

3 May 1948, Monday.

After a nice weekend, I had to go back to work today! We didn't have too much activity, but at least it was all very pleasant and nice. On Saturday, we busied ourselves about the apartment getting ready for the party in the evening. BJ and Gary, Paul and Ethel, and Duggy and Bob came over for a poker session and social evening. We played until about 2:30 and Yuriko won \$3.00 and I won \$1.00 and we sent our guests home the losers--that was not being very good hosts, but everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. There wasn't too much time for social conversation outside of the usual small talk. BJ and Gary are leaving the city for the summer soon to go to Colorado and points west so we may not have any more poker sessions for a while. Duggy, Ethel and Yuriko are making plans to go up to Conn. for the summer after mid-July. The dance world is reaching the tail end of the season and getting ready for the summer.

Yesterday, we relaxed and took it very easy. It was bright and warm for about the first time in a long period so we took advantage of the spring weather and went out to Coney Island and joined about a million other people who had the same idea of strolling along the ocean boardwalk. However, we had plenty of room so that we did not feel all crowded in. Many of the concessions were open and doing a rushing business. Yuriko won a couple of kitchen bowls in one of the games. We ate Jewish frankfurters, ice cream, knishes, etc. and then came home about 7:30 and ate a large stew dinner. The rest of the evening we reclined in the front room and read the fat Sunday papers.

It was not extremely busy at the office today and I spent most of my time in making out my monthly report, and I had a conference with Loeb. It was not very fruitful, and I felt that it was such a waste of time having the conference since Loeb really does not know her casework at all. She gushed over some of my cases and said that it was a "thrill" to read of some of the work I had done with patients but I just couldn't see that. I felt that she must be reading a

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hell of a lot into the case. The feeling of dissatisfaction among the other workers continue, and once in a while I even reflect some of it even though I have been at work for little better than one month. I feel this way when I am not too busy with the patients on slow days.

Yuriko is calling me to come and eat. Since I don't feel so exhausted when I come home from work, I think that we might go to a movie this evening. It has been quite a while since we went last. For a change, we are not going to see a foreign movie!

4 May 1948, Tuesday.

Today was one of those lazy, warm spring days and everything should be right with the world. But, all morning, I had a curious stirring of dissatisfaction, a feeling that things were just not going right with my world. I felt a bit depressed and I can't definitely pin it to anything specific. The thought that one of the patients in my ward was having an eye removed first thing this morning might have something to do with it. But, the root of the mood goes deeper than that, I felt somewhat gloomy and uncertain and it must be the job.

In thinking about it now, I have to conclude that my work at the hospital is not proving to be the stimulating experience I had anticipated six weeks ago when I firsted here with a certain amount of initial enthusiasm. The cause apparently lies in the nature of the social worker function itself, but it is also related to a certain rebellious mood I have about myself. The satisfaction of work has not been on a sustaining level, but it seems to have progressed alarmingly downward to the point where I am not having some serious questions about where do I go from here.

It amazes me that I have already reflected in this manner after such a short period of time on the job. I have calmed myself by speculating that it all depended upon my sense of curiosity about the job and that the stimulation would increase as I gained experience. However, the results thus far has been more on the frustrating side. I don't seem to have the self confidence about the social work skills I have had in other settings. The low prestige of a social worker in this setting is part of the reason. There is a certain artificiality about our casework process here, and the workers have to constantly bolster their respective egos to convince themselves that they are performing a professional function.

I suppose that the chief factor which motivates this reflection is my thinking regarding job future. I don't see this particular job leading anyplace.

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Granted that there will be up and downs in my attitudes regarding the job which will depend upon how active I am at the moment, there still remains the questions of a long range career plan. At this point, I certainly am not interested in being a caseworker for the rest of my working life. There isn't any progressive steps upwards I can see in the foreseeable future. I believe that I would like to get out of the field of social work eventually, but the big question is: what else am I equipped to do? My professional education as a social worker gives me very few concrete tools, other than a vague technical terminology which does not have much meaning, and which I suspect is relied upon excessively by caseworkers because of insecurity about their work. There is no doubt that a lot of necessary service can be performed here on a superficial level, but I would be just kidding myself if I tried to convince myself that any profound personality changes results among those patients we serve. This would be true for any social agency, private or public. The solution, therefore, is not in thinking in terms of eventual job changes within the field of social work as that would merely mean a shift in conditions and nothing else.

I rather suspect that the great job turnover among social workers is due to this basic frustration, only they rationalize that they are gaining new experience for intellectual growth by going on to a new social agency setting. For a male worker, the main goal is supervision but I feel that even this would be limiting. I believe that the basic reason for this vague job dissatisfaction is related to the general confusion about where it will lead in the long term personal planning. I really have little cause for any specific complaints on my present job and I think that I am making adequate adjustments. But, I don't have any feeling of pride in my being a social worker. Since the only criteria left regarding choice of jobs is financial, I really couldn't do better outside

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of federal civil service since the pay range is tops here. It is when I think in terms of the future that I get this vague dissatisfaction about my chosen career. It is just as easy to think in terms of an unlimited horizon, but the realistic situation pulls me up short.

For other workers at the office, the problem has emerged more in terms of an immediate crises, and they project the entire fault to Miss Loeb, whom they consider as emotionally ill. That may be true enough, but it just doesn't seem to be the complete answer. Miss Loeb is more or less the goat as she is an inadequate person, and I still feel that it is the nature of the job which is the frustrating cause of these dissatisfactions. Al went to Mrs. T. today and told her exactly how he felt about Loeb, but the net result was that he was told that he should examine his own feelings and figure out why he gets immobilized. The worker just cannot win! Bizzari is upset with Loeb, and Shirley went to complain recently. Rhoda changed supervisors because of Loeb, another worker quit, and now Gertrude is quitting at the end of this month. Something must be wrong, but I still am not convinced that the fault lies entirely in the administrative setting.

As a result of the general worker dissatisfaction, I have not been immune and I think that this is one of the reasons why I have thought about my own status so much. I am still nursing some hopes that I would eventually like to get into some work involving racial and cultural adjustments, but this is an even vaguer field than social work and my academic training has not fitted me with any specific tools to go into this area of work outside of a general interest in all sorts of people. NYC is supposed to be the mecca for unlimited opportunities in every field of activity so there is hope. I just don't care to stagnate into a dead end civil service worker who adjusts to a limited outlook on life and follows a routine work pattern. The nature of my present

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job precludes some of this, but even then it has definite limitations. Maybe I should develop more outside interests to divert me and then I would not get so much of a sense of intellectual confinement. Civil Service workers are so sadly shy in discussing anything controversial, particularly political questions of the day so that it automatically encourages a tendency to become dull and complacent, and economic security becomes the prevailing passion in life in a very personal and limited way.

5 May 1948, Wednesday.

I was on intake today at the office but only moderately busy. It was raining so that very few patients came to the clinic. Several of the workers were out ill, including Miss Loeb, so that things were rather quiet and I didn't have to listen to the usual tempest in a teapot which has been going on up there since I started. I felt better about my job, and I have concluded that the reason why I have feelings of dissatisfaction occasionally is because social work is essentially a field for women and it gets to be difficult working around women most of the time. I hope that the few men we have in the office do not resign in the near future. Thank goodness we do not have any effeminate men on the staff.

Yuriko had planned to go up to Larchmont to visit her mother today but it was too wet so she did not go. She plans to go later in the week. Yuriko said that there is a chance that some of the company members will be able to rent a house when they go up to Connecticut for the summer dance course. There is one place that seven of them can get for \$85 per month but they have to take it for the season. Since the company will get room and board, or \$165 Yuriko thinks that she will take the cash instead. Dale's wife plans to be up there for the entire six weeks so that a group of them can get together and cook. Yuriko feels that this will take care of my accommodations when I go up on visit. She has asked Dr. Warner about going up there, and the doctor said that it would be okay. It will be during her seventh and eighth month, but at least it will give her the chance to get away from the sticky summer weather of the city for a while. Yuriko said that she will get paid besides for her teaching, and she will do mostly coaching when the company rehearses for the performances contemplated.

The doctor says that Yuriko is coming along fine and that she is very healthy. The baby is now going into its fourth month, and the foetus should

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be developing rapidly. It probably has sex determined already, but we won't know until it makes its appearance into this world. Baby now has arms, legs, hands, feet, fingers and toes formed and the nails are appearing. It has a large head right now, but I guess that is because it is proud of itself all by its lonesome in Yuriko's uterus, floating around so free and gay in the amniotic fluid without a care in the world. Yuriko thinks that she felt it move once or twice but she is not sure. We still have not figured out any name for it. Baby is now about three inches long and weighs about an ounce so that it is making a lot of headway in life.

Yuriko does not anticipate any letdown in her teaching schedule for a few months yet, and the doctor has told her that she should keep active as it is not necessary for her to cut all activities to a minimum. Yuriko follows the doctor's recommendations very carefully and she is getting plenty of sleep, but she does not take a nap in the afternoon like she is supposed to. It is because of me that she gets so much sleep as I go to bed earlier than I used to on account of my ungodly hour for arising during the work week, and I insist that I cannot sleep if I hear her pattering about the house. It's the only way I can get her to bed as she would stay up half of the night otherwise. She says she wants me to go get ice cream for herself and the baby now, so I must go. If I refused, she might say that I want our child to suffer deprivations and have a neuroses when born.

6 May 1948, Thursday.

I had a busy day at the office, and the results were satisfying enough for me to reaffirm my faith in the job. I felt that some very concrete results were accomplished and that veteran patients were really being assisted with their problems. One man, Jensen, had eye treatments while in the hospital and he had been very upset about his fears of going blind so that I had not been able to get far with him in his future planning until he definitely was reassured that there would be no sudden loss of sight. Then we started to work on his job plans since he had to give up civil engineering, a career he had followed for 34 years. His old employer finally said he would give him a clerical job filing blueprints, and Mr. J. was so happy that he could be useful again. He needed a place to stay so that I reserved a room at the YMCA for him and the clerk there was quite understanding so that Mr. J. may be able to stay there on a more permanent basis. Later I will try to help him get a furnished room so that he can feel more settled. He is separated from his wife who left him to return to Venezuela with an 18 year old daughter. Mr. J. had no money for the first week of being on his own so that I hit Contributed Funds for \$20.00. The staff is amazed at the ease in which I have been able to draw money for patients, and I think that I drew more last month than the rest of the staff put together. It is all in the way the memo is written to the finance officer as she is an old crab pot and has to be treated like she is a queen so that I let her think that she is making the decision about these grants when I send the memo down instead of making it curt and rather demanding. It has worked so far and this fund certainly has been helpful to the patients who need it.

I had a couple of other emergency cases. Mr. Klau's daughter came in to see me about assistance for her mother and younger sister in the home and I was amazed at how pretty she was because the father and mother are so plain.

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Al was also struck and he hung around the office and was giving me all sorts of cooperative assistance. I went out of my way to make the appointment with DW and pressed the urgency of the situation so that immediate help was considered, and that was a minor victory in itself. In the other emergency case, Mrs. V. came in and she was an attractive woman all upset because her two children were starving and her husband was in the hospital because he got a fish hook in his eye while out fishing. I was able to help her work out a financial plan and I presented it to DW for her via phone and an appointment was made. At the same time, I gave her a lot of supportive therapy because she had so many fears about her husband. He was discharged from the army as a psychiatric case so that he has gone pretty much to pieces and I may have a difficult time in helping him to face his situation in a mature way now. The other cases I did were mostly in terms of job planning and emotional support. The hospital is so large that the patients do not get much of a sense of individual attention and they rely upon social service a lot for this. But the difficulty is that not enough of them know of our service. Mrs. T. has put me on the publicity staff for the office so that we may be able to work out a publicity plan at the next committee meeting.

Yuriko has gone shopping this evening to buy material for her mother's dress. We just finished eating a delicious steak dinner which she cooked. I hope she doesn't get too tired walking around those crowded stores here in Brooklyn; it is convenient being in the downtown area as it is only a block to all of the large department stores.

7 May 1948, Friday.

Friday is a nice day since I can look forward to a weekend of relaxation. I made the usual rush to catch the subway this morning, but it was difficult to get out of bed because it was cold and wet outside. It will be a terrible ordeal this winter. I wasn't too busy at the office, did mostly dictation and caught up with odds and ends. Many of the doctors are getting ready for the summer vacation so that things may be quiet on the wards. I will take my vacation in October to coincide with the birth of the baby so that I will be able to help Yuriko out. We have more or less decided that we will remain here in this apartment since the housing situation is so bad and our place is fairly attractive. I doubt if we will be buying a house in the near future. We haven't seen Charlie and Clara recently so that we don't know what they plan to do about their housing problem.

This noon we had a lively debate about unions, the Mundt Bill and other things like that during lunch hour and about six of the staff were going at it. Mildred is trying to arouse the staff to do something about writing letters to protest the Mundt Bill as she pointed out that it was a fascist measure and that it would suppress all liberal thinking if it went through. The staff did not seem to be too keenly concerned, they are sort of apathetic about such things. The only thing most of them are concerned about is the possibility of a pay raise in civil service. It may go through this session because it is an election year.

I spent part of the afternoon in the hospital library and read some of the current magazines. It has a very nice collection of various publications and a wide range of choice in reading interest. I was reading about how we have double crossed ourselves on the Palestine issue in the Nation Magazine, and how the military is gaining the upper hand in control of this country by pushing for larger air forces and screaming "wolf". Anything progressive these days is labeled as communist. When we were discussing free education for

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all this noon, Shirley said "why don't you go to Russia?" She is supposed to be a liberal and thinking person and that stupid remark almost floored me. I said that I still had confidence that democracy would work out these problems and it was a democratic problem and Russia had nothing to do with it. This business of labeling everything one does not agree with as a communist thought is getting to be a very dangerous disease. Congress is so concerned about fighting communism, yet it does not even get alarmed when a Senator gets arrested in Georgia just because he went through a door for Negroes during a political meeting. People just seem to be apathetic to everything these days and the fascist elements get stronger and stronger.

Yuriko still continues with her teaching, and she had an active day today. She plans to visit her mother tomorrow while I stay home to do the laundry since I will need shirts for next week. We went to a Brooklyn movie this evening, a documentary, and enjoyed the relaxation for a change. I have been feeling too tired in the evenings to do much serious reading, but lately I have nibbled a bit at it. Keeping regular working hours is such a waste of time, and one must give up so much of the good things which can be done! But, it is a matter of making enough to pay for our living expenses. We are \$500 in debt now for doctor and dentist bills, but we hope to have it paid off by October. Then we will have to invest in baby clothes and things like that for Junior.

8 May 1948, Saturday.

Yuriko got up about 9:30 and went up to Larchmont to deliver the mother's day present. Since I had a few things to do, I decided that I would not go up. Yuriko was there about four hours and she said that her mother was getting along fine, but not getting along too well with Jimmy, the 9 year old. She can't rule him too easily and there seems to be some friction between the two. The Matsumotos are still very considerate and they feel that it is working out fine, and that gradually Mrs. A. can take over some of the household tasks so that Emma can be released to other things. Yuriko said that her mother now talks about not being suited for domestic work and she wants to go to California to work in a nursery, but it does not seem to be a very practical plan at this point. Mrs. A. is still concerned about my family background as she asked Yuriko what kind of a family I came from, and Yuriko felt that it must be related to some of Mrs. A's attitudes towards me. In discussing financial problems with the Matsumotos, Yuriko said that Toru feels that we should bring a suit against Douglas. He has consulted his lawyer, and the lawyer told him the Mrs. A. clearly had grounds for a suit and that a favorable judgment would undoubtedly be rendered for her. In addition, Douglas could be prosecuted on Mann Act charges if he disclaims common law relationship and that the penalty for this is severe. We have not considered this seriously as we have no vindictive attitudes towards Douglas and we only want to collect the cleaning shop money from him.

However, Douglas still has not made any move to clear this debt up. We went up to the shop for the first time in months with the hopes that Douglas would now have had plenty of time to get the money together. But we quickly found out that nothing has happened. Douglas, Joanie, Mrs. Azawa, Kimi and Yosh all work in the shop. Douglas was friendly, but immediately began to give us a big sob story about how hard it was to make ends meet in the shop. He had not any feeling or consideration for the fact that Mrs. A. might also have a problem.

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Douglas tried his usual tactic of getting people to feel sorry for him. We would have told him off and informed him that we were going to start a law suit, but it would mean that four other people would suffer along with Douglas. Mrs. Azawa corroborated some of the story of the financial difficulties. However, when we started to figure things out a bit, it came out that the shop is supporting the five people, paying rent for apartments, food bills, a \$5 to \$10 share weekly for each of them, and in addition, Douglas is making payments on his land out of the shop profits. He said that he planned to go up to Long Island and start the nursery work soon, and he wants to sell the cleaning shop as soon as possible and then he will pay the money. He said that another cleaning establishment opened up in the block so that a lot of the trade was taken away. However, they still gross above \$175 a week so that they are making money. Douglas does all of the pressing now. It was such a pitiful and small life that the tribe there lives that we got soft hearted and said that we would wait for a couple of weeks more and give him a chance to work something out. He said that he would try to borrow about \$750 from the bank and pay the rest of the \$1500 in monthly installments. However, he is very afraid of a lawsuit as he said that we should try to settle this matter peacefully because otherwise he would just throw the shop up and then everybody would lose. We want to settle the matter, but Douglas has not done his part and now he tries to draw us into his financial worries for the past year when it has nothing to do with the sale of the shop, which he bought last October or November from Mrs. A. We suspect that Douglas and his clan won't get out of the shop because their existence depends upon it, and they are just stalling matters about paying the debt. It seems that Douglas has taken Mrs. Azawa in also because she put up the \$1500 to buy Ishimaru's share and she has a big investment in the place also. It is such a sad case over there. We don't want to make things more complicated by insisting upon payment, but something has to

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be done soon.

Earlier in the day, I did all of the shopping for the weekend, washed a substantial laundry, took a nap. Yuriko feels that we should invest in a small washing machine after baby arrives so that there will not be so much work, and we will take diaper service too. I wanted to surprise Yuriko by getting the radio fixed as it has not worked for months so I took it to a neighborhood repair shop. I got pretty friendly with the repair man and he only charged me \$4.00 for the parts and did an excellent job on the radio. In addition, I bought another small table radio for \$9.90. It is a \$24.40 radio and the man was going to sell it for \$19.90 but there are plenty of radios on the market now and he just wanted to get his original investment out of it so he gave it to me for much less than the wholesale price. I gave it to Yuriko for a "Mother's Day" present and she was very pleased that we could have music in the house once more. She will probably listen to those murder mystery programs all the time! However, she does like to listen to nice classical music so that will be pleasant.

9 May 1948, Sunday.

We went to a party over at Kenny's last night, and we didn't get to bed until about 4:30 this morning. It was a nice party and we relaxed and enjoyed ourselves. Kimi served lots of food and there were plenty of drinks so that the atmosphere was pleasant. About 15 people were there, but I don't remember all of them. Practically all of the Nisei we know in NYC were there, mostly couples. We were very surprised to find out that Peter Aoki got married—he picked a large tall and silent girl who towers over him, but she seemed to be a good motherly match for him. Peter is going to the NY School now. Yoshie was there with her friend and she said that she had heard a rumor that Bette was a Mrs. now and that she had moved out of the YWCA. We wrote Bette a couple of notes inviting her over, but she ignored them so we just haven't bothered to look her up since she was here with us for a week. I hope that she makes out in her marriage okay now that she has made her decision; it may help her maturing process. Bette must have a lot of guilty feelings about the marriage since she didn't let us know. I think that she should be able to make adequate adjustments now that her decision has been made, and we hope all her the best wishes. Since she did not inform us of her forwarding address, we didn't bother to get it from Yoshie as we felt that this should come from Bette and we won't bother her if she prefers to be alone during the initial months of her married life.

Dyke Miyagawa and his wife, Amy, were at the party. Also a girl by the name of Taxi. Dave Perkins came with Warren and Betty. Dave is almost a Phd now and he said that he would be going out to Stanford to teach this winter so I gave him Jack's address and said that he could be put up in S.F. until he got settled. Dave has been studying so hard that he has had very little social life, and he has not looked at a newspaper for six months. However, he seems to be safely in the Wallace fold from the few things he said during our

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lengthy discussion on the Third party. Warren said that Bullock now has his Phd, only six years after getting out of high school and Don seems to be pretty well settled in teaching psychology at Buffalo University.

Warren and Betty have decided to remain in NYC indefinitely. Warren said that it was a difficult decision for Betty to make, but he did not wish to rush her and say that he just wouldn't go to Hawaii. The \$1000 has been sent back to her mother. Warren felt that Betty decided to remain because the nice spring weather came around and she got less homesick. She also made a few friends in her apartment building so does not feel as isolated as before. It was apparently a mistake for her to quit work so soon as she had too much time to sit around and feel sorry for herself. Warren said that he has nothing definite, but he will be doing some translation research work at \$250 per month at Syracuse University for the summer. He will keep his apartment, but he is hopeful that the job may become more or less permanent. Otherwise, he is going to try and get into some sort of magazine research work in private industry. He definitely does not wish to go to school anymore even though Betty's mother is ambitious for him and thinks that it will bring added prestige to her family. Warren is far enough away from his mother-in-law not to be bothered too much about this. He was very relaxed now that the decision has been made. He realized that it will be a lot tougher for him economically, but he thinks he will be much happier assuming his own family responsibilities.

Kenny still is indefinite about what he is going to do. Now that he got a \$250 per year city raise, he thinks that he might stay at his job a while longer. However, he feels insecure about it because he only has a temporary appointment and he might be let out if the city budget is cut. In the meantime, he does not wish to think about more permanent living accommodations so he will stay in his dinky East Side place, and he definitely does not wish to assume any family responsibilities at this point. But Betty said she had a long talk

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with Kimi and found out that Kimi very much wants to have a baby and quit work. Kimi gets simulated pregnancy symptoms, but Kenny is unaware about her feelings in the matter. It is too much of a fear of the future with him yet, but Kimi seems to be much more optimistic about things. Wives usually are. Now that Kimi knows that Yuriiko is pregnant, she all the more wants to have a child and we suspect that a lot of pressure is going to be placed upon Kenny hereafter.

Along with the usual small talk at the party, we spent a lot of time discussing the Third Party and Kenny got it from all sides so that he is wavering from his ADA stand. His argument that Ike Eisenhower was the man who should be drafted just did not stand up because it had so many "ifs" to it. As a person, Kenny realizes that he should support a 3rd party movement and he no longer argues that it is communist controlled, but agrees that it is a healthy sign in the American political scene. Peter was against Wallace because he read some book written in 1913 which said that third parties could not succeed in this country, and he argued that we should maintain the status quo in politics because of the dangers of Russian Agression. The rest of us did not agree that it was impossible for our foreign policy to be oriented more in the direction of peace, and we felt that this election has important meaning—much more than whether the Democrats remained in office or the Republicans got in. Peter argued that the Mundt Bill was sound and that it was a measure of protecting the internal security, but there was not too much logic to that. I said that by the same token, we should justify the segregation laws of the South for the "internal security" of white supremacy. Dyke was particularly emphatic on the third party as he is helping to organize a Nisei for Wallace and he asked Yuriiko if he could use her name as a sponsor, which she agreed to. I felt that Nisei for Wallace could just as easily join general Wallace groups without having a racial group of their own, but I didn't raise this issue as it

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is not an important matter with me anymore what the Nisei do just as long as they follow the progressive trends. Dyke said that the Nisei were still politically apathetic and not too responsive to Wallace support because of all the propaganda they have heard about. They feel that because of the communist charges, they will be placed through guilt by association if they took part in the movement. Tosh Miyazaki is also active on Wallace support, and sort of broken away from Clara's socialist teachings. He is still studying for his phd in political science at Columbia.

Have been listening to the ball game most of the day. Went up to pick up a plant we left at Kenny's, and I am now waiting for Yuriko to come home from the studio tea party which Martha is putting on as part of the promotion for the June course. She may bring Rhoda back with her for dinner. Rhoda is still in the Broadway show and they did part of it for television recently. Lamar went out to the coast for a few weeks to visit his parents.

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Yuriko brought Rhoda and a box of cookies home for dinner last night after the party at the studio. She was tired because she wore high heels; everybody said that she looked healthy and ravishing, says Rhoda. Rhoda stayed over last night and read the book about infants so I don't know what she has in mind! A marriage date between her and Lamar just has not been worked out yet; but they are looking for an apartment together yet. We passed most of the evening listening to the quiz programs which fills radio these days, much to our surprise. It has been months since we had a radio going in this house, except for a brief period in Jan. Yuriko and Rhoda went shopping around Brooklyn this morning, and Yuriko bought herself some sort of a maternity brassiere to hold her mighty bosoms. Except for a small protruding in her stomach, it just does not seem possible! Yuriko said that her doctors told her today that everything was coming along fine and that it was now the fourth month. And she found out that Dr. Marie had delivered Clara of a child on May 1! It was a surprise to us because we didn't expect her to have it until next month at the least as we were figuring things biologically from the date of their marriage last November. It is a beautiful baby girl. We got our first present for baby from Rhoda, a baby rattle which makes noise. After feeding me a dinner worthy of a chosen person, Yuriko adjourned to the front room to recline on the sofa and "give Baby a rest." She is now reading NY Times Magazine and listening to the radio at the same time. Such an undignified poise she is in right now, sprawled all over the place.

It hit 82 degrees today, hottest of the year so far, and it seems that spring is going to bypass us this year. It is about 8:30 now and still over 80 degrees. Later in the evening, it is predicted that it will rain. I don't think I like the hot weather so much as I got a headache by the time it was time to leave the office.

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As the temperature goes up, it seems that office morale goes down. It was at a very low ebb today and several of the workers mentioned their dissatisfaction of the job. Betty S. felt that if social service does not get better accepted by V.A. doctors soon, there was a chance that the entire program will be reduced drastically. I found out that it has only been since 1946 that the program got expanded. It might be the start of a new week which makes workers feel low, but it gets infectious. As was most discouraged and he voiced a lot of his dilemma about what he was going to do. He said that he definitely was going to leave the field of social work when he has something else lined up, but he fears that he is getting caught in a vicious circle. The thing which bothers him is that he doesn't want to go through life having to think twice when he wants to buy a suit and other necessary things, but he does not think that social workers are ever going to get an adequate salary. Sally is still frantically hunting for a new job and she has been contacting various agencies about leads. Bob Oliver got an offer to be a temporary appointee on city civil service as recreation counsellor and he is seriously going to think it over for a few days. He has a problem because he has three children and he doesn't want to give up 10 years of civil service rating unless necessary. However, he does not know how he can stand it at V.A. with the present supervision we have. Mac came up and joined in and he said if things go on, a worker either has to drain self integrity to take it or else rationalize that it is really a man's job. He felt that with 80% women in the field there just was no future for male workers, but he is hopeful of eventually becoming a supervisor. I did not think that was a very good solution. However, I am determined to stick out one year on the job since I need it for experience and reference. I don't know how to work out the problem of getting out of social work after that, but I am certain that I don't want to remain in casework indefinitely. I would like to try another

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federal agency after one year in V.A. but I don't know if that will be possible. If the situation improves in our office, I might change my mind. There just doesn't seem to be any future in the job and that is a frustrating feeling which is an addition to the other aspects of job frustration. Gert. was very upset because Mrs. T. has cooked her goose and spoiled her chances of getting a supervisory position in the Brooklyn V.A. just because Gert. can't take it in our office any longer. I notice when I have a quiet day in the office, then all of these comments of vague and specific dissatisfaction begins to react upon me. Betty S. claims that the entire field of social work is frustrating and that one has to rationalize. It is her observation that the ones who seem to adjust best to it are the more neurotic persons who fulfill personal needs through identification with the patient's problems. This seems to hold true for Marie Boebeck and Miss Wilson. I want to feel proud of my field of work but I certainly am not able to do it at this point. I realize that one will never get this satisfaction, and least likely in social work. Helping others just can't compensate for one who feels that self respect is being drained on a job. I just don't know about it but the tendency for me is not too optimistic because I have so many questions about the work in V.A. About the only consolation I can have is that the same situation probably would hold true for most any other social agency, and at least we get paid a bit more for what we have to go through. I am convinced that there just are not any agencies which do the "terrific" casework which is written up in trade papers or discussed at national conferences. It is such a false picture because only the best cases are selected, fixed up to look like an average agency case, and then the worker's part is overemphasized and blown up beyond recognition. When a professional field is this weak, something must be drastically wrong someplace. I am convinced now that the agencies which do work mostly on the environmental manipulation basis is doing the best casework,

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and all this nonsense about probing into a client's past is just a lot of hokum since most workers are not equipped or trained to do real therapy. At the V.A. hospital, even the psychiatrists are sort of set apart from the medical doctors and not quite accepted, but the position is much stronger than ours because the psychiatrists have a degree along with medical training. One of the most difficult things to stomach is the disrespectful and belittling attitudes which the medical doctors assume towards social workers. So many of the doctors are a bunch of jerks without any social sense at all, but I would say that the fault is more that they can see only medical problems and not human beings so that is why they see not much use in social service.

The Governor of Mississippi made a radio speech telling Negroes they can never expect social equality in that state and if they don't like it, they can go elsewhere. That is as stupid as telling a progressive individual who wants a better American society to go to Russia! Yet, if Negroes protest UMT on the basis of segregation, this threat of civil disobedience is labeled as treason and Negroes are told not to listen to communist inspired doctrines. It doesn't make sense. The best weapon for democracy is to make it better, it seems to me. But Truman and the Pope says to maintain Status Quo to fight communism!

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It was a beautiful day and things went along well at the office. I was quite busy so felt very good. There were several emergencies in my case load. Rodriguez got complications from his adenoid operation and he is in serious condition so that his wife was most upset. He was the one who was so afraid of dying and I was assuring him all along that it was only a minor operation. His wife is frightened as she just doesn't know what to do. She has two children at home, and now pregnant again. Because she has to climb 6 flights of stairs and carry her baby up and down she got hemorrhages. DW won't help much more and she doesn't have food money for more than one more week. I tried to get the DW worker but was unsuccessful. Tomorrow I have to try and put the pressure on as it is a lot of worries for one person to carry and it is not doing the patient any good to have such an extra strain on him. I did as much as I could to make them feel easier, but if they got some money, that would be the best remedy to the situation and casework without it is not too comforting, I don't think, even though some of the patients feel that they get a lot of emotional support from social workers. Several of the patients commented about this today, and for a while I felt like I was really doing good work! Another wife of a patient, Mrs. Minott, was upset because her husband just had a serious internal operation and she got a telegram saying that an uncle had died. She misread it and thought that it was her husband so that she rushed up to the hospital. Fortunately, her husband was improving rapidly so that the crises passed. It then became a matter of trying to help her in making up her mind to apply for old age assistance for her aged mother. Mrs. M. had been informed that the mother would have to move and they would have to sell all their furniture before she became eligible so I had to clarify this for her, and tomorrow I will write a letter to DW for the initial application. Also handled some housing problems and financial assistance.

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The most difficult case was handling Applegate's great decision with him. He has glaucoma and knows that he may go blind soon, but he is fighting against the idea. Now the consultant specialists has recommended another operation to relieve the eye pressure, but Applegate doesn't know if he should give permission because he fears the results. He is a pleasant 30 year old man, and under psychiatric care now but he feels that it doesn't do any good. He was trying to get me to make the decision for him, but I said that all I could do was to help him bring out all the pros and cons and then it was up to him. I pointed out that it was painful to make such a decision because it had so many implications, but he should think it over for another day and then let me know. The ward doctor thinks it is just a simple matter and he can't understand why I am so concerned about the man's feelings in the matter as if an operation like this is a routine matter. I feel that the patient is the most important consideration, and I will try to hold the doctor off until Applegate really makes up his own mind, but there may not be time if it becomes too much of a conflict for the patient. We can't go against medical judgment, but if the patient can emotionally accept the operation it may have more positive results.

Yuriko says that Clara did not have a baby; it was another Weinberg. Clara is not expecting for another month yet. Yuriko said her real estate friend may have a house lead for us soon. She is complaining of a back ache this evening, because she walked around so much today to find a flower pot. Her Selznick students are dropping off a bit as Mickey went to Hollywood today for a screen test and Do is acting in a picture out here with Franchot Tone. Yuriko still has two more students tho. I am deliberating about whether to apply for reserve officer commission. Of course this is not such a vital decision to make as Applegate has to make, but it has me a bit baffled. It seems silly that

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I would even consider the matter of a reserve commission and I laughed when first approached. However, most of the men on the staff are applying for psychiatric social worker commission. The argument is that if there is another war, then you can get reactivated as an officer. Al said he was in the infantry and he wants no more of that. He feels that one might as well be realistic and have the reserve commission and then hope that there will be another war. Mildred was all against it and she says that her husband is trying to drop his commission but he can't as he was an officer during the war. However, she claims that he is going to be a conscientious objector and refuse to go to another war. The rest of us fellows said that this was not being realistic because when a war comes, then there is nothing a person could do about it and eventually he would be drafted and maybe get terribly misplaced--like Al said he did and he doesn't want to crawl through the muds of Europe anymore. Mildred said that the thing to do is to prevent a war and that it is awful to even think that we are going to fight Russia. I feel that way too, and I don't know what to do with the reserve commission business. On the realistic side, the arguments look strong and it is one way of personal protection. But on the larger score, I doubt if anybody is going to have a gay time in event of another war and I don't even care to give tacit approval to the idea. My thinking is the hell with another war because I know I won't believe in it, but Yuriko says that if I have to go I might as well have a commission as it will not be so rugged for me and that is a realistic factor too. I shall think about it some more and make a decision later on. I know that I should not weaken on my "youthful idealism" and that's where the conflict comes in. All the rest of the male workers in the office say that it is being practical to have the reserve and it has nothing to do with one's idealism, but I don't see the logic of it. I don't think I would like to do anything which would strengthen the military in any way if our foreign policy

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continues on its blind rush to another conflict because I don't believe it leads to peace. Oh well, if I ever get into the reserve, it would actually mean that I am not strengthening anything because I don't have that much to contribute to a military machine!

12 May 1948, Wednesday.

Last night we were guests of the telephone company and we were taken on a guided tour of the plant in honor of the fact that our phone will soon be connected. It was very educational and we learned a lot by looking at the behind the scenes views of what goes on in a phone exchange. Afterwards we walked home leisurely and then read the newspapers until 10:30 so that we could listen to the Wallace speech at Madison Square Garden. Wallace pled for sanity between the foreign policy of both this country and Russia, and in his open letter to Stalin he asked an end to the cold war and to strengthen UN. He pointed out that there was room in the world for two ideological systems, and he said some pretty inclusive things about how we should work for peace. He introduced all of this with a stinging rebuke of the Mundt Bill and warned of the fascist dangers it created. In his speech, he played politics to the extent of asking labor, minorities, and the church to back his program. PM was the only paper which reported the meeting in full, but the NY Times saw some indication that Wallace was steering a moderate course. At the other extreme, the Hearst papers screamed "communism" about everything Wallace said.

However, the headlines were devoted to the riot which occurred after the meeting. I read about it in the Daily News which I picked up in the subway, and for a joke I put the paper on Mildred's desk because she is so intense with liberal ideals. Mildred did not think it was funny at all. She said that she was at the meeting, and afterwards she walked over to the Roxy where the pickets were peacefully demonstrating against the picture "Iron Curtain." Then the Catholic War veterans came to picket the pickets. Just as the crowd came out of Madison Square, Mildred said that the mounted police charged the pickets and began to hit women on the back with clubs. Mildred said she was almost run down, and she was so upset because it was such a clear demonstration of fascism. She felt that the cops had planned the whole thing, and it was

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ridiculous to claim that they were protecting the Catholic War vets. The Hearst Journal American today screamed in red headlines that "Reds Battle police and vets," and it charged that Wallace had incited mob action in his Garden speech. Mildred believed that this was just another bit of evidence that reactionaries were going to do everything possible to scare people from voting for the third party. The newspaper claimed that orders came from Moscow to start this demonstration over the movie and that Wallace followers were clearly behind it. I got a ride home by car today and on the way we passed the UN site on the East side and it was just a pile of rubble; I wondered if there would be a UN by the time the buildings are ready at the rate things are going now. Mildred keeps saying to us that "we have got to organize and support labor and get behind Wallace" but that certainly is not going to be any cure-all. However, I think that it is the only thing which any liberal can do now. But even at that, the liberals are fighting each other so the whole thing just does not make sense.

In a minor key, there was a crises in the office today and I was involved. Loeb has been trying to start a feud between Rhoda and myself, and Rhoda reacted so that the matter got to Mrs. T. and then it came back to me, who was innocent of all what was going on. I got sore that a major issue had grown out of a minor issue so I went to see Mrs. T. and said that I wanted the entire thing dropped. It was a matter of Rhoda going to my ward to pick up cases for her student which she is supervising and Loeb somehow got the idea that I was upset because it hurt my relationships with the doctors. Mrs. T. said that it was unfortunate that I got caught in the middle and that there had been a feud between Loeb and Rhoda for months. Rhoda used to be under Loeb's supervision, but she rebelled and asked for a change and now the two of them do not talk to one another. Mrs. T. said that she would ask both Loeb and Rhoda to drop the entire thing. I said that I didn't want it to be distorted into a problem

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of my having anxiety about doctor relationships. Then I went to Loeb and told her how I felt. She backpeddled all over the place and tried to get in my good graces by saying that Rhoda was at fault and that she was immature but I refused to be drawn into any discussion of the feud between those two. I said that I saw my job in the office and I thought I was doing it in a competent way and I didn't want to get involved, and I asked Miss Loeb not to stir it up anymore-- to which she agreed. She was certainly frightened and threatened because I brought out a show of strength and indicated to her that I was wise to what was going on and that I didn't want to have office politics boomerang back on me when it was not an issue. It was such a ridiculous issue, and both Loeb and Rhoda are responsible for making it such a large issue and Mrs. T. got involved when she tried to straighten it out, but forgot that I might get caught in the middle. World shaking event!

Anyway, I felt good that the air was cleared so that I was able to jump into a few cases with a lot of enthusiasm and for the rest of the day I was bickering with Department of Welfare over cases. I got pretty sore when one DW investigator began to shout over the phone that she could not give one of my patient's family an increase in allowance even though a back rent had been paid, and that they would just have to make out. She went on to say that the Puerto Ricans should go back from where they came. It was silly to argue the point that they had just as much right to come here as anybody. I don't know what will happen but the investigator said she would go visit the family again. I had three cases like this with DW today. Mrs. T. wants to take one of my cases to the regional office of V.A. to point out how DW is failing in its responsibilities. I would hate to be a DW worker because they are so frustrated by rules and regulations and they don't like to see families go hungry but there isn't much they can do about it because the politicians will howl if it looks like

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clients are being treated anywhere near like human beings. It is a vicious setup.

On top of the hottest day of the year which wilted all of us, the office was further warmed by Bob's crises. He had decided to turn down the job with the city because it was on a temporary appointment. Right after that, he was called by Mrs. T. because it had been reported that two many social workers were visiting with him in the out-patient office downstairs! Gert and Al are the guilty ones, but I have been down there several times in the past few weeks. So Gert got involved, and this was another opening for Mrs. T. to crack down on her. Mrs. T. is mad at Gert for resigning and she wants to give her asbad a recommendation as possible in order to save her face. Gert said that this did it, and she was going to leave the field of social work.

At least things are not quiet in our office. I don't think it is peculiar to V.A. because every social work office seems to go through these personality crises. Social workers are the worst ones to handle personality problems in an office even though they so glibly go around solving other people's problems! Al said he did not know how he could remain in the field and he is now thinking of asking for a Navy commission and he wanted to know if I cared to drive down to Washington sometime with him to investigate the possibilities. However, I have almost decided that I don't care to apply for any kind of a commission because I just can't see it at all. Our office is certainly a hotbed of dissatisfaction and frustration, and it goes beyond the immediate setting. It is a part of our civilization! I should have been born rich so I wouldn't have to work, but Yuriko says then she would not have married me so I guess I have to get along as best I can as a civil service worker until I make a move. The hell of the whole thing is that I really would enjoy my work if I did not have to hear about all these other issues going on in the office. So much

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professional jealousy among the workers too, and there are cliques. To the outside, the staff appears to be a very unified group but I have found out different. I still think that the workers stick by each other on most issues, but there are a few workers trying to stir up things because they have personal feuds. This includes Bizzari, Rhoda, and Gert. Al and Bob are the most disgruntled, and I have many questions about social work. Nobody likes Loeb, and Mrs. T. seems to have fights with the supervisors. Marie is a lone wolf, Sally wants to leave. One happy family!! It is a wonder that the workers manage to give the patients so much real service when all of these things are going on. Outside of all this is the persistent rumor that V.A. plans to cut down social service so that some of the workers are getting most insecure about their jobs. They don't like the job, but they want to keep it!!

It is so nice and peaceful for me to come home to a restful atmosphere at home. It is a good thing that it is not the concert season right now because I would be hearing all about the strife and frustrations among dancers! Yuriko is so calm and relaxed these days, and she seems to have developed in her personality. It is a settled maturity. Right now she is busily ironing because it started to rain and this cooled things off. She fed me steak for dinner. I got paid today, and there was three dollars more because of the tax reduction.

Yuriko said that the summer plans for Conn. College are almost completed. Seven of the group will take over a house near the campus and pay \$30 rent. Those with the double beds will pay \$15 more during the six weeks period. Thus, housing will cost Yuriko \$45 for the time she is up there and I can visit. The college will give her \$165 for room and board. In addition, each company member will get \$20 per week and they will perform. Yuriko is included since she is going to help rehearse the group. On top of all this, she will get about \$180 for the season for teaching the students who enroll. On paper, this looks very

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good but we have some reservations since any Graham undertaking never seems to turn out as financially successful at it is originally presented. But the main thing is that Yuriko will get out of the hot summer heat here, and she will use a demonstrator so that teaching will be easy. I told her not to overdo it because she will be well along in pregnancy by then. All of this plan will depend upon the final approval of Dr. Warner.

Yuriko says she wants ice cream so I guess I have to brave the thunder-shower to please her since she is working so hard in ironing my shirts.

13 May 1948, Thursday.

It rained all day long and the temperature dropped from 86 down to the low 60's, so it was much more comfortable to work today. Yuriko said that the hot weather yesterday gave her a headache and she has not quite made up her mind if she still feels it or not. I think she is going to wait to see if I make a move to wash the dinner dishes before she makes a decision on how she feels! I like the hot weather for only one reason--I don't have to dry the dishes then because nature will take care of it. We listened to the UN meetings on the Palestine question and it sounded like the East and West are in for another struggle. All of the speakers spoke in English, and fairly calmly; yet there was such a gap in the ways of thinking. However, it sounded like it should be possible for such a group of intelligent men to work out political difficulties of the world through discussion, but things just don't seem to end up that way.

During the next three days, I think that we are going to hear a lot about politics, particularly regarding the elections. Our tentative schedule for the weekend includes a union party tomorrow night sponsored by our local from the hospital, dinner at Cy's on Saturday evening and I am sure that the third party issue will be analyzed once more and Cy will be convinced that we have already gone Fascist, and on Sunday evening we are going to a Chamber Music Recital concert at the Miller's with benefits for the Wallace drive. Today I signed a petition re: the Mundt bill and send it to the congressman. We may also see Clara and Charlie this weekend and I would like to know about the Socialist Party program for the elections. It seems that we have friends who represent all shades of political opinion so it is a good chance to get a well rounded picture in preparation for the November elections.

At the office, we spent most of the morning at a rather dull staff meeting in which the group tossed theoretical concepts all over the place just to keep from getting bored. Right after that I had my conference with Loeb, which left

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me puzzled about just how she helps me in my casework. She doesn't seem to have a good grasp of casework at all, and she tends to speculate all over the place on what might have happened if such and such a thing were done. This is what she did with my Minott case. I tried to keep it on the level of the case discussion, but she just wanders all over the place and it is the strangest kind of conference for supervision that I have ever had. I feel that I know more about casework than Loeb when I am in talking with her because she is unable for some reason to discuss cases in such a way that I can find it helpful. I know that she tries to be helpful, and it could be a very comfortable and relaxing hour and a half, but I just don't care to socialize with her because I feel that I want to learn something and it is a bit of a disappointment that I am not getting more out of supervision. On the other hand, it might be for the best since Loeb just does not inspire confidence and I try to be as fair as possible. She says I am doing fine, that I am mature, that I know my psychiatric principles, that I use initiative and so forth, but it just makes me feel uncomfortable because I get the impression that she is soft soaping things because she just is inadequate. I guess that is why Ed Pollack will be our acting chief during the time that Mrs. T. is away in Kansas taking a special course for two months.

The afternoon at the office was more satisfying because I felt that I was helping patients. I felt particularly sorry for Ben McClary, a colored boy who had an eye removed. He was walking home one night and two men stabbed him over the eye while robbing him and for the past four months he has been kept in great uncertainty about whether the eye could be saved or not. It was finally removed recently, and I helped Ben make his plans about what kind of work he was going to do. He was a welder but he is afraid of going back to that because a lot of sparks fly in the face and he just doesn't want to take

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a chance to endanger the remaining eye. I think that I did some therapeutic work in discussing these feelings with him, and he was more encouraged to renew faith in himself. I had to do a lot of phoning to make an appointment with the special placement worker at the state employment office to insure that Ben would have a follow through in his job plans.

I also had a few other complicated situations. In one of the new cases the patient has a detached retina and he has to keep perfectly still for 20-40 days. His wife and relatives came today and wanted him to sign a statement giving the wife power of attorney to withdraw from the checking account which was in his name. There was a great deal of confusion about the matter because none of the V.A. employees can sign as a witness in cases like this. The patient got very upset. Finally, I got things straightened out and Mr. Grossman of the Jewish Welfare Board agreed to notarize it after I told him the story. The relatives just didn't seem to realize how much they were disturbing and upsetting the Patient with all this fuss, and it could have caused permanent injury to his eyes. In my other complicated cases, one of the eye ward patients has V.D. and the doctor said that the man don't want to tell his wife. Yet it is a health matter since the wife has been exposed and she should have a blood test. The doctor said that he would try to get this, but it will become quite a social problem for the Patient as it may influence his marital relationships as I am sure that his wife won't understand any act of unfaithfulness. I met the wife and she seemed to be a capable person. I had been working on a relief situation with her but the DW will not accept the case yet and things are getting more and more complicated.

My caseload at work is not heavy and things have slowed down since last month. It may be due to the fact that the doctors are going to leave residency soon, the summer weather, and the continued resistance of the medical staff

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against social service. Most of the other workers have mentioned that their caseload is dropping too so the situation is not peculiar to me. I would like to be busier even though I am behind in my dictation, but I feel better when I am active. Loeb made the point today in my conference that the emotional aspects of illness was somehow different than other emotional reactions, but her thinking was very vague to me and I couldn't quite agree to that because I think that casework is generic, even though there are plenty of differences about techniques and casework principles to use. When I am busy on the wards with cases, I don't have to bother with her constant journey to the water fountain outside of my office as she always pops her head in and makes silly remarks like, "May I help you with any problems." Al and I say "no" very nicely, but we laugh behind her back when she leaves because her comments are so stupid. Al said that he feels like throwing something at her but that it is not her fault because she is emotionally ill. The only thing she has in the way of personal relationship is a niece and we suspect that she hangs like a leech to her. Poor woman. Every office has a disliked personality and poor Loeb is it in ours!

14 May 1948, Friday.

Today is our 20th month happy anniversary, and four month plus Baby within dear spouse moved for the first time! We had steak again for the fourth time this week, but it was not being extravagant because Yuriko cooks small portions in different ways and she has found it cheaper than paying \$1.00 per pound for meat these days. We had to increase our budget to about \$275 this month because we are paying for Baby with partial checks so that it won't be too much of a burden upon us. It may even go higher next month because our phone will be connected and there will be a bill for that. I am not too worried since Yuriko is still earning enough to supplement our budget, but we were discussing how we would plan things when we have the addition. Yuriko thinks that we will be able to manage without too much strain upon our income as we hope to get a bit ahead this summer. Rhoda has offered to come and help out when Yuriko has the baby sometime in October and there have been other friends who are willing to help so that this will solve one of our concerns. I am putting in for a two weeks vacation in October as I will have accumulated that much annual leave by then.

The day at the office was relatively calm, but Al was on the verge of an outburst. He has decided that he will go to Mrs. T. again and tell her that he refuses to have conferences with Loeb hereafter, regardless of the consequences. He said that if charges were brought against him, he would have plenty to say about Loeb. It is the same problem: she does not know how to help the workers with casework so she gets very destructive and tries to put us on the spot by speculating about cases instead of analyzing directly the case brought to her. Al said that he is through carrying her along because she is so paranoid. She just doesn't realize that it is her and not the workers. Rhoda has also decided that she is going to accept another job in the near future. She has a chance to get a P 3 in the Brooklyn office at

14 May 1948, Friday.

\$4500 per year, and another offer to work for the city medical department at \$4000. Gert. went over to Brooklyn Regional office today to be interviewed for a P 3 job and she may get it. The turnover in social work is usually pretty large, and our office has lost 12 workers in the past 20 months. There are two new workers coming next month.

I only had one case today, a Mr. Silk who used to be a certifying officer for DW and he wanted to get his 80 year old mother on relief. He has had seven operations and it sounded like he has cancer but he does not know it. Silk said that if he had to go through it all again, he would not have an operation because he was practically a dead man as it was. He said he was not afraid of death, and he did not like this lingering way of stretching out his meaningless life. He has had a lot of family difficulties, and his wife has been a schizophrenia case at a state hospital for the past 11 years. About all I could do was to try to encourage him a bit to hang on and live, but I don't know if it really would be worth while for a man like Silk. He is having another operation next week and a bladder is going to be removed so that he will have to urinate through his rectum, he said, and he doubts if he ever wants to see any of his relatives or friends again because they will just pity him and feel sorry for him.

We listened to the proclamation of Israel today, and the debate at UN over this matter and it sounded like we took quite a beating and lost face because of our foreign tactics. A bit of our lost prestige was reclaimed when Truman recognized the Jewish state immediately.

15 May 1948, Saturday.

Last night we went to the Bronx V.A. hospital branch of local 20 of the UPOWA union in CIO. It was up on 23rd street and we met Mildred and her husband, Marty, there. There were about 30-40 people at this union party: dancing, drinking, talking. A rather mixed group, the one thing which held them in common was the strong belief in the union ideals and the hope that some day the U.S. might achieve a society which would give every person a decent share of the wealth.

Marty, Mildred, Yuriko and I spent most of the time at the party in discussing what was the best way to get world peace. Marty is a strong union man, and he feels that Wallace is the only possible solution. He was rather defensive about Russia and he tried to convince us that the Communists were just waging defensive moves by creating buffer states in Europe, but denied that we had the same motives when we went into Greece and other countries. He maintained that the difference was that we were trying to prop up our rotten economic system. I got him going on this, and I held that we should not rule democracy out so easily. Marty got very worked up about this and he eulogized Russia's system intensely, while at the same time saying that he was working for the good of the majority in this country. He said that he was not a communist but that we had to get along with Russia if we expected to have peace. He pointed out that our economy was geared to military production right now and we would have a depression if that were changed so that it was useless to vote for either of the major parties. During all of this discussion, the dilemma of the liberal came out very strongly because of all the propaganda which goes on. I give credit to Marty and Mildred for actively trying to do something about it. Yuriko noticed that the entire union group there seemed to be a bit extreme and fanatic in their faith, but I thought that this was the only way the other fanatic extreme could be fought and that if somebody

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did not stand up and fight we would be under Fascism in no time at all.

Marty was more gloomy as he said that if the Mundt bill passed, we would have Fascism here as an accomplished fact. However, I still think that democracy has a lot of strength in it and we may make a hell of a lot of blunders but it won't always be such a reactionary society in this country. I agreed that unions and progressives should work for this goal but I am not too sure yet if a revolutionary movement is the answer. Oh course, it is true that all significant progress throughout history has been led by the "lunatic fringe." Mildred is so intense about her politics that I tease her in the office. She does not convince anybody by trying to pound things into them.

Yuriko went to teach her one private class this afternoon. I have been taking it easy listening to the baseball game. Earlier I went shopping for the weekend, but did not have to buy too much since we are going to Cy's for dinner this evening. I went to the back garden and got earth for our flower pot, and I noticed that Yuriko has planted her radishes out there right in the midst of Mrs. Tagawa's beautiful flowers! I guess Yuriko wants to be a practical gardener. It is rather nice to have a back garden, but I hope that it will not attract bugs and mosquitoes when the weather gets hot.

16 May 1948, Sunday.

Last night we went to Cy's party. Elsie had Joe and Lillian Miller and ourselves to dinner first and fed us a terrific roast beef feast. There were about 14 people at the party later on. It was a very intellectual and pro-Wallace group, keenly conscious of the political scene, but successful in their private lives in the art world. Several of them were active leaders of the PCA groups. As we talked, I wondered if some of them were not liberals only after their personal lives were comfortable. Maybe that is not being fair to them, but in our discussion I couldn't help but feel that some of the group were intense liberals only because of academic thinking, while others were that way because of emotional needs. Lenny seemed to be the most sincere one and he seemed to have analyzed the political scene in a brilliant way and come to the conclusion that the Third Party was the only hope to prevent Fascism in this country. In some ways though, I felt that his wife was a snob and very intolerant of the ways others thought if it did not happen to be the same viewpoint. The group tried to pose as a very calm and rational thinkers, but they certainly got very excited when I raised a few views which did not coincide with the third party movement. I suppose that when one is so convinced of a point of view, there is bound to be a bit of emotionalism involved and impatience to convert all to the same thought. It reminded me of the way I used to feel about integration of the Nisei and how impatient I used to get when I found many Nisei who were not following through with what I thought was the only way to resolve the racial problems. The analogy is not quite the same since the Third Party issue is based more upon political ideology.

From what Lenny said, the basis of the Wallace philosophy was that there should be tolerance of all political beliefs and that Communism actually was not being aggressive now. It was up to a people to decide what they wanted

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and maybe communism was better for them. It was a new wave of revolutionary thinking and it has the same roots as the democratic spirit which swept the world in the late 18th century and not indigenous to any one country like Russia. Lenny pointed out that the actual fact was that the U.S. was being the aggressor in these times, and that it was not very democratic at all. He said this was because Wall Street and the Military had to have a war economy to prevent the depression which would sweep the country otherwise. There was no way of reforming our rotten political system without drastic economic changes. My doubt was that Wallace is turning to communism as they hinted (only they called it "real democracy.") Joe Miller got very excited when I keep bringing up points which were not established facts as the group assumed position that a true liberal could not think any other way. So I was accused of being confused and so forth. I guess I did bait the group on a bit but I felt that this was one way that I could get them to bring out their views and I did not think that one had to accept every point by assumption. Joe said that a true liberal had a definite point of view by now and there was not any use in deliberating any more dilemmas, but act. I felt that the group did not really become objective and calm about the discussion until Cy let drop that I was really not such a reactionary as they thought, and then they got very chummy and reasonable. The thing which bothers me is why do liberals have to get so defensive about Communism. I could only interpret that they are fellow travelers, and it does disturb me that such an intelligent group would give up on democracy when there is still chance to make it work. If there are reforms needed in the private enterprise system, then do it through the democratic methods and not feel that communism is the answer.

17 May 1948, Monday.

Yesterday was such a leisurely day that I did not feel all worn out when I crawled out of bed at 6:45 this morning to start a new week of work. We went to the chamber music recital last night at Joe and Lillian Miller's and it was a pleasant time. There were about 40-50 people present, mostly the Greenwich Village PCA group as the recital was for the benefit of the Third Party. We only had one small speech by Jaffe, a representative of the Lawyer's Guild, who stressed the need to stop the onrushing trend towards Fascism in this country, and he urged the group to spread the word to let Congress know that the people did not want the Mundt Bill to become law. He mentioned that things were getting so ridiculous that people did not know what was happening, and that Congress was entering a "conspiracy of silence." He pointed out how the FBI was quietly conducting loyalty tests and one of the questions asked was: "Have you seen 'Stone Flower'?" (A Russian film.)

We saw most of the people we had met on Saturday night at this gathering: Lenny Rich and his wife, George and his wife, Cy and Elsie, etc. Bob and Duggy were also there, and Bob was wearing his Wallace for Pres. label. Although Duggy's father (Douglas) is running for Senator of Illinois on the Democratic ticket, Duggy does not approve of some of his policies so she is against him. I asked her if she would rather see Brooks, the reactionary Republican, get into office, and Duggy said that she just did not know but she felt that the Third Party had to go all out this time to prevent what happened in Germany to happen in this country and that the issues had to be very clear cut. She guessed if she were living in Illinois she could not say too much against her father since there were blood relationships to consider also.

After the recital, we went with Bob and Duggy to get some ice cream and we talked about the housing problem for about an hour. Duggy says that if we

17 May 1948, Monday.

can find a house to buy, and if we will rent them a nice apartment from it, then she will start a family. They have had a few false alarms, but Bob is immune to Duggy's anxiety about these things now. They have enough of a family temporarily with their pedigreed dog and they wanted to give us one of the puppies, but I don't think that we will have any place for it.

I was moderately busy in the office today. One patient was all troubled because he has just learned that his wife is pregnant again and he doesn't know what to do. He said that he tried to get an abortion but the doctor wanted \$800 but he hasn't a cent. He just could not accept the idea that these things do happen. Even though he is strict Catholic, he wanted to know about planned parenthood so that he could guard himself in the future so I told him to go to a clinic and he would be given this information. Another new case I had was the boy who suddenly went blind, and he had some pretty severe emotional reactions to this so I listened to him express his concern about what was going to happen to him. Fortunately, his sight may come back. It was a much more difficult problem than the cop's who has a leg infection and he wanted information on how he could apply for a pension for a non-service connected disability, while all the time he roundly denounced "the no-good bums in the hospital who expects the government to take care of them for the rest of their lives." He just forgot to include himself.

Yuriko took her mother to psychiatric clinic today so that I ate dinner out alone. She is not home yet, but I expect her in a short time. She probably will be worn out from the long day she had.

18 May 1948, Tuesday.

Things seemed to have bursted in the office today regarding the Loeb cause celebre, but I was completely unaware of it until late afternoon. Al refused to have a conference with Loeb, and Mrs. T. got involved so Loeb got very upset and threatened all sorts of things. Mrs. T. had her in conference all afternoon. I feel sorry for Loeb but I guess something had to be done about her. My private theory is that she must be going through the menopause phase of her life and that is why she is such a disturbed personality. There may be some changes made. The thought which bothers me is: what in the hell is Loeb going to do if she is forced out of the job? She is alone and she only had the job to live for. The whole business may be ironed out, but then it is going not to be helpful to the workers to have such an incompetent person as supervisor. I don't think I would want to be an administrator in this case because it cannot be settled on sentiment.

I met Dr. Thaler, the chief of service in the eye ward, for the first time, and it was a very satisfactory conference I had because he actually feels that there is an important place for social workers in the ward. He said that most of the eye patients had difficult social problems and he was glad that a trained person was put in to replace Rhoda. He asked me about my educational background and he thought that it would be adequate. He put me on a spot when he asked what I eventually hoped to do because he just could not conceive a man remaining in social work for the rest of his life. I had no answer to that except that it would be determined by my further experiences and that I am giving thought to it. The gratifying thing about talking to him was that he sees me as a real part of the team on the ward as he said that it would be extremely difficult for the doctors to discharge any of the eye patients without the assistance of social workers, especially with those who have had enucleations. It made me feel that I am performing a real service.

Most of the day I was busy telegraphing the Red Cross in Portland Maine to go

18 May 1948, Tuesday.

investigate the family of one of the patients here with carcinoma of the liver. The man was so agitated and I had to talk to him for a long time before he could calm down. He probably is disturbed about his illness, but did not wish to admit it because he is so afraid. Also worked on the problems of a colored boy who has some sort of tumor of the testicles and he was disturbed because he thinks it means that he will lose his manhood. He was sure that this was reason why his wife divorced him, and he had a lot of guilt feeling about himself so I tried to give him reassurance.

Yuriko just came home lugging a big bag of shopping from Manhattan. She had a busy day yesterday too as she took her mother to PI clinic and they had to wait until about 7:00 before the psychiatrist saw Mrs. A. Yuriko said her mother was nicely dressed up, looked extremely well, came down alone. Yuriko spent about \$17.00 today since she took her mother out to eat twice and had to buy a few things. She said that some old man tried to date her mother up and Mrs. A. was so embarrassed but Yuriko told her that this was how things were done in America. Yuriko asked the psychiatrist about Mrs. A. going to Japan, and he said that this might be the best future plan since it was evident that Mrs. A. never made adequate adjustments to this country and she might be a lot happier if she went back to the Japan environment. He said that she was looking very well and that there were no signs of her former emotional illness.

19 May 1948, Wednesday.

For the past two evenings we have just relaxed at home because both of us have been too tired to do much else. It is very pleasant to have a nice quiet evening at home talking to Yuriko. We discuss the responsibilities of parenthood, and Yuriko says that I can't swear and say words like "Jesus Christ" because that will be a bad influence. Yuriko feels Baby moving quite often now. We were invited to go to a movie with Clara this evening but decided that we were too tired so Yuriko phoned and called it off. I have invited Al and his wife and Betty Schnapp and her husband over for dinner next Saturday evening, and I told them that they would have to eat with chopsticks because we did not have any silverware at all.

The atmosphere in the office smoothed off a bit. Mrs. T. had a long conference with Loeb, and she told Al that he should try once more--putting back all the blame on him. Al is still burnt up about this and he doesn't think that he will continue supervision for Loeb regardless of the consequences. I gave Loeb a memo on the things I wanted to discuss for my conference with her tomorrow; but she said that she didn't know the answers so she gives me a 900 page book on geriatric medicine to read. Tomorrow she will coyly say that I must teach her things and then try to get me to carry the entire conference, but I didn't look at the book.

My ward work continues to be interesting and I spent a large part of the day away from the office today. One of the patients, Moore, suddenly went blind recently, but he is praying hard to God to restore his sight. The doctor told me that prayers won't do much good because the blindness will be permanent. It is going to be a difficult job to help Moore accept his limitations and plan for social adjustments when he leaves the protective environment of the hospital. One of my other cases, Vano, an old man of 56 or so, may also lose his sight. He has detached retina and he is not supposed to get excited but he got very

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disturbed about how his wife is without food now so I had to get in touch with the welfare department in Plainsville, New Jersey, to find out if something could be done.

There was also a paralyzed veteran who opened my eyes. He cannot move from his waist down, but he has a special car. He lives up in Yonkers, but his apartment is on the 3rd floor so that it is very difficult for him to get out of the house. The social worker up there sent a report down saying that Bolinsky was very hostile because of his handicap but I discovered him to be a very stable person. He had a legitimate right to be sore at V.A. and the social worker because "they tell me that I should keep my hands occupied so I ask them for some plastic material but they say that this is not provided." Bolinsky wants to be independent, but the social worker up there was trying so hard to make a complicated personality case out of it, and the picture was very distorted. Bolinsky said that friends in his community have collected \$7000 to build him a special house so that he can get around, and he feels that everything will be fine if that could be done as soon as possible. He realizes his limitations of not being able to walk well again, but he still has a lot of fight in him. He decided that he would take the medical rehabilitation course at the hospital even though he is pretty disgusted with V.A.

20 May 1948, Thursday.

Yuriko got a sudden urge to do housecleaning this evening, and she gave me the alternative of assisting her or to type so that I decided to type. I have to keep busy here for a while until she gets all the hard parts done or else she will insist that I come and do it. It's not that I am lazy, but I don't feel in the mood. Yuriko certainly picks such an odd hour to do this stuff and I can't understand it because I would rather relax. She says that it will be less work this weekend when we have to entertain company. However, I prefer to recline on the sofa with her at my side and stroke her stomach. I told her that this was a father's responsibility because this soothing stroke would make the unborn child develop confidence and a feeling of security and then it would be more willing to come out and face the world. Yuriko says that I am only trying to take all the credit for all the hard work she is doing in this creative job. We thought about a name for baby a while this evening but could come to no conclusions. We probably won't decide until the last minute. Maybe we should name it Hasty! Or perhaps Jerk?

I was very busy in the office today and I had many interviews with the patients on the ward. A lot of social problems suddenly developed. One girl keeps phoning me every day about her father because she is so anxious, but I don't mind because she is a nice looking thing and she has a voice with her personality. She is a telephone operator and she let me listen in to her switchboard for a few minutes over the phone because I was curious. I spent most of the day on the wards so did not know how the matters in the office were developing, although Al told me briefly that his conference with Loeb was not satisfactory and he is going to insist that he does not wish to be supervised furthermore. He said that she practically begged him for another chance.

I had a conference this morning myself with Loeb, and I can't say that I profited too much from it. It was one of those disjointed conversations and she

20 May 1948, Thursday.

never did get around to answering some of the questions I had submitted to her for discussion about the emotional aspects of vision defects. She said that she did not know any of these generic aspects and she wondered if I could elaborate more on what I wanted. I said that this was the reason why I had submitted the questions because I did not know the answers. Then she asked if the book she had given me was helpful, and I felt that it was too theoretical and that I was not interested in becoming a pseudo doctor as I felt that the casework function was the more important element. Then Loeb went off on a tangent and she tried to infer that medical social work had a different set of principles than other social work. I questioned that very seriously because I said that it was my belief that social work has generic principles. We discussed this back and forth for about an hour and a half and she kept saying that she didn't know for sure, but all the time she tried to convince me of her point of view. Finally, she said that maybe it was because she had gone to school ten years ago, and that the recent trends have shifted. I didn't think that it had changed that much, and that furthermore the trend is more in the direction of the generic approach. We discussed school curriculum for a while and I could not see any difference. Finally, Loeb said that the techniques used were different and that was her conclusion. This was a new twist to our discussion because we had been talking about principles, but she said that it was techniques she meant. I still questioned if techniques were that different although there were specialized uses of it in various settings. The conference ended with this unsatisfactory note and we never discussed my two cases.

21 May 1948, Friday.

The personality clashes in our office seem to be reaching the boiling point as things happened. Mrs. T. has to leave for Kansas at the end of next week, but her hand is going to be forced apparently to do something about the Loeb issue. I doubt if it will be to the point of an official board hearing because that would only reflect back on social service. Whenever there is a clash with administration, the lowly worker is at a handicap and our office situation seems to be one of those things in which the supervisors will stick together and point the finger of blame to the workers. It was Bob today, and I can't understand yet how that issue has snowballed into the crises it has reached now.

When I first went to V.A., Bob was on the point of being sent down to Out Patient to replace Jean Baum, who was leaving. As I understood that issue, Bob was sort of "railroaded" because he had protested Loeb's supervision and the thing had boomeranged back on him as he was sent to be supervised by Loeb because he "could not get along with women supervisors." Bob liked the out patient department and he was getting along fine. However, things were quiet down there and he used to leave his cubby-hole office to visit around a bit. One of the doctors made a routine complaint that Bob was never around. Somehow or other, Ed. Pollack took this matter to Mrs. T. and an investigation was started. From what I have learned, Ed. egged the thing along although the motivation is not too clear. It has been said that Ed. has a terrific need to "punish" the workers because of his own personality insecurity and he takes advantage of the married man particularly because this hits at their economic position. Bob did not like this, and today he told Ed. that he did not wish to remain in Out Patient any longer. So Ed got together with Mrs. T. and the result now is that an official reprimand will be given Bob. Bob was so sore about this that he was almost ready to sock Ed. He has three kids so he had to calm down, but he may be pushed out of the department.

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The workers in the office are upset about this matter because they do not like the way individual workers are ganged up on by the supervisors, and they feel that group action is necessary. However, Rhoda said that this was not a good issue to make a case since Bob had left himself open to official action, and he had never believed in group action. That is why he has never joined the union. The supervisors are naturally going to protect themselves and stick together so that we have a strange coalition since Loeb and Ed. are reputed to hate each others guts, and Mrs. T. plays all sides. Bob was so forlorn when I last saw him this afternoon.

Aside from the individual issue, we have workers in our office who would like to stir things up in order to justify themselves. Gert is leaving the office soon and her motivation is to prove that the supervisors and administration had not acted fairly in her case. Bizzari had been kicked out as supervisor a year ago and she is gleeful about the whole thing because she hates Loeb. Rhoda and Loeb had a conflict at one time and there was a change in supervision. Marie would like to be a supervisor; Al is having a conflict with Loeb currently; Sally is looking for another job; Mrs. Wilson is playing both sides and she will slide in whichever group wins out. It is quite a mess. From what I can make out, the entire difficulty seems to stem back to Miss Loeb because she is such an inadequate supervisor, but Mrs. T. has had to stick by her because it was her selection originally to promote her to this job. I think that an even more fundamental cause is the insecurity of the entire social service setting in V.A. and that is why so much stupid and petty things go on. Social Service is new to V.A. and it is not completely accepted yet, and the general hospital attitude is one of apathy towards it. On top of all this, we do have some queer personalities on the staff, from the top right on down. The administrative portion of the staff is in the least vulnerable position

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because they have the final say, and they can always put in biased reports on a "casework" basis and it is hard to defend against that because there is little concrete evidence to the contrary. However, I think that it is about time for the workers to stick together instead of being divided like it has been on petty reasons. It is amazing that the staff has been able to function and do its work when all of these things are going on. Al said that one of the reasons why the workers are so afraid to take any joint action is because of the Federal Loyalty investigations, and everyone is afraid to say anything or join a group. We are going to have a union meeting next Tuesday for social service alone and some of these current issues will be discussed--in a mature and adult way I hope.

Loeb's present insecurity seems to be reflected back to me indirectly although I don't anticipate adding any coal's to the fires going on under her right now. She is trying very hard to cover up for herself and prove to Mrs. T. that she is doing a good job of supervision. I took in a summary of a DW case which the regional office had asked for, and Loeb shoved four pages of hand written notes of our conference to me and asked me to look them over. I was surprised because I never heard of such a procedure. In glancing roughly over her notes, I was amazed at the way she had distorted the things we discussed. I realized that a supervisor likes to make herself look good in a conference, but Loeb had overdone it. Even when I stopped to reflect that she is a very threatened and probably ill person, it didn't make sense. In her notes, she made our conference sound as if I were the confused one and that she had helped me to work this problem out. She mentioned that she was discussing techniques and not principles and that was the opposite of what actually went on. It was a perfect example of how a worker is at the mercy of a supervisor who can be subjective. Even when a supervisor is ill, the worker doesn't have a chance. Ed. had tried to egg me

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on to make an issue out of this when I inadvertantly mentioned our conference to him yesterday, but I don't see any point in it because I feel secure enough in the way I have been doing my job and I don't anticipate getting involved in the office crises of the moment. I have decided that I won't learn any casework from Loeb, but if I can learn a few administrative procedures, that is about all I can hope to expect. I haven't any doubts about the way I am handling my work, and I think that I am doing very well. I felt that it was useless to point out to Loeb how distorted she had written the conference up because it would have meant hours of discussing it and she is so rigid that she couldn't see it objectively anyway. I can see the working of her mind as she put in complimentary remarks about how well I was coming along in conference so that I will not turn against her like the others have. I just want to do my work in the wards and not be emotionally involved in all this silly business. I feel that all of the workers are professionally trained to do their jobs, and most of them don't need the intense supervision which administration insists upon giving us. It would not be so bad if the supervisors knew what they were doing, but Loeb certainly does not and the results are ghastly.

We had Clara and Charley over for dinner this evening, and Yuriko prepared a very nice meal. Clara is very big now and she is expecting to go to the hospital for delivery at any moment. They still talk in terms of not wanting the child, but they have taken all of the necessary steps of being well prepared for its arrival into their lives. They have fixed up their apartment so that the baby can be accomodated, but Clara said that they were still interested in buying a home. Yuriko told them of her real estate friend and they may actively look for a house after their baby is born. It is still agreed that we will buy it with them, but the main difficulty is finding a place which will not cost a fortune as I don't want to be paying for it for the rest of my

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life.

They have not picked out a definite name, but Charley said that it will be either Jane Emalene Weinberg or John Earnest Weinberg and they will call it by the initials "J.E.W." They would like to go up to Connecticut for the summer and Yuriko will find out if there will be room up there in the house the company is going to take over. They brought over a small electric washing machine which Rhoda and Lamar are lending us so that it will be easier for Yuriko to wash out the small things when Baby comes.

I feel a cold coming along, and Yuriko says that it is psychological because I want to get out of shopping and helping her when the company comes. I don't know why I get these colds, but it must be the weather out here.

23 May 1948, Sunday.

I was in bed all day yesterday because of my miserable cold and Yuriko worked so hard to make the dinner party a great success. She did all of the shopping and cooking. I managed to help out a little in late afternoon, and by the time the company arrived I was feeling a bit better, but not too much. Al and Shirley, and Betty Schnap and Emil came. Yuriko prepared a terrific Japanese dinner and they enjoyed it so much that they ate every speck of the food. Al and Betty work with me in my office. Shirley is working with an importing company, a tall beautiful blond. Emil is finishing up his doctor's residency at Presbyterian Hospital, and he seems to have a very well developed personality with an interest in many things outside of subjects purely medical. He said that when we need baby formulas he will be able to get them for us, and he will also give us free X rays. He was in Italy and in close contact with the 442nd so he told us some of his experiences there. Al trained with the 100th Infantry in Camp Selby before he went overseas as an infantryman and he has a service connected disability.

I wasn't a very good host because I felt so miserable, and the guests left about 10:00 because Emil gave the prescription that I should go right to bed, take aspirin and a shot of liquor and sweat the cold out. He said that the sulpha pills might be making me feel knocked out so stop taking them. The medical advice I got from him would have cost me \$10.00 if we had called a doctor! Emil said that he would come over today and give me treatments if I felt worse, but I have revived--just feel weak. It was too bad that our party had to be terminated so early but I was feeling pretty lousy. I slept very well. Yuriko is now washing last night's dishes. We didn't get up until about noon. It is such a beautiful day outside that it is too bad that we can't get out for a while and enjoy the sunshine, but I think I better try and rest up so that I will be able to go to work tomorrow.

23 May 1948, Sunday.

I'm not supposed to eat hard foods today, but have been munching on some matzos which Al brought over last night. That is why my stomach is almost as large as Yuriko's, I eat too much. I always say that I am going to reduce, but Yuriko feeds me such nice dinners that I keep on forgetting my resolution. Yuriko says that our child is going to have better will power, and hastens to add that this will be taught not through threats but by reasoning! I rubbed her stomach today because she has thrown what I said back at me and informed me that if I did not do it, then the baby might develop a neurosis and feel rejected. It is amazing how healthy Yuriko is, she just hasn't had any symptoms of pregnancy yet. It must be because she keeps busy and she is very settled in her mind about the whole thing. Clara seems to be a bit upset about getting delivered of the child and fears the pain and believes that it is so undignified, but Yuriko doesn't have any of these worries at all. Naturally, she doesn't want to have much pain, but she is pretty relaxed and that will help.

24 May 1948, Monday

I went back to work with my stuffy nose and sore throat, and I was so busy all day long that I forgot about my ailments. I dealt with mostly continued cases, but I did have one involved situation with one of the patients who has a serious eye condition, iritis. The doctor said that not much is known about the condition and the treatment consists mostly in trying to keep the infection from spreading. When that fails, I gather that the only remaining resort is surgical--removal of the eye. It keeps on amazing me how little doctors really know about various conditions because I have been conditioned in the belief that they knew practically all there was to know about all ailments outside of cancer and a few heart diseases. But now, I discover that a great deal of guesswork goes in medical treatment. It seems pretty drastic to me that surgical methods has to be resorted. Undoubtedly the causes for most of the unknown conditions of today will be solved in the next few years and a lot of eyes will be saved. It is not so bad with the skin conditions although a lot of suffering goes into that too.

The office situation quieted down over the weekend. Apparently the whole issued which Bob Oliver got involved in is going to be dropped, as it should be. It was ridiculous from beginning to end, and the workers suspect that Ed. Pollack was the one who stirred it up all along. Al's situation hasn't been worked out yet, and Loeb is grimly at work rounding up evidence against him in order to preserve her job. Bob said that Mrs. T. let drop to him that something definite was going to be done about Mrs. T. but I will have to be shown. I am beginning to think that the reason why Miss Loeb antagonizes so many of the workers is because she is insecure and she tries to beat them down even on points where she hasn't a leg to stand upon just because she is threatened. That probably explains her rather silly point made in my conference last week. I am beginning to dislike even asking her about administrative matters because she always wants to either take over the case control from the worker or else get sidetracked in speculating on what might have happened if something else had been done. There is just no answering such points as that and I keep telling her that each case has to be

24 May 1948, Monday

handled individually as it presents itself but it doesn't seem to do much good.

I think that I am doing a fairly good casework job so that she doesn't scare me with some of her not too subtle threats which she has used with other workers to keep them under control. I will go along with her as long as she keeps within the bounds of reason, but not beyond that and I don't think that this could be expected of anyone. In spite of the not too satisfactory supervisory situation, I think that I am doing okay and holding my own and the ward work is beginning to be stimulating so that must be a good sign.

Balant phoned to say that International Institute is retrenching at the end of the month and she is out of a job. Siebold is going to take the job in the Detroit Institute, while Gleisner will hold the fort with the reduced staff which is left. Jean and others have also been let out. I was invited to a farewell dinner at a Czech restaurant tomorrow, but I don't think that I will go as I have passed the I.I. stage at this point and I don't feel like listening to a lot of rehashed stuff about what had happened in the past.

Yuriko got a new tooth put in today. She is resting right now, and reading the newspaper from cover to cover. Baby is well, I assume.

25 May 1948, Tuesday

My cold has settled down to the chest and lots of stuff was churned up and stuffed into nose so that it was uncomfortable at work today. In addition, we had one of those cloudy humid days. I had some interesting cases to continue on and I was fairly busy. Social Service in V.A. does not do intensive casework like private agencies, which makes them sniff noses at our work and question its caliber, but I am convinced that we give a hell of a lot of service to the patients without all those fancy casework trimmings. The workers have enough of the basic casework skill to apply it in our setting, and I think that results are fairly satisfactory. But the Washington Office is always being prodded by the well known social work "consultants" to raise standards, and this comes on down the line to us. It really is not a very realistic approach because the directives are couched in terms of an ideal hospital social setting and we are a long way from that. I think this is one of the reasons why workers feel so much pressure, and it is unhealthily directed to supervisors. In our situation, we do have some emotionally ill supervisory staff and when it tangles with various personalities (some workers are equally ill) sparks are bound to fly. We are getting a combination of all these things right now, and everybody is affected indirectly or directly.

Loeb is a pitiful thing now, and I feel sorry for her. She is very much on the defensive, and in her mad way she is banging on her special report all day long in order to vindicate herself, but I doubt if she can make a case of it enough to stick. What she would like to do is to turn the whole thing back on the workers and show that they are the ones at fault because they don't know casework, but it just isn't that way. We held a union meeting of social workers this evening. Half of our staff are members and the meeting was quietly called to discuss what our stand should be on this issue. Rhoda and Gert were pushing for the group to make an issue and ask Mrs. T. for a showdown in order to force her hand. Al and I argued that this was not very tactful at this point since Mrs. T. was leaving for Kansas at the end of the week. Rhoda recognized this, but held that only through group

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action could results be achieved and that workers had to protect themselves by banding together. I questioned whether the union should be used for such an issue as this because of the time element. Then it was announced as fact that Loeb has been asked to either resign or ask for a transfer. I felt that the staff should know what is going on, and perhaps questions could be asked of Mrs. T. on that basis. It seemed to me that Rhoda and Gert were motivated too much on personal reasons and they have an axe to grind. If the rumor is true, then I didn't see any point of the union group adding coals to the fire under Loeb. We finally agreed upon this, but decided that we would have group meetings monthly to iron out staff problems and not discuss them during office hours. Wilson was against group action as she got an excellent rating from Loeb and she is chummy with Loeb. Several workers have mentioned that Wilson does not know any casework at all, and that's why she played up to Loeb and the inference is that Wilson is in the union because of her job insecurity and wants to play both sides. I found out that several staff members have refused to join the union because they are rugged individualists and they think that social workers are professional and that unions have no place for them. This included Bob, Shirley, and Viola.

Since I got home late, I was hungry, tired, and a bit irritable. I growled at Yuriko when our radio went on the blink and she kept riding me about it. Yuriko didn't say anything for a few minutes, then said sweetly that she was knitting things for baby and that's why she asked me to adjust the radio. I felt guilty so I got in a good mood for the rest of the evening. Yuriko is making baby socks and things like that. She said that she received the \$58 tax refund so that she would buy some summer material so that she could make herself a dress for her expanding condition. However, she will get enough material so that she can remake her clothes after she gets thin again. She is still deciding what to buy me, but thinks it might be some summer shirts. We went so much over our budget this month that the extra sum comes in mighty handy for clothes items. I said that it was up to her to decide what to buy since I would not have any decision on that; I trust her judgment on

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getting the best use out of the money. These days I never bother with the budget as Yuriko handles it so competently. The only thing which bothers me is that living costs have soared so high that we still spend more than my income. I would like to get our budget so that we live just on my salary and not have to depend upon Yuriko's income to supplement it. However, our larger budget includes doctor's payments so that we are still a bit ahead and we won't be in debt when Baby arrives. The rumor is on again that Congress will consider a federal civil service workers pay raise. I certainly hope so, and I am not worried that it is going to add to the present inflation because wage raises is not the thing which does that so much as the uncontrolled price rise and high profits taken. The Marshall Plan apparently has forestalled an economic recession, but it isn't a healthy substitute because it fits into our war preparedness and I don't like that one bit.

26 May 1948, Wednesday

Yuriko got all prettied up this evening and went off to a dance concert uptown on Broadway. I felt that she would get the most enjoyment out of it so that it was better for her to get a more expensive seat than two cheaper ones. The cheap ones were scarce anyway. Besides I have to nurse my cold along. I plan to do a little reading this evening if I keep on feeling energetic. If I feel lazy, I will listen to the baseball game. Yuriko has invited one of her childhood friends over for dinner tomorrow evening--a girl from San Jose whom she has not seen in years. The girl is on the way to South America with her employer, says Yuriko. On Saturday evening, we will go to dinner at Wang's. He and Bett will be leaving for Syracuse U. next week so that he can start his summer job. Kenny and Kimi are going up to Boston over the holidays. We have made no definite plan other than seeing Yuriko's mother for a visit. We decided that it would be much too expensive to go to a resort like so many people are doing so we will stay in town and just take it easy. We may take in a play if we can get tickets.

I was very busy at work today because I had intake. There were a couple of cases for referral to outside psychiatric clinics. It is very difficult to make these referrals as most clinics are jammed now. Since the war, people are not so hesitant about seeking help for emotional problems. I think that it will eventually show that statistics based upon racial incidence for various sort of psychotic breakdowns were not reliable because more and more people are culturally conditioned to get psychiatric help in the population at large. I doubt if psychotic conditions are peculiar to any one racial group; the curve should not be any different than the measurement of intelligence. Environment, not race, is the criteria anyway according to my thinking.

Miss Loeb was not in the office so that the atmosphere was calm and everybody went busily about their work, without further rumors going around. Mrs. T. still has not told Al what she is going to do in his situation as he will not take any more supervision from Loeb. He probably will get Pollack and I can't see that as any improvement as he is just as emotionally disturbed as Loeb--the only difference is

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that he knows casework much better, which he can use to "punish" workers with. We got a new addition to the staff: another Miss Wilson from Baltimore. She is an older girl. There is one other new staff member coming next week. Thelma our office secretary says that staff turnover has been about 100% in the past 18 months.

The funny part of the present office events is that at this point I am enjoying my work. I just don't understand that because everybody seems to be getting demoralized. I think that one of the reasons is that they allowed themselves to get unduly involved emotionally in all of the administrative troubles which has been brewing since before I arrived on the V.A. scene. I don't worry about doctor-social worker relationships anymore. If it is good, then I use it. If the doctors don't use us, then I just do my work and not fret about it. My caseload is still growing and I have almost 40 cases for this month. It took me most of today to work out one case for referral with the psychiatrist here. My army experiences has helped me in those cases dealing with purely psychiatric problems and it does not bother me like it does some of the medical workers on our staff. I evaluate myself as a pretty capable worker on the staff who has made good adjustments in two months, and I don't care what supervisors think at this point!! Gert thinks I should make light of some of the office problems, but there is no use being gloomy about it as these are only little problems of life anyway.

27 May 1948, Thursday

I just got home a little while ago, very tired from a hard day at the office. It is much more interesting when I am busy and I had a number of complicated problems presented by patients, which were relatively well ironed out--except for the old man who is dying. Most of the day I was up in the wards so that I would not have to listen to all the rumors going on around the office. There was a brief party at noon in honor of Sue Adler who is getting married and for Mrs. T. who is leaving for the two months course in Topeka. Gert. is leaving the agency tomorrow also, and she has taken the supervisory job in the Brooklyn office. Bob thinks that he is att straightened out, but I think that eventually administration is going to get him. As Millie says, it is much more of a problem for the men workers because they can be hit on the economic line. She doesn't care what happens to her because she can always retire and be supported by her husband. Al is stewing because Mrs. T. has not told her what is going to be done regarding his supervision situation, but I'm pretty sure that he will get Ed. temporarily and I don't see that as any improvement. Loeb was in conference with Mrs. T. all morning, and she just sat at her desk and looked stunned for the rest of the day. I felt so sorry for her because she looked like she is going to pieces, and she may crack wide open because it is not easy for a woman her age to make new adjustments. There is still the question of another agency accepting her on a transfer basis, and I think that this thing will string out over months before it is worked out. Millie and I decided that we would not punish her further by refusing supervision while she remains and we will just see her on a more or less superficial basis and function as best we can without a supervisor actually--which will mean that we can do good work independently and it won't make any difference anyway! Poor Loeb!

Yuriko came home very late from the concert last night so that I waited up for her. She said that Margie wanted her to go backstage and pick up Woodie as he was part of the program. But Woodie took the car and went off without them. Margie then had to tell Yuriko all her troubles. She said that she is reconciled to Woodie and

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doesn't plan to divorce him. She will let him go off on his wanderings at odd times, and take him back when he returns. But she will plan on supporting herself and the children independently as she has found out that she can't rely upon him at all. Margie is pregnant again. As Yuriko told me these things, she was very tender to me and she kissed me sweetly so I said, yes, you are lucky to have such a dependable guy for a husband. She let that pass!

Yuriko was supposed to bring her childhood friend home for dinner, but the girl phoned and said that she lost herself in this city. She thought she was supposed to meet Yuriko at 7th street and 5th Avenue, when Yuriko said number 77 Fifth Avenue. I gave the girl directions on how to get here. The girl sounded so timid over the phone and I probably scared hell out of her when I gave directions. She said, "I'm Kimi, and I'm lost, Mr. Kikuchi, can you tell me what to do?" I could hardly hear her over the phone as her voice was so shy. I don't know what to expect now. I thought she was a sophisticated girl travelling all over like she is, but Yuriko says she is just a country girl. We shall do our best to make her feel less bewildered, and I am sure that a nice dinner cooked by Yuriko will help--if she ever gets here.

Later

Kimi Kubota, Yuriko's childhood friend, arrived about an hour late and she gave the first impression of a very old fashioned girl and looked about 38 although she is 10 years younger. She was shy and quiet, more like an Issei than a Nisei. However she turned out to be a rather interesting person in her way. She said that she was on her way to South America because her employer was going there. From what she said, it seems that Kimi sort of lives a vicarious life from her work. Her employer was a mistress of a man in Chicago for 17 years. During the past six years while Kimi lived in the home, there were many lavish parties. Kimi had a rather pruitanical attitude about drinking, but she indicated that she thought it was worldly in a way--something she dared not do. Suddenly her employer went off to Chile on a six weeks

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vacation, met a Bahia missionary down there, married him, came back to sell her home and ship her belongings there, and asked Kimi if she cared to take a six month visa to go with her. Kimi felt that this was a chance in a lifetime, and she never had much social life in Chicago so she decided to go. All of her expenses will be paid, and the return trip by plane has been arranged. Kimi said that she did not wish to come back by boat because she would feel too lonesome! She may even stay down there if she likes it, or if by chance she finds a husband herself. If not, she will come back and return to another domestic job. This is the one big experience in her lifetime and she was very excited about it. We gave her an old spanish grammar book so that she could study the language a bit, but she probably will be able to manage quite nicely with just English. I wish that some "angel" would sponsor us on a six months trip like that with all expenses paid. Kimi is leaving on a tramp steamer tomorrow morning.

Yuriko told her all her adventures since leaving San Jose about 20 years ago and how she got to NYC via Japan. Kimi had never been out of San Jose until the evacuation, and she just hasn't gotten over her country naivete yet. She said that she went up to visit Mrs. A. yesterday and had a nice visit, and that Mrs. A. was able to remember minute details about old experiences there. It seemed to Kimi that Mrs. A. was very lonesome for Japanese society, and she suggested that Yuriko write to her parents in Chicago as they might be willing to sponsor Mrs. A. for a while. She said that many Issei worked in Chicago and that it seemed to be a much better place for an older person than Chicago. She said that she had a brother in Chicago who has been so unhappy since he came out of the army and the family thinks that it will be better for him to go to Japan as he feels so inferior in this country. The only time that her brother was healthy and happy was when he was in the U.S. Army of occupation in Japan and he may re-enlist in order to get back there. Kimi felt that it had nothing to do with loyalty, but that it was a persoality problem and I would tend to agree with her on that. I think that this was the reason why so many Kibei made such big noises while in the relocation camps.

Kimi thinks that Yuriiko is so "famous" and she said that she had often read about her, but never saw her dance as she missed the company tour performances in Chicago two years ago. She read in Pacific Citizen about her! Since we don't subscribe any more, I miss an opportunity to appreciate what a famous wife I have!

28 May 1948, Friday

The day seemed awfully long at the office today, but that was because I was anticipating the long weekend holidays. None of us did too much work as we had a late afternoon party for Mrs. T. who leaves for Topeka in a few days. She finally made a temporary solution for Al but the Loeb situation is very much up in the air, and dear old Helene just pretends like nothing at all has happened. Everybody feels so sorry for her because she is such a pathetic picture. I said a few cheerful words to her. She is amazing because she acts like nothing has occurred and she has apparently rationalized all the fault to the staff. I bet she starts being very sadistic to the staff in a short time in order to hit back. I will remain out of her way and try not to come to blows with the realization that she is an emotionally ill woman, but there is no telling what her twisted mind may cook up. On the other hand, she may react in the other direction and try to get friendly so that the dislike against her won't be so unanimous.

As soon as I left the office, I forgot work and began to enjoy the free time. I am a firm believer in a five hour, four day work week--that from actual experience. No matter how pleasant the work, it is always nicer to get time off. Yuriko says that I should have been born rich, but then "I won't have married you, so which do you want?" When she puts it that way, I guess I have to resign myself to a life of work, and people do say that it is good for one. I feel very relaxed in the V.A. job and it doesn't get on my nerves yet like it has on others, but I still have not faced the problem of a long term career plan and I just don't know the answer. We shall see. Gert left our staff today, but she is going on to the Brooklyn VA office to be a supervisor, and she will let me know how things are there so that I can consider a transfer request after I am in the Bronx hospital for six months. I don't know if I will really want to do that, but it would be convenient from the point of view of commuting. We went to the Grand Concourse Hotel for a departing drink and then Al drove me home.

When I got home a bit late, Yuriko said that Clara had a baby! It is a boy. We had planned to go keep Charley company but the baby arrived too soon. Clara went

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to the hospital in a taxicab at 11:00 this morning and the baby arrived six hours later. Charley did not sound too happy about it. He said that if anything happened to it, he would give us all the baby things they have purchased. Charley and Clara definitely don't like the idea of the baby, but I think they will get around to accepting it in time. Since we did not have to go see Charley, Yuriko decided that we should go to see "Gentlemen's Agreement," the film about anti-semitism. It was a good start on this untouchable topic of only a year ago. Yuriko is still puttering around so we will probably be up very late tonight as I do not have to look forward to getting up early tomorrow. The trouble is that when I do get a chance to sleep late, I always awaken at 7:00 a.m. on the dot and I have to wake up Yuriko to keep me company.

30 May 1948, Sunday.

It has been a busy weekend for us thus far even though the weather has been nasty--still raining. Yesterday morning, I had to get up about 10:00 in order to go get a haircut. A Puerto Rican man has taken the place over from Mike, the Italian, who sold out to go back to the old country. The place has been expanded, and the interesting thing about the shop was that in the three barber chairs there was a white, black, and yellow customer. The barber was so anxious to please me that I had to sit in the chair for 45 minutes as he did it all with scissor and was so fussy. He wanted to sell me a Puerto Rican remedy for getting rid of gray hairs, but I declined. Approaching fatherhood seems to have brought out the white hair a bit, and it is now noticeable. I guess I must be conscious of it because I comb my hair to cover this trace of advancing age! However, I need not fear baldness since I have so much hair and in the years to come Yuriko hopes that I will raise a crop of beautiful white hair.

After I came home, I got ready to go to Manhattan with Yuriko as Charley wanted help in selecting a crib. They cost quite a bit, and Yuriko insists that I am not going to build one out of orange crates because Jr. might get an inferiority complex! While Yuriko went to teach Brenhill, I went shopping for food and later over to Charley's to read until Yuriko came back. Brenhill got her picture in Life Magazine this week modeling clothes. Mickey, another of Yuriko's students from Selznick, has her picture in the new ad for Life cigarettes.

We went up to the hospital to visit Clara, and Charley brought along a bottle of martini so that he could build up the strength to go take his first look at the baby. Clara was looking quite fresh, but she said she kept thinking that she would like to get her hands on the man who wrote "childbirth without fear" because the pain was great in the final stages and she felt so undignified. Clara seems to have made a quick recovery as she took a drink from the bottle. By the time Charley got ready to go see the baby, we were all a bit high. I don't think that the Beth David Hospital nurses got such a good opinion as Clara has not been

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demonstrative over the baby like other mothers. She said that she told the nurse to take it away when she first saw it because the nose was so big. We got to take a look at it; nothing much except a wrinkled little child, sort of pink. During our visit, Clara and Charley were doing their best to maintain their attitude of rejection, but I think that they are really pleased. It will be a problem to take care of it as Clara has no intention of remaining at home to nurse a baby. They are looking for somebody. We suggested Rose, but she can't do it on a full time basis. Charley said that since we stood up for them at the wedding, we are the God parents and we have to baby sit for thme once in a while. He is getting a bit worried about the added expenses which are mounting so rapidly. The housing problem has not been solved, and Charley is willing to consider a house in Queens but Clara does not care to move away from Manhattan. He will begin to look in earnest, and we are still interested in going in with them if it can be worked out financially.

By the time we got over to Warren and Betty's I was a bit high, but dinner brought me back to normal. Betty cooked some Hawaiian dishes but it was a bit too salty. During the course of the evening, about 35 people showed up. It was a mixed crowd and there were several who had non-nisei wives. Most of the group were Columbia people, but some lived in the same apartment building. I think that the psychiatrist who was there would have gotten some interesting life stories if he were able to analyze all of the people there as there were some queer ones. Many of them have found escape in being perpetual students. One Nisei boy, Milton, wants to be a philosopher. He married Nadine while he was at Savage and took her home to Hawaii after the war but she was ostracized by the Nisei society over there so he came on out here with her as acceptance seems to be a bit easier than in a rigid Japanese society. I didn't get to talk much to Nadine, but she seemed to have some sort of a complex about her crooked mouth. The other girl who had a

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Nisei husband had a tic of the eye. There were five Hawaiian Nisei girls there, all looking for husbands according to Bette and they were not any different from the prewar campus Nisei girls on the Coast.

By 2:00 a.m. the party had dwindled down so some of us started a poker game which lasted to four, and I won \$4.00. We slept over this morning and had a waffle breakfast with Warren and Betty. It was the first chance we really got to talk to them. Warren said that his job definitely will not last beyond three months so that he was going to have a lot of problems in making a living for his family. Betty did not seem to be too sympathetic as she kept saying that he could not go to school anymore as she wanted him to get a job: "Why don't you get a job and earn as much as Charlie?" It sounded to us a bit like she had been rubbing this in, but Warren did not comment. They still may go to Hawaii later if Warren cannot find a job. He should use his knowledge of Japanese in some way. We said that we would speak to David and find out if there would be any possibility in doing radio news writing as Warren would like to get into journalism. Yuriko phoned Rose right away and invited her and David for dinner next Saturday evening.

Bette said that Kimi is now actually threatening Kenny that she wants a child, but he still hesitates because he is not established. He wants to go back to school as he apparently is not too happy in his job. Otherwise, he will go to California to be near his family, and maybe later consider going to Hawaii. Maybe he should go to Hawaii as he probably will have better chances of getting ahead in social work over there as an administrator because there are so few trained people there, particularly men. He went up to Boston this weekend to visit friends so he was not at the party. Dyke was there and Joe said that he has written an article for release in Nisei publication about Yuriko being in the Nisei for Wallace Committee.

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We went right up to Larchmont from there and it started to rain soon afterwards. Mrs. A. looked well, and she told Yuriko that she wished to think about definite job possibilities after September of this year and her ideas are a bit more realistic than previously. Yuriko said that her mother used to make over \$300 a month as a midwife, but that profession has died out and now there isn't much she can do. Emma doesn't think much of the idea of return to Japan, only she sees it strictly from the economic viewpoint and not psychological. Emma said that she did not want to take the children back, but her husband may feel that it is his duty and they will return next year. Toru was not there today as he had to go to New Jersey to give a sermon. Emma said that they plan to go upstate New York for the summer as Toru has a preaching job for the summer and Mrs. A. will go with them. I didn't participate much in the discussion about plans for Mrs. A. as she seems to resent it yet so I just played with the boys.

I was worn out by the time we got home because of the full weekend, but I can sleep late tomorrow.

31 May 1948, Monday (Memorial Day).

Another day off from work¹ in honor of the war dead. There were several parades and the radio reports said that most of the topics of speeches was on the theme of "let's develop a more powerful military force to preserve ourselves from the Communist menace and no more boys will not have died in vain." I wonder. Things do not seem to have improved much on the international scene although on the surface we are enjoying the greatest prosperity--and inflation--we have probably ever had in the history of this country. An AVC unit was barred from the parade in Queens because it was supposed to be "communistic tainted," probably meaning that it was too liberal for the Republicans of that home ownership community to stomach.

We slept late and then went over to Charley's to pick up our shopping bag which we had left there Saturday. He drove us back and we fed him dinner, and later he drove us up to the hospital to visit Clara. Complications have set in with the baby because of the RH factor, but the parents took it philosophically, and it seemed that they had some thought that maybe it would die on them and then they would be left free to lead their own lives. They even voiced this, but they were plenty worried too and that was why we remained late so that the doctor could give the latest report, which was favorable. A few years ago nothing was known of the RH factor in childbirth. Mollie works for one of the two men who knows the most about it because some of the anti-bodies got into its blood stream. They have decided to name the baby "Johnathon."

After we left the hospital, we drove down to second avenue to get ice cream as Yuriko pretended that she had a craving for it. She said she also was going to buy \$15.00 worth of silk to make a dress to wear this summer. We walked around second avenue for a while and then came on home. I am very tired as the weekend has worn me out so I shall retire early. I think that Yuriko has been too active for the past few days, but she says that she feels fine. As long as she knows her own limitations, that is all I am concerned about that I don't think that

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she will do anything in excess as she has been very careful in following doctor's orders and the baby does seem to be developing nicely; we don't have to worry about the RH factor as we are both positives. Yuriko has a very sexy figure now, and she is so proud of her breasts. Her mother has not been told yet, but Yuriko may tell her before she goes up to Connecticut. Charley advises us to sue Douglas and end the matter of the cleaning shop since we are liable for anything that may happen there as the shop is still half owned by Mrs. A. We will have to discuss with Toru about what the next step should be as he has offered to get us a lawyer. We don't want to make things unpleasant for Douglas, but it is pretty apparent that he is not going to do much about settling the financial matter with Mrs. A. so some direct action has to be taken soon.