

1 December 1947, Monday

I haven't had too busy a day in the office today, but I have to wait until six for an evening appointment. For a while I just watched the Russian workers across the street pulling down the Murray Hill Hotel. They are doing such a terrific job of it. This noon I wandered into Grand Central Station and just acted like a tourist for a while and watched people coming in from all over the country.

We had a very busy day yesterday as we had to get up early to go to Long Island. Rev. Matsumoto sent a wire asking us to phone him first so I called Larchmont and got his wife. Mrs. Matsumoto said that she had visited Mrs. M. on Saturday, and there was a request for a few things. She said that she was very interested in taking Mrs. M. into her home to help with her two children and she would like Yuriko to come up some time to discuss the matter further. She told Mrs. M. that she was a good friend of Yuriko's so we had to get the story straight. A couple of her cousins are coming from Japan this month and they have to help them resettle first so that they will not be able to take Mrs. M. until the start of next year. I said that this was perfectly agreeable since the psychiatrist is not ready to discharge Mrs. M. for a while yet. Mrs. Matsumoto said that Mrs. M. was so happy to talk to somebody in Japanese. Mrs. M., however, indicated that we had never invited her over to our new apartment, but neglected to mention that there had been a move since she was hospitalized. I don't know what to make out of that except I think that Mrs. M. is trying to put some pressure on Yuriko through a third party so that I will get out and she can have Yuriko for herself. It is a part of her dominating pattern of behavior, which the psychiatrist has recognized is not a recent characteristic. On the whole, Mrs. Matsumoto was impressed and she said that she would be glad to take Mrs. M., and perhaps after a year Mrs. M. might even be interested in going to Japan with them. I told her that I thought Mrs. M. would be able to adjust very well in their home, and I think that this is possible.

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It was a nice ride up to the hospital even though Long Island is looking rather bleak right now. The air was very crisp and much colder than the last time we went up. We went into Dr. Rabinovitch's office to see her before we went to the ward. Dr. R. said that she was quite impressed with the Rev. M's and she thought that it might make an ideal setting for post-discharge. She felt that they were an understanding couple, and that Mrs. M. could progress very rapidly if she felt comfortable with them. However, she said that Mrs. M. still had some slight evidences of feeling persecuted even though the depression has lifted, and she would like to observe her for a couple of weeks yet. She may place Mrs. M. into the home of another woman psychiatrist for a trial period of several weeks to see how she makes the adjustments and to give her some preliminary training in household management. She said that Mrs. M. had been taken off of the kitchen work because her insistence upon telling other patients what to do was a bit disturbing. (later Mrs. M. said that the reason she did this was for health purposes as the other patients didn't wash the dishes too cleanly.) Dr. R. also said that Mrs. M. was forgetful and she gave things away and later complained that they were stolen, but that this might be due to language difficulties.

Dr. R. has taken a very active interest in this case and she has done a great deal more than ordinarily is done for patients. She said it was because there were certain interesting aspects in the case which she was uncertain about, e.g. how much cultural behavior went into this illness. Dr. R. is very relaxed in talking to us now, and she tells us a lot of things which other relatives do not hear. She even asks me for my opinion of the case. While talking about post discharge plans, Dr. R. said that she definitely felt that Mrs. M. should not come to live with us. She felt that the U.S. was lacking in sound plans for care of patients after they are released from the hospital and thought that the Belgium guild plan which has been in operation for hundreds of years could well be adopted

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in this country. She said that it was not desirable to send many patients back to their relatives, but they could not do anything else because the social service staff did not have the time to do much planning, and relatives were not cooperative in so many cases. Dr. R. felt that some of Mrs. M's attitudes towards me were being modified, but that it would never work out for her to come and live with us because of the deep seated resentment towards me, that it was hard for most parents to let go of their children, but harder in Mrs. M's case because of her insecurity about everything.

For the first time, Mrs. M. shouted hello to me from the hospital window as we were coming across the grounds; she has never given such direct recognition of my presence before. When we went into the ward, however, she seemed to be the same as before but later on she did talk to me directly, which she hasn't done before either. I don't know what this indicates although I suspect that she might be modifying some of her attitudes towards me as a result of limited discussion with Dr. R. She had forgotten that I had gone to school for the past year as she suddenly made a remark of that as if remembering something from the past. Mrs. M. still has spells of forgetting. She looked much older, hair almost gray--but that might be because she had tinted her hair before. She smiled much more, and there was a more positive attitude in her. It may be that the anticipation of leaving the institution some time soon has eased some of her former fears. At the same time, she seems to be afraid of leaving the protective confines of the hospital--which she says indirectly. I think that this is traceable back to a general insecurity about the future, which is understandable. She mentioned something about being persecuted in the hospital, didn't know why she was removed from the kitchen job, said patients stole things from her because she was Japanese, once in a while talked in a whisper with her hands blocking off her mouth and looking around suspiciously as if somebody was listening to her. (she spoke in Japanese.) She said that she feared for her life because she was Japanese and

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the other inmates were picking upon her. She smokes much more again because she feels that it relieves some of these feelings. She did not mention about Douglas so that issue seems to be fairly well resolved. Yuriko explained that all the patients were as liable to have things stolen from them, and we both attempted to give her a positive interpretation of things. When we mentioned that she might get a trial leave from the hospital, she seemed to be quite elated and she quickly agreed that what happened in the hospital the rest of the time was really not that important. It is difficult to figure out how much paranoid frame of reference there is present in her personality because so much of it is bound up with a general Issei type of cultural thinking that whites are against them. We tried to point out that she was starting a new future, and Mrs. M. took positively to that and even spoke in terms of eventually going to Japan to do some humanitarian work for children. She felt that the Matsumotos came from a high level of Japanese society so we encouraged her in this. It is a strange phenomena that Mrs. M. Can be so controlling among Japanese and her family, but so passive among caucasians. She must have been inhibiting a terrific amount of her feelings for many years. She is fearful of asking for her clothes from the ward attendants and acts so ingratiating around them, but she is quite strong among the patients. I think the psychiatrists could do terrific research in studying the sort of conflict which goes on in the mind of a person who has the impact of the East and West within the personality, and there almost seems to be two characters coming out of it—a true split personality. How much of these things contributed to Mrs. M's illness over a period of years is difficult to say, but I suspect that it was a strong influence as she is an intelligent woman with some talents which never were fully developed.

We got home early, and Y started preparing dinner. The Tagawas are apparently loosening up towards us and they make more gestures of friendship now. Mr. T even

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gives a warm smile now. Mrs. T. gave us a jar of home made preserves because we watched their mailbox during the holidays while they visited relatives in the country. I guess they don't feel so threatened by us now. Bob Cohan came over to visit us for the evening and he had dinner. Bob C. said that he was getting absent minded that it disturbed him because he completely forgot about the concert Saturday night. Bob is a rather well built, nice looking, mature and intelligent youth of 22, one of the company members. During the course of the evening, he said some most interesting things about himself. He is either neurotic, or maybe a bit more. It has not hurt him thus far because he has handsome features and he can get away from a lot of things.

With a little encouragement, Bob said that one of the things which bothered him was finances. He lives with a struggling poet, and a struggling artist with heart trouble and a limited number of years left to live. The three of them have a cold water flat on the East Side. Wally went through the war with Bob, he is a bit eccentric, writes reams of poetry and tells Bob to go out and sell it if he wants some money. Wally is content to live off of Bob. Since the GI funds are getting low, Bob made Wally "sacrifice" his art a bit by forcing him to take a night time job at the Roxy as an usher. The other roommate works there also. Now Bob feels that he can relax a bit. He says that he hates to work. He has been getting the 52-20 and a 20 percent disability pension for war wounds. Bob comes from a middle class home, and he feels more secure if he has material possessions. The three roommates sit up late at night discussing philosophy and things like that, and Bob feels that Wally is the intellectual giant among them. For a 22 year old, Bob is amazingly well read and one would think of him at first hand as the type who is only interested in chasing girls. Instead, Bob has dedicated his life so far to becoming a great dancer and Yuriko is his particular alter ego for the dance right now because she taught him so much of the fundamentals when he started. He reads such things as James Joyce and Freud, and he is much too

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interested in psychology--almost as if he is hunting for an explanation of what is wrong with him. Yuriko has never heard Bob talk about himself before so that she was a bit surprised that he got going so much.

Although he is of Jewish background, Bob claims that this has never been a matter of conflict in his life. He says that his home life was very close. His father is a linotypist for a lot of small publications and very interested in foods. This is where Bob got his interest in foods. From some of his comments, it seems that he has an unrecognized conflict with his younger sister although he says that he loved her dearly. There seemed to be a certain competitiveness between them, and I wouldn't be too surprised if Bob sometimes wished that he were a girl. He has very male tendencies physically, but his aesthetic sense is not as virile (including his choice of dancing as the medium of expression for himself). As a boy, he was rather solitary, often jumped on his bike and rode twenty miles to the marshes of Long Island just to tramp around by himself and watch the birds and nature. He has certain elements of the dreamer type, and he still wishes that he was born in some past period of history--almost a deliberate wish to escape the pressures of modern life. He does not recognize that he was overprotected by his mother, and the only conflict he would have about intermarriage is that his mother would not get over it. He has dropped all other identity with the Jewish culture, he thinks, but we noted that he still maintained some of the finer aspects of it within his personality. He described the Passover ceremony to us fully, and what a special event that was in his life when his father would read all of the suffering the Jews from the matzos. This ritual ceremony seemed to have a deep significance for Bob although he disclaims any interest in it and thinks that he will just be American. He supports partition in Palestine, but does not want to be identified as a Palestinian (Jew) in any way because he "likes it here in this country." He said that his name was the name of tribal leaders and the highest class among the Jews. Bob does not observe any of the Jewish religion anymore.

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Bob went to the Army when he was 17, got into combat and was saved from death when the K rations in his coat deflected the bullet to his side. It severed all of the side muscles so that it is painful for him to do certain motions in dancing yet. He also had frozen feet. He was listed as a battle fatigue case because he was so nervous and had many of the symptoms for this type of case. When he came home, he was a big hero. He got a job with the VA at \$50 a week, splurged all of his money on the girls, was extremely restless and just couldn't settle down. Finally was advised to resign his job because of nervousness so he went into dancing, and he now seems to have found the thing he wants to do. He is very ambitious, but full of anxieties about himself and doubts his talents so that Yuriko and others have to give him constant reassurance. He does have more talent than the other fellows in the company, but he has doubts about this. At the same time, he is extremely jealous of Erik and wishes he could take his place. He has symbolical death wish dreams about Erik which he couldn't understand, and he dreams in vivid colors--which is usually an indication of schizoid tendencies. Right now, he is still restless, doesn't eat well or sleep comfortably, feels that he has to punish his body by dancing for hours and gets such an estatic thrill out of leaping through the air. However, the saving thing about Bob is that he has such a pleasing personality and it is not repugnant of people like Erik and other neurotics. We had him talking for hours about himself, and he seemed to enjoy doing it, frankly calls himself ego-centric, but does not naturally take to many people. He still has troubles breaking away from his family, and he goes home every weekend to see them. ("They serve steaks that day.") His parents just can't understand why a man will go in for dancing. For such a sensitive person as Bob, perhaps this is the best thing he could have done and it wasn't entirely accident that he got into it either as dancing draws certain types of personalities--as well as normal persons.

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Later: We have been spending a quiet evening at home. I got home late because of my evening interview, and I haven't had the energy to study. I am neglecting the books horribly this quarter but my field work seems to be very educational and I have a self satisfaction out of school as a result of that. Talked to a Polish boy who was in the Army and got his hands shot off. Now he wants to bring over some relatives in order to give the little nephews and nieces a chance to get an American education. They are DP's from Poland, but not Jewish. The boy feels very satisfied with his rehabilitation training and he is a full time apprentice in a union electrical shop now and earning good money. He drives a car and does the work just like any other worker in his shop. He can't understand why relatives of veterans should have such a difficult time in bringing over relatives to enjoy some of the American democracy he fought for, but he has no trace of bitterness in his acute observations. He says he came to this country in 1938 when he was 15 so that he appreciates what a wonderful opportunity this country can give for all people, and that the price of a hand was little to pay for "peace of mind." If he can get his family here, he feels that everything would be wonderful. The only difficulty is that the family is in the Russian and English zones of occupations, and the DP provisions have not been extended beyond the American zone, but I suggested that we would go ahead and make out the papers anyway since Congress may liberalize immigration laws for DP's in the next session. His family is scattered all over Europe.

Yuriko cooked a delicious spare rib dinner; we certainly have been eating fancily during the past week. She was so excited as the news has crept out that Martha Graham is the Miss Hush of the radio truth and consequences program which is now offering about \$25,000 or more in prizes for guessing who it is. The money which the program gets from the public for the privilege of guessing the identity of Miss Hush will be donated to the March of Dimes. Yuriko says that this is the

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reason why Martha could not come to the concert on Saturday. There were many long distance phone calls into the studio today by people who wanted to hear Martha's voice over the phone to confirm this rumor, but she was not in. It could be her, and the contest is still wide open. All one has to do is to send in a 25 line entry with the reasons why March of Dimes should be supported, get the entry picked as the best for the week, have the program phone for a chance to guess Miss Hush, then guess correctly and thousands of dollars will descend! Very simple!

Yuriko got so excited wondering who would win this great sum that she started to figure out our monthly budget, and arrived at the conclusion that we would be able to manage without winning \$25,000!

3 December 1947, Wednesday

I just don't know how the days go by so quickly. Yesterday, I remained home all day long to work on a term paper for my casework class. I did a lot of thinking, but hardly got anything done so I will have to put some pressure on myself in the next week so that I can meet the deadline. One hardly enters such a task with enthusiasm and I have been trying to get myself into the mood for it for some time. School seems to be so far away from the reality of living. I have been saying the hell with reading dry books on casework most of this quarter and I have been reading things more vital and interesting. This is good for my development, but it doesn't fit into the criteria of the school! However, this quarter has been successful and I think that I have gotten more out of it than the first two I was in school. It may be the result of my stimulating field work, or because I am more integrated into the school orientation. It really is not long before I shall say farewell to classrooms and get down to the grim task of working for a living. One cannot escape the facts of life forever! Today is one of the days when I don't give a damn and I feel very confident of my future despite uncertainties of whether I will find sufficient stimulation in doing routine casework. I think that I will get into something that I will like as those things just seem to work out at times.

Yesterday morning, the insurance man came to get more information about Yuriko's accident at the store. After the preliminary business was taken care of, he asked her how much she thought she should get. Very casually, she said \$75.00. The man said, "Oh, you are sure?" Without backing down, Yuriko was very firm as she nodded yes and went on to tell how she had lost a week's work. Without another word, the man took out his checkbook and wrote out a sum for \$75.00. It was simple as that. Yuriko was so pleased with the money, "just like a windfall. I think I shall spend it all by myself. What a nice Christmas gift." With that, she got to her books and immediately revised the monthly budget so that she could give away \$80 worth of gifts this year! She certainly was happy about this unexpected money. I said that since it was her toe, she could decide what to do with it. I am only firm

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about our monthly budget, of which she supplies most of the money! Yuriko has managed extremely well, and she deserves a lot of credit. She even gives other newly wed wives her secret on how to balance the budget and shows her elaborate bookkeeping system which only she can make out. It's just like her to be so joyful about the extra money so that she can spend more for gifts. I suppose she will run herself ragged buying presents for people who probably won't appreciate them. But, it gives her pleasure and that is the main thing. At the same time, I am very curious about what she will get me for Xmas even though I tell her not to get me anything!

Yuriko said that it was confirmed that Martha Graham was Miss Hush on the radio program. Martha's apartment is all wired up and she does the broadcast from there. She doesn't get paid for it, but she gets plenty of free publicity. She told the group yesterday that it was a worthy cause and that was why she decided to do it. She hopes somebody will guess the answer next Saturday. It certainly will be a nice Xmas present for the one who wins, \$25,000 or more worth. The company plans for the dance season are still indefinite. They may appear on Broadway in January, and then go on tour after that. The Europe business is still very much up in the air. Yuriko turned down a chance to appear in concert with one of the programs organized by Doris Humphrey because she didn't know when she would be on tour.

Very busy in field work today, had one interesting case.

4 December 1947, Thursday

Class this morning was not too interesting, lots of talk about what wonders social workers perform in casework and I had doubts. I think that a more psychologically frustrated a social work student is, the prone that person is to give case work credit for things which happen—that is, all the good things. If things don't turn out well, then it is never the fault of the social worker, it is the client who is blocking or something else! No wonder social work has such a difficult time gaining professional recognition when the science of its operation is grounded in such subjective principles. There must be ways to make it more objective. It is hardly the blundering social worker's gains that the welfare ideas have spread so much, it seems to be more of a general pressure of social consciousness. Sometimes I think that social workers make even wilder claims that psychiatrists of what it does for mankind. I was forcefully reminded of this when an old battleax of a woman with such a twisted personality got up in class and proceeded to relate how she personally solved the complex problems of a family situation with children. I know damn well that a woman like that could never perform such miracles if she ever accidentally had a child of her own. Yet, the instructor and the class thought it was marvelous casework. Who do they think they are kidding anyway? The hell of it is if you don't nod your head and act like it is the real goods, then you are considered as "blocking."

That is why I didn't have the interest to study this afternoon when I came home. I read a book, Matsumoto's "A Brother is a Stranger." Now when I see him, I honestly can say I read the whole thing. His story explains a lot of why he is so accepting of Mrs. M. coming into his home. I think that he will go pretty far in his chosen career of Christian educator in Japan as he has been working towards this goal for years and he has the necessary intelligence to become a forceful leader. He had terrific fights with his brother who tried to break up his marriage, and both sides of the family did not approve. I guess that is why he understood so readily our own situation.

4 December 1947. Thursday

We went Christmas shopping this evening. Decided to buy Tom and Margaret the best things, but we didn't know their size in clothes. The stores were jammed and we had to push through mobs. The old ladies grumble so much and the salesgirls are so bored about the whole thing. My feet got sore from walking so much. We only have to go around the block to get to the large department stores here in Brooklyn so that it is so convenient. Yuriko gets so excited about shopping and she loves to buy things. We are splurging a bit more this year. Yuriko set the Xmas budget for \$80, but I think it will go higher when the enthusiasm of shopping seizes her. I am going to chase her to bed now as she is going up to Larchmont tomorrow morning to visit Mrs. Matsumoto and discuss her mother going to stay with them after release from the hospital.

5 December 1947, Friday

We got up early so that Yuriko could catch the train in Grand Central Station to go visit Mrs. Matsumoto in Larchmont. I briefed Yuriko about the Matsumoto's from his book. Said that Mrs. Matsumoto's name was Emma, that there were two children, that she was a modernized Issei—even more than those in this country. Yuriko breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Thank Gosh, I don't have to talk to Japanese to her and get all of those polite bows."

I was the first one in the office for a change as the station is only a block from here. There was a phone message for me saying that Mr. G., one of my clients, whom I was expecting this morning would not come in. He will never come because he got killed the other morning while going to work on 2nd Avenue. It was a hit and run case. We sent a card of sympathy to the family, but Miss M. felt that it was much better this way because of the disunity which had prevailed in the family for years. It was the excitable Italian man who made all sorts of threats to me. It gave me a queer feeling. Life is certainly funny. The most important thing in the world for Mr. G. was to save money and to get citizenship so he could protect his worldly goods. Now he doesn't need it anymore. It is so utterly senseless to work and slave just to make money without using some of it for the finer things in life. After all, we don't have too many years, relatively speaking, to enjoy what we have. Modern civilization has made us this way, and most of mankind lives a life of fear and insecurity. We are supposed to be the highest order in nature, but sometimes I wonder. If we don't have some kind of security through a job, then we are just as badly off. It is a vicious circle. New Yorkers are very impersonal and there isn't too much feeling for their fellow citizens. If there were, we wouldn't have such places as the Bowery. I guess it must be materialistic selfish greed. No wonder it is difficult for one to work out a sane philosophy of life under such circumstances.

We are having our first snow today. It adds to the gloomy feeling. I had another woman come in this morning and she told a tale of suffering of relatives

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in Europe. She wants to sponsor them so they can come to this land of opportunity, even though she has no money of her own. It makes me think of how much materialistic thinking has penetrated our lives. I was going to tell her that she couldn't sponsor the relatives very well because her plan was not realistic. It isn't according to the law, but I feel that the woman has more of the spark of humanitarianism in her than most people who make a big show of contributing to charity in order to get their names in the papers. Mrs. S. is willing to give of her last cent. Of course, there may be a materialistic basis to her feelings. In this country, we have the concept that money is pretty important to status. Mrs. S. as an immigrant herself wants to identify with this American prosperity which has been advertised all over the world so much. People in Europe can't imagine anyone being poor, and Mrs. S. might feel that she would lose "face" if she told her relatives that she is too poor to help them. I will discuss the matter some more with Mrs. S. next week to find out if she really can assume this responsibility which she is so anxious to take on now. I think that she could do it, and it is hard to refute her argument that her five relatives would be much better off here than in Europe no matter how difficult it is for initial adjustments because we have no conception of what Europeans are going through now. It is people like Mrs. S. which helps me to keep up my faith in mankind. I don't care if her request is motivated by deeply rooted personality problems, it doesn't make the problem of her relatives any the less real if it is. At the same time, we have our own limitations in social work so we have to get along with our frustrations as best as we can and move slowly.

6 December 1947, Saturday

Last night we went to a party over at Si's and we didn't get home until about 2:30. We had a rather interesting and enjoyable time as the group participated rather well. I only went on the condition that I could listen to the Louis-Walcott fight announcement. Si had scoffed at this, but everyone got excited as the fight unexpectedly turned out to be very good. I guess we got a vicarious thrill by allowing suppressed primitive bestial feelings to come out under this rather thin disguise. Yet, the entire group seemed to be very much against violence as a solution to political differences in the world. There must be a contradiction within all of us. We got a pool together for the fight and Elsie won. She said that she was going to donate it to the PCA fund which is fighting discrimination. The setting for listening to this fight was certainly much different than last year when I was in the army. We all agreed that Walcott won the psychological victory, but Louis was the sentimental favorite. Joe, the husband of Lilian Chasnoff (a dancer), made the remark that discrimination was on the increase in NYC, and he is getting the Village AVC chapter to do something about it. He is some sort of leather crafts shop owner but very progressive politically. He got Si to make a drawing of a pair of scales with a Klux hood on one side and the American flag in the other. The AVC plans to test this out in the Village restaurants because there has been an increase in anti-Negro sentiments there in the past year. Joe felt that it was due to an accumulation of disatisfactions of ex-servicemen and acts of "hoodlumism". Since the Village has been know as progressive for a number of years because of the large numbers of artists living there, Joe said that the AVC would ask restaurant owners who were opposed to Jim Crowism to display this sign. Those which did not display would be boycotted by the members of AVC and other organizations which will enter into the plan. He even hopes to get some of the Catholic churches to sponsor this move. It will be based on economic pressure as well as an educational approach. Joe said that if the

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drive was successful, then it would be spread over the rest of the city.

Besides Joe and Lillian, the other couples at the party were Doris and Jules, Si and Elsie (hosts), Bernie and Honey, and Yuriko and me. Most of the group were artists of some sort. Doris was wearing her new \$250 coat and Jules was acting very neurotic. We listened to Honey sing blues songs, heard a dirty record on the phonograph, heard good music, discussed a lot of things (including household problems). Bernie said his electric bill was \$18 so we didn't have the heart to tell him how cheap our bill was. We both have the same sort of setup so there must be a defect in the meter, but we hope it will not be discovered.

Our discussion on the philosophy of art lasted into the late hours. The group was divided as to what constituted great art. Was it because of social-political importance, or was it because it was great in itself. Could a reactionary artist (politically) be a great artist. Who were the great artists? And so forth. We didn't reach any conclusions but Si dragged out a lot of books to prove his point. He is convinced that a person has to be politically progressive in order to be great in art. Finally, we got so sleepy that we broke it up. I got them going on this subject so both sides were trying to convince me, and I learned a lot about art in the process. Yuriko said that it was stimulating for her because it made her think in terms of her art form. We slept till noon and just got up.

7 December 1947, Sunday

Six years since the Pearl Harbor attack, and the American public is now concerned with such things as Louis giving a return fight to Walcott, "New Look" clothes, high cost of food, identity of Miss Hush, and all kinds of "red" scares. We listened to a radio broadcast this morning and some Major discussed why we had to have bigger air power for national defense against the coming war. It was just assumed that it would be against Russia. It doesn't make me feel very good to see that this day will be celebrated largely to warn us of preparing for the next war. All of the communistic scare going on these days is doing something to our basic civil rights, and the trend of native fascism is enough to scare anyone. All we can do is to hope that the present trend of isolationism is just a temporary thing, and that we will have "One World" eventually. Those who support the newly created Jewish state say that it is too idealistic to think in these terms and that we have to be practical even at the risk of furthering nationalism. Many of the N.Y. papers carry stories about Jewish groups celebrating the creation of "our own country." That is a noble aim, but it bothers me because of certain implications. The identification of American Jews with Palestine comes into conflict with the American interpretation of citizenship. American Jews are no more a part of Palestine than I am, and it is this sort of thing which made it hard for groups during the past war when they were identified with the Axis nations. Miss Coppins said the other day that she overheard a friend saying that the partition of Palestine was only the first step, and that they wanted all. I hope that the UN is not going to be a party to developing world chauvinism. Si feels that the creation of a Jewish state is the only solution and he doesn't see any conflict in it with his belief in internationalism. He feels that the creation of a Jewish state is insurance for American Jews, and he reasons that a minority has to have a strong and progressive country to back it up in other countries. He has no doubt that Palestine will be a progressive leader among nations, and doesn't think it will make much difference even if a strong identification develops with Russia.

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In the practical picture of politics, I don't see how this would be any different than being identified with a Bund, a Shinto group, or any other nationalistic group with loyalties to some other country than the U.S. This sort of thing is very puzzling because it is difficult to think straight on it. A person can't say he is a citizen of the world because that is communistic, and for this very reason Charlie Chaplin's picture has been boycotted. In our attempts to become more democratic, it seems that we encouraged tendencies of intolerance. If Pearl Harbor Day is going to be observed for this sort of thing, it is a sad state of affairs indeed.

We didn't go to a cocktail party given by Virginia Johnson last night because we had so many things to do at home. I ended up by just listening to the USC-Notre Dame football game and didn't get anything accomplished outside of doing the laundry. Yuriko did some more Xmas shopping. She has been a bit worried about the tone of her mother's recent letters. I don't know what is the cause, but it might be due to the cessation of shock treatment. Mrs. M's letters have been a bit disjointed, and she again talks about her fears of something happening and warns Yuriko to be careful. It seems to be a reappearance of certain paranoid fears, and it might be related to pending discharge with all of the insecurities it brings out. Dr. R. doesn't know of these developments since the letters are written in Japanese so they can't be censored for clues to the progress of the patient. Yuriko said that she had a satisfactory discussion with Emma Matsumoto. She is willing to take Mrs. M. in for a while, but they cannot pay her anything. She does not know when her husband will be going back to Japan to become an educator. They got permanent status in this country through a special act of Congress so that their children are citizens. Rev. Matsumoto feels that he has a special mission in Japan, but I suspect that he has some conflict about taking his children back there.

We heard Martha Graham on the radio last night. Her identity as Miss Hush was guessed by some woman down in Texas, and a shower of over \$25,000 in prizes will be

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dropped on her. The program gave Martha some terrific publicity. Yuriko said that Martha does not seem to be so anxious to create new dances this year. It may be her last year of active dancing, I suspect. The plans for the tour are still indefinite, but there definitely will be a Broadway presentation. After this next week, Yuriko will be very busy with rehearsals again. She is trying to make a coat, a suit, and some other things before then. She is using the material we bought for Douglas' jacket for her suit and she is very glad that she did not use it for him. We haven't heard from Douglas at all and he has not made any move to pay Mrs. M. the money for the cleaning shop. We should get after him before he pulls another fast one, but we don't relish further contacts with that rascal. We feel that he is stalling off because Joannie may be pregnant and he wants to save money for his own future. All of those promises he made to Mrs. M. were just a bunch of words and we knew that.

We have been having a leisurely day. We did some housecleaning and our apartment looks spic and span now. I still haven't finished building things and I may get around to it during the Xmas vacation. I should be writing my term paper for class but I don't feel in the mood. Yuriko is making her suit right now, and she works with such amazing speed. Clara and Charley are coming for dinner and afterwards we are going to the theater to see Kreutsberg dance. Yuriko saw him dance in Japan about 15 years ago so that she is a bit curious to see him again as he was one of the early founders of modern dance while in Germany.

It is very relaxing to browse around the house today, and so restful. It did a little reading for a while and polished all of my shoes. Yuriko keeps reminding me that I have class work to complete but I don't have any enthusiasm for it. I have enjoyed this quarter at school because I only go there once a week for a class. I will do my paper on Tuesday. The typist has completed my thesis and I asked her to send one copy to U.C. The V.A. pays for the typing but I have to pay the binding

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and paper and I don't think that my thesis is worth that much. But I shall do it gladly as it is one more step towards getting my M.A.

Later: We had a very enjoyable evening. Yuriko worked hard on the dinner and it was stomach filling and successful. She made fried shrimps and some fancy kind of sliced steak dipped in soy sauce. It was a Japanese meal, and Clara and Charley enjoyed it very much from the way they ate. Clara said she only allowed Charley to eat some "Beagules" or something like that all day long (a sort of Jewish bread). They bought some pink wine and some white wine so we had both with our dinner. Dishes stacked all over the place. Sad to say, all of this fine eating I have been indulging in lately has added to my spare tire around my stomach. Yuriko says that it is nice that she can grab on to it when she has a nightmare at night and "there is never any mistake that I am grabbing you." Clara and Charley don't know the least thing about cooking, but they like nice food. It was a treat for them to get this wonderful home cooking. They are so helpless in their kitchen that they allow a mouse to eat a hole right through a loaf of bread and they haven't the slightest idea of how to get rid of it. They are both making good money so I guess they can afford to support restaurants, but they said that they must learn how to cook so they could have cozy dinners at home once in a while. They have been married for a month now and they are very casual about it, none of the lovey-dovey stuff for them. I suspect that they got married for intellectual reasons. They spend Sundays reading Shakespeare to each other and things like that. But they appear to be well suited to each other, and there is a lot of the romantic element well hidden under their outward picture of casualness. This comes out in coy remarks about former playmates. Both are well read, extremely intellectual. Both are a bit opinionated in some ways so it is not worth while to start a debate with them on any subject as they know all the answers. The best I can do is to pit them one against the other, and this produces interesting results. We sat in a restaurant for about an hour on Fifth Avenue while they debated whether geniuses

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were produced because of a special something or whether it was just a result of excessive nervous energy. Charley said that it was just nervous energy and that all geniuses had a family history of mental breakdown at some point.

After our dinner here, we drove to the Ziegfield Theater and saw the dance concert. It wasn't too bad, but Yuriko was a bit disappointed. The place was packed and the performance got a good reception. I personally felt that Yuriko did a lot better stuff. We met Myra King there. She is a dancer whom Yuriko knew in Los Angeles, and she does choreography for Broadway shows now. She and her husband invited us to come over and see them sometime. They live a block from where we used to live in the Village.

When we were in Child's Restaurant, Clara and Charley invited us for a Wednesday to Monday Christmas weekend up in the Pocono Mts. in Pennsylvania to visit a friend of theirs. It sounded very exciting, and we would like to go. However, it will depend upon Yuriko's schedule at the studio. She might be able to arrange for this if there is not intensive rehearsals for the tour at that time. The company is getting a later start in rehearsals this season because Martha has been so busy being Miss Hush during the past eight weeks. She certainly got a lot of publicity out of it with pictures in Life and even the Daily Worker, and all the radio appearances. She probably will be billed as Miss Hush when she goes on tour, and it would be sad if she was only remembered for this instead of her dancing! She wasn't kidding when she said over the radio that she wished she had that prize money as she is pretty broke now.

One of the things which we found out was that Bob Spencer had proposed to Clara when she worked for WRA in Gila. She felt that he was potential fascist material, but Charley said all bright persons had no sense of morals as they felt above the codes of ordinary man. Clara has been active with JACL, but she is anti-Bnai Brith. Both seem to have the same general goals. Clara never mentions JACL to us or try to get us to become members.

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I had a very busy day at the institute today, and I didn't get home until about 8:00 pm. All kinds of things happening to my cases. The Hungarian boy came in and he was in a mood to tell me how he plans to eventually dodge immigration regulations so that he could remain in this country permanently. He said that this was the first time he ever felt security in his life. In Hungary, he was always being followed by the Communist police so that he lived in fear. The only thing which saves his family over there now is that his father has some world fame for his work in the RH factor and he is allowed to continue his medical research. Oscar would like to marry an American girl so he will never have to return to his country. He said that Hungary would never get away from Russian control. He commented that the communist doctrines read very nicely, but he saw how it didn't work. He read from a communist newspaper from his country which pictured the U.S. as in the midst of industrial revolution and that the workers were arising against the capitalist system. We discussed about democracy. The thing which puzzled Oscar the most was the caste system against Negroes. He said that he was in the south and he felt very peculiar when he saw the segregated life there and he couldn't understand how this could happen in a Democracy. I didn't want to disillusion him so I said that under democracy, the nice things printed in books were not all true either, but that there was slow progress towards correcting them. In America, I said, it was possible to get change despite the slow progress. I found myself giving a much more promising picture of democracy in America than I thought under circumstances. It means a lot to these newcomers to get a picture of our system so I try to tell them honestly.

I didn't feel so happy about Democracy when I talked to Mr. Pentaraklionis, the old Greek man. He got a notice of deportation for coming into the country illegally, and I had to break the sad news to him as he couldn't read. He broke into hysterical crying and he just couldn't control himself. There wasn't much I could do except tell him that we would try to appeal the decision, but it does not look so

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promising as laws are pretty rigid when a penniless man comes up against it. Mr. P. says he will be sent back to certain death in Greece and I don't doubt that. America didn't do so well for this man who slipped into the country 23 years ago and worked hard to exist, but ends up broke and liable to be sent away at government expense to a country he hates. There is a slim chance that we might get some Greek church interested enough to repay the relief money given to Mr. P. over the years in order to erase the charge of public charge against him. The decision also went against him because he had V.D. at one time! Mr. P. got down on his knees and begged me to help him, but I don't think the Justice Department is going to budge very much and it doesn't care much what happens to the man. America wasn't very much of a land of promise to Mr. P. and it is kicking him out a broken man. He says he prefers death, and he might even go as far as to commit suicide because he is so disturbed. I feel very powerless in a case like this and all I can do is to reassure him (pretty falsely) that maybe things won't be so bad even if he goes back to Greece. With all the Civil Wars going on in Greece, Mr. P. doesn't stand much of a chance. They don't have social agencies like we do.

Mr. Abe also had a complaint against the Government. His camera was confiscated after Pearl Harbor and he wanted me to put in a claim for him against the government. He wants \$200 before he will believe that justice has been done to him. Nobody in the agency could understand Mr. Abe, but I managed to interpret his broken English. Mr. A. must have thought I was Chinese as he tried very hard to tell me his tale of woe in pidgin English. I almost fell over when he said that he was a citizen. I will write the letter for him, but I doubt if Congress is going to appropriate any money to indemnify a small claim like this.

Mr. Bernhard's story was much more full of real suffering. I have been getting him calmed down from his disturbed state of mind in the first two interviews so that he is able to be more objective, and he thanks me for helping him so much just because I listened to his story. He desperately wants to get his mother into

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the country because of all the suffering she went through in Germany for marrying a Jew. He fled Germany in 1938 and the last he saw of Berlin was the burning synagogues and the looting of the Jewish stores. He is not proud of his German blood, but he loves his mother deeply. He hopes he can see her before she dies. He said that he lived an entire life of fear until he got to this country, and as I listened to his story, I was inclined to agree that America was pretty wonderful despite the faults it had--which are minor, relatively speaking, to the rest of the world. It is these new Americans who give me a new perspective of what America could be. He said that from childhood, he lived in fear. He went through the pogoms of 1934 when Hitler came to power, and the German boys used to beat him up because he was a Jew. All kinds of laws were made, and the money of Jews was taken away to support the Nazi party. He saw Jews kicked to death, tortured, beaten and there was no law to protect them. In school, even the teachers Jew baited. All Jewish males had the middle name of Israel and women had Sarah. This was stamped on all of their documents with a "J" for Jew, and it was legal to beat and kill them. Oscar fled to Shanghai and the Chinese persecuted them almost as much. But, in America he was able to work up to an \$80 a week job in six months. Most of all he is now able to walk down a street without fear of anyone striking him. I doubt if Oscar will ever get over the psychological wounds he got while growing up under such a system, and his hate of Germans is deep. Negroes must have a little of this feeling against whites, and it is something which words like Democracy is not going to cure very easily. If only we could give Negroes the same chance as we give the refugees who come from Germany. The most damning judgment which other countries can make of us is our treatment of the Negro. Freedom Train, the proud heritage of American Democracy, can't go into Memphis because the city fatheads there say there must be no mixing of black and white on even such an occasion as this. We feel humiliated, but such things go on. Protests against it are labeled as an attack on Our Way of Life. There is something wrong

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in our culture when we can't solve this dilemma. Boys like Bernhard come here and they read that everything is democratic, but they are no more secure than a Negro coming from the South.

Miss Martello was all upset as we disagreed with her that nationality clubs in the Institute did not foster internationalism. She thinks that they are the reason for its existence and without them the International Institute has no function. She has too much of the YWCA mentality. I guess she forgave me because she asked me to be Santa Claus for the Christmas party, but I had to turn it down due to lack of experience. She wanted me to do it rather than Mr. Glissner because they needed a Santa Claus without an accent! Later, she said she was going to try and organize cosmopolitan clubs instead of nationality clubs hereafter, and really work for "One World."

Miss Martello represents the Old Guard in International Institute, and she thinks that it is terrible that there is such an emphasis upon Personal Service Department which stresses individual service. I discovered that there was quite a bit of resentment between the two factions: YWCA mentality versus professionally trained people. Since the I.I. has very little money in its operating budget, the emphasis has been growing towards a stress on individual case work service, and group work with minority groups is very much slighted. The new thinking is that group work should do some experimenting on how to best achieve integration. The old idea of bringing "lonely" members of nationality groups together with others of their racial group is no longer recognized as contributing to non-segregated social standards in American life, but Miss Martello is a bit behind the times and she won't let go. She feels very much threatened because her job is at stake. She is "kibei" Italian, and thinks it is terrible that second generation Americans are so ashamed of their cultural background. She missed our point of view entirely.

Yuriko has been busy making a "New Look" suit all evening. I refuse to mark

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her dress because I don't want to participate in helping clothes manufacturers to make more money. Besides Yuriiko has nice legs and she doesn't need to hide them with those ugly long dresses. Yuriiko finally compromised and made her dress length half way between the new and old style! She says that Rhoda is going out of town this weekend for the road tour of "Make Mine Manhattan." Lamar is in with an experimental theater group and they have taken over a building in the Village. They are still in their "trial marriage" situation.

11 December 1947, Thursday

This week has gone by so quickly that it amazes me. The year 1947 must be anxious to draw to a close and start out with fresh hopes. Yuriko was saying the other night that so much has been compressed into the six years since the outbreak of the war that it seemed like only yesterday. With age, time has a way of going past with great speed, not like when we were in our teens and the years just dragged along. Yesterday, it snowed for the first time and emphasized that winter was here for certain. Safely behind the windows in our steam heated apartment, Yuriko and I did not have such misgivings of the cold as last year. That is progress! The Tree in Brooklyn, which stands naked in the yard outside of our back window, got all covered with snow. Yuriko thought it would be very nice to get up into the mountains of Northern Pennsylvania for a "white Christmas." The only kind of snow we see in NYC is the dirty, slushy kind. Yuriko is not yet certain that her schedule will be adjusted so that she can take the time off from dancing rehearsals. Martha has had some sadistic impulses in the past and forced rehearsals at most inconvenient times. This year Ethel, Duggy and Yuriko feel that they will follow through with personal plans regardless. Love for Graham company has its limits! Yuriko thinks that Martha will be reasonable since she has been in a good mood with all that Miss Hush publicity. Yuriko had to get up early yesterday morning to hear Martha tell all about it on a radio program. And, Yuriko felt a warm glow for Martha when she came in and asked Yuriko to teach her class so that she could get inspired by observing. Martha should have been a psychiatrist the way she gets around people. I scoffed that Martha was probably getting too old to be so active so just used praise as an excuse to get out of teaching, the cynic that I am.

This is the first chance I have had to relax since Tuesday. I spent Tuesday in throwing my term paper together, and then discovered this morning that it was not due until next week! However, I can rest easy for the rest of the quarter and not

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have to worry about deadlines. Mrs. Austin stopped to chat with me after class today and she said that I have done advanced work in the class so that inflated my ego a bit. It was her interpretation that my difficulty at P.I. last quarter was mostly due to the fact that all that analytical orientation was thrown at me suddenly before I really had gotten used to school again, as she said that I showed a sound knowledge of psychiatric principles in her class. She signed my program card for next quarter so that I could register today, even though she is not my adviser any more but it saved me time! Mrs. A. seems to have taken a personal interest in me, and she always nods her chubby smiling face whenever I say anything in class. My theory is that if more instructors were married, they would be able to teach in less neurotic ways, especially women!

Yesterday I was very busy with a rush of cases, and I was exhausted by the time I got home. I didn't have much of an appetite, but later in the evening I ate a lot of chestnuts. Yuriko says she warned me before marriage that she had craving for cherries and chestnuts so that I could not scold her for ruining the budget as she was driven by an inner force to eat these things. While in Japan, she used to eat them all the time. Her uncle owned a mountain which had chestnut trees on them. She cannot resist the impulse to buy roasted chestnuts three for a nickel when she goes by wagons, but she thinks that they are not as good as the Korean style of roasting.

Yuriko was in a very vampish mood last night so she sprawled out on the studio couch, and acted very sirenish while I was attempting to concentrate on a book. Guilty conscience pangs overwhelmed me when I thought how I had been neglecting my education (paid for by the government) this quarter. When school is so pleasant, one is tempted to retreat into the Ivory Tower. It has been a nice time this quarter and I haven't suffered at all. This afternoon I came home after class and read a book, "Big Ben," and soon I shall stir myself and start dinner. Yuriko would

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like to go Christmas shopping this evening, but I do not relish fighting through mobs of women. I am stumped as to what I shall get Yuriko for a present. She won't even give me a hint as to what she would like to have as she says that I have to learn by experience to make those important decisions. However, she will increase my allowance by \$15 for this month only "just so you won't forget that I will be looking forward to a very nice present come Christmas morning." It certainly is a problem. I am convinced that Xmas is only for children and women. I certainly wouldn't knock myself out to buy presents in crowded stores, but Yuriko gets excitement out of it. She has been re-making some of her clothes to adjust to the goofy "New Look" styles, but I must admit that it doesn't look too badly upon her.

Abe was all excited this morning after class because of the political viciousness of the present "relief purge" in the welfare department of the city. Charges are now being made that Communists are pampered on the relief rolls because so many of the social workers are "reds" and there is a complete misinterpretation of social work philosophy. Concern for the client is made out as part of the communist doctrines. Everybody is so afraid of the Russians now. Columbia refused to allow Howard Fast to speak on the campus because he is supposed to be communist, so we signed a petition protesting infringements on civil rights of the students to hear whom we pleased. Public welfare social workers are sort of looked down upon by private agency workers because of the accusation that they are not trained as well, but it seems to me that the most progressive social workers are the public agency ones and they do much more in the area of social action than the more snobbish private agency ones. NYC has a long history of private agencies which have not caught up to the times so that this city is way behind the times. Now that social work is so much under attack, all social workers are beginning to realize that there is a need to get together for self preservation. I think that social service practice is going to be put back twenty years because of all the political attacks being made

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upon the field right now.

Yuriko asks how can we have world peace when we talk in terms of another war, and that has me stumped. The Peace conference going on now doesn't seem to be getting very far. All of the major nations are getting their terms for peace in, and there doesn't seem to be a common meeting point. We accuse Russia of ruining France and Italy, but we don't seem to be doing so well in Greece. So none of the nations are ready to determine the future of Germany and Japan. The Marshall Plan is supposed to achieve the economic recovery of Europe, but it is only a part of the "cold" war going on now. I am afraid that there is too much racial and national antagonisms to create permanent peace through the UN as long as individual nations think they are superior to others. Well, I must go catch a mouse which has broken into our pantry.

12 December 1947, Friday

My work for the quarter seems to be winding up fairly well, and I took care of a lot of the recording and paper work today. I still have an interview this evening. The Thomas case is the most baffling, and I feel sadly that there is not much I can do about it. The man will be deported, and the Department of Justice is not going to be very much concerned about whether the man goes to certain death in Greece as he feels. The law has to be upheld, and from present immigration standards, it has been ruled that Mr. T. is not a desirable resident so he must go. The charges are illegal entry, public charge, illiteracy, and having V.D. The law in this case does not consider any of the humanitarian aspects. It is my sad job to tell him that there is not any hope that he can remain here, and I am sure that the man will be completely immobilized and unwilling to accept the facts. It is not a very pleasant task, and Mr. T. will weep and say that he has no other country. All I can say is that I am sorry, that I want to be his friend, and that I can write a letter to a social agency for him in Greece so that he won't actually starve. It must be something like telling a condemned man going to the chair that it won't be so bad as it is painless and he won't even feel it. I don't know what a single, old, friendless man is going to do in Greece. He has been in this country for 25 years and he did work hard while he was able, but it wasn't good enough so out he must go. As a social worker, I must accept this limitation despite my personal feelings about it, but I think that it is a lousy shame. Mr. T. might go as far as to commit suicide because of unwillingness to accept this inevitable, and my hands are tied. There just isn't any basis for making any kind of an appeal, and the poor old man has no influence any place so that deportation must proceed, and our intervention will not stop it.

Our lunch hour was spent in debating whether the I.I. should serve drinks stronger than beer at the Christmas party. The younger members were all for a punch with a kick to it, but Miss Martello doesn't like the small of whiskey: "it is terrible." For a group worker, that is being pretty rigid. I think

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the people should be given what they want. A lot of those G.I. husbands of war brides can take something stronger than apple cider, I am sure. Miss Martello has too much of the YWCA kind of thinking. She said that it wasn't culturally acceptable among "nice groups" to drink, and that it just showed an inferiority complex! I guess in her lifelong circles, that is true. Later, she blamed the board members, said that they would not approve. For a group leader to assist new Americans to become integrated into community life, I don't think that Miss Martello is too well qualified. She does have a difficult task because nobody seems to know exactly what these individuals should be integrating into so that she takes the easy way out and has her occasional teas for war brides. As a result of the lack of positive leadership, the Personal service department is gradually crowding the group work department out of the agency as the primary service. This creates much resentment on the part of the group work people. The trouble is that the I.I. has a difficult time in surviving financially and a lot of the programs suffer. It needs to be built up a lot, and more progressive leadership is needed from top to bottom. Miss Siebold as the director of Personal Service has been aggressive in building up her section, but the other departments are just drifting along. I think that this setting would be very good to do cultural research on the integration process, but it does not have the staff or the money to undertake such a project.

13 December 1947, Saturday

We went to see the film, "Harvest," last night after eating a delicious steak dinner which Yuriiko had all prepared by the time I came home from field work. The movie was very exciting and one of the best foreign pictures we have been to see in a long time. Since we did not get home until late, we slept until mid-morning. It was too cold to get out of bed as the heat was not on—it didn't come on until late afternoon for some unknown reason. The coldness made me change my mind about moving to a three room cold water tenement flat near Delancy street as the comforts of civilization are a bit too difficult to give up. Yuriiko wouldn't think of moving anyway as she likes this place so much. I have no complaints, but the rent which may go up 15% more by the time Congress gets through encouraging present inflation.

A telegram from Rhoda asking Yuriiko to come for lunch after rehearsals got us out of bed. We shopped hastily down on Fulton street for our weekend supplies, and we didn't have too much of a load this time because we are not eating at home tomorrow evening—going to eat out with Paul and Ethel and then go to Merce Cunningham dance concert at Hunter College after we come back from our visit to the hospital. While Yuriiko was gone for lunch with Rhoda, I just puttered around and didn't get anything done except type up one of my recordings and play around with the typewriter "fixing it" until she got back. Yuriiko said that Rhoda paid her back \$100 of the loan, reducing it to around \$250 now. Rhoda is going out of town for an opening of her play in Philadelphia. I hope that it is not another turkey, as she will be able to save a bit of money with her pay of \$85 weekly. Rhoda got some money from her aunt so she was able to pay back some of the debt. She told Yuriiko that she and Lamar may get married soon as the trial marriage seems to be mutually satisfying, and it is a bit difficult explaining the situation when they have friends over. They haven't had much social life as they are so broke most of the time. Lamar only gets \$25 weekly in the experimental theater he has an interest in, and Rhoda hasn't done much except sewing since last year. This is her first chance to make any money and if the musical runs for a while on

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Broadway she will be able to save up enough to buy a new dress to get married in. Lamar is now convinced that a city hall marriage is too much like factory production, and they want to have a wedding like we had because it was so impressive. It will all depend upon the success of "Make Mine Manhattan" so we hope that it goes well. They have a hard time paying that \$85 monthly rent for their apartment near Times Square. Yuriko just remembered that Michiko owes her money also so she hopes that Michiko's career will be successful. Michiko is still with the Devi Dja Company.

We heard from Don Bullock. He is teaching psychology at the University of Buffalo, and his wife, Bette, is in the social work school up there. Don is still very much the "radical" and he is very happy that the military cannot get enough qualified men. He mimeographs his opinions and circulates them by mail to interested friends, and he seems to be getting good response to them as he corresponds with people all over the world now. Don cannot get around much because of his paralyzed legs so that this is his means of getting fresh ideas from friends, and it seems to be a very stimulating compensation for him. He has the drive to succeed despite his physical handicap and there is not time to indulge in self pity. He could easily be a cynic, but there isn't much of that in his writing, except against militarism.

14 December 1947, Sunday

Morning: Today is the 15 months of marriage, and Yuriko says that she is sure she made a good choice—but can't figure out how she happened to pick me. I said it must be my good looks. She gave me \$15 extra allowance this month so that I could buy her a nice Christmas present, but I don't know what to get her. She allows me to suffer as she says that I must learn how to do these things. I wish she would give me some kind of a hint. Kenny and Kimi came over last night, and he bought her a coat which cost him a whole months salary, but I don't think I can get anything like that. Yuriko has done all of the shopping for the family, but I get to share the credit with her. She is going over the \$80 limit we had set aside, I think. That is because she got \$100 repaid from Rhoda.

Kenny and Kimi visited us for the evening, and Si and Elsie came over later. It was a comfortable way to spend Saturday evening at home, and Yuriko did not insist that I put on clean clothes since the guests were unexpected! We sat around until after 2:00 just talking, mostly about politics, cats, social work, housing, jobs, clothing. Kenny is not too satisfied with his job at the hospital, but the salary keeps him there. He said that he might go back to California to work, but it was only a vague wish and he was not too hopeful that there would be good opportunities out there. He said that he had seen Warren lately, and the job worry was very perplexing to him. Warren will get his M.A. in Oriental Studies at Columbia shortly, but he has no idea of what kind of work he will be doing and he dreads the approaching day. He would like to go on for his Ph.D. degree, but Betty is very opposed to that because she wants to stop working as she does not care to be supporting Warren much longer. She is more used to being supported, and she is putting on great pressure to get him to go to Hawaii where she will be near her family. Warren has held out thus far, but I suspect that he may eventually give in if he cannot solve his economic problems. Betty wants to have a baby, but Warren is very much against that as he thinks that modern civilization is too

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insecure and he does not feel that he can assume a responsibility like that. It will certainly tie him up in his personal ambitions if he does start a family. He had to spend over \$200 buying Xmas gifts for his in-laws at Betty's insistence so that he is very much worried about the economic situation. It is not surprising that Betty is so dominating over Warren as she is a controlling type of personality and she has never experienced the economic insecurities which Warren had. He sees no future in Hawaii because he believes that it will soon be like Puerto Rico, but Betty only sees it in terms of the prosperity of her family and her idea of good living is amassing as much money as possible. Warren would be happier in an academic setting where he could think about his ideals.

Ideals seem to shift when one works for a living. This has apparently happened to Kenny now that he has a job and can consider himself as a member of the great middle class. I was a little amazed and considerably upset at the change in his political attitudes. Kenny used to be a great liberal with terrific ideals, but he has modified his thinking greatly in recent months. We were talking about the present administration, and the possibilities for world peace. Kenny said that he was very much opposed to a formation of a third party headed by Wallace because that was playing it into the hands of Russia, and that Wallace was really a tool of the "commies." The wave of conservatism certainly is bearing fruit, and Kenny is playing it safe by thinking of his self interests first of all. I felt that we had less danger from a communist revolution than the loss of our civil liberties, but Kenny could not see it that way. He said that a third party movement would bring the Republicans into office and that it was essential that the Democrats stay in power because there would be less danger of a war. I did not agree with that, and I felt that a third party movement was essential even if we had chaos for four years under the Republicans, assuming that they won the election, and that the time to save a liberal party was now. Unless this was done, we would just be rationalizing and just supporting the status quo. Kenny then gave all of the

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ADA arguments as he seems to have gone down the line with this "safer" kind of thinking. He said that Truman was liberal and his policies were sound. It was the Republicans who were putting the political strings upon the Marshall Plan. I pointed out that aid had been given to Greece, Italy, and China without "political strings" but that did not mean it would work out that way. I asked Kenny about his previous thinking that both the Democrat and Republican party were basically the same in principles, but he dismissed that lightly by saying that there was greater hope with the Democrats and that all liberals should rally around Truman so that the "commies" would not get control. I never heard of such a stupid argument. I told him that I was not that worried about communists, but that the great danger was that we would lose all of our civil liberties if the liberals were thrown into panic by this issue. Kenny is not decided about universal military training, but thinks it is necessary to protect us from Russian aggression. He sounded like he has been reading the Daily News and he refused to admit that we might perhaps be a bit aggressive in our foreign policy also.

In embracing the ADA thinking, Kenny apparently has done little thinking for himself. While we were in Berkeley, some of our friends used to accuse Kenny of being merely an opportunist who followed every shift of the wind, and this used to get him very angry. But, this seems to have been borne out. Kenny calls it "maturity," and he infers that having ideals is only for college students who do not know the facts of life yet. It would be a very sad state of affairs if that were true. He said that he was being very "realistic" now, and that was why he believed that it was better for Truman to remain in office even if he went along with the military and Wall Street, then to have Taft who would lead us quickly to war. I thought Taft was an isolationist, but Kenny didn't think that this was true.

In all of his assumptions, Kenny took it for granted that a third party movement would put the Republicans into office. I am not sure of anything like that. If the economic situation gets bad by next summer, it may be entirely possible that

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a third party could win. Even if the Democrats lose, a third party may force it to renovate its policies more in the direction of liberalism. I doubt if either a Republican or Democrat president is going to make that much difference in our national policy as both are following a current trend of reaction, and it is silly to worry about communists taking over the country unless the third party movement is killed. I asked Kenny if it would be a communist movement if a third party were supported by labor, farm groups, Negroes, progressives, intellectual liberals, and so forth. He said that this was just what the "commies" wanted as it would create national disunity! I never thought that freedom of political expression was particularly undemocratic, and that we should all think alike because we were so fearful that maybe democracy might not be so strong!

I then said that I didn't belong to either PCA or AVC, but that it didn't make any difference to me if communist belonged to these organizations; and I illustrated how these groups were going to fight Jim Crowism in the Village. Kenny's answer to that was "it's purely a local issue and the danger of communists is that it has international implications." I never thought Jim Crowism was particularly a local issue, but the more disturbing thing was that anything progressive can be identified as communist thinking and where is that going to get us? It is a sad thought to realize that the Rankin thinking is so effective even among liberals. The idea is to divide liberals by throwing in the red scare, then go after labor unions and anything else which is progressive—all in the name of saving democracy from the "commies." The very fact that Kenny uses the word "commies" reflects his biased thinking. I told him that it was too bad that we would cancel each other's vote out because of a difference of thinking on how dangerous the communists in this country were when there could be two votes for liberalism. Kenny said that the danger of "commies" was too great, and the Democrats had to remain in office and maintain the status quo until it "woke up and adopted a real liberal program." If Kenny really believes that, he must be more naive than I thought he was. In one

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year he has completely shifted his thinking. The fact that Kimi works for the ADA might have something to do with that.

When Si and Elsie came in, Kenny just shut up and refused to discuss the subject any more. I guess he can't be entirely blamed for playing it safe now that he has his first decent job in his life and this makes him less of a reformer and more tolerant of existing social evils. Maybe he is the smater one as he feels that being "realistic" is the most important criteria. But as a member of a minority group, as a social worker, as a very intelligent individual, and as a progressive person, it just doesn't make sense to me that Kenny would get so panic stricken by "commies" and project all the blame for present international tension on Russia without considering our part in this game. I don't think that Kenny is through thinking about his own position and he probably will develop his thoughts more and more until he finds a frame of reference which will be entirely satisfying to his personal ideals. I wasn't so disturbed by Kenny as the thought that it was little wonder that the average citizen could swallow the Daily News thinking without question. Politics is such a perplexing subject that I guess I don't know enough about it. All I know is: the hell with war. It's getting so that it is practically un-American to believe in the goal of international peace, and that one has to decide to be either against or for Russia before one can have liberal political ideas. Maybe I shouldn't throw stones at Kenny because I may think the same way he does after I get a job. Kenny's implication was that the ADA represented true thinking, and a PCA member or anyone who believed in its principles was a fanatic. By the same token, anyone who believes wholeheartedly in democracy is a fanatic so it places us in very much of a dilemma. I believe that if we develop the true ideals of democracy we would have to be so fearful of Russia with its communism. Further, that we can no more identify communism with Russia than democracy with France or Greece. America represents the best practice of democracy, but that doesn't mean it is the way it is going to be in any other country. The same for

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communism. People can suffer under both systems, but I guess they just don't count anymore.

Si and Elsie are going to move to Queens soon as they have progressed in housing one more step. Both of them have an income so they felt that they should make this advance even though there may be an economic recession. However, they are taking along their liberal ideals. They feel that they are just equipping themselves to be better prepared to carry on their humanitarian fight for the "have nots" in our economy. They no longer have any connection with government work so that they feel freer to voice their attitudes about current moves to limit our civil liberties, and they are very active in PCA. They view with horror the present American trend, and they tend to view all social problems from an economic basis even though they claim that they are not Marxists. The thing which bothers Si the most is that man now has the knowledge to destroy himself so that there is no need to look to a God for the end of the world, but that modern social problems are so complex that we may refuse to seek for the Truth any longer and fight merely for status quo. This is how he interprets the present trends in this country. Si believes that our main political objective is to seek the betterment of all men in this world from a humanitarian basis, and not get so lost in ideological disputes as if we have the perfect system already.

After everybody went home, Yuriko said that she was disturbed by the meaning of life: what was the purpose of life anyway? She wondered what came after death, there must be something. It was frightening to even think of it. I said she just had some anxiety as a result of all the complex discussion going on, and that her philosophy of life had to develop out of her own experiences since I didn't know the answer. As far as I was concerned, life ended with physical death just like in the case of animals. Then Yuriko asked how could Man work for a goal of being just happy in the world when he was so confused with political beliefs, and where would civilization end up? I didn't know, I wasn't worried that far ahead. There wasn't

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any end as far as I was concerned, and that the most we could hope for was progressing in a better life for all human beings instead of the present struggle to maintain it just for those who were in the best situation. Yuriko thought that the discussions we had with friends were very good as it opened up new avenues of thinking. She thought it would be very interesting if we could get together all of our friends with their varying types and degrees of political thinking, and let them go at it. That would be an interesting experiment.

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We had a busy day yesterday from the time we took the train to go up to Pilgrim Hospital at noon. All of the recent snow was on the ground on Long Island so we enjoyed looking at it from the train. When we got to the hospital, we went to see Dr. Rabinovitch. As soon as we were seated, she said that she had bad news. Mrs. M. got hysterical in the wards, ran up and down shouting in Japanese, and it was too disturbing for the other patients that she had to be removed to a closed ward. She said that it would mean postponement of discharge plans, but she hoped we would bring Mrs. M. in to see her when the time came for her release from the hospital. A new doctor would be in charge of treatment. Dr. R. said that it was one of the few cases in which the shock treatment had negative results, but she implied that the greatest difficulty was the inability to reach Mrs. M. because of the language difficulty so that little psychiatric treatment could be given. She also implied that the illness was much more serious than she thought, but did not tell this to us directly. We were quite surprised even though I had been telling Yuriiko that such things did happen. We got our hint of this from recent letters from Mrs. M. which were rather confused and disjointed, and there were many paranoid references. We read them to Dr. R.

Yuriiko was a bit dismayed at this new turn of events, but she quickly got over the shock. We went over to Bldg. 28, but there was too long a line leading to Dr. Kris' office so we went up to the ward to see Mrs. M. instead. The procedure was much more rigid than in the open wards. An attendant took us right into the wards, and we had to go through the patient's playroom. There was one girl with a camisole (straight jacket) binding her arms which gave Yuriiko a start. All of the patients in that ward were more disturbed, and we heard some eerie screams while there. Yuriiko quickly adjusted to this new setting and she was more at ease by the time we left. The unspoken thought between us was that Mrs. M. was very ill now. I think that Mrs. M. had a camisole around her which was taken off before we entered the locked room as we had to wait until the attendant prepared her for us.

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It was shocking to see how much deterioration had taken place, even though I recognized that in such depressive cases there is recovery within a period of time. Mrs. M. was seated hunched over in the bed. The tiny room was typical of most hospital locked wards, bare of everything. Her hair was disarranged, grayer than previously, her face sad, blood spots on her nose. She had refused to eat so that she had to be tubefed. We were very casual with her, she relaxed a bit and didn't act so frightened. Immediately she began to tell Yuriko in Japanese to watch out as there was a "plot." We reassured her as much as possible, and got her to eat one of the sandwiches we had brought. She was a bit suspicious at first, but finally did eat it. She gave a very disjointed story about a plot to poison her because she was Japanese. She said that Douglas was in the hospital too so watch out. She wanted us to get a police officer to come and examine the food. She believed that people were after her to kill her because she was Japanese. When I asked her how she knew this, she said that she heard it. She has been hearing voices, she hears them in her room. They speak Japanese. It was all part of the plot. The trouble started when Yuriko told her not to smoke so much: the other patients heard this and that's why they were all against her. The reason why she doesn't eat anything is because she knows the food is poisoned. She knows that any patient who gets shock treatment has to die. (She looked directly at me as if I were behind this part of the plot.) Since she didn't die, the plotters have decided to poison her. She doesn't trust anyone. We told her that we would go to examine the food in the kitchen and then she could eat the tray. Mrs. M. did not show much emotional response while we were there, just looked sad and dejected. Only one time did she get a bit weepy and that was when she said she wanted to get out of there. She was not sick in the head like they thought. Yuriko could not understand a great deal of what Mrs. M. said. Mrs. M. does not have any insight into the fact that she is mentally ill right now.

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Although Mrs. M's present appearance is rather bad, she probably will come out of her depressive state, and recovery is usually complete. However, the disturbing thing is that Mrs. M. will never understand the psychological mechanisms of her illness, and she will go on with her paranoid thoughts. This will make her an extremely difficult person to live with. Usually, there will be further depressive attacks, and she will have to be watched carefully so that she does not make a suicidal attempt. Although we have not seen the new doctor yet, I rather suspect that the depressive psychosis was much more intense than Dr. R. was aware of. The loss of security and a husband still has terrific meaning for Mrs. M., and the prospect of leaving soon was just too much for her to handle. I don't know the psychiatric mechanisms involved in this illness but it seems to be related to a lifelong insecurity and weak ego strengths. There is always a danger of a suicidal attempt when the depression lifts. I don't know what her "unpardonable sin" consists of, but I bet it is related to the loss of face through Douglas's desertion. Mrs. M. seems to have a paranoid cast to her illness and she seems to be making it all inclusive now, with Yuriiko as the latest target. This may be because the unfortunate woman feels so helpless and fearful of external reality that she wants to cling to Yuriiko as the only hope, at the same time trying to be very controlling over her. It is going to present a real problem when Mrs. M. is ready for discharge. She may be in such a depressive mood that she won't get over it for a very long time. Psychiatrists really do not know too much about this type of illness, but psychoanalysts say that it is caused by an unresolved oedipal. In the depressive state, the individual ego cannot repress murderous thoughts towards parents so it is turned inward to oneself; in the maniac state, the superego bursts through and there is a loss of contact with reality. It is an infantile situation which represents a recall or repetition of the oedipus situation. Non eating is a protection against hostile impulses. Other psychiatrists say this condition is

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brought about by a severe reaction to a loss of a love object in adult life, and it may or may not have its roots in the oedipal situation, although it usually does. Whatever the basic cause, Mrs. M's breakdown seems to be an excessive reaction to her marital difficulties.

In such a situation, we cannot do much and we just hope that the recovery will come about soon. I think that since this U.S. environment has never been satisfactory to Mrs. M., the chances for recovery will be best if she goes back to Japan. Her ego just cannot take it here any longer, and it would only lead to another breakdown in time when the stress became heavy. It is a sad situation, but it happens so much these days and we only realize how much mental illness there is until it gets close to us. In Mrs. M's illness, I don't think that there is any actual mental deterioration but emotional collapse which is causing physical deterioration. (If it is really a maniac-depressive psychosis.)

Yuriko is taking it well, and it doesn't overwhelm her like so many relatives who feel threatened themselves. We don't keep Douglas posted on what is happening as he would rather forget about the whole thing and he doesn't have much feeling about it anyway. He has rationalized to the point where all of the blame has been projected to Mrs. M. and he doesn't realize that he had a part in it even if the causes were deep rooted. We don't care to make him miserable by reminding him how one life was ruined through his part indirectly; all we want him to do is to pay up the money for the cleaning shop. He hasn't made a move to do this in weeks and we really should go over and finish up this business. It will be better for him if he really wants to start out a new life, and I don't see how he can do it as long as he tries to cheat Mrs. M. out of her money, precious little she has out of that marriage. It is just so unpleasant to go over and argue with him, and he is always making excuses. We don't want to take any legal action: we would like to wash our hands completely of him but he is making it harder for himself by stalling on paying the money.

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He wants his cake and eat it too.

By the time we got back into the city, Yuriiko was feeling much better about the unexpected developments. We came back on an El by a roundabout route, but got over to Ethel's in time. Instead of having dinner there, Paul decided to take us out to dinner at the China Clipper and we had a delicious meal. He refused to allow me to pay for any of it as he said that it was for our 15th month anniversary. Paul recently lost about \$6000 when he dissolved partnership with Norm, but he seems to be doing okay yet. He mentioned that business conditions were tighter, but he still has many dealings with China. Ethel still hasn't resolved her conflict about marrying Paul, but it seems to be understood that it will be done in time. She can't convince her family, and she seems to feel that this is necessary. Her New England family is very clannish and her mother insists that she come home for Xmas and other holidays. Ethel has so many relatives, about 200 get together for Xmas, that she doesn't know what to do about Xmas presents as she is sort of broke too. The great family finally decided to put all names in a hat, and that presents only have to be bought for those names drawn out of this pool. In this way, each member of the large clan gets a present from some other member so Ethel won't have to go bankrupt this year. We didn't see too many people in the restaurant--prices must be too high for most people to dine out these days. About six months ago the place was always jammed as people had plenty of money then and inflation had not hit them so hard.

After dinner, we went over to Hunter College by cab to see Merce Cunningham's dance concert. All of the dancers were there, and jealously hoping that Merce would not be too good. The females were more tolerant as Merce was not that much of a threat, but the males were more critical--except Sascha. Bob Cohen thought the performance was very bad. It was just like any other dance concert as far as I was concerned, although I understand modern dance better now. Merce

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didn't impress me too much because he reminds me of a centaur—a beautiful man's body in the upper half, and all animal in the lower body. He does such mysterious dances like "Roots of an unfocus" which has a lot of symbolical meaning. None of his dances were sexy because Merce cannot project that. I think that he was so attached to his mother that sex is just taboo with him, and he can't get any of it across in his numbers. Sex is necessary for dance in my opinion—mere bodily movements are not exciting enough! Shirley was in one of the group numbers and other dances said she did very well. She looked so big to me that I couldn't imagine her doing the part of a delicate female. I got worried when Merce started lifting the girls, but he didn't get to Shirley.

It was a large audience, but the response wasn't too enthusiastic—not like at the Kreutzburg concert. Merce is supposed to be the most promising of the modern dancer males, but that may be merely an opinion of the Graham group since he got his start in the company. He did draw critics from the Times and Herald Tribune so he does have a lot of recognition. I think I would enjoy his dancing more if he were not so neutral. The way he moves around reminds me of a homosexual for no reason except that rumors are rather positive that he sleeps with John Gage, the guy who does the crazy music for him. The dance I liked the best was when he pantomined a rabbit or something, because that suited his personality more than dancing a role as a great lover among females. Modern dancing is still too deep for popular appeal; it needs Sex in a less disguised form. Some people may like Sex in a symbolical form through the dance, but I'll take mine straight, out in the open, and none of that mysterious fooling around, teasers!!

After the concert, about 20 dancers and hangers-on like myself, went over to Don Duncan's apartment to have a drink and engage in sophisticated conversation about modern dance. It sounded like back biting to me, but Yuriko assured

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me that it was objective criticism. Sasha's mistress was there and she was throwing her ego around about what a great dancer she was for the Weidman company, and Sasha was hinting that Graham company was only one to have "it," and that, of course, he was the best of the lot so he could be tolerant of Merce's performance. I listened to Wally describe life as a Roxy usher for a while. He said he quit because it was too much like the army. Now he works for the government sorting mail. The three struggling artists in that group did not wear shirts to the concert because they have to save on laundry bills. They starved most of the week to save up enough money to go to the concert, and then moaned that it was no good. When I got tired of listening to dance conversation, I looked at the Greek art book with all the illustrations of olden time Greeks playing flutes in the nude with their penis doing dances in accompaniment. Later, we listened to Edith Piaf records, she is the rage among sophisticated New Yorkers now.

The best part of the party was when we got together with Duggy and Bob, and discussed married life. Bob got sick on his wedding day and threw up four times, so everybody kept telling him that he was just nervous. He is still trying to convince people that it was due to 24 hour flu. Duggy gets advice for budget matters from Yuriiko. That is why Bob had to eat beans last week, only he complained that they were not cooked and he had to politely spit them out so that Duggy's feelings would not be hurt. She said he could go out to eat if he did not like her cooking so he made a public announcement that her cooking was delicious, it was just that his teeth were not so strong. Now that he is a married man, he feels that he has to build his business up. He was sore because some big company stole his idea of making purses with a latch on it. There isn't too much of a market for expensive gloves right now, and that probably is due to the inflation.

15 June 1947, Monday

Yuriko said that concert plans for the company were now more definite. There will not be a tour this season, but they will play Broadway for two weeks, and some experimental group is going to finance part of the cost. Then in June, the entire company will go out to New London, Connecticut for six weeks to make dance movies. They will also do three performances a week. For this they will get room and board, and about \$10 per performance. Yuriko said that they may also do some private teaching of students. Duggy asked Martha, "What about our husbands?" and she was told that maybe husbands could come up and visit. Maybe I will offer my services as a laundryman or something if I don't get a social workers job by June. The company may go to Europe after that if the political situation improves, but that does not seem to be very likely. Yuriko is looking forward to the Conn. College setting for the summer, and she hopes that I will come weekends to visit her. She thinks that the company will be financed by some of the big Broadway actresses, like Cornell. Martha also told them that they could do individual choreography work and give performances up there, and that she will do some group numbers in which she does not appear. That is promising, but dancers seem to thrive on very vague promises. It is difficult to understand their love for their art. When I get a job, it will be much easier for Yuriko to do more things on dancing if she wants to.

16 December 1947, Tuesday

We didn't get up until noon as we were catching up on our sleep. I have been trying to finish my field work recording so I won't have a last minute rush on Friday, but I don't think I will be able to do it today. It takes a long time to write the cases up, and I don't dictate at the office because Miss Coppins is so busy with other typing. She believes that all social workers should learn how to type, like newspapermen. The place here ran out of coal so that we almost froze last night, and I was not able to type very fast because my fingers were all stiff this afternoon. The coal was delivered a while ago, and we are getting heat now, but I have to start cooking in a short time as Yuriko will come home very tired from rehearsals and I told her that I would have dinner ready since she does most of the cooking during the rest of the week.

I was so busy yesterday at the office that I didn't get home until late. I had five interviews, and two conferences. My evaluation for the quarter was extremely good so that my ego has been justified. Miss Siebold had some nice things to say about me in her report to the school. She said that I was a mature and professional caseworker and the only thing I needed was the experience of learning about an agency as I could fit into the social worker job easily. She just doesn't understand why I didn't get any credit for last quarter's work, and she thinks I should discuss it with Mrs. Austin again as my work showed a good grasp of principles. I personally feel that evaluations are pretty subjective, and it all depends upon how you get along with supervisors. With Heyman, I just didn't get along, so she punished me. I just have one quarter left in school now, and it will probably go faster than the others. I still haven't done anything definite about job hunting, but I shall start stirring soon. Yuriko says for me to be sure not to take the first job offered as she doesn't want to hear me complain, and that I should consider fully all of the offers. She thinks that I shall be just deluged with job offers!

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Mrs. Dietz gave me a \$2.00 Xmas present for helping her so much in the office, but I gave it to the agency and told her that it would be used to give service to others. Mrs. D. spent \$120 on presents to send to relatives in Germany just before coming in. She thinks it is awful that it is held against one of her nephews because he was in the Nazi party for three years, he didn't mean any harm, he was forced into it. Gleisner has a hard time being objective when he gets clients like this because he knows what Jews in Germany went through, and he can't forgive so easily. I just listened to Mrs. D. without being judgmental.

Right after she left, I listened to Mrs. Szyska who was so overwhelmed by the suffering her sister in Austria has gone through because she was half-Jewish. Her Italian husband denounced her. Mrs. S. wept all over the place, and she said that she couldn't live herself if her sister was not allowed to come to this country. Her husband has agreed to let sister live with them as this is the only way he can hold Mrs. S. It is going to be very difficult to help Mrs. S. to clarify her feelings as it is much too threatening to her.

Siegfried also came in and he was thanking me so much for service rendered, almost as if I were a God. He thinks that he has resolved his feelings about Mother, but I know damn well that he hasn't. It is easy to make casework claims of this sort for the record, but no exactly factual. However, I think I helped him relieve some of his anxiety, and he wants to keep coming in occasionally to get advice about his problems. Right now I am helping him to decide whether he should quit his job at \$80 a week for one at \$90 a week, and he wants me, a student, to tell him what to do!

Lenart was all smiles as his scholarship money from Lutherans finally came through, and he can remain in his country for a while longer at any rate. He is so terrified at Communist domination of Hungary, and has some pretty gruesome stories to tell. Now he wants me to help him get a 19 year old Jewish

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girl over here so I shall try to contact the International Committee on Students to find out if anything can be done.

Mr. Abe was the last one to come in yesterday. He still wants to get \$200 from the WRA for the lost camera and I am going to write a letter for him. I think he comes in because he is so lonesome and hasn't any friends. I can hardly understand him. He is a kibeï, but he insists that the government do him justice for the way he was "kicked around." He suffered because he was booted out of a dishwasher's job at Yamato Hotel in S.F. for \$35 a month; now he has a job at \$200 a month in a hotel, and he made \$600 in tips this year. However, he is lonesome because he has nobody to talk to, and he wanted to know if I could help him find a wife! The reason he wants a wife is that a couple in the hotel where he works in Brooklyn can get \$300 a month. Mr. Abe looks like one of those caricatures of a "Jap," he has buck teeth, short cropped hair, but he wears one of those modern stripped ties. I asked him what he did when he got lonesome and he said that he invested \$350 in a television set and put it in his room, that's why he only saved \$1000 this year. He says he will write to a couple of his friends and ask them to find him a wife, after all, it isn't every girl who can marry such a prosperous gent! He wants me to come over and see his television set sometimes. He fled Japan in 1938 in order to avoid conscription into the Japanese army, and during the war he worked in a defense plant in Chicago when he left camp. Mr. Abe is pretty sure that there will be a war with Russia soon and he advises me to save my money, but I don't see the relationship there. Half of the time he talks in Japanese and when I tell him I don't understand he says, "You Japanese?" and goes right on talking so I gave up and just nodded my head when it looked like I should say yes, and said no when he shook his head.

17 December 1947, Wednesday

I guess Miss Siebold didn't want me to get too cocky about the good evaluation I got in field work as she delved into the conference today and said that it was good learning practice to take an interview apart and analyze why a client said something and how I respond to it and so forth. It is always a great mystery to me now social workers are so confident in reading the workings of a client's mind by reading into a recorded interview--written by the worker. I had some questions about the scientific method used in casework, and it was a fairly good learning session for me. However, I hope that Siebold does not go overboard in this sort of stuff. She said that I had an adequate knowledge of psychiatric theory in casework and that I needed more skill in interviewing. I always thought it was the other way around as my experience in interviewing certainly has been much greater, and I've never had any difficulty in this. I think that Miss Siebold is fishing around for things to talk about in conference. I've learned quite a bit this quarter and it has been pleasant so I don't mind too much. There seems to be so much subjectivity in supervision, and that is a problem for the field of social work. I've been fairly lucky in getting a fairly well adjusted one this quarter. A compulsive supervisor can make life hell for a student.

There has been some publicity about P.I. in the papers lately. Charges of racial discrimination have been made and denied. From what I observed up there, it seems to be pretty definite that there is a certain unwritten law. That was why Leilani made such a point about us being the first non-caucasian social workers there. The P.I. is supported by the state as a research center. The theory is that psychiatric research cannot be done right if there is a mixing of races on the professional and patient level since this added biological element hinders the pursuit of scientific research. That's a refined way of saying that segregation has to be followed. Not only Negroes are excluded, but also Orientals, Malays and any other diverse racial types. It doesn't make sense because so many

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of the top psychiatrists are Jewish and they should know better than that. A lot of pressure is being put on the State to eliminate this discrimination, and a token move has been made as a result of PM's publicity. P.I. is affiliated with Columbia U. Medical School, which strictly follows a "quota" system against Negroes and Jews.

At lunchtime, I was telling Jean Pickering that "test tube" babies were quite common these days, and she was shocked. She felt that it was a violation of moral codes and just as evil as prostitution. Gertrude thought that it made sense. Jean finally conceded that there might be some good in it. However, she said that she was going to have her children from her husband. Her husband works for Coca Cola and travels all around so that Jean only sees him about once a month. She says it is a lonely life, and she was almost tempted when a handsome explorer became interested in her body, but Love won out. It is her opinion that one out of three marriages break up in divorce because the couple really do not love each other, and she ascribes it to the breakdown of moral codes, even though she is not religious herself. This made a great hit with Miss Martello who said that she just didn't trust men, and Miss Coppins said she would rather have her two kittens any day than a man. Later, Jean said she really didn't see anything wrong with test tube babies, but she wanted to keep in favor with Miss Martello, who is a devout Catholic, so that she can do more group work in the Institute. Gertrude says test tube babies should have the same racial background as the parents, and she is very much opposed to interbreeding in any form. She says she gets this from a Jewish family background.

I was tired when I got home, rather grumpy says Yuriko. When she gayly showed me Christmas cards, 4 for \$1, I exclaimed "What" in a very shocked voice as if she got gyped. She said it was four packages, and "Gee Whiz, now I know how you will scold me five years from now if I do something to displease you." I just grumbled that Christmas was silly and too commercial anyway. I guess I

17 December 1947. Wednesday

was feeling guilty because Yuriko has done all of the shopping, wrapping, and mailing out. I didn't have any enthusiasm about it. Yuriko took all of this in stride, and didn't get upset. So I helped her address the cards even though I had to maintain my disinterest by giving her a cross examination about why she wanted to send cards to each person the envelope was addressed to. She was so sweet about it, no wonder I fell in love with her. She has so much more of the Christmas spirit than I do.

Clara phoned Yuriko to say that the trip up to the mountains may be off because the host has to come to the city that weekend. She will let us know definitely on Friday. That was a disappointment to me because I had finally gotten over my agony of selecting a present for Yuriko, and I thought that snow boots would be highly appropriate. Now I have to revise my plans and get something else. I may get one of those hand made purses from Bob Johns as he will give me a special price. I will also take Yuriko to see the dance concert at City Center on Sunday as a part of the present, as I would like to see a non-Graham dancer for a change and make comparisons. Gleisner had some extra tickets as his friends from Paris did not arrive so he sold them to me. I was quite surprised when Gleisner told me that he used to be a modern dancer in Germany, but gave it up because he had to make a living.

63 Hoyt St.
Brooklyn 2, New York
16 December 1947

Dear Rev. and Mrs. Matsumoto:

We went up to the hospital last Sunday to see Mrs. Mitsuhashi, but she was not as well as previously. The doctor felt that there had apparently been a relapse due to the excitement of leaving. It is indefinite when she will be ready to leave. Dr. Rabinovitch asked that I contact you so that you would know. Mrs. Mitsuhashi has been shifted to another ward in Bldg. 28, and her doctor is now Dr. Kris. We did not have the opportunity to talk to the new doctor while we were up there.

This unfortunate new development will mean that plans for her post-discharge care will temporarily have to be postponed. I hope that it will not inconvenience you in any of your plans. The hospital will let you know later when it will be possible for Mrs. Mitsuhashi to leave. From what the doctor said, I got the impression that Mrs. Mitsuhashi's reactions of her husband's desertion was deeper than apparent on the surface as she kept her emotions so tightly covered. Due to the language difficulty, it is almost impossible for the psychiatrist to give her much analytic treatment to help her resolve her emotional disturbance which was precipitated by marital difficulties.

Dr. Rabinovitch was a bit puzzled at the enlightened attitude which you two possessed, so I took the liberty of recommending to her that she read "A Brother is a Stranger." She was very much interested and I believe that she is now reading it, if she was able to get a copy. Dr. R. was interested in learning more about the Japanese psychological frame of reference, and I thought that your book brought these things out excellently.

Seasons best wishes for the entire family.

Sincerely,

/s/ Charles Kikuchi

63 Hoyt St.
Brooklyn 2, NY
16 December 1947

Dr. E. Kris
Bldg. 28
Pilgrim State Hospital
Brentwood, L.I.

Re: Chiyo Mitsuhashi

Dear Dr. Kris:

When we were at the hospital last Sunday to visit Mrs. Mitsuhashi, Dr. Rabinovitch told us that the case had been transferred to you and she asked that we stop by your office to see you. However, there were so many other relatives waiting in line to see you that we did not get the chance. We plan to visit again on the first Sunday after the start of the year, and we hope that we will have the chance to see you then.

While we were in the ward, my wife talked to her mother a little. It seems that Mrs. M's great fear of non-Japanese has somehow become involved in her illness. Her story of why she is refusing to eat was rather disjointed, but she believes that shock treatment is never stopped until the patient is dead. Since her treatment was stopped a couple of weeks ago, she was sure that this meant that her "enemies" were going to kill her by other means, namely food poisoning. She interprets tube feeding as a form of punishment. For the first time, she definitely stated that she heard voices, I assume accusatory, telling her in Japanese that she was not to trust anyone. She gave a vague story about a "plot," and she seems to have considerable feeling about her husband yet. She didn't show too much emotions, just looked sad. She apparently has little insight into the fact that she has a mental disorder, but projects that everyone else is ill. She did not voice any suicidal thoughts, but did say that everyone was plotting against her. Years of repressed feelings about being a Japanese in a strange country seems to be coming out, and she has hazy ideas that war conditions are still prevalent. About two weeks ago, she began to send many letters asking for candy and things. We wondered about the excessive amount she wanted until we found that she was giving it away in the hopes that her "enemies" would not harm her. She was very accusatory towards my wife and it was related to something about quitting smoking. I hope this information will be helpful to you as I realize that it is difficult to establish any contact with Mrs. M. because of the language difficulty. However, Mrs. M. understands a great deal more English than she sometimes lets on.

I have written to Rev. Matsumoto telling him that the post discharge plans worked out with Dr. Rabinovitch will be indefinitely postponed.

Very truly yours,

/s/ Charles Kikuchi

11/19/47

Dearest Yuriko and Charley:

It was good to hear from you Yuriko - altho I must confess that I have been feeling very guilty that I haven't sent my long letter to you yet. Have been writing in fits and jerks for over a month now, and have decided to mail you this epistle before the news gets too stale.

I made a carbon copy of the rest of this latter (from page 2) and am sending it to Alice & Mark - hope you don't mind, but this way I can write a long letter instead of two short ones. I must get theirs in the mails today too, as they will be here in Chicago by this weekend. I think Alice and the two children are coming first, by train, and Mark and his uncles will drive down the day before Thanksgiving. They will all leave the Saturday following. I certainly wish that you two could come too, as well as Delores and Jack. Mom asked if we could have the dinner at our place, as she works late every evening now (sometimes til 8p.m.) and won't have time to clean house, cook dinner, etc. I assured her that if the girls all pitch in and help, I think we can manage somehow.

Your new apartment sounds nice, altho it isn't as large as your former one. What happened - did the former tenants want their apartment back? Does it take you very long to the studio or school? How in the world did you ever move all your possessions; did you hire a truck?

Have you had your concert already, Yuriko? If so, will you mail us your press notices, and I'll return them to you, if you wish. I'm sure they will all be excellent, you being so talented.

December 22, 1947

Hello again -

This is terrible - I have been so darned busy at the office that I haven't been able to finish this letter or even look at it until today. I Must get it out today!

How are you two getting along? Miyako and Tom were over this weekend, and they told me that your Xmas package to them arrived the other day. I hope you got our package without any damage to the contents. You know how carelessly they handle packages around this time of year. Geo. and I wanted to send you two records, but didn't know if you had a record changer or not. Do you? If so, would like to send you records for birthdays, anniversaries, etc., so let us know--as well as what type of records you like.

We are all gathering at the south side for Christmas - wish you could be here, as well as J. & D. and the Satows. Ricky is getting so cute, and Claudia is adorable - she is such a happy child. Mark is doing very well now - he recently started his own route with the Cleaners he used to work for, and he just bought a nice new red truck, which means that they have to live frugally until it is all paid for - which doesn't bother them, as that is what they have been doing all along. There is certainly a marked psychological change in him, now that he is his own boss, and doing fairly well, at that. He has lost that hang-dog air, and the younger Kikuchis are relieved that he has stopped alternately bragging and feeling sorry for himself - a very simple manifestation of his feeling of insecurity. He and Alice were going thru a pretty difficult time the last time we saw them - which was when we went to Detroit to get our car, in June (not financially, but Mark got himself worked up to such a state that he finally consulted a psychologist. Mark claims that the psychologist wasn't able to help him but the fact that he had someone to relate his hidden anxieties and worries to helped him a great deal, and also, in voicing these thoughts, he was able to line them up in orderly fashion and be able to cope with them). Anyway, he is okay now.

There is so much more to tell you (what!) but I have to get back on the grind, so will close, hoping you two will have a most wonderful Christmas and best kind of life in the coming New Year!

With much affection,

Mariko

Geo. sends his regards.

10/10/47

We are right in the midst of redecorating our apartment, and I hate to go home nowadays, as everything is in chaos. We hope to be able to move the furniture back into the living room by this week-end, which will be some help. We painted the living room ceiling a soft deep strawberry pink (almost a "hot" Schiaparelli's "shocking pink") and repeated it in the recessed bookcases. We took all the wallpaper off (what a job!) and painted all the woodwork, doors, and walls a beautiful light lime-green. It makes the room look a lot larger and uncluttered. We put on two coats of black paint on the floor and will finish it off with two coats of floor varnish. Yoshi Hibino's dad, the artist, gave us two brand new lampshades for the floor lamps (warm beige satin, covered with protective cellophane, and made in the new chinese shape). I scrubbed and shampooed the living room rope-rug, and it came out a beautiful warm natural-straw shade. I also bleached all the bookshelves and stained them a light-oak finish, and will shellac them in a few days. They will match the plant stand I got recently and also the coffee table Geo. is going to make out of a large oval plate-glass mirror we had (approximately 40" long x 32" wide). We removed all the old paint from the frame and discovered that the wood is almost the same warm light-oak shade as the shelves, so we are going to have the cabinet-maker down the street make some kind of modern base for it, and I'll scrape all the mirror finish off (it is in bad condition, otherwise I'd leave it alone) and either leave it clear or past reproductions of modern paintings that I've been cutting out of magazines (Matisse, Picasso, Van Gogh, Gauguin, etc.). We painted the desk, two occasional chairs and a small lamp table black. Am painting the inside of the desk and lamp-table top chinese-red and am going to cover the chair seats with chinese red material, fringed with gold rayon loop trim. Our studio couch cover is still serviceable, altho dirty, so I'll send it to the cleaners and use it again (kelly-green with rose-buff fringe trim). I'll probably slip-cover the armchair in lime-yellow and the chaise-longue (having it made into an

ottoman) in either coral or fuschia.

Our bathroom will have soft deep turquoise-blue ceiling, border, and wainscoting and we will cover the upper walls with coral and white striped wallpaper. We are going to put it on horizontally and have the ceiling extend down in a scalloped border, like this: I'm pasting huge wallpaper roses on the bathtub and the window valence, - might as well make it look whimsical, as long as it is so old-fashioned! When I have time I will dye all my white towels (the others are yellow) either coral or deep rose, and will probably stencil some design on the floor, which we will paint black.

Our bedroom will have cocoa-brown ceiling, banana yellow walls, woodwork and doors, and black floor. Am getting a brick-red shag rug and will completely paper the bed and dresser in blond-wood finish wallpaper, which a friend gave us. He recently papered his whole office walls with it, and it gives the effect of expensive blond-wood panelling. Perhaps I'll make a bedspread and drapes if I ever get around to it - possibly in some modern tropical print. Our window has the split-bamboo shade you saw when you were last here. Later: We just bought 3 steel venetian blinds--white ones for the bathroom and ivory colored ones for the bedroom and kitchen (we are replacing the paper ones we had before).

All the paints we are using are in flat oil, and gives a nice, dull, mat finish. The bathroom paint is a semi-gloss enamel.

If we have time, Geo. will extend our front door out to the beginning of our front hall, giving us a small entrance hall. He will lower the ceiling (attach a false ceiling), which will give us storage space above it ($2\frac{1}{2}$ ft.). I bought wallpaper for the two side walls (oyster white background with bamboo print, in tones of yellow, tan, and shades of green). The ceiling will be Chinese red, and the woodwork a soft green. Floor will be black, with natural hemp rug. I'll get my Japanese prints framed and hang them on one wall and a large mirror flanked with two wall brackets to hold my figurines. There will be a semi-circular table attached to the wall, below the mirror.

The kitchen was just done last year, so Geo. washed down the walls and scrubbed the floor, and it looks pretty good. The ceiling & one wall is deep kelly-green, three walls are in white, and the floor is in brick-red. Our table and chairs are chartreuse, with cinnamon-brown cane seats on the chairs and the brown repeated on the table top. Brother Tom will come over this weekend to make the screens to partition the kitchen & dining section of the kitchen; we bought the beaverboard and $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ from the lumber yard over the weekend, and they just delivered the stuff last night. We are paying Tom for his time, altho he stated that he would be glad to do it for nothing. I bought a nice ivy-design wallpaper to cover the screen (6' tall) and will use it also on the valance for the window. We are boarding up the window behind the stove, which we never use anyway.

Nothing has been decided as to what will be done to Geo's den yet, but if we don't get around to it he will just wash down the walls, as they were just painted last year. He thought he wanted a plaid design wallpaper, but is changing his mind.....perhaps we will paint it some other color.

I didn't realize how much space I've devoted to my redecorating plans and hope I haven't bored you too much with the details, but I've been so immersed in said plans for the past month that it is all I have been thinking about!

Oct. 21, 1947

I wrote J. & D. a long letter last week; we should be hearing from them soon. They look just fine, and are as much in love as ever. Delores has turned out to be an excellent wife, and they were both perfect hosts to us while we visited them - we hated to leave them. They have a cute apartment, and it looks very nice, as Jackson painted all the rooms and Delores has done her share in making it a pleasant home. The only thing is, they don't get too much sunshine, being a basement apartment, and I imagine it probably gets a bit damp in the winter months, which isn't too good for J's condition. He is recovering from a 2nd

attack of pleurisy and looks just fine, but should get as much rest and sunshine as possible.

Jackson has put on weight - and how! He has gained over 30# and has a regular beer-barrel bay window! He made Geo. feel so good, as Geo. looks positively dainty in comparison...! His cheeks have filled out and he almost looks like a chipmunk - the three of us razed him unmercifully (he really looks cute, tho) but he is so goodnatured that he just sits and looks indulgent and it doesn't bother him in the least. Remember when Marchie Dobashi got so plump? Well, Jack looks just like the way he used to look, from behind! Delores has really been stuffing him with food, to build up his resistance - you should see the breakfasts she fed us during our stay there - steaks, spaghetti, two or three kinds of fruits, cereal, coffee, milk, ice-cream, and anything that happens to be in the ice-box from the preceding day! Geo. & I gained weight in the two weeks we were there. In fact, Delores was the only one who stayed slim - and she ate just as much as we did! Geo. took our car to Marchie's garage one day and discovered that he married a girl from Seattle that he knew.

J. & D. have recently taken up water-color painting, so don't be too surprised if you folks get a water-color for Christmas! We went for a ride one day and got off at the Marina to stroll around, and saw a group of art students painting the scenery around there (the sailboats, light-house, Alcatraz, Golden Gate Bridge, etc.) and got into a conversation with them and discovered that they were a Saturday afternoon class from the Arts & Crafts School across the bay. Delores became quite intrigued, and with a little encouragement on my part, she decided to go downtown to Schwabacker-Frey and get a painting set. She thought that it would be a good way for Jack to get fresh air and sunshine and get some constructive enjoyment at the same time. This happened just before we left S.F. When we arrived in Denver several weeks later, on our way back to Chicago, Shizu Oyama (Clem's wife) told us that she had seen J. & D. in S.F. just the week before (she flew there with her baby son, to visit Clem, who will

be in S.F. looking after Wes' business, while the latter is in Japan) and they were quite busy with their painting, and the paintings were remarkably good, for amateurs. Jackson sent me a painting (cable-car coming down the hill, right in front of their apartment) for my birthday, so I am getting it framed and will hang it in our bedroom. He has put in a great deal of work on it, and altho the perspective is a bit off, it has a great deal of charm and gives us a lot of pleasure. Delores painted a birthday greeting, and I was very surprised to see how much talent she has. (Later: Jack dropped us a line last week and says that Delores is now taking a class in water colors, one day a week! They also bought a car--1937 model, from Al Mineta's dad.)

Delores and Jack are both looking forward with great expectations to meeting you, Yuriko--we told them how nice you were and how intelligent, attractive, ambitious, etc., etc. (and we weren't exaggerating, either!)

She quit her job a week before we arrived there - it was too much work, and she didn't want to get ill - and mentioned that she would like to get into Public Welfare work, after we left. I don't know if she is working yet, as we haven't heard from them yet. Her parents had us over for dinner the night before we left, and we had a wonderful Filipino dinner. They are both very nice, especially Mrs. Yngojo, and Lourdes and Jr. have both grown since I last saw them. Jr. has certainly turned into a handsome brute, and is quite a ladies man already. He stays with J. & D., but was working in the country all the time Geo. & I visited them, and only came in weekends, and then he stayed with his family. Mr. Y. keeps buying more property all the time, and owns quite a few buildings now.

We visited Alice Butler and Harold Camba one afternoon, and had quite a nice visit with them. She has aged a bit more, but he looks the same as ever. They have sold their Funeral Home, and were right in the midst of fixing one of the rooms upstairs as an office for Harold. He recently received his appointment as Notary Public - in the whole city there are only 200 - so he thought he could be rather successful at it. They were delighted to see us, and asked many

questions about our family. They were happy to hear that we are all doing well, and asked to convey their good wishes to you. They were delighted to hear that you married such a wonderful person Charley—they said she would have to be pretty special to deceive you!

On our way to the west coast, we spent three days in Denver, visiting and sightseeing. Mabel and Geo. Hanosono, the photographer, invited us to dinner one evening. They have bought a nice little bungalow in a pleasant residential district near Estes Park; Geo. is doing much better than he ever did in San Francisco, and now they have two boys (7 & 5 yrs. old) they seem to be quite content. She has lost all interest in her poochies - remember how crazy she used to be about them? They send their regards. Fumi and Ken Yabe also invited us to dinner another evening - Ken has his own cleaning establishment and is doing well also. They have three children now - two boys and a little girl. And to satisfy my curiosity, I also looked up my old flame, Kayo. He is still as startlingly handsome as ever but has lost the spark - the vitality - the self-assurance that he used to have in the days when we used to know him. He is working as a truck-driver for a produce concern and seemed quite depressed at the prospect of going thru life from one dreary job to another. He married a Nisei girl about six months ago and they live in a cramped, depressing 2-room apartment. She is big and built pretty hefty and not particularly pretty, but Geo. says she is a "comfortable" type wife. I had phoned first to ask if we could drop in, and when I told her who I was she mentioned that she felt she knew me quite well, as Kayo always talked about me (ahem!). He seemed startled when I walked in, as he had just arrived home and she hadn't had time to tell him that we were coming. He asked about all our family and was quite interested to hear how we were getting along. When we left them, Geo. kept teasing me about how "hungry" Kayo looked every time he looked at me, and how "anxious" his wife looked when she saw him looking at me! Very flattering, tho untrue - since Geo. hardly ever compliments me, I took his remarks as a back-handed compliment! I told Geo.

that he could look up all his old flames on our trip, but he said that there was no percentage in that! Kayo was quite interested to hear of your progress, Charley.

From Denver we cut south to Colorado Springs - the countryside is simply gorgeous around there - and looked up Chidori Ogawa, who was supposed to be stationed at a WAC camp there, but discovered upon our arrival at the camp that she had been transferred to Washington, D.C. only four days before our arrival. We later found out, after our return to Chicago, that she had tried to look us up in Chicago, on her way east, but naturally she didn't see us as we were on our trip. We crossed the Rockies near the south central part of Colorado and spent a night at the old mining town of Durango, which used to be a rootin' tootin' wild west town during the forties. From there we drove south and crossed the northwestern portion of New Mexico during the night. We visited the Painted Desert, Petrified Forest and Grand Canyon (spent the night there); it was all very beautiful and unbelievable. From Grand Canyon we drove to Flagstaff, Winslow, Boulder Dam (seein' still isn't believin'!), Las Vegas, crossed the Mojave Desert and reached Los Angeles the following afternoon. Geo. drove straight thru without sleep - as we had to cross the desert by night as it would have been dangerous to cross during the day, the way our car kept heating up.

We spent a week in Los Angeles - Molly and Fred Mittwe were our hosts, and we had a very pleasant stay there. We saw Louise and Charley Johnson (Saiki) several times - they had us over for dinner one evening and we invited them to the party that Molly threw for us the night before we left. Also looked up Mrs. Satow (she was certainly nice to us!), Reiko and her mother, Mrs. Cherry Sato, Mendel and Inez Lieberman, Fred and Raquel Adam, Annie and Mas Fujimoto, Masa Yamazaki's widow, Ruth, Molly Matsunaga (very attractive now!), Martha Kitagawa, and others whom you probably wouldn't know. Bob Kineshita came over to see us often, and we visited his home on our last day in Los Angeles. He has very distinguished looking parent: his father is an insurance man and his mother

is tall and youthful-looking. His sister Kay isn't pretty but rather striking in a bold way. They just bought a new home and have furnished it in very expensive, modern decor - their living room looked like something out of House Beautiful. They are evidently quite well off, judging from the appearance of their home and their gracious way of living. Bob is now selling insurance (his father's influence) and is doing quite well. His first love is still singing though, and I imagine that if he heard of a singing job he would just chuck his present job and go off again. He gives quite a presentable appearance - he is older and more mature now, and he seems to become more attractive as he becomes older. He sends his greetings.

We dropped in to see Beverly and Joe Watanabe in Santa Barbara and they insisted that we spend a couple of days with them. We certainly enjoyed our visit with them thoroughly; Geo. says that he enjoyed that part of our trip more than anything else. We picked grapefruit, lemons, oranges, tangerines, peaches and plums from the trees in the orchard - they certainly taste much better when eaten freshly picked. We took ramblin walks over the mountainside, went sight-seeing over the city and vicinity, took pictures, etc. Joe owns a large orange grove in Filmore county (south of Los Angeles) but it gets too hot there, so he is working for a doctor's widow; he takes care of her 30 acre orange grove. It is on the side of a mountain, and their chalet-type cottage is perched right on the side of the mountain too. Mrs. West (Joe's employer) lives about a block away, in her large home. Joe hasn't told her that he owns a 500 acre grove as it might embarrass her. Beverly is such a good hostess and Joe is as easy-going and good-natured as ever. They both send their love, and insist that if you make a trip to California, you must be their guests and visit awhile. They kept asking about you two—especially Beverly.

We took the sea coast route all the way from Santa Barbara to Monterey and then cut in to San Jose and up to San Francisco. It took us almost twice as long, as the sea coast highway was composed of practically all hairpin curves all the way

up, but the scenery was incredibly beautiful and the weather was very nice. It would have been stifling hot if we had taken the inland route, altho it would have taken only half the time. We saw Hearst's San Simeon Ranch perched way up on the mountain (it looked like a giant castle - just like in "Citizen Kane") and passed San Simeon, the sleepy fishing town just off the highway, at the base of the cliff. We had dinner at the Azuma-tei, Yoshikazu Higashi's father's place in Monterey, and after visiting Anita Takigawa Kigashi (she married Yosh's younger brother) about an hour, we took off for San Francisco. We got there about 1 a.m. and phoned Jack from a place on Market St. Naturally we had to drive down it the first thing. San Francisco certainly looked good to us. It has grown a great deal, but still retains the indefinable feeling that it always has had. It was about 1:30 a.m. by the time we phoned D & J - we told them to just unlock the door and go back to bed, but they got up, and tired as we all were, we talked and talked almost half the night.

Geo. and Helen (Wong) Clark took us to Lucca's for dinner one night; in all the years I had lived in S.F. I had never gotten around to that eatery. It is an attractive place, but we weren't too impressed with the food - perhaps their standards have gone down too, as almost everyplace. Kayo's two sisters came along too - Sue (Cecelia) is married to Harry Wong, Helen's brother, and Lee (Catherine, the former prostitute) is now married to a Hawaiian Chinese fellow, and has a little boy. They have both become quite domesticated; Sue and Harry have two children now, and she recently sent for her first child, a girl of thirteen. Harry is big and fat now, and is a little pleasanter than he used to be. Helen is still attractive but looks older, as do we all. George, her husband, is quite handsome and mature now; he has put on some weight and looks very well. He is working as an orderly at Stanford Hospital and she is a seamstress. They have no children. After dinner we all went back to D & J's apartment, as D was interested in meeting them all. She used to see Geo. at the hospital but they had never met.

Angie Badella phoned several times and came over once, but we happened to be

out. Jack and Delores were home though, and they told us that Angie is extremely handsome now - he has put on some weight and his whole personality has undergone quite a change. He is more serious, mature, and has a degree of self-confidence that he didn't have before. Also, he has quite drinking - hasn't touched the stuff for two years. We were sorry to have missed him - he sends his regards to all of us. In our phone conversation he told me that he has been married for a year now (he married an 18 yr. old Italian-American girl) and has just moved into their new home in South San Francisco, which they bought several months ago. He is working for a radio repair shop and averages between \$300.00 and \$325.00 monthly. You never can tell about people, can you?

Ruth (Folman) and Harry Greenblatt invited us to their attractive apartment another evening for dinner, and J. & D. dropped over later. We had a wonderful evening together - they are both extremely intelligent people and are vitally interested in everything. They are both attending classes at San Francisco State, as are some other good friends of ours, John and Winifred Lindsay. The Greenblats, Lindsays, and Archie and Luane Green are all friends. Speaking of Archie, he and Luane came over one evening and we had a very pleasant time chewing the rag. John and Winifred are also students at S.F. State - he is majoring in psychology and she works in the office of that dept.

We met Nancy Oyama, Wes' second wife. She is rather attractive but hasn't much personality, and gripes constantly about her husband's infidelities. They have a 6 mo. old daughter - she complains that Wes has no interest in the child. I feel sorry for her, even though she has all the material things they need to make living comfortable - a nice home, attractive clothes, nice furniture, all the modern conveniences, etc. We didn't see Wes, as he was in L.A. at the time. Nancy and Delores are good friends - she tells D. all her troubles, and you know what a sympathetic listener the latter is. Clem stays at Wes's home and has been looking around for a house himself, as he is going to sell his business in Denver and move his family to S.F. He was so glad to see us, and we saw quite a bit of

of him. He hadn't met J. & D. before but they hit it off from the very beginning, so I imagine that they will be seeing quite a bit of each other from now on.

Dorothy Sun came over for lunch one day, and we saw Helen Toy, Jackie Lopez, and Toy Yat Mar at the Genghis Khan, a new night-club in Chinatown. Helen looks much more attractive and sings better than she used to. She sends her greetings. We also heard Pauline Sarmiento sing at the Club Shanghai.

Has sister Bette written you folks recently? She has started her new job in the library of Roosevelt College, and even the salary isn't very big, she gets two courses as part of her salary. She got back from her Wisconsin trip too late to be able to get into any class but music appreciation and Italian, of all things. She brought along her score for "Mme Butterfly" when we all went to the opera last week and got a lot of enjoyment from it. Geo. and I took all the women in the family, and they all enjoyed it very much, especially Mom and Miyako.

To go on with our trip - after leaving S.F. we drove all the way up the coast, saw the Sequoia Nat'l Forest (what an impressive sight; to think that those trees live practically forever!), thru the state of Oregon, and thence to Seattle, where we spent 12 pleasant days visiting Geo.'s folks. It is very beautiful scenically all around there - we took his family on a two day trip to Neah Bay, at the northwesternmost point on the Olympic Peninsula. We stayed with an old Indian woman - she has a large frame cottage on the reservation - it was the middle of the salmon season, and all the available hotels and tourist camps were full up, and we thought we would have to sit up all night in the car, until we had the happy idea of asking around among the Indians who lived on the reservation. Ada Markistum, the woman at whose cottage we spent the night, told us many old folk stories, and told us that Dr. Gunther (don't you know her Chas.?), the anthropologist (she teaches at the U. of Washington) stays with her on her field trips.

Another day we took a trip to Mr. Ranier. The scenery is almost unbelievable all through the northwest - all that virgin timberland and the gorgeous coastline. Seattle is as hilly as San Francisco, and altho it isn't as attractive as San

Francisco, it has its charm.

After we left Seattle, we drove down to Boise, Idaho, and spent a night there, before driving on to Salt Lake City, Utah. There wasn't a single hotel room available (convention in town), so we got a name of a Nisei couple (from the Y.M.C.A. - we applied there too, but found no vacancy) and called them up, and they invited us to spend the night with them. They turned out to be Minor and Hokie Inouye; he is Alice Inouye's younger brother. You knew her in San Francisco, didn't you? She used to stay at Kiyo Tanaka's home. Minor is a bartender at the largest hotel in town, and she is a local girl who has never been outside of Boise, and has not desire to ever leave. She is very attractive, and looks a bit like Phyllis Washer, a friend of ours here in Chicago. Incidentally, Phyllis just married a Methodist minister (no kidding!!) last Saturday - we couldn't go to their wedding, as we had a previous engagement.

Salt Lake City is a very interesting-looking city, and we spent a night and day there. The Mormon Church seems to dominate the whole state, and their Temple Square is the heart of the city itself. We spent one afternoon sightseeing - the Mormon Temple, Tabernacle, Museum, downtown district, Japanese district (Geo.'s idea!), etc. We didn't see the Great Salt Lake, as we would have had to back-track 20 miles west, and we couldn't spare the time. Larry & Guyo took us out to their home (they just recently moved to a beautiful home 12 miles from the city - at the foot of the Wasatch Range) and we were there til 3 a.m., chewing the fat. Guyo looks and acts the same as ever, and Larry is as lumbering as ever, and getting more nearsighted, if that's possible! They send their regards.

From Salt Lake City we drove to Denver, and after spending an afternoon and night with Shizu Oyama (Clem is in S.F.) Geo. drove straight back to Chicago without sleep - a distance of over a thousand miles. Was Geo. tired when we pulled into town!

The following weekend we impulsively decided to take up Lili's standing invitation and took a trip to Covington, Ky, to visit the Sasaki's over the Labor

Day weekend. We took sister Bette and Chiyo Suzuki along, and had a very enjoyable visit there. Chiyo is a good friend of Lili's from way back, so we asked her. Lili and Yasuo recently bought a 10-room mansion in a nice residential district, and she has furnished it beautifully with her exquisite taste. Yasuo is making a very good living at his profession so they have not spared expenses in their furnishings and decorative pieces. She still remembers you, and asked us to convey her greetings. She looks as young and more attractive than ever. They recently adopted a 2 yr. old boy, who looks emuff like the two of them to be their real son; his name is Brien (Bibi).

The weekend after that, Eddie Hall flew in from San Francisco to buy a car in Chicago, Anne Kunitani came in from S.F. on her way back to Cleveland, and Rosie Suenaga visited us from Detroit, so we were quite busy showing them the sights and taking them around. Betty went out of town the day Anne arrived, so she didn't see her, but Emi spent the weekend with us so she and Anne had quite a long visit with each other.

We have decided to keep the car (Geo. has, so I have nothing to say!) so nowadays we see a lot more of the family. It is an expense, but the pleasure and convenience of having it outweighs the cost.

We went to Vallejo one day, and looked up the Chinese-Amer. friends of mine - none of them seem to have changed at all - physically or otherwise. I guess living in a small town and living segregated lives (of their own choosing) within that small town is like living a life of suspended animation - or just existing, instead of really "living." Pauline has completely recovered from her malady and except for her stiff leg has picked up her life from where she left off. She was on the verge of death two years ago (weight down to 70 lbs!) but the administration of Penicillin arrested the disease to such an extent that she is now quite normal. Her folks gave up the grocery store to take care of her (no nurses available at that time, due to shortage) but now that she has recovered Mrs.

Gee has taken up work again. She runs a laundry in the back of their place, and after the lease of the people who took over their store expires, they will run the grocery store again. Mrs. Gee now weighs 230# and looks it. Florence (Allen's wife) was the real surprise - she lost so much weight and looks so attractive that I didn't recognize her at all. Emma Wong Dare just had another child - Doris Chun took us out to her place - they just live across the street from each other in a housing development. Emma's mother was there and plied us with tea and chinese dumplings (with the savory meat inside - yum - yum!). She still draws her eyebrows in perfect, heavy half-moons, and looks perpetually astonished.....Joe Chun runs a gas station across the street from where we used to live (at the parking lot) and is doing quite well....Delores Wing is working for the Travelers' Aid Society in New Orleans, La., so her sisters told us when we looked them up at the store...Mr. Pleasant was out when we called, but he phoned us in San Francisco a few days later. He now owns two hotels and is building a third - all with the money he made(and is still making) from the time he took over Pop's shop. He sends his greetings.

18 December 1947, Thursday

Today was my last day of class. Only about half of the students turned up, most of the fellows felt that they did not get enough from the instructor and they have been very disgusted. By the time they are in school for another quarter or so, they will be more willing to conform for the sake of the M.A. I was a bit disturbed because the typist still has not turned my thesis in to the school. She has been located, but did not finish the job yet. She promised me about six weeks ago that it would be done, but I don't know what is the matter with her. The Project room said that unless I had a copy bound, it could not send a copy to U.C. So I demanded that I get it unbound since it would delay it another two months or more if I waited around for the school to finish the job. I think I will take my time about paying them for my part of the expenses.

The graduating students are not so confident of jobs this quarter in comparison to last term. It seems that many of the social work jobs are melting away, and small private agencies are not able to expand because of the difficulty in raising funds. The public welfare scares people away because of the investigations now going on. I am not alarmed about the job situation, but it is going to be a bit more difficult to get placed. I have decided that I want to do some aspect of cultural work as a social worker, but I don't know where I am going to find anything like that. Dr. Merton did mention something about projects at the Bureau of Applied Social research, but it was a bare hint and nothing concrete so that there doesn't seem to be much there. I would like to do something like what the Bureau engages in if I could get more than a temporary placement. Otherwise, I will have to leave social work entirely, and there are some practical considerations which might make me hesitate. I know for sure that I will not be very happy doing routine casework in a small family agency. I would much prefer working for a public agency, but residence laws limit choice. I have to start stirring on the job situation very shortly as I don't care to join the

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52-20 Club unless it becomes necessary. My ego demands that I go to work.

I went shopping this afternoon, and I will be preparing dinner this evening as Yuriko has a late rehearsal. Martha calls rehearsals at most unexpected times, and I suspect that there is a sadistic element because it certainly does break up plans for the group and they can't count on doing things on their own when the dance season rolls around. Martha is not so busy being Miss Hush anymore so that she has started to call weekend rehearsals. Yuriko only teaches a few classes there now because it is so uncertain and she is taking advantage of the private students as long as she has the opportunity. It pays more and there are less headaches. As it is, so much of her time is tied up in waiting around the studio while Martha decides what to do. Yuriko doesn't resent this at all as she figures Martha is an artist, and preoccupied with the dance which is the center of her life. Yuriko says she has more of a normal life than many of the single female dancers, and she believes that this stability actually adds to her poise and technique, and that it is a fallacy that a good dancer has to starve and suffer in order to move ahead in ability. I think it all comes down to whether there is any inherent talent and ability, and a ham dancer cannot get places no matter how much rehearsals are engaged in. This is true for any field of art, although looks and influence are also important considerations.

Later: In our apartment the bathroom is a separate room, connecting to the rest of the place by a door. This door has a habit of swinging shut. When I went to the bathroom, I heard it click shut, and there I was in slippers without any way to get in. I couldn't get into the place after trying for about an hour, and I was mighty disgusted for being so dumb. I had a picture of myself sitting out in the hall for four hours waiting for Yuriko to come home. Finally, I got impatient so I went to find the super. He didn't have a key either. Sweeney came along and he said he would get a locksmith. While waiting for him, I talked to the super.

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He is a GI, and he said that Karigan had gotten fired because he stole some subsistence checks from the building. The super gets a \$138 a month check himself because of his disability from malaria. He told me all the woes of keeping the fires going in these buildings. Since our building is out in the open by itself, it burns about three times as much coal as the other buildings. He was just getting to the point of telling me about his personal troubles, (wife pregnant, etc.) when Sweeney returned with two locksmiths. They used some kind of gadget which took the lock right out of the door and I was able to get back in and continue reading USA by Dos Passos until it was time for me to cook.

I guess I was in a grumpy frame of mind because when Yuriko said she spent \$15 for a lamp to give to Clara and Charley, I said it was beyond our means. Then I criticized her for not including that \$75 as part of our expenses. I said that I didn't care how she spent it but she should count it as part of income and outgo, just like the rest of the money. However, it was up to her since she earned most of the money anyway. This was very nasty of me, and it hurt Yuriko's feelings. I said I was going to get a Christmas job so I could have spending money of my own. Yuriko said this was not necessary since we had agreed that I would concentrate on school and that our income was jointly administered. Further, she said, she was thinking of buying me a suit with that money she kept aside. This made me feel very foolish, and I immediately realized that it was my own sensitivity which had caused me to question about that \$75 because of impatience of not having a job. I made up to her, told her I was sorry, and that was the end of that. The rest of the evening has been very nice. It certainly is lucky for me that Yuriko is such a forgiving person. She asked me if I thought I was being gyped in getting such a wife as her! This is the second time in a row I picked on her about money, so I have to be careful. She takes the blame when actually it is my fault for being so sensitive about inflation. I guess I will

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feel much better when I get a job and there is a steady income. Yuriko has been understanding, and she is efficient and systematic about our budget. With the high cost of living and Xmas presents to buy, our budget expanded to close to the \$300 mark for the month and that was what frightened me. The hell of it is that we live very simply and the money just doesn't go far enough. I guess I have a guilty feeling because Yuriko works so hard to make the money, and I spend it. And then I have the nerve to scold her when she spends a bit to buy a present for someone! Later on Yuriko said, "I understood the psychology of why you said those things so that's why I didn't argue with you; don't worry, I know the psychology of Charlie just like a book and I don't have to study it from a book either because I have been doing first hand research on you since before marriage."

19 December 1947, Friday

It was such a shock to get a letter saying that W.I. had passed away; I felt such a personal loss. Yuriike felt it keenly too because I was telling her of the wonderful talks I used to have with him in 1945. It was with such a helpless feeling that I went and sent a card to Dorothy. As I thought about it today, I felt that a person does go on in memory. W.I. was a great man and I have always admired him and learned so much from him during the few times I talked to him. Things he said are just as real to me today as they ever were. The nothingness of life and death just doesn't apply as W.I. had so much to give to society and it goes on. Because of that, I suppose W.I. will always be pretty real to me.

Dorothy is coming to NYC around Christmas, and I shall be looking forward to seeing her. She will be here until around Jan. 4. It's been almost three years already since I saw her in Berkeley and that was before I went into the Army.

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It was my last day of field work for the quarter so I didn't do much at the agency but read New Yorkers and talked to the girls. Miss Siebold showed me the copy of my evaluation, and she gave me a very good recommendation. This made my ego as it eliminates the record for last quarter. I did work pretty hard in the agency this quarter and I felt that I got a lot out of it. Evaluations are so important, and the hell of it is that it is subjective and it can hurt a student very much if the supervisor doesn't happen to like the individual or feels too threatened. The students at P.I. are having a very difficult time this quarter and I feel lucky that I got out of that mess. Herb is having a rough time up there this term with his supervisor, and one of the other students quit. It can ruin a career if one doesn't hit it off right with a supervisor who is insecure about herself and takes it out on the students.

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We got into a big discussion at lunchtime about the goal of marriage. I said that England had taken a progressive step ahead by passing a law saying that refusal to bear children was no longer grounds for divorce as procreation was not recognized as the sole purpose of marriage, but it could be for companionship. The younger girls in the agency thought that this was not destructive of the marriage institution, but Miss Martello and Miss Ellis thought that it was just further evidence of the decline of our moral standards. Gleisner also felt that American marriages were not sound because the couples were too irresponsible. The surprising thing was that those with a European background were the most conservative on this issue, and they even advocated that arranged marriages might give more stability to American marital institution. Olelia, Gertrude, and Jean were thumbs down on this proposal. Olelia said she had strict French Canadian background and Gertrude had strict Jewish background and both had to battle parents on this issue. Jean Pickering married a divorced man and this got her family quite upset. Miss Ellis and Miss Martello, the two most conservative, were strangely enough the unmarried ones who have such rigid attitudes about the meaning of marriage! We have had some lively discussions during lunch hour this quarter and this was one of the most interesting parts of my placement. I have been converting the younger girls to the third party idea, and this has led to discussions about politics and war and the Marshall plan. Miss Martello is against all war, and she said she would have a terrible conflict if the Pope ever told all Catholics to support a war as she just couldn't do that.

One of my clients at the office, Mr. Abe, sent me a Christmas card so he must have formed some sort of attachment for me! Miss Siebold compliments me by saying I have a natural warmth for people.

Si and Elise Nydorf were over for dinner, and Yuriko prepared a delicious

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meal. They are moving up to Queens tomorrow as they have found a nicer apartment, which they will get for \$70 a month rent. They said they hated to leave here because it was such a nice atmosphere and maybe their friends will never travel all the way up to Queens to visit them. We discussed about Emerson over dinner, whether Man was a reformer inherently or not, and it got so involved that they remained longer than they planned. They had to rush home to do some last minute packing. Everytime we see them, we just talk and talk about different things. Si painted a terrific Christmas card which has been reproduced to be sent out to his friends. It pays to be an artist.

Mom wrote Yuriko a letter saying she had sent us an electric clock for Christmas. She told Yuriko that I should be fed lots of fruit and water as Yuriko said that I ate too much candy—which I bought for her. Since we knew what the present was, we opened it up. It was one of those Yankee Clipper clocks. We were dismayed as we didn't know what to do with it. It just won't fit in our place. It is just about as impractical as the electric heater which Helen McGehee got—she lives in a steam heated apartment. However, Yuriko was overwhelmed by mom's thought in getting this present as it probably cost quite a bit so she decided to keep it. Yuriko said that mom probably shopped around a lot to get something to please us so we should appreciate the thought behind it. So I have set the clock up on the mantle and it doesn't look too bad. Yuriko got to feeling sentimental about mom's consideration and thought for us. Mom likes Yuriko the best of all the in-laws because Yuriko writes to her once in a while in real Japanese, whereas none of her children write often. Yuriko said that next summer, we would invite mom to come and spend a vacation with us and we would send the fare. Mom never has had a vacation, but she might be afraid to come all the way to NYC. Yuriko said we could also send the fare for Margaret, and they could have a nice vacation out here. I thought that maybe Mariko and

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George should be encouraged to come out here so they could give Mom a ride in their car, but we decided that this would not be such a good vacation for Mom as Mariko would boss everything, and it would be too much of a nervous strain. Yuriko has such a kindly consideration for people, a very human quality, and I think she appreciates my relatives more than I do. Mariko sent us a sugar and cream set made by one of her artist friends, but it broke to pieces in the mail and the package was not insured so we don't know what to tell Mariko as it will make her feel so badly.

I tried to catch a mouse in the closet. Yuriko kept pushing me in there with the beast, and I would say, "Wait, let's talk this over." She said I was scared so I bravely went in. The mouse darted out, ran up my pants leg and gave me a hell of a scare. I yelled. Yuriko screamed, laughed at my jumping frantically up and down. Now she will tell her friends that her husband is afraid of a mouse. She said that she always thought men were so brave, especially her husband, but she was disillusioned when I ran from a mouse. I did not catch the mouse. My pride was so hurt that I went into the living room to sulk while Yuriko did all of the dinner dishes herself!

December 16, 1947

Dear Charlie:

I thought you'd like to know that W.I. passed away almost two weeks ago. He had been confined to bed for ten days or so, and his condition was such that DST had to get a special nurse for him. He rallied for a few days in the second week of his illness, but towards the end of the third week he got weaker and went into a coma about 20 hours before the end. Actually he hadn't been feeling well all year long, ever since he went through his operation. He got over it all right, but he never seemed to get back his interest in doing the things he had always enjoyed doing.

I think he was such a wonderful person to know, and I know I shall miss him when I go to the house. It will be a great loss to DST, and she is going to miss him tremendously. At present she has Jimmy and Hattie Sakoda staying with her for company. It would be lonesome in that big house by herself.

She asked me to write you about W.I., and also to let you know that she expects to be in New York at the end of the month. She will be at Donald Young's (1165 Fifth Avenue) after the 27th, and would like you to phone her there. She will leave NY around the 4th of January.

Holiday greetings to you and Yuriko, and may you have a very good 1948. I wish you all the luck you will need when you hunt for that job.

Regards,

Sincerely,

/s/ Mary Wilson

We received your diary entires a day or two ago.

20 December 1947, Saturday

We woke up at eight this morning, but it took us an hour deciding who would get up first to cook breakfast. Yuriko finally decided to give me a break. We started out for Manhattan about 10:00 but we were detoured by a visit over to Si's to say good bye to him, and then we ran into the Tagawa's and Yuriko had to tell them how brave I was about the mouse! They said they never heard us making any noise so they thought we were practicing a new dance or something when all that thumping and excited voices drifted down to them last night. The Tagawas are getting rather chummy now, and completely unthawed. Then we went over to Clara's to get her to come and select the shade color for the lamp we were giving them for a wedding present. Charley made coffee for us and we were quite leisurely about going to the store. Clara had another appointment so she sent Charley along with us. He has become very domesticated, and he now admits we were right when we told him to fix the furniture himself. He did a very good job on the couch and it pleased him because we praised the craftsmanship of which he was so proud so he insisted we eat cake and have more coffee. Clara said that we would most likely go up to the Pocono Mts. in Pa. over Xmas with them, but she will find out for sure in another day from her friend who is the host.

After we got the lamp and presented it to Clara and Charley, we left to go buy Yuriko's Xmas present. I had so much agony over trying to select something that she took pity on me and said that she wanted shoes. I guess she must have given up hope because when we got to the store, I found that she had already reserved the shoes yesterday. It was a very nice pair. I am also getting Yuriko a wool sweater which Ethel will be able to buy wholesale for \$2 instead of paying the retail price of \$7.00. Yuriko won't tell me what she got for me, and I am forbidden to open it. We met Paul in a bakery shop and stopped to talk to him for a while. We also ran into Eiler. He was just in town for the weekend;

20 December 1947, Saturday

he works for the state as a psychologist now in a boy's institution out of town. With the Christmas shopping completed, we started our weekend food shopping down in the Village. My other gift for Yuriko is tickets to see the Jose Limon dance concert at City Center this Sunday evening. Yuriko had to go rehearse after lunch.

It was freezing in the apartment all afternoon so I was forced to curl up in a blanket and I fell asleep until Yuriko came home. It is warmer now that Yuriko is cooking. She said that in rehearsal Duggy was saying that she always had her fingers crossed when she went home in the hopes that Bob would cook the dinner, but she always found him asleep and waiting for her to come and feed him. Then Joan Skinner said "Charlie is my ideal husband, Yuriko, because he does so much and that is the kind of husband I would like to get." Then Yuriko very seriously says, "You know, I think that Joan would have fallen for you if I had not met you first." All of this made me feel guilty because I had not lifted a finger to start dinner, but Yuriko said she did not direct her comments with this in mind and that it was just coincidental. She says that even if I am afraid of a mouse she is very proud of me, now please come and help me make the salad for dinner. So I have to go. We are staying home this evening as it is too cold to venture out tonight.

21 December 1947. Sunday

We got up at a reasonable hour and we got a lot accomplished. I straightened the pantry out and fixed up the kitchen a little bit and puttered around in general. Yuriko just left for a late afternoon rehearsal. After she comes home for dinner, we will get ready to go to the Limon dance concert. Yuriko worked on her coat most of the day and she got it all cut out. She expects to finish it by the time we go to the mountains next week, but I don't see how she can do it that fast. I told her that I should get credit for all the clothes she is making as it is part of the Christmas present to her even though she is doing all the work on it! It is very nice to have a wife who can make such good clothes. Recently she made a New Look suit. I figured that she is getting about \$300 worth of new clothes at a cost of less than one-fourth.

I was reading about Hungary's agrarian revolution in Foreign Affairs magazine this afternoon, and I wish I had done it at the time I was having those interviews with the Hungarian client at the office. Lenart had expressed some pretty violent attitudes about how the Communists are ruining his country, and he was particularly bitter about the confiscation of land from his social group. He pictured Hungary as dominated by a group which was attacking the Church and making life miserable for the people. From the article written by an unbiased observer, I would say that Lenart only told me half the story. According to the writer, the Agrarian revolution in Hungary was long overdue. It was necessary because three-fourths of the population had no land at all. One third of the land was owned by feudal nobility and the church, which comprised a very small percent of the population. Under the land reforms, the large land holdings were divided up among the people. The nobility and the Catholic Church has been particularly violent in attacks against Communists because it meant that that their economic domination of the people was being taken away. The Catholic Church had a particularly strong status in the lives of the people because of its influence on the State until the balance of power went the other way. Now

21 December 1947, Sunday

Hungary is still not able to provide a living for the small land owners, and the only answer is either collectivism or cooperation. The latter might be the method for true democratic practice to develop, but Communists are pushing for collectivism. I have a feeling that either way would be better for the people than the feudal system which has existed up to now. However, the main point of the article was that the agrarian revolution came from the people of Hungary and it was not communist inspired. It could not have succeeded if completely imposed by Communists. And the present ferment may lead into a healthy direction eventually. Lenart's view would be similar to what a southerner might have said after the civil war. Granted that the Communists are a threat to our democracy, it still does not dismiss the fact that a lot of social ferment would have gone on in Europe even without the Red influence. It is so easy for us to read the papers and blame Russia as the cause. The Russians probably do the same thing about us. Present trends do not improve the chances for U.N. to bridge this ideological gap, but I think it could be done if we didn't spend so much time and effort being afraid of each other and building up this fear more and more. It's probably building up to the point where the slogan for the next war will really be "One World or none." I still think it can be done without a war, and no argument is going to convince me that more atom bombs and UMT is the best solution for peace.

22 December 1947, Monday

We had a pleasant evening at the dance concert last night, and I enjoyed the performance. Jose Limon seemed to me to be one of the best male dancers that I have ever seen. The thing which impressed Yuriko was the fact that all of the girls in that company really got a chance to dance instead of merely being a chorus. I thought that Martha Graham was not able to give others a chance to do real dancing in her company was because she is too threatened by younger dancers giving her competition, and perhaps self centered in her own estimation of ability. It is too bad that these young dancers are not given an opportunity to show their ability. Most of the dancers we met there (Yuriko's friends, students, etc.) were of the opinion that the concert was not very good, but I don't know what they base this upon. The audience was very responsive and I thought that the dancers projected very well instead of dancing to themselves in some abstract way. I think the public should be taken into consideration or else they cannot be educated into greater appreciation of good dancing. I thought that Limon was much better than Merce or any other male dancer I have seen. I was able to watch the beauty of bodily movement without thinking in my mind that an asexual person was projecting personal frustrations. One of the illuminating things was that Yuriko was able to see for the first time that a good dancer does not necessarily have to choreograph his/her own pieces. Doris Humphrey did the choreography for the Limon dances, and he was able to give it full expression. Yuriko said that the performance was a very good experience for her because it made her realize how little Martha allows the company to really dance. She hopes that things will be changed this summer, and that Martha will realize that she can get greater recognition by choreographing instead of insisting upon dancing at her age. That would be the test of a real artist. I think that the field of modern dancing is so limited that dancers who are struggling are apt to be over-critical of other dancers out of self defense. Yuriko doesn't debate the issue with other dancers anymore.

22 December 1947, Monday

The field is also split up among the proponents of the various dance methods like Graham, Humphries, Holm and so forth. I never thought I would become a dance enthusiast, but I got the tickets for the Limon concert and Yuriko was very glad that I did because it was the first time she had seen him perform. One of the girls she danced with a couple of years ago was on stage with the company.

Gleisner, his wife, and his nephew were at the concert. The nephew just came over from Germany and he is having a difficult time adjusting to this country. He can't get over the abundant supply of food in this country so he gazes in awe at all of the food laden store windows. We just don't have any conception of the starvation in Europe and the rest of the world. Senator Taft, in his great wisdom, questions the Marshall plan as he says that people have the habit of surviving, and "let them eat grass." This is the man who might be our next president! Gleisner's nephew thinks that it is terrible that Americans waste so much of the cigarette so he goes around picking up "butts" to send to his friends in Germany as tobacco is a greatly prized luxury over there in any form. Despite his wonder at this country, he feels a bit out of place and he is thinking of eventually returning to Europe. This is not the usual attitude of refugees—not in the beginning anyway.

After the performance, we stopped to chat with Lillian, Sophie Maslow, Lilli Mann, and a couple other dancers and students. We didn't see any of the usual Graham crowd at this concert as they were too broke. Duggy was going to come, but she was too angry at Bob because he is getting settled down in marriage already and he refused to help with the dishes and cook. Yuriko thinks it is quite a joke when Duggy comes to the studio with all of woes of a newly-wed who suddenly discovers that the romantic lover before he became a groom is human after all. Sophie is one of the old Graham dancers

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and she is having success in a minor key doing her own dancing right now. Recently she did something commemorating the creation of Palestine. Lilli Mann is mostly doing teaching and finding it lucrative. She goes up to Hartford, Conn. three times a week and teaches about nine hours in all and gets \$90. This is more than the great majority of dancers make. She wanted us to come over and visit her sometime, but we never seem to get around to calling on all of the people we plan to see eventually.

Yuriko had to go to a rehearsal this morning so we got up early. I puttered around the house most of the morning, and then I went shopping for a Xmas gift for Olelia at the agency since I drew her name out of the hat. It was a terrible task finding something to get, and I am sure that the floor-walker in the stores thought that I was a suspicious character as I walked around gazing at things and trying to make up my mind what to get. The Namm's department store was my salvation. In all of the other stores, the salesgirls were very tired and curt, and the women shoppers rude. At Namm's, a sweet young girl waited on me, and she was so pleasant and helpful. She didn't try to sell me anything, but just talked to me about suggestions. It was such good salesmanship that I just had to buy something from her. I bought a small extra present for Yuriko, and the salesgirl gave me elaborate instructions on just how to use the item. It was such a relief getting such courteous service. I suppose most salesgirls are tired, irritable, and worn out from the Christmas rush by now and they don't give a damn. My only guess for the decent service I got from that cute girl at Namm's is that she is a college student just going to work for the vacation, and she hasn't had time to get worn out yet. She even wished me a cheerful and sincere merry Xmas when I left. It was a good thing I didn't have more money or I would have bought more things from her. Men are such suckers for beauty and charm! But, I can at least tell Yuriko that I was shopping for her! Yuriko finally broke down and allowed me

22 December 1947, Monday

to open my present: it was a slick electric razor, a magnificent piece of machinery. I shaved with it last night and it made my face so smooth. I won't have any excuse for not shaving hereafter. Yuriko also gave me socks. It was such a thoughtful present, and I found that Yuriko really gets joy out of giving—her enthusiasm is catching. My greatest trouble is that I have a hell of a time trying to decide what to get.

Later: We were feeling very lovey-dovey this evening so we went to a movie to get some vicarious stimulation. There was a radio program at the theater, D. I.Q., giving away lots of money but I didn't get called up. I felt cheated as I knew over three fourths of the answers! Maybe it was a good thing I was not picked as I would no doubt of missed, and Yuriko would have been disillusioned! Altho the theater had much over 10% negroes, not one was called. Coincidence?

23 December 1947, Tuesday

It was snowing when I started out for International Institute, but rather balmy climatically. I just wore a light coat and it was very warm. This is supposed to be a colder than usual winter, but it is milk compared to last year. It must be the steam heat which we have in our apartment which makes the difference. Our super was in the army and had malaria so he has to keep in warm places. He evidently feels that everyone in these buildings feel as cold as he does sometimes so he piles the coal into the furnace and raises the temperature up to about 85 degrees. But, we have no complaints as we will appreciate this very much when it does get colder.

The agency was in a festive mood when I got there and everyone was in the spirit of the occasion. For the first time in Institute, spirits were served as an appetizer; that is progress! The girls worked very hard to make the party a success, and it turned out to be a nice occasion and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. There were only about five males present, including Joe the janitor, so that we were very much in demand. Several board members and former workers in the agency were invited so that Miss Glover, the housekeeper and telephone switchboard worker, served about 25 people. It was a nice lunch. Miss Seabold and Personal Service took over the planning for the party in order to make it more livelier than previously YWCA type of parties, and this made the atmosphere congenial. We even had Miss Cole, the executive director, smoking and she was a YWCA gal from way back. Gleisner was the Santa, and he greeted us in about four or five languages. Each of us had brought a small gift for the person selected out of a hat, and a poem was attached.

After about three hours, the party broke up, and we sat around and talked for another hour. Different individuals told us how Christmas was celebrated in other countries they had been in. It was interesting to hear Xmas hymns in the various languages. Mr. May told me that he had inherited one of my cases at Welfare, and that because of the recent welfare investigation the man was

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likely to be kicked off the relief rolls. May thought that my understanding of the Puerto Rican situation was instrumental in establishing relationship with Mr. Valez since he had never cooperated with the agency before. Mrs. Deshan got in on this conversation, and I talked with her for a couple of hours about cultural aspects in case work. She had been teaching at McGill and the NY school, but felt that social work was too limited so that she is now studying for her Ph.D. at NYU in cultural education. She was a welfare counsellor at Tule, and she told me all about her experiences there. For such a well educated person, I thought that she didn't have too much self confidence in herself as she kept asking me to look at her thesis and wondered if I could make suggestions for her! Or maybe she overestimated how I could help her. She is also writing articles about the role of social workers in the present welfare investigation, and she was quite angry that the profession was not more progressive. This got her started on the faculty at the NY School, and she confirmed a lot of what I had previously felt about the instructors. She said that the supervisors for the school were too threatened to listen to any new ideas so that the students were being cheated in getting a well rounded education. I agreed with that. Her Ph.D. thesis is going to use the Tule Lake material in terms of cultural implications in the social sciences. I guess Miss Siebold must have given me a terrific buildup as Mrs. D. asked me things as if I were an expert on cultural aspects of casework. I told her that I was interested in this approach but had not gotten anything concrete yet in the way of theoretical implications. She thought that it was a healthy sign that a few social workers were getting away from the overemphasis on the psychoanalytical approach, but she did not think that the NY School would ever be the leader in revitalizing social work because the instructors were too theoretical and had not enough experience with practical matters. This was the reason she felt that many social workers did not know what tools they had

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acquired as a result of going to that school. I felt that she certainly was correct in making that assumption. She is the first instructor I have ever heard who dared to criticize some of the Tin Gods of social work (the ones who write all the books).

A few of us were talking about the President's Commission on Higher Education. We all felt that this was a significant report since it dared to suggest that discrimination be eliminated in our school system, as that would be an important step in working for real democracy in this country. Mrs. Balent, however, felt that the Southern states would never permit such a development even though it meant risking the loss of federal support financially because it was too much of a threat to the social status of the South. Gleisner said that from the same point of view, the North would never permit it because a color line existed just as strongly, although not so openly, and that the quota system was only a nice way of saying segregation. He pointed out that even Columbia practiced the quota system, and that this city is supposedly the seat of liberalism. It was his opinion that these movements for real democracy would not come about until it was broadened out on a wide scale, and supported by the masses of the population. He was not so sure if Americans were this deeply rooted in democracy, and he said that militarism seemed to be the present trend and it could end up in a police state like Hitler developed. Mrs. Deshan felt that the liberal movement was surging up, and that even though democracy was weak in practice, there seemed to be significant things stirring now. She said that the President's Commission in its report was a reflection of the unspoken feelings of "more Americans than we are willing to give credit to, but they are so passive right now." Mr. May felt that the present reactionary trends were bound to come in the path of the recent war, and that it would have to run its cycle before we did positive things about our civil rights. He took the middle view that despite all of our constitutional failings,

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progress did go on in slow degrees. He said he personally wanted it to go along at a faster rate, but the public was not aware to the dangers threatening them and that they would go along with a reactionary administration for at least four more years. He believed that the very fact that the President's Commission made its report at this time indicated that there was progress going on in the midst of reaction. Jean Pickering commented that Germans thought they were having progress while Hitler was taking over control too. Miss Baker said it was Communism which was the chief danger now, and Miss Martello seconded this "but I won't support any war." Miss Malkowsky had more of the YWCA attitude that everything would work itself out in time, and "youth is a bit too impatient, but when you have lived as long as I have you will realize that democracy wins out every time." To this, I raised a large question and I said that democracy will not automatically come to us out of a naive belief that Americans were fundamentally democratic, but we had to be alert to any forces which would weaken democratic ideals. However, the way to do that was not to indulge in name calling against Russia, but to make our democracy work so that we wouldn't feel threatened.

All of the people in the agency are liberal, but there are various shades. Girls like Olelia and Gertrude don't like to get into discussions because they feel that they are placed on a spot because they don't like to think too much about these things. Others, like Miss Coppins and myself and Jean Pickering are more direct. Miss Martello and several others tend to be more conservative and cautious in their opinion, while Miss Malkowsky and Miss Baker do not think that it is that important and that democracy will automatically win out if the YWCA way of thinking is followed. Mr. Gleisner talks as if Europeans (and himself) are politically sophisticated and he tends to talk down to us as if to say that we don't really know politics unless we have lived in Europe--and he tends to try and keep it purely on an intellectual

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level shifting point of view sometimes. However, we all feel that these discussions are stimulating and it keeps us up on current developments. I don't think that any work in the agency was done this afternoon as we sat around talking most of the time (except for the administrative personnel).

Mr. Abe sent me a \$5.00 Christmas present, and several of my clients sent me cards. I can't figure out why Mr. Abe has formed such an attachment for me unless he believes that we are brothers under the skin, traced directly back to the Emperor! The poor man is psychologically lonesome out here and he feels that he is a stranger out of a Japanese community environment, but he doesn't care to give up his nice salary so he remains rootless and insecure, and he identifies strongly with me. I haven't quite decided what plan of integration I shall discuss with him when I return to the agency. My former impulse to shove direct integration at an accelerated speed at Nisei doesn't seem to be too practical, and it must be done on an individual basis at different rates of progress. Siegfried sent me a card, and he has sworn to be my undying friend since I befriended him so much. It is not supposed to be sound casework to allow clients to personalize casework relationships, but my European clients don't know about that and if being friendly with them helps in their adjustment process, I say the hell with accepted casework theory. I can't stand detached social workers who feel that they are some sort of a God, too good to talk about personal things with clients, but insistent upon dragging out everything from the client. A more human approach can be just as objective. There are not many agencies which do as much experimenting in casework as International Institute, even though it has its share of deadwood.

Jean Pickering invited us to a party tomorrow evening, but I had to turn it down. When Yuriko came home, she had three more Christmas parties for us to pick from. It made us feel very popular, but we wished that these invitations

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were spread out so we could go to all of them. Warren is having a party, Clara invited us, and Lillian Miller. We may go to the last one since it is close to Clara's. We do not know yet if we will leave for the country tomorrow at one ayem or the first thing Christmas day. We had hope to leave tomorrow afternoon, but Charley cannot get away from his business that soon. We opened the rest of our gifts tonight. Yuriko had several nice things given to her by her students. Martha gave her a solid silver ash tray.

24 December 1947, Wednesday

We slept until noon, then got up leisurely. Yuriko then took over some Xmas decorations to loan to Helen McGehee since we are not having a tree this year. The rest of the afternoon, we were deciding what to take with us for the trip to the country. I had it all planned that I would take my old army clothes so that I could play in the snow up in the mountains. Yuriko didn't argue as I expected so I got suspicious. She is always making me get dressed up, and I tell her that it is not what is on outside of me that counts, but what is inside. When we got the back all ready, she sweetly "suggested" that I take my dyed army clothes as "it looks nicer." I was all set to resist her with my manly pride, but it ended up with her having her way! Oh well, we probably will lounge around the house up there. Sam and his wife are the hosts, but I've never met them yet.

We got schedules mixed up this evening as we had several parties to attend. Clara decided that she would also give a party and that we would leave in the morning. She invited us to come and spend the night over there so that we could leave from their apartment. This placed us on a spot as we had tentatively told Lillian that we would be over at her party. As things stand now, we will take our bag over to Clara's and stay for a while at the party, and then go over to Lillian's for a while, and then return. The problem of our fishes has been solved as Norman and Rosha downstairs offered to look after our little pets. As soon as we turn the refrigerator off and get dressed, we will leave. Yuriko is practically ready already. One thing about her is that she doesn't take a long time deciding what to wear and what to take with her. She did stall a bit on packing our bag because she wanted to do some ironing first. We hope to have a very nice vacation, and Yuriko should get rested up a bit as she has been working steadily for many months now and she needs the relaxation. We don't know how cold it will be in the Pocono mountains so we are

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taking heavy winter clothes just to be on the safe side. Our host works in an ad agency, or operates one says Yuriko.

25 December 1947, Thursday (Xmas)

Pocono Mts., Pa.

I'm so tired—we've had such an interesting time ever since we left our apartment last night. We brought our bags over to Clara's and visited them for a couple of hours as they were having a small party. Clara had all sorts of food about the apartment so we began nibbling here and there, and we haven't stopped eating yet. Clara gave Yuriko a nice compact for a present and I got a copy of Toynbee's "A Study of History." Charley opened his presents and he got all sorts of fancy velvet smoking jacket, slippers and things like that. He gave Clara a gold watch with rubies and diamonds. During the evening several other couples drifted in, but we didn't get much chance to talk to them as we went over to Lillian's party about 11:30. A discussion about Toynbee's book started just before we left, and some of them were at it yet when we came back at 4:00 AM. Ina Sugihara and her husband (or lover) and Yurino Starr and her husband couldn't be convinced by Mollie and Charley that there were no history books which gave a correct interpretation of civilization.

At Lillian's party, we met 30 or more people, but I don't remember any of their names. Most of them were artists and writers, the so-called arty crowd. Joe Miller and his wife, Lillian, had prepared lavish refreshments but the party were mostly interested in the drinks. Joe Miller has a tremendous income from his leather harness business and he is noted for his generosity to his friend. It seemed that he had bought an entire delicatessen store out, and Lillian was so happy that Yuriko and I got so excited over the kosher foods. We ate and ate the kosher pickles, and Joe insisted that we take the large jar with us when we left. We refused politely twice, but not the third time.

Joe and Lillian's apartment was so huge that the place was not crowded at all. They broke up into small cozy groups—singing folk songs, talking about the latest developments in art and the dance and so forth. Elsie and

25 December 1947, Thursday (Xmas)

Si were at this party, and I was discussing the trend of civilization and atomic power with him. Si has such a great fund of information about most subject that I learn a great deal from him.

The dancers also got into a corner and they pursued their favorite subject for a while. Sophie Moslow is going to do the choreography for "Inside USA" next season and she thought she could get Yuriko a specialty dance in it. There was a blond girl at the party who does photography for the film "Christ in Concrete" which will be made in Italy, and she was telling us about her work.

It was a fairly interesting party, but I enjoyed the pickles and kosher food more. We did meet several couples there who were more genuine. I had the feeling that most of the people there were trying to be ultra-sophisticated New Yorkers, and it came out phoney. At a large party, one never gets to know a person more than superficially though, and we did enjoy ourselves in this atmosphere to quite an extent. I'm getting more used to parties these days, but I don't especially thrive on them. Yuriko seems to be the same way so that she is not always anxious to chase around to social affairs. But, she is her vivacious self so that it intrigues people at parties and they enjoy carrying on a conversation with her. I refuse to fill in details while she is talking because I don't want her to be an echo of what I say. She can carry discussions very well by herself but she doesn't feel too secure when it is about other things besides the dance. She certainly gets good practice at it when we are at parties. I'll have to learn a bit more about Art before I can discuss it intelligently with artists at these parties, but I never find it difficult to talk. I guess I come from a talkative family. I like to listen even better as this is more interesting!

When we got back to Clara's party, there were still a few people there. After several more drinks and a lot of conversation, we were ready to retire around 6 AM. Charley still had not made up his mind whether to drive or take

25 December 1947, Thursday (Xmas)

the train, but the rest of us wanted to go by car. He was worried that the ice would make it impossible to go up into the Pocono Mountains, but the weather reports were encouraging by the time we got to bed, and it was predicted by the weather reports that there would be clear weather.

Everybody fell asleep immediately, but the bed was too soft for me, and the room dry and stuffy from the heat given off by the fireplace. And a mouse kept eating into things in the pantry and that disturbed me. All those pickles I ate didn't do my stomach any good either. At 7:30 I got up and took a shower. Then I got Yuriiko up and she showered and dressed at once. Our problem was then to get Clara and Charley sufficiently aroused to get up and that was quite a job. They dawdle around so leisurely. Sam Block was waiting at the hotel for us, but that didn't seem to worry Clara and C. too much. It was 10:30 before we finished breakfast. It hurt my feelings to throw the baked beans and meat away but nobody had an appetite and Clara never heard of having beans for breakfast. I love them, but my stomach was not up to par this morning. We just ate eggs and hamburger, with lots of coffee to awaken us up.

The weather reports said it would be nice so Charley decided we would drive and that made us happy. We went out to start the car but the wheels were frozen and the battery was dead, so Charley had to go buy a new battery. The car performed beautifully after that, and we got to Sam's store about 11:30 and started out for this place. Sam said his wife could not come up this weekend as Dai, the Nisei girl salesclerk, had to go to Minneapolis to see her father who had a stroke. Sam is semi-retired and he spends most of his time up here with his wife. On the way up, he told Yuriiko all about why he thought it was sometimes good to have parents who used firm discipline, and he thought this was the reason why Nisei were so nice. He incidentally has been very pleased with Dai, and he hopes that she will be able to come back here as he said that she was one of the best salesgirls he has ever employed.

25 December 1947, Thursday (Xmas)

Sam is about 45, rather gruff, but it's put on. He's a kindly man, very hospitable, likes people, but hates life in NYC. He would like to adopt a Jewish child, but he cannot seem to be able to get one from any of the Jewish agencies. He would take a Gentile child, but he said that there were state laws forbidding this. He evidently referred to a law which attempts to give it the same religious background into which it was born. Sam has a swell sense of humor and he tells us amusing stories about his family. He seems to know everybody in the Valley here, and he gets along well with the Pocono Mt. hillspeople. He said that everyone was neighborly up here--not like in the city where people rarely talked to one another.

It was a beautiful drive across New Jersey, and the sun shining brightly on the snow gave us a good Xmas feeling. However, all of the inns along the way were closed so we couldn't get any coffee. The ice bothered the driving a little bit after we pulled into Penn., and it was hazardous once we got into the mountains. Charley drove very carefully though, as we kept on reminding him that 400 people would be killed in auto accidents during the holiday and we didn't want to be included. Sam knew all the mountain roads very well so that he was able to forewarn Charley about the icy stretches.

Once we got well into the mountains, Yuriiko became so enthusiastic, and she was so happy that we were getting this "vacation" away from civilization. I guess all of us feel the same way.

We had our Xmas dinner at the Indian Queen Hotel in Stroudsburg (4 miles from here) and we were amazed at the terrific meal we got for \$2.00 each. The hostess and waitress were so nice and they gave us super service. We ate and ate the huge platters of turkey, creamed chestnuts, cheese, cookies, ice cream, and so forth until we were almost ready to burst. The only thing Yuriiko and I didn't eat was the sweet pickles (Sam called them Methodist pickles!) but we consumed everything else. Yuriiko amazed them with the capacity of her stomach,

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but they ain't seen nuttin' yet! The large dining hall had big french windows and everything outside was covered with clean white snow so that it was a real Xmas atmosphere.

Charley was able to drive up the last steep four miles to this place. It was getting dark so we didn't see too much of it. All we know is that Sam owns 150 acres up here in the mountains. His house here has all of the modern equipments so that we are most comfortable.

We were ready to drop to sleep by 6:00, but Sam's friends kept dropping in all evening. I could hardly keep my eyes open so I just watched the dog and cat playing. The cat stays out all night looking for a mate, but the dog stays indoors because wild dogs might attack "Pepe."

We finally got up to our room here at nine, and everything is so still and quiet. In another minute I will fall sound asleep. It certainly has been a happy and enjoyable Xmas day for us, and it's a perfect setup. The full moon outside creates a beautiful landscape. We are planning a hike tomorrow, and we may saw some logs for the fireplace if Charley gets some energy up. The spirit of the country people is so genuine and there is nothing phoney about them. But I guess Yuriko and I must put up with the city life until we are some day able to have a home of our own. We wouldn't care to be up here permanently as it might get lonesome, but it's wonderful for a vacation! Yuriko is reading the New Yorker "Profile" on Martha Graham, and she says it is fairly good, and that Martha certainly cannot be passed off lightly.

26 December 1947, Friday

We woke up this morning to find the pretty snow falling. We may get snowed in, but Clara thinks that this would be wonderful even if we can't get into town to find food. Sam says we will survive on his canned foods. I think he is fooling us a bit, but it will be very hard to drive down the mountains in this snow. We had to improvise with the meals quite a bit today. This evening we heard the radio reports that NYC was practically snowed under with the worst storm in 60 years. It snowed over 25 inches up here, but that didn't keep us in the house. After bundling up in warm clothes, we took a walk down the road.

About a half mile down the road, we helped a couple of men push a car. We found out about country hospitality as all of the cars which came down the road stopped to help. The man said that if a snow plow was not able to come through, we may get stuck up here but that didn't worry us very much. It was such a beautiful walk in the snow that Yuriko and I decided we would walk to Stroudsburg tomorrow if Sam decides to try and get there by auto. Yuriko says that this is just like a honeymoon and she is having so much fun. Sam owns a lot of property in these mountains, and he even has a small lake. There are a lot of wild animals around here. The people who make a living in these mountains have to work very hard in order to eke out an existence, and they hunt for game to supplement their diet. Sam has some deer meat which one of the farmers gave him so that we still have one more meal left about the house. After that, we will have to eat canned foods if we are unable to go to town, but that doesn't worry us a bit. Sam tells us some pretty tall stories, and I think he wants to make it a bit more exciting for us by telling us we may be snowbound.

After we came back from the hike we just reclined around the fireplace for the rest of the day playing cards, eating and drinking, talking, listening to records, reading. Sam told us a lot about Jewish foods and Yuriko and I

26 December 1947, Friday

found out the names of a lot of things which we liked, especially the pickled stuff. The day has gone by so quickly and it's only 11:00 AM. My eyes are heavy so I shall retire into the warm bed.

27 December 1947, Saturday

It's been a perfect day up here and we have enjoyed ourselves tremendously. We got up early to find the sun shining and the snow plows had cleared off the roads. It was still icy so Sam cautioned us against attempting to drive as Charley only had "city chains" for his car and that was not enough. Clara and Yuriko started to walk to town in the hopes that we would pick them up along the way but we had to go by foot and we caught up before they had gone a mile. They were rather disappointed, but we said we would go later. Harry, Sam's brother, brought some food up in his car and that saved our lives as we were getting low on the canned foods.

Charley tried to drive his car up the road a bit to test out his chains. I walked a mile or so after him, but I couldn't find any trace of the car so I came back. An iceman gave me a ride part of the way. He asked me "Are you a stranger in these here parts"? The natives are very friendly and they seem to be very hospitable. It would not do for a person to be exclusive up here because a time usually comes when help is really needed. Nobody would believe me when I came back when I said I couldn't find Charley. Sam took the jeep and we went to look for him. The car was stuck in the snow about three miles up the road, and we had to get one of the farmers near there to haul it out with a tractor.

After eating a huge lunch, Yuriko and I were still determined to walk to town so we started out. It was a beautiful walk and we enjoyed every minute of it. Just as we got into the town of Stroudsburg, Harry came along with his car again. He had more food for us. We were a bit disappointed that we had to turn back at the edge of town as Sam had predicted that we would never make it over the mountain, thinking that we were soft city folk. About half way back, we picked up Clara and Charley. Now everyone is taking a short nap before dinner time. Sam has a bum leg so he hasn't been feeling too well. We have an ambition plan to get up early and saw wood tomorrow, and start back for NYC in

27 December 1947. Saturday

the afternoon as it may take 5 hours with the roads so bad. We hate to leave here as it's been so wonderful.

28 December 1947, Sunday

We are back in NYC, but what a hectic trip it was! I'm extremely fatigued from our "vacation" up to the Poconos. Last night, Yuriko and Clara started playing gin rummy for money, and Yuriko got ahead \$12 so Charley took over to protect his wallet. He had never played the game before, but he caught on fast and used his poker experience. By midnight, Yuriko was in debt \$32, but by 2:00 am everyone was even and we went to bed. All Yuriko got out of it was a tired back. I refrained from being a kibitzer, and I read "Gentleman's Agreement", and finished the book by the time the card game was over. Charley said that I could have just as easily seen the movie. I thought I was going to do a lot of reading this week, but the outdoor life was not conducive to it.

Early this morning, Sam decided to take his jeep station wagon into town, so I dashed out and said that I would go with him. Yuriko wanted to go and she got ready in a record five minutes. Charley and Clara slept on, but that is expected of newly-weds. Sam wanted to take the opportunity to drive into town for food before another storm came up, and Yuriko and I wanted to buy some things for him because we have been eating all of his winter provisions up.

It was a hectic trip down the mountains because it suddenly began to snow heavily, and Sam is a nervous driver. He learned how to drive late in life so he does not have much self confidence. Or maybe it is connected to his preoccupation with death as he seems to talk about it a lot in a joking way. Something must be bothering him. The fact that his wife was not up there made him a bit glum, we think, but he never showed it much to us. We got to the top of the highest mountain when the chain broke and we began to slide a bit. For a moment, I visualized the car going over the cliff and I wondered how brave I would be and what my last words would be to Yuriko. Yuriko was so busy powdering her face that she hardly noticed. Fortunately,

28 December 1947, Sunday

Sam got out of the skid and we proceeded into Stroudsburg at a slow pace. The storm disappeared as suddenly as it appeared, and by the time we got there it was sunny. After eating a nice breakfast, we went to the Jewish store in town to shop. When we tried to buy something for Sam, he refused to allow us to pay for a thing and said that it was "an insult to a Jew" to ever do anything like that when we were guests. So we gave in and only bought him a carton of cigarettes. We started back up the mountain, and it began to storm again, but cleared before the top was reached. However, the chain broke once more and I had to get under the car on the steep road in order to get it off. By the time we got back to Sam's place, we were pretty tired from the strain of the trip. Harry (Sam's brother) and Jean came up to spend the day. Harry was so proud because his son was written up in some magazine for his work in cancer research. Jean was taking a busman's holiday as she prepared the noon meal. She cooks all week in her restaurant in town. She taught Yuriiko how to cook some Jewish dishes with chicken fat, and Yuriiko told her how to make suki-yaki.

Charley and I went out to saw and split some logs since we had burned up so much in the fireplace. Sam thought that we were too soft and "city boys" to be able to do man's work like that, but we performed well. Sam finally admitted that I seemed to have the woodsman's touch when I split the logs in a confident manner so I told him that I used to work for a while in a lumber camp in California. I didn't tell him that the wood cutting made my muscles all sore though! Clara and Yuriiko cleaned the house all up while we were sawing wood, and then we all went out to take some pictures. About three this afternoon, we started back home. It got very cold, and the roads were bad. The water pump of the car went out of order, the highway was all icy so we had to practically crawl all the way. We stopped a couple of times to eat and warm up. It took us seven hours to get to the Geo. Washington Bridge because of the blizzard snow on the roads. Charley drove expertly and we only skidded about once each mile, but he handled

28 December 1947, Sunday

the car easily and the girls hardly noticed it. Several cars were wrecked, and hundreds left along the roads covered with snow from the storm. It was not a very pretty sight.

Coming into NYC was the worst of all. It was amazing to see the snow piled up in all the streets. Only the main streets had been cleared off so that we found it difficult to get cross town. It was impossible to drive up to Clara's apartment so we had to carry the bags. After we warmed up a bit, Charley and I went to park the car but we couldn't find any garages with a space enough so we finally had to leave the car out in the middle of 6th avenue with all of the other cars. It is going to take days for this city to dig out and get back to normal. The storm had been the big news in the city for the past few days, and it is affecting the food situation also. Since we could not get back to Brooklyn, we are staying here for the evening and I am ready to retire right now.

It's been a very nice trip for us and we enjoyed every minute of it. We won't easily forget the beauty of the mountains, and our wonderful time up there. It made Yuriko feel very romantic too, and she says that some day we shall have a place of our own out of the city! This trip did not cost us very much because Charley wouldn't allow us to pay for hardly anything. He figures that I am a student and he owns a glove factory so that he is better able to take care of the bills. As a result, I only spent about \$20.00 for our vacation and we certainly feel indebted to them.

29 December 1947, Monday

We got up about eight-thirty this morning and saw Charley and Clara off to work. They don't eat in, but Yuriiko and I had a snack there before we left to come back to our apartment. I had to rush and get dressed in order to meet Dorothy for lunch at the Commodore Hotel where the American Sociological Society is holding its annual meeting. While waiting, I talked to Dr. Blumer of the U. of Chicago for a couple of minutes but didn't have much to say since most of my previous conversations with him have been about the sociological implications of the evacuation. There were a number of prominent sociologists wandering around. They meet annually, like all societies, to renew friendships, negotiate for jobs, and to read papers on important developments in the field.

Dorothy arrived with her usual burst of energy, and she looked fine. We went to lunch with Geo. Sabath and his wife, Renee, and Eleanor, who works with the Social Science Research Council, I think. Dorothy said that she is still working on the second volume of the Study, but her primary interest now is thinking of coming east. She feels that it will be more stimulating than to remain on the Coast, and she mentioned something about an offer with U.N. at \$12,000 yearly salary, tax exempt. She thought she might be interested in it primarily because of her faith in U.N. If she did do that and started some sort of study, I certainly wouldn't mind doing something on that because that would be more satisfying than just being a social worker. I told Dorothy about some of my experiences at the NY School, and how difficult it was for me to integrate the psychoanalytical approach into case work. She thought that it was pretty stinking for the school not to give me credit for field work last quarter so I felt that I was not such a failure after all. Dorothy said that she would move East next Fall if she decides to leave U.C. Right now, Jimmy Sakoda and Hattie are staying with her, and Jimmy will be finishing his work in Social Psychology soon. Frank Miyamoto was supposed to participate in the meeting,

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but the council could not give him enough money to make the trip and he has a baby so that his financial responsibilities are great. Geo. Sabath is almost finished with his Ph.D. and he is teaching right now part time at Princeton. He hopes to work regularly at the U. of Washington.

Dorothy will be so busy with the conference and other business matters that she will not be able to come for dinner. However, she would like to meet Yuriko very much. We decided to have lunch tomorrow, but I found out when I came home that Yuriko has classes and cannot make it so I will have to phone Dorothy again. It is difficult for her to do all of the things she has to do and I can only see her on the run so we didn't have too much time to talk. I was too tired to go to any of the sociological meetings so I came on home. If I were a sociology student, it would be practically mandatory but social workers are supposed to sniff their noses at such things! That was not my reason for not going though. It's too bad social work has not the professional status as sociology.

I've been taking it easy most of today. Took a short nap with Yuriko. She went to teach two classes and just got home. We had a bunch of Xmas cards waiting for us when we got here, and Rosha was surprised that over 100 cards came in. She watched our fishes, plants, and mail for us while we were away. Tagawas sent us a beautiful hand made car from downstairs, via Manhattan! I am trying to get Yuriko to write all of the "thank you" letters for all of our presents, but she will probably say that I have more time. My excuse will be that this is a wifely duty, and we will probably discuss who is going to do it until we forget entirely. She got a letter from some Committee for Japan Relief asking if she would dance for a benefit program, but she doesn't seem to be particularly interested in it, and no doubt she will be busy otherwise in March.

Kenny dropped in for a brief visit and invited us to a New Year's Eve party at his place. Don and Lee have also invited us so we shall try to attend both.

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It's difficult to choose because our friends seem to be in different groups: dancers, professionals, old friends, etc. George S. asked me this afternoon if I wanted to go back to California, and I unhesitantly said no because the social contacts are so much more stimulating in NYC and that compensates for the high cost of living. Mariko sent us a letter telling all about old friends, and it occurred to me that the Nisei have done very well economically since the evacuation. I hope that their social adjustments are as adequate. Of course, the picture which Mariko paints represents the more successful Nisei. Even in our family, most of them seem to be getting cars. If that is a mark of success, then Yuriko didn't get a very good choice, but I am sure that she prefers my good looks to money! Mariko amused us in her comments about Mark and it read like she took it out of a book. No doubt she is adding amateur psychiatrists to her list of accomplishments. She writes interesting letters which flow on and on, and it is much nicer to read it than to listen to her! I guess she will always be the gushy society type. She pities former friends who are in a rut and who don't "live," but her letter sounds like she is pretty much in a groove herself. Too bad Mariko didn't become an artist because she will go through life feeling that she has missed out on something and never give up chasing unessential things in life. But hell, people are happy that way! In a way, I envy her unquestioning acceptance of her position and going along without realizing its artificiality. It doesn't make for progress, but people don't seem much concerned these days. I guess I am of a different temperament than Mariko because I get upset about our encouragement of a civil war in Greece (now in the headlines), politics without being very active, and things like that. Maybe it is because I'm not very certain about what and where I am going to fit in. Right now I'm not so happy about being a lousy social worker, but what else am I prepared for? The time is rapidly approaching for me to go

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to work and I'm not too enthusiastic about it. It's not because I want to continue being a student; I don't know what in the hell I want. Yuriko knows exactly what she wants to do, but I'm not that far advanced. Mariko's account of how former friends have all settled down to their little niches started this off—a negative protest that I don't want the same thing for myself. Kenny is contented to draw his salary and be a social worker for the rest of his life, but it doesn't seem that significant to me anymore. Chasley said he would write his psychiatrist cousin in St. Louis about job contacts in NYC for psychiatric social work but I wasn't too enthusiastic and that made me think that I really am one uncertain guy. I want to do something in the field of culture or race relations, but that's too general. Hearing about everybody getting Ph.D's this afternoon probably added to the turmoil because my path is not so clear, all clogged up like the streets from the worst snow storm in NYC history. But the strange part of it is that I have been happier this year than at any other time in my life so I must attribute the difference to Yuriko. I think about these things but I don't exactly worry.

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We overslept this morning so that Yuriko had to rush out of the apartment without breakfast as she has a busy day teaching and rehearsing. Since she left I have just been sitting around and reading, and I don't seem to be able to stir myself into doing some work about here. I had great plans to fix up a few necessary improvements and I really felt that I would do it today but my enthusiasm has waned. All I've done is sit in the easy chair and vegetate, but it is restful. I still need to catch up on some sleep. Later this afternoon I have to pick up Yuriko at the studio as we are going to see Dorothy and have a drink about six. The radio predicts more rain or snow.

Last night, Henry Wallace announced that he would run for President on a third party ticket, and already the liberals are tearing at each other's throats. It doesn't make much sense. Too bad there cannot be a united front. The argument is given that this means Truman will not be reelected, and that liberals should work within the Democratic Party. It hasn't seemed to do much good since Truman got into the presidency, and the liberals really will be without any alternatives if the democrats go more and more to the right. I still haven't made up my mind entirely, but my inclination is to support a third party even though it may not get far. Wallace is not going to get any support from the press, including PM. Since the Daily Worker undoubtedly will support him, the third party movement will probably be attacked as a plot by communists. This is the line which Kenny gave me the other week. I can't see anything un-American about the goal of stopping the rush to another war, elimination of UMT, protecting civil liberties. I won't feel that my vote is wasted if a real liberal platform is sponsored. The tradition of the two party system is not that sacred, especially when it does not benefit the people. Now is as good a time as any to change it, and it would be meaningless just to vote for Truman to keep the Republicans out of office, particularly if Truman gets more and more nationalistic. It's the same type of argument which states that it is no use to support UN now because individual

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governments are too strong. The Socialist party will support none of the major parties. What we need is a good coalition of progressives, from lukewarm liberals to the extreme left wingers. I can just visualize all the red baiting which will take place next year as the political campaign gets hot! After the first world war, it took 14 years before the conservatives were pushed out of political power; maybe in this atomic age, it can be done in three. It's still 11 months before the elections and anything can happen before then. If the international picture gets much worse, then a third party movement will not have much chance. I hope that a fascist technique of creating external crisis is not adopted by the Democrats to cover up the real issues. The dogfight among liberals in the midst of this makes things very complicated indeed.

Later: I met Yuriko at the studio about 5:30, and we started uptown in the subway. It was very jammed and we had a difficult time getting on. Everyone was in a rush and people were packed into the cars worse than sardines. I never saw such a mob of people before, even in a rush hour. We managed to squeeze in and the commuters were packed in so solid that we couldn't move. The worst part of it was that a man with halitosis was breathing down on me all the way uptown and I thought sure I would pass out. I couldn't even turn my head. We were a half hour late getting to Dr. Young's apartment to meet Dorothy. It's a beautiful spacious apartment with lots of space, large rooms amply furnished in good taste, warm and comfortable. It was amazing that only one block away, one of my former welfare department clients lived cramped in with ten people in one room. Fifth Avenue is a sort of dividing line between the Puerto Rican district and those who are economically better off.

We enjoyed the evening visit at Dr. Young's. He used to direct the Social Science Research Council or something, and now he is going to be the director of the Russell Sage Foundation. Yuriko felt that it was a very nice family, and she liked the natural way in which they carried on conversation without any

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pretenses. Yuriko thought Dorothy was wonderful, "Gosh, she doesn't act like a big shot at all." She later remarked that she thought I had been influenced considerably in my thinking by Dorothy, especially regarding attitudes towards minority adjustments. The thing which impressed Yuriko most was the naturalness in which comments were made about all sorts of things—from tatting to profound sociological things. She said: "I thought we would have to sit stiffly and speak very formally in the presence of such nationally known intellectuals, but I was pleasantly surprised."

We had several drinks and a buffet supper, and the Young family were excellent hosts. Afterwards, Yuriko expressed surprise that Dr. Young was a well known sociologist and writer "because he seemed to fit so well into that household as a father, and I could tell that he enjoys family life." Dr. Donald Young, Ada (his wife), and the two children May and Bob live in that huge apartment with a Siamese cat. Mrs. Y. was quite charming and Yuriko liked her because "She gave me the recipe for pickled pig's feet, and she goes well together with her husband." May is a senior at the U. of Penn. where Dr. Young used to teach. The whole family knits things and they were busy at it later in the evening. I was very surprised to find that Dorothy had a talent in these things too because I never thought of her doing anything like that. Eleanor Isbell was also there; she has some connection with the Research Council and she used to work for Dorothy during the depression years.

It was relaxing to spend the evening with such a well balanced family. Dr. Young evidently comes from old stock Pennsylvania Dutch as she showed us some scrolls of his ancestors going back to the 18th century. These factures had beautiful prints on them, and Dr. Young explained that the birds, flowers and other objects had religious symbolism and that the scrolls were usually buried with the person commemorated in some way.

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Dorothy said she was pretty sure that she would be coming East next year, but she has not decided what offer she is going to take. Yuriko hopes that it will be near NYC so that we will be able to see her more. She said that it didn't dawn upon her at first that comments made about Gunner, Otto, Louis, etc. were about well known sociologists: Myrdal, Klinebert, Wirth who have written many books: "I guess it's that quality of modesty and casualness which I like about Dorothy, a human quality." Dr. Young told us all about raising tropical fish so now Yuriko insists that I get her a larger fish tank for her birthday present. It's no wonder the psychiatrist asked Hattie about drinking: Dorothy pours generous double shot drinks! Dorothy said that Jonnie Garrett was now going to study to be a doctor.

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We didn't get up until noon as Yuriko had no classes to teach until mid-afternoon. She just dashed out to go to the studio. I was teasing her that traits of her acculturation was coming out because of her insistence to clean the house. It is a Japanese custom to clean house thoroughly before the end of the year so that there will be good luck and prosperity in the new year. Yuriko said this was not the reason: our apartment just needed cleaning, that's all, and furthermore, you are "blocking" if you make a point of it. When she threw it back at me like that, there was nothing I could say. I was just trying to get out of some work, but she left the broom and carpet sweeper out for me so I will have a guilty conscience if I do not use them before she returns.

This evening we are going out to eat with Si and Elsie, and later we will drop in at Kenny's party. Then if we have time after that, we will go to Don and Lee's party. The streets are still blocked up with snow so that it may be a bit difficult to navigate around on the subway tonight. It's the end of another year, it went by so pleasantly and quickly--I enjoyed every minute of it. I think that we did very well for ourselves. I'm finally getting out of school and it hasn't been too bad because the government paid all of my expenses and I got a subsistence check besides. It is an ideal way of going to school, and there should be more of it for all students since tuition costs are too high now for the average person to pay without additional help from other sources. I've been officially out of the army for a few days over one year, and coming into a married life full time has been a very nice way to adjust back to civilian life. I haven't kept up very good contacts with the family as I seem to be preoccupied too much with Yuriko; in fact, I don't think I have written more than one or two letters to them during the entire year. I always seem to be busy with other things. In a way, it is the start of another phase of living and there is a tendency to break away from the past. I like NYC very much as it is easy to fit

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into life here and I certainly do not long for the return of pre-war conditions as I am much better off now. The war years were an uncertain interval, and it was not until this year that I really got started back on personal living without having external responsibilities taking up my time. We've had some ups and downs, of course, but on the whole it has been most smooth and satisfying. The biggest question mark, of course, is what I will be doing next year after I finish school and get my degree. I don't worry about getting a job, but I do think a lot about what type of work I will be in. This will be one of my greatest concerns for the first few months of this year until I get something satisfying lined up. One hopeful thing is that our apartment situation is pretty well settled, and we have very good relations with Mr. Sweeney, the agent. He seems to like us very much as he always stops to talk to us whenever we see him outside, and he asks if we are comfortable. Most landlords and agents only worry about getting the rent money and they don't care about the tenant's comfort.

One of the most amazing things is that despite the cost of getting settled down and the rising cost of living, we managed to save a bit of money in the face of increasing inflation through careful budgeting. Yuriko has been keeping track of the budget on her own responsibility so I was very surprised when she announced today that we had a surplus. We had a combined income of around \$4000 for the year so we should have managed, but it was not too easy at that. It's taken a minimum of \$250 a month for our budget and Y's concert was \$500.

Later: Yuriko came home early as she did not teach the late afternoon class, and she brought Ethel home with her. Ethel got a beautiful suit from Paul as a Xmas present and she wanted to get it fixed up so she could wear it to a party this evening. She said that she felt a bit guilty because she only got Paul a belt for a present. She has not said much about getting married lately as things seem to be sliding along, and she has not convinced her family. Ethel still does not feel confident enough of herself to make the break and her family hold upon her

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is considerable. Paul just waits and he hopes that she will decide eventually. Apparently he feels that the prize is worthy of an indefinite wait since Ethel is such a beautiful girl. The situation is the reverse of Helen McGee's case. Helen was engaged to get married to Many, her Columbian artist, during the war but he is the one who is hesitating now because he had two previous marriages which did not turn out well.

While the girls were sewing the suit, I went to the barber's to get my last haircut of the year. The old Italian man who cuts my hair was in a talkative mood and he told me all about how he worried about his relatives in the old country. He said that he had been cutting hair in the same shop for almost 30 years, and he has not left Brooklyn in all that time. He has never been out of the state since he landed at Ellis Island many years ago. He doesn't like New Years as he says it makes him feel older. Yuriiko and Ethel are finished with the sewing now so we have to get ready to go out for the evening.