

1 April 1948, Thursday

Terrific rainstorm today, I got soaked by the time I got to the office. I had some activity in my caseload today, but it still goes along pretty slowly. Despite this, I always feel tired at the end of the day because I am not used to regular hours yet. During lunch, the group was talking about salary in civil service and they were hopeful that a raise might be given to cover the increased cost of living. Several pointed out that the tax reduction bill which will probably be made into law over the President's veto will not mean much since the cost of living will undoubtedly rise immediately and absorb any gains in income. Al pointed out that about \$30 a month was now being deducted for taxes, and another \$30 for the Federal Retirement Fund, so that actual take home pay was only a bit more than \$200 per month. A P-2 gets approximately \$286 per month, which is not too bad for me starting out but very hard for the family person. Bob said that he was going to become a riveteer or something so that he would not have to take such abuse from supervisors for the low pay received, while Al is thinking of going into parole officer work. They pointed out that there were too many women in the field of social work--after the female workers had left--and that is the main reason why men are discouraged from getting into it. There are just enough men qualified to take these jobs, and Al felt that social work needed more men in it to raise the professional standards. The psychoanalytical approach to case work was soundly rejected by Al and Bob as they felt that social workers had no business doing this, and that female workers encouraged it by stuffing the case records just to secure their jobs. Bob and Al are not trying to directly influence me as they pointed out that I had just started working there, but I would begin to think a bit differently after a while when financial responsibilities for family became heavier.

Yuriko has been very tired the past few days so that important physiological changes must be going on inside of her. She has cut down her teaching schedule,

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but still feels worn out after a class. She renewed her private lessons with the Selznick office girls as it pays more and it is not as strenuous. This may go on for another month or so before the girls get sent to Hollywood. One of them has been in a play in Boston, and the other just came back from Europe.

After dinner, we were both tired but decided to go to a movie and relax for a change. We were escapists and saw "Bishops Wife." In recent weeks we haven't been seeing too many movies because of being busy with so many other things. Now it is work and pregnancy which are the important things. Our social life has leveled off and it is nice to stay home for a change. When I come home from the office I don't have much energy to do anything. Yuriko doesn't complain at all about anything but I know that there are days in which she doesn't feel quite up to par. She has been active for so many years that it is difficult for her to get used to a reduced schedule. The doctor wants her to keep on with her interests, but to use moderation and not overstrain herself. We are thinking about writing to the family and letting them know as Yuriko doesn't think that the secret will keep that long; my pride is growing at about the same rate as her stomach too!

2 April 1948, Friday

Yuriko said that she had a slight nausea while in the store today but she went and taught one of her classes anyway. She is giving some of the Graham studio classes to Helen and others so that they can make the extra money. She was very tired when she came home, and right after dinner she took a nap and she is still sleeping. I have been catching up on the news. The Dance Observer Magazine for this month has an article reviewing the Graham company season on Broadway, and it had these things to say of Yuriko:

"The brilliant young dancer Yuriko also had an opportunity to show her creative talent in her solo, Tale of Seizure, with a vivid score by Louis Horst and a dynamic setting by Isamu Noguch...Yuriko's Tale of Seizure, a study of hysterical fear, provides a vehicle for some of the most amazing dancing which New York has seen in many a year. It is actually too virtuosic and too strenuous to achieve a complete clarity and it repeats certain motives too frequently to sustain a contrapuntal tension of movement. Nevertheless it reveals profound creative talent. One of the most important functions of modern dance is precisely this: to establish a broad technical tradition within which creative individual talents can work and develop. In this sense, Miss Graham's young dancers are among her most important works." Yuriko was pleased with this nice writeup, and she smilingly said that she guessed she could retire for a while to produce an even greater piece of art, Baby, and rest on her dance laurels for a while! I think she made a wise decision in remaining with Graham last year when she was pondering on what to do as the extra experience has given her maturity in dance and added to her sense of expression, and she feels that she still will be able to grow in this setting without losing her own identity. It seems to me that it was a wise decision as other dancers like Jean Erdman and Nina Fonaroff left the company at times when they still needed to grow in creative talent so that they had to do it the hard way, and Yuriko certainly is up to them technically now.

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Jean is more of an intellectual dancer while Yuriko is more effective at getting over emotional subjects in my opinion as an amateur dance critic!

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We didn't have too busy a day in the office as many of the patients get weekend passes which solves all of their problems, and the office was fairly quiet. I had a couple of interviews, but nothing important. I almost suffocated with laughter as I overheard Mrs. Boebeck telling a wife of a patient how to use a diaphragm to prevent getting more children. I didn't know that social workers are permitted to give out such information, and the Church certainly would object if it found out. Most of the staff feel that it is not up to them to dispense such information and they refer the patients to planned parenthood clinics where the experts can give the advice. Mrs. Boebeck is a neurotic person, the kind who gets to be a supervisor. She works very hard, but she gets so much vicarious enjoyment from dragging the sex life of neurotic patients out of them so my only conclusion can be that she must be a frustrated woman in her personal life. She tries to do therapy, and I now feel that it is best for the social workers there to stick to environmental manipulation because I very much doubt if we can change a patient's personality in a few interviews. If it is possible to help them emotionally accept present illness, that is enough of a service and there is no need in getting involved with other problems which we can't do anything about anyway. Poor social workers! I'm having great fun so far though, and I think I made the right job choice within the limitations presented.

63 Hoyt Street.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
2 April 1948.

Dear Family:

Hope you don't mind the carbon, but this is about the only way in which we can ever answer people's letters once in a while. It has been a long time, hasn't it?

During recent weeks our activities have been very hectic. The Broadway season was a personal triumph for Yuriko and she got fine writeups in all of the papers. She was all set to go to Europe, but decided that she could not leave me behind to grow thin so she said that she couldn't make the trip. Without her, the company could not function so the entire European tour of various countries was cancelled. Of course, the fact that the State Department didn't put up enough money had something to do with it too! They may go in August but Yuriko still does not think that she can make it, and she will probably direct the Graham School while they are gone. During the summer, she will be on the dance faculty at Connecticut College and most of the modern dancers, including Graham, will be there. I hope to get up on weekends.

At long last, Charlie has finally been given his M.S. degree and booted out into the cruel world to look for a job and be an honest working man for a change. Fortunately the Veteran's Administration took pity on him and gave him a psychiatric social work job in the Bronx V.A. Hospital, and he will get a \$286 monthly check to keep him happy. He has been up there for two weeks now, and the regular working hours is a bit difficult to adjust to because of his many years of leading a leisurely life as a student. But, it is a nice feeling to be bringing home part of the bacon too, about time. A big slice comes off for taxes and retirement pay, but for a social worker this is the biggest beginning pay possible. The federal civil service has many advantages, such as 5½ weeks vacation time, sick leave, etc. It is similar to the work done in the army, only medical cases and paraplegics are also handled. Charlie is learning all about cancer, t.b.,

dermatology, genito-urinary diseases, etc., in the process of working with veterans there.

Dance Observer Mag for April says: "The brilliant young dancer Yuriko also had an opportunity to show her creative talent in her solo (in recent Broadway engagement)...Her Tale of Seizure, a study of hysterical fear, provides some of the most amazing dancing which New York has seen in many a year. It is actually too virtuosic and too strenuous to achieve complete clarity and it repeats certain motives too frequently to sustain a contrapuntal tension of movement. Nevertheless it reveals profound creative talent" etc.

Since such a point has been made of her creative talent, Yuriko has decided to choreograph a masterpiece. We will send you notice of the premiere in due time. This event has the entire dance world in New York all agog as they feel that it will be the best work that Yuriko has done and her reputation seems to be very well established now--to the point where Broadway dancers like Jerome Robbins are interested in offering her dancing parts in shows after Yuriko completes her next production on her agenda. I hope that this does not sound like boasting, and you can credit to personal bias of the spouse. I might humbly add that I had a small part to play in it. Yuriko thinks that the debut will be in early October, but she is not sure of the exact date yet. She still has not decided what to title this new work and she insists that I help her because she said that I gave her the original inspiration for it, and that she never could have started it without my help. I don't like to take responsibility like that because I think that Yuriko should get all of the credit but she won't have it that way. That is so characteristic of her, always wanting to share her experiences. I don't want to be conceited but I think that Yuriko would never have been able to start this new work without me. It was physically possible but the emotional element needed for it would have been lacking. I know that you will all think that I am trying to get into Yuriko's reflected glory and hint that I am an important element of her next piece of choreography but that is not the case at all. As I understand the proposed

creative work, Yuriko is trying to give expression to one of the most profound instincts of modern civilized man. Its roots go back into the dim remote past of history. For any dancer to portray such an emotional experience which runs through the ages, you must agree that it will require a strong and sound personal emotional balance--one in which the individual becomes blended with the most elementary human drives. That is why I feel that marriage to me has given Yuriko the almost instinctual urge to undertake her most important premiere in late Fall.

Once Yuriko made up her mind, she could think of nothing else and she began the choreography right after the concert. She is working on it day and night and there has been profound changes on her both intellectually and physically. I suppose that it sounds like I am very worried about her. It is something I just haven't seen come out in her before, and it does have me a bit baffled. But, in general, I have tried to share as much of her experience as possible to let her know that I am interested in what she is doing now. I suppose I was a bit surprised that she got so ambitious suddenly, and it has taken me a few weeks in order to get adjusted to it.

Just tonight we were trying to puzzle out what we could title her new choreography as this is one of the hardest things to do. It has to be just right in order to do justice to the work produced and to reflect all of the emotional feelings which have gone into this creative work. I have thought and thought but I couldn't give anything which was satisfactory to Yuriko. That's why I thought that by writing at length about Yuriko's creative work, one of you might be able to come up with an appropriate title. October will be so quick in coming that we don't want to wait too long. It is tentatively being called "Future Citizen." Without seeing it yet, I can assure you that it will be one of the most magnificent works of the century. If it is a big success, I plan to go into the laundry business.

Charlie and Yuriko.

P.S. Sister Bette has not been around so we haven't seen her recently, but assume that all is well.

3 April 1948, Saturday

Early this morning the mailman came with a special delivery letter from Mrs. Tagawa (visiting her family in Ithaca) saying that her mother had sent a stuffed chicken down and for us to eat it because it would be tasty and she didn't want it to go to waste. So armed with the letter Yuriko and I went to the general post-office to pick up this prize. The clerk would not give us the package and Yuriko kept saying, "But, it's a chicken, and it will spoil." The clerk didn't know what to do because he is supposed to follow bureaucratic rules which cover all emergencies and he did not know of one which covered such a case as this. He went to see his supervisor and tried his best. They opened a corner of the package and found that it was a chicken so we got it. When we got home, Yuriko had visions of eating a chicken sandwich for lunch, but after opening it we found that it was an uncooked hen, and a strong odor came forth. I thought that it might be the insides, so I cleaned it out carefully in the bathtub. But it still had an odor. Not wishing to give up easily I cooked it after Yuriko gave instructions to throw it out before she departed for her dancing lesson. It stunk the house up, and I had to give it up as a hopeless case so we will eat hamburger this evening. It was a shame to throw out that fat hen.

While out this morning, we walked by a men's clothing store so in my rough clothes we shopped for a suit. It narrowed down to two choices, and Yuriko would not help me out with the final decision as she said that I had to learn how to buy my own suits and not depend upon her. So I picked a double breasted affair. Then we looked at topcoats since I never have had one, and the first thing I knew I had purchased one. Yuriko thought I should get these things while I was in the mood because I needed more clothing. She thinks I should buy another suit for the summer. I suppose I should get some clothes as we will be spending a lot for Baby, and we won't feel so much like buying things for ourselves after it arrives. The tax rate was cut over Truman's veto, but I don't think it is going to mean too much to us. Yuriko said that she planned to make most of the clothes for Baby as

3 April 1948, Saturday

the store clothes were too expensive. Yuriko got some cosmetic presents from her poor little rich girl friend who wants to learn how to dance.

I had planned to do so much today, but the afternoon is practically gone and I haven't even gotten started. I am waiting for Yuriko to come back before tackling that huge pile of dishes in the sink. She said she would drop in on Clara to make the arrangements for tomorrow. Rev. Matsumoto will go up with us and Charley has offered to drive us in his car. Mrs. M. will go directly up to Larchmont, and we are hoping that she will find things comfortable there without any of her former anxiety. We feel that Rev. Matsumoto and his family will be a very nice atmosphere for Mrs. M. and it should eliminate any tensions which probably would have developed if she had gone any other place. She was in the hospital for about nine months. We don't expect Rev. M. to pay Mrs. M. anything for her work about the house and we will give her a small allowance for personal needs if necessary. We still haven't seen Douglas about the payment for the cleaning shop because of the lack of time, but that will have to be the next thing to take care of. We don't even know if he is up there or not. For all we know he might have sold the shop by forging ownership names and skipped out.

Later: Yuriko has been puttering around all evening getting her mother's clothes all packed in a suitcase, and fixing up a suitable outfit so that Mrs. M. can leave the hospital presentably dressed. Yuriko is very thoughtful in these small details but she had me slightly peeved momentarily when she started looking around at the last minute for a robe, and I rather sharply said: "Why didn't you do this when you had more time; we have to get up early in the morning and you will never get to bed." Instead of blowing up, she replied, "Yes, it is all my fault; this is a bad habit of mine." When she says such things like that, I can't scold her anymore, but I had to be gruff for a while longer, just to let her know that this should be a lesson to her. Then we ate ice cream, which I made, and which did not taste too good.

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Mrs. M. has been notified that she will be discharged tomorrow so we hope that things will run smoothly. There are many indications that Mrs. M's prognosis will be rather hopeful. She has looked well during the past few times we have seen her and there has not been any marked recurrence of previous confused thinking. She indicated to us on the last visit that she has a healthy turning out of her interests now and she is no longer solely preoccupied with what happened to her last summer. She has been in the hospital for approximately eight and a half months in all, and the doctor has noted that the past two months have been steadily good. I suspect that Yuriko has been able to give more informal psychotherapy to her mother than Dr. Kris, primarily because of her ability to communicate in Japanese. The last we heard of the diagnosis from the doctor was that it was a temporary acute melancholia, and that the recovery has been practically made to the point where she can function outside of the hospital setting once more.

If there is a normal environment for Mrs. M. once she leaves, there is every chance that she will be able to make positive adjustments and prevent another breakdown. We have been fortunate in having Rev. Matsumoto and his wife offer to take Mrs. M. in as she should feel comfortable with them. Since they do not have too much money, Mrs. M. will not receive any salary but will help out with the two children and the home in return for her room and board. If I know Mrs. M. at all, she will more than earn her keep. We have decided not to tell of Yuriko's coming baby yet for another month as that will give Mrs. M. sufficient time to get adjusted to her new surroundings. The eventual plan is for return to Japan since this is what Mrs. M. wants at this point, and Rev. M. has offered to take her back to Japan when he goes next year after he gets his Ph.D. degree in education--assuming that Mrs. M. makes out adequately in the meantime. This seems to be the most positive solution since we feel that psychologically Mrs. M. will feel more relaxed and comfortable in Japan even though economically it might be more difficult. On the other hand, it is entirely possible that she can make out much better

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economically in Japan than here because she will be able to utilize what skills she now finds that she cannot use here because of language difficulties. While she is with the Matsumoto's, we will take care of Mrs. M's clothing needs and give her a \$30-40 monthly allowance, or whatever sum is necessary. I don't think she will be spending too much at first, and we won't encourage her relatives to put the bite on her when they find out that she is able to send them things once more. Mrs. M. will need all her small savings. We have to work on Douglas to pay up now, and Charley W. will get us a lawyer if he tried to pull any more funny stuff as we are fed up with his stalling.

4 April 1948, Sunday

We got up about 8:00, and hurried to Grand Central to meet Rev. Matsumoto. I got off at 14th St. to carry the suitcase to Clara's. I had just gotten there and they were starting breakfast when Yuriko arrived with Toru. They took a taxi down from the station because the Jewish War Vets were having a mass protest parade on Fifth Ave. on the Palestine Betrayal by the administration. We were surprised to learn that Clara knew Toru very well.

It was about 11:00 before we finally got started by car. Both Clara and Toru had evening appointments so we had to rush up. It certainly was convenient for Charley to take the car and drive up and it was cheaper since I only bought a tank of gas. Later this week, we will take them out to dinner to make up for their kindness. It was a beautiful ride up as the warm spring weather burst full bloom upon us, warm and bright, and everything was turning green. Toru was reading Pearl Buck's new book, "Big Wave," most of the way up as he had to review it. We chatted with Clara and Charley most of the way up about mundane things, such as pregnancy and parenthood. They have been buying books on child rearing, but have concluded that the best method is common sense: "babies have survived for thousands of years without books."

We only mentioned politics briefly. It seems that the Socialists may throw its weight behind the Eisenhower movement if the Wallace Third Party wave gets any stronger. Charley says that UMT and the Draft may be necessary because of the on rushing wave of Russian influence in the world, and it is a matter of survival. When I mentioned that I had a distrust of any military figure, and besides Eisenhower had made a speech in which he implicitly approved of continued segregation of Negroes in the Army "on the platoon level". Clara said that she didn't know about that. She has been working on the FEPC movement recently. The subject was then dropped. As far as the CIO union which I mentioned I might join at work, both Charley and Clara said that it was communist dominated. It is getting so that if one brand of liberal thinking does not coincide with another brand, it is labeled

4 April 1948, Sunday

communist. Such a loose way of throwing this word around to arouse the emotional reactions.

In discussing plans of their future with the added responsibility of parenthood, they said they still were looking for a house to purchase with us. Charley is also looking for another site for his glove factory so that he can expand his business "in order to meet the added financial burdens anticipated by family." They want to find a full time domestic worker to look after the child so that Clara can return to work, and they still speak of the unborn child in terms of utter rejection although their actions belie their words. They are actively planning their future in terms of having a family. Charley may trade his car in for a Packard soon, and Clara's mink coat "will have to wait until after the child is paid for."

When we got to the hospital, Yuriko took the initiative in helping her mother "clear the post." Dr. Kris spoke to Toru about Mrs. M. but he did not tell us what was said except that Mrs. M. had to go to Psych. Institute sometime in May for a routine checkup to see how she was adjusting in the interval. Patients are usually placed on a "parole" status for a year so that post discharge care can be given, but this is usually only an ideal and not an actuality for most cases because the doctor's loads are too big for them to handle all of the patients out on this basis. Mrs. M. looked extremely well when she came down all dressed up and smiling happily. She was very glad to be leaving. She mentioned that all of her friends there wanted her to kiss them goodbye. All the way back to the city, Yuriko and Toru were talking to her in Japanese on light things. We stopped along the way and had a picnic lunch which we had prepared, and this was greatly enjoyed by all. By mid-afternoon we were up in Larchmont, a suburban town in Westchester county. Toru's apartment was on the top floor of a large apartment building, and it turned out to be a very spacious and airy place. He pays the same rent that we do. Mrs. M. instantly seemed to be impressed with the place. We met Emma, Toru's wife, and Jimmy the bright three year

4 April 1948, Sunday

old son whom I got friendly with right away, much to the parents surprise. Yuriko gets along well with Emma. All that polite Japanese bowing went on between Emma and Mrs. M. when we first came in and it took so long that I was comfortably seated in a chair by the time they were finished.

We did not remain too long as Clara had to get back to the city to attend a family clan gathering in Brooklyn, and Toru had to come back down to make an evening sermon so we left after Yuriko had arranged to phone up during the week to see how things were coming along. It was six by the time we had ridden the 20 miles to NYC.

We took a nap at Clara's and then Charley dropped us off in the Village as Yuriko had a yen to eat mussels at Rocco's. As we walked by our old apartment on Thompson Street, the Longobodi girl called us from the window and insisted that we drop in to visit with the family. They gave us all the latest news of the house along with the Italian coffee and liquor, and the expressive and loud welcome. Since we last saw them, the old man downstairs died, the Longobodi's bought a house, and the garbage is being taken off of the streets now. They wished that we still lived over them because we never allowed the bathtub to overflow on their clothes closet. They said they missed us because we were so quiet and peaceful when we lived there. Mrs. L. was very happy to know that Y was going to have a little bambine, and she says it will be nothing at all. Mrs. L. weighs about 300 pounds and she wouldn't notice a child forming in her, but I don't think it will be that easy for Yuriko!

After a delicious dinner at Rocco's where we recreated our early romance over the tasty dinner, we went up the block to visit Michiko but she was not in. We saw her younger sister, a rather simple looking girl. After we got home the Tagawas gave us a bag of parsnips for taking in their mail, and they were very sorry that the chicken was spoiled when we got it. They said that since we were disappointed in not having the chicken, we didn't have to pay for the gas this month but Yuriko would not hear of that. I peeked in their gas bill and discovered that we pay half of it for them

4 April 1948, Sunday

each time for the gas we use in our refrigerator but it is worth it to us and we have no complaints.

5 April 1948, Monday

There seems to be some sort of undercover plot going on against Miss Loeb, the supervisor. Gertrude said that she thought Miss Loeb should be in a mental institution, while Mildred felt that Loeb really hated the entire staff because he life was so empty and lonely. The workers under her supervision feel that she is an inadequate person, not capable of giving them the leadership they want. I got a taste of this sort of ineffectiveness this morning in my conference. I gave out with plenty of the psychiatric orientation in discussing one of my cases, saying very far fetched things but Loeb thought it was wonderful. The main difficulty as I see it goes beyond the faulty of the supervisor. It is related to the struggle of social workers to find acceptance in the hospital by the doctors. Most of the doctors are pretty indifferent to what social workers can do, and they do not believe in pampering the patients as they call it.

It is this sort of thing which bothers me. Loeb tells me that it will take time to build up my wards, but I, unfortunately, was given the two worst wards as far as doctor's attitudes are concerned. I go down to the wards daily, but as far as the doctors are concerned I might as well be an attendant as they disdain to notice me. Even in my attempts to get conferences with them, I get a quiet brush-off. This is a frustrating sort of thing and I am a bit impatient, but there is no sense in getting full of anxiety and allowing it to get me down since I have really only started there. I want to give out with services even if it is only environmental manipulation and this business of building up a case in order to keep the supervisor is most unrealistic. I went down to the ward today and drummed up one case, but that is not the most desirable sort of casework. However, I am finding out that the workers are finding themselves in a difficult situation because they are faced with trying to produce quality and to build up quantity at the same time. The staff is pretty well unified, and I have noticed that Loeb tries to get them at each other's throats in her subtle way. She doesn't bother me yet, but I wish that I could be in a position to get more out of supervision. Yet on the

5 April 1948, Monday

other hand, I feel that I should let well enough alone because excessive supervision is even worse. Sally and Shirley say that all new workers go through these pangs of impatience, and even Marie Boebeck had some soothing words to say today. A new worker, Miss Carter, came in to work today but I did not get a chance to meet her. I was out trying to find a doctor all morning and it was pretty much of a waste of time as I did not get any concrete results when I did find him.

Yuriko cooked a nice dinner. She said that she did not feel too well today because of slight nausea or something. She thought that it might be due to the change in the weather as it was exceedingly warm today. I just relaxed after dinner and read the newspaper and got disgusted with the way things are going now: everything is about war and how it is coming, and it makes one feel so helpless because people are being led into thinking this way without stopping to realize that there might be other alternatives. I wish that people could see the armless and legless patients in our hospital, and then they might not be in so much of a hurry to send boys off to another war.

6 April 1948, Tuesday

I was completely tired today. My back hurt and I was also busy for a change. When I am on my feet most of the day, they swell up a bit. For the first time I didn't mind as I was active on a couple of cases: one a veteran's family which was down to the last \$20 and I helped to refer them to a public assistance program. The other case did not turn out so well yet: a case of a man ill from the first World War and he has been shifted from one relative to another but nobody wants him so that he may end up his days in a home for aged veterans. The poor guy has a wife who used to beat him up and she only married him for his pension, but now that he cannot even control his bowels she got sore and dumped him into the hospital and refuses to take any further responsibility.

The morale at the office did not seem to be very good today, and I don't know if it is a continuing thing or just temporary. There is plenty of feeling about Miss Loeb, but I don't know if they would be any happier if she were removed for another supervisor because a well adjusted one is just not to be found. It seems that it is the newer workers who dislike her because they don't think she knows her casework very well, whereas the older workers have never developed too high a standard anyway. Al was saying that if the Central office of the social service in V.A. did not decide just what it wanted--quality or quantity--one of these days the V.A. would kick out social work entirely as the doctors have never been too keen for it. It is this sort of frustrating atmosphere which a young social worker has to face when going into the civil service level and the only compensating thing about it is the salary. Al says that he is a Zombie from Mon. to Fri. and he just lives for the weekends. He is looking for another job now. So is Bob and Sally. Gert. expects to become a supervisor as she is on an eligible list. Marie Boebeck goes on and on--she is 35 and she has been in the field for 12 years. Bizzari is another old timer. The others like Betty and Rhoda are younger and they bring the standard for looks up. As a group, our staff has a fairly nice looking bunch of girls--very unusual for social workers!

6 April 1948, Tuesday

It isn't too good for me when so many of the workers express their dissatisfaction about the job. I think I would like it very much if I could get active. The only trouble is that I don't get too many cases as the doctors on my two wards just don't refer them, and it is frustrating trying to figure out how I can help this situation to improve. I'm not the newest member on the staff now, a Miss Carter came in yesterday but I haven't met her formally yet.

I have to cook this evening as Yuriko is teaching a class and I shall go about it in a couple of minutes. I think that we may finally get a phone after waiting for almost a year and a half as the man was here to install it today but nobody was here to let him in. Yuriko needs the phone a lot because she has to make so many calls to students. I don't think that I will be using it too much and I would be just as happy without one, but we need it now that Yuriko is producing a cute little baby inside of her.

7 April 1948, Wednesday

Yuriko brought Ann Lindsay home for dinner with her last night as she was going to make a dance outfit for her. Since I was not forewarned, we had to rush madly around getting enough to eat as Ann had a healthy appetite. She is 19, a statuesque blond, very mature. She goes to college right now, and she models clothes on the side. She used to be under contract to Selznick. Since she has been taking lessons from Yuriko, she learned enough to be able to qualify as a dance teacher this summer. Ann originally comes from Montreal. She seemed to be a rather intelligent and interesting girl.

Yuriko did not teach at all today, but she visited Charlotte Trowbridge for the afternoon and went for a walk with her and the baby. Charlotte gave her a book, "Childbirth without Fear" to read. Yuriko said that Charlotte has not been out at all since the baby was born a month or so ago so that she offered to baby sit (with me) some evening so that Charlotte and Carlos could go out for a social time. After her visit, Yuriko did the shopping and she was just finishing the delicious stew when I came tired and worn out from the office. That hour long ride on the subway is the final touch to a rugged day. Yuriko picked up my suit today, and the horrifying thought occurred to me that Bob wore a suit just like it today. Now I will have to stew until tomorrow to find out for sure. My new double breasted suit is quite fancy, and I have a gaberdine topcoat to go with the outfit. It is a welcome addition to my limited wardrobe. Since Yuriko makes so many of her own clothes, it means that I am able to buy a bit more than I ordinarily would. If we had to put aside for Yuriko's clothes too in the budget, it would be a difficult matter.

I don't feel so worn out today. We had a staff meeting most of the morning discussing several meaningless cases, and the majority of the 20 workers present were rather bored. They had unkind things to say about the cases presented afterwards in private. My standard comment when I am asked by Loeb or Thirwall is that everything is "stimulating." This afternoon I was fairly busy, but things on my ward are not going too rapidly yet and it is an extremely slow process to build up

7 April 1948, Wednesday

the caseload. Dr. R. said the only problem he had for me was to find him an apartment. That reflects the attitude of some of the doctors, who view social workers as a sort of errand boy. One of the patients in my ward was dying, but he didn't know it and it was pathetic when he asked me to notify his employer that he was ill and asking for a leave of absence for an indefinite period of time. I wrote the letter for him and he barely managed to sign it before he fell back. Some of the patients make miraculous recoveries so that he may be okay tomorrow--or dead. Another of my cases had an operation today and I visited with him for a while and held a cigarette while he smoked it. Some of the things to be seen around a hospital are unnerving at first, but one gets used to it rather quickly and I don't get that sick feeling so easily when I see unusual sights.

Gertrude was offered a supervisor's job in our office today, but she doesn't know if she will take it or take the one in the Brooklyn office. I hope she takes it, and that I am assigned to her since I get along easily with her and I might be able to learn a bit more from her than Loeb. I don't mind Loeb too much yet, but it is rather apparent that she doesn't know too much about casework. However, it really doesn't make too much difference in that setting and maybe well enough should be let alone. When I get busy, as I hope to eventually, it will divert my energies constructively.

8 April 1948, Thursday

I had a busy day at the office, and it went by so quickly. It is so much more satisfying to feel that I am earning part of my salary! I had to make a long distance call to inform a frantic relative that his father only had an itch on the rectum and it was too hard for him to understand eczema of scrotum so I had to tell it more plainly. The relative thought that his father was dying and was so upset. Also had to make a phone call for a dependent 350 pound patient to his mother so she would not worry about him. The rest of the day I was dictating, and most of the afternoon was spent with a patient and his wife trying to help them plan what they were going to do now. They had bought a \$10,000 home, started a family, and thought that everything was going to be nice for them when Mr. Hau developed an internal bleeding. Now they might have to go on relief. The wife is only 22 and she was pretty frantic. It is going to be a worse blow because the doctor told me that he suspected that it might be a tumor or intestinal cancer. I explored all sorts of possibilities with the wife so that she might get a job, but she was pretty immobilized. She did say that she would think over a couple of plans we discussed and I will see her again next week. Also spoke briefly to Mr. Sawka on ward and he had come through his operation fine, and he was much less tense than before and he said that he and his wife will follow through on a child guidance referral which I suggested because of the behavior problem of the four year old son who holds his breath until he gets blue and falls unconscious. As I get to feel more at home on the wards, it doesn't bother me so much that other personnel sort of sneer at social workers--not all, as many of them respect workers highly when they know a bit about what work we do with patients. The doctors on my wards are still a bit cool, but there are a couple who are getting a bit lukewarm. They still have not referred any cases to me as they don't see how social problems are related to illness.

Rhoda R. invited Y and myself to a party in her apartment in Queens for tomorrow night. It is a sort of a clique so I guess I am in with them now! Poor Mrs. Boebeck

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didn't get invited and I think she felt badly because she doesn't seem to have many friends in the department. I try to be nice to everyone, but it is true that Mrs. B. is a sort of compulsive neurotic.

Later: Ann came for dinner and her boyfriend, Rick, dropped in later. They were here most of the evening, light social conversation. They want us to go riding in the country with them some weekend. Rick goes to Hofstra College too. He is getting psychoanalyzed right now. A rather bright individual, he seems to have a terrific need to let Ann know that he is intellectually superior. His father is a dentist and it must cost him about \$30 a week for the analysis. Rick says that he lies on the couch and just says what comes into his mind, and he was trying to get me to interpret what it all meant, but I said his psychiatrist would let him know in due time. I think he has a compulsion to flirt with death while driving as he got three tickets for speeding in one day, and he says that it gives him a lift to drive fast. He had better take it easy when we go as Yuriko says that she doesn't want any miscarriage!

9 April 1948, Friday

Yuriko bought some more fish today for the bowl, and some snails. I named the big snail Miss Loeb as it looks just like her. I guess I am getting like the others on the staff as they all make fun of Loeb behind her back. We went to a party at Rhoda Rosenberg's this evening, and much of the comment was directed against poor Loeb. Ed Pollack was there, and he is the supervisor for the mental hygiene section downstairs at the hospital. Ed. seemed to be a regular guy. Betty Schnapp, Will, McMann and others were also at the party. It was fairly interesting, and only about 60% of the discussion was about social work, which is not bad at all! It got funny for a while when everybody started doing takeoffs on social work terminology. Yuriko made quite a hit with the group, and they thought it was quite glamorous for her to be a dancer. We didn't leave the party until very late tonight. Rhoda is divorced, but she has a very swanky apartment up in Queens and I don't see how she can keep it up on a social worker's salary. Ed invited me to participate in poker sessions with his group, but I am afraid that their limit is a bit too much for me. Al lost \$60 last session.

I had a very busy day in the office today, and it felt good. We had a break during part of the afternoon when a U.N. woman came to tell us a bit about the health and welfare program she directed. It made us stop and reflect that the war certainly is not over by a long shot yet when there are so many problems left unsolved, and not political either. It is interesting to note that there has been a lot of discussion in the past few days of the Negro stand re: the draft. Several Negro leaders have testified before Congress that they would advocate civil disobedience against the draft if it does not eliminate racial segregation clauses because they are in no need to fight again for democracy when it is denied to them at him. Congressmen say that this is treason, and some liberals say that Negroes should go slowly and that change will come in time. I don't think that this will happen unless the Negroes do make a strong stand for democracy, and I certainly

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respect Randolph for making his statement in the Congressional committee hearings. Dear old Harry is reported to have been quite irked by it. I think that it is about time that democracy is aggressively fought for in this country, and that will be the best answer to threats of communism.

One of my ward patients sent a frantic emergency call for me at 4:15 this afternoon so I rushed down. The old man was gasping for breath as he told me that his wife and five children were on relief, and he wanted to know if he would be included in the budget when he got his two months furlough from the hospital. I reassured him and said I would get the information, and when was he getting this furlough? The man gasped out, "Not for five months yet, but I want to play it safe." Later, I looked up his medical chart and found that he is dying of cancer.

Yuriko has been reading the book about elimination of pain in childbirth, and she finds it very helpful and interesting, and it seems to have given her a lot of reassurance about herself, even more than she had. She said Charlotte followed this method and there was not much pain. "Most of the fear of pain comes from husbands and relatives," Yuriko says to me. She thinks she now feels the heart-beat of Baby but is not sure. Dr. Marie told her she could keep on teaching, but not too strenuously as it is hard on the heart which is now expanding to take care of the extra load. That's why Yuriko is teaching more of the Selznick girls, she has a new one now to add, and she lets others teach the Graham classes.

We are getting a phone!

12 April 1948, Monday

I developed a cold over the weekend, and it put me to bed Saturday afternoon after we came home from the movie. It was the Italian film, Shoeshine, which Yuriko had been wanting to see for a long time so I dragged myself out of the house. It wasn't until after dinner that I began to feel weak and my chest felt all clogged up so I went to bed. Betty and Warren dropped by later in the evening, but I didn't even get up to greet them as I was not feeling good. They told Yuriko that they still were making up their minds about going to Hawaii and if they go it will be early next month. Warren still has one more week of school yet, and he doesn't have any definite job prospects so he may have to take the easy solution and go to the Islands. Betty is playing it smart now as she knows that she has Wang over the barrel and she can later point out to him that it was a joint decision in the event that he complains. Women aren't so dumb when it comes to getting their own way!

Yesterday I was in bed all day long, and my back ached. It was a cold rainy day anyway, and I didn't mind relaxing in bed. Yuriko slipped out of the house for a newspaper and she continued on down to Delancy street by subway to buy a lot of delicious delicacies from a Jewish store. I didn't know where she had gone until she got back. My appetite was only off slightly. The weekend passed by all too rapidly. I dragged myself out of bed this morning, and I had very little energy. The weather changed to a murky, hot day and that didn't help my cold any because my nose was all clogged up and I had difficulty in breathing. I didn't do too much work as I was busy recording some cases. I didn't have any interviews at all.

By the time I got home I felt very worn out but the dinner which Yuriko cooked revived me. She had her tooth pulled today but she has not complained about any pain yet. She ate a huge meal on top of it all. Yuriko also went to visit the doctor, who told her that she was coming along fine. She gained 4 pounds in two weeks so the doctor said that she should cut out sweets as she is gaining too rapidly now. Yuriko was told to stop taking the pills for a couple of weeks too.

I still feel a bit low so I think I shall retire and get a good night's sleep.

12 April 1948, Monday

I just haven't had any energy in the past few days and Yuriko has been doing all of the work around here without any complaints. I did some housecleaning on Saturday before the cold descended full force upon me.

People at the office rumor that federal workers may get a salary raise soon but Truman may not sign the bill. Al said that the bill has already passed the committee stage but it may be killed before it reaches the floor. On the other hand, the administration may favor a pay raise because of the prestige it might gain during this election year. Yuriko and I have figured out that my present wage will just meet our monthly operating budget because of the price increases in everything, and we will be lucky to save enough for doctor bills from what Yuriko makes. We still haven't decided definitely what to allow Mrs. M., but it might be only \$20 per month since that is what we get for our incidentals and Mrs. M. won't be spending too much. Clothing and things of that sort will be extra. We decided to leave the amount flexible until we got a better idea of what Mrs. M. would be needing. The Rev. M's are only able to give her room and board since they have a limited income. Mrs. M. will earn that much, I am sure. Yuriko talked to her by phone and she seems to be slowly adjusting to the setup and she did not complain yet.

13 April 1948, Tuesday

I went to bed early last night, but Yuriko decided to go to the company meeting and she didn't get home until after one. I dimly remember her saying something about a party being held for Sasha who was married, but I haven't seen her since then. She is teaching this evening so won't be in until a bit later. She is resting a bit more these days so that she put on weight and this pleased the doctor. Junior must be growing quite a bit yet. Yuriko said that she thinks she can hear the heart beating but when I put my ear down to her soft stomach and listen, all I can hear is a lot of gurgling of her intestines. Some doctors are able to tell the unborn child's sex in the fourth or fifth month. On the way home this evening, I rode with Al and he said that it takes a brave person to have a family these days. He didn't think he could take the risk with the rising cost of living and he didn't know how he would be able to get along if his wife did not work. He has chosen to have an automobile instead, but I think that we would rather have Baby now that it is on the way and I don't visualize us lowering our standard of living too much. We figure that we can work out problems as they develop, and we look at the brighter side of things. Yuriko is very calm about the whole business, and she has taken to the idea of being a mother very wholesomely so that there is no need to worry about financial problems. It may be a tight squeeze at times, but I am sure that we will be able to manage. I will get my first check from work tomorrow, and by the time the the deductions are all made it will only amount to about \$110. That is based on a pay period every two weeks, so that we always have about $\frac{1}{4}$ week carried over into the next pay period. When one starts figuring on that basis, a monthly salary of \$286 shrinks right down. Yuriko is still earning, and we will be able to pay the doctor bills.

I had a busy day, and the process of getting adjusted has not been too difficult. I am beginning to talk like one of the old timers in the office, and the common foe is Miss Loeb. However, there are many minor feuds going on among the staff and I just don't want to get involved in any of them. All the things I have been told about

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Miss Loeb seems to be borne out from what I have observed, and she may become a problem. She is frustrated and she takes it out especially on male workers. I have had smooth relationships thus far, but today I felt tempted to bop her on the head when she went on and on about how important it was for evaluation to show that good relationships had been built up with the doctors. It just isn't conceivable to her to understand that there might be a realistic situation where the doctors don't want to be bothered by lousy social workers!

But I think that I will be able to enjoy the experience for at least a year, and then I might consider a change in jobs. I don't know if I will continue on with social work beyond that because it is such a frustrating occupational calling and one has to be neurotic as hell to get any satisfaction out of it. However, I may see it in a different light later on. I really don't feel any dissatisfaction yet but I hear so much of it from the other workers that it has raised some questions in my mind. I think that I could enjoy my work if I did not have to be bothered by supervisors who just want to be sadistic and don't really want to help a worker develop in skills. At the same time, Loeb must have some confidence in me as I was assigned a new ward and I may get swamped with work soon. I was busy today and it was tough interviewing because of my sore throat: I have complicated cases too.

14 April 1948, Wednesday

Today I received my first paycheck from work, and it was a nice feeling to bring it home and present it to Yuriko! Every two weeks there will be another one as long as I am on the job. I bought a cake and some candy to celebrate, and Yuriko has a tasty dinner waiting for me when I got home. She was not able to eat any of the candy since the doctor told her she was putting on too much weight now so I ate for all of us (including baby). This evening, it is rather cold here as the steam went off and it has been a wet rainy day. Yuriko is reading her book on babies right now. She seems to find it very educational, and it has answered a lot of questions she had in her mind about the childbirth process. With such an alert curiosity, I am sure that baby will have the best mother service available when the debut is finally made sometime in October. Yuriko is going to Larchmont tomorrow to visit her mother as it is her birthday and she will take her out for lunch and get her a present. She does not have any classes scheduled to teach since arrangements have been made to lump her classes over a few days rather than spreading it out. Yuriko has one more movie starlet to teach dance to so that her classes at the studio are at a minimum. In the company meeting the other night, Martha told them that movie shorts would be made of the dance concerts this summer up in Conn. The troupe is scheduled to go to Germany in mid-August but Martha is not sure now that it will go through because of the increasing European tensions.

In the small Bronx restaurant where I have breakfast every morning, the owner struck up a social conversation with me this morning and he anxiously asked if I thought that there would be another war soon. He said that he didn't think it was much use to send all that money to Europe under the Marshall Plan since the Communists have taken over anyway. He felt that we had better build up a strong armed force right here, but at the same time work for world peace as "we don't want to own the whole world anyway, and the Communists will make a mess with what they take so why should we fight about it. He said that he had not made up his mind yet whether he would be in favor of another war. Depended upon who got to be president and he

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described his feeling about present political situation as "pretty mixed up." He thinks that he is afraid of "that Wallace man" but does not know why.

Not much is said about politics in the office as it is under civil service, and most of the discussion is about Miss Loeb. Some of the workers feel that something should be done. They can't understand how I get along so well with her, and they believe that Miss Loeb will turn upon me in time. Right now I am the fair haired boy of the office. I gave my talk about medical-social problems developing out of the evacuation at the group meeting and they had me talking for almost two hours. They thought that it was "fascinating" and they were very attentive. I embellished some of my stories quite a bit for effect, and the group concluded that there was a lot of cultural information necessary for case-work, but I doubt if any of it will come out in practice in the hospital setting as it is just not accepted yet in social work principles. I felt that I at least had opened up their thinking to it through telling of my experiences with the evacuees, and they were most interested. Now they are thinking of asking me to give another talk to the staff on social problems of the resettlement, and its impact upon the individual personality. Miss Loeb is so happy that she was the one to discover me and present me to the staff!

It was my intake day for the first time, and things popped all over the office so I was extremely busy. I had to make long distance calls out of town, contact local agencies, interview a man referred by the psychiatrist at the hospital and refer him to a mental hygiene clinic for further therapy. This man gets knots in his neck and stomach and has a phobia about having cancer but nothing organic could be found wrong with him. He told me a lot about his anxiety and insecurity (even though he makes over \$100 per week as a commercial artist) and I finally was able to refer him to a clinic in town. I had to write a referral letter with all of the psychiatrist's tentative diagnosis and give a brief social history which I got from the man.

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Another involved emergency case was the man who had no money, no relatives, no place to sleep. I had to phone all around before I finally got the Salvation Army to accept him. Then I gave him a quarter to get there, and I felt like a heel because I felt so helpless in the matter and it was just passing the buck. The homeless single man does not get too much consideration from social agencies and they are usually dumped in the cheap places in the Bowery. Several of the social agencies came right out and said that they were not interested because they assumed that the man was a drunk anyway, and I felt that was a pretty cold way of looking at things. Sometimes social workers can be pretty cruel and hard boiled. They don't seem to realize that maybe the social structure is just as much at fault as the individual.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in listening to my "fat boy" patient from the ward. He came in on a wheel chair and he overflowed it as he puffed and panted his way in, pouring off perspiration from his brows from the effort of wheeling himself. He told me in such a sorrowful voice that nobody liked him because he was so fat. He had a car but nobody cared to go out with him. He didn't think he ever would get married. He has been put on a diet but he says that he cheats on it. His obesity has definite emotional roots, and the psychiatrist has been working with him so that all I could do was to give some supportive treatment, and allay his anxieties about his job. I have phoned about 8 times for him regarding this job as he worries so much that he will lose it.

Al wasn't in today so that I covered for him, and I had to take care of a couple of his cases. Counting the telephone interviews, I had about 15 interviews today which is the most I have done yet. Tomorrow I start on a new ward and I will be even busier. Miss Carter was supposed to have gotten it but I don't know why the decision was changed. Rhoda is going on the neuropsychiatric service so I am getting one of her "eye wards." Miss Carter was so bored today that she fell asleep in her

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office. I think I will talk to her tomorrow as she seems to be pretty lonesome. I have a two weeks head start on her and I can assure her that I felt exactly the same way she now feels when I first started. I think she should bring her lunch for a while as that will help her get better acquainted with other members of the staff. I know all of the upstairs workers now and I try to get along with them all, including Marie Boebeck. All of the workers have been very helpful to me and they are more than willing to help me get out of holes when I am stuck. The intake work today was hard because I didn't know anything about procedures and I had to learn from experience.

15 April 1948, Thursday

Yuriko went up to visit her mother today, and she took her out to a Chinese dinner and bought her shoes for a birthday present. Mrs. M. was very tickled that Yuriko had not forgotten. Yuriko said that her mother seemed very cheerful, and that she is getting along fine. However, she mentioned that she would like to go take a regular job in a nursery or something so that she could save up some money. Mrs. Matsumoto told Yuriko that she hopes that Mrs. M. will be able to look after the apartment and the two children soon, then she can go to work and be in a position to pay Yuriko's mother something. (Since it is confusing in names between Mrs. Matsumoto and Mrs. Mitsuhashi, I think I shall hereafter refer to Yuriko's mother as Mrs. A. since she wants to be called by her previous name anyway.) Mrs. A. is still not too anxious to do cooking for the M. family since she doesn't want to take full housekeeping responsibility yet until her status there is a bit clearer. However, the environment there seems to be very therapeutic for her. Yuriko says that her mother gets along with the small boy the best since she can't boss the nine year old so well!

Yuriko decided to stop her experimental class on her own, and she asked Martha if she would be interested in it in the regular studio program. Martha thought it would be very good to have this special group for the more advanced group and asked Yuriko to conduct the class so that this has been arranged. Martha said that Yuriko could work on a group dance of her own within this class, and it sounds like a fair deal since Martha will get credit for the class in her curriculum and Yuriko will be able to work up a group dance of her own so that she does not lose anything by making this arrangement. She seems to have worked out a fairly good teaching schedule for herself now that it is not as much of a strain as previously. Since I will be getting semi-monthly paychecks, she will be able to relax a bit more and not feel that we need the money so badly. In working out our financial plans, we hope to be able to pay a bit each month on the doctor bills so that by the time October rolls around we hope that the delivery of the New Baby will be paid for!

15 April 1948, Thursday

I spent most of the day at the office on one case. It was a tough one as I had to get \$22.50 out of the finance secretary, who thinks she personally owns all of the money in the Contributed Funds. Everyone from the chief supervisor down told me how hard it would be to get this money, but I acted naive with the finance secretary and my memo was approved for the general to sign so that my patient will have his rent paid for one month. I had to run around talking to the patient, the doctor, the supervisor, the finance secretary, and a few other people in order to get this money and it was very time consuming. The Department of Welfare just wouldn't give a cent, and the Contributed Funds was the last resort. I also did a couple of other brief interviews. Part of the afternoon was spent with Rhoda who briefed me on the eye service ward, and it sounds like a promising setup. She said that the doctors were pretty social minded, and that there was a lot of constructive work needed to be done for the near blind and blind patients. Since I don't know anything about eye diseases, I got a little literature from Rhoda to brush up. I think that I am going to like this new ward. I have built up my caseload to over 20 cases and the first month is not over yet so I am doing about par in the production record which the supervisor is always interested in.

I paid my dues for the CIO union for federal professional workers, and Mildred, Gertrude and I had a private session on what we thought about politics. One doesn't dare mention politics in civil service and it sounded like we were in a secret session the way we got into a corner to discuss presidential possibilities and what we thought of the various candidates for office.

I had planned to do some reading on eye diseases this evening, but here it is almost bedtime and I have just finished my daily chore of reading the bad news of the day. Even the most liberal papers glibly talk about the inevitability of another war and what the ideological struggle will be. The Generals are shouting for bigger armies and air forces and they probably will get them. It almost seems like we

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are already a militaristic nation already. Gertrude believes that the communists may win in Italy, and she does not think it is impossible for the Italian people to reconcile this with religion: "It will be Catholic Communism, that's all." It disgusts her the way we have tried to influence the Italian elections by broadcasting stories about what a good country we are, and how it is possible for Negroes in the South to build their own hospitals partly with federal funds if the states discriminate against them.

Clara is thinking of doing some sort of report for the FEPC committee on Negro-white relationships, and segregation in the army. She does not want to use data collected by the Negro press and she asked me if I could tell her of any resources. I could only suggest Russell Sage Foundation Library. She said she would like to get together with me to discuss this further sometime.

16 April 1948, Friday

I had such a busy day today and I was only able to take about 10 minutes out for lunch because patients were waiting to see me. Rhoda took me down to the eye ward this morning and I was introduced around to the doctors and some of the patients as the new social worker on the ward. The doctors seemed to be friendly, and that is due to Rhoda's personality as she built up a good relationship during the year and a half she worked there. The social work performed there seems to be very essential to post discharge planning because of the handicaps a patient has with limited vision when going out to work. The doctors have recognized this and they use the social service department quite a bit. I already have about six patients on the new ward. My case load is going up rapidly and I already have about 30 cases for this month, which is approaching the normal load for a full time working so that I have been satisfied with my progress in the past few days. Since the eye ward is usually given to an experienced worker, I feel that the supervisors must have some confidence in me taking it over and that in itself will be a challenge. It is very difficult working with individuals who are facing blindness or very limited vision and it calls for a lot of casework skill in assisting the adjustment process. I hope that I will be able to meet these needs, and I do feel a bit uncertain about it right at the start, but I think that I shall be able to handle it fairly adequately. The thing I like about the new ward is that the casework service has so much to give in the way of practical help and I have to learn all about the various social resources in the city to use as referrals. Help for the blind and limited vision individuals have been developed more than most other social resources so that is a help in my work.

My other wards suddenly got busy today so I had to be so active. Most of the problems were in relation to financial assistance. There was a Puerto Rican who was so frightened that his landlord would throw his belongings out in the street while he was hospitalized so that I wrote a letter for him since he could not write, and I asked the landlord to give the man a break. In another case, all I did was to

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give supportive therapy to an old man with cancer of the rectum. He just lies in bed waiting to die, and the doctors have been trying to encourage him to get up a bit and be active and I was called in to assist in this process. In another case, I interpreted the meaning of an operation to a patient so that he would feel easier about it. I don't know much about various illness treated in the hospital, but the casework process seems to help. It is mostly a matter of being interested in the individual so that he can talk out some of his fears. Where the patient is more disturbed due to psychological reasons within the personality makeup, the process is much more difficult. Patients are most frightened when they first come into the hospital, and when they are getting ready to leave.

My most difficult case today was in trying to help a patient's family and I spent all afternoon on this problem. Conlin has "jungle rot" on his feet and he came into the hospital without providing for his family. He said that his wife only had one dollar left for food when he came here the other day and she was supposed to go to DW for emergency assistance but he hadn't heard from her so he was very upset. He said that his wife has been a patient in a mental hospital and she was very timid about facing people. There were three children and Conlin thought that they might go hungry over the weekend if DW did not help. I phoned all over to DW but I could not get any satisfaction from them except that Mrs. Conlin would be seen on Monday and for me to tell Mr. Conlin not to worry. When I asked if any emergency assistance had been given, they would not answer directly. I could hear them over the phone wondering what to tell me because none of the workers wanted to make a late Friday afternoon emergency call. When I gave this indefinite information to Mr. Conlin he was even more disturbed. He said that he was in the Navy in the Pacific for several years and he didn't think that he was asking for much to have some agency feed his family during the period of emergency even though it was a blow to his pride. I felt that the man was sincere and not exaggerating his situation, so I phoned several Red Cross chapters asking if an emergency call could

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be made to Conlin's home in Brooklyn, but I got the run around from all of them. The intake supervisors got so lost in red tape and regulations that they just could not see the human need. It was very exasperating. Finally, I decided that the only thing to do was to try and get \$6.00 from Contributed Funds, and it took me about an hour before I finally got it up to the manager of the hospital, who signed it. Every little secretary and clerk along the route had to read the emergency memo I wrote up. Mr. Conlin was so relieved and he said that he could sleep well for the first night since he came here because he has been worrying so much.

But there still was the problem of getting the money to the wife. Mr. C. said that if it were telegraphed to his wife, she would be too timid to go and try and cash it because she was so frightened. She dared not go to their grocery store since there was a bill of \$40.00. I decided to deliver it myself on the way home even though the other workers in the office felt that I was being a "sucker" and that it was not my responsibility to take on the burden of finding emergency care for the family. I said that I had drained all resources and had been turned down so that it did not help just to say I had done my part. I wasn't feeling particularly noble as it meant going a long way out of my regular way home, but there wasn't any other solution.

When I got there, Mrs. Conlin opened the door and she was a frightened woman. All the children were in bed as she said that she hoped to have them conserve their strength until Monday when DW would give them emergency assistance. She said that she had gone yesterday but she was late for the appointment due to the fact that she had to borrow ten cents, and the Investigator at DW was peeved and told her to come back on Monday and that she would be able to feed the children until then. Mrs. C. said that she had hocked all of the winter clothes and there wasn't a cent in the house. The electricity was off because there was a \$30.00 bill. For the past day or so the children had been eating some sort of paste which she had made with flour

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and water. The crowded apartment had a very mouldy smell, and it was most sparsely furnished. When I gave Mrs. C. the money, she was so happy. I felt that my trip out there was justified since it meant that the poor family could eat. I got a bad taste in my mouth on the bus ride home as I rode through the slum districts of Brooklyn. A lot of Negro families have moved into old homes which had been boarded up and it certainly made me feel that something was wrong someplace that such conditions had to exist in this country. It was so pathetic when I saw one brave cherry tree with new spring blossoms in the midst of all this poverty and filth.

When I got home, I told Yuriko that I thought I should take out insurance so that she and the child would be protected in the event that anything ever happened to me! I guess I am feeling the weight of family responsibility already. As I ate the dinner which Yuriko cooked, I felt that we were pretty fortunate. Yuriko said that we did have so much when we stopped to think of it.

18 April 1948, Sunday

We've had a rather active weekend, and it is almost gone. As soon as Yuriko finishes cooking, we will eat dinner, and then retire for the night as I will need a good rest before going back for another week of work! The weekends seem to fly by so rapidly, and I really enjoy them as I am able to relax. It is not like the student days when almost every day was fairly easy. Now I have only the weekends and the rest of the time I have to follow a regular work routine.

Yesterday, I just relaxed about the house most of the afternoon, while Yuriko went to teach one class. When she came back, we went out shopping for food. Then, I read the papers while Yuriko bustled around cleaning house. She kept saying sweetly that it would be nice if I could mop the floors so I finally took the hint and did it. The apartment looked much cleaner than when I usually do it by myself as I am not as thorough. We went over to Bob and Duggy's after dinner as they had invited us for a poker session. Paul and Ethel, and BJ and Gary were the other two couples. The game lasted until 5:00 am this morning, and we watched the dawn break. The sun was coming up as we came home. We just didn't realize that it got so late as we were so absorbed in the game, and participating in social conversation and eating Duggy's heaps of refreshments in between. Paul and Ethel left about 2:00 am as Paul had to make a long distance phone call to India. He said something about having \$110,000 at stake and he was quite worried about the political disturbance. Paul probably feels that the Marshall Plan is good because it will mean more business for him, but the rest of us didn't think much of it as it appeared that it was going to be used as a political weapon and not a relief plan, and the direction seemed to be very militaristically orientated. None of us felt that we wanted to get involved in another war as we are much happier with our wives and beginning careers.

Ethel was sporting another new coat which Paul had apparently given her for an Easter present. He also bought her a gold watch. It is so characteristic of him to insure his hold over her by overwhelming her with a lot of pretty clothes and presents.

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Ethel is just about made her decision to reward Paul with marriage, but she still has a lot of conflict about what her mother is going to think. They may get married this summer, and Paul has promised to even buy her a house. He apparently is doing very well in his import-export middleman business and he would like to settle down with a wife now. Bob, Gary and myself appear pretty juvenile in contrast to Paul, but he is much older, I think. He is always so dignified and I've never seen him let his hair down yet. Bob kids Duggy quite a bit, but they seem to be a very good match for each other and they are getting well settled down. They have done wonderful things to their apartment and it looks very modern and desirable now. Bob is very handy with craftsman skills and he has built many additions for the apartment; he even sewed slip covers.

Yuriko won about \$2.00 from the all night poker session and she was very pleased that she "is better than the teacher now" because I just about broke even. The girls walked away with all of the winnings and they don't do all that psychological plotting with cards and general kibitzing like the fellows who think they are experts! BJ was way ahead but she had to pay off Gary's losses. It was a nice social evening, and we had a lot of fun. And it usually comes out pretty even so that nobody loses very much. Paul lost about three or four dollars, but he left the game early so that the cycle had not caught up to him. He plays cards like he does business--boldly and with a lot of self confidence, but in a small poker game it does not pay off very well. We invited the group to come to our apartment for the next poker session in two weeks as it sort of rotates around. In another month or so, BJ and Gary will be leaving for the West for the summer.

Although we didn't get to bed until about 6:30, we were up before noon. After a hot bath and a warm and cozy breakfast, we went out to the Botanical Gardens in Prospect Park and strolled around to see the cherry blossoms and the flowers in the hothouse. There were many people there with the same idea, but it wasn't too crowded since real Spring weather hasn't come yet. A lot of the flowers were in

18 April 1948, Sunday

blossom, but not all of the cherry trees so we were a bit disappointed. We ran into Hideo Sasaki and Shizuko Nakate. I knew both of them in Berkeley. Hideo roomed with me for a while on the campus and I did his life history document in Chicago, which I used in my thesis. He is doing some sort of architectural work out here and figures to remain in NYC permanently. Shizuko has been out here for just about six years now. She was one of the "nisei society" girls in the Bay Area before the war because her father owned an art goods store and she mixed only in the "exclusive" Nisei society so that I used to have a tough time trying to get her sister to go out on a date. The war has leveled social lines off, but Shizuko apparently still lives in the glory of the past as she is still single and trying to be a debutante although I swear she is crowding 30.

After we left the park, we wandered all through the Brooklyn museum and looked at the Wedgewood ware exhibit which the wife of one of the patients on my ward at the hospital arranged; later we went to see all the Eastern art exhibits until we had practically walked our feet off but we found it an enjoyable experience. After eating a bit in a drug store, we went to a movie to see the French films: "Raven" and "A Lover Returns." Both were adult film fare and realistic to life and we found that there is entertainment in seeing stories in which the principals have human foibles. The French seem to be very good at this sort of thing.

Now I eat! Yuriko is preparing meat loaf with rice, artichokes with mayonnaise, huge bowl of water cress with cucumbers and lettuce dipped in garlic salad bowl and French dressing. She is such a terrific cook; no wonder she enjoys her own cooking. She gained four pounds in two weeks so that Baby is getting a lot of proper nourishment. Yuriko now weighs 99 pounds, but pregnancy doesn't show yet at all.

19 April 1948, Monday

Yuriko had a tooth pulled today so that she wasn't feeling so well when I arrived home; I helped her with the cooking, and she is now washing the dishes, the sweet thing. She said that she is not going to get her teeth straightened, but the dentist believes that the lower ones will straighten by themselves now that the slanted tooth has been extracted. After her dental appointment, Yuriko went to teach one of her private movie starlets about how to hold their poise on the stage. The Ross Office apparently is very pleased with her work since she now has four students, and they will continue classes until early this summer. Yuriko has cut down on her studio teaching since it pays less and she is concentrating mostly on the experimental class which she organized and recently transferred to the Graham school.

We haven't any heat tonight, and it is cold so that we may retire very early. I have been hoping to catch up on some of my office work, primarily recording but I never seem to get around to it. I dictated all morning so that I am not too far behind. I also had my weekly conference with Miss Loeb and I can't say that it was too fruitful as she is a big fake and just doesn't seem to know much about casework, but talk. Most of the workers are wise to her and they ignore her. I just give her a bit of flattery so that she will not get into my hair. The poor thing is so lonesome that she goes to the fountain to get a drink of water about twenty-five times a day. And she is always popping her head into Al and my office just to ask if she can be of some help in casework planning but we never take her up on it because she just uses that as an excuse to get involved in a social conversation. She doesn't seem to have much social life outside of the office, and at work she doesn't have anybody to talk to. The poor woman must have such a frustrated soul. The unfortunate part of the whole thing is that nobody has any respect for her as a supervisor so that she can't be helpful to us at all. I don't know too much about casework, but I don't get much help from her either. In our conference, she tries to get me involved in discussing my personal life and that is no place for that.

19 April 1948, Monday

This afternoon was very busy for me as I had a couple of emergency cases again which kept me busy. I hardly realized it when it came to five o'clock as the time went by so quickly. I had to go see a doctor, Spirito, about one of the cases on the wards since the relatives don't want to have anything to do with the patient. Dr. S. got quite vulgar and he just couldn't understand the social factors involved and he threatened to throw the patient out at the end of the week. I don't think that I am going to develop too much of a teamwork relationship with him no matter how hard I may try, and I am not going to try and be foolish enough to tell him how to run his ward, Miss Loeb to the contrary. Some of my other doctors are coming around and they recognize the need for social planning with the patients. This is particularly true on the Eye Ward. I had to help one Puerto Rican patient plan what he was going to do since he had no place to go and no money. I finally sent him to the Dep't of Welfare but I don't think that the man will get too much satisfaction out of that contact. We are pretty limited in resources when it comes to financial matters.

I also had a long talk with one of the patients who tried to commit suicide on my ward. He has cancer and I think that he suspects it. The psychiatrist sent me to the locked room to see if I could get the patient to tell about his troubles. The patient gave a long and involved story about his wife's financial distress and he could talk about nothing else. When I asked him about his family, he was very vague and he refused to answer. He said that if he got thrown out of his apartment, he would cut his throat. I went back to the psychiatrist and told him about this suicidal threat. The psychiatrist felt that the man was suffering from an acute situational reaction and he thought it might relieve the tension if I could help him with the financial problem so I got the Red Cross to put the man on the free hospital cigarette list and I will see the wife tomorrow if she comes in. The psychiatrist said as a parting word that the man was a Negro and I almost

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fell over because the patient looked white to me. It probably is the basis for the man's disturbance, and it makes me wonder what sort of psychological struggles and tortures the man must have gone through in his life because of the stigmas of our society.

My other case was with the ex-convict who wants to go straight. It seems that his skin condition may be tied in with his emotional maladjustments, but the doctor in the ward does not see much relationship since he is straight medical. Morale feels that everyone is against him and he is afraid that he cannot find any kind of job when he gets out. I contacted the Osborne Society by phone and it expressed an interest. This group assists the adjustments of ex-convicts and helps them find a job because so many employers are not willing to give an ex-convict a chance. Morale feels very bad about it because he served in the army and he feels that he has paid his debt to society and gone straight for the past nine years but he is not able to get any sort of civil service job. He is not supposed to do truck-driving any more as the doctor says that it is bad for his skin condition, but Morale said that he was too old to start looking around for a new occupation now. I discussed the possibility of him looking for a job as a chauffeur and he is very excited about that as he will be able to keep on driving, but he doesn't think that any employer will hire him. The Osborne Society may be able to find an open minded employer who will accept the man for what he is and give him a chance. Morale says to me that "if I had a job like yours with a swell desk I would be sitting on the top of the world." When I come to think of it, I suppose I have had a few advantages in my life.

I have a caseload of 30 now, which is just about normal for an experienced worker in the agency and so I feel very good as I was able to build it up within the first month there, especially in view of the fact that I had two of the hardest wards to work with. I think that in time I will get a lot of satisfaction from the hard wards but I never expect to get a smooth relationship with the doctors

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because they shift around every few months. It is only the supervisor who is so bothered about this anyway; the rest of us feel that we are giving plenty of service even though the patients may refer themselves, or come because the charge nurse or the ward clerk sends them. My "C" ward is an exception because the doctors see the necessity for social service more in planning. I talked briefly with one of my cases today, but he was not feeling too well because his left eye had just been removed. He felt that he never would be able to find a job now but I think that something can be worked out even if I don't know of the resources yet. A lot of my time is spent in trying to find social resources, and my work will get easier when I am able to have this knowledge at my finger tips.

20 April 1948, Tuesday.

The spring weather came again today and it was so energy sapping that I got very tired. I still have to catch up on some sleep! Yuriko was so exhausted that she speaks of going to bed immediately, read for a while and then sleep early. We have just finished with dinner, and Yuriko could hardly make it to the table as she had taught three straight classes. But after eating my delicious cooking, she has begun to revive and I expect to see her puttering around for some time yet. I always have to chase her to bed because she would stay up until real late, and I can't go to sleep until she comes to bed. She says that she is trying to break me of the habit of waiting for her but it doesn't seem to do much good. We retire a bit earlier now that I am working regular hours, but I don't seem to get eight hours of sleep even then. All I usually have time to do in the evening is to eat a leisurely dinner, and read the papers and it is 10:30 by then already. Our radio is still on the blink--from last September--and Yuriko has been after me to get it fixed, but I seem to be very negligent about it. All we hear on the radio anyway is the bad state of affairs in the world, and a lot of junk plays and I can just as well get along without it. But Yuriko says that she wants to listen to a few plays so I guess I should get the radio repaired soon. Right now, she is reading Erskine Caldwell books; she is taking time out from reading books about babies for a while as she has read two already.

I had a medium busy day, but in late afternoon I had to see several people in all. I had about 10 interviews (including phone interviews) today so it was a bit rough, but I am getting more familiar with the setup so it is not so much of a strain. Miss Loeb tries to get all involved in my cases, and I have to be firm with her because she would try to do grandstand casework with me if I allowed her. After this, I am not going to tell her any of the current case progress until I get things all settled and then she won't be able to interfere.

20 April 1948, Tuesday.

Sometimes she has good suggestions, but she takes too much of my time in getting to the point. She loves to come down to our office just to have social conversation, but Al dislikes it so much that he goes to the wards whenever he sees her coming. Shirley is having a rough time with Loeb and she had to prepare for a conference so she asked me to help prepare a case: I made the most outrageous interpretations I could think of and I think that this is what Loeb will love. Miss Loeb likes to see a mother fixation interpretation in every case and it is difficult for her to realize that such a thing may not exist in some of the cases. She tells Al that his records make the Pt. "dead" and she wants more "life" in it so Al doctors things up so that the patient will have a few conflicts. Most of the workers do it, but not all of them will admit it. They have to do it in self defense with Loeb hovering over them. I don't know when she is going to crack down on me, but so far I have gotten along with her by not letting her talk too much. In that way I control the situation, but I don't know how long she will tolerate that. She probably thinks I am being indoctrinated wrongly by the other workers!

I started a case with a boy who is going blind, and it is going to be quite a job to help him accept this fact and try to get interested in occupational retraining. He has three children and he is only 26. The boy got wounded in the war and he hasn't had much luck since then. The children come one after the other, and it is against the Catholic religion to practice planned parenthood so that his economic troubles are weighing him down deeper and deeper. He won't go completely blind for a while, and there is an outside chance that the doctors will prevent it.

22 April 1948, Thursday.

During the past two days, I have been rather busy in the office with patients, while the underground surface of feeling regarding Miss Loeb goes on. I have decided that the only thing I can do is to try my best in casework and not get too involved with this problem and try to "live" with the problem instead of making myself unhappy fighting in. Shirley is making herself so troubled because she feels that she is fed up with the poor supervision she is getting and she is working herself up into a state of mind which is going to get her down. The thing which most of the workers feel keenly is that they realize there are no other social work jobs with the kind of salary which V.A. pays and it becomes a big problem with them of deciding what to do about it. They feel that the work could be very constructive and satisfying if they did not have to contend with the poor administrative supervision. They say that Thirwall is just about as bad. Thirwall is in Atlantic City this week, and she sent the staff a huge box of candy as a present. Gertrude just came back from there and she thinks that she has another job lined up. She heard Wallace's speech and thought that it was very good as he was proposing more liberal social legislation. From the newspaper reports, I think that Dr. Lindeman hit the nail on the head when he told the social workers that they were not flexible enough, and that too many social agencies practiced discrimination yet. It certainly is true in NYC as many of the agencies I phone want to know a man's religion and race.

I was extremely active today on a couple of difficult situations with patients. One was a continuation of the Conlin case where I took the \$6.00 emergency last Friday. The DW still has not acted on the matter and when I phoned today, I was told that the family was not going to be helped because they had \$700 back in January and the wife could not account for it. I hit the roof at that because it would not take a family of five very long to use up that money over

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a period of three and one-half months. Mr. Conlin was so disturbed about it because he thought that his wife might have another breakdown and he was on the verge of one himself. After many phone calls right up to the top administration of DW, I was told that the family might get a first check by next Wednesday, but that it could not help in the interval. That meant that I had to hit contributed funds of the hospital for another \$43.00 to tide the family over and help pay the rent so that the landlord would not throw them out of the dingy apartment. If I can get Mr. C. through this family crises, he will be able to relax a bit and concentrate on his fungus of the feet. I think that I may have to make a psychiatric referral as he seemed to be going to pieces under all these stresses he has been having in the past few years since coming out of the Navy.

My other difficult situation was the case of an older single man who just had one eye removed, and the doctor wanted me to help the man plan for a job. When I talked to Gallagher, I discovered that he had no money, no room, and no family to turn to. And on top of all this, he was pretty upset by the fact that he lost an eye. The man is afraid to leave the hospital yet, but the doctors want him out and I had to convince the doctor that I needed a few more days in order to work out the plans. I will refer him to one of the rehabilitation centers in town, and then try to find him some sort of a room. It is not an easy job to make plans when the social resources are rather limited. I have discovered that there is so much emotional feelings around eye illnesses, and that is why it requires more time to make plans.

I had a small pox inoculation yesterday and my arm was rather stiff today so it may take this time. I was really worn out when I got home tonight. My recording is still piling up, but I refuse to do any homework as it sets a bad precedent, and I am trying to hold out except for a few of the emergency

22 April 1948, Thursday.

things I take care of on Saturday if I have time. I just don't feel like doing anything but relaxing when I come home. Since I started to work at V.A. about a month ago, I haven't done any studying like I had planned.

Yuriko has also been busy teaching. Last night she brought Shirley B. home for dinner with her. Shirley was in a stew because she did not know how she was going to get up Conn. next summer for the dance course as she hasn't \$350, and it is a matter of life and death for her. I helped her to draft a letter to Martha Hill, but Shirley didn't have the self confidence to send it so that she had to take it home to think it over some more. She seems to have a lot of neurotic traits, and she is rather argumentative at times but she can get away with it because she is attractive enough. She has lost some of her excess weight so that she is feeling much better these days. With her, dancing seems to fulfill most of her neurotic needs and she has very little interest outside of it, except for her strange existentialist professor lover.

Columbia U. sent me a notice saying that I could participate in the June 1 graduation ceremonies if I paid \$8.50 rental fee for cap and gown, but I am not interested. They can mail me my M.A. degree; it has served its purpose and I have a job now so that I am satisfied for the present and I don't think that I would get any intellectual satisfaction by parading among thousands to get the degree. I shall be two-thirds on the way to being a new father by then.

Yuriko is coming along well with Junior. I was trying to listen to her stomach to hear baby's heart beat, but Yuriko's stomach gurgles so much that I can't hear a thing. It is very exasperating! Yuriko is beginning to show a bit in the stomach, but not too much. She still has not hit 100 pounds yet.

23 April 1948, Friday.

The more experienced workers in the office seem to adjust their schedules so that they do not have much to do at the end of the week, but I have not acquired this knack as yet and as a result I was fairly swamped with work today. I have a guilty conscience about not doing required things for the patients, especially when it calls for a discharge plan. Dr. T. was going to put Mr. Gallagher, the man who had one eye removed, on leave of absence today and the man didn't have any money, any room, or job. In addition, he is very frightened by his handicap and had a lot of fears of going blind in the other eye. The doctor sees all of these things constantly so that they are rather cold to it and they just want the bed space. However, I went to Doctor T. and told him that the man needed a few more days in order to build up his self confidence so that a few days of grace was granted. This also gives me time to find out more about social resources. Some of the more hardened workers will just send a man like this down to the Bowery Hotels and get him on relief, but I haven't the heart to do that as Mr. G. seems to have some potentialities in him yet, and he needs to be encouraged rather than shunted off among the has-beens. It took me most of the day to work this out and I still have no definite discharge plan, but there are a few things cooking. The NY State Employment Service has a special worker for handicapped veterans, and I am making a contact with it.

In rounding out my first month of work, I think that I can safely say that I am enjoying it and I am not disillusioned even though many of the other workers feel that they are wasting their time working with these veteran patients. In time, I am developing a philosophy like that but I hope not because I think that so much can be done and the social workers do have an effective role to play despite the rather non-accepting attitudes of the doctors who view patients mostly as "interesting operations and cases" and it is such a mechanical

23 April 1948, Friday.

approach. Some of the workers have developed very good relationships with their ward doctors so that it can be done. Miss Loeb threw some bouquets my way when she said that I was doing so well in developing a normal caseload on two difficult wards within such a short period of time. The way to handle her is to allow her to believe that she is so helpful and then try to get along with her because she can get very sadistic and punishing. She knows that Bob Oliver has two children and expecting a third so that he needs the job, and she certainly took advantage of having him over a barrel until he rebelled and got transferred to the out-patient clinic. The worker can never win against a supervisor as the reason for transfer was "inability to relate well to a woman supervisor due to the fact that Mr. Oliver has always had difficulty getting along with women, which goes back to his rebellion against his mother." Bob almost blew a fuse about that! Actually, the difficulty lies in Loeb as the supervisor but she holds the upper hand as she can always blame the worker. Since the staff is pretty well united, she is usually not able to get away with anything like this, but she can be so punishing. Bob has allowed the matter to rest because he is better off now in the out-patient clinic since Ed is his supervisor and he doesn't have to take so much baloney.

I got a ride home with Al and we got lost in Queens and Astoria so it was 6:30 when I got here. Then I had to leave right away to go to dinner at Shirley's-- she fed us delightful steak. Shirley only knows how to cook steak and chops so her living cost is very high! Afterwards, we went to Metropolitan Opera House and saw Ballet program. It was very good and we enjoyed it a lot.

24 April 1948, Saturday.

We had a busy day. I got a haircut, washed some clothes, and helped with the shopping, then rushed down to the studio to meet Yuriko. We got the train at Grand Central just in time, and by late afternoon we were in Larchmont. It's a nice suburb town. We visited with the Matsumoto's and Mrs. A. for the rest of the day and had dinner there. Mrs. A. seemed to like it quite well, but she is trying very hard to impress them that she is a middle class lady. She tries to give the impression that she is a woman of means, and this makes it very difficult on Yuriko. Mrs. A. tells Emma that she has to buy best clothes for herself and things like that. Yuriko told Emma about Mrs. A.'s financial situation and that we would give her an allowance and buy her clothing. Mrs. A. thinks we should take a taxi all the time just to impress the Matsumoto's but we don't feel like playing any game like that. Yuriko can't tell her mother directly to stop putting on false airs because Mrs. A. has so little to hang on to as it is. Emma seems to be very understanding and she handles Mrs. A. very well. The Matsumotos are aware that Mrs. A. has a deep resentment of me; while Yuriko was discussing about our plan to get her things, Mrs. A. broke in with "He has nothing to do with my clothes." She apparently told the Matsumotos that Yuriko is independently well off financially, but Yuriko did not go along with this story. However, Mrs. A. is improving little by little and she has not had any moods of worrying at all since going there. She helps with the cooking and takes Jimmy out for walks in the afternoon. Emma said that her mother went through a similar period and she kept a hammer under her pillow so that Emma believes that the breakdown was only a temporary thing related to change of life.

The rest of the time there, we played games with the two children and Toru had more fun than the little boys. We did not do any serious talking at all because we did not wish to discuss Mrs. A. when she was right there. Toru is

24 April 1948, Saturday.

satisfied with the arrangement and he believes that it will work out fine. He is busy studying for his Ph.D. degree at Columbia in Education and he plans to go back to Japan next year to become a college administrator.

25 April 1948, Sunday.

I didn't feel too well today; chills in my back. We went over to have dinner with Rose and David. Their child is now two and very active. David is now on the day shift writing news reports for Television and he got a salary raise to \$90 per week so that Rose believes they are finally getting started out. They want to find another place to live but there just are no vacancies anyplace. A friend gave them all of his furniture as he is starting out on a two year bicycle trip to Mexico. We met this Al later on and he seemed to be a rather queer sort of person. He feels that he has to get away from civilization every once in a while, and he does not like to have belongings so he gives them all away. We sat around and talked until about 10:30 and then came home, and I just don't feel good at all. Hope that I don't get ill.

30 April 1948, Friday.

I've been ill most of the week. On Monday, I went to work but got a high fever so that I didn't do much work. When I got home I went right to bed. Yuriko went to the dance concert alone, and when she came home she took care of me. I stayed home on Tuesday and Wednesday and ran a temperature of 103 for the two days. It is a very mysterious illness, and I am beginning to think that I contacted it during service, ever since that time I had pneumonia in the army. Every few months I get these high temperature fevers which knocks me out for a few days and then I make a miraculous recovery. I don't think that it is malaria, but it might be something like that because it just comes and goes. Maybe it is Virus X, I don't know. Fortunately, I get sick leave benefits from work so that I did not lose out on my pay. I went to work on Thursday, but was pretty weak and I just did desk work. Today, I felt much better, but my back still aches a bit. Yuriko scolds me for getting sick because she says that I really enjoy it very much and I like to be waited upon. She says that I cannot regress back to a dependency role like that because pretty soon she is going to be a mother and she cannot be taking care of me like a baby! She really gets very concerned when I am ill, and I feel most alarmed when she gets sick--which is not very often. She hasn't even had any symptoms of illness from pregnancy yet. I must admit it was restful laying in bed for the two days. Then I began to worry about taking too much time off so I had to drag myself out of bed and go to work.

Today, I had a fairly busy day at the office but things had not piled up on me too much while I was out. The personnel dissatisfactions seemed to have increased, and Al definitely will quit the job as soon as he gets a call from the State for the Veterans Counsellor job as it pays \$4200. He is sick and tired of social work and does not think that he can stand it any longer. He said that he does not mind the work at all and finds it interesting, but the

30 April 1948, Friday.

supervisors drive him crazy and he just can't stand Loeb any longer. Gert is leaving at the end of next month, and Sally and Ed are looking for other jobs. Mildred says she might get kicked out because of union activities but I don't think there is any danger of that. Congress is thinking of passing a law which says that no federal employee will get paid if officers of the union don't sign anti-communist statements. This is aimed at the UOPW union of the CIO which I now belong to. I think that I must have gotten sick from reading all of the disgusting news which has been published lately, and there just seems to be no end to the reactionary tendencies of this country at the present time.

Today makes it six years since I was evacuated from SF, and two years since the first time I met Yuriko!