinner. She said that she had been too tired so decided to wait until she got home. I wondered to myself if this was a reflection of my concern about our financial status, and that Yuriko was trying to save for us by not eating out. I admonished her sternly just for my own satisfaction. I don't want any marital difficulties to develop because of financial matters. Next to Sex, money is the greatest contributing factor in marriage disharmony, I think. Yuriko hasn't protested too much when I indicate that I am alarmed by the cost of living, and she just soothes me along. Only once or twice has she said impatiently that maybe I should keep the budget, then I back down and tell her that she is doing nicely! I guess I am concerned because we spent so much last month and there will be heavy expenses until the end of November when Yuriko completes her concert. Fortunately, we had the foresight to set aside enough for that, or else we would be in a very bad way now. What we have been doing is to run on a reduced budget by taking it out on food. We are even going to try oleomargarine for a while since PM said that it was just as nutritious as butter. My tactic is always to refer to PM when I want to put the clincher on something! I guess I have feelings about our budget because of a guilty conscience that I am not pulling my load in matters of income and I hate to see Yuriko working so hard when I know that she would like to devote more time to her concert. The trouble is that when I try to do subtle things with Yuriko, she always catches on at once! I do wish that the cost of living index would come down a little. I've Had Enough!

In her tiredness, Yuriko verbalized a bit about her own dancing status. She said that Louis Horst, the company musical director, had watched her new dance (he is going to write the music for it) and he was very enthusiastic about it, and he told



23 October 1947, Thursday

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her that she should do more of her solo work because of her distinctive technique. Yuriko couldn't tell him that it costs a fortune to become an independent dancer, although he should know that. Yuriko's new dance is something about a force in the mind which controls the individual (a sort of schizoid fantasy), and she shows this by her external movements. She said that she got some of the movements by watching the patients at Pilgrims. Louis comments started Yuriko on verbalizing about her career when she came home, and she felt a bit discouraged because it appeared that she was stopped by economic forces primarily, plus a lack of facilities for young dancers to appear before the public. She said that she thought Martha resented her because the summer school was so successful, and that Miss Lord had put this bug in her ear. In addition, she felt that Martha was personally threatened if a protege became too good. Yuriko didn't know how much the fact of being of Japanese descent held her back, but she did know that Erik had stopped her from having several roles because he made a issue of it privately. Although Yuriko was happy that Martha has finally decided to give Ethel a break and allow her to do one of the old company solos in a Broadway program, Yuriko wondered just where that left her. I thought that Martha felt secure of Yuriko and that was the reason why she didn't have to make a lot of promises. Yuriko concluded that perhaps this was so, but it still didn't solve the problem for her. She said that Martha had once mentioned a Guggenheim fellowship possibility. The only thing which cautions Yuriko from going on her own now is that she still feels that she needs Martha some more, and that independent ones like Nina and Jean Erdman have never gone far once they left Martha. There just doesn't seem to be any alternative outside of a commercial part on Broadway, like what Pearl is doing now in "Finian's Rainbow." In the field of modern dancing, there are a few recognized ones on top, and the rest of the dancers starve. Yuriko felt that this was more of a handicaphan Race, despite the fact that Erik is in a position to put this distorted bug into Martha's ear. He objected to Yuriko having the part of the daughter in "Cave of the Heart" because he thought that it was not logical, but none of the critics ever mentioned that. I think that Erik is just



jealous. Yuriko felt that her future with the company might be limited since Martha's policy was not to give the dancers many good parts, but I thought that this was the crucial period in Martha's life and she may realize that she is getting too old to be active as a dancer, and then she might push the younger dancers more. Yuriko said that Martha has made a small beginning in this direction now, but didn't know how far it would go. With these thoughts off of her mind, Yuriko went to bed.

The first things she talked about this evening was that Martha had heard from Louis that Yuriko's new peice was very good, and without seeing it she told her that it might be used for a Broadway presentation when some of the company members would get a chance to do their own solos. She said that the set would have to be built by the stage union, but Yuriko can't pay that much money and if Martha thinks the dance is good enough to present as a part of the Company dances, then she will no doubt get the set. This cheered Yuriko up and she hopes that this is not just another wild promise by Martha.

One of Yuriko's students from the Selznick office is so burned up by the stupid Hollywood investigation that she told Yuriko to charge her for extra lessons just so it would cost her employers extra money. Yuriko said that she would just charge for lessons scheduled, but she didn't blame Doris for being so disgusted about the Thomas Committee Hearings now going on. Some of the most stupid Hollywood stars with pretty faces are saying the dumbest things and airing their personal gripes by calling people Communists. What a sad state of affairs! It is pretty bad when the red herring gets waved around so much that we get afraid of our shadows, and defend ourselves by taking away more constitutional rights instead of developing fuller democratic expression. It's getting so that everything which is liberal is called communistic, and even liberals are red baiting other liberals. I suppose the testimony of those more stupid Hollywood stars is a reflection of our present national thinking. Even the U. of California was listed as a communistic dominated institution!



23 October 1947. Thursday

After class today, I spent about three hours in the library doing some reading on case work, then I came home and cornered Karigan and used my best case work techniques on him to try and have our sink put in. Karigan promised up and down that he would come tomorrow, that we were such nice people, and so forth. My social work skills are at stake and if he doesn't come, I shall have to conclude that social work theories will not work in this case, and that I should be more demanding of the character. Karigan said that this cluster of buildings used to be houses of prostitution! No wonder they have such funny sinks, and I was wondering where I had seen a setup like this before—in my more youthful days, of course!!

I took my thesis to the typist today, and she said that it would take her about three weeks. I asked her to send one copy to U.C. Study. It cost twenty five cents a page to get it typed, or about \$60 or \$70 for the whole job. It's not worth it. In addition, there will be a charge for paper and carbon paper, and the binding. I will have to pay for this, but not the typing, since that will be taken care of by the G.I. Bill. Anyway, that is a lot of money to spend just for a thesis which will sit on the shelf and gather dust! The things we have to go through to get our M.A. thesis. I saw Slawson today, and he said that Heyman was a changed woman and that she had thawed down and acts human now, so that the conferences are no longer an ordeal. He is going to send her an article on the psychological value of orgasm and may be she will take the hint. I read some articles on the Functional or Rankian type of social work practiced by the Pennsylvania School of Social Work, and it seemed to make a lot of sense. It just stresses the present problem, and lets the client work out his problem instead of making a lot of psychoanalytical interpretations and trying to control a client into doing something he doesn't know anything about. It would be heresy to believe in the Rankian theory at the N.Y. School, and the public agencies use more of that approach. I think that the private agencies and the N.Y. School will have to modify its approach to case work eventually. I think that the future of social work is with the public sponsorship, but NY seems



24 October 1947, Friday

to be about the last center to catch up with progressive movements in social work because the private agencies have such a vested interest here. It does do a lot of good, but it doesn't help the rest of the country which does not have the private resources of this city, and I think that in the long run it holds back the development of sound social work practices. But I'll probably end up in a private agency because of the residence requirements for most public agency jobs.

Yuriko cooked delicious stew this evening. She came home packed down with food for the weekend since she was able to get some good buys in meat. We had planned to go to a movie this evening, but Yuriko was too tired. She fell asleep in the front room, and I have to go and wake her now or else she won't sleep well this evening. We have both been rather busy lately so that our plans to complete the apartment have been sort of sidetracked. Yuriko got a letter from her mother, and she said that the contents were rather jumbled up, and that Mrs. M. now talks in terms of living in back of the cleaning shop again. She still doesn't know that Mr. M. has started a new life as she is not well enough to receive the shock of this news yet. Yuriko hasn't made much headway about writing to friends about California resettlement for Mrs. M. It is a very complex problem and it will take time to work through.

24 October 1947, Friday

I've caught up with all of my case work at I.I., and I have an easy afternoon ahead of me to read on policies and technical procedures. It's crisp Fall weather, and soon it will be getting very cold. I'm glad that I won't have to go out to do field work as office interviews are much more comfortable. I like the privacy of my office here. We just finished the lunch hour, and there was a great debate on whether public funds should be used to support school buses for parochial. Miss Coppins and Gertrude were very much opposed to the idea on the basis that church and state should be separated, while Miss Martello and I supported the affirmative. I did it only because I thought that Miss Coppins was being too emotional about it and revealing her own biases instead of arguing from an intellectual viewpoint. This led



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on to a discussion of what makes a Free America, and both Gertrude and Miss Martello felt that cultural contacts would be the greatest barrier for the next two generations. They said that it would take that long to break away from the old traditions. I felt that it could be done sooner, but they said that they could not go against their parents. I was a bit surprised to hear this as they seemed to have resolved all of their other conflicts about being an American. They said that it would be difficult to marry outside of their groups for one thing even if they did believe that all Americans were equal since it would cause a break with their parents. Miss Martello said that her mother was a devout Italian Catholic and she just couldn't go against her. Gertrude said she came from a Jewish family, and her brother could not resolve this conflict so he went around with a Gentile girl for ten years and the conflict of what to tell his parents could not be solved so he went in the Army and he was killed in action. All of this discussion made me stop to think of what a great hold a family has upon its members, and I wondered what Miss Martello and Gertrude would have done if they had been in the relocation camps and had to sing the "loyalty" papers; I hardly think that they would have gone against their parents wishes as so many of the Nisei did. Whether this means that they have greater personality stability or not, I do not know. However, it did indicate to me how strong cultural holds can be, and there certainly is a need to formulate a clear cut direction so that real integration can take place. If the problem is so difficult for supposedly liberal and objective people like Gertrude and Miss Martello, it is a thousand times harder for those who don't have the advantage of the same background. It is contradictory right here in this International Institute. Miss Martello says that her group work programs are directed towards the goal of furthering international groups so that the members will become more accepting of the community integration idea. Yet in her own private life, Miss Martello says that most of her friends are of Italian descent, and she doesn't think she could ever oppose her mother and marry outside of the group. I think that a person in her position should need to work out those things for herself first before undertaking the responsibility of telling others what to do.



I find the lunch hours interesting because of the varied background of the staff workers, and the hour is not spent in talking about "shop."

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Later: I didn't get home until about 7:45 as I had an evening interview. It was with a German boy and he told me all about the German way of getting married. He said that marriage is quite an elaborate affair but it is so expensive. He had to sell a lot of his belongings in order to pay for the large party. It takes a whole day to get married, and the party goes on until 4 am. However, the newlyweds have their last dance at midnight with nightcaps and then they go off to the "virgin bed." He said his wife got so nervous that she cried all night! Walter was very homesick for Germany and he told me all about the beauties of his native city, how he used to go to the country on his bike and enjoy nature. He feels that Americans are too commercial and they do not enjoy the simple things in life. He said that not all Germans hated Jews, not any more than all whites hated Negroes in this country. However, he thought that some terrible things did happen during the war. He was in one of the Youth organizations and it sickened him the way they talked about the Jews. He felt helpless to do anything about it because he had to belong. He feels that Germans in NYC have even stronger attitudes than many of those in his country. The thing which interested me was that he spoke of Germany even though he was born there. Walter is in the same position as many of the Kibei who spent years getting conditioned to Japan. He didn't care much about Germany's war aims, he just wanted to live happily with his wife. If Germany were not so ruined now, he would like to live there the rest of his life, but he didn't see how he could have any future there now. It all adds up to War is Hell.

My other interview was with an elderly Greek man who came into this country illegally twenty-two years ago and he may get deported soon. He has no relatives, and he thought that he would die before the winter is out. He wept all over the office and cried for me to help him. The only thing I can do is to give him supporting reassurance until Immigration Service decides on his status. The man



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was a bit resentful because he said that he gave his body to this country in unskilled work and now he is destitute. If he goes on relief, he will get deported sooner as he can't become a public charge. So he goes around to his few friends and gets food from them. He had double pneumonia and was in bed for three days before an ambulance came after him, without food. He just got out of twenty five days at the city hospital and the doctor said he could do nothing more, so the Greek man interpreted that this meant he was soon to die. I tried to get him to understand that the doctor meant that he was better and that's why he didn't need any more care. It is true that people think he is a "bowery bum," but he never did have much of a chance. The Greek man ends up with nothing, while a Yugoslav man with only physical strength to offer becomes a longshoreman and he saves up \$10,000 in ten years. That's the way it goes. The Greek man doesn't have a chance if he is dumped into starving Greece now. He doesn't have any relatives there. There isn't a thing I can do about it, and I just have to encourage him to want to live so he can be in better health in order to go to Greece to die.

In my conference with Miss Siebold late this afternoon, we spent the time in general talk. She was telling me about one of her cases whom she has to talk with in French. Then we got to talking about job possibilities in this type of work, and then about case work techniques with cultural groups. She asked me to note the cultural aspects as she is very interested in seeing how it relates to case work. The I.I. does not follow orthodox case work techniques in many instances. Miss Siebold said that she thought I had a good grasp of case work skills so I felt encouraged.

To end my "international" day, I come home to find that the Irishman Karigan did not come to fix the sink as he promised! I met ex-Major Forlazo on the street. He still looked like a "milk toast" in his civilian clothes. He does some testing work with the Board of Education here in Brooklyn, and he makes much less money than he did while a glorified Major in the army. He said that he might go into V.A. since it pays well. I shall make sure I don't ever work under him again!



He'll never be more than a frightened man, and he is still running home to his dominating wife. I said I would look him up sometime, but I really have nothing in common with him. Maybe I could use his reference for jobs though. Now I shall cook dinner for Yuriko and myself--stew again.

Monday, 27 October 1947

It was a busy weekend even if we still haven't got the sink installed! We tried a different psychological approach upon him, and Yuriko tried to influence him by her charms but still no response. Maybe we will have to declare warfare upon him. I waited around for Karigan all day Saturday as he promised faithfully to come, but he didn't show up. It got me so discouraged that I just sat around and listened to the football games on the radio instead of doing any work about the house. We were having dinner while the Cal-USC game was on and it was strange to listen to the announcer tell how nice and sunny it was in Berkeley as we sat in darkness here. The description of Berkeley made me feel like I would like to be there, even though we are having perfect Fall weather here right now. But that cold weather will hit us soon, and I think that I will have to drag out that long woolen Army underwear even though Yuriko says I positively cannot sleep with it on because it is so horrible and it hurts her aesthetic ideas of what a well groomed husband should wear at night. She has gotten all excited about winning \$2000 in a chain letter and she said she would buy me nice pretty stuff if she won. She never played the chain letter racket before because she was in Japan when the craze of it went around during the depression when everybody tried to get rich all at one time.

Yuriko says that we will not have any children for a long time because she has been observing my reactions when she spends so much time with the tropical fishes. We have been waiting for one of the Guppies to give birth, but nothing has happened yet. Yuriko sits for hours watching the tropical fishes swim, it seems, and she gets so worried that the temperature of the water is not right,



that they don't get enough sunlight, that they are sick, and so forth. She says I get jealous of the poor fishes because I feel neglected, and she is sure that I will act that way if we have any children! She is a very good observer, but I wish she would stop saying that I don't trust her ability to do things, because I know that our household will be poorly managed without her to do it. She has been so busy that she hasn't time to iron my shirts for about a month, and I haven't complained yet even though my stock is near the ending point, and I may have to go to school without a shirt soon. But Yuriko gets a guilty conscience and says that she is not a "good wife" because she neglects so many things. If I ever said that, I am sure that she would get irritated! Women are so strange to figure out sometimes, and I am still learning. Yuriko says the same thing about men. I never can get angry at her because she is so sweet, and I am sure that she does have many more occasions in which she could get irritated with me but she never says much. I think a marriage of this kind is ideal; I'm glad that I don't get nagged like Mariko does to George.

We went up to Kenny and Kimi's for the little social gathering they had up there on Saturday night. Yuriko had practiced late so that I did the cooking, and I was worried stiff that the pressure cooker was going to blow up or something. We spent a quiet four or five hours up there, and a lot of minor chit-chat went on. Warren, Kenny and I were trying hard not to talk of the JACL or the Nisei so that every once in a while there would be a lull since the others found it difficult not to discuss their favorite topic all evening. Sam Ishikawa is the representative of the Anti discrimination League here in NYC, and he had to tell of all the important persons he had met. It was almost as if he had a need to identify himself with successful caucasians, and he did seem to emphasize all of the different cities he had been in. I guess this is part of the big shot complex within a racial island world, although Sam seemed nice enough. He used to work for the Friends. Sam brought along his helper, Emily, but she didn't have much to say all evening.



She just arrived a week ago from Chicago. Tosh was there without his wife, and he was a bit glum because he apparently had some sort of tiff with her.

Warren is still troubled about his future. He said that he didn't know what he was going to do although Betty's parents are still putting the pressure upon him to go to Hawaii. Betty said that he could work for her father, or he could teach at the U. of Hawaii. Warren did not think that Hawaii would be good economically for too many years since it was exploited like Puerto Rico and the resources were rapidly being drained out of the islands. He has had a taste of being on a higher economic level since marriage so that this now looms large in his plans. He said that maybe he would go into private work in order to make a decent living, but he had no idea of what it would be in. He is now writing his thesis on the aesthetics of Japanese literature for the Oriental Department at Columbia. Of more concern, was his desire to do something about getting his sister back to the U.S. She went there a number of years ago, taught in a Buddhist school, and involuntarily dropped her American citizenship. Now she would like to return. The lawyer connected with Civil Liberties, Wirin, said he would work on the case for a \$1000 fee and this was quite a blow to Warren.

Kenny doesn't say too much about his job, but I gathered that he wasn't too happy there. However, the salary keeps him satisfied. He doesn't get much satisfaction out of doing case work because he never has the opportunity to go into it intensively due to the quick turnover at the hospital. He hopes that it will settle down soon so that he can use some of the techniques he learned in school. It made me wonder if I would be satisfied with doing case work year after year in such a setting. I think that I will have to get into something in which I will find satisfactions regardless of the salary, but it is a problem. Kenny apparently is going to settle down in his apartment in Yorkville as he seems to be decided about staying there permanently. It's a fifth floor walkup, lots of cockroaches and mice, but he says that he can't find any better housing



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without paying way beyond his ability so that he will wait until the housing situation eases up. Kimi is still working for the same outfit but she has taken up drawing as a hobby and she goes to classes several times weekly.

Kenny only served beer so that we were all sober, and I made up for it by eating a lot of refreshments. Warren said that he heard of the JACL book review group which met at Joe's place to discuss Crum's "Behind the Silken Curtain" and Roku Sugahara made the bland statement that the author was a Jew, that the publisher was a Jew, so that the book was not reliable. What a narrow minded bigot! We got home about 3:00 and immediately went to bed.

Yesterday we got up about 10:00 and rushed to make the train to Brentwood. As soon as we got to the hospital, I went to see Dr. Jucovy to find out how Mrs. M. was progressing. He said that Dr. Rabbincowitz (female) was cooperating on the case, and that the shock treatments seemed to be coming along fine. Mrs. M. will get about 11 more treatments, and then there will be a period of convalescence. After that she will be presented to Staff for possible discharge. Dr. Jucovy felt that this was a very difficult case because Mrs. M. hid all of her feelings behind a mask and they really didn't know what her true feelings were, or how much she was still disturbed. On top of that there is the language barrier, which the doctor felt was often used by Mrs. M. as a convenient mechanism to hide her feelings. He wanted to know in detail how I had observed her recent emotional responses, and he took copious notes. He thought that the shock treatments would effectively resolve any depression tendencies, but that it took a longer time for a person to work out paranoid attitudes. He said that it was almost impossible to determine how deeply these paranoid tendencies really were because Mrs. M. always smiled and said that she was all right. However, the doctor felt that she still had a strong emotional attachment for Douglas which was carefully covered up by occasional expressions of revenge motives to us. He based this conclusion on the fact that her eyes would cloud up whenever Douglas was mentioned to her, but that there was absolutely no facial response. I suggested that this was



perhaps due to a cultural situation in which there was a strong emphasis to repress any kind of emotions. He wanted to know about her future, and I said that we had done some preliminary thinking upon that knotty problem and I explained why it was impossible for us to consider taking her in. Dr. J. realized that it was a complex problem and he wondered if there was a Japanese convalescent home in NYC, which there is not. What she needs is social contacts with Issei so that she will not brood about the past too much. From my experience at Psychiatric Institute, I know that the psychiatrists are usually concerned about having a "successful" case, and they do not see the all around problem like social service. This is because of administrative pressures of making room for more patients. Dr. J. reflected some of this attitude when he laughingly commented that we would have to "dump it into the laps of social service." I think that the doctor might try to take the easy way out by putting pressure on Yuriko, because of his one sided perspective of the situation. Dr. J. has been very nice in our discussions. He said that he hadn't noticed me around P.I. lately, and I told him of my change in placements. He wanted to know if I was planning to go to V.A. and I said that I was not sure. He urged this because of the higher salary, and he also suggested that I consider State Hospital work, but I didn't think that I would do that. He understood why I might be considering other aspects of social work because "hospital social service gets too many hopeless cases where you can do nothing but give emotional support." However, he felt that the time would come when psychiatrists would really be able to do intensive work with patients, but that the schools were not turning out psychiatrists fast enough to meet the expanding needs.

Yuriko and I also talked to Dr. Rabinowitz. She said that it was a difficult case because she just couldn't talk to Mrs. M., and she, too, mentioned the mask which Mrs. M. seemed to put on. Dr. R. was certain that there was a lot of repressed emotional feelings behind this mask, and she wanted Yuriko to go up and act as interpreter. She asked a great deal of Yuriko's relationship with Mrs. M.,



and it was pretty evident that Mrs. M. had been ill for a long time and this was the reason why Yuriiko had such a difficult time of it. Dr. R. said that it was going to be difficult to find a solution for after hospital care, but she could understand why it might not be feasible for Mrs. M. to come with us. However, the problem of what are the alternatives is something that I don't know about. Dr. R. said that she knew a missionary who was in Japan, and perhaps Mrs. M. could do domestic work. She felt that it was better for Mrs. M. to be in a Japanese community. She also mentioned that Mrs. M. still has feelings for Douglas, and that it was better to tell her about Douglas's marriage to Joannie and Mrs. M. non-legal marital status during the time the shock treatments were going on, because there might be a later reaction if it were sprung on her suddenly. So Yuriiko went up, and this was done. Dr. R. also asked a lot of other questions to find out Mrs. M.'s real feelings, but she seemed to have given pretty stock answers. She didn't react too much to the news of D's marriage, although Yuriiko said that there were tears in her eyes. Mrs. M. has an amazing amount of self control over the outward appearance of inner feelings, and this is the cultural factor which baffles the psychiatrists so much. Yuriiko and I told her a bit more of some of the Issei psychology so that she would have some orientation to it. One of the revealing things which came out was when Dr. R. asked Mrs. M. how she felt about me. Mrs. M. said that I was a good individual, but it was better that we didn't understand each other so that we could remain friends and it was not good to live too close. This was indicative of her deep antagonism toward me which has existed ever since Yuriiko married me, and I have been conscious of it for quite a while. The fact that Yuriiko goes on tours also would make it an impossible situation, and Dr. R. got a clear picture of that. The difficulty is in getting Mrs. M. to understand this without her interpreting that Yuriiko is rejecting her as a mother. Dr. R. thought that if Mrs. R. could do nursery work in California and had some Issei friends interested in her, that



this might be one solution. However, she felt that we would have to carefully work out a program together. My feeling is that we cannot assume the unfair responsibility for any possible future breakdown since nothing that is done would prevent that. Dr. R. thinks that it is still possible that the depressive reaction might have been of temporary duration, even though there is strong data present that she had elements of the illness over a long period of years. I think that Mrs. M. actually rejected Yuriko at age 6 when she was sent to Japan, but Yuriko has not realized this yet. Fear of a smallpox epidemic was the outward excuse for the action. Now when all of Mrs. M's securities are swept away, she wants desperately to cling to Yuriko, and she resents me in the picture. Yuriko has worked her feelings out to the point where she can see things objectively and she is less disturbed about stating her position. But since this is such a difficult problem, Dr. R. may also take the easy way out by applying pressure for Yuriko to take her into our apartment. For this reason, I have to be very firm in holding out present attitude since it will not give Yuriko much support if I am not clearcut and waver in my feelings. I have tried to be objective about this problem, which I realized was going to face us eventually, and I can't see it as any solution for us to take Mrs. M. into our apartment. Mrs. M. would soon attempt to dominate the picture, and she would become a force to try and come in between Yuriko and I and I don't want to have anything like that to cause Yuriko conflict. It was hard enough when we tried to have Rhoda move out, and it would be much more difficult if we took Mrs. M. in even temporarily as she would never make the move to go ahead with her plans. Dr. R. thinks that Mrs. M. should be encouraged to start her own planning and suggested that she write to friends in California. Mrs. M. has always been extremely independent until her troubles with Douglas when she suddenly lost all of her self confidence, and it will take time for her to regain it. She indicated this dominating characteristic when she smilingly told Dr. R. that she was very strong, and she had to tell Douglas to do his job properly at the Hostel.

Earlier, she suggested that I run the cleaning shop so that she could live in the back, which again indicated her strong need to control the situation. We



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didn't go too much into planning during our regular visit with her, and she did seem to be better. However, there were many indications that she is still depressed. Yuriko was a bit alarmed that Mrs. M. was unable to remember things, but that is a result of confusing accompanying shock treatment, and an older person takes longer to orient senses after treatment. Mrs. M's ambivalent attitude regarding Douglas was marked as she said that she wanted to get as much money from him as possible for the rest of her life since her earning capacity was limited, and he was a much younger man. On the surface, there was some reasonableness about this since this was the agreement under which Douglas was able to cast her aside for a younger person; but, it had deeper meanings for Mrs. M. She still wants to keep a hold over him; either in terms of security or domination. I would think that there is a revenge motive, which she denies. It is understandable that she would be fearful of the future because of her advancing age. However, Yuriko showed her a letter from a brother in Japan, age 60, who was starting a new life once more, and this helped Mrs. M. to realize that her life was not over yet. I think that she can become self directing again, but she will never do that as long as she can maintain dependency upon Yuriko by stressing her helplessness and her role as the wronged wife. She has been rejected so many times in her life that she is afraid so she clings all the more harder to Yuriko by virtue of blood relationship. I don't think that Mrs. M. would ever understand the concept that Yuriko has a right to her own life, even if she were well. She once told Yuriko that even if she were married, she still had to obey parents.

We have perhaps about two months to see what sort of a solution we may be able to work out with Mrs. M. I think that if she would engage in some of the direct planning with us, it would facilitate matters. Dr. R. indicated that Mrs. M. had a lot of inner strengths yet, and we can work from that beginning point. Whether Mrs. M. really wants to face the world again is something we don't



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know yet. She seems to want to go on her own, and she gives lip service to the idea, but emotionally she hasn't accepted it yet. She did say that maybe she would eventually go back to Japan, and that is a positive sign. Most of the things she has said have had an unrealistic basis. It sounds cruel to think in terms of sending her to California to start out all over again, but that is the only way she is going to regain self confidence. Dr. R. must think that this is a positive approach since she told Mrs. M. to start writing letters. I know that this is a difficult situation for Yuriko because she is beset by some doubts, but that is something which she will have to resolve through herself. All I can do is to take a position, and give her whatever support she needs if she decides that it is the only solution. She sees that clearly enough, but she is worried about a recurrence of the illness if Mrs. M. went to California. That is something which we cannot possibly control, and it is just as likely to happen in New York. The only thing we can do is to take the viewpoint that there is not going to be another breakdown, and act upon that. Otherwise, we will never be able to move forward to any kind of a plan. This is one of the toughest problems for any relative as I have observed it in my experience at P.I. There is nothing else to do but to see Mrs. M's situation as a whole and to also see our situation, and then to act upon the best decision reached. I think it would be much worse for Mrs. M. to live with us where she wouldn't be able to talk to anyone, and particularly not to me, than to go to California where she could resume social contacts with Issei. Yuriko has pretty well worked out confusions in her mind about Mrs. M's future, and the problem now is to figure out plans on a practical level, which is equally difficult. Yuriko has handled the entire matter well, and that is a compliment to her well integrated personality. I guess this sort of problem is peculiar to American culture where the great family is not as strong a unit as in other cultures, and our concepts about it has been undergoing rapid changes in the past fifty years. The right of every human being to live his own life is a fundamental concept in social work, yet, it is strange that I



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get some emotional involvement about it when it comes right down to a personal level. There wouldn't be any hesitancy in my mind if I were working on a case of this nature. At the same time, I can retreat from the situation entirely and put it up to Yuriko. We have to do it together, and it is harder for Yuriko because (1) she has been influenced more by Japanese family concepts and (2) she doesn't have the background and familiarity with social welfare functions as I do, and (3) she is more closely related to the ill person than I. Yet, that doesn't solve Mrs. M's problems which is so hard for her.

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I had a busy day in the office doing paper work, and I am staying over this evening for a while to type this since Yuriko plans to eat dinner out in order to save time to rehearse. The subway rush will be over shortly so that I will be able to find a seat. In my conference with Miss Siebold this morning, we discussed the social worker's responsibility to client and to agency. The conclusion was that social worker's should not help to break laws, but individual judgment had to be exercised at times and we had to bear in mind that social workers also had to work for social change since many laws were so antiquated. This is what the social workers at Public Welfare have been doing, and a big political scandal has broken out. It is a continuation of the outcry made last spring. On paper, it does look like Public Welfare has been too lenient with public funds to applicants, but the public has little understanding of the social philosophy behind it, and it is a shame that they are going to play politics with it. No doubt it will be called the work of communistic influence, like anything liberal these days.

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Last night Yuriko came home very tired from her rehearsals. She had shopped earlier in the day so that I had dinner all prepared. We had minute steak. As we chatted along, she said that the minute steak cost 70 cents for six ounces. I got very irritated at the high cost of meat and I said that it would amount to over



\$1.75 a pound for that meat. Yuriiko thought that I was criticizing her (it may have sounded like it from the tone of my voice) and she said that she hadn't realized it was so expensive. Further, she said I had suggested that we buy the frozen meat originally. Then I flared up and I said in a very loud, and angry voice (but I didn't shout!) that I had only made an impersonal statement and that I was not picking upon her, and that I never could say anything if she were so sensitive to personalize general statements. Yuriiko said quietly, "It was the tone of your voice, and you don't need to say it so loudly if you were not thinking that I was to blame."

Then we both kept quiet, and for five minutes not a word was said. I thought to myself that we had a good system in agreeing to keep a period of silence if there was a danger of an argument. I thought to myself that maybe I did sound like I was blaming her, and she was tired, and maybe this was the time of month when women are more sensitive about everything. Besides, I thought, it was silly to make an issue of it because Yuriiko was worth \$1.75 a pound for meat if she wanted to eat it. But, I reasoned, this inflation business certainly does make it difficult for struggling young couples. After five minutes were up, I said calmly that I was sorry, and Yuriiko said, "no, it was my fault; I am being too sensitive." "No," I said, "it was my fault because I didn't make my statement in the right way." Then I explained my irritation with the rising price levels and that I knew she was managing most efficiently, in fact, remarkably and that I would have to be careful not to be critical of her because sometimes it was true. It wasn't that I thought she was inferior and incapable of managing affairs, just that I was worried about finances and I didn't like to spend too much of her money.

Yuriiko said we had gone over the last point many times, and I should realize that it was a mutual proposition since she knew that I would be earning regularly later on. Further, she said, "I really don't spend as much as before marriage because I have learned to budget. I think I am doing very well, but I do make mistakes yet. I guess I have been so busy lately that I have guilty feelings



about not doing all the things for you that a husband should have done." Then we both laughed, and watched the fishes. I'm glad we have our system because it takes two to make an argument. I wouldn't want to argue with sweet Yuriko. I would get scared if she really got angry because it would be my fault, but it is a good thing that she has such a nice disposition and she understands me. She never taunts me to the point of anger, but sometimes I am guilty of doing that to her. She just keeps quiet and refuses to participate. A guy is lucky to have a wife like that, and it deepens respect. Later, Yuriko laughingly said that she had met an old friend from California, and "bragged so much about how nice you were, and then I come home and we have an argument!" I felt terribly guilty so I was making up all evening. It was the tone of my voice which Yuriko reacted to even though I had made a generalized statement. I must reform.

During the depression, matters of finance broke many a home, and the lack of money creates so much tension. I imagine that the present inflationary period is having a similar effect. It makes me sore that a dollar saved from before the war is worth less than half a dollar in purchasing power now. There must be millions of families right now on the marginal level of the poverty line. Yuriko and I are doing well in comparison, and the insecurity arises primarily out of the fact that I have no job yet. And we don't know how much we will have to care for Mrs. M., but this will have to be included in our budget when the time comes. I get worried when I think that if we can't save anything when money is free, then it will be a difficult problem when money is scarce. I want to start saving a little so that we can enjoy some of those things they picture in the movies! All my life, I've lived in slum conditions and it would be nice to move up a little. I don't want Yuriko to be forced to work hard all of the time just to meet our living expenses. It wouldn't be fair to her, and I wouldn't be meeting my responsibility. On the whole, I still say that we get along very well despite external problems like finances, and the flare-up last night was all the more notable because of the fact that we don't have arguments very often. Yuriko says it must be love. It would be abnormal if we didn't have minor spats once in a while.



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We listened to more of the Congressional Hearings on Communism in Hollywood, and the UnAmerican Committee impressed us as the most stupid body of men we have ever listened to. It is tragic that such strange inquisitions are allowed in this country, and it would be laughable if we did not stop to think of the dangerous implications of the inquiry. Lack of faith in democracy is the only reason for such hysteria and fear of Russia. It is like the old Hitler game of diverting the people to outside things in order to prevent them from noticing the evils at home too much, and to label anyone a traitor who did call attention to internal problems. We thought that the "unfriendly" witness who were cited for contempt of Congress made a lot of sense in the statements they were allowed to force in over the biased attitudes of Rep. Thomas who kept saying sarcastically, "typical Communist line." The rebroadcast of these hearings every night is certainly a lot more revealing than the newspaper reports which only puts in what is favorable to their particular bias. Instead of spending all that public money for hearings, Congress could make better use of it in defending democracy by improving some of the weaknesses of the structure. The trouble is that "private enterprise" as represented by those who make the most profit is afraid to allow Americans to have real democracy for fear that it will cut into their pocketbooks. For a Congressional Committee to urge employers to boycott a person for political beliefs is as dangerous as to use the same reactionary weapon for those who may not have the same religion or race. It is getting so that anyone who believes in Tolerance is labeled a Red. I wonder if the witch-hunting that went on after World War I was as stupid and as large scale as this one. I hope it won't go on much longer.

29 October 1947, Wednesday

We finally got the sink installed in our apartment, I hounded Karigan all day yesterday, and "supervised" him when he did come up so that he finished most of the job. I must admit that he did a pretty good job, so I gave him a tip even though



he didn't deserve one. He kept saying that the thing had preyed on his mind, and how busy he had been. Yuriko had gone over there and given an ultimatum, and Karigan felt that he deserved it! He is well meaning enough, only he makes promises to too many people. I felt that I should sympathize with him to insure that we get heat this winter! He said that he would also look around for old lumber for us because we had been so nice to him. But, I made sure that he remained on the job until it was completed. Everytime he would go out to get some plumbing article, I would make sure that he wasn't going to the bar for some beer. He said that he definitely had left word with his wife that she was to tell anyone looking for him that he was out, and "not even the Pope can find me today." I said that Yuriko had some fighting Irish in her and that was why she was impatient, after waiting for two months. Karigan said he liked women with some "Irish fight" in them. I think that we got the job finished and we are still on good terms. He offered to put up a clothesline for us in the Spring, and he made many remarks that he wished other tenants were as nice as we. If he only knew some of the things we have been saying privately about him!

About 7:00 I went to the studio to pick Yuriko up and we went to eat at a 14th St. Cafeteria before going uptown to the I.I. Hollownen party. It was a quiet affair, but Yuriko and I did our best to pick things up. I was showing Yuriko off all over the place. The difficulty was that it was a diversified group from many countries in Europe, and the war brides with their husbands were extremely cliquish. There were also old people present. I thought that one of the difficulties was that the G.W. did not plan the party well enough so that things sort of died down by the time we left. Jean Pickering said this morning that the party did pick up about 10:00. There were over 80 people present. One of the most interesting events was the Swedish group which did folk dancing. There was one large woman in that group who moved around with amazing lightness, and Yuriko was quite impressed. The French and Italian war brides were very attractive, but their ex-GI husbands were the quiet mousey type, and they seemed to be even more inhibited than the foreign people there. During lunch hour today,



the girls here made many complimentary remarks about how attractive Yuriko was, and they said that we added life to the party! It struck me as amusing when Mrs. P. said that she noticed we were the most Americanized and sophisticated ones at the party, and it had been her impression that Nisei, as a rule, were very shy and quiet! She said that we made quite an impression upon the war brides, and they were struck as how uninhibited Americans are in social groups! Mrs. Cole the director of the I.I. also made nice remarks, so I guess Yuriko will have to get a big assist in solidifying my status in this agency!

In discussing the cliquishness of the war brides group, there were several different theories given. One was that they were new to this country and they felt more relaxed in their own group (like the Nisei used to do when they resettled.) A more logical reason was that it was really the fault of the ex-G.I. husbands. Mrs. Pickering said that she used to get upset to hear about all of the men marrying foreign girls, but now after seeing so many of the husbands she is convinced that the war brides are the ones who were cheated. While in the Army, the American soldiers were the big heroes, but it was Mrs. P's impression that actually most of them who married foreign girls were the ones who could not find girls in America. She said that most of those she has seen come through the I.I. were the extremely shy and reticent individuals, while the war brides were very vivacious. It seemed that way after seeing the group last night.

Every once in a while, we get cases of war brides coming through this office who want to go back home because of marital difficulties. Ordinarily, the public reaction is that these girls are spoiled. Actually, there are many reasons why so many of the brides find it difficult to adjust. So many of them come from nice families, and it is natural that they are disappointed to discover that the Here they married lives such unimportant lives back in the States. We tend to think that these girls are automatically coming to something better when they are permitted to enter the U.S., but there are many who have to adjust themselves to much lower standards from what they left. In addition, they have language



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difficulties and the marital adjustment process is much more difficult for them than for the average couple. They feel lost in this city, and many of the ex-G.I. husbands don't seem to be very social creatures once they get out of the uniform. Many of the husbands at the party last night didn't know how to dance so that the wives were sort of left out. Miss Martello thought that perhaps she would start a dancing class for them.

Two of my interviews were postponed today so that I have some free time now before we go to a conference at the school sponsored by the United Service for New Americans. It was a madhouse around here this morning as I had to get some paper work done, and everybody wanted to use the secretary. I got a couple of new cases today to work on, both involving immigration problems of relatives. I have been trying to find extra time to go through immigration laws, but I never have that much spare time to read around here. I don't mind it when I am busy, and I'd just as soon have more cases so that I will get experience in a wide variety of cases.

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Late yesterday afternoon, I went with the staff here to attend a regional conference of the United Service for New Americans, held at Russel Sage Foundation. Much of the discussion sounded amazingly similar to what we used to hear about Nisei resettlement, only in the case of the Jewish DP's the problem is much more intense. They talked in terms of integration, resettlement and so forth. In the session I attended the emphasis was upon the problem of the personal and social integration. Immigration to the U.S. fell to its lowest level during the war, but has picked up sharply during the past couple of years. The USNA has grown to be one of the largest social agencies in the country and it deals exclusively with the DP problem. The newcomers come from Europe and China, and roughly 2000 a month enter the country. The problem is intensified by the fact that so many are young people who spent years in concentration camps, and they desperately need social service to assist them to regain their self confidence. They come



here with an overwhelming need to become independent economically, and there has been some difficulty because many social workers think of them in terms of category. A lot of the newcomers are discouraged because of disappointment of what America is really like, and they have a severe cultural adjustment to make. There has been a tendency towards an in-group movement like in the case of the Nisei, and the segregated pattern of Jewish communities throughout the country are growing rather than decreasing. Because the agencies cannot handle the problem, they work more on the superficial problems and real integration is only accomplished by the few. Like many Nisei, there is now a tendency to call this a "transition stage." It is more difficult for the DP's because many come with a sense of martyrdom and they are very demanding. They have a marked attachment to their own group because of the security of family life, and they had been pitted against the Nazi theory that the individual had no strength. They come here and find that things are not a Utopia and that contributes to the demoralization. The speakers emphasized the fact that this was only a temporary stage, and that most of them will eventually contribute much to the culture of this country once they get established. They felt that the DP's should cling to their past culture as that was about the only thing which gave them a sense of continuity and security right now. One of the Red Cross speakers dissented from this point of view, and she very much doubted if the majority of the DP really wanted to live like other Americans. She felt that many came here with a negative attitude, one of escapism, and that their only concern was to live in peace without political persecution. She felt that social workers could help stimulate these individuals to live more in the present than in the past, and to explain to them that America was not really full of disunity as it appeared sometimes. Another speaker emphasized that America did not have a past in common, but we did have a future in common. Therefore, it was most important that we recognize our stake in the newcomers, so it was necessary to help them get over the super sensitivity which they possessed. Many