

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

January 31, 1946

if he is just lonesome up there in Pine Camp. He hints that I should give him advice, but the hell with getting involved with his woes. I think he is just fishing around for sympathy, and next week he will no doubt write and rave about another girl he has fallen for, the fickle guy. I feel guilty about neglecting my correspondence, but since coming here I've been too lazy to write more than a dozen letters in all. I've only read one complete book, "Undertow" (a psychological novel) since Xmas. It seems that I'm too wrapped up in my work temporarily and that's not so good if I neglect other interests. Carl Bierbauer wrote from the Philippines to say how sad it was over there. The poor guy wanted to get out so desperately when we were in basic training together, but it looks like he is stuck for a while now.

Mattews and I are making plans to ride with Lt. Sless to Philadelphia this weekend. I have no specific plans other than a curiosity to see the Quaker City at close range. Two weeks from now Bob and I may go to Washington, D.C. as he has a red headed cousin in the Waves down there who might show us an interesting time. It's all indefinite yet; we usually act on impulse anyway.

1 February, 1946, Friday

We had a very good work day at the office, and everybody seemed happier about the new questionnaire for interviewers and guide forms for the case workers with suggestive questions. The new method eliminates a lot of the duplicate interview by putting the interviewer to collecting only the essential factual information. About one-third of the total time for each case has been saved by the new method;

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Major Wolf said that Sless and I should be complimented for our "efficiency" and even Major Farlano is beginning to come around now that he is getting over his hurt. I began the training of five more interviewers into case workers, and got the Major's okay to use three of the inmates. They won't be making recommendations at all. I felt that they could get a lot of insight into the other inmates. The three--Boyd, Capperman and Ingham--are very capable men; they only have minor offenses. All three are ex-officers and have a good educational background--college and better. There is one other inmate I'm going to try and use as he has an MA in Psychology and has had considerable civilian experience in social work and teaching. Being a case worker means a lot to them as it has more "prestige value" than being an interviewer, and I think that this competitive spirit can be channeled into constructive lines. None of the interviewers who are enlisted men resent this "promotion" of inmates up to case workers. By subtle means Sless and I have sort of "backed" our work into a system where duplication of effort can be eliminated; but there was a lot of opposition while we were making the changes. Rank doesn't mean much because I "bucked" Major Farlano on many issues--not directly, but by making the changes quietly. Major Wolf has never opposed any of my suggestions. I rely upon Matthews, Harry, Dorsky, etc. a lot and seek their comments so that we have a cooperative spirit. Tom Teemy made the mistake of being too high-handed, and I think I profited from his errors. Harry can be handled very easily by just inflating his ego a little.

Sless questioned the choice of Boyd for case worker as he is an Negro, but I felt that as an individual he was very competent. Lt.

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Sless agreed. He wasn't sure how the other inmates would take it, but they are pretty democratic and I don't think anything will happen.

I was busy as a bee consulting with the case workers, reviewing their cases, explaining the new form, etc. It's much harder work than doing case histories and I guess I take my responsibilities seriously as I want to help the case workers do a better job. We don't do real professional work, but at least the level can be raised a lot. What the boys need is personal words of encouragement now and then and they respond very favorably to it. Up to last week the staff was always under criticism for not having quality or quantity and nobody bothered to compliment them occasionally. Spears has become as easy to guide as putty now that he understands that I'm not threatening his ego; he even comes to consult me about recommendations to make. His face lit up like a lamp when I told him that he was showing the most improvement of anyone today. It wasn't insincere flattery either. It's the Dorothy Thomas technique, and mighty effective too.

A lot of the present batch are rape cases, and some of those cases workers waste a lot of time reading the gory details in the court martial records as it makes very good pronographic reading. I usually cross out their description of the physical aspects of the offense from their case histories because it will only prejudice the inmate's chances for clemency, and it's much simpler to say that the inmate raped a girl without elaborately describing how. Some of those cases were pretty rugged: such as attacking 14-year old girls, 50-year old women, etc. while pointing a knife or gun at their throats. I can hardly justify early clemency in those cases where

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guilt was clearly established as it was a violation of civilian laws and not purely military in nature. There are just as many white as colored rapers in this batch, but it appears as if the colored boys get the 30-40 year sentences while the whites get 10-20. That's not exactly justice either.

Lt. Sless can't give Bob and I a ride to Philly this weekend because his wife is coming back with him on Sunday so we have postponed our trip. We will go to NYC instead. Davis, one of the ex-officer inmates on our staff, is so anxious that we call his sister who could show us around Phila., and he said that his parents could put us up; but we can't accept the kind invitation as it may lead to complications. He's so anxious that we have a nice time in his home town. I'd say that 80% of the inmates definitely are not the criminal type and we trust the inmates on our staff 100%. They really work hard.

Major Wolf suggests I write a letter to Wash. re getting a European assignment, and he said that he would endorse it. However, he added that the work here may get much more interesting after the bulk of the processing is completed next month. There will be a lot of psychiatric treatment and group psychotherapy work to do with the permanent inmates here. I think that if I remain, I'll take up the orchestra project and help Gino with it. Matthews and I are also talking about starting some kind of educational program, but Harry was "sourgrapes" about the whole thing as he said he was disillusioned about the whole setup. Gary says Pine Camp is too awful for words so now I'd rather stay at Ft. Hancock than go there. We may get sent to the Pacific Coast yet; everything is still in the indefinite and rumor stage yet.

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I have to go to Bucko's house on the post now as he is having
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Inmate, colored, 26, was born 23 December 1919 in Bolling Green, Ky., the 4th of 6 siblings. Father was a construction contractor intermittently employed and the family lived on a marginal level because of the uncertain income. Father was described as a happy-go-lucky individual but a heavy drinker. He died in 1938 and inmate believes that it was from excessive drinking. When inmate was 18 his parents were separated and he went to live with his mother. Stated that there had been a great deal of parental conflict over the years because of the many arguments about father's drinking and "running around." After these separations mother supported the family by cooking. Mother died in 1945 from unknown causes after inmate was in the army. Inmate describes his childhood as adequate but indicated that he had a slightly aggressive nature and was sensitive at times because of his cultural and racial background. Got along well with his siblings, one brother served 2 months in jail because of having some stolen goods in his car. Inmate was enuretic until age 6, suffered from "blind staggers," occasionally as a child and exhibited some temper-tantrums when he could not have his own way. Described as an extrovert individual with many friends, but was occasionally picked on by larger boys. Drank rather heavily in civilian life but stated that he drank less after going overseas. Smokes 3 cigars a day and denies use of drugs. Was socially inclined and attended many dances and other social activities when in civilian life. Normal heterosexual experiences since age 15. Inmate's developmental history indicates a rather deprived social cultural environment but there were no serious personality difficulties developed as a result of it.

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2. Inmate has never received any schooling because his family lived in a rural community where schools were not within easy access. Cannot read or write and appears to be indifferent about it.

3. Inmate has worked primarily as a farm-laborer, never earning more than \$12 a week. For short periods he was employed as a laborer on construction work and chauffeur but the jobs did not last. Stated that he considered himself a steady worker and never had difficulties adjusting himself to supervision or his fellow workers.

4. Arrested in 1939 for engaging in a knife fight and confined for 20 days. Still has some scars on his head from this fight. Inmate was also arrested once for drunkenness and fined. Stated it was the usual custom in his community for all young fellows to drink heavily on Saturday night.

5. Inmate was inducted 31 Aug. 1942 at Fort Benjamin Harris, Ind. His family had moved up to Pittsburg, Pa. for a few years previously. Inmate was indifferent towards his induction and he had no difficulty throughout his basic training. He got along fairly well with the men but indicated some resentful attitude towards his officers, particularly white officers because of his sensitivity about the social-economic status of his group. Inmate went overseas in May 43 and served approximately 30 months prior to present offense. He has not had any combat experience or wounds, entitled to EAME ribbon. Was promoted to T/5, but demoted twice because of his inability to control his temper. Was hospitalized once for syphilis. Inmate has had V.D. four times in all. Most of inmate's duties overseas has been in England.

6. Inmate was given a summary C.M. AWOL, 61st A.W. for 8 days and

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restricted to his area for 1 month and fined \$25. Special C.M. for AWOL 1 day resulted in confinement for 6 months and forfeiture of \$120. His reasons were that he was unable to adjust himself to his N.C.O's and superior officers and that he resented bitterly their "pushing me around," so he attempted to escape this undesirable situation by absenting himself.

7. In May 1945 inmate was given a General C.M. for violation of AW 61, AWOL from 7 Nov. 1944 to April 1945 in England. Original sentence was 50 years CHL, TF, DD, but these were adjudged 5 years CHL, TF, and DD suspended. Inmate was rather vague in his reasons for this long AWOL but stated that the chief reason was that his NCO's and CO abused him by "treating me like an animal." Stated that he resented being "hollered and cussed" at and felt that the southern officer in charge had a very bitter attitude towards the colored troops and "they took advantage of their rank." Inmate did not elaborate on his statement that his CO had a "mean attitude." Inmate was very contrite about his offense and indicated that he did not fully realize the serious nature of his offense due to his lack of judgment. During his absence of 166 days he stayed in a military camp in York, England, playing dice and he finally turned himself in voluntarily when his friends told him that he was going to get in serious trouble.

Inmate's behavior in the DTC was described as "Superior" and his immediate officer remarked that inmate was a thoroughly conscientious worker in all of his assigned duties and that he never got into any trouble. It appears that inmate is rehabilitable with some further

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disciplinary training. Recommend clemency and medium custody.

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Was once accused of raping a 13-year old French girl but case was thrown out of court because of insufficient evidence. The French girl merely stated that the assailant was a "colored man" who looked like inmate. Inmate stated that the circumstantial evidence looked convincing because he was having an affair with the girl's mother on the same nite, but that it was some colored soldier from another company who actually committed the offense.

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Monday, February 4, 1946

Sleepy as hell, as I had a fairly strenuous weekend. Was up in Albany, NY with Bob Mattews and Dick Maddox. We got off from work at noon on Saturday and after a steak dinner at the hospital, we rushed down to catch the 1:00 p.m. boat into New York. Bob and I planned to go there to see some shows and plays, but we had nothing definite planned. On the boat we ran into Dick, and he started to tell us about what a beautiful train ride it was along the Hudson on the way to his home, and by the time the boat got into NY we had him convinced that he should take a couple of orphans home with him! Dick didn't have a chance, but he was glad to issue the "invitation" I'm sure. The only thing which bothered him a bit was that it was a sudden notice on his wife, but we had him phone her and she was more than glad to ask "any of Dick's friends" up. That's the good thing about having friends in the Army--they like to bring people home with them to show their wives what nice individuals they are associating with!! It only took a few direct hints, and the only difficulty after that was to get the train reservations! Bob and I figured that since we didn't go to Philly, we should forage out in another direction in order to spend the weekend profitably. We are already working on Insogna to "invite" us up to his home in Connecticut in the near future because we want to see for ourselves his "harmonious relationship with six siblings."

Dick is waiting for his Army discharge on dependency. He has been working in our office right along but I didn't get to know him too well until Friday night at Bucko's house, and since I have been reviewing some of his case histories. He has a sympathetic understanding of the inmates and he puts his heart into the work.

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Saturday morning, I discussed some of his cases with him as he is anxious to get my comments on his work and he takes any comments I might be able to throw out in a very constructive way. Harry has been the only one who has been sensitive about any changes in his cases, and I hardly blame him because he has had a lot of social work experience. I haven't said much to him despite his rigid style of writing but Sat. morning we talked it over and any possibility of misunderstanding was eliminated so that things are now smooth. I worked on the restoration of his damaged ego by asking him to take personal supervision over one of the new case workers, and Harry responded to this extremely well. I "consult" the more experienced fellows in the office on every move I make so that they will feel a share of the responsibility. Bob is also helping in the supervision of the less experienced fellows when he has time, and I've asked him to check on the inmate typists who are beginning to "goof off" on the job. Dick has also agreed to guide one of the less experienced reviewers. The response to supervision on the job has been surprising; the fellows want it on an individual basis because they feel that they are learning something, and that makes my work much easier.

Dick is certainly a nice individual. He's about 6'3" tall; in appearance, he looks a lot like Abe Lincoln. He has liberal viewpoints, reads PM religiously, very interested in the race problems of this country, embarrasses me by introducing me to his wife and friends as "my boss in the P and S department." Dick is originally from Iowa, but did his undergraduate work at the U. of Michigan. Then he went to Harvard to do a year's graduate work in business administration, and came down to Albany five years ago to take a state

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civil service job, met his wife and has settled down there permanently because "Albany has a New England atmosphere without all of its bigotry." Dick worked himself up to the position of personnel director of the State Public Health Department by the time he was inducted 11 months ago. He got a release back to this job, at an increased salary, because his wife has been unable to live on the allotment. He owns his own home in a suburb of Albany, in Slingsville, and he has two children. I've only seen him as a single office worker with slight social contacts up to now, but this weekend I saw him in the role of a domestic father and it agrees with him very well.

It was a wonderful trip up there in every respect. NY Harbor was filled with military and commercial boats, and a colored soldier who had worked in the shipyards gave us a detailed descriptions of all the types of ships we saw while a Jewish American soldier pointed out with pride all the scenic spots of Brooklyn which we saw from a distance--Coney Island, etc. It was crisp out on the deck, but we remained out there for the whole trip to look at the shoreline along the way, the ships, and the majestic NY Skyline which had no haze over it for the first time. Bob and I must have a tinge of wanderlust because we act on such impulse and we like to move around and see things. Dick has made the trip along the Hudson River so often that he immediately fell asleep as soon as he got on the train at Grand Central Station. It was about the most scenic trip that I have ever made. We saw the ice along the water, the Palisades, Sing Sing, rustic Catskill Mts villages, Poughkeepsie, Hyde Park, yacht clubs, etc., etc. It got dark before the trip ended. Dick and I spent the

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remainder of the trip talking about the present filibuster against the FEPC Bill in Congress, and agreed that Fascism was a threat to this country and that the South would deny democracy because of its deep seated racial feelings. We recalled that both political parties pledged to pass a fair employment law during the 1944 presidential elections. Bob interjected his comment that politicians never respected principles anyway, and he was less inclined to be disturbed about such things than Dick and I were. In fact, Bob took a very conservative, reactionary-tinged viewpoint in regard to the Negro employment situation in the South. Said that he had worked for his insurance company in Atlanta and that he hired a colored girl to work in his home, that she "took" much more than the \$4 a week wages. Felt that the paternalistic southern system in which the landed group maintained strict class lines was best for the Negroes. When the discussion got heated, Dick and I stopped our attempts to convert him. It's surprising how two years residence in the South can ingrain the southern viewpoint into a Damn Yankee like Bob (from Wisconsin too!) My closing comment was that the present Southern economic system was a millstone around the collective necks of the southerners as sooner or later the whole rotten system would collapse, and that respect for human dignity could not be denied forever through a misguided paternalistic system. Dick added that education and legislation was needed ~~far~~ to further democracy, and that the coalition of reactionaries in Congress was denying the fruits of the war victory by swinging into fascistic lines. Despite his views, Bob still considers himself a progressive Wisconsin liberal.

We shifted over into a discussion of the treatment of the inmates

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in the DTC's overseas and were happy to note in the papers that an investigation is being made by Congress into the brutality reported. The Army is going to review all of the 32,000 prisoners convicted by court martial because of the sharp criticism made of violations of justice codes in the sentences. The army admits that many of the severe sentences were made for disciplinary purposes in order to maintain morale of the troops and that a review would be made on every case. Also admitted that few general court martial cases were acquitted, but denied that some Judge Advocates wrote out the decision before the cases were tried. Good defense counsels were discouraged by appointing them as prosecution counsels if too many acquittals were obtained by them.

We got into Albany about 7:30 and Dick's wife, Betty, was there to meet us. Bob and I took them to dinner and had a most enjoyable meal which lasted over two hours. Took the bus ~~x~~ out to their place, and engaged in social conversation for the rest of the evening. Dick's wife is a rather reserved girl, about 26, liberal minded, a native of the city. She did social work for a year before her marriage. Said that she read Cary McWilliams book, "Prejudice," and learned for the first time the details of the pacific coast evacuation of the Japanese. Was quite incensed that American citizens could be treated so unconstitutionally. We told about our respective work in civilian life. Dick showed us the bullet-proof Bible his Sunday school class gave him when he was inducted. What a racket for Bible publishers to do such a thing when there was such a shortage of steel during the war!

• We spent a leisurely Sunday at the Maddox home and enjoyed the

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atmosphere greatly. Betty put herself out in cooking us steak dinners and other things to eat. We went out for a walk in the countryside, and Bob tried to teach me how to sled. It was the first time in my life that I've ever done that. In the morning I cooked up a plot to play a practical joke on Harry who lives in Albany too. I phoned him and said that I was calling long distance and that Major Wolf wanted him back immediately because an unexpected load of prisoners had arrived. This floored Harry completely and he got all excited, but like a good soldier he said he would start back on the next available train. I told him that a truck would be waiting at Grand Central Station and asked that he phone Maddox and tell him the bad news. Harry got all excited, ran down and told his wife, and began to cancel all social engagements which he had planned. In the meantime, Dick, Bob and I were impatiently waiting for Harry to phone back. When he did, Maddox put on a good show, acted mad and both of them went on for several minutes cursing the department, etc. etc. Harry didn't have the slightest suspicion yet. Bob then got on the phone and told Harry that he was visiting, but that he thought I was playing a trick. Harry answered, "No, Charlie wouldn't do a thing like that. Not him!" Then I got on the phone and exposed the practical joke. Harry was floored, speechless, and then relieved that he didn't have to go back to Hancock immediately. He took the joke very well, and began to tell me his reactions. We almost rolled on the floor from laughter. In order to make amends, Dick asked him to drop over with his wife and child and they came in mid-afternoon. Harry has an extremely bright 4 year old son, blond and cute. His wife was a charming girl. We sat around while they told us a little

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of the local history. It seems that Ben Franklyn proposed the 1st union of the states in Albany in 1754, and Bob and I later saw the exact spot, now marked with a cement tablet for tourists like us to gaze at.

About 6:00 Bob and Dick got involved in a chess game. Both are the thinker types who feel that a loss is a blow at their ego since chess is considered an intellectual game so they pondered and pondered. The game lasted until 11:30 p.m. with a 45-minute break for dinner. I never saw two guys take a game so seriously, and they had a post mortem over every play. Dick finally won by a "fluke" after $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours. I amused myself in the interval by talking to Betty, losing a gin rummy game to her, reading all of "Up Front" by Bill Maudlin (a damned good book), shaving and taking an hour's nap. We left at midnight and got to the station a half hour later. Dozed in the USO lounge until the train was opened up. I slept fairly well on the trip back. It was the end of an extremely nice weekend.

At 5:00 a.m. we got into Grand Central and went to eat breakfast at Thompson's. Saw John Carridine of the movies in there, and he impressed the boys quite a bit because they've never seen movie stars in the flesh before.

It was biting cold by the time we got to the packed boat, but we managed to get a seat with a lot of the Dept. fellows. There was a couple of vulgar GI's who prevented our sleeping on the way back because of a silly argument over a picture of a girl with whom one of the boys loudly announced he had intercourse with the night before. Such language they used. We finally told them to shut their filthy mouths because there were women present (Bucko's wife),

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and one of the other GI's said he had a picture of his mother in his wallet and he didn't want her to hear such things.

Nick met us at the boat and gave us a ride up. He certainly is an obliging lad. Somebody stole his ~~x~~ truck last week and wrecked it on the beach so he was lost until he got it back. Grasso was on the car (he sleeps next to me) and he was very joyful because he just received his separation orders for next Thursday. He gave me a lot of things he didn't want to take with him.

Everybody was sleepy at the office today, but we turned out a very good day's work. We will finish our present batch of inmates tomorrow. It was definitely announced that this group would be kept here, so I guess I'll be around a while. We have only two more large boat loads coming in. I worked with the individual case workers and held short conferences with them all day to review their case histories. In between I worked on cases to speed up the completion of this group. We may get a day off since we have very good relationship with the 1st sgt. at the Med. Det. now.

This morning I listened in to the most disgusting interview I've ever heard. Captain Bressler was doing a psychiatric interview with a colored boy. He bullied, threatened, and shouted at him. Told him (inmate) he was a worthless bum and the army couldn't use him because he was a shiftless no good drunkard. He didn't give the boy a chance to talk. Bressler's racial feelings crept out when he said that too many southern (Negro) boys were no good and he questioned their patriotism. It was a disgusting exhibition; I felt furious, but helpless about doing anything. I just walked out because I couldn't stomach any more. It's a crime how some of those psycho-

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logists threaten and bully the inmates. I was telling Bob, Dorsky and some of the others about it as we walked out of the stockade to go to lunch. Major Wolf was right behind us, but I didn't mince words even when I saw him so he knows about such practices indirectly now. Hardly think he will take any direct action though as the end of the main part of our project is in sight.

Tonight we had baked ham and beer for dinner. They simply must stop feeding us so much because I'm gaining weight again. This noon we had steak! It makes me feel guilty to eat all these fine meals when there is such a shortage of meat on the outside.

Saw the excellent movie, "Tomorrow is Forever" (Orson Welles-Colbert-G. Brent). It was very well acted and worth the 15¢ admission. Got back to the barracks here at 8:00. Bob, Herby and I are the only ones in on our floor, and Herb is already asleep. It certainly is a quiet place up here. I expect to retire about 11:00 as I need some sleep, but I have to putter around a little first.

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1. This 26 year old white soldier, the eldest of three siblings was born in Chester Pa. on 16 Nov. 1919. He comes from a very poor familial background, a situation which has been instrumental in molding his personality development. His father, age 52, a sheet metal worker was a habitual drunkard, very irresponsible towards the family. Family life consisted of a perpetual series of "brawls" during which father beat the mother, and which caused the children to be extremely fearful of him. Father was frequently arrested for drunk and disorderly conduct; he occasionally deserted the family. History of extreme economic deprivation. Inmates mother died when he was 11 years old, a severe traumatic experience for inmate. Inmate related that his mother had been in a sanitarium for TB and that she was told not to work because of her delicate physical condition. When she returned home, father beat her severely and forced her to go to work, a situation which inmate strongly feels was the direct cause of her death. He was greatly attached to her, and indicated ~~if~~ that he was dependent upon her to a considerable extent. After mother's death, two younger sisters were sent to an orphan asylum while inmate went to live with a maternal grandfather. He was treated well by grandfather, but at the age of 13 he ran away and since then he has traveled extensively about the country, working at odd jobs and not being able to settle down to a definite job. He relates bitterly that when his sisters were 17 and 19 father tried to force them to have sexual relationships with him and attempted fellatio. Inmate indicated a deep hatred of his father and has not seen him for a number of years. Believes that father has ruined the lives of his younger sisters.

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When inmate was 8 he suffered a fractured skull and recalls that he has had headaches as long as he could remember. As a child he would often faint and still gets occasional dizzy spells which force him to get off of his feet. He had temper tantrums as a child, nervous, "felt wound up and tense," feelings of inadequacy and inferiority. At one time he felt the world was against him, that he wasn't getting any breaks, and that his background was too much of a barrier for him to surmount. Likes to write. Normal heterosexual experiences since age 15. At age 23, inmate was married to a woman 15 years old than he because of certain similarities to his mother. Claims that relationships are good and describes his wife as deeply religious, sincere and honest. Has feelings of guilt because of his infidelity in England. States that his wife will be a stabilizing influence on him after his release from confinement.

Inmate completed 8 yrs of school at age 15, and then left to support himself. Never cared for the restrictive atmosphere of school, was impulsive and rebellious. Now feels the lack of formal education and would like to study on his own. Inmate has had an intermittent work history, extremely nomadic in nature. Worked all over the country, was extremely restless, and felt some compulsion to keep moving, never able to face realities, but sought escape in flight.

Inmate was arrested twice for vagrancy when he was 18 and 19. Arrested at age 20 for larceny and received 5 yr. sentence. Served 22 months and was paroled. Inmate states that he was living in the Times Square Hotel in NY and that he returned one night drunk and that he saw a key in a doorway, thought it was his own room, and was arrested by the occupant.

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Inmate was inducted Sept. 42 at Phila, Pa., says that he welcomed induction. He adjusted fairly well at first, but after his basic he could not "take" army life so appeared before a section 8 Board at Camp Livingston, La. The reason he gives for this was that he was not functioning too well and that he had many physical complaints. He tried to get into the paratroopers in an effort to gain some attention and recognition, but was turned down because of his physical disposition; was very resentful and disgruntled at this decision. Highest rank was pfc. Inmate has one previous CM in 1943 for 10 days AWOL, sentenced to 30 days CHL.

Present offense is violation of 61AW and 93AW. Inmate was AWOL from 16 October 43 to 19 March 45. Sentenced to 3 years CHL, DD and TF. Also CM'd for stealing a wallet and miscellaneous items valued at \$7.00 and given an additional six months. States that he was resentful of his army status and felt that he could/^{not}do the Army any good if refused by the paratroopers. Went AWOL and then became scared and was afraid to return. Had intense feelings of guilt and inadequacy because he was "messaging" up. Says he stole the wallet when someone took his at a Red Cross building so he decided to do the same. Feels that he can now control himself and wants a chance to make good.

Inmate is a quiet, immature looking person, somewhat withdrawn and shy, and was under some tension during the interview as shown by tremulousness and a tense facial expression. Was rather taciturn but loosened up and talked freely by the end of the interview. Coherent and relevant, was oriented and showed no disturbance of mood, although he had a rather subdued manner. Comes from a very

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unstable background, has often complained of psychogenic pains, reads excessively. Believes he drinks to allay his anxiety. Desires restoration strongly. Clemency and medium security indicated.

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Unverified:

1. Social: Inmate, white, twenty-nine years of age, was born at Wampum, Pa., 15 March 1916. He is the third of seven siblings, two brothers and four sisters. One older brother died of cancer in 1939, at the age of twenty-nine years. All siblings have married, but one sister is now divorced. The relationship of inmate with siblings seems cordial and perhaps close, but not intimate. His father, fifty-eight years of age, is a graduate of Leigh University with a degree in Mechanical Engineering, and has been employed by the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corp., Alliquippa, Pa. for almost twenty years. His income has always been adequate and above average, being in excess of three hundred dollars per month. The home provided, from all indications, was a clean, well-kept household, where friends of the family were welcomed and entertained. Friends of the children were made at ease and welcomed. Inmate's father was a definite feeling of responsibility, discourages credit transactions and is intolerant of debts. He is a member of the Masons, has many friends, does not use alcohol or drugs at all, has very regular habits, and is exceedingly patriotic. Inmate's mother, fifty-eight years of age, is a graduate of high school, has never been employed except as a housewife in her own household. She has insisted upon an orderly home, has many friends, belongs to several clubs and entertains often. Both parents attend the Baptist Church regularly, together. They have raised their family as a joint venture, showing no indicia of favoritism toward any one child. All arguments or quarrels were in private, out of hearing and sight of their children. Inmate gives all indications of having experienced

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an excellent upbringing, and of having made an excellent adjustment in childhood. Inmate admits being quick-tempered and impulsive in childhood, but has learned to control his temper in later years. He is slightly nervous, has a tendency to bite his nails occasionally. Has always been afraid of snakes. He talks in his sleep, a trait that he has carried on since childhood. He has fainted on two occasions, the last, caused after two successive blood tests. In the past few months, he has had several occurrences where he breaks out in a nervous sweat. These spells occurred while in confinement in the DTC. He has never been timid or shy, and believes his childhood to have been "happy enough." Admits "cockiness" and some ego while youthful. Does not believe himself to be a leader, but can convince people to follow him when he believes himself to be right. He contends: "I will not follow if I am right." He has a tendency to avoid responsibility in the army and refused ratings. Volunteered for airborne duty to obtain higher pay and not accept rating.

Inmate's brother, William Hartsuff, was medically discharged from the army in 1944 after a nervous breakdown, for psychological reasons.

Inmate smokes moderately, has never used drugs, started using alcohol in 1934, after he enlisted in the army. He gambles socially for small stakes. He had his first heterosexual relationships at fifteen years of age with a "girl friend," had no sense of guilt or anxiety, and has entered the relationship regularly since that age. Inmate married at the age of twenty, after a two-year courtship. His wife was seventeen years old at time of wedding. There are two children, a son, eight years of age, and a daughter, six years of

age. Both are in excellent health, living with their mother and their maternal grandparents. Inmate worked in the steel mills before induction and made an adequate income to provide an average home and surroundings for his family. He has a very definite feeling of responsibility toward his wife and children, and is very anxious to be in a position to provide for them.

2. Educational: Inmate completed ten years of school at the age of seventeen. His grades were average, and he indicates he made an excellent adjustment with other students and teachers. Interested in sports, a member of the high school football team, and very active in extra curricula activities. He was much "glamorized" by the army, and left school to enlist in the army.

3. Occupational: Enlisted in the army, 13 Nov 1933, honorably discharged 30th Dec. 36. Was employed immediately by the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corp. at Alliquippa, Pa., as a semi-skilled worker, earning from \$45 to \$70 per week. He remained with the above company for almost six years but left his job in order to lose his deferment, so that he might re-enter the army. While awaiting induction he was employed by the Babcock and Wilson Steel Corp. in a non-deferred occupation. He has never liked the steel mills, but has worked in the mill because of his father's connections. His father placed him in the past. He plans on entering the sales field when released from army control.

4. Civilian Arrests: Denied.

5. Military History: Enlisted in the army 13 Nov. 1933, at the age of 17, at Pittsburgh, Pa., and was honorably discharged 30 Dec. 1936, at Fort Washington, Md. because of expiration of term of service, a Private. Character, VERY GOOD. Time lost under AW107, 47 dys.

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Was inducted 24 August, 1943, at Pittsburgh, Pa., but gave up deferment to enter service. Was airborne rifleman, MOS 745, left the continental limits of the US 2 July 44, arrived in England, saw service in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. He is authorized three bronze service stars, has experienced approx ten weeks in actual combat, and has spent about nine months in rest camps, situated in the communication zone. He has never been wounded or hospitalized.

6. Mil. Offenses: In prior enlistment, 13 November 1933 - 30 Dec 1936, inmate has a history of 47 days under AW 107: 30th April 34, incl.; 9 July to 6 Aug 34; 8 June to 10 June 36; 12 June to 25 June 36. In present enlistment, there is a history of two previous CM's, both occurring at Fort Meade, Md., while awaiting transfer to an overseas theatre:

1. Special CM - Violation AW 61; AWOL 14 May to 19 May 44. Sentenced to Forf \$144 in a period of six months.

2. Special CM - Violation AW 61 and 96. AWOL 27 May to 29 May 44, and found with false pass in his possession. Sentenced: To be confined for six months at HL, and to forf \$144 in a period of six months. Inmate served 36 days in confinement before release.

Inmate contends his family was situated in Washington, D.C., that he was refused a pass or furlough, that he went AWOL on the two occasions to see his wife and children.

7. Present Offense: General CM - Violation of the 61st AW (AWOL 8 May to about 6 June 45) and 69th AW, (Escape from confinement). At Camp Mourmelon, France. Sentenced adjudged 31 Aug. 45. GCMO dated 8 Nov 45. Sentenced: To be confined for 10 years CHL, TF, and

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DD executed. Inmate contends that he was AWOL for two days, was placed in confinement, and while in confinement awaiting trial, VE-Day was being celebrated. That he escaped from confinement at Mourmelon, France, and was AWOL celebrating from 8 May to 6 June 45. Rating in DELT DTC: "Rifle instructor for three months in S-3 operations. His efforts, attitude and soldierly performance in line of duty merit a superior rating. His courtesy and discipline were excellent."

Charles Kikuchi

Diary Tuesday, February 5, 1946

11:00 PM

We had a big robbery in our barracks in the medical detachment last night, and the cuprit walked off with \$70 of my money, some small change, and a cigarette lighter so that I feel depressed now. Quite a loss as it represents about two months army salary. I had drawn out \$40 from the bank when I went to Chicago last week and I had my pay check. I was one of about 15 victims in our barracks, but I have the dubious honor of losing the most--if that is any consolation. This morning, I woke up when Bob passed my bed and cheerfully told me to hurry up so that I could make breakfast. Without a care in the world I popped out of bed. I began to hear faint murmurings downstairs about somebody being robbed so I unconsciously felt for my wallet. It wasn't there, and with a sinking sensation I saw the contents strewn out over the bed next to me. All of the identification papers etc. were still there; the thief was considerate enough to leave them. "I've been robbed! Jesus Christ!" I announced sorrowfully. Everybody on my floor jumped up at this and began to look for their wallets. "Hell, god damn it, some son-of-a-bitch swiped \$35 from me," says one. "God damn it, I lost \$25." "Where in the hell is my new \$10 fountain pen." "My ronson lighter is missing." Bob comes rushing upstairs and says that he just discovered that \$18 was missing out of his wallet. Five fellows downstairs were robbed of amounts ranging from \$10 to \$35. One fellow had his purse opened and 14 cents was taken. The crook did a very thorough job and he didn't miss one pair of pants. He went through all of my pockets, took the change from my coat, and a lighter from my jacket. One fellow had just paid a \$3.00 debt back

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and that was stolen from the receiver! What excitement! The boys were very angry and they were threatening mayhem and everything else if they could lay their hands on the bastard who systematically robbed all of us. From a rough estimate, the thief got around \$300 from us, plus lighters, fountain pens, watches, etc., etc. He was considerate enough to put the wallets back in the pockets. Whoever did it was a smooth and experienced operator.

At breakfast we began to do a post mortem on what had happened in order to reconstruct the crime. Very few clues were left. It develops that one or two of the fellows believe they actually saw the thief. We have fellows coming in and out at odd hours all night long so that few of us wake up. Anyway, the 1st Sgt. said that at 6 this morning, somebody opened his door and when he lifted his headhead, the strange person just said "wake up" and then left. The 1st Sgt thought this was strange, and he described the man as short and stocky, blond hair, wearing a mackinaw with a Cpl's stripes. Rinker said that the strange man turned on the barracks lights and went upstairs, but he thought nothing of it at the time because we have different people coming in and out. The thief certainly had a lot of nerve. He turned on the lights, calmly went through all the pockets while we were still asleep, and if somebody woke up he just passed off as a CQ wakening the boys! It must have took him at least an hour to go through all the pockets, and the guy must have been experienced because he found my money in a secret compartment of my wallet. He didn't leave a single penny in any of the pockets. The only ones who didn't get robbed were the fellows who kept their wallets under their pillows. I've always been a trusting soul

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because I couldn't conceive of anyone stealing from his "buddies". We have concluded that it was an outside job by somebody who knew the general habits of the barracks.

I didn't even have cigarette money as I was cleaned out so thoroughly; the boys were all sympathetic, and angry. Lt. Coffee tried to get the provost marshal's office to try and take some fingerprints on the wallets, but was told that it would be useless. An investigation may be made, but we might as well punch our TS cards and forget about ever getting our money back. Lt. Coffee loaned Bob and I \$10 each until next payday, which was nice of him. The robbery ruins all of my plans of spending anymore time in town this month. There is one small consolation in the fact that Feb. is a short month and it won't be quite as long until payday. I feel mighty sad though because I can't go anywhere on my days off this month. I had taken that \$40 from my bank account in Chicago just to save for emergencies. It doesn't feel so good to be flat broke. I have one or two cleaning bills; I have to get a haircut; buy cigarettes, etc., and even the borrowed \$10 is going to be a mighty rough squeeze. The money is gone so that there is no use moping about it. I can't say that I am happy about the whole thing, but I don't think that I feel as keenly about it as some of the other boys. One boy is getting discharged this week, and he doesn't have a single cent because he was one of the victims. Bob was planning to ask for an emergency furlough as his child has to have an operation, but he doesn't have any money for trainfare. The nerve of the guy to turn on the lights, and then go through all the pants pockets! My loss represents two months salary too! Well, I've been broke before so I guess I can manage until next payday somehow. As the boys say, "\$70 is

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a hell of a lot of money to lose in the Army." Anyway, we will have something to talk about in the barracks tonight!!

1:00 P.M. Everyone was talking about the Big Robbery when we went up to the hospital for lunch, and some of the boys got a little consolation out of their loss by advancing their private theories about how the larceny occurred. The latest news is that the Harbor Defense barracks were also robbed, and that hundreds of dollars were taken from the fellows over there. The latest estimate is that over \$1000 must have been stolen in all. MP's were around to check up; some of the boys locked their closets but that's like locking the barn after the horse has been stolen. It certainly must have been a big time operator. An inmate escaped from the Stockades, and one theory had him committing the robbery, but I would doubt that as it would only make the chase after him hotter. Another theory is that the thief was a "jeep" or a new recruit; another rumor is that it must have been an inside job. The boys are entitled to their theories because they "paid" for it. The general consensus is that anyone who steals from fellow soldiers is the lowest form of life. Everyone comes to console me because I lost the most!! Some fun!!! It's enough to make anyone dejected.

9:30: Played shuffle board and gin rummy most of the evening; no new clues on the robbery. We worked hard at the office this afternoon and finished our present batch. Another group is coming in tomorrow. Most of the afternoon I listened to North's troubles. I'm training him to work as one of our inmate staff. He's a very

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capable boy. He held very responsible jobs in publicity work in the Army until he was court martialed. He told me that he was living with a movie actress in Cairo, and a Captain got very jealous as he wanted the girl, so he CM North on a charge of embezzlement and fraud. North said that he had asked a friend to deposit \$3,000 in a checking account and this wasn't done so his checks bounced. He immediately made the checks good, but the Captain would not admit it into the records at the trial. North wants an honorable discharge, but he was worried about what to do. He said that he has a lot of money invested in hardware stocks and he had to make up his mind soon what to do about its handling as he would be sent overseas if he were restored. He asked my advice and I told him that I didn't think he would have to stay in the Army for 3 years if he were restored to duty, but I thought a legal review should be made of the court martial proceedings as it sounded very irregular to me. North has a 3 year sentence. He said that his wife got killed in an auto crash when she was on the way to see him off for overseas duty. There is a 3 year child he has never seen. North said he went to pieces when his wife was killed. He showed me her picture and she was a very attractive girl. North is a clean cut fellow of 26 or 28, mild mannered, well educated, intelligent. His father is in Mexico City, but he refused to allow his father to use his influence on his behalf. North is interested in the prospect of starting a prison paper here so I encouraged him strongly on that. It made me forget about my own troubles when I listened to his story. North is one boy that was positively railroaded into the disciplinary center because of the personal spite of an officer over in the Near East Theatre.

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A Colonel came from Washington today to inspect our departmental unit. A similar unit will be set up near S.F. to process the Pacific prisoners and since our office is the only one to do this sort of work, some of our staff may be sent there as a nucleus. I asked about going to Europe, but I got indefinite answers. Major Wolf said that he would like me to remain here to do group psychotherapy work with the inmates so I don't think that I will be sent to the Pacific Coast. We only have two more large groups left to process, and then the emphasis of our work will definitely change. I'd rather remain in the East than go to the Coast, I think, because I've seen all the spots out there already. But my first choice is Europe, and the prospects now do not look so bright as the Colonel didn't give me much encouragement.

Damn it, I wish I had a mouse trap in my pocket last night when that thief came around! It makes me sick now to feel so broke. It ruins my whole month and that really hurts.

February 6, 1946, Wednesday

8:30 P.M.

We had an easy day at the office. The morning was spent in a staff meeting for training purposes which Lt. Sless led and I assisted. It was a constructive experience. But the small meetings with the psychologists this afternoon was a waste of time. They could have given us the afternoon off but Colonel Thom was here from Washington so that Major Farlano wanted us to look busy. I talked

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to Jenkins to sound him out about the possibilities of helping me to present the social point of view to the staff since they get a lot of the military viewpoint from Sless. He was willing enough to do it, but he enjoys working with the inmates more. He said that it was unfortunate that some of the officers had such narrow viewpoints. Jenkins is convinced that the officer caste has to be eliminated if the Army is going to survive in any form. He pointed out how some of the psychologists just couldn't forget their officer status even in this work. He agreed that the professional level of work in our department could be raised by the officers. Jenkins represents the liberal philosophy among the officers while Bressler and Bolton are at the other extreme. Lt. Sless is somewhere between the two-- essentially an opportunist. Sless is not a bad guy though even if he is too dogmatic at times. He is one of /the few officers with a real interest in the project here.

The Colonel from the West Coast is still here observing the functioning of our office. The Coast processing unit will be set up temporarily in S.F. and then moved to Camp Cook around Santa Maria. In order to get a transfer out there, a special letter has to be sent to the Bureau of Corrections in Washington. I've been blowing hot and cold about this prospect because I can't make up my mind if I want to go to the Coast in a military setting. I think I would prefer to remain in the East. I tried to find out about the chances of going to Europe, but couldn't get any definite answers other than that the Army hospitals and DB's are being closed up in the European zone. A permanent one will be kept open in Frankfurt, Germany, but I don't relish the idea of going to a unit which has a stink attached. Jenkins said that our work is the result of the army trying to avoid

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a Congressional investigation into the General Court Martials, but he didn't think it could be stopped. He advised against talking to the two Colonels here today as they couldn't help me get to Europe, and that they might get me stuck here and ruin any chances because they don't want to lose any more psychiatric social workers in this Service Command.

I've been thinking of going to the Red Cross to ask them what sort of Army social work is being done in Europe. I know that the Army has done little along these lines, but there might be some sort of opportunity open. It's hard to find out about these things. Most of the Army social workers are in hospitals or D.B. centers; but it struck me that the Army may have a hell of a lot of social problems on its hands if it follows through with the recent announcement that occupation soldiers may send for their wives and families. I'm sure that these families going to Europe would have many adjustment problems and I'd like to work in that. There must be many other possibilities of this sort.

Borrowed 15¢ to see a lousy show "Shock" (Vincent Price) and got in just before the downpour. A lot of boys are in tonight because they are broke too. Grasso is getting separated from the service tomorrow and he has been giving me a lot of his things, including a jacket and bed lamp. He feels so sorry about me losing \$70 and he wanted to give me \$3, but I refused it. He's a nice guy even if he seems to have a prejudice towards Negroes. I've found that it's mostly talk. He plans to go to college.

DIARY

Charles Kikuchi

February 7, 1946, Thursday

The 419 prisoners didn't arrive until late afternoon so that we had very little to do at the office today. I talked to Robert North about the inmate newspaper project this morning and he has gotten permission to start a daily mimeograph sheet from tomorrow on. He is all worked up about the prospects, and it will no doubt be a great success because the inmates are hungry for any type of news. There will be about 1,000 G.P's in the stockades under the medium security control program.

I took most of the morning to talk to the Red Cross representative about the prospects of going to Europe, but I couldn't get any definite leads. The chances do not look so bright now. I'm still considering the advisability of getting transferred to S.F. to do the processing of the Pacific prisoners, but I can't get wildly enthusiastic about the idea yet. However, many of the boys from this barracks are getting discharged so I'm getting an urge to move on again. It's not that I dislike it that much here as my work experiences have been very satisfactory. I figure that I have at least 6 months of service yet, and I'd like to travel around at Army expense if I can as it has great educational value. I have been tossing some thought around in my mind about post discharge plans but it's not close enough yet. Tentatively, I've concluded that I had better complete my M.A. work. I'm too far out of touch with civilian life to make any definite plans beyond that. I'm even vacillating about where I would like to live. It isn't right to be so indefinite about things. The main thing in my mind is to get to Europe now and that sort of dominates my thoughts. When I came into the Army, I fixed one year as the period in which I would willingly serve and after that I can start worrying about how to get out.

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There is still 6 more months to go.

Went to a show again with a group of the fellows: "Sailor takes a Wife" (June Allyson-Robt. Walker). It was light and entertaining; also played shuffle board, wrote one letter, and fixed a lamp so that I can read in bed.

8 February 1946, Friday

The 420 inmates didn't start coming in until this afternoon so I played gin rummy with Lt. Jenkins all morning. The rest of the boys just sat around and read the papers or wrote letters, played chess, talked with the inmate staff. The morale of the staff improved noticeably when some of the fellows received sgt. promotions. But it also caused some dissention as only two were made sgts. and the others cpls and PFC's. None of those attached to the Medical Detachment received promotions as no ratings were open. Because of headquarters politics, it meant that the more experienced fellows like Harry, Mattews, and Dorsky didn't get promotions. The whole system of ratings is lousy anyway, but it's perpetuated because it means so much to the GI's themselves. Cuneo at the control desk, about 35 years old, will be insufferable now that he is a sgt. as he tries to act so important. I still think everyone should be made sgts.

Held a meeting with Lt. Thomas, Sless, Jenkins, Luchins in re the department policy. Jenkins and Sless were the only ones to care and they hold opposing views. It all resulted from the note I attached to the suggestions for the criteria on restoration to Army procedure. It's a wonder that our department has functioned as well as it has without a clearly defined policy. At first, we

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were very conscious of the individual inmate, but in the last two weeks the swing has been towards an Army point of view. It's very confusing to the inexperienced case workers and I kept pushing for a formulation of basic policies; but most of the Lts. didn't give a damn. They are just waiting around until they get discharged anyway. It's still not too late to give some in-service training. I have an appointment to see Major Wolf in the morning to talk over some of the department policies. The good thing about this work is that every person with suggestions at least can get a hearing. The EM staff needs some encouragement instead of the constant criticism which they get. Nobody has really attempted to do anything about it except Lt. Sless. I think that Lt. Jenkins would be the man to counteract him so the boys can get the more liberal point of view. None of the other psychologists or psychiatrists are very much interested. Even though we only have about 500 more inmates to process, it will help if we can develop a "social" rather than a military attitude towards them. It makes the job more interesting if we keep trying to improve our functions.

Mattews and I have been trying to figure out what we are going to do this weekend. Gary wants me to join him Sunday but I don't have any money to be running around. It's a sort of conflict because I would like to see him, but I don't want to run off from Mattews. We have been thinking of going into NY tomorrow to see if we can locate a weekend job because our financial position is so sad. We might even get a job as bartenders at a private party! We figure that if we try hard enough we could get a 50¢ room at the Service Club, and just eat one big meal in order to cut the expenses. It's

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rough being so broke as we are, but I guess we will manage! Ther's only 20 more days until payday and with proper coaxing along of our borrowed \$9 we will be able to stretch it out, I hope. That thief certainly ruined our plans to go to Wash. Phila. and ~~other~~ Connecticut this month. Things aren't so dark tho - at least winter is almost over!

I've been listening to an interesting conversation between Herby and Johnny Mundy. Herby was a medical aid man in the Pacific, and Johnny was the aid man in Normandy. They were comparing notes on their experiences while Mattews and I listened in, and it was surprising that they had such different attitudes.

Herby, 21, is a rather solemn boy, more on the serious side, but with a dry sense of humor. He was on Okinawa, and the feeling of hate for Japs (from Japan, he says apologetically) comes out in his voice. He said that he refused to kill a man while the Japanese soldiers were being massacred, but he never lifted a finger to help their wounded: "I even let them bleed to death before my eyes. We weren't supposed to take any Jap prisoners. I had a hatred for them because I had to pick up the mangled bodies of our guys, and we all looked on them (Japs) as dogs who didn't deserve to live. But I wouldn't kill any of them myself even when I had a chance to shoot them down. The Jap soldier is a damn good fighter, but ~~his~~ he's stupid when it comes to using his initiative. That's why ~~were~~ wiped them out." Herby got shot in the face and had to be evacuated from

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Okinawa three days before the end of the battle. "I was praying I would get some kind of a wound just to get away from that kind of fighting. All of us felt that way. The only thing we thot of was food." Herby has a Purple Heart and several campaign ribbons, but he still looks and acts like a young boy.

Johnny is also 21, much more mature in personality. A happy-go-lucky type who always gets drunk. Going through a personality struggle now as he wants to give up drinking and go to college as soon as he gets discharged in a month or so in order to study for a career in medicine. He's a rough "Irish" playboy who loves his women and to fight. He tangled with 4 MP's last weekend. I bully him all over the place as he's so good natured, but he is ready to fight if anyone near his size makes a crack about him. Before he went overseas Johnny never drank. "But in Normandy I was drunk 3/4 of the time. Seeing all those chopped up bodies did things to me. I would pick them up with their arms and legs blown to hell, and it made me feel miserable as hell. Drinking was the only thing which made me forget. I also got more religious, but instead of trying to improve my morals I would pick up any French girl in sight (a long account of his amorous escapades follows) . . . But, I never got the urge to kill in all the time I was up on the front line. I couldn't let even a german die if I could help them out. We had some Jerry prisoners working in our hospital, and I got to know them as human beings. I only disliked one Jerry. He was a 19 year old kid, a beautiful blond type, and the French girls would go for him instead of me. He said he was a simple farm boy who was dragged into the Army, but I noticed that he belonged to the best division in the whole German Army and it was made up purely with volunteers. They

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all told us that they weren't Nazis. They would say that we should treat them good because 10 yrs. from now they would be our Allies against Russia. They really believed that. Even though they were so indoctrinated that they couldn't think straight, I still didn't hate them enough to kill them. When they were wounded, they were human beings to me even though I knew that they were shooting down our boys. They were damn good soldiers. The "jigs" (Negroes) outfit were the worst soldiers in the war. They were rescued by the 100th Infantry in Italy. Those Japanese American boys could really fight. They rescued 3 damn divisions during the war, and all of us GI's got sore as hell when we heard how their families were being pushed around in the States." Herby then made some remarks about the work of the Nisei interpreters in the Pacific, and both he and Johnny wanted to know more about the Nisei, so I gave a brief account of the evacuation and resettlement program. They were incensed that such a thing as evacuation could happen so I told them all about the aim of the American Vets Committee to work for real democracy and they expressed some interest in joining it after they got out of the service. Neither thought much of the American Legion. I'll have to work on Johnny's race attitude towards Negroes some other time. He's more receptive than Herby because he uses reason more than emotions to arrive at conclusions, but both can be exposed to a lot of new ideas and I'll try to contribute my share.

Bob Withey's letter attached.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

February 8, 1946

(Sless influence on departmental policy as he wrote this)
purely from a military point of view, and not social

SUGGESTED CRITERIA FOR RESTORATION AND CLEMENCY

From Major Wolf.

War Department policy states "restoration is the best form of clemency." Since this is so, it is important to consider in every case which comes before us the possible effects that restoration would have on the inmate and the Army. Restoration to the Army means that it is our belief that this man can go back to full duty in the Army, doing whatever he is called upon to do, going wherever he is told to go, and performing his duties in a satisfactory manner without unusual checks or supervision... Our attitude must be "What's done is done." .. Use these criteria with judgment, varying them as the individual case demands.

I. Civilian History.

1. A satisfactory home life, living with both parents.
2. Completion of usual school term of area, little or no truancy, good adjustment in school.
3. Steadily employed and enjoyment of work. Leaving jobs, even if inmate speaks of "bettering himself" or "didn't like work" is suspect
4. No civilian arrest. Being arrested and found not guilty is suspect.
5. Satisfactory marital adjustments, average length of pre-marital courtship.
Good attitude towards marriage.
6. Average or better sociability, interest in other people.

II. Military History.

1. Good attitude towards Army.
2. Understanding of what the war was fought for.
3. No previous courts-martial.
4. Participation in social activities of other men.

III. Present Offense.

1. Lack of pre-meditation of offense.
2. Precipitating factors in offense appear to be reasonable.

IV. Conduct in DTC.

1. Excellent or better conduct in DTC, remembering that chronic alcoholics and many psychopaths do well under strict confinement and supervision.

V. President Attitude.

1. Lack of bitterness towards army service.
2. Eagerness to avoid disgrace attached to dishonorable discharge.
3. Realization of wrong doing.
4. Readiness to do whatever the Army deems necessary in future.
5. Presence of insight or potentiality for insight into his actions.
6. Ability to judge actions of self and others on a fairly objective basis.
7. Rationalization playing a small part in his mental mechanisms

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

February 8, 1946

Re: suggested criteria for Restoration and Clemency.

From a purely military point of view, the suggested criteria would be excellent. However, I believe that it would not be suitable in terms of the individual inmate from a "social" point of view. With the understanding that the suggestions only should be as a guide, I would like to point out my reasons for not agreeing with the criteria. Sociologically speaking, the usual military offender does not commit an offense without some background factors and motivations being involved. If such is an objective fact, then we can assume that very few of the present inmates being processed will be restored or recommended for clemency. It would be asking too much to expect the majority of these inmates to have had a "perfect" civilian adjustment. Yet, this is what the suggested criteria expects. (In terms of satisfactory home and family life, good school adjustments and work history, no previous conflict with society, extrovert personality, and good marital adjustments.) Above this, the criteria would like the inmates to have a good motivation towards the war. If all of these factors existed, then it would not be realistic to expect military offenders (outside of the normal deviants.) The converse would also be true: military offenders (with or without pre-meditation) are products of a series of specific maladjustment situations extending clear back to childhood.

Realizing that the recommendations must be made within a military set-up, it seems to me that a social philosophy concept does not necessarily have to be discarded. The very existence of the P and S section indicates that the Army had some awareness that intangible factors to many, if not most, military offenses. Therefore, it would not be fair to the inmates to establish a criteria for restoration without regard for these factors. It would defeat the very purpose of our social histories to assume that rehabilitation of the inmates depended primarily upon the "factual" data elicited. It would negate the psychiatric implications.

The above is faintly implied in the introductory section to the criteria, but its significance and implications could not be readily grasped by the EM reviewers. It appears to me that a clearly defined "fundamental policy" is necessary for our department before "conclusions can be proposed in weighing the merits of the individual social history. Otherwise, our work would be performed in a vacuum with each member of the staff arriving at decisions subjectively and from a biased viewpoint. From my observations, it has been indicated that we have two general philosophies towards the inmates at the present time: (1) from a purely "military" point of view, and (2) from a "social" point of view. Since the majority of the reviewers are not experienced in psychiatric or case work, they are subjected to a great deal of influence from "above." Unfortunately, the military point of view has been gaining predominance in recent weeks by such statements as "Washington says that too many restorations has been recommended." "A 'goof-off' in civilian life will be a 'goof-off' in the Army." "An (alcoholic) is a poor risk for the Army." The implication of all

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this is that the individual inmate and his status is getting lost sight of, with a resulting "mistrust" of each inmate before the social history is even obtained. The suggested criteria intensifies this attitude, which would be indeed unfortunate. What is needed primarily is a greater orientation of the reviewers towards a "Social" rather than "military" point of view, rather than the present situation of conflicting points of view. The comments I have made are not aimed specifically towards the suggested criteria, but more in terms of suggesting the formulation of more clearly defined concepts to guide the overall functioning of the department.

Charles Kikuchi.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

Monday, February 11, 1946.

I had a very satisfactory weekend, even though I was tired. Ran around all Saturday morning trying to get things straightened out. It seems that Lt. Sless had some sort of a run-in with Major Farlano so he decided to go back to doing psychological reports. Farlano called me up and said that I would be under his administrative direction from now on, and delegated the task of doing some re-organization. I asked Matthews to assist me in the reviews of the case histories so that I would have more time training individual case workers. Told Major Farlano that Bob and I could handle staff meetings as this was preferable to having the officers upstairs do it. They aren't much interested anyway so that the enlisted men haven't been getting much out of these conferences. Also moved over a couple more interviewers to do case work. Bennett has been very unhappy because he felt that Major Wolf was persecuting him so I had to talk to Wolf about him in order to get things straightened out. Wolf did not think much of having Bennett do social histories, but agreed to it if I took personal responsibility. I said that this was a sort of individual psychotherapy work because Bennett is a sort of neurotic individual who has great feelings of insecurity because of personal problems and he needs his ego built up a little. He has been keenly disappointed because he did not get a rating and he interpreted this as a revengeful move on the part of Wolf. Since we only have about 500 more inmates to process, a strong anxiety state is being developed within the staff. A lot of rumors are starting about where we will be sent next. The officers themselves are greatly concerned about what they will do when they get out of the Army, and this worry takes priority over their work. I heard Major Wolf call Captain Bressler

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down for going to NYC for a job interview when he should have been here for a Classification Board meeting. On some days, the Board doesn't even have a quorum but the absent members are marked present so that the recommendations it makes will stand. It seems that one of the practices of the board is that if a man does not request restoration to duty, it gets vindictive and denies the inmate clemency as well. The two types of recommendations are not related and it is unfair to have a general procedure of this sort. A newspaper story in the Feb 7 Asbury Park Evening Press paints a glorified picture of the work of our department, but it is exaggerated beyond the true facts. The Chaplain's statement in it was very poor; it must have been misquoted because I can't conceive of a person in his status having a condemning attitude which the quotation indicated.

Mattews and I gave up our plan of looking for a job over the weekend because we figured out that we would not come out ahead and it was no use working the whole weekend just to meet our expenses when we could just as well remain in camp at no expense. Therefore, we decided to go to NYC and enjoy ourselves as much as possible on our borrowed money. We met Dick Maddox and Elias Torrence on the boat. Dick is getting his discharge after he reports to Fort Dix, but we persuaded him to remain in NYC over the weekend so that he could have a last good time with us. It wasn't difficult to persuade him since he thought it was a wonderful idea, and he also wanted to buy his wife a fifth wedding anniversary present. As soon as we got into the harbor, we started looking for housing accommodations for the four of us. ~~It wasn't difficult to per~~ We rode leisurely up through the Battery district in a bus, and enjoyed the scenery. Most of the

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time I ride by subway so I don't see much of the city. We went along the pier and then through the clothing district, some foreign looking colonies, and the cold water flats tenement district. It was a part of NYC which the tourists do not see as they are mostly interested in the more glamorous parts like the modernized buildings, etc. The poor people live all of their lives practically in the slums and life is a constant struggle for them. Seeing such miserable conditions is not especially colorful.

Bob led us up to the St. George Episcopalian Church to register for sleeping space for Sat. night. There was a quaint old man there, who cursed at every opportunity and I was taken aback at this because of the church setting. It was one of those very beautiful churches in the middle of the slums built in memory of some guy, sort of incongruous. The present pastor is reputed to be a humanitarian, and he got his congregation to support the small servicemen's club there. We met one of the members who assists serving breakfast, and he told us that he quit one of the exclusive churches in NYC because it refused to do anything for the servicemen for fear that the property would be scratched up. Mr. King did some important research for the Navy department during the war, and I think he is an educator now. He was our waiter Sunday morning though. The church people were very nice to us, and it had a homelike atmosphere as only 30 servicemen could be accommodated in the huge place. It cost us only 50 cents to spend the night there, and we got a very large breakfast in the morning free, with church ladies and men doing the cooking and serving. With our present sad financial means this was a lifesaver.

After we got registered at the St. George Church, we went up to the Soldiers and Sailors club near Grand Central Station to register

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for Sunday night rooms at 75¢. We were fortunate enough to get there early so double rooms were reserved for us. We tried to get tickets for plays but few were being given away at 99 Park Ave. We did get two free tickets to Radio City. We went over to the Elks Club and got 5¢ hamburgers (very tasty) free coffee and doughnuts from the women at the Service bar. Then we went up to the Pepsi Cola Center in Times Square and ate 5¢ hotdogs and free Pepsis. After wandering around for a while we went to Radio City. We told the cute girl at the ticket box that we only had 2 free tickets so she let all of us in free. We walked past thousands of people standing in line to buy their \$1.50 admission tickets, and the usher led us down front to very choice seats. Radio City Music Hall is an amazing theater; there's nothing like it in the U.S. It's huge; all we could see was a sea of thousands and thousands of heads. The place is as large as a stadium and the acoustics perfect. It's really an experience to go there. The stage show with the Rockettes was wonderful and worth the admission price alone - if we had paid for it. They really put on a lavish stage show. The film "Adventure" with Clark Gable and Greer Garson was ordinary; the audience did not participate like a GI group would. After the show we wandered around inside Music Hall just to sightsee.

In the evening, we tried to get into a play but they were all crowded. We just asked if we could go in without tickets. ~~Without~~ During the week, GI's can see plays this way but not on a Sat. night. We finally gave up and went to the Apollo Theater, which shows the best foreign films and we saw a French picture, "They Met on Skis" and an English film, "Love on the Dole." Both were very satisfactory.

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It was about 2:30 before we got to bed as we stopped in on a beer hall in the German district to see what it was like.

Sunday, I didn't go places with the boys as I had to run up and visit Gary. The fellows got free tickets to "Up in Central Park" and a downtown movie and they spent an enjoyable day. When I got up to Gary's cousin's apartment I discovered that he had not arrived from Pine Camp yet. Kelly and May invited me to go up to the Fort Washington Park with them so I went along. The park is on Upper Manhattan along the Hudson River and on the highest land area on the Island. It was very scenic. Saw the Mother Cabrini Church which is a pilgrimage spot for devout Catholics, but Kelly sneered at it because he felt that it was a vulgar and cheap money making shrine, also saw the Cloisters. Kelly was very upset because he said that the Church owned all of the valuable land around there, and it was interfering in city politics. He went on to tell of his feelings about the Church playing international politics and the stupid reactionary policies it supported. I was inclined to agree with him, but not so vehemently. I guess I was enjoying the first signs of spring in the Park to be mad about anything. Kelly is getting very disillusioned about democracy and he saw signs of a 3rd World War already. He takes his politics seriously and he is very well informed. After the Turkish massacre of 1915 Kelly's family was spread all over the world and they have never gotten together. The Armenians have gone to all corners of the world. Kelly lived in Greece, Italy, France before coming to the U.S. He has a brother in Italy, another in France and a third in Argentina. Also has relatives in Soviet Armenia, Smyrna. He knows how the people in the Old World are suffering now and the

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complacency of the American public makes him angry.

After the walk, we went back to Kelly's apartment and May served a very delicious Armenian dish, beans cooked in olive oil, for lunch.

Gary finally arrived about 1:30 and he brought Ruth with him. He was full of the usual excuses about being late. It seems that since going to Pine Camp he has become very, very interested in Ruth, and I would be surprised to see a serious Romance bloom even if Gary has to battle his clan which is opposed to "outsiders." Ruth was looking beautiful as usual, and sore at me for not writing. She lives in Jamaica now and she said that business was so good that she is definitely going to California this summer for a vacation.

I told Gary about the possibility of getting a transfer to the S.F. receiving center to process the Pacific inmates, but he didn't sound very enthusiastic about going to the Coast as he was previously. It must be his new interest in Ruth. Gary said that the P. & S. department at Pine Camp was disorganized yet, and very isolated. There has been rumors that our department would be shifted up there, but Gary begged me to make every effort to remain away as much as he wanted to get together in the same post with me again. He said that Mason General Hospital was also trying to get us back. It suddenly made me realize that I haven't thought of Mason for weeks. And I was so sad about leaving there!! But the past is over, and life at Hancock has been interesting so I guess adjustments were easy. I don't want to go back to Mason now because it would be impossible to recapture the spirit of the past. The staff there is broken up and there are very few of the old group left. Ruth remarked that I adjust easily to new places so maybe that explains my attitude now.

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Psychiatric social workers are now eligible for commissions if they have MA degrees. It seems that the Army is losing more and more of them through discharge, and there just won't be any replacements because older fellows are no longer being drafted. Gary thought that those of us new to the Army were going to get stuck because we would be classed as critically needed specialists. Pine Camp will give its precious psychiatric social workers (4) a staff or tech.sgt. rating; but Hancock just doesn't realize how much in demand we are! I did peek at the confidential report which Major Wolf had me deliver to Colonel Weaver. It seems that Colonel Thom, the head of the neuropsychiatric section of the 2nd Service Command has recommended that 50% of our personnel be transferred to Pine Camp immediately as a result of his recent visit here. Major Wolf was very much against it because so many of our staff was eligible for discharge soon and he wanted a nucleus to build up the psychotherapy program. He felt that the matter was out of Colonel Thom's jurisdiction since the Atlantic Coast Receiving branch of the U.S.D.B. was directly under the Bureau of Corrections of the Adj. Gen's office in Washington, and that we had been sent here under direct orders. Wolf also said that the Pacific Coast Receiving Branch to be set up in S.F. would also be calling on us. My, we are so popular to have Army units from Coast to Coast demanding our services!!! We can expect some changes soon as we only have 500 more inmates at most to process. Gary was in a dither because he only has 2 more months in the Army. He said that he had read a lot of my reports at Pine Camp and they were considered satisfactory. With so many rumors of changes in the air, it would be so simple for the Army to send me to Europe but the chances for this is getting slimmer and slimmer in view of the great

need for psychiatric social workers in the States.

I spent an enjoyable and leisurely afternoon and evening at Kelly's talking to the hosts and Gary and Ruth. May served another delicious Armenian dish for dinner and I ate too much as usual. We were going to the hockey game at Mad. Sq. Garden, but the evening slipped by before we realized it. We just went downtown and wandered around for a while. It was a very pleasant day. Kelly was at his best in telling Ruth outrageous stories about Armenian customs and May swore up and down that it was true that in their culture a frightened person was treated by drinking a child's urine. May said that she had to drink her cousin's urine once, and how Armenian village doctors mixed feces in with their herbs. I didn't know whether to believe all this or not, but I added my share by telling Ruth that in the Japanese culture, baked puppies rolled in flour was a delicacy and that my mother used to cook one every Sunday as a treat. I said that a dachshund puppy had the most delicious flavor. It almost made May nauseated.

This morning we got up at 5:30 a.m., bade Big Dick Maddox a hurried goodbye and dashed for breakfast at Nedick's on 42nd and Lexington before going to the Ferry. We must have looked very hungry because the waiter gave us 3 sugared doughnuts, coffee, and a glass of orange juice for a dime! N.Y. is wonderful! We barely made the boat and immediately fell asleep after fighting our way to the few remaining seats.

Not too much work was done at the office today as the boys were all too tired from the strenuous weekend. The inmates were all disturbed about the Chaplain's statement in the Asbury newspaper so I

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suggested to Bob North that he should have a feature article on the Chaplain in the inmate newspaper. North got his first issue of the inmate's paper out. He put it out all by himself, and I feel honored that he comes to me for advice. I wish I had half the journalistic experience he has had. North has put a lot of work in on the paper and it certainly was devoured hungrily by the inmates when the first issue came out today. I'm trying to find some assistants for him, also a cartoonist, among the new group of inmates we are processing now.

This evening we went to see "Bandit of Sherwood Forest" (Cornel Wilde). It was awful, but as usual the GI's kept up their standards of making funny remarks. I have to write a couple of letters before I go to bed. I was in the Army 6 months yesterday. No chance for a furlough though because the post is so short of personnel. The reception center here is being closed up this week so that inmates are now being used for detail work about the post.

February 12, 1946, Tuesday

Spent a very strenuous day at the office, and just returned from a shuffle board game, taking Bob down for a change. Major Farlano wasted about three hours of my time because he is nervous as a kitten about production. The case workers have slowed down the output, but that's because they are doing much better social histories. Farlano said that the present group of 420 inmates would be sent to a disciplinary barracks in Cumberland Gap so that he was anxious that I speed the boys up. Like an old lady, he wanted to

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rush down and call a staff meeting and bawl them out. I told him that the men were mature adults and it was bad psychology to keep putting the pressure upon them. I got caught in the middle because the boys have been very disgruntled for the past few days. I felt that individual attention was a wiser policy. Farlano kept saying that this was a military agency and the case workers could be forced to remain on the job for 24 hours if necessary. The man is stupid and he was just exhibiting his own feelings of insecurity. I don't see how he ever got to be a major. He wanted to show his authority just because Wolf wasn't around. I just flattered his ego a bit and he finally allowed me to have my way. On top of that he tried to bribe me by ordering a nice big desk for me. Farlano makes a good errand boy, but he doesn't command any respect from any of the staff. When Wolf came back this afternoon I asked him if he were satisfied with the case histories and he said that they showed a great improvement and he preferred to have continued quality than quantity. We processed 45 complete cases today and that's equal to our highest average, and they were much better in quality. I read all of the cases and correct them before adding recommendations and I believe that the staff have done a very decent job. It's hard work too.

The fellows are disturbed because of all the rumors of personnel changes and they feel that they have never been appreciated. There isn't any other Army installation which puts out as much work as we do. None of the fellows have been getting furloughs because of the pressure of work, and the morale has kept up remarkably well despite all the obstacles. Wolf felt that I was doing a good job training the staff and he realized how difficult it was because of their inexperience. They'll always be some sort of gripes.

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I haven't put in a request for transfer to the Coast yet. As things look now, it seems as if all psychiatric social workers will be frozen to their installations. I haven't given up on the Europe possibilities yet. I guess I have to get dissatisfied with this work before I take any action. In a few weeks, we will all know how things stand. I'd like to get my furlough upon the completion of the processing work, but even that is unlikely. The rookies are all gone because the induction station here is closed now, and there is a limited personnel on the post. The inmates are now being used on work details to a great extent.

The present group of inmates seems to be the "tough boys." A lot of murderers and rapers are among them. By coincidence, it looks as if there is a greater penalty for raping an English girl than a French or German one. A lot of the escape artists are also in this group. They must have saved more of the real criminals until last for us.

The War Department has set up a parole system so many will be eligible for that. An inmate can apply for it after he has served 1/3 of his sentence and if his conduct has been good. One of the main requirements is that the inmate has to have a job waiting for him, relatives to accept him, and some consideration is given for hardship at home cases. The whole idea is that the inmate will serve out his term at home rather than in confinement. It's a regular prison type of parole: the inmate can't go to bars and drink, hang around persons with bad reputations, travel more than 100 miles from home without permission from the parole officer. If the parole is violated, he has to serve out his full time. The inmates working

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in our office are happy about this new development and they expect to be out on parole in 2-3 weeks. I doubt if the system will get into operation that quickly, but it is a break for the inmates. Most of them will have to get clemency or have their sentences cut drastically before the parole regulations will do them any good. One of my old cases, the cook at the inmate's messhall who gives us coffee in the morning, thinks he will be out soon and he swears he will give up drinking. Very few really want to be restored to the Army actually, but they have been requesting it because they felt they had no other choice to get out of confinement.

Have been spending a quiet evening in the barracks reading a newspaper for a change. Big headline of the day is that the Queen Mary has brought back 2,300 G.I. brides from England. Bob and I have decided not to go into NY Thursday because the tugboat strike in the harbor is causing a coal shortage and the schools, shows, and theaters are being closed up. I hope the strikers win their fight for a pay boost. Johnny Mundy is telling about meeting one of the aviators who flew across the continent in 4 hrs 13 minutes. I guess science did make a lot of advances during the war, but a hell of a price in human lives was the cost. And political figures are already warning us about a 3rd World War!! If power politics were kept out of the UNO, we would have a chance for permanent peace, but all the fellows in our barracks believe that it is impossible to prevent another war. Most of these boys were in actual combat too. It troubles me that some of them are ^{already} beginning to glamorize their experiences in combat; I hope that attitude doesn't spread.

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Diary Wed.

February 13, 1946

This is such an exhausting job that I don't have any energy left by the end of the afternoon. There is a slight lull in the work right now so that I am taking a few minutes time out for the first time today. The fellows have been working very hard, but Farlano still is suspicious that they are "goofing off." I almost felt like telling him to keep his meddling nose out of the downstairs business, but I refrained. Dorsky was pretty sore today because Farlano thought that he was deliberately slacking off. He put up a sign saying that he could get more cases out if he were not bothered with working over things which Captain Bolton had neglected to do. Bolton left the Army today for a lush civilian job as a psychiatrist. I pity his poor patients. Everything would go along smoothly down here if Farlano would only stop getting so anxious. We have completed the usual number of cases today with a diminished staff. Two of the fellows are on furlough, and two have to take some basic training courses this afternoon. Mattews and my work hasn't eased up much because we spend more time in individual conferences with some of the staff who have a difficult time writing up the reports. Buchman identified himself so much with one of his cases that he spent all day on it, and he has been ranting about the injustices of the Army court martials. He has been upset since yesterday when his wife was suddenly released from her civil service job at the hospital here and he believes that it was because of personal antagonism on the part of Lieut. Coffee. Annette has told us the other night what a reactionary individual Coffee was so that there is something in what Buchman tells us.

All of a sudden we are getting a run of sex offenders among the

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inmates--sodomy, rape, etc. They all claim that they are innocent or that they were drunk at the time and do not remember. In reading over the court martial proceedings and the social histories, it seems significant that almost every one of these offenders came from broken homes and they had a number of civilian and military arrests previously. This group is not at all like the ones we have been handling up to now, and they bring with them a reputation for being tough. The case workers tell me that they are many of them who are uncooperative, surly, and aggressive. It is in this group that the sex problems of the stockades are greatest. A few of them were caught doing homosexual acts last night and they were rushed over for processing so that they can be disposed of. It seems that a lot of this sort of thing goes on whenever large groups of men are confined for long periods of time. So many of this group are just amoral and they have no appreciation of ordinary standards of decency. They even brag about how they raped 14 year old German girls, but deny any of these same charges they were tried for. There is a possibility that many of the offenders may now be discharged for ineptitude and deficiency in character if the offense has been mild, but it's a pity that they will be turned loose upon society. I have always felt that inmates given severe sentences for offenses purely military in nature should be the first to be considered for clemency and released and that those who break ordinary civil laws should be punished in some way--although the Army methods may not be the best. We had one young boy in this morning who killed five German civilians after the war was over just because he "felt the urge." An offense like that just can't be excused. His argument was that he was trained to kill and he was mad

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because some of his closest buddies had been killed during the last few days of the war and he wanted revenge. Killing while in battle is legal murder, and I guess it was a little difficult for the illiterate boy from the hills of Arkansas to realize that his murders would not be condoned by society. He was very bitter about the whole thing because he said that some boys got medals for killing while he was condemned to be shot by musketry, later reduced to life imprisonment. The boy can't be blamed for everything; a military structure inevitably creates this sort of problem. In Calcutta a new burst of rioting (for freedom) resulted in the death of 11, but England merrily pursues her imperialistic policies, and it is praised by reactionaries. Anti-British riots are also taking place in the Middle East. It just doesn't make sense what the war was fought for anyway.

Went to a stinko picture "Night of Terror," about super sleuth Sherlock Holmes. Afterwards I dropped in on the library and was pleasantly surprised to find such a nice selection of books. It's the first time I've been in the library here and I find that it's the best Army Library I've seen so far. The only trouble is that it's out of the way. I browsed through some magazines and books and started the "New Veteran" by Bolte of the A.V.C. I've been doing a little more reading lately at night before going to sleep and I think I'll make it a regular habit. The 4-5 boys who stay upstairs are also reading more since the drunks got discharged.

When I came home from the movies, I found Mundy laying on my bed reading a book of all things ! He says he's going to give up drinking. He recommends "White Tower" by Ullman which he just finished. I've read about 6 books this year so far so I haven't done too badly.

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It's very warm here these days, but the natives tell me that we are due for one more cold spell before winter is over.

Guess I'll read PM, listen to the radio, start a book, and eat some of Bob's cheese and crackers before I go to sleep. I should wash some socks but I feel too tired for such a hard task so it will have to wait.

February 14, 1946, Thursday

Still struggling towards the completion of our project. I broke in two more interviewers this morning. We have almost as many inmates as enlisted men on the staff now. Things sort of came to a head late this afternoon. The psychologists have been soured off on this job and they have been goofing off a great deal in the afternoon. Major Wolf called Mattews and I up to a meeting in his office. It seems that the psychologist claimed that they didn't have any work to do because the case workers were too slow. Major Farlano immediately began to feel justified and he insisted upon a quota of production from each man. I got fed up with his dumb arguments and I said that our project wasn't a factory and that some interviews worked at a slower pace. Major Wolf said he was satisfied with the quality of the work and he didn't want it diminished, but he felt that the production should come up a little in order to keep the psychologists busy. It's the same old story of quality versus production. After some heated words with Farlano, Major Wolf made a compromising motion that a minimum of 3 case histories a day was not excessive in view of the fact that we had to get these 420 inmates processed within the next few days. Mattews told Farlano and Wolf that this batch of inmates were the "bad boys" of the whole group and

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that it took longer to interview them because of the longer list of offenses. Farlano made the stupid statement that the more help we got, the less we appreciated it - implying that the staff was lying down on the job. Wolf asked me pointblank if this were true and I answered positively not as our staff was producing more per man than any army unit doing similar work. Wolf accepted this; and now Farlano will be out gunning for me. I felt that it was about time that the enlisted men were blamed for all the failures of the department. (sic) Farlano just hasn't any conception of the work we are doing, and he doesn't realize what a physical and nervous strain it is to sit day after day interviewing inmates and writing up social histories, especially when so few compliments have been passed out. I suppose everyone is on edge because of the imminent end of this phase of the work, but that doesn't condone placing the blame on the enlisted men. Bob was so angry about the unfairness of the criticism that he is going back to writing case histories. It's too bad because he had a real interest in the training program and we were just about ready to get underway seriously. Lt. Sless will come back to reviewing cases with me; but, obviously, he will be downstairs to be the "watchdog" and prod the boys into greater and greater production. The quality of the cases is bound to drop, but we all feel "what the hell!" about the whole thing. Actually, the lack of appreciation is upstairs. I did win one point though because I mentioned that if the psychologists had so much time on their hands, why couldn't they write up a social history now and then. Major Farlano objected strenuously to this and he issued a direct order that each of the psychologists should do one social history a day henceforth. He hit the nail on

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the head when he said: "They shouldn't feel that just because they are officers, they can't do the same work as enlisted men. The psychologists have the easiest job in the department, and they don't want to do case histories because they have admitted many times before that this is the toughest job in the whole processing. There will be a lot of yelling and howling tomorrow, I'm sure. What fun!

Wolf told me earlier in the day that he had a phone call from Washington that he very likely would be sent to the Coast to head the P & S department for the processing of Pacific prisoners. He said he would like me to ask for a transfer out there if I wanted to go. Since Farlano will be the head of the department upon Wolf's departure, I think I may ask for the shift as it would be impossible to work long with the man as I have absolutely no confidence in him. Wolf is much easier to work with even tho he does vacillate a lot of times. The more important consideration is that I have to decide if I really want to go to the Coast. The DB will be 9 miles south of S.F. (it may even be Tanforan!!!) If I put in the request, it will just about stop any possibility of going to Europe. On the other hand, I may get sent to Pine Camp which is very isolated from everything. And I certainly would hate to leave the New York area. The attraction of the Coast is that I would have some friends I could look up. It may end up that I'll have no choice on the matter as it is now planned that a small nucleus of our staff may go to the Coast if Wolf is sent. At least I can speculate on the possibilities. In the final analysis, I go where the Army sends me! Torrance and Elias would like to go out to the Coast, but the rest are lukewarm to the idea as they all live in the N.Y. area. They aren't adventure-some enough!!

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The present batch of inmates really discourages the staff because they are such a "bad lot." One of the inmates raped a 5 year old Belgian girl, another a 10 year German girl, another stole \$10,000, several committed manslaughter, etc., etc. They all claim that they were too drunk to remember if they were guilty or not. Matthews gets very upset about the child rapers because he has a 4½ year old daughter himself, and he believes that any inmate who raped a child should have a penis-sectomy performed on him "in order to take away his dangerous weapon!" We also have dope fiends in this group. I still feel that these inmates should be punished according to civilian law, and those with purely military offenses should be treated more leniently. I just can't see how the Army will do much rehabilitation of the inmates in the disciplinary barracks. They have put up a wire cage in the stockades now, and the inmates who don't obey like automons have to spend all night in the cage. It's inhuman and brutal but the Army is a strong believer in violence and force to break a man's will. I'm glad that our department can do something more constructive despite the never ending administrative confusion.

Herby certainly is a funny boy. It's difficult to realize that he has been in battle and experienced so much combat because he is so good natured. Bob and I found out by accident the reason for the semi-weekly phone calls he makes home. He had been bragging that he was the champion gin rummy player of the 10th Army so I played him a series and gave him a terrific beating. As his forfeiture, he was supposed to tell me who he made his mysterious phone calls to. In very emphatic sentences, he told me.

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"Gawd damn, . . . okay. I'll tell you! I phone my mawther! It's not so funny! Boy, some guys worry because people don't worry about them. With me, I get too much worrying done over me. Jesus Christ! I only live 15 miles from here, but my mother practically has a nervous breakdown if I don't phone her twice a week. When I go home, she won't let me out of the house after I take a bath because she is afraid I'll catch a cold. If I cut my finger, she wants to rush me to a doctor. My gawd! She thinks I'm 15 years old instead of 21. Did she worry about me when I was 10,000 miles from home fighting the Japs on Okinawa? I guess so, but I didn't hear about it. Did I catch a cold when I sat in those stinking fox-holes over there? Hell No! Christ, my mother worries about a little cut on my finger and thinks I'm helpless when I had my face almost blown off by a phosphorus shell and I gave myself an arm injection when it happened. I went right out under fire and picked up the dead and wounded and lugged them in. And my mother worries about me taking care of myself. My Gawd!!" The funniest part of it is that Herby still worries about how he is going to explain to his mother why he didn't wear his undershirt this week! Since we laughed at him he has been punishing us all evening by singing songs out of tune in his monotonous voice. He says it sounds good when he sings in the bathtub. Bob and I are hinting that he should take us home with him some weekend to show his mother what nice friends he has. We can't go to Philly this weekend because there's a transportation strike there and our borrowed money is running low! We may go to N.Y.C. if we can figure out how to stretch \$2.50 over two days for room and board. Entertainment will be free so that's no problem. How sad!!

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

Friday, February 15, 1946

Lt. Sless came downstairs today to "crack the whip" and get the production rate up, but only by a sly trick was this accomplished. Just before the office was ready to close up for the day, he went around and put an extra case on each desk so that the case workers would be charged out with them, thereby increasing the production record. Actually we only did six more cases than yesterday, and we had Mattews back on case histories so that there were 18 case workers today as compared to yesterday. Sless should finally be convinced that the boys have not been goofing off as the staff worked like dogs all day long. It's tough and exhausting work, but Farlano is the only one not convinced. He acted real nice to me today, but that didn't appease me after some of the remarks he made yesterday. I picked up a number of cases at random this morning and asked Major Wolf to read them himself to see for himself that the quality of work was improving. He did so, and was very much impressed. He said that the case histories were good and nothing to be ashamed of. Farlano then suggested that I had "picked" the very best cases in order to make an impression. It was so childish that I didn't even bother to argue with him. Wolf is now convinced, and to add fire to Farlano's chagrin, he remarked that he believed the case histories were improved because I had done a good job in training the inexperienced staff. I hung my head modestly! The truth of the matter is that the staff has learned with experience. All I do is correct grammar and make some suggestions on how to interpret cases when I see the case workers in individual conferences. I wasn't able to do too much of it today because Sless goofed off on me and I was stuck with about 5/6 of the reviews. He was too busy running upstairs to tell the boys

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about how he managed to raise production. He's a good joe though so I can't blame him for taking things easy. This is a disease which officers seem to be particularly susceptible to. At least, I did convince Wolf that the boys are performing on a high level despite the nerve-wracking work here, and that they should get credit for it. The psychologists cried so much about doing one social history a day that Wolf relented and said that they didn't have to do it. One good thing about this department is that I'm able to go up and fight for the enlisted men with complete disregard for the officer's status of the "big bosses." I told the boys that the Major (Wolf) was impressed with the improvement in the quality of their work so that their morale was raised to such a point that they worked 8 minutes overtime this evening!

Harry was all excited today because Farlano wouldn't give him a half day off: "He says to me that only 10% of the staff could be off at any one time, and there were 39 men in our staff with 4 guys gone already. That was a lot of chicken-shit. I says to him that these Army Regulations meant nothing, and under my breath I was mumbling, "Fug you, you old crap face, Sir. He made me so damned mad with his childish arguments. Since old Farlano came, we've been having nothing but trouble. He's a first class stinker and he just doesn't understand how hard we work. I thought slaves were freed."

Boyd, the colored boy, has turned out to be one of the most conscientious workers on our staff. He does a good case history. Copperman uses a little too much legal terminology, but otherwise he does well. All the inmates have turned out well. Gelder was telling me a little about himself this afternoon. He has a 20 year sentence

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for blackmarket activities in Paris. Said that he was selling cognac and gasoline, but got caught when he tried to send \$10,000 back to the States. He said that everyone was doing it, but he was made the scapegoat because the C.I.C. had orders to make somebody an object lesson. Gelder said he was resigned to serve a few years, but hopes for eventual clemency. He had an interview with an inmate convicted of manslaughter of a German civilian and he asked me to help him with the social history part because the fellow wouldn't talk.

The bitterness of this last batch is very noticeable. Dorsky reacted rather violently to Lusak, an inmate, who told him that the U.S. was a huge propaganda mill, that he planned to go to Germany after his confinement and be a soldier for them, that Democracy was rotten, that filthy Jews started this war because of their greed for money, that the U.S. was fit only for pigs and niggers to live in. Dorsky, who is very objective, couldn't take this and he wrote a rather damning social history. He told me frankly that he was biased in the report, and it wasn't because of chauvinistic reasons. I felt that even if we didn't agree with the inmates' viewpoint, it wasn't fair to him to damn him in the report. I told Dorsky that Lusak would not be considered on the basis of his offense, but on his political views; and since he would have to face a military board he wouldn't have a chance. I felt that Lusak was an extremely bitter person, always projecting his difficulties to others, and in this case his vile statements about the U.S. was purely an expression of his emotional instability. I felt that Lusak was suffering from "confinitis" and he had to blame something for his present predicament.

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It's his method of getting "revenge." Dorsky finally agreed and he appended a statement bringing out the psychiatric implications of the case. In reading over the many social histories today, I found that many of the case workers were misinterpreting expressions of bitterness as an indication of the inmate's political philosophy rather than his personal frustrations. I had to discuss a point with four or five of the fellows today and I emphasized the point that we should not judge the inmate solely on the basis of what he says if we happen to disagree with his views because we wanted to get as much of an understanding of them as possible. In a way the bitterness of these inmates is similar to the expressions of the Kibei and Issei in the WRA centers! I remember at that time I was prone to judge them harshly too because of a difference in political opinion. Thus, indirectly, my experiences in camp had some value!!

Not because I dislike this work, but because I don't want to work under Farlano if Wolf is transferred, I finally submitted my name for a transfer.

Every night we have a pillow fight to determine if the radio goes upstairs or downstairs. We are outnumbered, and they have 225lb. Townsend on their side so we lose 4 out of 5 times. Mundy is our biggest man and he only weighs 192. They won tonight, but we are going over to Buckner's anyway so we didn't care.

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1:30 p.m. This is about the first Saturday that I have spent in this camp. The reason for this is my financial state and the fact that we had a near hurricane wind last night and a terrific cold spell has set in. The boat which goes to N.Y. ran into the pier last night because of the rough waves so that it didn't operate today. It would have cost another \$2.00 for transportation so that Bob and I decided that we couldn't afford it. We are resigned to a nice quiet weekend here in the camp and we will find out what they eat on Sundays around here. If the boat runs tomorrow we may go into NYC and try and get into a play free. I don't mind staying here today as there are so many things which I have to do such as washing my laundry, writing letters, sewing etc.

I didn't get to bed until after one last night because we went over to Buchman's for the evening. Annette served us so many things to eat. She is a funny girl. She and Bucko have been married for about a year so that she is practically a young bride yet. She doesn't know how to cook yet, and she has such problems. I had to cook the french fried potatoes for her because she was so helpless about it. By the time we were finished I was practically ordering her around the kitchen. She didn't even protest either. She's very good natured, Annette said that she didn't have another job yet, but she thought that she was going to get one at Fort Monmouth next week in the PX. She certainly goes to a lot of trouble to feed us, but she likes to do it. She and Bucko act like 18 year olds the way they make such a fuss about visitors. One of these days she is going to buy a steak and I will go down to cook and eat it. Bob, Herby and some of Buck's civilian friends were at the party. We had

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February 16, 1946

a very interesting evening down there, but I had a very difficult time getting up this morning. Johnny Mundy came back slightly tipsy and I had to talk to him until about 2:00 ayem as he wanted to know why he drank so much. He was on the way home to Wilkes Barre, Pa, but he got delayed when he stopped in at a bar in Highlands for a nip because of the cold winds. One drink led to another and he eventually missed his train connection so that he had to come back here. Johnny has invited Bob and me to his home two weekends from now. He said that he had to make the arrangements with his mother, and he plans to bring his car down so that we can travel up there in comfort. His grandfather owns some coal mines up there, and apparently the family is fairly well off. He mentioned something about his mother having trouble getting a maid. Last night he told me that just before he went overseas, his father suddenly died and he thinks that this has contributed to his drinking. He has inherited all of the property. Johnny wants to get straightened out before he gets his discharge in May so that he will go back to college with the proper mental attitude to take a medical course. He said that his family has been rather prominent in state politics for a long time so that he doesn't want to do anything which will hurt them. His mother is anxious to get him married off to one of the local girls so that he will settle down, but Johnny doesn't feel that he is ready for a marital venture yet. He is about 21 years old, but very mature. He is very generous and he wanted to give me \$5.00 as a gift, but I refused to take it. He said that he didn't want to see any of his friends broke, and he practically woke everyone in the barracks trying to force the money on me. Johnny has a lot of tailor made

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clothes instead of the regular G.I. issue and he said that I could have most of it if I were still here when he got his discharge.

The work at the office went along very smoothly this morning, but about five of the staff were absent because the boat didn't run and they were left stranded in NY. Major Farlano, the funny duck, came down to my desk and asked me, "Are you still peeved with me for the exchange of words the other evening?" It was almost funny but I kept a serious face and reassured him that there were no hard feelings. Then he said that he was almost convinced that I was right about all of the fellows doing their best and producing fairly good case histories. He said that he had read over the batch which I took up to Wolf yesterday and he thought they were good. Then he concluded, "Kuchi, you don't have to press them for production anymore because we will have until Wednesday with this group and as long as they keep up the good work that's all we want." It certainly took him a long time to come around to this point of view, although I'm not sure that he is entirely convinced yet. He is such an anxious individual; I just don't want to work with him because he is a disrupting force in any office although he means well.

In my morning conference with Major Wolf, he told me that the quality of the cases convinced him and that I should ignore Major Farlano's and Lt. Sless's urgings to push up the production. He went on to tell me how he felt about Farlano, which was a rather embarrassing thing. He said the things which I had felt for quite a while, and gently hinted that Farlano was inclined to be a little nervous and hasty at times. For some reason, Wolf seems to value my opinions rather highly because I was right on one or two things. One always feels good when compliments are passed around!! Anyway, the

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net result of the morning conference was that I was given instructions not to let the quality of the work fall, and that I should not prod the staff to production anymore because our department was not a factory. After two months of work here, we finally get that issue straightened out!! I think that our department did a good job on the processing, and Wolf said that he is going to try to get some extra passes for the enlisted men as a sort of reward for all of their efforts. We only have about a week's work left, and after that is a question mark.

Major Wolf told me that the Second Service Command is objecting to any men being transferred to another command because it wants to keep a tight rein on all of the specialists so that he didn't think a release could be obtained to go to Europe very easily. However, he advised that I keep trying, and he suggested that I write to the Personnel Counsellor of the Neuropsychiatric Section of the Surgeon General's Office in Washington in order to cut channels. I think that I will go ahead with it now that my mind is made up. The Army is going to need more and more psychiatric workers with the recent change in induction policy. It must be getting desperate because it wants to grab everyone for fear that the selective service act will not be extended beyond May. The Army now will accept men with all sorts of defects, such as lateral deviation of the spine; hernia, goiter, local paralyses if the man can walk; stuttering; mild chronic neuroses; moderate transient psychoneurotic reaction and mild mental deficiencies. Sad case! Under peacetime conditions, the Army won't have so many breakdowns from these cases, but there will be plenty because of the mental strain of being in a military organization itself. I doubt if the

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Army can claim to having the most perfect physical specimens after the bottom of the barrel is inducted. It just doesn't want to give up the strength given to it during the war.

Most of the Courts Martial is a result of taking in so many maladjusted individuals. Roughly 85% of the inmates are AWOL or desertion cases, and they broke down because of previous instability or tendency towards it. It takes a pretty well adjusted person to stand up under battle conditions to begin with. This morning, I jotted down some of the reasons which the inmates gave for desertion and AWOL as the cases came over my desk and I got the following reasons:

(1) "...because Paris intrigued me and I wanted to see if French women were all that was said of them."

(2) "...Because I was overseas for two years and I got word that my wife had given birth to twins, and I was so sore that I didn't care about anything."

(3) "... because I got lonesome for home and I started back."

(4) "...because I got lost in Germany so I went from one town to another drinking snapps for six damn months."

(5) "...because I was drunk and I didn't know what I was doing."

(6) "...because I was mad at my C.O. as he had it in for me."

(7) "...because I got disgusted and took off."

(8) "...because I was afraid of the buzz bombs and I had enough of combat."

(9) "...because I was lying around in a Repo Depot with nothing to do so I decided to see France on my own because they didn't need me for fighting."

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- (10) "...because I requested duty on the front lines, was denied, angry so I left my company to go look for a better fighting outfit."
- (11) "...because when we took the Jerry town, I went to sleep, woke up, and my outfit was gone."
- (12) "...because I had no confidence in my chicken shit CO, a 90 day wonder from the states."
- (13) "...because I met a French girl, shacked up, and forgot to come back."
- (14) "...because I was nervous and jittery."
- (15) "...because I was unlucky enough to get caught that time."
- (16) "...because my shoes were tight and I stopped to rest and my outfit left me."
- (17) "...because conditions were bad at the front; I didn't have any cigarettes, so I left, got some cigarettes and a piece of ass and then turned myself in."
- (18) "...because I was refused a pass to marry an English girl so I went away" (This was a colored boy who now has an illegitimate child by the girl, but plans to go back to her and get married.)
- (19) "...because there was too much discrimination in my outfit; I was put on latrine details too many times."
- (20) "...because I was upset, afraid of combat, shook so much that I couldn't hold a gun."
- (21) "...because I was late from a pass, heard that deserters got shot, so I stayed away as I didn't want to be punished that way."

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Louis Ligh, a half Chinese and half Irish, stopped me in the office to talk to me. Said that a great injustice had been done in confining him because he was framed. Spoke in a very flowery language, much sentimentalism. It didn't sound right to me when he said that his father was the Chinese Ambassador to India and he wanted to "save face." for his family. The case worker had put all of these things into the history so I started checking by asking Louis more questions. Finally told me that his father was really a cook in Chinatown! He is here because he was given a ride by a woman, shoved her out of the car, and took off to tour the country. He has a five year sentence.

Another strange case was the private who deserted from Germany, got to Paris, forged an officer's pass to get on a plane, landed in Boston and made his way to Ohio before he was picked up. He was taken back to Europe for his court martial and now he is back here again. Said that his reason was that he was anxious to return so that he could pay an unexpected visit on his wife whom he suspected of two-timing him. Found that she was faithful so now he is contented to pay the penalty for his offense.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

February 18, 1946

Dear Bette:

I have a brief breathing spell in my work here in the office so I will pass the time by telling you what I did over the weekend. It was icy cold on Saturday on account of a near hurricane wind so that I didn't go into NYC as usual even though I had a pass from noon on. Instead I puttered around all afternoon and evening washing clothes, sewing, writing letters, etc. In the evening my friend and I went to the Post theater to see "I Ring Doorbells" (Robert Shayne). It was surprisingly good for a PRC picture, on the light side. Afterwards we went to the library and read magazines. When we got back to the barracks we puttered around until 1:00. I think that I have the shiniest pair of combat shoes in the detachment now because I spent hours shining them up. The idea is to have them look like dress shoes, but they also have to look like they have been in combat. So I put oil and dirt on mine, rubbed it in good then waxed them up. Those shoes are now the envy of the whole barracks! It was the first Saturday evening I have spent on the post here, but I wasn't in the least bored.

Yesterday was my busy day. It started off leisurely enough. Got up about nine without any definite plans for the day. The weather suddenly changed during the night so that it was sunny and balmy. Mattews and I felt that it was a pity to waste such a nice day so on the spur of the moment we decided to go into NYC just for the ride on the boat. We rushed down to the pier and managed to get on. It wasn't the usual boat which goes into NY as the Chauncy got damaged during the storm the other night. The steamer we went on used to run on the Great Lakes; it was very slow, but we didn't mind

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the two hour trip as we stood out on the deck all the way. We talked to a boy from Brooklyn who kept bragging that the USA was Brooklyn and he pointed out Coney Island and all the other things. We ribbed him by saying that all of the frowzy looking seagulls which followed our boat were from his city. He laughed off everything until we started to ridicule the Brooklyn Dodgers by saying that the team was composed of a bunch of old men who couldn't even make a semi pro team in the West where Men were Men. He got so excited that he stuttered. We passed a Navy ship just starting out for Europe with replacements, and the boys looked so sad about leaving this country as we waved at them. The Harbor was filled with boats because of the present tugboat strike going on so that our boat had to weave in and out in order to get to our dock. It was just like a pleasure cruise for us. We were coming right back because we were too broke, but we decided to wander around and catch a later boat back. Before the afternoon was finished, we had completely revised our original plans and we remained in the city overnight.

It all came about accidentally. We walked up to 99 Park Avenue near Grand Central station just to see if any free play tickets were available. Much to our surprise, we got some for "Home of the Brave." We also got some more tickets for a downtown stage show and movie. With such luck, we decided that it would never do to return to Fort Hancock so we went to the Soldier's and Sailors Club to get registered for 75 cents room for the night. Again we were lucky and we got a private room with the best of facilities. We had an hour to kill before the matinee so we went over to the USO at the

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Elks Club and ate beef hamburger sandwiches for a nickel with free coffee and doughnuts. I ate four of them! Bob Mattews and I strolled up 42nd, over to Broadway and Times Square, avoiding all the little boys who wanted to shine our shoes. I felt insulted because my shoes already were reflecting light like a mirror, and those little kids would step on them and then ask so innocently if they could shine them! In NYC, one has to have a hard heart because you can't walk a block without some photographer trying to sell you a picture, shoe-shine boys pouncing on you, blind men playing accordians with a cup for money, panhandlers, sightseeing tour guides. I've been able to build up my resistance so that I can say "no" firmly, although I'm a sucker sometimes for those panhandlers. Yesterday, I didn't have a guilty conscience because I only had \$3.00 of borrowed money to my name. New York City is such a wonderful place though; I like it better every time I go in. There's always something exciting about it, and I get enjoyment just wandering around. Right in the middle of Times Square there is a Pepsi Cola servicemen's center which gives free cokes and sells hot dogs for a nickel each so we filled up there. The servicemen go there to look out the windows at the women's hats and what under them; I think they spend a lot of time admiring nylon stockings too--at least they are always commenting about how nicely the legs fit into them! A lot of the men who hang around the Center are ex-GI's and they looked so forlorn trying to recapture the spirit of the past. They come dressed in half GI and half civilian clothes. I guess they find it difficult to get adjusted to civilian life so they come around trying to find some sort of security or comradeship among the GI's, who generally ignore them.

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because they prefer to identify themselves with other GI's as long as they are in the service.

The play at the Belasco Theater, "Home of the Brave" was superb. It was the best play that I have seen yet. The theme was about a GI of Jewish ancestry, sensitive about his racial background, who makes very good adjustments in his outfit. But there is one guy with pro-fascist race theories who picks on him all the time. When the "hero's" best friend gets killed, he gets a psychotic paralysis and can't walk. The dialogue was very GI, and it didn't pull any punches in approaching the problem of anti-semitism. Some of the audience got very stirred up about the whole thing and we could hear a few of the ladies sobbing. For some reason, the play is closing soon. Perhaps it is because it is on a controversial subject and the public does not like to be reminded of their stupid attitudes because of a guilty conscience. Such a play will never be made into a movie because Hollywood likes to sugar coat realistic facts on the false assumption that the public would object to plays depicting real life. Maybe so. Anyway, if the play comes to Chicago, try and see it. It's good lesson in race relations.

After the play we wandered up Broadway for a while, and then we went to see a stage show, "The Glenn Miller Orchestra. It was very smooth, ahhh! The picture "The Harvey Girls" was the usual garbage put into musicals. We just went in for the stage show anyway (we had free tickets). After the movie we went to eat some hamburgers at the Elks Club. Then we looked for another play to get into. On Sunday evenings not many plays are on. We wandered up to 42nd and asked the manager if we could go in to see "January Thaw," a comedy play.

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He snapped his fingers and had the usherette take us right down front to the \$4.50 seats! It was wonderful. The play was entertaining, but not nearly as good as "Home of the Brave." But we couldn't complain as we didn't pay for it! After the play we decided to go to the top of Empire State Bldg because it was such a clear night. We got passes, and the elevator took the two of us up on the very last trip as it was about midnight. Looking down on the city with such clear visibility was a thrilling experience. We could see for 20 miles, and the colored lights all over made NY look like a fairyland. It was actually balmy when we got out on the observation tower. We met a couple of excited girls from Iowa up there so we acted like native new yorkers and pointed out all of the interesting spots to them. Suddenly a gust of wind came up and blew the hat of one of the girls and we sorrowfully watched it swish out of sight.

From there we went to the Soldier's and Sailors club, had something to eat, took a shower and went to bed. We got about \$15 worth of entertainment for \$1. Sometimes it pays to be a serviceman! We came back on the boat this morning. I certainly will miss NYC if I get transferred out to the Coast, very indefinite at this stage.

Love, Chas.

P.S. Saw "Spiral Staircase" (G. Brent, D. McGuire) this evening, and it scared heck out of me. See it when it comes; it's very good.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

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Just came back from a chiller picture, "Spiral Staircase." We thought it was very entertaining, but Buckman will probably say it was filled with cliches as he usually does. He gets all of his opinions from the New Yorker or PM so I know beforehand what his comments will be if I get hold of those publications first.

I was sleepy all day because I didn't get enough sleep last night. Lt. Sless deserted me so that I was swamped with cases to review. My morale was pretty low from reading all the gruesome details of murder and rape cases as I had to check the C.M. proceedings against the social histories.

The most revolting, disgusting C.M. record I read was the boy who attacked a German girl with the help of his friend. They were brutal in the way they treated the girl, degenerate in what they forced the girl to do. One boy was sentenced to be hanged, and the other got 15 years. In cases like that, it's hard to recommend clemency. The other case which nauseated me was the boy who shot a German with a machine gun. The German was trying to swim across the river after the war was over as he didn't want to be caught by the Russians. The inmate had direct orders from the Colonel to shoot anyone who tried to cross. The German pleaded with the inmate to allow him to land; he got kicked in the face and shoved back into the water and told to return. The inmate got angry, picked up his machine gun and riddled the helpless man. He was tried for deliberate murder, but on the technicality that he was acting under orders he got off with a 10 year sentence. The line between deliberate murder and war is very thin. There were pictures of the shot-up dead men in the folder and it was enough to sicken anyone. The only

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conclusion I could arrive at was that war is a nasty business, makes a lot of men almost beasts. The saving hope is that the war will not affect the ethical values of most of the GI's too much. The horrible pictures upset me so much that I couldn't work for the last hour. Spier's comment was: "Oh well, he was only a German." He's still a human being. Dorsky, Buchman and I spent the last hour discussing whether the war actually would promote real internationalism, and the general tone of comments was largely negative.

I asked Major Wolf about the possibility of a furlough, and I got an answer: "Well, we may get two more shiploads of inmates. You are the key man downstairs, and we couldn't get along without you. Why don't you wait until we find out if any more inmates are coming in or not?" Oh, my aching back! It seems that if one attempts to function at his best level in the Army, he only makes an obstacle for himself. The only two who have received furloughs in our department have been Talley and Furchette, and they were the ones to take it the easiest ~~xxx~~ in work and agitate for everyone to goof off. In the Army, virtue is never rewarded, hardly ever. I doubt if I'll get a furlough for a long time. The chances for going to California aren't so good now either.

Gary writes to confirm my enquiry to him that the reason he isn't so keen about California is that his interest in Ruth has passed the platonic stage. He has written to his folks and they object to him considering matrimony with a non-Armenian. I guess they will eventually get married. ~~Exgms~~ Ruth is a swell girl for Gary; she will help him to settle down. Inadvertently, I've been playing cupid for them without being aware of it.

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Herby brought canned herring and pumpernickle bread back with him so we just finished a delicious snack. Johnny got the cokes, Bob contributed the cheese, and I hauled out some crackers. Mundy is rattling away about his experiences with French girls right now, and Bob is bragging about how we got \$15 worth of entertainment yesterday for \$1.00. They opened the cans on my foot locker, and it stinks of fish now. I have to play Herby a game of gin rummy to decide who cleans up now.

19 February, 1946, Tuesday

Worked as usual all day and got all tired out. A storm came up after the evening meal, and now it is storming violently outside. I guess this is the last big snowstorm for the season as everyone was expecting it. We all went to the movies this evening, "Whistle Stop" (Geo. Raft-Eva Gardner) but it was mediocre. I was going to do some office work this evening but Mundy, Bob, Herby and I have been talking up to (11:00 p.m.). They wanted to know all about the Nisei, and I had to answer their questions for two hours. The conversation turned to the topic of prejudice. For the first time, I learned that the Reason why the P & S section was disliked around here was because some of our officers were of Jewish ancestry. I was very much surprised, and such a thing just didn't occur to me before. I worked on Mundy as he has some vague anti-Jewish feelings. I pointed out how stupid it was to be prejudiced against Irish Catholics and he got the point. He told me about some of the existing prejudices in his state of Penn. and I was amazed to learn how strong it was. In Penn. it is the "Hunkies" who are looked down upon because they are the coal miners and "Communists." Mundy

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readily admitted that this was conditioned into him, and fortunately his feelings against most racial groups, other than the Negroes, are not too strong. It's a very vicious process. He went on and on about the Jews until Herby mentioned that he was of Jewish ancestry even though his parents came from Latvia. There was an embarrassed silence, and then Johnny changed his tune. He has some reactionary ideas about labor too, but I think he can be work upon. I started my "lecture" tonight. He just hasn't been exposed to enough liberal ideas yet. He thinks I'm a communist because I say every man is entitled to a decent living wage!!

Major Wolf asked me to make an evaluation of all the staff; I objected, but he insisted and Farlano also supported it. There is some move coming up for personnel reduction, but I hate to take this responsibility of rating all the staff. I'm working up a rating chart now before evaluating anyone.

20 February, 1946, Wednesday

We are nearing the closing stages of the processing of the present batch. Word was received that two more ships were on the highseas now, but we don't know if we will receive them or not. I hope not, because we are in need of a break. I spent part of the morning with First Sgt. Vass discussing the possibilities of a 3-day pass for some of the staff. It appears that Hdqtrs Co. will come through this time and I had to find out which fellows were the most deserving of time off. There is also a chance that some furloughs will be given. I am eligible for one now, but Major Farlano asked me to hold off because it was necessary for me to be around--same old baloney. I'm going to put in for a 20-day furlough on the basis

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that I have to go to California, but I think I'll only go as far as Chicago. There are many rumors going around about what is going to happen to the staff after next week, but nothing definite has been decided. There are changes in the air because Major Wolf asked me to speed up my evaluation of the staff and I submitted it this afternoon. It was hard to do this and I felt like refusing the responsibility but I went through with it. It took me almost a whole day to do the job. I also had to write up a critique of social work methods used in this department for Major Wolf, a sort of progress report. Late in the afternoon I got back to the stack of cases to review, and I held one or two individual conferences with case workers on their progress. It's a tedious job. I'm glad that the project is ending soon as I am rapidly getting weary and I need a breathing spell. There is no rush for production anymore so that a lot of the pressure has been lifted in the last few weeks. Some personnel transfers are in the wind, but I haven't been able to find out anything definite. Sgt. Vass is reporting for separation tomorrow so that Shoenfield will move into his job, and the typists will be more or less on their own. I will have the added job of advising Major Farlano when passes and furloughs are due for the fellows downstairs. Our department is functioning very smoothly now, but it took weeks and weeks for us to reach this point.

The chances for getting transferred to California are not so bright now. Lieut. Madera was turned down by the 2nd Service Command. I heard over the radio that the Army is going to process the families of American occupational troops in Bremerhaven staging area before they go to their permanent homes in Berlin, and I think that

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a social worker will be needed for this so I may write to inquire about the possibilities. These families will start going over in April.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company released a statistical study of the military lives lost in the war, and came out with a grand total of 10,000,000. According to the estimates Germany lost 3.2 million, Japan 1.5 million, Russia 3 million, England 490,000 U.S. 325,000, China 250,000 etc. I certainly hope that the world has lost (sic) its lesson that war actually accomplishes very little, but it doesn't look that way when I see the headlines which reflect anything but a cooperative spirit throughout the world.

The boy who slept next to Herby got ill the other day. He was one of Johnny's buddies from overseas. Johnny brought him grapefruit juice from the messhall for a day or so. Yesterday the boy had to go to the hospital. The Colonel was worried for administrative reasons about getting some kind of special drug for the boy. It was double pneumonia and the boy failed fast. He died this evening. His parents were expecting the boy home next week upon discharge. Now all they will get will be the belongings which the fellows are packing up now. It's a sad way to see another empty bed. Life is pretty brutal when it ends so suddenly like the boy's did.

Went over to the Rec. Hall for a while, but felt listless. I guess I can't see death so casually as these overseas boys - They accept it as a matter of fact.

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Diary Thurs. 21 February, 1946

We wound up the last of the 420 cases today. Farlano wanted so badly to stretch the work out until next week and he asked me to slow the staff down, but there were too few cases left to do that. Only about 12 fellows were writing social histories today as I put all those who could type to the job of typing up the final report. Dorsky was in a car accident last night and he smashed his leg; Buchman had laryngitis, and a couple of others were on sick call. Farlano worked out a system of giving part of the staff 3-day passes. Again, I was left out on the limb with the old story that I was needed around to take responsibilities. I'm getting sick and tired of that line as I find that it becomes a handicap to be an "essential" person about the place. He said that I would be put in for a furlough in another week or so, but I'm disillusioned about that sort of promise. If another batch of inmates comes in, I'll be out of luck once more. Mattews got a 3-day pass and the Med. Det. wailed and howled. They are so intensely jealous of us. They said that they were so short of staff in the hospital that we could help out by being ward boys. It's so silly, this pettiness; but it just can't be overcome no matter how hard we try. I can see that my chances for a furlough are practically nil. I wasn't so keen on the prospect of a 3-day pass this weekend because of financial reasons. Bob is going to Wisconsin again, and he will try to hitch an air ride from the Army airport in Newark. He left this noon as I "covered" for him at the office so that he actually will have almost 4 days away from this place. Harry was very upset because he wasn't included for a 3-day pass this weekend. I told him that his turn would come soon, but he thinks that he is being personally

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persecuted. God, what a paranoid he is getting to be!! I told him that the best way from getting overcome with grief about these things was to be philosophical about it. His answer, "I can't because I'm thoroughly 'pissed' off about this whole damn place." I guess everyone is getting a little impatient, but Harry is the most anxious of all. Maybe he needs a rest as this strenuous project is rather nerve wracking.

Major Wolf is working out an organizational plan for our staff to enter the next phase of work in case there are no more shipments. He asked me to suggest some functions, but I couldn't think of any. The whole idea is to create some work until the discharges come. That doesn't help me much so I haven't too much confidence in the contemplated reorganization at this time. Wolf said that his request to go to the West Coast was turned down so it looks if my chances are flying out the window. There really won't be much psychiatric social work to do around here from now on, but this post wants to hang on to all personnel. It's very silly because other installations could use us, but transfers are denied. I wouldn't mind staying around here if I were to perform a useful function. One of the reasons why a reorganization of the dept. is only temporary is because we don't know yet if some of the personnel will be shifted to other depts. on the post. Wolf asked me what I wanted to do in the new setup, but I couldn't get enthusiastic about any section. We will have a reclassification board, psychotherapy section, vocational and educational guidance, psychometrics (testing), morale, and processing. I may go into the morale section as it includes the newspaper and some group activities. I don't see how

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I can profit in experience in any of the other sections and I don't care to work with most of the Lieutenants who are big "goof offs." If the Army would send me to Europe I'm sure that I could render greater service to it than to remain here, but I guess I'll have to be lost in the shuffle for a while.

I got stuck with another project today. It seems that the War Department wants a "White Paper" on its handling of the General Prisoners. The Under Secretary of War has set up a research section ~~af~~ to write a history of the Army's correctional program during the war. A request is passed down to Colonel Bullens, the Commandant of the USDB here. He relays the request to Major Wolf through channels. Wolf tries to pass it on to one of the Jr. officers of the staff, but they manage to get out of it in one way or another. So Wolf asks me to do it. He speaks of the project as a very simple process. Our part in this history will be a record of the birth and growing pains of our Psychology and Sociology Dept. here. Wolf wants a finished product in a week, but he won't get it. There are few records on file and I'm supposed to reconstruct it from memory. The general idea is to make our dept. look good and "whitewash" it. I tried to get out of the project, but it was an order so I'll have to make some feeble attempt at it - an enlisted man can't say no very easily. Included in the history will be a statement of the procedures followed in receiving the 4,800 prisoners from the E.T.O. with special emphasis on a summary of the plans, procedures, classification of the reception program. "Inasmuch as the history is to be a record of the lessons of the war with respect to the handling of military prisoners, we are especially interested in presenting all major

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problems encountered in the shipment and reception program as well as account of how each of them was approached and solved. Unsolved difficulties should also be reported." It's a hell of a dirty trick for Wolf to ask me to write the report on our section, and I'm resentful of the way it was pushed on me just because I have attempted to cooperate with all the work in the office. I was going to ask Torrance to help me but he is going on a furlough. Harry may help me on it if I coax him enough.

Bitter cold winds all day long. Went to see "Road to Utopia" (Crosby-Hope) with the boys - the usual silly picture with a loose story, but a lot of gags. Most of the evening I've been washing my accumulated laundry and it is out of the way at last. Herby and I are the only ones on this floor in the barracks tonight. Johnny had to be the honor guard to escort Burke's body home. I hit him so hard that he went out and got drunk last night. He was planning to go to NY to seduce a girl tonight until this came up.

22 February, 1946, Friday

I'm the only one left on the upper floor in the barracks tonight so I'll have the whole place to myself. Johnny moved into one of the rooms on the end. We got ambitious and swept and mopped up the whole floor in preparation for the inspection tomorrow. Harry and I are getting a 3 day pass from Sunday, but we will be able to leave at noon tomorrow. We anticipate a terrific outcry of resentment from the Med. Det. because they are so short staffed and they take out the gripes on us. Harry and I plan to sign out,

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and leave before they can stop us as they will only argue about it. Most of our staff is getting 3 day passes since we finished up the case processing today.

I don't have any definite plans for the days off, but I am going while I have the chance. I almost lost it when Major Wolf wanted me to postpone my pass until the report was finished. But enough is enough, and there is no end to it so I decided to go while I had the chance as something is always coming up and the "key" men in the staff are asked to remain behind and "cooperate." I've been stuck the most of this particular kind of deal. I'll probably go into NYC and try to stay over at Saye's apartment. She and Yam should be married by now, but I wouldn't be surprised if they weren't. I only have \$3.10 so I have to go mighty easy on my finances. It will be impossible to manipulate my funds over 3 days unless I become a bit resourceful. It's fortunate that payday is coming up soon. I'll try to get free tickets to some plays, and Ruth has invited me up to her place in Jamaica for a visit on Sunday. She and Gary are quite thick now. He writes for me to get together with them on March 3 when he gets a $4\frac{1}{2}$ day pass...."of course you know I planned on going out west with Ruth then (May) but seems as though her folks don't look too kindly on my being something other than a good Jewish boy, and they've been giving her blood, sweat, and tears (mamma especially); and Ruth seems to be in a quandry about the whole thing... wasn't it a routine like this which Jack had to go through. My own folks kicked a lot, but they seem to be more resigned to succumb to my whims now that I have definitely kicked over the traces...What price prejudice and I have to wallow in...thanks for your note of encouragement."

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I worked all day on the outline of the P & S section report. Dragged Torrance and Harry in to help out a bit. Captain Windham said he would write up some notes on the classification section and Jenkins will do something on the Psychologists. Kantor may write up some notes on the Boarding procedures. Since I won't be here Monday and Tuesday, Jenkins has promised to take over. My first outline was much too ambitious, and we now plan to write a brief summary history and stuff it with a lot of forms and graphs. There just isn't time to do a thorough job and I can't find much background data in the files.

Johnny was in a very melancholy mood this evening. He escorted Burke's body home and helped lift it into the casket. Described the gruesome details of how the undertaker put a suction tube into the body of his friend to clean it out. Said he almost vomited. Became philosophical about how unjust Fate was in taking his 22-year old friend when the boy had escaped casualty all the way thru the war. Johnny stayed over at Burke's house last night and there was a regular Irish wake. He was quite impressed with the parents and said that they were very appreciative about what had been done for their son. Johnny felt that Life and Death were pretty meaningless when one could pass out of existence without any more notice than a brief shock on the family and close friends. He wanted to know if there were really an after life "because one just can't end like that." I didn't think that there was; Johnny wasn't sure. He is of the Catholic faith and he believes in God. Johnny wanted to know if such things ever bothered me, and I truthfully answered that it did not. Sometimes I think I'm inclined to be a hedonist

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and atheist. I think that there is enough to live for in this life than to spend a lot of wasted time on pondering if there were an afterlife or not. I shocked Johnny when I said that it was such questions as this which gave rise to religions, most of which were a curse on mankind because of the entrenched reactionary philosophies developed. Johnny was horrified, and called me a communist!! The problem of the existence of a God or not really is not of vital concern to me. I can weigh it when I get senile. Johnny's answer to this was that it was better to be cautious and accept religion just in case one were suddenly struck down as Burke. I wondered if most people who professed a belief in God really led a higher ethical life than I. Johnny's conclusion: "Well, I still think there is more to life than to have it end with an undertaker hitting your backbone with a suction tube." Maybe so, but I don't believe it.

24 February, 1946, Sunday

2:00 a.m. (N.Y.C.).

I have a nice desk here to write on and I'm not sleepy so I've got some books and magazines out to read. The party just broke up here at Warren's. It's a good feeling not to think about going back in the morning. It's really a $3\frac{1}{2}$ day pass as I got off at noon yesterday. I didn't have any definite plans when I came into town, but things are going along fine. I went over to see Joe about finding a place to sleep. Saye was out of town for the weekend so that Sammy invited me to stay over at her place. She mentioned that Wang was out of the army and living near Kenny, and I was greatly surprised to hear this news since the last time I heard from him he was in Korea. After talking with Rei for a while at the store, I

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decided to go up to 124th St. and look Wang up. He wasn't in so I went over to visit Kenny, but he wasn't in either. The girls invited me in to have dinner with them. Everyone I've looked up this time seems to think that I'm mad at them for some reason because I haven't been around to see them for a number of weeks. It's just that I've been busy doing other things, but I didn't bother to explain to them. Honey, Mary, Masako, and Kimi are pretty nice girls, I guess, but they seem to be too scholarly and naive. I guess they want to pose as "intellectuals." Masako and Honey are studying evenings for their part time courses at Columbia, and Mary is taking a course in steno-typing. Kimi still has her job with a private organization fostering democratic principles. She said that Kenny was trying to get out of the army on the basis of a hardship case. His parents are out in California running the farm. One brother is in the army and another in an army hospital as a result of amnesia so Kenny feels obligated to go back and run the farm. It would be a mistake for him as he isn't the farming type, but he is set on going. Kimi felt that this wouldn't be so bad because they could be together again and she is so fearful that he may be sent to the Orient now that so many of the Nisei interpreters are eligible for discharge. The whole group which volunteered for the army in the Spring of 1943 are now being separated. I saw a bunch of the 442nd boys downtown yesterday.

After dinner at Kimi's apartment, the girls suggested that I go along with them across the street where an informal gathering of the "Nisei Weekender" group was meeting. The only interesting person I met over there was Louise Morgan. The gathering was for the purpose of discussing the Nisei paper, and I was never so bored and restless in my life. I couldn't think up a good enough excuse to get out.

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Harry Oshima and Chiye were doing all the talking and nobody else got a chance to get in a word edgewise. The agenda for discussion wasn't organized, and they started out by talking of finances. The paper hasn't been able to get many subscribers so that a dance was sponsored for Washington's Birthday, and it lost money. They decided to throw another dance to make up. A critical comment was made by one girl that these activities seemed to contradict the policies of the paper. Harry's answer to this was that the war was over and there was no longer any necessity for the Nisei to prevent a Japanese community development because it was a natural and inevitable process. He pointed out that this was happening in Hawaii. Then a Nisei boy remarked that the Nisei Vets of the 442nd and 100th were organizing a veterans organization along racial lines and he didn't think that it was wise to draw in the lines behind them after all the fighting for democracy which they had done. He said that he was in Hawaii just before coming back here for discharge and this racial grouping was the thing which was worrying the thinking Nisei over there the most, but that they did not have the opportunity to break away from the hold of a Japanese community as the mainland Nisei did.

After a brief discussion on which everyone, without exception, agreed that racial segregation was a bad thing for the future welfare of a group, the discussion turned back into how the "Nisei Weekender" could help build up community solidarity! They didn't even realize how they were contradicting the sentiments which had been expressed a minute before! Harry did preface some of his comments that the paper was for the purposes of making profits. During all this discussion, I didn't even react as I would have 6 months ago. I felt

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the hell with it, I was bored with the never ending topic of the "Nisei problem" which never gets beyond the talking stage anyway. One indication of the continued conservatism of the group was the comment made in opposition to the establishment of a Nisei Escort Bureau "because the community sentiment (Issei) wouldn't approve of it, and there would be too much responsibility for the morals of the girls taken out on these blind dates." The proposal was voted down without further discussion. The group finally decided to sponsor 3 more dances before June.

From the conversation going on (mostly between 3-4 people), the picture I got of the NY resettlers was that the Nisei Society was very loosely organized. The main groups are the JACD, JACL, Buddhists, Christian Church, and "Nisei Weekender" group. All of these are competing for domination of the entire group, chiefly through social activities. The church group apparently hold the upper hand among the 5,000 resettlers in the NY area. There are tie-ins with the Seabrook Farm group in New Jersey, and the Nisei in Philadelphia. But all of these resettler groups do not have more than ^atotal of 20% of all resettlers as members. This means that 4/5 are not directly connected with any Nisei organization, but that they have their own informal friendship groups. Chiye was very concerned about this and she felt that the "Weekender" should be the vehicle to encourage more Nisei into Nisei activities.

About 10:00 p.m. Sat. evening Wang came over and rescued me from the boring meeting. He looked the same as ever and the past 4 years since I've seen him haven't caused any radical changes except a greater maturity in his thinking and a more stable personality.

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I didn't get to talk to him too much because there was a party going on in his apartment. Wang is batching with Dave Veskins, an ex-Lieutenant, and Don Bullock. Don has had paralysis of the legs since age 15 so that he uses crutches to get around in. Both were extremely cordial, and they introduced me around to all of their friends. All of this group are graduate students in Psychology except Don's fiancée, Betty Witty. She is in social work so that we got along well. Before the evening was over, I was doing a great deal of talking about what I thought should be done about GI general prisoners. It was a most pleasant party, and the drinks flowed abundantly. Don's fiancée and his sister were staying overnight so that Dave took us over to his girl friend's apartment, since she, Harriet Taylor, was out of town. Wang and I talked until about 4:00 a.m. before we went to sleep.

This morning, Wang and I returned to his apartment about noon and cooked up a late breakfast for the gathering. The girls had to return to Philadelphia in late afternoon in order to make their classes at Temple. Wang and I went to a stage show this afternoon to see Carmen Miranda. I tried to get Wang in on a serviceman's pass, but he didn't have his uniform on so that the doorman called him back to buy a ticket. He said that he "lost face," and that he couldn't get used to my aggressive behavior when I walked into a place like I owned it! I guess the army has made me bolder in some ways at that. It always takes a lot of maneuvering around to get free tickets at 99 Park Ave. for the plays and other entertainment features, but when one is low financially it has to be done. It's legitimate as these conveniences are for servicemen and they should

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be taken advantage of when in need. Wang said that he had been in NY for 2 weeks and that he didn't even know about 99 Park Ave. I felt like a veteran New Yorker the way I dragged him all over town today.

We went up to Joe's after the stage show - the movie with it, "The Fallen Angel" (D. Andrews-Faye-Darnell) was fair - and had dinner. Viki is having a romance with Danny, a Korean American and Ex-Gob, so that she was only in briefly. The other occupants of the apt., Chiye and Harry, are also having a romance. That Chiye certainly is tearing Cracker's reputation down. Says that she needs a mate who will give her intellectual stimulus. What she needs is a swift kick in the pants. George Foruya was also there. We went to see "Marie Louise," a French film in the evening as it was Joe's turn to go out and Sammy had to watch the baby. Afterwards we sat around and talked here until about 2:00 a.m. I'm sleepy now so will retire.

25 February, 1946, Monday

I had a full day of activity because I got up early and went to Joe's store to look after things while he went to the City Hall to pay a fine for not shoveling the snow from his sidewalk. I dragged Wang down there, but we didn't have too much to do. Wang took his books to study, but he didn't get much accomplished. He hasn't said much about his overseas experiences, but he told some of them this morning while we sat around waiting for the customers to come in. Wang did mostly translation work with the intelligence unit in the Army and he was at Leyte, Okinawa and Korea. He minimizes his work because of his modesty, but a General was quoted in the newspapers as saying that the war in the Pacific was considerably shortened

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because of the 3-4000 Nisei interpreters used. He said that most of the time the boys were quite bored as they were considered too valuable to get right up into the front lines. They got along extremely well with the outfits they were connected to and there was rarely any friction. During the time he was in the Philippines the natives were somewhat antagonistic towards the Nisei GI because they didn't know who they were. This made the Nisei boys a little griped because it made accessibility to the "comfort girls" a little more difficult. Wang said that on Okinawa, the Nisei boys had the advantage. The only trouble was that they had to patronize "comfort girls" left behind by the Japanese troops. Wang felt that Korea was a very uncivilized country and he said that the feeling against Japanese was quite strong. The Japanese colonizers were all being evacuated at the time he was there, and there were few tears shed at their departure. Wang said that there were a number of Korean collaborators who treated the GI's royally because they were seeking favors of the occupation troops. The large Japanese business men did the same thing in the hopes of salvaging some of their fortunes, but they were not allowed to take any of it out of the country. Wang said that he met a beautiful Korean girl there whom all the Nisei GI's became romantically attached to. One Nisei boy finally reenlisted in the Army for 3 more years so that he could marry her. A few of the Nisei GI's were marrying Japanese girls, but legal complications were involved. He said that he knew of only one case of a Japanese girl committing suicide because "The Emperor had told the people to stop the war in order to prevent further bloodshed." She was a "comfort girl," living in extreme poverty, but loyal to her emperor to the end.

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Just before coming back to the U.S., Wang said that he hitch-hiked to Japan on an Army bomber. He visited his sister in north Japan who was teaching in a German missionary school. It was the only foreign school not closed by Japanese authorities during the war. She taught English. In Tokyo, Wang said that he got the impression that it was a steel corpse and that the Japanese were not doing any rebuilding yet. The only place of activity was the park near the Emperor's palace where the GI's made love to Japanese maidens. He was always called upon by GI's to proposition Japanese girls. On the whole, the GI's looked upon the Japanese as "Gooks." Wang also spent a little time in Hawaii on the way back.

At present, Wang is planning to do some graduate work in journalism at Columbia, and he has already signed up for some classes. However, he can't get a full program in the journalism school so that he is filling in with courses on Japanese culture. He doesn't know what he wants to do yet, but he has a vague idea that he would like to go to newspaper work in Hawaii. As long as his GI Bill of Rights keeps him in school, Wang feels that he might as well make the use of it. His living costs are not exorbitant out here, and he certainly has a fine apartment. He was fortunate to get in with Don and Dave. The apartment originally belonged to a fellow named Platt. It seems that Davis Platt's father is the President of the North American Life Insurance Company in Chicago. The boy became intensely interested in race and labor programs, and ended up as a Socialist. He left his family to come to school out here, lavishly furnished up the apartment, and suddenly left to enter a school in the South, leaving the apartment lease with Don.

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After Joe returned to the store he took us to lunch in order to reward us for our work. I think that he lost money on us because we ate up most of the profits. Wang had to dash off to class so I went up and wandered around the Columbia University campus for a while--it doesn't have much beauty about it, just a mass of ugly buildings. It's supposed to be one of the wealthiest schools in the country because it gets rent from Rockefeller Center and other valuable real estate holdings in the city. I went over to look over General Grant's Tomb before going downtown to the museum. Later in the afternoon, I went to 99 Park and maneuvered some theater and movie tickets. Went to see "Walk in Sun" before going back to Wang's apartment.

I had an extra ticket for the play, "Are you with it?" so that I asked the girls over at Kimi's, but they were all busy with their studies. Wang had an evening class also so I finally went down to ask Viki if she wanted to go. She was out to dinner with Danny so I asked Sammy instead. She didn't know if Joe would like it very much if she went out and left the baby for him to take care of so I phoned Joe at the store and asked him. She was anxious to see the play because she hadn't been to one for quite a while. We had to run out on the baby because Joe didn't get home by 8:30, leaving Bobbie in the care of Viki who had returned in the meantime with her friend. We got to the theater in time for the opening, and the usherette kindly gave us front seats when I told her that I got dizzy if I sat back too far. Those usherettes in the theaters certainly are nice. The play was a musical comedy and good entertainment, especially those luscious chorus girls. After we ate I took Sammy home, and then returned to Wang's apartment.

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Don was still up when I got in so I have been talking to him for a while. He stays up late almost every night. Don is working on a thesis measuring racial attitudes of high school students in his home town. One of his discoveries is that girls are more prejudiced than boys, and that the Negroes and Jews are the most disliked. He has also found that Catholic children are more prejudiced than the other religious groups. He feels that this development of prejudice is largely emotional. We had quite a talk on this subject and also about the present labor strikes, presidential prospects, international politics, books, etc. Don is planning to get married in June and he told me all about his fiancée whom I met the other night. He said that I could stay over at the apartment anytime I was in town and he told me to keep the key to the place permanently so that really does solve my housing problems when I come to town! Don's father is a counsellor for a Federal agency in Washington DC, and has an income of \$15,000 per year. Don wants to be independent after his marriage because of the huge costs for doctor bills he has cost his family during the past 10 years. He eventually plans to enter college teaching on the college level after he gets his Ph.D.

Charles Kikuchi

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Dear Bette:

I'm acting as an assistant clerk in the Oriental Food Shop this morning with Wang! Joe Oyama, ye old proprietor, neglected to shovel the snow off of his sidewalk the other morning after it stormed because it was too cold and he didn't want to be exposed to the elements without taking his vitamin pills; and the Police came along and gave him a summons to appear at City Hall this morning to pay a \$1 fine. His wife has a cold, and she had to take care of the baby so that there was nobody around to open up the shop. She asked me to do it, and I dragged Wang along. Good thing too, because we have had only one customer so far and I would have gotten lonesome here all alone. I wouldn't have been able to talk to that Issei lady anyway. She wanted Taku-an or something like that. Wang, in his best Japanese--acquired through the courtesy of the U.S. Army--talked her into taking something else. I guess we are a success because we did make one sale. The only reason why we came down here was to meet some of these pretty Nisei girls, with flat chests says Wang, who come to the shop for their mothers or lovers. We are not interested in old ladies. Wait a minute, we have a customer who wants Tofu. We sold him a daikon instead. We didn't know the price so we told him to pay later when he came around again. He said that he was going to tell all his friends to come to the store because the salesmen don't know the prices. Joe forgot to give us the details on this little matter. He probably will lose money on us. If any girls come in, we will no doubt give them the goods if they give us the phone numbers. That's good business we think. I just sold a bottle of shoyu to a Nisei boy. Hope I didn't overcharge him. Tried

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to talk him into buying a gallon, but he only took a quart. He wanted Okada, but we didn't know what it was so we asked him to buy something more simple. He said that he didn't know what it was either, but he was visiting from Cincinnati and his friends wanted to feed him some Japanese dishes. We practically got a life history out of him to make him forget about the difficult foods he came after. Got to talking about the Occupation with him, and the boy was concerned about Korea not being able to govern itself without the help of Japan so Wang told him coldly and matter-of-factly that Korea could practice self government if she were given a chance. I guess we hurt his feelings; hope we didn't lose another customer. Wang is now busy eating up some of the profits.

In case you are wondering what I am doing in NYC on Monday morning, fear not that I am AWOL. I have a three day pass because I have been working hard on a history of our P & S department at Fort Hancock. It's almost finished now and I have a Captain and a Lieutenant as my assistants to work on it until I come back to work Wednesday morning. I only had \$3.10 to come into NYC for $3\frac{1}{2}$ days so that I have been forced to look up friends and impose upon their hospitality. Saye went out of town for the weekend, so Sammy (Joe's wife) offered to put me up. But I ran into Wang and he invited me to stay over with him so that my main troubles for housing has been taken care of.

I didn't even know that Wang was back in the US and separated from the Army. Sammy said that Wang was living in the same building as Kenny so I went up to 125th St. late Saturday afternoon to look him up since I hadn't seen the guy for four years. The elevator

operator didn't know any such person so I went on up to Kenny's apartment. Mary, Honey and Masako were the only ones there, and they insisted that I drop in for a visit and have dinner because I hadn't been around for about five months. The girls were nice as pie this visit and they didn't get sarcastic even once. They fed me well and were quite sociable, and their cooking of the lamb roast was delicious. They said that Kenny was still stationed out here, but he was waiting to be sent to the Pacific at any moment. Later, an ex-GI Nisei dropped in for a visit, and told us that he was on the way to Japan to work for the War Department there. What a sad case! Mary was in a fairly good mood, but she said that she has been depressed most of the time because her boy friend overseas has forsaken her charms for the bottle, and she didn't want to have anything to do with a drunkard. She got philosophical and told me her life aspirations. Said that she was 24 and that she wanted to have a career now, has been trying to get a civilian job with the Army in Europe, is an admirer of Joe Stalin in an abstract sort of way, etc. I tried to bolster her ego by telling her what a charming girl she was. That was the least I could do for the nice dinner. Anyway, I changed my opinion of her as she wasn't as snotty as I thought.

Hmm, nice looking girl trying to buy Tofu, which we ain't got, but I think I should help Wang engage her in conversation. Have to wait on other customers so will write more later.

Love,

Chas.

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Tues. 26 February, 1946.

2:30 a.m. NYC:

Whew, I'm tired! It's my last night of the three day pass and I certainly have been enjoying myself. I'm \$18 in debt for the month now, but tomorrow is payday so that my troubles will be solved for a while. I managed to get around a bit again today. I was so tired this morning that I slept until noon. Dave and Wang do not have classes until after lunch so that we sat around and talked for a while about the cultural advantages of NYC, and then had a large lunch. I went down to see Saye and caught up on all the news since I last visited her. She said that she and Yam were married early in the month, and she is counting the days until they can purchase a home. Yam had to go out to Indiana to take care of his chick sexing business. A lot of the Nisei vets are coming back into the field and cut-throating on the price of chick sexing because the Association has a limited membership and they can't get in. Yam had to go out there and protect his interests. The chick sexers are trying to keep a monopoly on the business, but they think that they are capitalists the way they keep away from Unions.

I had a late lunch with Saye, gossiped about people we knew in NYC, and then I left to get some theater tickets. I was very fortunate to get two free ones for "Jeb" and I got a \$1.80 ticket from the box office as Dave had mentioned that he hadn't seen any plays for a long time and I felt that this would be one way I could repay him for the hospitality of the past few days. Wang had cooked up a ham dinner by the time I got back so we ate it leisurely before leaving for the play. When we got ready to go, Wang objected to putting on his uniform, but I said that it was necessary

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for him to get admitted on the servicemen's pass. However, he now thinks that it is a good idea to get into plays that way as he didn't know about 99 Park and the facilities offered there. At the theater the usherette said that the three of us could sit in the Orchestra section downstairs so that we had wonderful seats. The play was about a returning colored soldier who goes home to the South to discover that he is still looked upon as a "nigger." He tries hard to get a job in line with his army skills, but eventually is forced to migrate to the North. The acting was not too good, but the theme was outstanding as it didn't pull any punches in facing the Negro plight realistically.

After the play we went to the London bar for a few beers, and when we got back to the apartment we sat around and talked for about an hour about what the war meant. Dave was an officer over in England during most of the time overseas working on propaganda leaflets, but he did get into France and Germany after the invasion. He showed some of the souvenirs he collected: German textbooks for children, one called "The World Against Us," silk maps used by German aviators if shot down over France, propaganda leaflets and money and many other things. Dave has a harsh attitude towards the Germans, while Don is inclined to be more forgiving. Dave was very incensed to read that some clubs in Philadelphia had given a farewell party to some German PW's returning home. He said bitterly that many GI's don't get anything for winning the war, and he thought it was a sad commentary that Negro soldiers were actually despised after they had fought for democracy. "The trouble with too many Americans is that they will forgive the Germans because they have white skins,

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while the Negro is looked upon as something inferior and foreign to us because of a different skin color. The fact that the colored boys fought for American principles against German fascism doesn't seem to make much difference to a lot of people in this country."

27 February, 1946, Wednesday

It's been a very weary day for me at the office because I only got about 3 hours of sleep last night. Guess it was the beer I drank. I got out of Wang's apartment by six and dazedly made my way down to the boat. It wasn't crowded at all so that I was fortunate enough to get a bench to lie down on. I slept all the way back to the post. I came to the office very leisurely so that I didn't actually start work until about 10:00. The rest of the day I have been busy on the Report of the P&S section. Lieutenant Jenkins had whipped it up into fair shape during the past two days so that I only had to write out some general conclusions. Captain Bolton helped upon this a great deal so that it wasn't too hard. Nobody is really interested in the final report so that I am stuck with it. Tomorrow I hope to dictate upon the final form; it will only be about 15 or 20 pages long with a large appendix as we cut out all of the non-essential information despite Major Wolf's hopes that it would be padded up. Since it will be a "White Paper" for this department, we didn't make too many critical points.

There is a reorganization of this department going on this week, but nobody knows what our status will be next. Since Max will be discharged in a few days, the department is looking for a chief sgt. major to look after the administrative functions. I was asked if I would be interested in this job, but I decided that I did not want

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to be an errand boy and a telephone answerer. Under the new organizational plan, a request will be made for more promotions. The Med. Det. will as usual be out of luck for any of these benefits so that if the other promotions come through we will have a situation whereby the most experienced men in the staff will have the lowest ratings. Max said that Major Wolf wanted to have me promoted to staff Sgt. because of my responsibilities, but I really am not interested in all this squabble about ratings anymore. I guess I haven't been in the Army long enough. I suggested that everyone be made a sgt. so that there would be no hard feelings, but Max said that the Army was not run this way. He then went on at great lengths to explain that since ratings were available from the Hdqtrs. company, I would be outranked by some of the reviewers, but that I still would be in charge. The way things are working out now, I will take over a lot of the functions of the Sgt. Major but I will remain downstairs for supervisory work primarily. Max wanted to know who should be recommended for Staff Sgt. and Torrance was the only one I could think of. It's too bad that the fellows in the Med. Det. can't get the ratings because they are the ones who deserve it the most. Harry is taking the thing very hard and he is rapidly getting quite demoralized. I guess that after one is in the army for a long time, ratings mean a great deal. Personally I think that the whole system of status in the army stinks and I don't want any part of it although I won't refuse promotions. I'm very much interested in the added money which goes with rating promotions, but the hell with the stripes. It's undemocratic anyway. Some of the fellows are raising a great furore about the new plan of promotions, and it was the chief topic

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of conversation all day long. Since we don't know yet what the future of this department is going to be, it might be a lot of wasted effort to make all of these premature fusses. I should work on my report tonight, but I am too tired. After we eat, I think I shall go to the show and then retire early. There's nothing doing in our office now so that the boys have been playing checkers, gin rummy, chess, etc. to pass the time away.

Picture I saw tonight, "The Gentleman Misbehaves", was a stinkeroo. They took all the empty beds out of the barracks so that we have immense spaces to wander around in up here. I had to rearrange my sleeping space a bit and clean up. Then we started eating crackers and cheese while engaged in a general bull session so that it's after 10 p.m. already. Johnny told us about how a French girl did his laundry without any blouse on so that he enjoyed watching her breasts bob up and down. When the laundry was done she got into the tub and took a bath. Herby's tongue hung out while the story was being told and he kept moaning, "Jesus Christ, I got sent to the wrong theater of war; I didn't see nothin' like that on Okinawa!" Bob then told of his adventures in Wisconsin during his 3-day pass. A doctor's wife who occupied a flat below Bob got in a violent argument with her husband, got a gun and blew the brains out of her husband's mistress. Bob said that he was out on a picnic drinking with them that morning.

Pouring rain outside now.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

Thurs. February 28, 1946

1:30 a.m. (NYC)

My morale reached a high peak today because things are picking up. I worked most of the day on the report and finally got it out of the way in rough draft. I'm not satisfied with it, but I don't feel like working on it anymore so that Major Wolf will have to polish it up. I didn't get enough cooperation from the different sections so that most of my time was wasted in gathering information. The appendix is about 80% of the report. The rest of the staff is not doing much because there is no definite news about whether another shipment is coming in or not. Major Wolf told me that my request for transfer to the West Coast appears to have been turned down. It doesn't disappoint me too greatly. An in-service training program will be started here next week in order to keep the staff busy until we find out for sure what is going to happen. Wolf mentioned that a representative of the 2nd Service Command was on the way and he thought that an order for 50% of the staff to be immediately transferred to Pine Camp would be issued. I'm not very anxious to go up there as it is too isolated. Wolf said that he would try to keep the most experienced men here. But if the orders come through, there will be nothing he can do about it. He explained that I would be more or less the ranking non-com around this office after Max leaves, but that the medical detachment would not give me a staff sgt. rating because of the chance in the TO up there. I suggested that we should help to democratize this part of the Army by making everyone sgts if possible, but he said that this could not be done and that he realized that there was a rank injustice towards the most experienced in the office because the Med. Det. just wouldn't come through with any ratings, while the Hdqtrs company will. I put in for

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a 20 day furlough and said that I was going to California but the Med Det may turn this down also. It makes things very difficult for us when we are under the administrative control of the hospital. Wolf said that he would talk to the Colonel and see if a furlough could be arranged. A number of our staff got furloughs through the Hdqtrs company last week.

It was a happy occasion for me to collect my paycheck, but 40% of it had to go out immediately in the repayment of debts. At least things won't be so bad this month. It's terrible to be broke, but, on the other hand, I think that I got more entertainment this month than I ever had. One could get along without money, but it is difficult.

We had a delicious ham dinner this noon, and the cook piled my plate up too high. It's not good for me to eat so much and I'm having a hard time trying to cut down. For some reason the cook has taken a liking to me and he always puts too much meat in my plate. I've hardly ever talked to him. I guess it's because he wants to make me fat like him. The boys always follow me into the messhall in the hopes that I will put in a good word for them to the cook! Yesterday we had huge steaks. The poor civilians who can't get meat!

Johnnie wrote after a long silence, and she sounds as vivacious as ever. She sent a beautiful picture of herself which made me swoon. It made all the fellows in the barracks swoon too. Jonnie seems to be very happy these days, and she is now thinking of studying for a Ph.D. degree at Cal. What ambition! She certainly is a personality girl.

In mid-afternoon, Bob, Harry and I got to talking about all the plays in NYC, and on an impulse we decided to go in and see if we could get into one tonight. Harry hadn't been to a play for a long

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time, but he was not too sure that we could get him in for free. He tried to pin Bob and I down to guarantee him, but we just told him to have confidence in us and we were reasonably sure that we would get into some play. We convinced him with that, so left the office at 4:00 and hitched a ride down to the boat. As soon as we got into NYC I went up to 99 Park to hold a place in the line for theater tickets, while Bob and Harry went to look for rooms. I got very anxious because they didn't show up so I finally decided to see what I could do about tickets on my own. By luck, I managed to get one ticket for the comedy "Dear Ruth." By the time Bob and Harry showed up there were no more tickets available for any play. Harry was very disappointed, but we told him that we would still get in. Our next problem was to eat, so we went up to the Dugout Canteen on 52nd st. for the first time. We were very surprised because we got a delicious roast beef dinner with all the trimmings for 55¢. The hostess there treated us wonderfully and made us feel at home. We have decided to go there more often. It takes a long time to find all these good places in NY. After dinner, we wandered around Radio City and then over to Broadway. The evening was warm and it seemed that millions of people were on the streets. Broadway was all lighted up like a fairyland.

At the theater I went up to the manager and told him that I only had one admission ticket, but could my two friends come in too? He said that this wasn't allowed, and then turned to the usher and told her to give us three seats in the orchestra section! Our problem was solved just like that! The play was exceptionally clever and funny and we enjoyed it thoroughly. During intermission I talked to a sailor who told me what plays should be seen as he had gone to 10 plays this month. I didn't do so badly myself as this was the 3rd this week and

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about 8 for the month. I can't understand these people who say that NYC is lousy for a serviceman. I think that it is a wonderful city, and it is exciting just to walk down Broadway and watch the People. A panhandler approached us in Times Square and I gave him a coin because I was feeling wealthy today.

I came on up here to Wang's and talked to him, Dave and Don for about an hour before they retired. I had to pull the typewriter out to make out a pass for myself because I left camp without permission. If the MP's catch me on the boat, I will be charged with AWOL but I'm not very worried about that. It certainly is convenient staying here with Wang because I don't feel obligated and the fellows are most hospitable. I think I will steal some army sheets to donate to their apartment as they seem to be short! Have to sleep now as I need at least 4 hours of rest.

1 March, 1946, Friday

1:00 a.m.

Most of the day I was working on the possibility of getting a furlough. I don't get much encouragement on it because everyone says that it's no use. The Med. Det. hasn't granted a furlough in months due to the shortage of men. I felt that now was the time to strike. I spoke to Major Wolf the first thing and he was most sympathetic and said that he would personally speak to Colonel Weaver about it. At noon, the Colonel stopped me in the hall and said that I couldn't have 20 days to go to Calif. because Major Wolf considered me a valuable person in the office and I couldn't be spared. He said that another shipment might arrive on the 13. However, the Colonel