

July 1, 1946
Monday

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Had a relaxing weekend in town. When I got into NYC, I phoned Yuriko and she said that she was in an undecided state of mind because one of the Hawaiian boys, Danny, had phoned for a date and she had not definitely committed herself. He was supposed to phone back later in the afternoon and she said that she didn't know what to say to him as she didn't feel like going out as she was tired. Yuriko felt that it would be too much of an effort to try and entertain him all evening and she didn't care to go to the Hawaiian Room at the Hotel Lexington and talk about Hawaii all night. Rhoda got the bright idea that I should come over and impersonate Yuriko's father when Danny phoned and tell him that she had to go visit her sick mother. I reluctantly entered into the deal although I thought that it was not such a good way to say "no", but, of course, I wanted to see Yuriko too. So I went over there, and when Danny phoned I started to tell the phoney story, and he recognized my voice. I was so embarrassed, and I couldn't go on with the pretense that I was Yuriko's father so I just said that she went to visit her mother. Yuriko was so embarrassed too. It was tragic and funny, but that's how I happened to visit her Saturday night. I felt flattered to because she preferred my company; first time that has happened to me that I can recall!!

It was true that Yuriko was tired; she had spent all afternoon being domestic and scrubbing up her apartment and cleaning all of the floors. I didn't think that career girls liked to do that sort of thing but Yuriko seems to take pride in her housework. Rhoda went out on a date with her new boyfriend, La Marr(?) and he seemed to be a nice guy. He was a flyer in the Air Force, and recently he came to NYC to try to get on the stage as an actor. We discovered that he used to live in Santa Rosa and that I had probably seen him before when I went to his father's feed store. He is the one who is going to take us to the beach on July 4th. Also met another of Yuriko's friends, an actress who is going down to Washington to be in a play all summer.

Charles Kikuchi

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I had a very pleasant evening over there, and Yuriko said that she enjoyed it too. She doesn't care to run around to night clubs like many gals. We just sat around and talked, and I cooked the chicken for her. It was fun experimenting around the kitchen and trying new ways to cook. It was a good thing that the chicken came out tasty. We had a most delicious and leisurely meal and Yuriko even brought out her green tea which she saves for "important occasions." I felt like a flattered guest. We ate and ate. About 10:30 we started to play gin rummy and I was mortified because Yuriko beat me six games in a row. I suffered at each drubbing. After Rhoda and her friend came back, we sat around until about 2 ayem and I got a ride up to the Masonic Temple with him.

Earlier in the evening we listened to Truman's radio talk sharply criticizing Congress for not passing a strong OPA Bill and his reasons for vetoing the weak bill. Yuriko and I discussed it afterwards and concluded that the cost of living was going to go way up. Truman also signed the draft bill so that I will get a raise in pay, and I know definitely now that I will be eligible for discharge in February 1946. Yuriko wanted to know what I planned to do, and I said that I had no concrete ideas although I had been giving it some thought recently. I have seven more months to give it some real thought and I may end up in just as indefinite a stage as I am now. There are not too many jobs available for the kind of thing I have in mind -- dealing in race relations on a wide scale and not with specific minority groups. The first thing I will probably do will be to finish my MA work, but I haven't decided whether it will be in Chicago or New York. I don't particularly feel like staying in Chicago permanently. Then there is the VA and Civil Service possibility. It isn't so much a concern about getting a job; it's more of a matter of finding something to do where I will have the satisfaction of performing worthwhile things.

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Yuriko's ambition is to continue with her dancing. She thinks that she may make two European tours with the Martha Graham group within the next year. However, she doesn't think that she has reached the peak of her aspirations yet. She has some ideas of giving a concert dance recital which will interpret the emotions and feelings she experienced during evacuation. Yuriko said that she had no idea that she would get into the Martha Graham group when she first came out here. She arrived in NY on Friday and on the following Monday she got a job as a seamstress, spent most of her evenings taking dancing lessons. Then she took a domestic job during the summer, came back to town when Rhoda arrived from Detroit, and started making the rounds of the different dance studios, talked with Miss Graham for one hour, and gradually worked into the company. Yuriko has worked very hard for her success, but she still feels that she has a long ways to go. One cannot help but admire a person with such determination and persistence like that.

I slept most of Sunday morning, met one of the typists from our office at Masonic and went to a stage show with him in the afternoon as Yuriko was busy cleaning her studio and she had a dinner engagement with her parents. I didn't feel like visiting anyone else. We saw Erskine Hawkins's stage show and it was pretty good. While we were standing on the corner of 42nd street, a man in civilian clothes yelled "Hello Sarge", how's things at Hancock?" It turned out that he was one of the inmates that I had interviewed about three months ago, and who had received a DD since. I asked him how things were and he said, "Well, it's tough as hell to get work, but anything is better than that damn stockade. I have no more use for the Army and I'd rather dig ditches than do anything for it after the dirty deal I got. Shame on it! I thought that the DD was going to hurt me at first, but it doesn't make any difference. Out in civilian life, they take us more for what we are. I didn't get into any trouble before I went into the Army and I don't expect to get into anymore now. A lot

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of people back home in our neighborhood in Philly knew that I got a DD so I thought I would come out here and get a fresh start. At first I thought that everybody was looking at me and that they thought I was a criminal, but now I know better. I make \$35.00 a week as a laborer and the cost of living is high, but I get by." I'm glad that the inmates do find that it is possible to get readjusted back into civilian life as that is the biggest problem which we have as they develop such anxieties just before they leave here.

In the late afternoon, I left Tom as he didn't plan to return to camp until morning and I wanted to go back on the evening boat. I stopped in an automat on 7th Ave., and I had an interesting conversation during the meal. The place was jammed as there are not too many restaurants open on Sundays, and some are closed because of the scarcity of meat. I noticed that none of the caucasians sat at any of the tables where colored patrons were sitting, but they would stand around with their trays and wait. I thought this was very silly, so I sat down with a colored couple, very handsome. They looked surprised for a minute too. It was very difficult to just sit there and eat silently so I started to ask some dumb questions about NYC as if I were a stranger just for the sake of conversation. All of a sudden the Negro man said, "Pardon me for asking, but are you one of those Nisei evacuated from California?" I answered that I was, and he went on, "I made a stopover in San Francisco once when I was touring with a stage company, and I met some Japanese Americans through my friend George Clark." I said that I knew George Clark and had gone around with some of his group, which were mostly Nisei boys who hung around the Yamato Garage. The man then felt we had a friend in common, and he said that he had met some Nisei through George Clark. He said that he and his wife were now in the cast of one of the Broadway plays, "St. Louis Woman" and I said that I had seen that oo. His wife then remarked that she went to high school with a Nisei girl in Los Angeles, and the couple began to express great

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indignation about the folly of the evacuation and how it was all caused by race prejudice. I find that colored people seem to be more aware of the evacuation than most caucasians out this way. The couple wanted to know what became of all the Japanese residents of the Coast so I told them a little about the resettlement progress until the end of the meal. It was nice having a conversation with them.

I came back to camp on the evening boat, and I met Mr. Kus who is the new Vocational Director in the DB. He is a civilian employee of the War Department, and he was at Pine Camp until it closed. He said that he came here with great plans, but he is very discouraged because of the lack of cooperation from the Headquarters officers. "They don't care much about the morale of the men. I think it is very important to give them something useful to do and we can help to teach them a trade if we could only get some of that equipment we had up at Pine Camp. But they say everything is so indefinite here and I can't make any long range plans at all." I agreed with him that this was the main problem of the stockade, but that it was important to give the inmates constructive things to do. We made arrangements to coordinate some of our work as I told him that many of the inmates would like to learn new skills to fit themselves for civilian life and I would refer any I found over to him. He had a very liberal and constructive attitude towards the inmates because he has worked with them for the past six months at Pine Camp. But when it came to other things he was very conservative. He was sure that we were going to fight Russian "Bolshviks" in about six months and that the "Commies are trying to take over this country now; look at the way those labor racketeers run Washington." Mr. Kus had his car parked down by the boat so that he gave me a ride up to the barracks when we docked. I had planned to go swimming but it clouded up and got windy so I have given up the idea. Most of the fellows had stayed on the post and they had a good time at the beach with a lot of girls from

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Jersey City who were brought up here on busses.

Last night was one of the first Sunday evenings I spent in camp for a long time, and I comfortably settled down to read for the evening as I have so many overdue books from the library which I haven't completed yet because I haven't been in the barracks too many evenings in the past week or so. All of the fellows are reading "God's Little Acre" by Erskine Caldwell, which I have taken out recently but haven't gotten around to read yet. I was surprised at this sudden interest in a book because the most they read is comic magazines, but Tony gave me the answer when he said that there were a lot of "dirty parts in it about biological functions. As I understand it, Caldwell's purpose in writing the book was to give a realistic picture of the narrow and distorted lives of the poor whites in the South. We have a lot of Southern boys in our detachment, and they claim that nobody lived in such poverty in the South as described by the book, but I doubt if they have ever been educated to the true conditions. People like to close their eyes to the truth, and I think that the book will do some of those fellows some good because it may open up their eyes a bit even if they interpret it as a "dirty story."

While I was reading "America is in the Heart" by Carlos Bulosan (a personal narrative about the Filipinos in the US), I began to overhear a session on Bigotry by eight of the Southern boys grouped around a bed next to me. I don't know how the discussion started, but they began to air their views about Negroes very loudly. I listened in and took notes.

It seemed that one of the boys was very disturbed about the uppitty attitude of Ike, one of the civilian colored workers in our messhall. I don't know the names of all these boys, although the one who was doing all the talking about Ike usually sweeps under my bed in the mornings and I get along nicely with him. He's from Alabama and he was getting ready to go on furlough

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He said that if any "Nigger got fresh like Ike back home, I'll kick his teeth in. We don't let them get away with their airs down home." Alabama said that "we run them off the streets so they know where they stand." Arkansas then remarked savagely, "If those black sons of bitches ever were seen out in the streets with a white woman back home like they do up here, they wouldn't live long. I saw them string one black bastard up once and I didn't feel sorry for him anymore than I would for a dog. You can't let them god damn niggers do things like that or they will go around trying to rape your sisters." Washburn broke in on the comment: "Well, not that I think it is right, but don't forget that a lot of white men go for them nigger bitches too." A lot of remarks and opinions were then passed on whether it was justifiable for a white man to have an illicit affair with a colored girl, and it was concluded that it could be done if there were no offsprings involved, and "if they put all those tar babies into whorehouses where they belong." But, Arkansas said that he personally would not have an affair with "a nigger bitch because they all got syphilis." Shirer scoffed at this and challenged that "if you had a chance to lay a beautifully shaped black bitch in Highlands and nobody would know the difference, would you let it go and come back to camp frustrated?" Arkansas then considered a bit, and decided, "Well, maybe, it would be okay, but I wouldn't do it down home. If I knocked the girl up and she had a half chocolate baby, it wouldn't be mine; I'd tell her to feed it to the starving Eyetalians."

Alabama said he still would not have any contact with "any kind of a dame if she isn't white, especially one of those filthy coons. They should keep that law that they can't have any children if a white guy has to lay a black bitch just for a change of luck." Washburn created an outburst of laughter when he slyly remarked that "you can't help it if they get a kid when they lay a blacky because they haven't seen the Army Orientation film on sex protection."

Alabama persisted in his point and added that as far as he was concerned "no nigger bastard is as good as a white man." ,Texas broke in with a comment, and asked if he would consider a Mexican as a white person. Alabama said he didn't know any Mexicans other than Manuel and "he is different" but he supposed that a Mexican was "almost in the same class as a Nigger because I heard they are dirty and they all got the syph." Texas said he considered the Mexicans from Mexico worse than Negroes, because "down our way we shove them off the street too so they won't get too smart. They are more sex mad than Niggers." Alabama concluded that this must be true and "I don't care what you guys say but I think that the Wop is just as bad and I wouldn't lay one either." Indiana said that he doubted if an Italian girl would have Alabama anyway. Washburn said he didn't like "niggers" either but he thought there were some just as good as the lowest white man. "It's only a skin difference, but I can't go around saying that Niggers are any good when I'm back home because there are too many bad ones around." Shirer wanted to know if a mullatto was as good as a full blooded Italian, and Alabama said, "Hell, no, a Nigger's blood don't count as equal to white blood when you mix it up." Washburn: "Well, isn't the half white blood of a mullatto as good as the full Italian blood." Alabama: "Not when it's mixed with Nigger blood it aint." Texas thought the only answer was to ship them all back to Africa, so Arkansas asked, "Would that include the red headed niggers too?" Alabama pronounced as a fact that it was proved that "once ounce of nigger blood makes the guy a nigger."

But, an element of decency and fair play was also present when it came to discussing specific cases. Even Alabama admitted that he knew "some good niggers who don't think they are superior to us, but you have to watch all of them." Tennessee Ridge Runner broke into the discussion for the first time with: "That Ike may be a Nigger bastard but I give him credit for standing up to that God damn Pratt and not eating humble pie." The entire group seconded

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this motion, and hoped that "Ike would pull out his knife and stick Pratt sometime so that he would stop his bragging." Favorable comments were made about Sis the mulatto girl in the messhall, and Arky said that not all "Nigger girls are on the make for white guys." It was an attempt to inject some reason into their discussion, but these boys have been so indoctrinated by their prejudiced background that their emotion wins out.

When they got through talking about Negroes, I joined into the discussion and told them that I had been listening to their comments and I thought they might be interested in some facts. I told them that all Negroes were not syphilitic, and the high rate was explained by lack of medical attention and ignorance; that not all Negroes carried knives; that 50,000 or more mixed blooded individuals passed into the white race every year; that it was a scientific fact that there was no difference in blood content; that Negroes were capable of high achievement if they had the chance; that Mexicans and Italians were human just like them even if they had different cultural backgrounds; that the higher incidence of crime among Negroes was invironmental in cause and not because of any race instincts; that sex activity was not an exclusive monopoly of any group, etc. The fellows took it all very well, but Alabama insisted, "You guys from the North just don't understand. If you had to live with the Niggers all the time, you wouldn't trust them anymore than we do. They are just itching to take over things." Arkansas said that he knew he was prejudiced, "but I don't feel like hitting them in the streets up here like I did back home." They all said that the facts might be true "but you can't get around the fact of race difference." Washburn said, "We can't help feeling this way because we are not educated like you are, and those Negroes would kick us off the farm back home if they got a chance and we have to think of our familied; that comes first." It gave me the chance to add that as long as they tried to keep each other down, it perpetuated the rotten economic

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system in the South and their children would have to suffer for it by having inferior educational systems and poor political government. The discussion ended when Pratt came in because the fellows wanted to know how he made out with the woman he had out. I was discourage because I think that these boys are open to reason. I have been careful not to let them get the idea that I am trying to reform them, and I try to go by easy stages to inject new facts here and there in the hope that it might help. Fundamentally, they are all nice guys and I get along well with them. I feel that it is a sort of responsibility to educate them a bit towards more tolerance because it is possible for them to achieve. It just takes time, and I can't get angry and irritated about it because it isn't really their fault that they have been reared in a community with reasons emotionally and not intellectually. These boys express the same sort of blind hatred towards Russians, Labor Unions, Catholics, etc.

We got paid this morning, and I felt very rich with all those green bills in hand. Now I can breathe easier and not feel under financial strain. Bob got himself involved with night ambulance duty because it keeps him from going to town so often, but he is a married man with family responsibilities. I think I would suffer if I couldn't go into NYC and see nice girls like Yuriko and Rhoda once in a while because I am not asocial by nature. Next month we get the raise in pay, and from now on I plan to live within my budget as \$70.00 a month should meet my needs. It will be a great improvement and I can think of no better way to spend it than to take Yuriko out when I can because I enjoy her company so much.

Conducted a vocational counselling group with Torrance most of the day as a number of inmates will be getting released this month and we feel that these discussions will be helpful in helping them achieve a better perspective

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on what to expect when they go out. The group was very apprehensive about "the outside" and self conscious about the fact that civilians might look down on them. They feared that they would not be able to get decent jobs, that they would be discriminated with and looked down upon as criminals, that they might have to move to a new community, that their families might not accept them, etc. They are fearful about all sorts of things. It reminded me of the Nisei in camp who wanted to get out but raised all sorts of objections because of their uncertainty and anxiety. These inmates were extremely bitter and I tried to get them to see things in an objective way so that they would have a positive attitude towards society and not feel that they were being specially persecuted. They came back with the comment that I really couldn't understand their feelings and it was easy to talk about it because I never had to go through what they did. So I told them that I was unjustly held in a WRA Camp for a year for no crime at all and I could appreciate their feelings as they were about to face society once more because I had experienced the same sort of thing. This seemed to be a rather effective comment because they became much more objective and began to ask questions about how to get jobs, what rights they were entitled to with a DD, how they could take care of their families, how to deal with the in-laws, how they should be truthful and not "tell lies about our DD as it will catch up to us anyway", whether it was possible to get restored yet and earn an honorable discharge. Torrance and I didn't have all the answers because we are just starting this sort of class. I plan to devote as much time as possible to it because it is one phase of this work where something constructive can definitely be achieved.

I plan to do a lot of individual psychotherapy with them as soon as I feel my way around a bit as this is the most interesting aspect of our work right now as far as I am concerned. Group psychotherapy is fine, but there

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has to be a follow up. There is no way of describing an average inmate. The public conception pictures our inmates variously as criminals, a no good incorrigible, a GI who got a bad break, a traitor, a psychopathic, etc., almost all of it based upon subjective evaluation without any real understanding of the inmates. There is no such animal as an "average inmate." But they do have some characteristics which seem to run through most of the group -- mild neurotic, and disturbed with some psychopathy leanings. An attitude of depression due to confinement is fairly common, and a lot of them have hypochondriacal traits. A lot of them daydream excessively, suffer from feelings of inadequacy and insecurity, have a tendency to feel bitter and hostile. Most feel that they have given enough to this country and don't deserve any punishment, getting a "raw deal." A good percentage may be termed psychopaths, inability to adjust to any society and this is the most neurotic and disturbed group. They are the ones with an excessive production of thinking, but this characteristic also made them good combat soldiers in many cases. A keen sense of insecurity motivates a lot of his behavior. That is why they tend to shrink from social situations in civilian life, or he attempted to pay for high stakes and got caught by the military law when he was really trying to achieve status. There is a tendency for most of the inmates to be pessimistic about the future, and alcoholic tendencies are strong because of the escapism pattern. If we can help some of them to understand their shortcomings, it will be worthwhile rehabilitation. But under the Army custodial idea of punishment for the crime, a good program is difficult and none of our officers are helpful in establishing a program because they are waiting for their discharges. Yet, they have the idea that we goof off. If I knew more about individual psychotherapy, I could do more, but I get very little help from our psychologists and psychiatrists. It's been that way all the way through.

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July 2, 1946
Tuesday

Last night a group of us went down to the beach to swim and we had an enjoyable time. It is about the nicest beach on the Jersey Coast we are told and I wouldn't doubt it. I feel sorry for all of those people who have to crowd on the Coney Island. There were not so many flies to bother us, and Townsend gave us some kind of ointment to rub on which would keep insects away. We really get the service! When we got back to the barracks there was a serious poker game going on so I watched it for about an hour. The stakes got higher and higher, and Bradford lost his shirt. He can't afford to lose his paycheck like that as he has three kids to support. He was in a very bad mood. If such games keep up, it is going to be bad psychology, as soon or later some of the boys are going to start stealing from the fellows. The heavy poker games are usually played at the start of the month. I have kept out of them because it is too much of a time waster and I have more important things to do.

The rest of the bunch went to town -- all the wild young boys. They came in drunk from midnight until about 3:30 and I wasn't able to sleep at all. The boys had to reminisce about the women they had affairs with in town and they woke all of us up with their loud talking. A couple of them got sick and vomited all over the latrine. I don't see how they get any enjoyment out of going to bars and getting stupid drunk and then being broke for the rest of the month. I haven't been going into NYC during the week recently because I've seen most of the plays and we still haven't settled the issue of whether we can take the morning boat although Lt. Coffee has given his consent for those connected with the medical detachment. I'm going in tomorrow night as we have the 4th off, I think.

Our work is coming along in an indifferent manner. Most of the officers are busy with the board meetings, and the case workers have been verifying the red cross and service records. Major Santowsky is a sort of unapproachable

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person, and I don't think that he is too interested in the department as he lets Lt. Sless more or less run things. Santowsky has a very bad attitude towards the inmates from some of the things he says. When I discussed individual psychotherapy with him recently, he said that it wasn't much use to try and help the inmates with their problems as they would have problems all of their lives. That doesn't sound like a very intelligent thing for a psychiatrist to say. Santowsky was a private practitioner in civilian life, and I suspect that he was more interested in the financial returns than helping people out. He doesn't seem to have the personality for people to confine personal problems with, but I may be wrong.

I spent most of the morning with Torrance in the vocational guidance class, and talked individually with some of the inmates who are due to get discharged this month. The group was mostly concerned with the economic outlook and I don't blame them. The inflation period has already started, but it looks like Congress might pass some temporary stop gap OPA bill. I suspect that there will be a price chaos in the next few months as I don't have too much confidence in curbing price inflation without any control when the almighty dollar is at stake. If prices go up more sharply than it did during the war, it means that the workers are going to take the beating. Torrance figured that the cost of living would go up 20 per cent in the next six months if the OPA is not continued, but I was more pessimistic and felt that it might go as high as 50 per cent. If that happens, we can expect a slump soon, lots of strikes, much economic turmoil. I saw an estimate in the NY Times that the cost of clothing may go 30 per cent in the next few months, and business men are sure that within the next few weeks food will go up about 10 per cent. It's not a cheerful prospect for the millions of ex-vets who are just getting readjusted back into civilian life, and I bet the American Legion will start a strong drive for a bonus soon, and everybody will jump on the bandwagon. The blame will

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naturally fall on the Democratic party if there is an inflationary catastrophe, and Big Business will never admit that it is due to a faulty economic basis.

We only have about five case workers around the office now, and things are rather slow. Two are working on the verification of records, Torrance on vocational counseling and group psychotherapy, Matthews on group psychotherapy and inauguration of training films for our staff and the inmates, while I have been learning a bit about vocational counselling and doing some individual psychotherapy. I haven't started a group psychotherapy class yet because nobody knows if we are going to have any more processing to do, and I hate to work in such an indefinite way. I just don't go for the "made work" approach so I have been going on my own along with Torrance. We have this whole building next to the P and S section to ourselves.

The only reason why many of staff is getting furloughs now is because of the slack in work and the difficulty in finding something for them to do. The testing program has sort of folded up with Harry's departure although Speirs is carrying on. But it is very artificial and tests are given for no reason at all just to give the beginners practice. Pending discharges doesn't help the morale any. Fuller is eligible for discharge after he comes back from his furlough. Mathews will get out on the basis of being a father after August 1. Torrance is still uncertain about his occupational discharge and he is sweating it out. Herb is about the most disorganized person in our department. He has been mooning around waiting for his transfer to California so he can be near his wife, and he has been sulking like a spoiled boy. He goes off alone to walk at night and feel sorry for himself so that he doesn't mix very much in our social activities. Herb is taking out his bitterness on every aspect of the Army, including our work. He claims that he will become a section VIII case if he is denied a transfer. I guess I am one of the least unhappy psychiatric workers in our office,

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but that's because I can look forward to interesting weekends in town, and also because I feel that there is still some things I can constructively do around here. I have seven months to go.

July 3, 1946
Wednesday

Bob and I went down to the beach last night and sunbathed until about 8:00. We met our 1st. Sgt, Thompson, down there and he told us some of his troubles, with the unruly boys in our detachment. Things are not as serious as he believes but we had to listen sympathetically to him because he bought us a beer. He believed that a lot of the men were going AWOL and that he had to act drastically or else he would never be able to control them. We told him that they were young fellows and that their drinking episodes only happened once a month. Manuel, Frankowsky, and Arkansas are the only three who really drink heavily and that is only during the first of the month when they get paid. They don't bother anyone, except some noise at night and this only lasts until their money runs out. Last night these three did not drag in until about 3:00 and they were rolling their friends out of bed and creating a lot of confusion. It is the only fund they get out of life so we don't object although this type of escapism isn't particularly appealing to me. The three went AWOL after lunch as they were on the second day of their spree and that's what bothered Thompson. We tried to talk him out of taking drastic action but I'm afraid that he is determined to make an object lesson out of them. Too bad.

Bob and I went to the movies after our swim, "The Stranger", and then listened to the ball game at the Y afterwards. I've been very tired these past few days, but it's not from work. I am not used to the strenuous exercises of swimming yet. I left the office early yesterday afternoon as all of the officers "goofed off" and Lt. Kantor did not see any sense in the FM sticking around to cover for them. He wants our staff to be declared surplus so he can

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get out of the Army. It is too bad that we don't have better leadership. I'm going ahead with my work as I still feel that the inmates could have a lot done for them.

This morning Torrence and I showed a film to the group for vocational counseling so that they would have some idea of the job situation on the outside. The rest of the morning I talked to the boys individually so that they could discuss personal problems. They don't sleep well at night because they are beginning to get in a state of anxiety about how the "outside" will look at them. Some of the boys have never travelled by themselves alone and they are worried about getting lost in NYC so I help them make out their travel plans. Others want messages sent to their families to prepare them for their arrival. They all have anxiety problems and they are a little timid about the outside. Most of them seem to have some job plans, but they are depressed that a DD status is going to make things very tough for them. The personal interviews I have with them helps to release their feelings and I feel that it is definitely worth while even though Major Santowsky takes the attitude that "it's not much use since these men will have problems all of their lives."

Plan to go to NYC this evening on the boat as I get the 4th. off.

July 5, 1946
Friday

Had an enjoyable day off from the post here. I went in on the boat Wednesday evening and Yuriko said that she had to be a hostess at the party for the returning 442nd so she invited me along. She said that the Nisei committee in charge turned her down as one of the acts because it felt that her type of dancing could not be understood by the Nisei soldiers. Yuriko was a bit upset about this and she interpreted that it might have been because they felt that she had not cooperated enough with them in their affairs in the past. It really was stupid of the Nisei Committee to take this attitude because it doesn't

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realize that she works for a living and she has a very full schedule and cannot be running up to Nisei affairs. Because of this, there are some small minded Nisei who feel that she is "stuck up." They should feel honored that she would be willing to perform when she has the time and not get angry when she can't meet their demands. Yuriko felt that she should go to the party because she didn't want them to have more to talk about. She shouldn't be so sensitive about Nisei attitudes towards her, but tell them to go to hell and just ignore the whole business.

The 442nd received tremendous publicity in all of the papers and there were front page pictures and write ups on their homecoming. Clara said that the Army officials were most cooperative in making plans for the affairs and that this outfit was most highly regarded. It did make a tremendous record in the war, and the Nisei public idolizes it because it helped to turn the tide of public opinion in their favor during the war. Although I feel that this was a highly motivated fighting unit, I can't get any feeling that it won the war by itself since I am conscious that there were so many other units in the battles too. However, it was a wonderful thing that they have been so well recognized because it is the "flag waving" feats which will smooth the progress of the Nisei in the future. For the Nisei, a segregated fighting unit turned out to be of great publicity value but I still cannot agree in principle with such a solution for racial problems in this country. For the emphases to be placed on "difference" rather than "sameness" from the population at large, it makes it easier to perpetuate stereotypes -- good and bad. I suppose it is not in good taste to be critical of the policy behind the formation of a segregated Nisei unit at a time when the group is being lionized for its work in the war, but I couldn't help but be aware of its implications the other night when the emphases was placed so much on the fact that they were "Japanese." The unspoken reasoning behind this was: "Isn't it remarkable that they did such a good job

even if they were Japanese.

The party in itself was a huge success. Notables from the entertainment field were there to help in the welcome home. Jinx Falkenburg, Cab Calloway, Ella Logan. Part of the affair was broadcast over the radio, and the Nisei in attendance seemed to receive a tremendous thrill from being placed in the lime-light so suddenly. I got the impression that the 442nd boys were the modest ones, and it was the rest in attendance who got the most satisfaction out of being in the reflected glory. The JACL and JACD officials were there to take the bows, but they walked out on Clara Clayman, the chairman, and she was stuck with all the work of getting things to run smoothly. The Issei ladies all made "sushi" and there was an ample supply of refreshments. All of the Nisei girls in NYC were rounded up for the affair as hostesses, but there were some complaints that they were too shy and they didn't go up and act spontaneously enough with the 442nd.

Yuriko really dressed up glamorously and very objectively I thought that she was the best looking girl in the place. She was most friendly to the GI's and she practically danced her feet off with them and did her best to make them feel at home. All kinds of girls came up to "welcome" me home because they thought I was a member of the 442nd., but I explained to them carefully that I wasn't. I met quite a number of girls, but my heart wasn't in it because they couldn't compare with Yuriko! What a case!! About 11:30 Yuriko was so tired that we went to sit down, and we got talking with three young Hawaiian boys. They kept saying that the party would be one of the bright memories of their experiences in the States and they were most surprised at all the fuss being made over them. Yuriko told them that the Nisei owed them a lot and one of the boys then became a bit sectional and said that the Hawaiian boys showed up the mainlanders and "they had to come into the Army because we did so good." He was implying that the Hawaii Nisei were more patriotic. But after the two groups

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started to mix, they got along extremely well and it became the 442nd. unit which was the rallying point for them. The boys went on to tell us about the pleasant time they had in Italy after the war was over, and they showed us pictures of their Italian girl friends. One of the boys said that he was going back to marry an Italian girl and he might even live there permanently. He said that a number of their unit had married Italian girls. However, the boys were worried about how they would be received by Nisei girls back in Hawaii because they had heard rumors that most of the attractive ones had married caucasian GI's. They were condemning this because they did not think that the girls were the marrying the best type of fellows and they anticipated that most of these marriages would end in divorce. Again the double standard! The thing which pleased the boys most was the novelty of getting back on home soil, and they went on at great lengths to tell us about Hawaii. As far as they were concerned, Hawaii is the U.S.

Yuriko and I next went over to talk to Joe, Sammy, Viki, Danny, and Betty Choy. About 1 ayem we decided to wait for Clara and go to a bar with her because she had worked so hard on the party and was in need of a shot. We waited around until about 2:30 as she had to do all the work of closing up the place as her committee of "big shot" Nisei all deserted her after the party got underway. Many of them went to the Club Zanzibar where Earl Fitch of Mississippi was giving a private party for his old friends of the 442nd. Quite a number of the 442nd. got dates to go to nightclubs after the party and dance so that it wasn't necessary to get too many buses to take the rest back to their camp. Towards the end of the affair, many of them were getting pretty drunk. One of the Hawaiian boys told us that it was a hard drinking outfit overseas and it was not natural not to see any fights because this happened at all the dances over there. He concluded that it was because the unit was on its good behavior. He said that they would have a couple more months of this public attention, and then

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the boys would have to drop back into the quieter routine of civilian adjustments. It's a problem for all vets. Certain social and economic barriers have been already broken down in Hawaii so that these boys should be able to become rehabilitated into civilian life comparatively easily. The 442nd. is about the last of the war heroes to come home, as the occupation troops overseas now are mostly replacements since the war's end.

Clara, Yuriko, three Nisei fellows and I went to a bar and we were there until about 4:00 ayem. Clara certainly gave unselfishly all of her talent at organizing and her time in order to make the party a success. She was irritated at the way some of the Nisei "leaders" had failed to cooperate with her, but felt that if the party was a success and the 442nd had a good time it was worth while. Clara is a very shrewd business minded girl and she is thinking of going into business for herself now. We had a lengthy theoretical discussion on her thesis that it was in line with her liberal thinking to "exploit" a minority group in the hopes that it would lesson the degree of physical visibility which she believes is at the base of all racial conflict. Clara is thinking of manufacturing some kind of hair straightner for the Negro women because she said that if they didn't have kinky hair they would be less self conscious of themselves, and, therefore, more willing to push their progress. On the other hand, she said that if the Negro came closer to the standard of white physical appearance, even though artificial, they would be more acceptable. I felt that she was oversimplifying the problem but since she was rationalizing to justify her proposed project she no doubt has convinced herself of ulterior motives. The three Nisei fellows were most interested in the project and willing to invest financially. Money is an important factor in life, and unfortunately too many people lay stress upon it. I think that I still would be rather doing something which has a greater objective than monetary rewards.

Yesterday was another active day. I got over to Yuriko's about 8:00 so that

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she didn't get much sleep. I almost was locked out of Masonic Temple and I had to get the night watchman to open up. Yuriko had offered to put me up for the rest of the night, but I didn't think that they would lock the doors up there. Lamarr came over about 8:30 and Ethel and Paul came at 9:00. We got out of the place about 10:00 as we had to have breakfast, and the girls were packing the lunch and getting ready. Lamarr had a car so that it made things most convenient. It turned out to be a pleasant Independence Day and I had a lot of fun. We went up to Jones Beach on Long Island and there was such heavy traffic that we just crawled along. I never saw such traffic jams as they have out this way. We got to the beach about noon and it was packed, but we managed to find a nice spot for ourselves. Paul had brought his radio along so that we had all of the facilities to make us comfortable. The girls brought plenty of food. We just loafed around, talked, ate, played cards, exercised, swam the rest of the day. Paul is one of these man about town individuals, seems to have plenty of money, mentioned that his brother in law was a staff announcer in radio in Chicago. He thought that he could get some connections for Lamarr to get into radio acting. Paul apparently has lived out here for some time. He was a little vague about his work, but I gathered that it was in importing and exporting. He makes business connections for Chinese firms. Paul also does designing in belts and women's purses and he is going into the manufacturing of some of this soon. He seems to have a lot of ability. Sort of cold and distant at first, but a nice guy after he loosens up. He seems to be pretty thick with Ethel.

Ethel is a beautiful girl, and one of the dancers whom Yuriko knows; she might be in the same troupe. She has ^a pleasant personality, and I thought that she was quite nice. When she came over to Yuriko's she went and washed all of the dishes while the girls got ready even though she didn't eat there. It was an indication that she was the considerate type and not queenly in her behavior.

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She has a most cute smile. She looks a little like Rhoda. Rhoda is doing some typing work for Paul now, and she continues to take her dancing lessons during the day. Her romance with Lamarr is developing and she seems to think a great deal of him. They get along well together. Lamarr is a bit restless because he hasn't been able to get an acting job yet. He hasn't had much professional experience as he was 3 years in the Army Air Force, and he spent 6 months at UCLA to finish up his AB work before coming out here. If I had thought of it in time, I probably could have gotten a pass for him to come out here for the weekend with the girls as I'm sure that Rhoda would have liked that. Lamarr is a clean cut individual, slightly conceited, medium height, light personality, rather spontaneous in his behavior, more the lover type, very athletic. I think he has the upper hand with Rhoda, but I wouldn't know about these things because I've never been in a position of being "chased" by women! Lamarr is selling his car as he finds that it is not practical to have in NYC and he is getting a very good price for it. The high living costs of the city is digging into his savings and he wants to get started in his career soon. He has been out here for three weeks now, and I think that he will do okay for himself. It took him just that long to get a steady girl friend, and now he can concentrate on his job. He is just 25 or 26 years old.

We started back about 7:00 and there wasn't too much traffic as people were still pouring out of the city for the weekend. Paul took us up to his hotel suite in one of the nicer uptown hotels and we tramped through the lobby all dirty and weary. Yuriko kept saying that at least we looked healthy! She does crazy unexpected things at times, like having me rub her sore back while waiting for our dinner order to arrive in the restaurant. We all got sunburned, but the girls got the worst cases. Ethel's and Rhoda's face and backs looked like red lobsters for a while, and Yuriko had an Indian red burn on her back. My back got a bit burned but it doesn't bother me much. By the time we got

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ourselves cleaned up, it was 9:30. Paul took us to the China Clipper and ordered a special Chinese dinner which was marvelous and I stuffed myself accordingly. Paul spent most of his time dishing things out, Chinese style, and I don't think he got enough to eat.

After dinner, we let Paul and Ethel off at her place. The good thing about NYC is that people don't think it unusual for Orientals and Caucasians to be together as the attitudes are most liberal out here. Out in SF a caucasian girl with an "Oriental" would be considered nothing less than a street-walker. It is possible for various types of people with common interests to mix and it is so stupid for social barriers to be created on an artificial basis. And to think that the stinker Bilbo has been re-elected by the state of Mississippi to go back to Congress and rant some more about his multiple intolerances. What cheerful news to hear on Independence Day.

Lamarr and I visited with Rhoda and Yuriko until about 1:00. I hope that the girls will be able to make the boat this afternoon as they certainly did look weary and burned last night. I expect them up this afternoon. I came back this morning, and my heart is not in my work right now as I haven't had much sleep in the past two days. We are supposed to be restricted this evening in the barracks because of some kind of inspection, but our 1st. Sgt. said that I could prepare for the inspection at noon and he wouldn't hold me up. It pays to cultivate him! Sless gave the boys hell for coming in on the boat, but he hasn't said anything to me yet. I still can't see why our staff is not permitted to come in on the morning boat as it is only a half hours difference, and it means a half day more is available for time off if they don't have to come in the night before.

I spent most of the morning on individual psychotherapy with some of the inmates who are going to be discharged with DD'S soon. One of the boys, Chubb, was greatly concerned about what he was going to do. He doesn't know if he

Charles Kikuchi

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Diary

July 5, 1946

will get his old job back in Philly, and his wife and two children have been on relief since his allotment was cut off. His brothers and sisters have turned against him because they consider him a criminal. Chubb doesn't want a DD, but he is going to face things. He said that he was going out on one drunk when he got out, but I didn't feel he was using wise judgment there as that was the cause of his present offense.

July 8, 1946
Monday

The pace has slowed down to a nice quiet Monday morning in the office. We have been showing vocational films to the inmates this morning, and I have seen them already. Friday afternoon Bob, Torrence and I went to the film library to preview all of the films and we picked out the ones which were the most suitable. We will have another film later this morning on "Let there be Light" which was taken at Mason General Hospital about the time I was there last year.

The weekend turned out exceedingly well, and it was one of the best I have had since coming into the Army. Bob and I didn't get down to the boat on time as we were busy seeing films so that Yuriko and Rhoda thought that we had been restricted or something. They enjoyed the boat ride immensely, and we started on the weekend activities right off. As soon as we got them settled at the gues house, we took them over to our messhall and we had dinner and met some of the boys. The fellows were quite impressed with Yuriko and Rhoda and I discovered that I had a lot of new friends all of a sudden as they all came up and wanted introductions. I was glad to do that because it was pleasing that the girls made such a favorable impression. Right after we ate we got ready to go down to the beach to swim and fish. We had to go dig worms first and we had a hart time getting Yuriko to stop wading in the Bay so that we could cross over^{to}/the ocean side as she was enjoying it so much. She certainly

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is an outdoor lover as she got a terrific kick out of being here. She picked up a lot of shells on the beach and I was stuck with lugging them around all evening. She said that she would just throw away the old ash shells when they got dirty and replace them with a fresh one. Rhoda was still badly sunburned from the other day so that we got some ointment for her. She left her heart back in NYC, but I told her that I sympathized with her and would try to get a pass so that Lamarr could come next time. Rhoda was a good sport and she was a lot more fun this time than when we went to Coney Island.

After it got dark, we went further down the beach and started to fish. Rhoda hooked herself once, but she was determined to get a fish. Yuriko was even more determined; she even sang to the sea bass so that they would bite the bait. The only bites the girls got was the sea crabs that stole the bait. Bob and I supervised the fishing technique of the girls and I liked this very much because I had to balance Yuriko half of the time so that the line wouldn't pull her over. We had a gay time until about 11:00pm and then we got hungry so we started back. The YMCA was all closed up when we got there, but the supervisor who was working late kindly let us in and he sold us some food so that we were able to satisfy our famished bodies.

Saturday morning, I had to get up early for the inspection so I decided to go down to the stockades. Lt. Maderia wanted me to do a special case history on one of the hospital patients who tried to commit suicide last week so I went back up and was busy for most of the morning. (see case attached.)

The girls were ready for another day about 11:00 so I picked them up and we went to the PX and had a late breakfast. At noon we went back to the mess-hall and had a nice roast beef lunch. The girls thought we got swell food here, so I guess we have been a bit spoiled. Everybody has been complaining about the food and they are so mad that the Colonel takes 14 pounds of the choicest meat cuts each week for his lousy dog. Bob said that he was going to register

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a complaint with the Inspector General the next time there was an opportunity as he had nothing to lose since he was getting out of the Army soon. But compared to civilians we are still overfed. We had enough roast beef left over to make extra sandwiches to take to the beach. After lunch we showed the girls around a bit and then went to the medical detachment playroom for a while. Rhoda and Bob beat Yuriko and me three games in a row in ping pong. We have a free juke box machine there which plays all of the latest recordings so we danced for a while. Bob and Yuriko did a terrific comic dance for the boys. Yuriko is so light on her feet, and her gay personality attracts all of the fellows. She surely was a hit.

A whole gang of us went down to the beach on the hospital truck and we spent the rest of the day down there swimming and clowning around. The boys were very good because they didn't forget their manners and swear in the usual manner. Andrews, Wilkonson, Arkansas, Manual, Blanton the Body, etc. We built pyramids, took a few pictures, swam, etc. The girls were most impressed with our private beach and they felt sorry for all those crowded public beaches on the other side.

We went into town for dinner, but it was a disappointment. In the first place, we got lousy service at the sea food restaurant. Then it started to rain. Highlands is only a resort town and there isn't much to it. Later we felt that we should have gone back to our dayroom. Yuriko said that the next time she was going to stay in camp the whole time as she liked it better. Sgt. Thompson came along in his car and invited us for a ride. We couldn't turn him down since we expect favors from him later on as he is our 1st. Sgt. He certainly is a bore, without any sense of humor, terrifically conceited. His wife is a nice girl, fresh from the Indiana country, very reserved. We went up to one of the fancy inns on the hill and had a drink then went to a honkey tonk joint with a three piece orchestra which tried to blast our eardrums apart.

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Thompson invited us to come over to his small place where we sat around and had a couple of drinks and talked. I was so tired that I practically fell asleep and I didn't feel like entertaining Thompson. He has a dinky place which he pays \$25.00 a week rent for. It is terrible to live under conditions like that with two young children. About 12:30 we left them and went on to an Italian restaurant for something to eat, and then got a taxi home. It certainly was a lively and active day, and I fell asleep as soon as I got back to the barracks. Yuriko had gotten bitten by bedbugs the first night so that she got a new room at the guest house. The old lady there thought she was so cute and Yuriko has developed very good relationships with her. She is just that way. The more I see of her, the better I like her. What a personality.

Earlier in the evening, Yuriko and I started to walk down the road while Rhoda and Bob waited for a ride. We walked for quite a distance but we didn't notice it at all because we were so engrossed in conversation and looking at the scenery. Yuriko talked some more about her views on life and ambitions, and she told about her relationships with her parents. She said that she dreamed that she slapped her mother, and indicated that she has had some hostility towards her. I don't know how to make that out except that it took Yuriko a long time to assert her independence and she has felt that she was held down. She said that just this year her mother slapped her because she insisted upon going out on a date with a boy her mother did not like. The humorous way in which she tells it makes it sound so funny, but actually there must have been some difficult times with her mother who wants to over-protect her and not allow her to grow up despite the fact that Yuriko is a perfectly capable adult with a most stable personality. Now that her parents live at the hostel she gets along better with her mother. She said that her stepfather was having some difficulty in managing the place.

It seems that there has been some conflict over the directorship of the

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hostel. The old Issei manager had a gang in there, and it was discovered that a couple of Nisei girls were prostituting from there when some Chinese boys came "to buy a girl." Yuriko said that her stepfather was anxious to make the hostel a decent place where friends could meet. The old manager had given his "Tokyo word" that he would get out, but the thing is still pending. A group of churches sponsors the place and the old manager did not cooperate with the board but ran the hostel as if he owned it. Yuriko felt that the prostitutes should ply their business elsewhere.

Rhoda and Yuriko had to take an early morning boat back to NYC yesterday. Rhoda had to do some typing for Paul, and Yuriko had to go fit a dress for Martha Graham as she is making it for her. She is an expert dressmaker. I got up for breakfast and swiped a couple of bottles of milk and some toast for the girls so they would not go back hungry. Bob managed to get up in time but he decided against coming in on the boat as he was too tired. He didn't want to be marked AWOL as they are making such a fuss about coming into the office at 8:00 AM. I had to carry the shells for Yuriko so I went in. We had a nice trip back and the girls enjoyed all of the sights. Rhoda gets seasick easily, but she didn't mind this trip. Another reason why she wanted to get back in such a rush was because La Marr was lonesome for her. Yuriko kept saying that it was too bad that a whole day was wasted, but that she was going to come next Friday afternoon and stay the whole weekend if nothing else interfered with these plans even if Rhoda did not come in. LaMarr came over in the afternoon to Yuriko's place so I invited him to come, which he was most willing to accept as he found things dull without Rhoda around. I sympathize.

I visited over at Yuriko's until about 4:20 and decided to take the evening boat back as he had to go fit the dress. We lounged around most of the afternoon, had a late lunch, read the newspapers, talked. Yuriko stretched out and she went to sleep for a while as she was tired so I talked to La Marr. He has been

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looking for an acting job for about three weeks now, and getting very impatient. His eventual goal is to become a director of some small playhouse as he does not think he is good enough to ever become a star. The thing which distresses him the most is the fact that one has to know somebody in order to get a break on Broadway. He said that he had no time to get any previous experience because he was three years in the Air Force after college, but he was sure that he could make good. He doesn't seem to be too concerned about money as he saved some up while in the service. LaMarr is aggressive so he should land something soon. He thought that it was a bad time to be going job hunting because most plays were not casting right now.

I certainly hated to come home because I enjoy Yuriko so much and she makes life on the Post worthwhile now that the work has slacked down so much. I think that she likes me a lot but she doesn't seem to have any romantic inclinations as she has her career in her mind mostly, but I think she is luscious just the same. It's not good to get such feelings for a person because it tends to confuse and upset the mind when one's energy should be on work. I think I get along with her better than any girl I have ever known because she is so sincere and she doesn't have false airs. She's just a superior girl I guess. She certainly made the past weekend worth while.

I didn't get too much sleep last night as the boys were drinking beer and making a lot of noise. A busload of girls were brought up for the beach party, and the medical detachment went to town. They all got girls to take to the dance in the evening, even Manuel. He is a big hit with the girls because they like his accent and he tells them droll stories about married life. He had beer hidden all over the hospital area and he brought back a case to the barracks. Manuel is the generous type of person and he wants everybody to be happy. I remember he swore off drinking the other day after he got company punishment for being AWOL, but apparently he has forgotten his vows. Even Bob is making the

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most of his remaining days in the service, and he had a date last night. I think that he feels a little hurt because I got a permit for La Marr to come up as he would like to be Rhoda's host, but he's a married man and she wouldn't be happy unless her heart object were around to have fun with her. It's just Bob's pride which is hurt as he considers himself quite a lady's man and he does make friends most easily, that quiet personality gets them.

The film, "Let There be Light" about the neuropsychiatric patients at Mason General Hospital was excellent, and we saw some of the familiar faces of people we knew while we were stationed there. There was a shot of Captain Cohen which drew a cheer. The film was so good that the Major is going to try and make arrangements to show it at the post theater. It is not available for public release. The film made Bob, Herb and I feel that we had contributed something useful while with Mason General, but I now feel that I learned a lot more here.

One of our typists, Weinbaum, just returned from a 30 day furlough he got for reenlisting for one year. He was out in SF and saw Jack and Dolores. Said that Jack was planning to go back to Medical School in the fall, and that he was getting along well. Weinbaum told Jack and Dolores that I was the boss of this place, just to make it more impressive.

Our office is still floating along at an uncertain pace and nobody seems to know what next. Captain Cohen hopes to get out soon and he wants a transfer to Europe as he only has five more months. We will be losing most of the key personnel during the next few months. The program hasn't stabilized yet. The officers are doing most boarding and group psychotherapy. The case workers spend their time on case progress notes, testing. I will be taking over Torrence's vocational guidance group, have a class of psychotherapy (individual and group) and possibly do some individual counselling down in the honor company. In addition, I'm supposed to be spending some time in supervising the case workers but I don't bother them much. I'm about the last

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of the original group of case workers left here, and I doubt if I get transferred now because there are so few experienced men left, but one never knows. Personally, I would much prefer to stick around here as I can see Yuriko so often and I would get very depressed with any sudden changes. I'm looking forward to a very happy summer, and I have no desire to go into NYC if Yuriko comes out here. She is starting some new classes this week and doing very well. She said that she gets anywhere from \$2.50 to \$10.00 an hour for teaching dancing and she has a lot of new students. Temporarily she is not scheduling any Friday night classes so that she can have her weekend free. It's the beach out here which attracts her -- not me!

Herb said that Gary and Ruthie are getting married this Tuesday and they are going to drive out to California as he was able to finally buy a car. Now they can come out of the dream world and get down to reality as both are such nice but impractical people. I feel guilty for not looking them up after our strong friendship at Mason, but new ties have a way of getting the upper hand and I haven't had much of a chance to go out to Jamaica to see them as I have been so busy. Gary gets so hurt when he is neglected and it's no use trying to explain that it's deliberate. Guess I'll write them a letter of congratulations now.

Don sent an excerpt from a letter sent to him by a Jewish friend, and it reminded me of the way I used to feel. I think that I would still feel that way if I were in a Nisei group, but somehow the Army ^{must} have broadened my thinking because I don't think I have much of a sensitivity about being of Japanese descent. It certainly hasn't handicapped me in the Army -- I have to admit that much -- so that I am sort of divorced from the subtle ways in which one's ancestry affects one's actions. Sometimes it is easier to place blame on the

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racial factor than to admit personal imitations. However, I doubt if I will ever feel deeply the prejudice which is so increasingly rampant these days because I have less and less of an identification with my racial background. Once a person accepts himself, it is easier to face reality and that goes for any sort of physical or mental differences from the prevailing majority. Even the supposedly enlightened mind is subjected to biases, and there is an increasingly defensiveness about Russia because she is the only large symbol of liberalism left since FDR's death. The world seems to be getting increasingly frightened and confused and frustrated by the immensity of the job of moving forward. There has been a lot of news lately about the Atom Bomb, but that weapon is no guarantee for world security and I know now that I will never support another war because it is so senseless. I find myself surprised because now it is this type of insecurity which bothers me more than an racial sensitivity. May it is a sign of growth; I think I feel more stable than I did three years ago. Anyway, Don's friend says:

...."This business of being Jewish is becoming too much for me. I don't know quite how to live with it. I know it's something I must work out for myself and I thought I had come to a point where I could look objectively upon the problems without much personal concern; not concern really, but rather, personal hurt. But it seems that instead it has become increasingly acute so that it is never out of my mind. I fear that it will discolor my entire life. We have such a terrific amount of anti-Semitism in the house where I am living that it is impossible to forget it for even a moment. Sororities and frats on the Campus foster it so much, which in turn, influences all the organizations at the U. And all the liberal organizations are made up of Jews, Negroes, and Nisei -- honestly -- so you can imagine the reputation they have among the other groups on the Campus. It's a very sad situation for this seemingly liberal University -- so awfully ironic -- that I feel like shouting in protest. A place

and of learning -- higher learning, I might add.

"There's a feeling that's very hard to express...perhaps you won't even be able to understand it -- but it creates a sensitivity that can only result in knocks and bruises, especially so when one is so aware of the injustices done. I've laughed and joked about things -- but it's a defense against an awful hurt...I myself will have to go against my sincerest feelings and beliefs in knowing that I shan't be able to intermarry if the situation presented itself so that all of my actions till' that time will have to be shaped by prejudice and the equally wrong policy of the Jewish people to keep to themselves. There is always conflict and with me it is a larger order of maintaining individuality and almost a self respect or conforming to a degree to the wishes of my parents.

"I can't even enjoy a Yiddish joke, my sensitivity goes that far. I was reading an article yesterday in Common Ground and in it is described many of the experiences the writer has had against which he has built a cold, calm objectivity with men of high intelligence and education. It's a little how I feel:

"Within us are set up tensions which, however, tough spirited or self disciplined we may be, we cannot altogether ignore. At their lightest, they are nagging wisps of uneasiness. At their most severe they twist like a tornado and are as devastating. Social prejudice is no monopoly of ignorance of cultural dearth. It is deeply entrenched even among the enlightened, and it is opaque to sweetness and light. It is most ugly in a context of culture, among those to whom leisure, study and association with the great spirits of western civilization should have given largeness of mind and heart lifting them above folk prejudices."

Private Gordon Kortright. (Patient)

I Social.

Patient, ASN 42018738, age 20, was born 5 August 1925 in Morristown, N.J.

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the younger of two siblings. His father died in 1941 of a heart attack at the age of 72. Mother 58 is now living in Madison New Jersey. Inmates states that his father got married late in life, but family adjustments were not severe. Father was a painter for 40 years, earned a good living in his contracting work. Father was described as a rather taciturn individual with a slight temper, moderately religious, stern in the upbringing of the children. As patient became older he had many conflicts with his father about staying out late at night. Patient got along best with his mother as he was able to get his own way with her more often. Mother was described as a rather small woman, inclined to be nervous and "had a breakdown once a month." Mother was inclined to worry excessively about patient's behavior; slight resentment expressed about her overprotective habits.

There were indications of severe sibling rivalry with the older brother. Patient stated that they were always fighting with one another, and he resented the fact that the older brother appeared to be the parental favorite. It infuriated patient when his father told him to be like his brother: "got burned up and I wanted to beat my brother up." Patient indicated that he felt slightly inferior to his brother who was considered healthier and "smarter than me." Patient compensated for this by "beating him up at every opportunity as he was a sissy, but he thought he was 'high class' because he was good at drawing."

Patient revealed some neurotic tendencies in his developmental history. Patient claimed that he had a fairly happy childhood despite his rebellious attitude towards his father "holding me down." Stated that it angered his father when mother took his part in a dispute and patient used this device to infuriate father further. Patient has had a lifelong habit of biting his nails, especially under nervous tension. Has had frequent temper tantrums and believes that his inability to control his impulsive and hot temper has led many of his adjustment difficulties. Enuretic until age 6. Patient claims that he gets "fits" while drunk -- had three in recent months. States that he

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has had recurring headaches since going overseas, had slight dizzy spells in civilian life about twice a week. Got along fairly well with people, but does not "trust" them much because of a suspicious attitude that they are out to do him some sort of harm which he could not verbalize. Describes himself more as a follower type. Has had many alcoholic episodes in recent months, smokes moderately, denies use of drugs. Has had normal heterosexual adjustments since age 19. Inmate was engaged for about a month, and indicated that the breaking off of this affair was the precipitating factor in his present hospitalization.

Throughout the interview patient was nervous, depressed, tense, cooperated fairly well but suspicious about nature of the interview. Appeared to be bewildered about causes for present hospitalization, worried about what would happen in the future, believes that there is something wrong with him, but unable to define it. Blocked at many points, hesitancy might have been due to timidity although there may have been a hidden motivation of wanting to get out of the Army by any means. Patient talked in a low voice, was not too expressive, vague in some of his story, appeared to be holding back at times due to understandable reluctance about talking about personal affairs. Evasive attitude might have been an attempt to reject the truth in order to create an impression that he has serious psychoneurotic habits, although there were no definite signs of conscious malingering. Patient's impulsive and hot tempered behavior appears to have been a long time personality pattern.

II Educational.

Patient completed the 10th grade at the age of 16, then quit school in order to go to work on the farm. Claimed that he was bored and tired of his classes, had many conflicts and arguments with his teachers, indicated that he was a behavior problem, suspended once from school, truant frequently in order to get away from the disagreeable situation.

III Occupational.

Patient worked from 1941 to 1943 as a dairy farm worker at \$25.00 a week, made good job adjustments, had no arguments with the boss, finally quit the job in order to make more money. For several months in 1943 patient was employed as a factory worker at \$40.00 a week before he was inducted. Claims that he never had any occupational problems, had an ambition to become a farmer, and now believes that he would like to return to this pursuit after he gets out of the service.

IV Civilian Criminal History.

Denies.

V Military History.

Patient was inducted 29 October 1943 at Fort Dix, was glad to get into the service. Was stationed at Fort Riley, Breckenridge, Benning, and McCall until May 1945 when he went overseas. Patient stated that the 513 Airborne Paratroopers was the best outfit he was ever in but he "quit because it got too rough for me and I was too nervous." He considered the 32nd Division, a field artillery unit where he was assigned as a canoneer as his worst outfit. Patient arrived overseas in the PI in May 1945 as a replacement, saw about 60 days of combat. Was authorized to wear 2 battle stars, Asiatic Pacific Ribbon, PI liberation ribbon, Good Conduct Medal, American Defense and Victory Ribbon, Occupation Ribbon. Was hospitalized once for two weeks for malaria and jungle rot.

Highest rank reached was PFC, busted for recent offense. Has had five company punishments for insubordination and AWOL. AWOL 27 days in all. Patient said that he made good army adjustments, but he became more nervous after he was sent to the PI as a replacement. Was fearful of combat, but overcame impulse to run away through a development of close identification with his buddies. Claimed that he got along with his officers most of the time. Became extremely jumpy in combat, frightened that he would be ambushed

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by the enemy, primary motivation was to get "home in one piece." After VJ Day patient was sent to Southern Japan for occupation duty, got very bored with the monotonous life there, went to town a great deal and began to drink excessively. Patient stated that his drinking habits did not start until he got into the Army, very heavily just before going overseas: "Took a fit once," and 8 MP's had to carry him to the hospital. (He drank one quart of whiskey without stopping). Claims that he likes the taste, gets fighting mad, believed he drank to forget his worries, got into a lot of fights while drinking. Stated that he got drunk about 2-3 times a week in Japan, often passed out. Prefers to drink with friends, felt that it was the easiest way to get things off his mind, was bored with the Army and couldn't understand reason for reenlistment. Indicated that the reason might have been that he was aware that he would get a 60 day furlough for reenlistment and "I wanted to get home for Christmas so I signed up for 3 years." Now regrets this "hasty action," and stated that he was in the habit of doing things impulsively and regretting it afterwards. At the time of reenlistment, patient felt that he would do anything to get back to the States.

VI Previous Military Offenses.

Patient received a special CM for violation of AW 61, AWOL for 25 days in the winter of 1945. Received a 5 mo h/1 sentence but it was suspended when he was shipped overseas. Patient stated that he just got disgusted with the Army life; he was still in the paratroopers at the time, "knew we were going to Europe and the papers were full about the Battle of the Bulge," "didn't care about anything," "worried about combat" "just didn't want to ship out" "wanted a good time before I left" "went to Ohio and shacked up with a girl the whole time" "finally turned in."

VII Present difficulties

Patient stated that he did not know the exact reason why he was in the

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hospital but thought it was for "having a fit," and "I was told that I tried to commit suicide by jumping over the seawall." Claims that he does not remember a thing about past alcoholic episodes as "I pass out." Patient stated that he received a 60 day furlough on 17 January 1946 and he came back to the states. He spent most of the time with his fiancée. Stated that after he was engaged he had premarital sexual experiences with the girl, but out of a clear sky he broke off the engagement. Stated that there was another girl who was going with his brother and he became fascinated by her because "she was more sociable and she liked to go out and drink with me." Patient resented the fact that his fiancée nagged him to stop his drinking habits and there were some quarrels. It gave patient a great deal of satisfaction to take his brother's girl friend away. During this furlough patient got drunk one night and was arrested, given a shot by the doctor. Ambivalent attitude towards two girls created some mental conflicts. Patient broke his engagement in March 1946. Stated that his present girl friend told him that she wanted to marry only a civilian and patient regrets his reenlistment keenly and he has been worried about it for some weeks. He was assigned to Fort Hancock in the coast artillery unit when he reported back from his furlough.

Patient stated that he has been drinking excessively since arriving at this post. Has been worried and depressed but did not know the exact causes. Now feels that he made a mistake in breaking off with his fiancée, daydreams and has many fantasies about her. Regrets his hasty action in breaking off with her, likes both girls and cannot "decide which is best for me." One month ago patient punched his hand through a plate glass and was hospitalized. Stated that he was drinking a keg of beer at the docks at the time.

In late June 1946 patient had a fight with a buddy when he was accused of stealing an iron from the barracks, cut the other boy's eye and he was taken to the dispensary for treatment. Denied that he was drunk on this occasion.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

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July 8, 1946

Shortly after this fight, patient got drunk on 8 glasses of beer at the PX, and he remembered coming out of the PX to go to his barracks, but he does not remember going to the seawall to jump in. Stated that he woke up in the hospital with a "straight jacket" on. He was discharged from the hospital two weeks ago, went to the PX that night and drank 11 beers, denies he was drunk. Later that evening he went back to "A" battery and began to drink out of a gallon jug. Stated that he was going to his barracks when 6 MP's "jumped me" and marched him to the guardhouse where he was accused of "busting up the Y latrine." Denied that he had done this. He was hospitalized at the end of June 1946. Believes that his excessive drinking might be because of worries and anxiety about his girl friend. "Bothers me that I do things I can't remember as I might do something real serious next." Denied any suicidal thoughts; everything gets black when he drinks excessively. Stated that he was disappointed with civilian life during his 60 days furlough as he felt that he didn't fit in at home, brother seemed different, and didn't think it was any use to go home again after his break with his fiancée. Patient was accused of stealing a pistol from his supply room about $1\frac{1}{2}$ month ago. Present behavior indicates that patient is in need of thorough psychiatric examination.

Charles Kikuchi

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Diary

Tuesday, July 9, 1946

Eleven whole months in the U.S. Army today! I have seven more to go; how time does fly. A directive came out today that fathers would be discharged between now and the end of September so that we will start losing men from our office. I spent most of the day interviewing and writing up a case up at the hospital as there was a rush on it so I didn't get around to talking with Torrance on vocational counseling. He is expecting to leave at any day now on his occupational discharge. The work is slowly piling up, but it isn't coordinated very much. I spend most of my time down here talking to individual inmates who have personal problems and I haven't had the time to start up a group. I've also been helping Bob arrange for some of the training films as they are excellent. All this work keeps me fairly well occupied.

There is a rumor that the Harbor Defense Company on this post is breaking up and the boat will stop running as soon as they leave so that we really will be stranded on this island. There is always something coming up to make life uncertain. Major Santowsky has been giving me special cases up at the hospital as he feels that I can get the basic information for the psychiatrist. Lt. Maderia said that he thought quite a bit of my case histories so that is some improvement. Santowsky has been spending a lot of his time at the hospital so that there may be changes brewing up there. Each department is so fearful of losing manpower but I don't see any of them so pressed with work that a person has to be declared essential. Bob may blow a fuse if he is held here until the end of September. With all this talk of discharge going on, I have to start thinking of my own future much more seriously as seven months is not too long. I have been contemplating not taking a furlough and putting in for a one month leave

Charles Kikuchi

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Diary

July 9, 1946

just before I am eligible for discharge so that I can have 30 days all at one time; it all depends upon what happens around here though. There is a possibility that our department may finally break up as it has been threatened since March. I'll probably be held though because ^{we} can afford to get rid of some of the typists first.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

July 9, 1946

S/Sgt John Canfield ASN 42163192

I Social

This 21 year old patient, white, married, was born 16 September 1924 in Los Angeles, California, the oldest of three living siblings. (One older brother died at age 4). Inmate was reared in an emotionally disturbed family situation which has affected his personality development. He stated that his father, age 55, is now semi-retired, but for a number of years he was employed as a house painter, earning a very good income. However, father was a very heavy drinker and he spent most of his earnings during his alcoholic episodes. This situation caused some economic deprivations in the home and inmate had to go to work at an early age in order to help supplement the family income, resulting in some antagonism towards father for not assuming his full parental responsibilities. Mother excused her husbands behavior by telling the children that father had stomach ulcers and had to drink in order to relieve the pain. She was anxious to hold the family together for the sake of the children, but finally separated when she could no longer tolerate the abusive treatment by her husband.

Patient stated that his present relationship with father is strained. He went to visit father at the hospital in New York recently, but father refused to see him because "he said that I was the cause of the separation." Felt that father resented him because he was close to mother. Patient stated that he has not cared much for his father for the past few years as he could not forgive him for the abusive way in which his mother was treated during drunken episodes. Father was in the habit of making fantastic accusations of mother's faithfulness, and often claimed that he was not the real father of the children. These scenes caused some insecurity in patient's personality pattern. Father was described as a dominating

individual, often got involved in street fights while drunk, struck mother on a number of occasions, chronic drinker for the past 10 years.

Family originally lived in NYC, but after the death of the first child, mother had a breakdown so father took her to California for five years and patient was born in the interval. From early childhood, patient recalls his father as a heavy drinker, was often terrified when mother was struck in his presence, patient was once knocked down by a blow from father, family often had to move to a new apartment because of the disturbing influence of father.

Patient got along well with his mother, believes that he was the favorite child, has felt that he is responsible for her since father neglected his duties. Mother was described as nervously inclined, had a tendency to be sensitive, extremely hurt when accused of infidelity by husband. Patient traces his intense dislike for father back to this incident. Felt that it made him feel somewhat different from other children because his parents had frequent conflicts, and patient was fearful of ever bringing any of his friends home for a visit because of his "shame," that they would find out that his father was a drunkard. Believed that this contributed to his sensitivity. Patient got along well with his siblings. No special diseases in family history. Mother was once in TB sanitarium for observation, but it was negative. Brother has slight tendency for claustrophobia but it has not prevented active service in the army.

Patient felt that his childhood was deprived as he did not have the time to indulge in normal play like the other children because he had to start working at the age of 11 in order to help his mother support the family. Suffered from feelings of inadequacy and insecurity, but discovered that his mental ability in academic work compensated more than

adequately so that he began to develop more of a feeling of self confidence in adolescence. As a child, patient was embarrassed easily, shy around girls, fearful of being made the butt of practical jokes.

Patient had some neurotic traits in his developmental history. Enuretic until the age of 8 or 9. Claimed that he had kidney trouble and was in the habit of wetting his pants in school. Had a fear of dark as a child, but other fears were not abnormal. Believes that his fear of closed places was brought to his attention in October 1942 when he went to work one day in the subway, and during a station stop he suddenly developed a panicky feeling that he was being "closed in," got the shakes, sweats. He had to leave the subway and take a cab to work. Thereafter, patient got up 90 minutes earlier to avoid the crowds in the subway, and remained at work 90 minutes after the rush hour "as I got nervous after that and couldn't stand the crowded subway."

In his adult social adjustments, patient believed that he was able to make friends fairly easily and did not have any noticeable anti-social tendencies. Despite a tendency to be a bit withdrawn in her (?) personality he got along well with his co-workers and did not avoid social parties. He disliked crowds, but did not feel uncomfortable around his friends. Patient has always liked responsibility. Feels that he is more nervous now than when he first came into the service. Drank very lightly in civilian life from the age of 18. Stated that during the time he was stationed in Washington DC at the Pentagon Bldg. in 1945-46 he began to drink rather heavily and for a period of time he was "high" and drunk every night. Drank mostly for the effects as he felt that liquor would make him feel merry, forget his worries, make him less self conscious, more sociable. Stated that he drank because his condition was getting increasingly worse. Since coming to Fort Hancock, inmate has not been drinking,

but has avoided making many friends, cannot take the boat or crowded bus because of his fear of being confined. Denies use of drugs, smokes one pkg. of cigarettes a day.

Patient has made normal heterosexual adjustments since age 17. Had one homosexual experience as a child "but only did it out of curiosity and it never recurred." Inmate was married 16 August 1942 at the age of 18 to a 19 year old girl whom he had courted for one year. Stated that it was a love marriage, but there has been some tension in their marital adjustments which he believes is caused by his "nervous condition." Patient feels that he is more concerned about getting well at the present time than his marital adjustments. Stated that in December 1942 he planned to leave his wife when he discovered his severe claustrophobia x but changed his mind. Feels that his anxiety about present condition is of greater importance to him than his future marital adjustments because "I know that I can get along with my wife if I am cured." Patient has a two-year old child in good health from this marriage.

II Educational.

Patient has always been motivated strongly to educate himself. He completed two years of college work at the age of 19 before he was inducted into the service, but did not feel resentful that his education was interrupted as he wanted to get into the Army in order to eliminate his 4F draft status as a PN. Claimed that he was always among the top five students in every class and that he received excellent grades. He was taking a business administration course at St. John's in Brooklyn at the time of induction during the evening hours--tuition paid through a four year scholarship he had received. His career aspiration was to become an accounting lawyer. Patient plans to complete his education after he gets out of the service. Stated that he kept to himself a great deal of time

during his school days, studied hard, had a limited number of friends, engaged seldom in social activities, felt that it was of primary importance to maintain his high scholastic record.

III Occupational.

From the age of 11, patient worked part time selling newspapers and shining shoes. From 1938 to 1940 he had a parttime job taking charge of the delivery boys in a flower shop at .35 cents an hour. Also worked in a jewelry store during this period. In 1941 patient began to work in a magazine publishing house as a mail clerk at \$15 a week. He worked himself up to the stock room at \$25 a week within a year, and by 1944 he was promoted to the accounting department at \$47 per week. Patient attended his college classes evenings. Stated that he got along well with his employer and co-workers. Future job ambition is to become an accounting lawyer.

IV Civilian Criminal History.

Denied.

V Military History.

Patient was rejected in 1943 and placed in a 4F classification as a psychoneurotic because he claims that he rushed down to Grand Central Station for his physical examination and experienced claustrophobia so that he was in a very excitable state of mind when the psychiatrist examined him. This rejection was a blow at his pride so that he attempted to take private psychiatric consultations at \$15 an hour in order to get cured, but found it too expensive. Patient stated that he was desperate to get into the service because of patriotic motivations also, and he felt that induction would prove that he was no different from other men. He was finally classified for limited service, and on 29 december, 1944 he was inducted at Fort Dix.

Patient was put into general army service and took nine weeks of

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basic training at Fort McClellan. He was then stationed there as a classification specialist (275) for the following nine months. For the next seven months he was stationed with the Headquarters of the Ground Forces in Washington DC as a personnel technician and administrative NCO. In June 1946 patient was assigned to Fort Hancock as an administrative NCO and classification specialist. Patient was satisfied with his job assignments and did not have any difficulty in making suitable adjustments. Stated that he got along well with the officers and men in his outfit, but became more solitary during recent months when he began to drink heavily as a result of his worries about his "nervous condition." During his 17½ months of service, patient was authorized to wear Good Conduct Medal, American Theater Ribbon, Victory Ribbon, Meritorious unit patch, Army Commendation Ribbon. Has not had any overseas duty. Highest rank reached was S/sgt. Claims that his character and efficiency rating has always been superior; has not had any company punishments, never been awol or confined for any offense.

Patient believes that his main difficulty in the Army has been his tendency to worry excessively about his claustrophobia. When he first got inducted he was placed into general service and he started the basic training program. After nine weeks, found that he could make it satisfactorily. During a training program when tanks were to run over fox-holes, patient developed a strong fear that he was being closed in so that he "went off my nut" and started to scream, got highly excited, hysterical crying spell, shakes. He was given a sedative and a week later was placed back into a limited service classification and assigned to office work. A Board of psychiatrists disqualified him for overseas service. Stated that after this incident he began to be bothered with buses and the confining space of the movie house. During his furrough in 1945 he began to get an intense fear of subways and rowboats, and patient

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believed that his condition was getting worse and worse. Describes his condition as nervousness, hands twisted up, stomach nerves tightens up, feels like lashing out blindly to relieve the pressure, arms and legs all knotted up, gets nauseated. In recent weeks stomach gets upset during meals and he feels nauseated, can't stand crowds, deep anxiety about his future and civilian life.

VII Present Illness.

Patient stated that when he was in Washington, he went to see a doctor and was told to report on sick call, but he kept postponing it because he was sensitive that his friends would find out that he was a PW and would think that he was goldbricking just to get out of the service. Now that he will be eligible for discharge, patient felt that he should get some sort of treatment so reported to the hospital last week. Stated that he was getting more and more "disgusted" and was unable to understand the reason for his phobia. Feels that he would like to get "fixed up" before he is discharged. Does not think that continued drinking will solve his emotional problems. Occasionally worries about losing his mind, has had some "fits of depression" in recent weeks. Patient requests some psychiatric treatment as he does not think that he is in any condition to return to civilian life at this time, and that he cannot afford private treatments after he is discharged. Would like some specialized psychiatric treatment in a hospital for this purpose, and is not concerned that it may delay his discharge a little, although he does not want to be given a blue discharge after all the good service he has put in, plus the fact that he came voluntarily for treatment and was not an administrative problem at any time.

Patient was sincere, cooperative during interview, somewhat anxious and tense, had fairly good insight. Recommend further psychiatric observation for patient to determine nature of his emotional disturbances.

Kikuchi

Yesterday was a slow day in the office. We had some movies scheduled for the group psychotherapy classes, but the machine went out of order and we had to sit around most of the morning while it was getting fixed up. We had planned to show the film, "It's your America," in order to develop a greater sense of identification with this country among the inmates and change their attitude that they were being completely rejected. There is so much of a tendency for projection among the inmates, and it is difficult to get them to accept realities. In our past discussions we noticed certain types of comments which cropped out all the time and the film was an attempt to broaden their thinking to a more impersonal level. Torrence put on the clothes of an inmate and he asked the "bitter" questions which Bob and I were to answer. When the film did not go on, we had the discussion anyway and it turned out fairly successfully. The type of "bitter" questions asked went along about like this:

"The country let me down, why should I believe in it?"

"We made all the sacrifices and risked our lives, now we get a boot in the tail."

"It was all propaganda to serve our country; a big racket to fool ordinary guys like us."

"America does not follow any of the principles we fought for--we never had Democracy in this country and never will."

"They certainly made suckers out of us."

"From now on I am going to rely on myself, get what I can, and tread on everybody I can because that's what they did to me."

"I believed in all of the principles of what America is before I got in the Army and got court-martialed, but I will never believe in them again because now I know that America doesn't protect the guys who served for it."

"I don't care if I get a DD; the army has so much brass now that the civilian does not have a voice in the government anyway."

"I feel that I am just as much of a hero as were those guys who were shot up, but nobody will ever believe me, and instead of being recognized by people, I am going to have to take crappy jobs while those other guys will be getting on the gravy train."

"I protected the people who weren't in the Army, but now if I get a DD they will kick me in the face and call me a rotter."

"The army is a farce, so are the medals and so is the honorable and DD so I don't care what they give me."

"Anybody who can continue to believe in this country is crazy; you would do the same thing if you went through what I did."

Torrence got a notice saying that he would be getting his orders for a discharge on an occupational basis so that he was quite happy yesterday and I helped him pack some of his things. He is going out to be a vocational counsellor for the State College out there. It really gripped him when he found out that Major Santowsky had turned down his release because it was felt that there were many veterans on the outside looking for a job now and anybody who had only one year of service should not be allowed to go out and compete for the available jobs! Fortunately for Torrence, his request for discharge was approved at Governor's Island so that he will be leaving here today. I am going to take over the counselling program he worked up, but fit it into my individual psychotherapy program.

It is a damn shame that Major Santowsky has not much interest in this work here. He has taken a very negative attitude towards things and he has not offered much leadership. It is hard to work up a constructive program under this sort of setup because one gets the feeling that at any moment the whole thing can be wiped out if the Major gets the whim. I moved over here into the second building and I have been going ahead on my own because I feel it is pretty important to spend time with the inmates who are getting released with a DD, and for the past week I have been having talks with them individually. They are all pretty bitter about things, and fearful of the outside--just like the Nisei who left the WRA camps.

Last night I went into NYC, and I had a very nice evening there. Rhoda invited me to come over and help her cook dinner as Yuriko was not expected home until about 8. Rhoda and I had a very good discussion, and she was in a gay mood. I told her that there was a light in her eyes. Rhoda is in love! La Marr has been coming over every evening and Rhoda

said that she gets all kinds of wonderful sensations when he is about, but she gets filled with doubts and miseries during the day. However, she feels that this time she has the real thing and I tried to find^{out}/how she could tell for sure. She said that when she first met La Marr she thought he was a jerk, but now she is wild about the guy. I sympathized with her because I said I had that feeling before too and I suffered!

Yuriko came home about 8 and she was mighty surprised to find me there, and pleased too. That elevated my ego. We had a very tasty dinner, afterwards we went upstairs and reclined around. LaMarr came over and he and Rhoda engaged themselves in a clinch for the rest of the evening so we admired their technique and tried to put some of it in practice ourselves! Yuriko makes me feel like I am in the clouds when she kisses; I certainly have a case on her now for sure! I'm surprised that she likes me so much; we have such a good time together. She is coming up here again this weekend and Rhoda and LaMarr will come on Saturday. Yuriko works very hard at her dancing instructions, and she puts all of her energy into it so that she is wearing herself down. She certainly loves her work, and she deserves a lot of success because of her persistence in sticking at it. Yuriko is going to give a concert dance recital sometime in October. I certainly hope that I am not transferred away from this camp now, as it will make me very dejected to leave NYC now that I know such a nice person. My goodness, how I suffer!

I went up to Masonic Temple to sleep and witnessed a tragic accident. A taxi tried to beat an ice truck to a crossing and there was a terrific collision and the driver of the cab was run over. People passing philosophically stated: "He's done for." Too bad that life has to be crushed out so needlessly. It doesn't pay to try and beat the stop signs

as the gamble is too great.

Friday, July 12, 1946

I feel very tired today; didn't get enough sleep last night because of all the noise going on. After dinner last night I went to the dayroom and had several games of ping-pong--trying to learn the proper technique. Afterwards I walked down to the library to return a long overdue book and browse around for a few more to read. I went back to the barracks about 8 p.m. with the hope of relaxing for a while and getting a lot of sleep. My hopes were doomed to disappointment because the boys were having a little drinking party in the barracks. Andrews, Frankowsky, Marcello, Nelson, and Lee were the culprits and before the evening was over they had consumed five quarts and were definitely stinko. They tried to get me to join them but I was too busily engaged in reading and anticipating the coming weekend--thinking about how Yuriko's attractiveness was like a perfume without a name and how it had snatched my soul. All of a sudden the boys started to argue about women, and I was called over to make a decision as to whether a girl was entitled to go out on dates if they were engaged. I told them that if they trusted the girl there was no reason why she shouldn't go out with other fellows, but they couldn't agree with this. The debate went on and on so I just left. After about two hours of steady drinking, Andrews and Marcello got sick and they threw up all over the floor. Nelson got the bucket for them to vomit in, but their aim was no good. Our barracks smelled like a brewery and nobody could sleep.

Lee is a new boy in our barracks; he has been in the Army for four years and he got friendly with Andrews as they were both from West Virginia. They decided that they were pals because they both had the

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attitude that a "Jew is just like a Nigger; only he is turned inside out." They started to make comments about Herb being a Jew Boy behind his back so I again went over to the group and took part in the discussion. I pointed out that Marcello could be called a Wop by the same reasoning; Frankowsky a Polack, etc. Lee finally concluded for the bunch that as long as a man was in the same uniform he was as good as any other GI. They then began to tell why they didn't like certain individuals regardless of race. I thought that the whole thing was settled so I went back to bed.

All of a sudden there was a big commotion. It seems that Lee called Frankowsky "chicken shit" because of Franks duties as barracks leader. Lee said that he didn't like to be told to mop under his bed and then be reported for it. Frank said that he may have yelled, but he never turned any names in. He insisted that Lee recall his statement. Lee said he would think it over so he went out to the back porch, threw up, came back and said that he still thought the same way. Frank got all hot and bothered and he told Lee to stand up and say it to him like a man and get ready to protect himself. Lee said that they would go down to the latrine and talk it over some more, but he didn't think that he would change his mind. Both were mad by this time and they went to downstairs to have it out--very unsteady on their feet. I didn't want to see bloodshed so I jumped out of bed and ran down and got between them just as they began to swing wildly. They grappled and Lee almost got his head bashed in on the edge of the sink. I figured that if they cut each other up, somebody was going to get a court martial so I had Nelson hold Lee while I held Frank back. I tried to get them to postpone their argument, but they were like little boys and they just wouldn't stop. Finally I proposed that if they still felt the same way in the morning, they could put on the gloves.

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They agreed to this and promised each other that they would do their best to kill each other in the fight. They decided to drink on this so they came upstairs and drank another quart and started the argument all over again. Both are hot headed, but Lee is really the foul mouthed one and he doesn't drink like a gentleman. He was making obscene remarks to anyone and that is no way for a new fellow to get liked in our barracks. Manuel was all for Frank beating up Lee/^{then}and there, but I reminded them that they had given their word to fight it out the next day. Frank hurt his arm in the scuffle and said that he hoped he would not have to postpone the fight. They really acted like they hated each other and there is a lot of bad blood. Maybe the gloves will clear things up because eventually they are going to have a run in anyway. About 12:30 they finally went to bed after throwing up all over the place. I just can't see why they have to drink raw whiskey the way they do, the idea being to get as drunk as possible in as short a time as possible. This morning I made sure that all of them got up for roll call because I didn't want them to sleep after keeping the rest of us awake so late. They were so childish in their argument, but men fight for less reason than that sometime. Frank gets so mad that he unconsciously swears in Polish, while Lee shakes and cries. The fight is supposed to go on at 6:00 tonight and I have a 25¢ bet on Frank because he seems to be the better fighter; I might as well get something for all my efforts to establish peace last night and I did lose a lot of sleep. Nelson, Andrews and Tony all got sick and passed out before the argument was finished.

The boys in the barracks are also mad at Fagan. He is the wardmaster at the hospital and he has been having a torrid affair with the fat nurse in recent days. The boys don't want Fagan to have intercourse with her

anymore because the fat nurse made a statement that she wanted to get pregnant so that she could get out of the Army, and they figure that Fagan is a sucker for falling for her. They are sore at him because he thinks that he loves the nurse and now they won't talk to him anymore. I never know about these little hospital problems and rumors, but Bob picks them up at the pool table over in the Day room. The way the boys behave, it reminds me of the book, "Ward 20" which I just got through reading. Our fellows have such narrow interests that these little conflicts and affairs become the major concern of all of them. We have boys from many states, particularly the south, and all they talk about in the evenings is sex. It has been more noticeable than ever to me because I have been forced by circumstances to be around the barracks in the evenings more than before. Yet, they are all nice fellows fundamentally and I have many friends among them. They sort of look up to Bob and me because we are more "educated" and we are useful in spelling words out for them when they write letters. I am always forced to take one "courtesy" drink when they bring the bottle around because they feel hurt and think that I am acting aloof if I don't. They certainly are funny guys, but a nice bunch when sober.

Worked on individual counselling all morning. I plan to start another group among those inmates who will be discharged next month. Also put Fuller in charge of the testing program and talked things over with him for a while. I don't want anything to do with testing as it is not my line and I have enough to do as it is. Bob has sort of dropped out of things as he is no longer interested in our work since he is getting out very shortly. Torrence leaves today, and Herb never did care to be stationed here as his heart is in California so that he hasn't done much. It's up to the individual to keep busy or get bored.

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Yuriko came in yesterday, and she tired herself all out with the activities so she is sleeping this morning and I have come down to the office to work. It was cloudy last night so that we didn't go to the beach. We went to the movies to see the Marx brothers, "A Night in Casablanca," and had a good laugh. Yuriko almost had spasms. It was a most enjoyable evening. After the movies we went up to the Y and ate ice cream and then played Bingo. I won some cigarettes, and I tied for the grand prize of a pipe, but since it was George of the Medical Detachment who was co-winner I flipped him for it and lost. About 10:00 we went up to the dayroom and played ping pong and danced around to the music. Bob and a lot of the other boys were around and we had a lot of fun. Yuriko is getting very good in ping pong because she is light on her feet, energetic, and has a good sense of coordination so that I was hard pressed to keep up with her in the game scores. She certainly enjoys the game because I was playing her until about one ayem! It was a nice way to spend the evening and there wasn't any difficulty in finding things to do. I thought for a while that she might get bored with this camp life, but she loves it. Everybody notices her and she has made a lot of friends already. Rhoda and LaMarr will be coming in on the boat this afternoon, and they will stay until tomorrow afternoon. It is nice and warm today so that the swimming should be good. I think I'm very lucky to have such a nice social life brought right to this post for me!

I spent most of the morning talking to the three inmates who are my office assistants and typists--McHale, McMullen, and Smith. We are all from California so that we talked over the wonders of that state, and they had me tell them how things were out there because it has been three or four years since any of them were in California. They have gave me

a more intimate picture of the life in the compound, and flattered me by telling me that I had a very good reputation among the inmates because they felt that I could understand them better in their case reviews. They ascribed this ability to the fact that I had certain inherent Oriental characteristics like understanding and love of family so that I was able to get them to talk to me freely. They said that the Negro boys all told each other to be interviewed by me too because they figured that I could give them a better break. McHale said that I was known as a "gentleman" and a "straight guy." This means that I am an "intellectual" EM and that I can be trusted by the inmates because I won't run to the "Old Boy" (the Colonel) and give him the "lip" (confidential information) about them. The inmates have a slang of their own and I never heard a lot of the colloquisms before. Calling another inmate a "soldier" is a deep insult. The boys told about the excitement caused last night when one of the inmates was caught giving the "round eye" to another, (engaging in homosexual activities). McHale said that the sex problem was mostly solved by masturbation and the "queers" were ostracized. They were "signified" by the others. (cut dead, avoided, talked about). The inmates have a special code of behavior, and the one thing they don't tolerate is being "put in the dozens" (having personal members of their families insulted.) They place great stress on physical achievements and strength, but they don't like a "loud talk guy" (one who brags). But, a successful "putting on the hyp" over a guard or compound officer is recognized as a mark of prestige. (a successful hypochondria act). The term used to label a double crosser in their group is "shame on you" and this means that none of their group should have any pity on him. When an inmate gets a letter from a wife or girl friend saying that she is finished with him, he is known as a "that's all she wrote guy." One of the things which will give

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an inmate a sense of being a human being is to say thank you when he does something. They daydream a lot of the time about how they are going to act in civilian life when they get out, and they have a deep hatred of the army because of their bitterness. Smith said that all of them like the psychotherapy meetings because they are able to blow off steam in the presence of an enlisted man and not be in fear that they will get punished. Many of the inmates are occupying themselves in hobbies and they make some very nice things. I'm having a picture frame made of cedar wood by one of the group. These inmates live in a world of their own, but it isn't dull by any means. They play cards a lot in the evenings, but since they don't have anything to gamble they make up penalties like drinking a quart of water down for the loser in a game. I'd like to spend about a week in the stockades so that I could get a better picture of the daily lives of these inmates as I think that I would be able to understand them better if I could watch them informally.

July 15 1946, Monday.

(Strictly personal and confidential)

I certainly did have an exciting and wonderful weekend--right here on this post, of all places! The presence of Yuriko made all the difference in the world. Sat. afternoon we had a lot of fun down at the beach; the ocean water was so warm. We just relaxed and made ourselves comfortable. It amazes me that we can have such a nice resort situated on any Army territory, but I certainly am happy with the situation. That is because of Yuriko, of course. She is such a gay little thing, makes friends so easily, grand company. She went for a walk along the beach, and got "picked up" by one of the inmates training in the honor company for restoration and the guy told her that he was in the air corps and taking some basic training. He just wanted to talk to her. When Yuriko came back, she wondered why the boy didn't come down on the main beach

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with the rest of the people. She said that she just had an urge to walk so she went all the way down to the point and picked shells along the way. Yuriko enjoys it so much out here, and she has convinced me that it isn't only the beach that she likes out here!!

All of the medics were down there; we seem to monopolize the beach. One thing I have noticed is that our group seems to be much more close to each other now and the small cliques have broken down. I've gotten to know the boys quite well in recent weeks because of these beach parties and a sort of camaraderie has developed, which wasn't there before Yuriko gets along famously with them, and they all like her a lot. The fellows are always buying us more beers and hot dogs than we can possibly consume. Yuriko by her personality is likeable so that she is much more appealing to the fellows than Rhoda. She is more the "good sport." Bob came back on the afternoon boat and he met Rhoda and LaMarr so he took them up to the guest house, and later they came down to the beach with a basket of food. When the sun went down about 8:00 we built a fire. Bob left us to go back to the dayroom to win some money at pool, but the rest of us remained down on the beach until about 10:30. Then we went up to the detachment dayroom and played ping pong until about 12:30. We had the whole place to ourselves as the CQ left it open for our use.

There was a beer party still going on in our barracks when I got in around 1:00 ayem and they kept it up until about 3:00. Some of the boys were very high. "Body" Blanton found a door in his way when he went downstairs so that he just knocked it down! About five ayem the boys were dumping each other out of bed, but I slept through all of it. One of the other boys woke up, smelled the smoke, and put the fire out. The darn fool might have burned the barracks down. I still can't understand what fun these fellows get out of drinking to the point of passing out; they do it as often as possible.

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I got up for breakfast yesterday morning, and the latest rumor was about how Cortright went to town, got drunk, severely cut his head, ran away from the MP's in his bare feet, finally brought in about 7:30 in the morning. He is the boy that I interviewed a week ago in regard to his suicidal attempt, but he was discharged. Major Santowsky took the view that the boy was just a bum and he needed to be court martialed to teach him a lesson. From a military point of view, I suppose he is right, but I think that the boy needs greater understanding of his emotional disturbances as he doesn't go out on these alcoholic episodes for no reason at all. Lt. Murray the chief nurse, wanted me to make another recommendation for greater "social treatment" but I told her that I wasn't in any position to do anything like that as I'm just an enlisted man, and further that I didn't know enough about these things. There certainly was enough excitement going on around here Saturday night.

Sunday morning, Yuriko, Rhoda and LaMarr got up fairly early as they wanted to make use of all the nice weather on the beach. We had some breakfast at the Y. The meal situation had me stumped because our mess sgt. doesn't encourage bringing in civilians to the messhall as he gets his food by rations and if too many people eat there they run short. I asked him if I could bring Rhoda and LaMarr in for the noon meal and he was very kind and thought that it could be arranged since many of the detachment were away on pass. We fooled around the dayroom for about an hour and then went to eat a delicious turkey dinner. There was plenty of meat and the cook gave me enough extra to make seven turkey sandwiches to take to the beach. The meal for my friends and the sandwiches only cost me \$1.05 as meals are just 35¢ each. The poor civilians who have to pay huge prices for food would certainly be envious of a set up like this!

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After lunch a whole group of us went to the beach in the ambulance. The beach was humming with activity as a bus load of girls had been brought up from Newark, and boat load came in from Brooklyn. The med. det. boys went to town and monopolized all the attractive ones, or the ones with the best lunches. It was a little windy yesterday but the water was warm. Yuriko is getting a golden tan by coming out here. She plans to come out again next weekend if nothing else interferes. We had a lot of fun going out to ride the waves. Very reluctantly, we prepared to leave about five in order to catch the 6:30 boat back to NYC. The boat ride was very nice from our top deck seats.

Yuriko decided that she would treat us to a taxi ride up to Chinatown because she didn't want to get into the hot, sticky subway as soon as she got back to the city so we went up there to eat an immense meal. The waiter there is her friend so that he gave us excellent service, and we practically stuffed ourselves. Yuriko and I ate Chinese style right out of the dishes. Rhoda and La Marr are so thick now that they don't notice us much anyway; and I guess they think the same about Yuriko and me. We all get along very well, and I feel fortunate in having such nice friends.

After we ate, we went back to Yuriko's apartment and relaxed there for the rest of the evening. Yuriko was in a very tender mood, and I felt like I was in Utopia! I just can't get over the fact that Yuriko really likes me a lot. All of a sudden she got real serious and said, "Charlie, will you promise me something?" I asked her what and she asked me to try not to fall too deeply for her because she didn't want to go through a mental conflict situation. She went on to say that she liked me tremendously, but she didn't want me to fall in love with her because she had such a strong drive to accomplish her goals in her career, and she said that when she did get married she wanted to be able to make it

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a 50-50 proposition but that she wasn't psychologically prepared yet. But, she added that it wasn't because she didn't like me. I knew that this would come up eventually and I wasn't disturbed; in fact I felt honored that she liked me well enough to confide in me. It's her decision and I certainly don't object to it or feel hurt. In fact I felt like I was up in the clouds just from knowing that she had enough regard for me to tell me these things. She's such a lovable girl. Yuriko said that she broke up once with a boy who was madly in love with her, and she didn't want to hurt anyone like that again. She said that she had also gone around with Caucasian boys but they just didn't understand her and she immediately broke off when they got amorous. I realized from the first time that I met her how much her dancing meant to her and I don't think I ever built up any high hopes because I never figured that she would like me that much. I never attempted to kiss her until about a couple of weeks ago because I figured she would react like a frightened gazelle, and I waited until she made the initial move even though I felt like she might think I was a cluck! I can't help it if I am intrigued with her, it's chemistry, but I don't think I will force any issues because at this point I feel that my life has been made happier with our present nice relationship. It really did elevate my ego that she had enough confidence and liking for me to say these things in the first place.

Yuriko has some strange notion that she is going to live for just 10 more years--just a hunch she calls it--and that she has to achieve her goals by then. She said that she is confused about a lot of things because she is a woman and she wants to have children and get married and settle down, but she doesn't want to give up her independence until her ambitions are fulfilled. She is giving her own dance concert in

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October, and in November she may go to Europe with the Graham company. At the same time, she said that she longed for the "family touch" because she never had experienced any of it herself. When she was four and a half her father took her to Japan with two younger sisters, and during a flu epidemic her father and sisters died. She lived with her mother when she came back until she was 6 and then she was sent to her mother's relatives in Japan because the mother got remarried. For the next 10 years she was in Japan, going to school, and studying dancing. She longed to return to America, but it was during the depression and her mother was not able to send for her. Yuriko said that because of all of these things she never did feel too close to her mother, and she was not able to talk things over with her mother on an adult level because her mother attempted to dominate her too much. Once just before I met Yuriko she said that her mother slapped her because she went out on a date with a boy. She gets along fine with her stepfather, the second one now, and she feels that he is understanding but she didn't think that she could live with her mother anymore so that was the reason for the break-up. Yuriko has developed a fine, warm personality in spite of this broken background; and she doesn't have any selfish or mean traits like she says. She doesn't even have any artificial conceit, but she does have a lot of self confidence. Gad, I just melt when I'm around her, even more now. I don't feel sad; I feel wonderful because I've never liked any girl as much as I do Yuriko even though I've had many "crushes" before. But I don't feel blue and feel sorry for myself thinking that it is an impossible situation because I'm willing enough to let things ride as they are as long as Yuriko keeps on liking me. In a way it is bad for me to have her on my mind constantly; I can't give the army its money's worth on the job!!!

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The office is in a great deal of confusion this morning because of the changes of plans in the arrangement of the various sections. We have to move back to the other building because this building will be used for the inmate's visitors. We had our testing and vocational counseling program in this building and I was most happy here because nobody bothered me. I think that it will be possible for me to keep this end of the building for my office to use for my individual psychotherapy meetings as Major Richards of the compound has okeyed it. The trouble around here is that too many of the staff has personal problems to worry about that preoccupies them, and they don't give a damn about our work here. That is why everything seems to be going to pot and there is so much confusion. If we had better administration, all of this would be eliminated. Lt. Sless is supposed to be the Adjutant in charge of administrative details but he is goofing off this morning to fix his car. Major Santowsky was extremely upset about this and he was going to take disciplinary action, but he decided that the officers had to stick together.

Our officers spend most of their time doing as little as possible and thinking up ways in which they can get out of unpleasant tasks. They don't have any concern for the inmates, but are just sweating it out until their discharges come through. Most of them will be eligible in the next few weeks. Maderia left yesterday; we only have Santowsky, Sless, Kantor, Cohen, and Thomas left. Kantor leaves in two weeks. The way our office is operated now, we only need about five in the staff. Major Santowsky is not very interested in new programs, and a lot of work is being made up to keep the men busy. It is very boring to work under those conditions. Major Santowsky has his own personal problems. He has just changed his name to Sanford, and he has a loneliness problem.

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He hasn't any friends here so that he feels blue most of the time and he wastes Bob's and my time just to talk about nothing so that he will have something to do. Thomas doesn't like him so that he spends most of his spare time locked up in his office playing gin rummy with Kantor. He invited me to come over and play him yesterday afternoon but I was busy. The officers here are not setting a very good example for us, and the trouble is that if there are any repercussions it will be the enlisted men who will suffer. Our work is down to simple testing, group psychotherapy, vocational counseling and individual psychotherapy, social case progress notes, and occasional hospital interviews. I do a little of all this work except testing, but I have concentrated on the individual counseling with the men ready for discharge as I feel that it is the most constructive phase and not made work. Sless has a lot of the staff doing some kind of testing survey as he wants to make a study for his own use later on. Speirs is his stooge and he is almost unbearable these days because of his attitude of self importance.

I was getting a little discouraged with the confused setup yesterday but now I am optimistic again. I have concluded that it is up to me to go ahead with my plan for individual psychotherapy as nobody else is interested in it, and I feel that it will be good experience. It is difficult to get the cooperation of the other offices on this post so that I have one hell of a time getting information which bothers these inmates. The red cross chapter doesn't do much because it feels that its primary mission is with the regular soldiers and not the inmates. It is typical of the Army setup. Nobody wants to do any more work than possible. I was encouraged by some of the things which Wysol told me yesterday. He works up at the hospital and he has been acting as my "spy" to find out what is going on up there. He said that he overheard

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a conversation between Colonel Frotzheim, Lt. Coffee, and some of the doctors about our P and S section, and during the discussion of the personnel, the Colonel made a remark that I did as good work as any of the psychologists officers down here. I don't even know the Colonel but he read over some of my reports of the cases which I did up there. It made me feel that something constructive had been done anyway, and that all my efforts have not been wasted. Kortwright, the most recent case, is going to be sent to Mason General for further observation. It seems that there is going to be some reduction in staff. The hospital doesn't have a great deal to do with such few patients so that there may be a cut in the detachment personnel. The P and S section may also be cut down as the number of inmates being released and discharged increases. I'm not particularly worried about being transferred out of here immediately since I think that I will be one of the few held if there is a cut in the staff. I don't want to leave here now because of my pleasant contact in NYC and Yuriko! That would be tragic! I have to interview some of the inmates in my group now, but it will be difficult since the detail is making a lot of noise in the building moving in benches and somebody is pounding on the old piano out there.

I went to an early movie last night, and then retired early. It was the best sleep I have had in weeks as I did not get up for roll call this morning. I have only been averaging about 6 hours of sleep for the past two weeks and that is not enough. My muscles were so sore last night from all the beach activity and ping pong but I feel like a new man now. The weather out here is wonderful and not too hot. It is much cooler than in NYC and I haven't suffered from the heat at all; it is very similar to the SF summer and I find it pleasant as we get a nice

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ocean breeze coming in here. Once in a while we even get a fog which is just like SF. But in NYC the people are suffering from humid weather now, most uncomfortable. I guess I will go in Wed. evening to see Yuriiko if she is not too busy. It helps to keep my morale up!

July 17, 1946, Wednesday

Whew! It's hot today, and most uncomfortable in our sweltering barracks. I've had a fairly busy day after I got settled down this morning. There was a lot of excitement because four of the inmate patients escaped from the hospital ward last night. They took a section out of the wall, climbed over the barbed wire fence, stole some GI clothes from our lines up in the detachment, took off in the hospital truck. In order to get off the peninsula they had to pass the guard post so they deserted the car and swam across to the other side. When the alarm was given of their escape, a lot of the soldiers here were sent out in jeeps with loaded guns to go look for them. They scared the local citizens in the surrounding towns half to death. One of the escapees was caught last night, but three are still missing. It has been about three weeks since the last escape.

I spent most of the morning with my class of inmates who are scheduled to be discharged from the stockades back to civilian life during August. There were about 9 of them, and all they did was express their anxieties, fears, and worries. It was largely projection, and it sharply reminded me of the arguments which the Nisei used to give before they left the WRA camps. I tried to steer the discussion into constructive channels. The boys with wives and families seemed to have more definite plans than the single ones. The group feel that it has been so much persecuted that they don't have a chance. I tried to help them build up some self confidence, and started to get them pointed to the reality of

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the situation instead of talking constantly about the past injustices. I think they enjoyed the opportunity to talk out their problems because they asked if they could have a meeting every day. I only plan to meet them about three times a week. After the group discussion I saw a few of the boys individually to discuss some of their more personal problems. When an inmate leaves here with a DD, all he gets is a train ticket, \$10.00, and some old GI clothes. I went over to the headquarters company later in the morning to find out what other advantages the boys would get, but nobody seemed to know anything. I had to go to about 8 sgts. and officers before I could find out if an inmate could take a shaving brush with him. I did find out that they are now going to be given dyed uniforms. I think that is inhumane as these boys all feel self conscious enough and there is no sense in making the civilian adjustments more difficult by putting a distinctive uniform on them as they start out on a new life. Some of my group have been out of civilian circulation for five years so they have no conception of what civilian life is about now so I try to give them a general picture. I have picked up some Army orientation pamphlets and other material which I use for the basis of these discussions, and I feel that it is a constructive piece of work which has to be done. The personnel at the Headquarters Office do not give a damn because they take the attitude that these inmates are a bunch of bums and deserve no sympathy or help. Things will be rough enough on the outside with a DD so that there is no need in kicking a man when he is down, especially when he has already paid for his offense.

The more I work down here the more I become convinced that the Army's treatment of these inmates which are known as "criminals" is all wrong. In civilian life, there are many individuals who commit much worse offenses, but are able to buy off immunity because they have "pull." The

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The Army has tried to enlighten itself upon its treatment of military offenders, but it is still a procedure based upon its ancient and outmoded assumptions. The Army assumes that the offender should be given a certain amount of punishment which is supposedly going to cure him of an repetition. There is no curative element in that; that's why we have such a growing list of criminals in society now. The army could do a lot better to establish a scientific penal system which will send the proven criminals to institutions of correction like they send people to mental hospitals. As for the greater bulk of the offenders, it would do society more good to get them out of these disciplinary barracks as fast as possible, and for the Army to admit that it was wrong in court martialling them in the first place. I doubt if I will see such a system while I am in the Army, but I still think that it is the only solution! I think a lot of young lives are being ruined as they stagnate in this stockade. There is very little rehabilitation work being done here, and the only therapy undertaken is the limited amount which we do--very inadequate at the best.

Last night after I came back from the library, I got into quite a discussion with Tony about the Negro situation. An announcement came over the radio that further Negro enlistments into the Army would be suspended because one out of every five volunteers was colored and the army wanted a 1 to 13 quota set up. Tony immediately made the statement that the "Niggers should be kicked out of the country.--Jews too." It was such a violent statement that I tried to find out why he felt that way. Tony got very emotional and said that he didn't think the Negro had any rights in this country and if they were not watched they were going to take everything over. He said that the South had the right way of creating them. All of the boys from the South jumped into the discussion

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on his side, and they tried to convert my thinking. They argued so illogically. They asked me point blank if I would want a Negro to be placed in our barracks, and I answered why not. I said that I didn't object to Tony and he could be called a "Wop" by some misguided individuals, or to Frank who could be called a "Polack," or to Herb who could be labeled a "Jew." The boys then said that Negroes and Jews were the worst of the lot and they didn't want any around. I asked if they could include the Nisei. Tony said no because he knew one in Camp Crowder who was an "educated guy and civilized," and Wysol added that he went to school with one who was the smartest in school, while Van Hutten said that he palled around with one. They all said that it was different, and further that they didn't realize I was a Nisei until I told them. They openly admitted that they were prejudiced and it was all based upon fear. Tony of Ohio and Wysol of Indiana and Van Hutten of New Jersey were much more vicious in their comments than the boys from the South--Bradford of Tenn., Washburn of Ky, and Patrick of Arkansas. Washburn spoke of the Negro with utter contempt. It was purely an economic fear as his father is a share cropper down in Ky and he feels threatened. I tried to point all of these things out to the fellows, but they said that I used big words and confused them, but nothing was going to change their attitudes. They said that I would change mine when some Negro tried to cut my throat some night. They warned me to stay away from Harlem and I said that I had been down there at night on several occasions and nothing happened. They could hardly believe this because they have an idea that all Negro males go around cutting people's necks. I tried to get them to look at the Negro as an individual, but they refused to consider the thought of such a thing. It came out that Tony was afraid of them because he played against some Negroes in football once and they roughed him up. He said

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that they should be kept out of professional baseball and football because "if you let one in, they will take over everything; that's why baseball is declining as a national sport." I asked him if he believed that each human being had rights under the constitution, and he said everybody but "niggers." For example, he said, he thought it was very wrong for the Nisei to get evacuated after "I got to know you" but he didn't think it would be wrong for Negroes to be sent to Africa and Jews to Palestine. I asked him how he would react if it were proposed that all Wops be sent back to Italy, and Tony got very indignant and said that anyone who tried it would have to fight his whole gang. Tony was so upset that he lost his voice when he tried to yell me down, but I just kept giving him little facts here and there. Finally, the boys said that I could give them all the facts I wanted to but still it would not change their attitudes. I was surprised at Van Houton because the night of the Joe Louis fight he had made some tolerant comments, but last night he was full of hate for all colored people and thought that they were going to start a lot of riots pretty soon now. It is just like shooting a dog in anger and then kicking the corpse of the dog because he caused one to fire at it. I tried to get over to them that it takes two sides to make a riot and that it usually is not the Negro who starts it, but Tony said I didn't know Cleveland. Washburn felt that the only answer was complete segregation so that they "could keep in their place." I asked him what he meant by "place" and he answered that it was doing all the dirty jobs and saying sir when talking to a white man and not trying to rape white girls. The boys wouldn't use logic at all, and they finally gave up when they couldn't yell me down and said that I only represented about 1% of the public opinion in this country and that most Americans hated the Jews and Negroes just as much as they did. I couldn't resist the statement that the Negroes formed 13% of the total population

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and that I was sure they didn't hate themselves that much so there must be more than 1% of Americans who felt like I did. It was really the first time that I took the whole South on and they wanted to fight the civil war. Afterwards they went down to the beer place and brought me back a bottle of beer so that I guess they just feel that I am a crazy "nigger lover" but that in order respects I am a "good joe." I'm not disappointed that I couldn't change their attitudes; I'm beginning to feel that it is more than education which is needed to make people open their eyes. It must be that prejudiced people don't want reason; they feel good that their illogical emotions gets the better of their logic because there are so many others who support their twisted thinking out of fear, jealousy, resentments and other causes. They don't like to have a sensible mood. It is a symptom of a disease which seems to be growing rather than decreasing. Already there are many who are finding excuses for the Germans who killed off 3 million Jews in Europe because they were victims of Nazi ideas. Society doesn't take the same attitude towards a killer--if a man kills another human being, he is a murderer and not excused because he got wrong ideas. There are too many individuals in this country who have some guilty conscience about their prejudices so they try to find justification by vindicating the German murderers. It just doesn't make sense. It is the little guy like Tony and Washburn and all the rest in our detachment who is taken in with this kind of poison and they refuse to see the problem with reason because of the triumph of emotions through past conditioning. It isn't a hopeless problem, but discouraging when one realizes that education is not the single answer for creating greater tolerance. I've got six more months to work on these boys, and there might be some progress. At least, they see the Nisei in a different light now, but that was because they didn't know any before. But they are going back to live in communities which

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have developed set attitudes towards the Negro over a period of years and it is going to take a lot of new thinking on their part to overcome their past conditioning. I think that it can be done because these boys do have a fundamental sense of decency within them and it just needs to be developed more to the point where their fair sportsmanship will include black as well as white men.

I am going into NYC tonight this evening on the boat, and the prospect of seeing Yuriiko lifts my morale considerably. I have it pretty bad because she is constantly on my mind, and I can't remember feeling this way about any girl in a long, long time. I would have to pick on a career girl; but that is life! I could be a pessimist and feel that it is hopeless, but I don't feel that way right now. I fell for her the first time that I saw her and I can't do anything about it. 'Tis a sad situation, but a good feeling to have also. Nuts!!

Thursday, July 18, 1946

Came back to work this morning with renewed enthusiasm because of the pleasant evening I spent with Yuriiko in NYC last night. I went over about 7:00 and visited with Rhoda and LaMarr, and helped cook until Yuriiko came back from her dance teaching. Rhoda is also very gay these days as she finds it nice to have Lamarr around, and he likes her a lot too so that everybody is happy. This kind of setting makes for a nice dinner atmosphere, and we enjoyed eating immensely. It is such a relief to get away from the impersonal meals served at our messhall to a setting like this and it is quite a treat for me. Lamarr was in a gayer mood than usual because he is going to audition for a play next Friday and he is hopeful that something may come out of it. He is on the veterans unemployment compensation right now as he hasn't been able to land an acting job during the month he has been in town. He isn't unduly discouraged

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as he expected this and it is hard to get on Broadway. He sold his car recently as he did not feel that it was practical to keep on supporting it until he got better established. Rhoda does dress-refitting and typing at home, and takes dancing lessons during the day. She is still hopeful of getting into a Broadway chorus as a dancer when the new season opens up in the fall.

Yuriko still works regularly, and she exhausts herself from her strenuous dance teaching because she puts all of her energy into everything she does. After a full week of teaching she is ready for a long weekend rest and that's one of the reasons why she enjoys coming out here to visit me so much. Camp is certainly a lot different for me when she is around!! Rhoda and Lamar adjourned downstairs after we cleaned up the dishes so that they could have privacy in their tender embraces so that Yuriko and I made ourselves comfortable upstairs and we had a wonderful evening of conversation, etc. It is such a nice feeling to like a girl so much, especially when I can be around her. It is torture otherwise. I guess they call it love. Yuriko said that she likes me more than ever since our conversation on Sunday evening, and she was so tender and affectionate. How mushy!! Anyway it makes my ego go up to be so well liked by such a lovely girl. She talks so sweetly and intelligently. Yuriko has such an outstanding personality and charm, and so much understanding of people. She says very nice things to me and it makes me float up into the skies. I suppose it will wear off in a while, but not on my part. Yuriko is getting more and more worried about her dance concert coming up in October and she claims that she is lazy because she hasn't gotten down to working out her routine. She isn't worried about her dance technique as it seems to come naturally. Yuriko makes all of her own costumes so that is going to keep her busy; she also has to start the new season with the Graham company in September. She said that they

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might go to Europe in November but nothing definite has been set yet. She made a beautiful print dress the other night which she may wear this weekend. Yuriko is so modest about her pert attractiveness and she gives all of the credit to cosmetics, but even without makeup she has a natural beauty, more than skin deep. I feel so much at ease and comfortable around her, and she seems to like having me around. She said that she was so glad that I came into town as she missed me. When a pretty girl says things like that to a mug, it is no wonder that the Army has so many AWOL cases! I made elaborate plans to sort of melt out of camp last night without anyone noticing as officially we are not permitted to go in anymore during the week. On the way up to the hospital, Lt. Coffee passed me in his car and waved. I sneaked into the 1st Sgt's office to sign out, and as I started to walk for the boat who should come along but Thompson to offer me a ride. We went to the PX and had an icecream and just as I was leaving it, Lt. Sless, Captain Cohen and the Major walks in. They couldn't say anything to me because they were "goofing off" too. My conscience is clear because I actually do some work around the P and S section and most of the officers are just loafing and not taking any initiative to build up a constructive program for the inmates on their own as they do not care to expend any more energy than necessary. I really cannot blame them because they are all due to be discharged soon and it is hard to put one's heart into this work with such a poor administrative leadership. Lt. Sless's howls have toned down to a whisper these days and he really has screwed up the works with his loud mouth. He means well but he antagonizes too many of the other sections around the post that we have to cooperate with. That damn Spiers is just like Sless, we call him Jr. Sless now that he has taken over the dictatorship of the testing section. Spiers is still suffering from adolescent growing pains and he is too conscious of his brightness. He has to tell all of

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the inmates that the test is easy because he took it and it came out that he was practically a genius. He just likes to advertise his high IQ around as if it is the prime Badge of Success in this world. He needs to develop his personality so that he will have a chance to put his good brains to useful functions.

Two of the escaped inmates sneaked back on the post last night. Major Sanford, formerly Santowsky, was the OD at the hospital for the night and while he was drinking coffee in the messhall the two inmates came in and asked for something to eat. Sanford almost swallowed his cup when they finally told him that they were the escapees. Now they are in the box down here. One of these inmates just got his sentence cut from 30 to 2 years, and Sanford feels that the boy should be given a CDD as soon as possible because the army made a mistake in ever inducting him. He is going to bat for the boy in case Colonel Bullene gets vengeful and tries to punish him further for escaping.

It has been a leisurely day so far for me; I've been spending my time this morning compiling my weekly report and preparing a lesson for my next class meeting with the August expiration inmates. There is some scattered testing and progress case work being done, but most of the staff are at an orientation meeting at the guard company this morning and other activities have been largely suspended. They probably are looking at the "Why We Fight" movie films! The Army orientation program is about two years behind the times when it finally gets applied.

Friday, July 19, 1946

I had a very stimulating session with my counselling group this morning, but it left me mentally and physically exhausted. The meeting lasted for about three hours and it was lively all the way through as everyone participated. One of the inmates was a night cook but he got up

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to come to the meeting. Flavin came in to tell me that his blue seal letter had come in for restoration so that he would not leave with a DD this afternoon as he thought as he will go back on honorable status. He wanted to thank me for keeping his morale up and he made a special trip over here just to tell me the good news. It made me feel that my work in individual psychotherapy and vocational counselling was worthwhile after all. Flavin was in confinement on a charge of embezzlement. He is a 44 year old man, very quiet, worked 24 years in civil service before coming into the Army and if he had received a DD his job future would have been extremely difficult. He was down in the dumps for the past two weeks and I have been seeing him about three times a week to encourage him.

My group this morning are all leaving next month so that they are in a very tense frame of mind, and they like to come to the discussions in order to release some of their pent up feelings and grab at some straws of security. I told them right at the start that I could not solve their problems, but that I was interested in helping them get into a right attitude to go out of here with. I don't know how much of that is possible as these boys have such an intense feeling of bitterness towards the Army, and they may go back into society with this frame of mind and thus do no good for themselves or society either. They have such a hopeless attitude towards their future and all they think about is getting revenge. Many of them talked about leaving the U.S. as they stated that no loyalty for the country was greater than personal security and they didn't think that they would have a chance with a DD. I tried to point out how hard the adjustment problem was for everyone despite the fact that I did agree with them that some injustices might have been done. They argued like the Kibei who went to Tule Lake. The boys kept on saying that I just couldn't understand their situation so I personalized the discussion by

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telling them that my faith in democracy had been shocked at the time of the evacuation from the coast, but that I didn't throw overboard my whole belief in it just because of the actions of a segment of the population. I told them that they were in a similar situation because they were projecting their anger towards the Army to the whole society and that this was not a healthy mental state to leave here with because one could not go through life by seeking avenues of escape and rationalization, especially in view of the fact that they were going to come face to face with realities just as soon as they left this post. The boys said that they fought the war for their families and that if this country was not grateful of their efforts they felt no reason for remaining. They spoke of France as the ideal country to go live in. I had to say some very firm things in order to get these boys back to realities and I told them that their greatest enemy was themselves and they were being unduly pessimistic because the obstacle of the DD, although difficult, was not insurmountable and it would be up to themselves to prove that they could make the grade. The resentment of these boys is too great at this point for them to see any reasoning and I can understand their attitude of rebellion towards all authority. Confinement has done things to their thinking processes, but I'm trying to help them prevent the transference of this inner rebellion towards all of society for their own good. I don't talk down to them so that the discussion has been most informal, and very stimulating. They do face many complications in this problem of adjustment back to civilian life so that they need some reassurance; they are afraid of the "outside." I think that they are a good bunch of fellows and certainly not criminals. They are resistant^a to "advice" at this point because of their feeling of being so persecuted but with some more understanding and also firmness I think that some of them may go out

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of here in a more optimistic mood. If I get results from one boy like in the case of Flavin, then I think that the problem has been worth while. The fact that the group makes a special effort to get to these discussions indicates that they do have a vital interest. One of the boys in the class this morning did say that he appreciated the fact that I held these meetings because nobody else seemed to be concerned about their future. I'd rather be working with this group than loafing around the other building pitching pennies or playing gin rummy like so many of the staff are doing right now, EM and officers alike. I'm beginning to enjoy these classes very much because it is interesting to watch the changes in attitudes in a few of the boys as the days go by. I meet them for about three weeks before they leave here and as the end of their incarceration draws near the inmates voluntarily come over here every day to see me just to talk about what is going to happen to them and I usually spend some time with them when I am not otherwise busy because I feel that it gives them some moral support. The work is quite a challenge to me because I don't feel quite capable in handling some of the attitudes which develop but it may come with more experience. Bob is completely cynical about the whole program here as he is getting discharged soon so that he is about the last to keep up a constructive viewpoint. None of the other EM here have any contact with the inmates anymore except in testing as most of them just work on the Red Cross progress notes and bring the files up to date. It is work which has to be done, but not as stimulating as actual work with the inmates themselves. I have three inmates in my office who help me in the clerical work--Smith, McHale, and McMullen and they are all from California so I get along very well with them and they give me leads on the way the inmates think so that I am able to prepare a few answers to questions in advance.

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Sat. July 20, 1946.

I had an enjoyable evening here in camp; it's so soothing when Yuriko is around. She came in on the afternoon boat, said that she talked to some former GI who had been in Japan. We get a ride up in a jeep from one of the boys who has been giving me rides regularly down to the DB. The post is getting very strict about people riding on the vehicles around here so that one has to do more walking these days. The Medics never walk though! We had dinner in the messhall, and afterwards the bunch got ready to go down to the beach for an evening swim. It was positively delightful. The water was warm and the waves were rolling in gently. The only difficulty was the flies which came swarming in from the sea all of a sudden which made it impossible for us to sun bath. We had to go up to the beach clubhouse to seek refuge, sat around drinking beer and talking. About 10 of us went down, and Yuriko certainly does make a big hit with the boys as she is so much fun. I gladly share her with them as they are a swell bunch and we all seem to get along famously. It is a nice sort of military setup to be in, having a beach right on our post which can compare with any around here. About 8 p.m., Yuriko and I went to the show and saw "Till the end of time," a mediocre film. Afterwards we went up to the sea wall and sat on the lawn looking out towards the Bay until about midnight. There was a warm breeze blowing, and it was most cosy to loaf around talking with her. The boys in the barracks seem to think that they are my "baishakunin" because they are constantly asking questions about when I am going to propose to her. It is very embarrassing, but I just ignore them. They do not understand the situation and I refuse to let them pump me for my attitudes. I like her so much, but I feel so helpless and don't know what to say without being awkward around her when she gets affectionate like a kitten. It's a nice feeling though. She

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certainly has made my summer worth while and I hope that she does not get tired of me. I don't have enough self confidence in myself to consider myself as any kind of a romantic soul, but it is a glorious feeling within me when Yuriiko says such nice things. She likes to come up here very much.

Yuriiko said that her father was going to appear in a radio program at the end of the month. Her father is a very intelligent man and he was making propaganda broadcasts to Japan during the war. Yuriiko said that a retired millionaire has offered to make him a partner in some kind of a project to create a Japanese garden on his estate and that it would be put on exhibit. Her parents are getting along well in the hostel now and have things under control as the former manager has finally moved out. Yuriiko still seems to bear some resentment towards her mother and I can't figure it out. Maybe it is because her mother repressed her social life so much in the past, especially during the camp days and Yuriiko wants to win her complete independence. She goes to see her parents once a week. She mentioned that she used to witness violent scenes between her mother and first stepfather when she was a child and she was shifted off to relatives in Japan as a result so that some of her resentment may be due to this cause. Yuriiko hates conflict of any kind. That's why she doesn't want any conflict between career and marriage now. Anyway, it is not any conflict now because I don't think she cares for me that much. I think that I temporarily fill in one of the gaps in her life and it's no more than that so I need not fill my head with false illusions. It would hit me hard though if it did turn out that I was just a passing fancy with her; I think she has some kind of feeling for me as a person, I hope. Poor Charlie, how he suffers! If I view myself objectively, then I should

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~~never~~ then I should understand why I need not build up any illusions. Without feeling inferior, I know that I don't fit into the materialistic concept of "good looks"; I suppose I have a certain personality which counteracts this; I don't have much of an economic future because I can't list a specific goal although I know what I want in general; I won't have security for a very long time, if ever; I think I am fairly stable, but a lot of things upset me emotionally now and then; I shouldn't get illusions about pretty girls, especially when they have successful careers. It all boils down to the fact that I have hopes, but a faint heart--and a subconscious perplexity that a girl like Yuriko could actually like me deeply. It's a miserable but wonderful feeling to have, mostly nice. When I'm around her I feel happy, but when she is not around I feel sort of empty. It is all my own fault because I should have never fallen for her, but I guess I am subjected to the usual chemical reactions which befalls all males at some time or another. It's never been like this before though.

There isn't much going on in the office this morning so I am legitimately goofing off. I did spend an hour with Sless to discuss the progress in my group and he was very encouraging and thought that I was doing a good job. He is turning a couple of more cases over to me for individual psychotherapy as he thinks that I get pretty good results with some of the more disturbed men. I don't think I have any kind of a special technique which I could describe. All I do is listen to the inmates and try to say appropriate things now and then. It is more a feeling than the application of any professional knowledge. This is my morning off, but I have been working Saturday mornings this month as there isn't an urge for me to go to NYC when Yuriko comes up

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here. I spent a little while with MacMullen this morning. He is my typist but he has been very upset lately so that I am giving him a half hour daily so that he can talk about anything he wants. He has been telling me all about his present problems with his wife and how much he wants to get out of this place so that he can see his three year old child for the first time. Mac is a rather immature individual and he has a lot of aggressive and projecting feelings. I don't give him any answers to any of his problems but I am hoping that he will start to work out positive plans for himself during our daily talks. He wants to be very dependent upon me, but that is not good for him. All his life he has been a spoiled child, comes from a wealthy home in California and he never had to make any decisions for himself. That is why he is in here now. He can't go on through life being irresponsible so I am hoping that he wakes up a little. I feel so "old" when I talk to him because his rationalizations are so childlike despite the fact that he is the same age as I. I also have talks with McHale who is even more complicated emotionally. He hates his father and tried to kill him once; he got court martialled for insubordination because the colonel looked like his father and he rebelled in any army setting and found that he couldn't get away with it. McHale hates the Army, emotionally he is a child yet as he just won't face realities. I don't mind being a "father confessor" to these inmates because they are such nice guys fundamentally and they just have to grow up and face life. If I can help them one step in this direction then I think that I am doing something worthwhile.

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These active weekends are enjoyable, but most tiring by Monday morning. I feel a little numb right now, and my class this morning was quite a strain as the boys were in a bitter mood and they were shooting all sorts of questions at me. Tom Davis informed me this morning that I have a three day pass coming up and for me to take it this month. It wasn't such an urgent matter for me, but since he put it that way I couldn't object so I will be taking off for NYC tomorrow night. It is a heat hole there and I wouldn't go at all if it were not for the fact that I would have a chance to see Yuriko. She is enough to build anyone's ego up. Our weekend out here on the beach was a major success and not even a sudden thunderstorm interefered. We went swimming most of Saturday afternoon and it was nice and hot. It was very comfortable just to lie around and relax, and jump into the water when it got too warm. I felt like a very fortunate person; it's unheard of thing for a GI to relax on a private beach right on the post with the best of facilities and a wonderful girl to cheer up the attitudes. A number of the medics were down there and we seem to form one of the more lively groups which frequent the beach. Yuriko gets along so well with all of them and they like her a lot. They are very careful about their language and they behave like gentlemen.

Thofz and Rhoda and LaMarr came in on the Saturday afternoon boat and joined us at the beach. We built a fire and had a little party. It began to storm all of a sudden so that we were driven to the shelter of the beach house. It was nice sitting there in the comfortable chairs in the screen porch and watching the lightning storm. LaMarr had to have his toasted marshmallows so he braved the rain and toasted some while under the shelter of the blanket. We stayed out there until about 10:00 p.m. It ~~turned~~^{turned} out to be a very enjoyable time and not

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even the adverse elements could spoil things. There wasn't too much general conversation as we broke into couples. Yuriko says that the more she sees me, the better she gets to like me and demonstrates by being even more affectionate so that I was practically in a swoon all evening. That girl does things to me! All I do is think about her these days, nice pleasant thoughts. We went up to the day room afterwards and spent the rest of the evening playing ping pong. For the first time, Yuriko was exhausted first. She seems to be so full of pep and energy. I must be getting into better physical health as I can take it better now. I'm getting all tanned and Yuriko is as brown as an Indian. She just loves the beach and she really knows how to enjoy herself as she is full of fun constantly. We don't talk much when we are alone together because we feel contented just to relax, but there isn't any awkward periods as it is a feeling of ease. I never felt as close to anyone as I have to Yuriko.

Sunday morning I got up for breakfast, swiped three peaches to take to my friends, then went to the dayroom and played a fast game of ping pong for 40 minutes with Bob before going over to the guest house to wake Yuriko etc. up. We decided to go to the beach early without eating at the messhall because my mess sgt is a sort of disapproving sourpuss so we had some breakfast at the Y and then went on down. It was so warm and humid yesterday until late afternoon. We had plenty of sunshine until about 3 p.m. when it began to haze up a bit. Rhoda and LaMarr were engrossed in a chess game; she is learning the game because he likes it--it must be love! Yuriko and I don't like intellectual games like chess so we stick to our gin rummy and make a lot of noise when we win. Most of the afternoon we were out in the ocean swimming with a life preserver that we found on the beach. Around 3:30

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a sudden storm came up, and it rained violently for a half hour. Rhoda and LaMarr sought shelter under the blankets, but Yuriko and I just remained right in the ocean as it was cozier in there than to have rain pelting down on us. It cleared up around four and we loafed around until it was time to leave. The ambulance took us down to the boat and another storm broke. Rhoda thought that she would get seasick but she didn't suffer any ill effects from the boat ride. Yuriko and I sat outside under the first deck and we had a good time watching the violent storm head for us and break just as we got into the Narrows. I've never been on the boat before when it was stormy like that and it was quite exciting. The fog got thick so that our trip was slowed down. When we got into NYC the storm let up, and it got hot and humid again. We went up to the Savilla in Greenwich Village to eat. It was a quaint little place with a lot of the "artistic people" running around the joint. One woman got curious about Yuriko so we told her that we were Eskimos. She was so happy to finally meet an Eskimo so we built up the story good and told her that we thinking of opening up an Eskimo restaurant to serve Blubber steak. The lady thought that Yuriko had artistic hands and that she should be a model. That's no lie! I don't think that LaMarr enjoyed the dinner so much as he got impatient with the service, but I thought it was very good and I was stuffed when I left. We were all tired by the time we got the girls home. LaMarr and I stuck around until about midnight. I have to leave when LaMarr does because the girls have a funny landlady who gets queer ideas about men in the place and there is also an old man who spys on them! It certainly was one grand weekend for me; I hope that Yuriko go her rest. She is going to come up again next weekend. LaMarr and Rhoda feel awkward about coming up so often so that they will only come

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Sunday. They think that it puts an extra burden on me, and they also feel uncomfortable about coming up so often. They shouldn't feel that way at all; I think it would help matters if they were more friendly with the boys instead of cutting themselves off entirely. Yuriko said that it must be love, but she felt that if one were sure of themselves then there should be no fear of competition: she is quite a philosopher with such an amusing sense of humor. Every once in a while she comes out with remarkable bright sayings. Her gaiety is infectious and spontaneous. A person with her personality makes friends very easily, and I feel fortunate that she considers me interesting. We seem to have a lot in common from the way we get along so well. Yuriko certainly made me laugh when she plaintively remarked that she found two gray hairs near her temple and she thought it was horrible to get old. She is full of youth and gets a kick out of living, and I think she proves the saying that age is largely mental. Everything about her is exciting; no wonder I fell for her so hard. I hope I am able to see her tomorrow night; my three day pass has to be approved by the CO first. I worked every Saturday morning this month so that is in my favor. In fact, I have taken the least amount of time off from work than any of the staff. I do work even though this summer has been like a vacation so far. The Major must think that I am doing okay as he has put in for another rating for me, but this is doomed to failure as there isn't any openings in the medical detachment. I'm happy enough to be a Sgt. and it doesn't make that much difference.

McHale's statement (my typist)

WHY I DON'T LIKE THE ARMY

In my opinion the Army is "No Good." I don't like its philosophy or its application of the same. It theorizes about everything and doesn't allow for the impracticability of unchanged theory applied to practical use. My prejudice is bigotry. My hate passionate.

The teachings of the Army are contrary to those of civilian life. The normal person is taught to be polite to everyone. The Army teaches to be polite only to superiors, because subordinates are inferior and cannot do you any good. You come in the Army at the lowest level, Private, and are not allowed to associate with higher ranked men. The men who are Privates and have been for a long time are malcontents or something is wrong with them that they cannot raise in position. The men who are the ones who have risen in rank and position have the qualities and ideas that a young man should be around to absorb and listen to but it is both prohibited and considered in bad taste to "Pal" Around with a lower ranking person. Yet remarks like "Apple - Polisher" is given to one who spends much time with a higher ranked person. If in a conversation a superior makes a blunder, it is quickly overlooked. But if a subordinate makes a blunder, it is an insult, breach of etiquette, and he is made so small he can "Crawl under a snakes belly." Anytime anyone higher comes around you've got to fawn on him and be so-so respectful and polite even when you don't know enough to give him any more than the customary courtesies of a stranger. He is the almighty "I Am." If you are standing next to a Sergeant or Officer and you want to smoke but have no match, the majority of them if asked give you looks and actions as if you shouldn't smoke in their presence much less ask them for a match. The match might be gotten if the Sergeant feels like reaching in his pocket. Usually it is dilatory, contemptuous action with an expression that if you get the book of matches or lighter to strike it yourself you will steal it. If a superior reaches for a match he is almost consumed in the fires that are offered him. When an Officer comes around subordinates shake in their boots, sweat with fear, cower with drooling politeness and have a fear of even one little thing displeasing him. If everything is good on the outside it is bound to be good on the inside. Many times have I seen paint over rust and dirt and imperfections.

Then the report of completion is on its way and the work done is allowed to deteriorate. Usually the completed idea isn't the same as the original. The whim of a superior at any time can cause it to be discontinued. An idea if allowed has to be sanctioned by an Officer as if you didn't have the intelligence or the integrity of handling it. Most of the credit goes to the Officer because a Colonel or up feels it beneath him to express his appreciation to a Private or T/5.

I think the object of the Army is unstable. Its work indefinite except to fight a war. Ambition is dulled because you have to wait so long through channels before something is authorized or eligible for change.

McHale's statement, continued

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A feeling of distrust is prevalent in the intense supervision and check-ups. It is as if you are or are a potential thief and wrong doer. The majority of people that come to check up look only for the wrong or unauthorized as he thinks is should or should not be. One man is given too many things to interfere with his work. If a group is doing work and an Officer is about to enter, work is stopped and police up is done. The work is delayed, disrupted interrupted or stopped to allow the higher authority to assert his supposed importance and ego.

Inefficiency is authorized. If a man isn't good he can bluff his way, if he's "Pals" with the "Brass" or "Sergeants." Too many things are subject to interference with the job, such as formations, military courtesy.

An Officer usually doesn't know enough about a thing to tell whether a good job is being done or not and a mans good work can be undermined by a Sergeant if the Sergeant doesn't like or is afraid he is not as good as the worker. If the Sergeant pulls tricks like that you can't quit or punch him in the mouth for underhanded word.

The impression that every woman is a whore or prostitute but your mother, and even her position at the time of your birth is questioned. Derogatory aspersions and accusations that are made are laughed over and if you attempt retaliation you are a poor sport or are punished for fighting. Every woman is not to be trusted because she is a carrier of syphilis or gonorrhea.

The basic items of life are given to a soldier. Food, Clothing, bedding, in a derogatory manner as if you weren't fit to have them. If you don't like the clothes you are not at will to display any emotion. Brave loser, Demure winner. A soldier to me seems to be starved for affection and is like a kid that wants to be petted. You can show pleasure in a smug kind of way but not happiness. You can show false anger, and boredom. If you don't have a serious face and manner all day long you are a fool and acting childish. (In 1940 some fellows were wrestling in the barracks. A Corporal said "If you've got that much energy you can sweep and mop the floor." It was done. All day long you have to run around like a "chicken with its head off" whether you are doing anything or not. You have to look like you are doing something for fear somebody will say you aren't doing anything.

Everyone seems to be having some no good "bastard" above them trying to pull some dirty deal on them. So many people fumble through ~~ixdisik~~ things because there is so few people who know enough about the things they do. (No experts). I dislike the continued contact with men all the time. Men at chow. Men at play. Men at work. Men at leisure. Men waking and sleeping.

This is all I can think of right now and to sum it up I would say that there is very little about the Army that I do like.

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Charles Kikuchi

Diary

July 23, 1946, Tues.

It has been raining steadily all day, and it looks like it is not going to let up by the time I start out for the boat later this afternoon. We didn't even go up to the detachment for lunch as there was such a downpour, but ate instead at the Guard Company messhall where the rest of the staff eats. They had turkey so that we were provided with sufficient food for a change, enough to make a huge extra sandwich to eat in the middle of the afternoon. The only thing I didn't like about the messhall down here is that it is served in too much of a GI style. At the hospital we feel a bit more civilized and the food is more enjoyable, even if we don't get such things as turkey and steak as frequently.

My class lasted most of the morning, with Bob as guest lecturer. He talked to them about dependency and projection, sort of rammed things down their throats in order to make them face the facts more rationally. They didn't like it too much, and I don't know if it will help as they have their minds set upon the belief that they do not have a chance when they leave this place. Bob is going to take my class for the rest of the week as I am going on a 3 day pass if Lt. Coffee approves it. It is not such nice weather to be going off in and I don't have too much planned to do in NYC this trip. I did want to go to New England sometime but that idea seems to be slipping out of existence, largely because I am occupied in all my spare time with a more interesting pursuit. Rain or shine, I shall go see her tonight!! This afternoon I don't have too much to do. A lot of the inmates are getting blue seal letters in cutting their time and I have to wait until next week to get the list in order to start a new discussion class. The Clemency Board in Washington is finally coming through after so many weeks of "sweating it out." Now that the inmates are

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finding out definitely what is going to happen to them, they are much more relieved.

12:00 p.m.

Came to NYC in a driving rain and I got soaked going down to the boat. It cleared up a little by the time I got into town. Yuriiko worked very hard today and she was a bit irritable in preparing the dinner because Rhoda wasted a lot of time in playing chess with LaMarr and then wanted the fish baked at the last minute. Yuriiko likes to do everything at once which is characteristic of her and she doesn't waste time in doing anything. During dinner she became her usual pleasant self and chatted merrily. She said that she always had to check herself because of a "mean streak," but I think she was just tired and it was natural for her to be a bit upset. Later in the evening we played cards and talked. I'm going to paint a table and desk for her tomorrow as there is nothing better I can think of doing and any excuse to be near Yuriiko will make my 3 day pass pleasant. It's too rainy to do anything else and I've lost interest in commercial entertainment for the time being. One of these days Yuriiko might cool off towards me, and that undoubtedly will be a great shock to my equilibrium as I'm so deeply fascinated by her. I should have more self confidence in myself, but in the romantic pursuit I am not on such familiar grounds, especially when it concerns such an unusual girl like Yuriiko. She is so full of an inner aliveness which bubbles over constantly, and I feel like a helpless goon in her presence. It's a nice sort of emotional reaction to have though. These days I have nothing else on my mind but Yuriiko. It is a strange condition for me to be in, and unfamiliar territory!

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Charles Kkuchi

Diary

Saturday, July 27, 1946

8:00 a.m.

Here I am back at Hancock physically, but I've been living in a dream world for the past three days. I've been living an emotional experience since Wednesday and there is nothing I can do about it. I was at Yuriiko's place during my whole three day pass, and I guess I've never been so happy in my life despite all of the complications which have developed emotionally. It looks hopeless, but I hope that I am very wrong. Physically, I occupied myself intensely around the apartment while Yuriiko was working at her dance studio. She puts so much energy into it that she wears herself out; it's her whole life except for my slight penetration into it, and that's the rub. Rhoda was busy going to auditions for new Broadway plays and it looks like she will finally get into a big production as a dancer. LaMarr is still batting his head out trying to get on the stage and he runs around town all day long following every possible lead. He and Rhoda seem to be very much in love, and I wouldn't be surprised to see them get married after he gets a bit established. The prospects there are certainly much better than mine. I got to know both LaMarr and Rhoda much better during the three days and I certainly do appreciate their friendship as they are both such nice people. The four of us seem to have so much fun together just around the apartment and we don't have to chase all around town seeking artificial pleasures because we are satisfied with each other's presence. It's a nice feeling to have. It took me two days to paint the dresser and the dining room table for the girls, and I busied myself doing some other things. Time just flew by, particularly the evenings when Yuriiko was home. She dashed back for brief periods at lunchtime and during the breaks in her schedule and I was so glad to see her.

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I know now that I am deeply in love with Yuriiko and it isn't any passing fancy, but what complications can develop on a romantic level. I feel helpless about it because there is nothing I can do about it. I knew for sure how I felt towards her on Wednesday night although I had felt it all along. Up to then I was afraid to speak up. I don't know if I would have yet, but Yuriiko took the initiative and started to talk about how confused she was, but she said that she loved me too but that she just couldn't interfere with her career in anyway. I told her that there didn't have to be a conflict, but she explained that it was something else. She said that in her dancing she had to concentrate her whole being on it and that she just couldn't have anything else on her mind. She said that it required a complete independence of mind and that she was afraid to risk losing this. She also said that she supposed she had a certain fear of marriage ties because of her mother's experiences and the fact that she felt rejected as a child but that it was nothing personal against me because she really loved me intensely. But she added that she didn't think it would work out because it would be too hard on me and that she didn't think it would work out because it would be too hard on me and that was her main concern. She said that it meant that her mind would be too difficult for me. I told her that I would wait for her even if it took five years because that was how much I felt for her, but she didn't think that it would be fair to me. Wednesday night she wanted me to wait for her, but Thursday night she changed her mind because she said that she couldn't do that to me despite my protests that this was the way I wanted it. Yuriiko said that she cared too much for me to ever hurt me. She said that there were moments when she thought that everything would turn out fine but that she was too uncertain about the future; she just

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wished that we could be on a desert island and escape reality, but that was no solution to anything. What can I do in a situation like this? I knew that it was coming and I forced the issue even at the risk of losing her completely because at least there would be some kind of an answer. I can't figure out the complex workings of her mind entirely because one moment she wants me and the next she is fearful of what marital ties would do to her. There isn't any blame anyplace. Yuriiko is an individual and I have accepted her in that way. Last night we had a long talk/until about 1:00 a.m. while out on a walk. I just don't know how it is going to turn out; it's got me all mixed up. All I know is that I have a deep attachment for her and she is constantly on my mind, and it is not physical entirely because there is something deeper than that present. I've never loved anyone before; I know that now because I never had such feelings and emotions which I do now. I want her so much that I am willing to take any kind of an arrangement, and that's what I told her. I don't want to interfere with her career and I personally didn't think that it had to be an issue because I would never step in her way but Yuriiko doesn't see it that way and she has reasons which I suppose are sound enough to her and which I have to respect. I realize at the same time that the arrangement we have worked out now may eventually weaken the ties, but I can't reason objectively in a situation like this. There is no moralistic attitude involved on our parts although I guess some busy body would call it "living in sin." This emotion called love is a funny thing; it is glandular and chemical, but also emotional. I get such an empty longing feeling when I don't see her, but I feel that I'm so happy when she is around. Her kisses give me the most elated feeling, and emotionally we are both strongly attached but that doesn't solve Yuriiko's mental conflict. I want her so much that I'd make any concessions and if she is

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afraid of legal ties now it's okay with me. That's the way I feel and I can't help it. I never thought that I could ever be this deeply in love. Because I am inclined to have certain sensitivities, it will last and I'll feel more and more strongly for her. Yuriko has given me an immeasurable sense of self confidence in a lot of ways and it is amazing that such an attractive girl with her personality would like me this much. Yuriko is a modern girl and a lot of her views have been shaped by the liberal attitudes of the entertainment world, but she is yet so real. I admire her honesty, I appreciate her for what she is, and I respect her views--even though it puts me in turmoil. I just have faith in her. I can't be blamed for trying; life is a fight. I don't know how our present arrangement is going to turn out and I guess I am afraid that something beautiful may be spoiled. What to do?? It's got me perplexed. It also creates another problem about what I will do when I get out of the Army. The way I feel now, I think that I will come to NYC and finish up my MA work at Columbia even though it may take longer just so I can be around Yuriko, that's how much I care for her. Happiness is a funny thing too because there is so much misery in it; one feels incredibly alive and alternately hollow. Well, I guess I'm a dope, but what can I do about my emotions at a time like this??? Maybe things might work out, I don't know. Yuriko says I make her happy, and that's all that counts. Guess I'll go to the staff meeting now; we are going to close the office early so I shall be going up to the guest house at 11:00 to rouse Yuriko. I know it will be a pleasant weekend as usual.

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Monday, July 29, 1946

I did a lot of thinking over the weekend and I feel so apathetic today because of mental confusion. Yuriko and I had a nice time at the beach, but inwardly a lot of changes took place, largely because of my inability to leave things as they are. We were down on the beach all day Saturday until late, and all day Sunday until about 5:30 when we left to get the boat. LaMarr and Rhoda came in on Sunday. Yuriko is certainly well liked by everyone and she has made a lot of friends on this post. Her personality, good looks, friendly disposition all combine nicely to make her such a nice person. She has a trace of stubbornness and self-centeredness and she claims that she is spoiled and mean at times. I'm too blind to see anything else except her good points. Yuriko is highly intelligent despite some lack of formal education. She has picked up a great deal of knowledge through her travels and associates in her field as she has had an opportunity to meet some outstanding people in NYC. Yuriko is subjected to strange moods once in a while, but admirable most of the time. We didn't talk much Sunday, but I sensed that there was a change, maybe it was because of my own sensitivity and anxiousness. LaMar and Rhoda are preoccupied with themselves and deeply in love; they appear to be so happy together. I hope they get married as they are a swell couple and I like them very much. I suspect that Rhoda wants to get married as her drive for a career is not as strong as Yuriko's and I don't think that Rhoda sees any conflict between marriage and a career in the same way that Yuriko does.

After a full weekend of fun at the beach, we took the boat back to NYC. I had to hide from the Major at the pier as I didn't want him to spot me getting on the boat as I was supposed to be in early at work this morning. So far I have not heard any repercussions. It was worth the risk to have this additional time with Yuriko. We all went down to eat

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at Rocco's in Greenwich Village and afterwards we went back to the apartment and visited for a while. I may not see Yuriko during this week as she is going to be busy. Next weekend she will not be coming up as we are going to have a party for Bob at her place to celebrate his pending discharge from the Army. Yuriko plans to come up again the weekend after that, but she said that she may suddenly get very busy with her work so things are indefinite.

Inwardly, I went through a lot of mental and emotional turmoil; I'm disturbed and I have a feeling of emptiness, sadness, as I sense that the type of relationship which Yuriko and I have just won't work out satisfactorily. I suppose I should take what I can get because she gives me happiness temporarily, but my emotional system is just not equal to the uncertainty and the whole business is not on a sound enough basis to be lasting. Friday evening as Yuriko and I talked out under the stars, I felt that everything was wonderful and nothing mattered as long as I could have a little personal happiness under any kind of arrangement, but now I'm able to think things out more objectively and I realize that there are too many pitfalls. It will only end up with a deep hurt for me and it only makes things harder for Yuriko. She has a "cushion" to fall back upon, but I have nothing. I don't think I'll ever be able to look/^{back} upon this experience and think that it was relatively unimportant because I just feel that it is one of the strongest emotional experiences I will ever have and I won't be able to forget it easily if things don't turn out well, as I pessimistically believe.

Yuriko was in a strange mood Saturday night and preoccupied with worries about her October dance concert. She was so elusive and distant and not as close and warm like the evening before. Women are creatures of temperament and I just can't understand them. Yuriko indicated that she

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had to set her mind on her career now "because I'm getting to like you too much" and there isn't much doubt that her dancing comes above anything. I understand that and I appreciate her more for being so honest with me, but it also leaves me with a helpless feeling. Yuriko talked at great length about her career and I began to see more clearly how much it meant to her. She is an artist and she has to give expression to her feelings through her dancing. Yuriko felt that there wasn't much time left in order to do her creative work and practice. She has to make all sorts of arrangements for her busic, costumes, etc. She will be with the Graham troupe for another season and possibly tour Europe in late winter or next spring. Yuriko has been thinking of going on her own, and she has enough confidence in herself to make a try at it sooner or later. Not many dancers have the natural talent she has and she has added to it with many years of practice and struggling. Most of this summer she has been busy with her dancing classes, but she now feels she is well established enough as a teacher and financially successful so that her thoughts are turning to her own self advancement. Yuriko was vague about her final goal, but she believed she would always be striving for it and that she would never reach the peak because there was always room for more improvement. With this kind of drive, I don't think that Yuriko will ever be ready for marriage psychologically and will find compensation in other temporary methods. I don't think she is wrong because as she talked I realized how important her career was to her and she certainly can contribute to society with her talents. She said that she was a poor risk for marriage and I don't suppose it will ever offer her the satisfactions that a career would, until she gets much older. Yuriko is the type of person who can make adjustments to any situation

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because she is so stable so she will always be happy. She is destined for success and I feel it just as much as she does and nothing will stop her. I love her so intensely that I feel my own desire for her is relatively unimportant. By the time we got through talking at 2:00 a.m., I was resigned to the fact that Yuriko is not going to change her present mode of thinking, and in a way I admire her for it even though it hurts. I still don't think there should be a conflict, but Yuriko feels urgently that her independence has to be complete and I have to accept that because she is an individual with definite goals in sight and she has the ambition to reach them. But now, I am faced with a decision whether to continue with the temporary arrangement we have worked out in the hopes that she might reconcile me into the pattern of her life, or just drop the whole thing before I am hurt too badly. My regard to her is too deep and my love too strong to take any logical course of action because one doesn't give up hopes easily, especially when it means so much. Yuriko isn't just leading me on, I am convinced of that, but I am so attracted to her emotionally that I can't do a thing about it. I feel so blue and empty now as if the bottom has dropped out of everything although we didn't say that there was going to be a definite break now before things get too difficult. I'm the one who will be hurt the most as I don't think that Yuriko's attraction to me is as deep as mine for her and she has a more important primary goal. With me, Yuriko is set above everything and I'm all mixed up so I don't know what to do. I can't concentrate on my work as it suddenly looks so meaningless. I have even been thinking of requesting for a transfer to another post because as long as I am close to NYC I will cling to hopes and it may make matters worse. I can't see any solution in our present arrangement because it just increases my desire to possess her all the more intensely. Maybe I am not modern

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enough, but I feel that sooner or later a beautiful relationship will degenerate into something purely physical and that's not a solid enough basis to build up on. I just don't want to ever be disillusioned about Yuriko. I'm scared. I can't sleep nights thinking about her and I've lost my appetite; it really is a misery. I don't regret what has happened and I am very glad that we did grasp at brief happiness; I'll always feel grateful to her for that. I'm afraid that I am not strong enough to make the break for our own good and I'll just go on clinging to hope. It is a sad consolation to think that Time heals all wounds. I just can't reconcile the thought that I will lose her eventually--it hurts too much.

Tuesday, July 30, 1946

7:30 p.m. What an unholy hour to be here in the office! In the ~~past~~ past weeks I have been getting up early because of the rollcall and I think that it is good for me because I feel better physically and mentally when I am on the go. This morning everything seemed to be right with the world, it wasn't too warm and there was a fresh look about the place. I walked down along the Bay after breakfast and ended up down here so came in and started typing. I've been thinking over a lot of things and I don't feel so downcast as I did yesterday. I don't know what it was which made my attitude change, but I decided that it was silly to adopt a hopeless point of view towards Yuriko. After all, what has she done which should make me unhappy? She has always been nice to me and I should appreciate this memory. I still have an intense admiration for her and I'll continue to have it all the time. I just want to be happy when around her and nothing else matters. There isn't any real reason why I should suffer mental torture as long as I can keep active and optimistic. This is not denying any truths, but I have decided that

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I am fortunate to get what joy I have been obtaining through the close friendship with her. It makes me feel like a very lucky person. If I let the personal hurt get me down, it isn't going to do me any good. It will be difficult, but what else can I do about it? I can't force any change of mind, but I can hope to maintain her respect and that is what counts in the long run. Why should I feel insecurity about something I never should have dreamed of in the first place. Maybe I am indulging myself in an escapist mood, but I think I am being realistic. Love is something which can't be turned off and on like a water faucet and it doesn't have much to do with reason it seems. It's a delicious feeling when things are going right, but a miserable hurt when a wall is built up. But if I have to see her side too, and maybe I am getting too presumptuous when I imagine that she might like me as much as I do her. Guess I'll write her a letter telling her what a nice person I think she is! That's a good way to start the day!!

later:

Although our office seems to be in a most stagnant situation, I have renewed my faith in the job to be done. I think it came about yesterday during the time I felt so empty and lost and preoccupied with my confusion and misery. MacMullen came in and began to thank me for all the time I had given him during the individual psychotherapy sessions of the past two weeks. He said that he appreciated so much the personal interest I had shown in him and he enjoyed working as my typist. Then ~~the personal interest~~ he broke down and cried. It was embarrassing but I just let him cry it out because he was overcome with emotions. He asked me if I really considered him a friend despite the fact that he was an inmate and I assured him that it made no difference because I have always looked upon

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him as an individual. He promised to write me and to look me up if I went back to California. It is in little things like this which makes me feel that my work is worth while.

I also had another experience yesterday afternoon which gave me an renewed interest in my work. Colonel Bullene, the commandant of the DB here, dropped into our office. The officers were holding a staff conference in the back room--playing gin rummy behind locked doors, but somebody went up and warned them so they got suddenly busy. The Colonel wanted to know about what type of work was being done by the P and S section now, and one of the officers told him that a definite constructive job was being done in the individual psychotherapy and vocational counselling. Colonel Bullene then sent for me for an interview. When I got the call, I thought sure he was going to say something about the case of the Negro boy which I rewrote and which was sent by Lt. Kantor over the Colonel's head after he had refused to consider it because it was an insubordination offense. But the Colonel just wanted to know about my present work. I outlined my general work to him, and he wanted to know about the present attitude of the inmates. I told him that it was inclined to be pessimistic and there was a great feeling of hopelessness but that every inmate clung to some small ray of hope and that was what we should build up. I said that it was difficult to do this when nobody seemed to know about the latest administrative policies so often I didn't know what to tell the inmates. I told him that my main objective was ~~xx~~ to help the inmate develop a healthy constructive attitude so that they could go out and be of further use to society despite the stigma of the DD. The Colonel didn't seem to think much of this approach as he had the attitude that the whole bunch of inmates were no good and that they had few good qualities in them. He said it in a very patronizing way and

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it got under my skin so I told him that I have often seen the men being so attentive to the newborn kittens in the stockades and they are so kind to the dogs, and that they tender the flowers with care so that ~~they are as kind as~~ they did have some fine qualities and it should be encouraged. I'm afraid that the Colonel is not very social conscious and he seems to misunderstand the cause of existing bitterness. It's such a parallel to the misunderstanding of the Nisei bitternessⁱⁿ he WRA camps. It isn't constructive to be bitter, but it solves nothing by placing the blame on the individual and not the situation. I asked the Colonel if it would be possible to get letters of recommendation for some of the DD inmates so that they could go to the USES and have a fair chance at a job as it was not fair to keep on punishing them for their offense for the rest of their lives. The Colonel thought that this might be done. I took the opportunity to also point out that because of Army administrative difficulties, many of the inmates with short sentences for minor offenses were being more severely penalized than those with more serious offenses simply because there was not enough time to take action. The man with the short offense is sent out with a DD while a man with a long sentence gets acted upon by a Clemency Board and often returned to duty where he can get an honorable discharge. The Colonel listened attentively and he thought I had a good point. He said for me to keep up with my work. I talked with him man to man and it never occurred to me while I was in there that I had violated a lot of military courtesy practices by not saluting him, saying sir, standing at attention, speaking before being spoken to, raising some questions about policies in the Army, etc. The Colonel said that 80 more inmates were coming in within a short time so that ~~h~~ we will be busy with processing again. We don't have the staff we had

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three months ago and most of the capable case workers are gone. Bob will be leaving very shortly, and Herb is being transferred to California this week. This will leave us with about 6 case workers, not very experienced. I'm going to break Yibar into the work as he is a bright boy and he has been reading Plato and Aristotle recently instead of listening to the ball game during the lull time. He wants to learn and he seems to be heads and shoulders above the other boys in his intellectual capacity even though we do have a very high intellectual level in our staff. There are still rumors that this office will close down soon because the stockades will be broken up. 40 inmates were sent to Fort Jay yesterday. It is these uncertainties which makes life interesting.

I had a very active evening last night. Went to the show, and then to the day room afterwards. It was too warm to sleep so I exercised by playing 20 straight games of ping pong and wore myself out. I finally beat Bob after all the drubbings he gave me in the past so I guess my playing technique is getting better. It's a lot of fun and better for the mental attitude than to lay around and worry about things in general.

Still later;

Bob received the astounding news that he will be leaving here tomorrow for discharge at Fort Sheridan. It struck like a bolt and we were all most surprised as we didn't expect it to come this soon. He has been my closest friend here and I am going to miss him a lot. There isn't anybody else around here that I can talk with on a higher level. Herb is leaving Thursday. I guess I will be one of the few to be left here to lock up the gates. It has been pleasant knowing Bob and we have had a lot of fun together. Now he goes back to civilian life to resume the pursuit of making a living. He said that he may go

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to Atlanta to investigate the insurance field down there, but he is not definite about what he is going to do yet.

Fuller and Eldringhoff are also eligible for discharge under the father clause so I thought that we should start to reorganize the department in preparation for the 80 inmates who will be coming soon for processing. The Major called a staff meeting, and I presented my outline of organization which was accepted. It will only take about two weeks to process these 80 men, but this time we are going to do much more careful work and I hope that there will be no pressures on the case workers. We only have five or six of them left. It will be a good thing for the personnel to be very busy again.

After the meeting, Lt. Thomas, Lt. Kantor, Major Sanford, Weisanthal, Yibar and Spiers were sitting around talking and Thomas began to inquire about the Nisei GI. He thought that they were all in the 442nd and he was curious about how I happened to get a different assignment. I told him a bit about ~~how I happen~~ the evacuation and the others began to ask more details about camp life so I spent about an hour telling them. They were so outraged that such a thing could happen and wondered why more publicity had not been given to the Nisei and other evacuees. It struck me that publicity doesn't seem to have too much effect because so very few people I have met seem to know much about what happened on the coast and this includes many well informed individuals. Somehow or other the discussion turned to the advisability of having segregated units in the Army and from the Major down it was declared that they were in opposition to it in principle. Then Spiers of all persons asked me if white and Negro troops should be mixed. I was astounded that he would look at it so narrowly when he began to talk about the dangers of mixing the groups. He pressed me for an

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answer so I threw it right back at him and asked him directly if he felt that all Jewish fellows should be segregated. That stopped him. He muttered something about "that's different" but Lt. Thomas said that every individual went into the Army as an American so that it was a fair question. Spiers said he would talk about it some other time as he had to go give a test and left the room when he saw that the general opinion was going against him. I can't understand how a person of his liberal educational background can have such conservative thoughts. He thinks that the AVC is a communist organization and made some comments about a copy of the bulletin I had on my desk. I think he needs some political education, but Spiers is the type of boy who thinks he knows everything and he refuses to listen to anybody else because he just can't be wrong. Poor guy, I feel sorry for anyone who cuts off knowledge in such an immature way. Yet he does have liberal attitudes on a lot of other things. I think it is simply a matter of him not having been exposed to enough truths yet and he could come around to a better viewpoint if he would only allow his mind to be more open. That is hard for any person to do once a set attitude is adopted towards anything. I make the same mistake and I think that my point of view is the soundest and I don't like "reactionaries" so probably Spiers thinks my thinking is distorted.

Wednesday, July 31, 1946

I helped Bob pack his things in preparation for his leaving, and then showered and got into bed at 9:00 p.m. in order to read some of the books I have accumulated. I thought that it was going to be a nice peaceful evening, relaxing and comfortable, but Bob suddenly got an inspiration that we should go out and celebrate his liberation. We didn't have any money so we made the rounds and managed to borrow some.

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Manuel, Arkansas and Keating were all too willing to join us, and there were about six other fellows who wanted to have a pre-pay day celebration so we all went down and had beers. I got "high" and we had a good time joking around the recalling our good times in the Army. We ended up at the Y dance, but the MP's kicked me out because I was not in proper uniform and I didn't care to spend the night in the guardhouse so I quietly made my departure. We went back to the barracks and for a change turned on all the lights and woke everybody up. Then I went to bed after everybody was sufficiently aroused.

It has been an active morning for me around here although I haven't gotten anything constructive done. I got paid, \$70.90!!, and proceeded to pay off all of my debts. This evening I shall go to NYC in the hopes that Yuriko will be willing to go out with me if she is not otherwise engaged. I'll just have to take a chance on it. ~~Re~~ Bob is all packed and he will be leaving on the afternoon boat so I had to spend time talking to him because I may not see him again for quite a while. It seems like things are breaking up around here and I started to get that restless urge, but I have six more months to serve and there is work to be done. I had to take charge of a cleanup detail for about 1½ hours this morning up at the hospital. Lt. Coffee has asked me to take over the Orientation discussion sessions for the medical detachment and I will start that tomorrow. Sgt. Sherwood was supposed to do it, but he pulled a fast one and said that he was too busy down here in the P and S so that the buck was passed to me. I don't mind too much because I have some ideas about the discussions and it will be an opportunity for me to talk over attitudes with some of the fellows. It is something I feel it necessary and it might do some good. Last night Tony started in on the race issue again and he made all of the usual remarks. But this time I took a much firmer stand. He accused

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me of knowing too many facts for him. I told him that he was still young and it was dangerous for the democratic system to develop emotional attitudes like he had. Tony finally admitted that he had no desire to kill anybody during his lifetime and he supposed that he was afraid of the Negroes because of suspicion and being subjected to a lot of stereotyped stories. He said that he didn't think he would change too much, but he was less willing to do something actively against the right of the Negro to gain his just rights. Otis listened in and he seemed to have much more of a tolerant viewpoint now and he agreed with a lot of what had been said. Bob joined my side of the discussion when he came and he pointed out the responsibility of every citizen to guarantee the rights of the constitution to others. He had a much fairer view towards the Negroes than I have ever heard him express previously. He lived in Atlanta for a while, and he was inclined to accept the status quo but I have been hammering at him for months now.

Suddenly I am getting a lot of work to do. I have about three group psychotherapy meetings a week, and a number of individual psychotherapy sessions with the inmates who are getting out soon. I will start the September group very soon. On top of that I have these new extra duties at the hospital so that there won't be too much loose time on my hands. I also have some responsibility at supervision down here. I'd much rather be busy than spend my time in idleness as it gets too boring.

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Thursday, August 1, 1946

I start the month of August in a personal elated frame of mind. It is because of the pleasant thoughts I have of the evening with Yuriko and the pure joy she gives me through her personality and inner beauty! I went in on the boat last night with Bob who was leaving for discharge and Manuel and Arkansas who were going on a furlough. It was a very nice boat ride because we went a different way along the piers on the Brooklyn side and we saw all of the docked ocean liners from a close view. Bob had to rush up to the Penn Station to get his pullman reservation and afterwards to go return a radio to a friend so we said our goodbyes in a lively way in a bar down in the battery. I didn't think that I would see him for a long time again when I left him on the subway, but he phoned later. Rhoda invited me over for dinner and she said that Yuriko was expecting me because she did not have to see the British composer until the next evening.

I got over to Yuriko's a bit before seven and started to cook because Rhoda and LaMarr were so preoccupied with themselves upstairs and I knew that Yuriko would be tired and hungry when she got in. I like to play around in the kitchen anyway and get all the dishes and utensils messed up as long as I don't have the clean up shift! Rhoda couldn't stop to worry about such an insignificant thing as to how the chicken was to be cooked when her Man was around so that I finally went ahead and did it my own way. It came out good too! Yuriko came in about 8 p.m. and she was physically exhausted. As soon as I saw her, I knew that she was completely worn out. She had taught dancing and attended to other business affairs for 12 hours. She was so quiet and moody when she came down that I decided that it was best for me to keep quiet and not say anything which might upset her. She didn't want sympathy, she just wanted to rest. Yuriko puts her entire energy into

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her dance teaching and it is a heavy strain on her because she has so many private pupils. It indicates that she is good because some Hollywood representative sends her actresses to train and she has more than she can handle. At the same time, Yuriko is using up extra nervous energy because she has her fall concert on her mind and she is worried about getting started on that. She is conscientious and a person of intense concentration so that she drives herself pretty hard. Later, Yuriko told me that she was upset when she came in and found Rhoda and LaMarr loafing around upstairs and "I just knew that you would be down in the kitchen doing the work and I don't think that LaMarr should be such a privileged character." She then said that she was feeling sorry for herself and that she really appreciated them because they were such nice friends and I agreed. Rhoda really does do a lot for Yuriko, and understanding of slight temperamental streaks. Dinner was a rather quiet affair because of some atmosphere of gloom and I didn't know what to do without making the situation worse so I tried to be as light as possible. Yuriko was so tired that she went to sleep right after the meal on a little sofa in the kitchen while LaMarr told us about some of his job experiences and adventures as an aviator in the war. He said that he liked to talk to me because I stimulated him. All I tried to do was to be a good listener, and I think that my mind was more on Yuriko than what he said although I did not show it!

Bob phoned about 9:20 to say his final goodbye to Yuriko and the rest of us. Yuriko suddenly came to life and she forgot completely about her exhaustion and got the bright idea that it would make Bob feel good if we went up to the station to see him off. It really did bring out her quality of consideration for others and made me admire her all the more. Rhoda and LaMarr didn't feel like going to Yuriko and I grabbed a cab on 5th Avenue and went up to the station in a hurry as we

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only had a half hour until train time. Bob was so happy to see us come and it made us feel glad too. We went to the little bar in the station and had three drinks in 15 minutes, and what a gay time it was. We were laughing and feeling so happy, and we talked about so many things in 15 minutes. Yuriko got a terrific lift, Bob was glad to dispel his feeling of loneliness at the last minute, and I was completely happy to realize that I had such nice friends--one leaving and the other becoming more secure and close. I think everyone in the bar sort of envied our gaiety. I certainly will miss Bob as I suddenly realized that he was my closest friend at Hancock and we had a lot of good times together acting in impulsive and crazy ways at times and doing a lot of things together ~~acting~~ in the past 8 months. I won't have anyone left to talk to now as the rest of the boys in the barracks don't have the same educational background and we can't discuss things in common. Bob invited Yuriko to come and eat steak at his house instead of going to some reception to have tea and cookies when she is on tour, and he promised that he would take me fishing up in Wisconsin when I came up. We had a big laugh over how Bob described to the fellows in the barracks how Yuriko could pinch with her toes without scratching and write her name on the floor. Bob was her press agent in the barracks and he practically made her the sweetheart of the Medics without any encouragement from me. We had to rush down to the train and we got him on it with two minutes to spare. The last thing I said to him was that I would send him his laundry. An elderly lady nearby nudged her friend and whispered that Yuriko and I were Chinese and it did not occur to me until later that she might have identified the laundry trade with our nationality! It was a very nice farewell and Yuriko and I felt good that we had gone down.

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When we got back to her apartment, Yuriko was so sweet, tender, and affectionate for the rest of the evening and she said that she was so happy that I had come in. It made me feel so good, but I just couldn't be as kind and considerate as she says--although flattering!! Yuriko whispered a lot of things about her past attitudes towards fellows and how she thought I was different and it just made me want to embrace her all the more. That gal does things to me! She said that I gave so much of myself to her and she didn't think she was reciprocating because of her preoccupation with her career but that she was glad I was so understanding because it did mean a lot to her. Little does she know how much it means to me to be so close to such a wonderful person, I practically melt! I left before midnight as Yuriko had a hard day coming up and she needed rest. I've concluded that my happiness goes up and down with her mood, but now I feel more comfortable around her because I am sure that she does have a high respect for me and that means a lot. If Yuriko were always as nice as last night, I would be permanently up in the clouds. Women are so difficult to understand, and that is an understatement. I'll be seeing Yuriko again on Saturday. She certainly had added to my life even though I realize that the ultimate conclusion is so indefinite.

My work continues on too! I won't be taking the orientation class up at the medical detachment because the Major raised quite a fuss about it to Lt. Coffee. He said over the phone that I was too needed down here and he couldn't spare me but that Sherwood could be used. Lt. Coffee decided that he would become the discussion leader himself. In a way I was disappointed because I felt that the class could be used to informative purposes on attitudes. I know that it is not an impossible job to work on one type of attitude--race and democracy--even though many "liberals" will say that prejudice is so deep set that nothing will

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change it. So what do we do? Just sit back while Negro vets have their eyes gouged out by a cop in South Carolina because of not knowing his place, and condone the lynching of four Negroes in Georgia just after Talmadge wins the governorship on a platform of white supremacy! I just can't see that at all. And the disease grows because not enough people speak up and present facts when distorted emotional comments are made about the Negroes, Jews, et al.

I had a very stimulating session in my group psychotherapy class yesterday.

Friday, August 2, 1946

Wound up most of the work for the week and there will not be much doing. We finally convinced the Major that there was no point in making all of the enlisted men work on Saturdays when half of them could be off. The fact that the EM at the Medics are not allowed to take off because of the detachment should not be held against the others and only Sherwood and I are involved. I told the major that it made no difference to me and that the others should not be penalized so he finally gave in. We may not even get a three day pass anymore as the Colonel has some distorted idea that the pay raise should be ample compensation and that we need to work more. Actually, it is not work which is required but only physical presence on the job. None of the offices around here are doing much work these days. It may be the summer weather or the uncertainty about what is going to happen next. I've heard rumors that this installation will be closed up by September or in March. I think that the latter would be nearer to the truth as many of the old army officers have a nice deal here and they don't want to give it up so that they will fight to keep the place open. I would

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just as soon remain until I get out of the Army.

I gave a film showing to my group today so that I did not have to prepare a discussion talk. This afternoon I went over to get a haircut from one of the inmates, and I took a tour of the D compound. It has the solitary box in it, about six by six feet and it has blocks of stone in it. The poor inmates are forced to languish in this cell for infractions of rules. It is inhuman. It would be much more practical to put them on extra duty.

The boys at the Med. Det. have been on a drinking spree for the past few evenings since payday and some of them have gotten themselves into trouble. They came in late at night, turned all the beds over, poured water all over, and sprayed around with a fire extinguisher. The 1st sergeant got wind of these activities and some company punishment was dished out, like cleaning latrines every Saturday for six months. The punishment which hurt the most was what Andrews got. He was separated from all of his buddies and moved downstairs and he has been such a forlorn boy because he thinks it is worse than Siberia and there is no group as good as the upstairs ones. I kid him along by telling him that he can have visiting hours for part of the evening and join our upstairs club if he behaves himself.

I wish I could go into NYC tonight and see Yuriko, but I guess I'll have to wait until tomorrow. I hope that she will be free to go out, but she may be busy. Everytime I think of her I practically melt. I guess it is difficult to control a deep devotion towards a person and I just can't keep her out of my mind when I am not busy--often when I am supposed to be busy too. Yuriko is such an exceptional person. A lot of the men on the post ask if she is my wife and I wish that I could answer in the affirmative but I suppose that is one thing which is just

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not destined to be. I know that I am moonstruck, but that doesn't make me feel any better. It is so nice to sit and think about her at times. Yuriko has such exquisite taste in everything, so delicate and warm. And when she gives me those scintillating looks with her eyes so soulful, I am helpless. It gives me such a happy and exhilarating feeling, and a warm glow inside. I wish it could be mutual with no barriers, but things don't always work out that way. Yes, I do have it bad!! Ah, me!. I write her about every day and I'm able to be much more expressive than when I sit here and try to think about things objectively.

Saturday, August 3, 1946

"Now what do you think of your god damn nigger bastards," Tony says to me as I sat down to breakfast this morning. "What do you mean?" I asked, wondering why he said such a thing so early in the morning. "Didn't you read the papers? A god damn nigger raped a white girl here in New Jersey, and the son of a bitch was a DD from the Army too. They should string the bastard up and put up a few more of them slimy shit heads with him. They are all that way. Didn't I tell you? And you are the guy who says that they are no different from us." Tony was referring to the murder of a Long Island society matron and the attack upon her daughter by a Negro butler who had been discharged from the Army for theft. This one murder-rape has convinced our southern boys that they know how to handle the Negroes and that all Negro males are sexually perverted and should be sterilized. Before I could answer Tony, the rest of the southern boys had their piece to say.

Washburn, who is getting out in a few days to go back to the farm in Ky. said with quiet anger, "Down home we would know how to take care of those kind. Just keep them in their place and they won't go around

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attacking white women because they know what they would get. And I would help them too." Washburn is a mild mannered boy who ordinarily seems as harmless as a fly and his only weak spot is the Negro question.

Repass from West Virginia: "That's one group I would like to see shot down like dogs. You never see those bastards in our schools down there getting funny ideas that they are equal. I hate the black bitches and I don't mind saying so. Send them back to Africa and let them rape all the monkeys they want to. That's all they are anyway--black pigs."

Oiler, from Tenn: "The only way to handle these uppity northern black kikes is to take them right out in public and string them up and cut their balls off so that it won't encourage any more of those sons of bitches to put a hand on a white woman. These god damn northerners don't know how to treat mad dogs. We shoot them down home and that's too good for them."

Shirer of Alabama, IQ of 80, supply clerk extraordinary: "That dirty black slimy snake. Ah feel likes going over there to string him up. Ah don't hate all Niggahs; just let them keep their place and live apart from white human beings. They stink too much."

Nelson of Wisconsin was the last one sitting at our table and he had no remarks to make. The boys were so excited about the rape incident that I didn't try to talk to them. Tony kept pressing me for an answer and I saw that if I kept quiet he would assume that I had finally given in to his viewpoint. Some officers were sitting at the next table and they were listening so that I didn't want to start any great debate. There were also Negro dishwashers in the kitchen. Finally I told the boys that I went to the same school with Negro students and it didn't hurt me any, and that I thought they were making a bad mistake by judging all Negroes by the actions of one bad egg. I still thought that

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the Negroes were forced to act in a hostile and revengeful manner at times because of the strict restrictions placed upon them socially, economically and politically. But had to have a stronger argument so I pointed out that right next to the news story about the rape, there was another story about a white sex fiend who had killed two women and I asked them if they thought all white men were of this sort. They kept expressing all of their emotional views for the rest of breakfast, and their conclusion was that I would change my mind if some close member of the family ever got raped, which they predicted was going to happen at any time now because all the Negroe males were plotting to rape as many white girls as possible when the race war broke out. The boys predict a race war in a year, and "if they call me out to put it down, I'll shoot as many of those slimy blacks as I can and I won't feel bad if I bashed in his head afterwards." Such talk scares me because it has no reasoning to it and it is governed entirely by emotions. It's such a vicious sort of thing and it upset me. Each incident adds fuel to the fire and there is no attempt to come to a closer understanding except for a very limited number of people who see the dangerous implications. People are fundamentally good, and it is unfortunate that they go so haywire on an emotionally tense question like Negro White relationships.

The inmates down here in the stockades are excited about something else. A strong rumor developed yesterday that they would have to sign up for 18 more months of service if restored in order to earn an honorable discharge instead of the nine months. This has made them very angry and added fuel to their belief that they are deliberately being persecuted. There is talk that they would rather take a DD than to

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spend any more time in the Army. It is a difficult situation for them as they have spent so much time in confinement and their morale is very low. I suspect that there will be many more inmates who will decide that 18 more months of service is not worth it so will take a DD instead. My class for next month is already going to be twice as large as the last month group. Apparently there is not too much to the rumor that this installation will close in September. The Major told me this morning that 84 more inmates are on the high seas now (coming from Pisa) and that we will get them next week. He said that he got some inside information that this place may be jammed in the next few months as many more inmates will be sent here from overseas, and that I will be here until I get eligible for discharge. So it looks like we are going to be very busy once more, and it will be harder in a way because we do not have many of the experienced staff left.

I had hard luck yesterday. I felt sort of lonesome last night because of the different routine. I got involved in a poker game and took a terrific loss, was down \$30 but ended up by only losing \$8. Then I lost 15 games of ping pong in a row. Someone during the course of the evening stole two cartons of cigarettes from me. Right after supper, I failed to salute the Colonel's car and I got a tongue lashing for that, but I didn't salute if that is any satisfaction. And I couldn't get a Saturday morning pass because of the new detachment ruling. On top of that, I tried to phone Yuriko twice but couldn't get in touch with her. Such an evening!! It just wasn't my night I guess, but I feel fine this morning. Those things happen, and no regrets. I should have gone to bed and read. The place seems different without Bob around, and I have been seeing Yuriko up here on Friday for some

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weeks so that it was a double set of different conditions, which I suppose I will adjust to in time. Such is life! It makes me happy though because of the thought that I shall see lovely Yuriko this evening. What a girl! I think I'm nuts, but it's a pleasant feeling!!

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August 5, 1946 (Monday)

I had such a nice weekend that I don't even notice the humid and sultry weather today although everybody seems to be suffering. My mind is way up in the clouds and my emotional temperature high. It's not like me, but there is nothing I can do about it. I thought that I would be in mental torture constantly thinking about Yuriko, but I just feel happy and elated even though the conclusion is as indefinite as ever. She gives me such a feeling of security and self confidence; I'm just head over heels in love with her. Proof: my silly letter attached--it sounds like an adolescent schoolboy but that's how it is. Something tells me that I am really going to suffer when and if this glorious experience comes to a conclusion, perish the thought! I write often to Yuriko and she is on my mind so much. She says that she appreciates hearing from me so much because I express a lot of the things she feels.

On the boat going in Saturday afternoon, I ran across Andrews and Garner who were going home on a DD. They looked so forlorn and bewildered that I appointed myself as their guide. Both were in my class and I felt that I had some responsibility in carrying on the individual psychotherapy until I left them. They were so appreciative of my interest that it made me feel good that I could help. Andrews had on a blue serge suit, while Garner had to wear the dyed uniform given him. He was so resentful and self conscious about it that I took him to a secondhand store and bought him a cheap pair of pants. I told the storekeeper that Garner had lost all his money and he was going home to his family after serving many honorable months in the Army so that the storekeeper reduced the price. It's such a shame that our rich army has to send out the DD boys in such miserable clothes. I was with the two fellows for several hours and they were so anxious that they talked my head off. I just listened to them and gave what reassurance

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I could. It was quite a thrill for them to see the Statue of Liberty as free men once more, and I got a similar feeling as they did. I told them that this country still was a land of promise and that they had opportunities so that they should not get discouraged as they went out to start a new life. Both told me that the classes I have been giving were very helpful and that it had quite a reputation in the compound as many inmates were envious of those who attended it. This honest statement made me feel that my work was worth while and that I need not get discouraged when the class came and blew off a lot of steam without seeming to get anything out of it other than to release all of their hostility and resentments. Garner said that many of the class were thinking seriously of little comments I had made here and there, and they admired the way I was such a good American with such a strong faith in Democracy. They actually felt sorry for me because I was once evacuated! I try not to bring personal experiences into these classes, but I find that the story of the evacuation is most impressive in getting these inmates away from the idea that they are the only ones who were ever wronged, and that their experience need not ruin their lives. Andrews and Garner reviewed a lot of the things I said in class, only this time it was their own viewpoint. It is amazing that constructive points of view can be developed in a limited time.

Both of the "boys" have been away from civilian life so long that they have forgotten to look at the stop lights and Garner almost got run over once. I don't know why I call them "boys" as both were older than I, but I felt that they were like little children who needed a helping hand. I took them up to Penn station and got them all straightened out on the schedule, talked with them for another half hour and then left for Yuriko's. They had tears in their eyes when I said goodbye to them, and they said that it made them feel like they were

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human beings once more when they got a helping hand of kindness to start out with. Garner is 38, has a 14 year old son, was a captain in the Army. He was in on a year's sentence for dealing in black market. Was accused of selling 10,000 dollars worth of flour and keeping the money. Garner was in charge of a PW camp of 3500 people, 18 years in the Army. As a result of his DD he loses all of his pension rights and he has to start out all over again. When I first had him in my class he was belligerent and hostile and always trying to make me defend the Army, but during the last few meetings, he came around remarkably and began to think in a more constructive way about his future. Andrews was one of the more stable boys in my class and he didn't blow off as much steam as some of the others. He was always coming to me for advice, but I didn't want him to get too dependent so I tried to get him to work out as many of his personal problems as possible. His biggest concern was how he was going to readjust to his wife whom he hasn't seen for three years. Andrews never has felt guilty of his offense, killing a man while on guard duty. He has steadfastly maintained that he was performing his duty under orders, and that it was an unfortunate experience. Claimed that it has always been his attitude to have a respect for a human life and he never killed a man in combat. Andrews appeared to be a highly sensitive and bright individual who didn't quite fit into the same low educational group we had. I have no doubt that he will make out when he gets back to his home in St. Louis. I think I am doing such interesting work, and fortunate that I was lucky enough to get this kind of army appointment--even though our office setting is often snafu.

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Each time I visit Yuriko I get such enjoyment. She was busy cleaning out a lot of her old mail when I arrived so I just sat around and listened to her read some of her old notices. Yuriko was in a most refreshing and charming mood and so affectionate towards me this weekend. No wonder I feel so elated! She put me up in the spare room so that I didn't have to waste any time hunting around for a place to sleep. Yuriko is so considerate about everything. She read me the outline of her evacuation suite which she expects to develop for her dance concert and I felt so flattered that she would take me that much into her confidence. The idea of her suite is to express through the dance the emotional experiences during evacuation and how her faith was renewed in America. She had some very clever and original ideas, and I'm sure that her concert will be a big success even though I don't know a thing about dancing. She said that she finally found her music and that was a big load off of her mind. Next week she is going to start practicing.

Rhoda cooked the dinner Saturday night and she took special pains. LaMarr hates kitchen work, but he tries hard and is helpful about the place. Yuriko said that I force him to work more because I am always helping and I don't feel that it is a blow at my manly pride. She says things in such nice ways. There was some misunderstanding about a phone call to the theater and LaMarr made some remark which Yuriko did not like so she got a bit upset about it, but it was smoothed over when Rhoda went to a lot of trouble to get the exact schedule. Yuriko and I went to see "Dead of Night" after we got all through with the dishes, and we enjoyed the film as it was very cleverly done. It rained violently Saturday night, but we were fortunate enough to get in between showers so that we did not get wet at all. After the movie we went

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back to the apartment and I talked with Yuriko until about 2 a.m. She was so tender to me. I've asked her a number of times what she sees in me and she gets mad. She says that it is something deep and fine. But she doesn't like me to say that I love her because it causes mental disturbances. What a complex gal, but so nice!! The way she treats me, I get such an elevated ego. It is no wonder that I have never felt so deeply towards any other girl because I never got this wholehearted sort of response before to bolster my self-confidence. As long as she admires and likes me so much, I know that I am helpless. It is a feeling which I cannot control and I don't want to anyway.

Sunday morning I didn't get up until about noon. Rhoda was going up to Long Island with LaMarr to see a play, but he phoned and said that he changed his plans. Those two are very much in love, and LaMarr sees Rhoda almost every night. Both of them do not have jobs yet, but they are trying to get on the stage. Rhoda is waiting for the results of her last audition, but she doesn't seem particularly concerned about it. I think that she would rather play chess with her Man, and cook and smooch with him. That is the difference between her and Yuriko. Rhoda doesn't have the drive or the feeling of security in her career that Yuriko has so that she is looking forward to marriage. Maybe she will be the happier person in the long run, but Yuriko does have a special talent to offer and she is always going to be striving forward. I have to admire her so much for that. Maybe our present relationship will end disastrously--for me--but we both are happy right now and that is the best that one can hope for under the present circumstances. Every time I see Yuriko I fall a little deeper for her and I'm hopeless entwined now.

The girls diligently cleaned cleaned upstairs Sunday morning so I

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took on the task of cleaning the downstairs, scrubbing on my hands and knees. Yuriko felt bad that I worked so hard, but I got my reward because she treated me extra nice! Maybe there is method in my madness! LaMarr put the wax on the floor, but I'm sure that he doesn't like it when I get too ambitious about working around the apartment because he feels obligated to do it too and he hasn't had any experience in "domestic" tasks!

Yuriko had a dinner engagement with her parents for the evening, but she talked to me for a couple of hours before it was time to go. She kept on saying that she wished she didn't have to go as she would miss me, and this naturally flattered me. She is like an electric current the lively way in which she affects me and I get such pleasant sensations when she kisses! There are so many things about her which fascinates me. LaMarr and Rhoda were going to a movie and I said that I would fix up dinner for them, but Yuriko finally decided that I should go along with her and meet her parents and have dinner with her. I felt reluctant about that because I thought it would be awkward, but she said that I didn't have to worry about only Japanese being spoken because her folks could use English and they liked me. She said that her parents were appreciative of the fact that I made it possible for her to go up to the beach every weekend and they had a high opinion of me. I was finally convinced, chiefly because I wanted to be near Yuriko.

The experience was not as fearful as I imagined. I had a very nice time over there and the conversation was gay and light. Yuriko kept embarrassing me because she told her folks all of the things I had done about it and I don't want questions asked. I was very impressed with Yuriko's stepfather as he seems to be a remarkable man. He has

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been acting on the radio lately, and he is considering singing Japanese songs over the air and at night clubs. He has a striking appearance with his pointed beard and he is a man who attracts notice. He seems to be very sympathetic to Yuriko and they get along nicely. Mr. Hirose was also there. He worked in housing at the time I was in Gila, but I didn't know him too well. He is an old family friend of the Mitsuhashi's. Yuriko's mother seemed to be well adjusted and she has taken a strong interest in the hostel development so that she doesn't attempt to hold Yuriko so tightly as before. Mr. Hirose told Yuriko's fortune with cards and he predicted that she would have three marriages, two children, great success for her career, happy life. I hope Yuriko is not suggestible. She kidded me afterwards about the three marriages. She also said that her father was watching us closely. It was so hard for us not to hold hands and keep looking at each other. I had to keep talking about other things to get it off my mind. It was torture though. When we got on the bus after leaving, we both said this at the same time and I was so pleased and happy. But the evening over at the hostel was enjoyable too. We were taken to a Chinese dinner, and what an immense feast it was. We had all sorts of dishes and I looked like a rank amateur as everybody outate me. Yuriko's parents like their food and they get such enjoyment out of it. Mr. Hirose saved up on his appetite so that he was able to win the contest of eating the most. This goes on every week. During dinner, Mr. M. told me a bit about the hostel. He is pleased that the conflict which existed previously is now settled and there is no dominating clique which runs the place. He wants to make it available for all young people and he considers his present residents a most desirable group. However, he had some criticism to make about the bad social manners of some of the Nisei girls there. He thought I should come and give them a talk, but

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Yuriko jumped to my rescue and said that I felt the same way towards the Nisei as she and that I didn't want to go around trying to reform them. Then to flatter me, she whispers that she would be jealous because I wink at too many girls! After dinner we went back to the hostel and talked for about another hour. Met a couple of girls from Gila, but they were in a different league from Yuriko and they didn't impress me much even though they are considered popular and "nice girls." It certainly was nice of Yuriko to take me over there. I usually don't feel comfortable around Issei, but her parents were considerate and they tried to get me in on everything which was going on by re explaining things in English. I thought that was very nice of them. We left there about 11 and after we got back to Yuriko I talked to her for a couple of hours until Rhoda and LaMarr finished their chess game. Yuriko is going to come up to Hancock again next week. I certainly am lucky to have an experience like her happen during the time I am in the Army. She asked me what I intended to do about school after I got out of the Army, and I said that I was seriously considering coming to New York just because of her. What else can I do when I am in the grip of such an emotion? Maybe things will change, but I don't want it to. The only way I could be happier than now is for Yuriko to marry me, but that doesn't seem destined to be because of her career aspirations. Yuriko tries to make it easier for me to take by saying that she is mean, lazy, etc. but logic and reason just doesn't enter the picture.

The boat didn't run until 9:30 this morning because of the heavy fog in the harbor. I was supposed to come in last night, but I wasn't in a cooperative mood. I've been lucky so far and I'm hoping that some of my nasty officers don't clamp down on me one of these days. I think I am doing more work than anybody around the office now so that I don't feel guilty about breaking regulations about going to NYC to see Yuriko.

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Other guys have been court martialed for less things than that, I realize, but I can sympathize with them if they did it for as nice a girl as Yuriko!! Such rationalizations!! The latest rumor is that 300 inmates are coming in from Italy so we will be busy as hell soon. Nobody knows the exact number of inmates coming, but it must be a sizable group according to all the rumors. I saw a couple of my inmates off this afternoon, and spend the time listening to their future plans. I wonder why the first five days of the week goes by rather slowly and matter-of-factly, but the weekend shoots by with amazing speed? It's nice to look forward to Wednesday night when I will go in on the boat to see Yuriko, but Lt. Sless may rear his ugly head and say no. That would be tragic, and I hope that no issue is forced because I can't predict what I would do in a case like that.

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A general sense of gloom and melancholia seized the boys of the medical detachment last night; they were rather stunned about what happened to Pratt who was court martialed for what they considered a minor matter. The fellows were angry not because it happened to Pratt, but because of general principles. About 15 of us had gone swimming earlier in the evening, and we were just relaxing around in the barracks as it was too warm to do much else. I had ventured downstairs to console Andrews who continues to be in a depressed mood, and I overheard the discussion which went on about the Pratt affair. It seems that Pratt got stinking drunk the other night, not an unusual experience for him, and he went up to the hospital and met one of the nurses in the Hall. Apparently he got "fresh" and the nurse got quite angry and reported him in for misconduct. Pratt was tried yesterday and given a fairly light sentence without confinement, but his stripes were taken away. The sympathy was for Pratt because the fellows believed that the nurse took advantage of her officer rank and her sex, and they felt that an injustice had been done to an enlisted man. Rash statements in strong language were made about the nurses' character and moral caliber. A general denouncement about all women followed and labels such as "bitches" and "whores" were put on them. The feeling was quite high, and there was some discussion about whether revenge should be obtained. The thing which the fellows could not understand is that the source of the whole difficulty is due to their busybody concern about this same nurse. She is the one who is having a great affair with Baker the prisoner attached to the hospital. The EM resent this situation and they have been too concerned about other people's business. They just don't stop to figure that maybe the nurse and Baker are truly in love and that it is not a sordid affair as they imagine. They are too quick to

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make the wrong interpretations. Pratt undoubtedly acted upon the assumption that the nurse was a "loose woman" and he got the surprise of his life when she reacted in the way she did. The fellows thought that Pratt should have countered with charges against the nurse because it is a court martial offense to fraternize with prisoners, but they concluded that it wasn't quite the gentlemanly thing to do.

Andress then injected the comment: "Hell, all females are bitches and I wouldn't trust one of them."

"Hey, wait a minute," I said, "you don't think that about your own girl friend, do you?" Before Andrews could answer, the seven or eight fellows in the corner who had been carrying on the discussion about the Pratt affair all voiced approval on Andrews' statement. It was then that I became suddenly conscious of the amazing double standard which the fellows in it have in their attitudes. American mores is certainly a funny thing. We have a civilization in this country with a strict Puritanical background which is extreme. It rigorously defines the correct sexual patterns without regard to commonsense. I just can't understand why we should have a double standard in our sex mores in which it is considered worse for women to err than men. The comments made by the fellows in our discussion certainly brought this fact out clearly. Andrews replied to my question that he wouldn't trust any girl. He added, "I'm engaged, but I damn well made sure that my girl was a virgin before I asked her to marry me." I was so surprised at this puritanical statement that I couldn't help saying, "You're not serious; you wouldn't ask any girl a thing like that. What's the difference if you really love her?" The storm broke, and George asked point blank, "Do you mean to say that you would marry a whore?" "I didn't say anything about whores; all I said was that it's not fair to

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ask a girl to be pure because that is old fashioned." The fellows didn't like this and Tony said, "Jesus Christ, what a funny guy you are; you're a nigger lover and you don't mind marrying a whore." So then I had my say on the subject, something like this: "You fellows certainly sound funny to me with your high and mighty attitudes towards women. I hear you night after night saying the most vulgar things about women and all of your conquests. Do you think that you are any different from women? Has it ever occurred to you that your stand is sort of silly and outdated. Maybe you don't know much about what taboos mean, but in all of the old cultures there was considerable freedom allowed before marriage and the taboos only developed after marriage when the man became distrustful of his wife because he judged her by his own conduct. If you really trust a wife, then you don't go around being suspicious of her sexual conduct. And the same thing is true before marriage. I don't advocate that a girl go sleep with every man she meets, but sometimes those things happen and she is not any less of a human being. You do the same thing yourself. It all depends upon how much you like the girl, and then those relatively unimportant things don't matter. A woman isn't a piece of property which you own; she is a human being with the same sort of emotions which you have. If you have a good character, then you trust other people. Why should you think that women are strange people who should be objects of suspicion. When you say such narrow minded things, then you are only admitting that you are afraid and that you don't trust yourself. It may be helpful if you judged girls individually and not make such rash generalizations about all of them."

The response: "Oh, you are a communist, huh?" !! Social control is so strong that many mores which are outdated are carried on and on,

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and the ones who violate it the most are the ones who get the most outraged about others who do the same things which they do. It doesn't make much sense. Everyone of the fellows in our barracks expect to marry Virgins, but they wouldn't hesitate a minute in having an affair with a girl whom they were not serious about. The mind certainly does work in funny ways. It is like a man who will give a 4th of July speech on Democracy in the afternoon, and then go out in the evening and help lynch a Negro because the same standard of conduct is not supposed to apply to a non-white. I'm beginning to think that men are much more narrow minded than women when it comes to puritanical attitudes. The more crude and vulgar they are, the more they expect the girl they marry to be perfect. That is why it is so difficult for men to accept the equality of sexes. Those guys sounded like a bunch of Nisei fellows talking!! The unfortunate part is that taboos are contagious in nature, and we do not live isolated in a society.

A general and his followers are coming to inspect this compound sometime today and everybody is aflutter. I have to escort a mental patient up to Mason General Hospital so that I cancelled my class and I cancelled my class and I don't have much to do right now. I have been talking to a gigantic and emotionless Negro inmate who comes to sweep my office every day. This is the first time that he has actually talked to me because he seems to be so hostile and suspicious of everybody. He seemed so glum this morning that I asked him what was bothering him and he said that he was angry because it was the new Army policy to send all colored boys who were restored to the Army to the Pacific and the white restoration cases would be sent to Europe. He thought this was rank discrimination. The reason for it, he said, was that the Negro boys got along too well with the European girls and the Army

was afraid that "we would get the idea that we were equal." "That's why they are sending us to the Pacific, where we will meet inferior people." That was a funny logic for him to follow so I asked him if he believed that the Oriental races were inferior to the Caucasians. He said no, but it was the common belief and he couldn't do anything about it. He became suspicious, so he pulled the anger down out of his face and shut it up tight inside of him and wouldn't say anymore.

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8 August 1946, Thursday

Yesterday was a particularly wonderful day for me; I enjoy living so much these days with the happiness I have had. All because of a girl!! The day was enjoyable in other respects because I escorted one of the prisoners up to the Mason General Hospital. It was a bit depressing on the way up as the inmate, Lowe, was very worried and anxious about what was going to happen to him. I was surprised that nobody had bothered to tell him why he was being sent to Mason and he was resisting it strongly because he thought that the doctors considered him crazy. The MP was instructed to place handcuffs on him in order to prevent escape and Andrews was worried that the boy would become manical. There was no need to place such elaborate precautions on Lowe. He is a 23 year old boy from Georgie who got a five year sentence for grand larceny, never did adjust himself to the Army and from what he said I got the impression that it was largely his immaturity and impulsiveness combined with some nervous instability which had made him so aggressive in the past. I explained the reason why he was being sent to Mason and he calmed down considerably, remained on the glum side most of the way up. It is too bad that such a young man has had his life so twisted up, and it was not entirely his fault. He was diagnosed as a chronic anxiety, severe, case and I think that he will get a CDD, which is much better than a DD.

Mason General Hospital has changed a lot since the last time I went up there. There are still about 700 patients there, but most of the old personnel I knew are discharged. A number of civilians are being hired to do the work which the enlisted men did before, Tania is one of them. She said that the rest of the staff are scattered all over. Eleanor is the only WAC Social Worker left and she is in charge of the section now. Berman got out of the army last week and he is on the way to Scotland to study medicine. I went up to see Tessie and she said that she was leaving

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the Red Cross next week to take a job as a supervisor in the New York School of Social Work. She said that I could use her name as reference in case I decided to finish up my graduate work there. Although the school is overcrowded, preference is being given to veterans and those who have had some educational and work experience in the field previously. I still haven't made up my mind definitely, but I have been giving more thought to my future after I get discharged next February. The days and months are flying by so rapidly that it is amazing. I might as well finish up the 3 or 4 units for my MA even though it will take two quarters, but I will also explore the job possibilities. I haven't the slightest idea in the world about what kind of work I will be able to get, and it hasn't worried me unduly yet even though the Army interlude is getting closer and closer to completion. I always figure that something will turn out eventually anyway, might as well be optimistic.

I think that I only gave a brief passing thought to these things and then plunged back into the daily living because it was more pleasant, a sort of escape. Although it was rainy yesterday, I felt happy. Andrews got into the mood and we had a great time on the way back, carefree and silly. The MP was a glum sort of fellow and he went to sleep. There are a lot of nurseries and fruit and vegetable stands on the highway on Long Island, and I decided to get a watermelon to take back to Yuriko's and feed Andrews. It was a nice arrangement to use the ambulance to do my shopping. Andrews was most obliging and we went down a lot of crazy roads looking for fruit stands. We couldn't find any melons at first, but I accumulated sweet corn, cucumbers, cabbage. It was fun to bargain for these things; no prices are listed and the price goes up the nearer one gets to NYC. Most of the stands we went to were operated by Italians and it was convenient not to understand their broken English when they quoted the first price, because they would invariably come down in price when my

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interest was not too strong. We finally found a place where I was able to get a huge melon for 90 cents. On one of the roads we travelled, Andrews sped by a stand at 65 miles per hour and I was sure I saw a bunch of bananas. This aroused a craving, but Andrews wouldn't believe they had bananas. Finally convinced him after three minutes so he turned around in the middle of the parkway highway, stopped traffic, and went back. They had bananas galore and we bought a huge bunch and gayly ate them on the way back. Andrews got a stomach ache as a result. We thought that we got such a good bargain because our stomachs were satisfied, I decided that I wanted to see LaGuardia Field so Andrews took a roundabout tour and we cruised along the field watching the huge planes land.

We got into NYC about 2:30, and I had permission to stay overnight as I told Thompson that Captain Cohen wanted me to do some shopping for the P and S. It wasn't exactly the truth, but I figured that I deserved a rest and Sherwood did say that I could have the afternoon off. Yuriko was home between classes so I took Andrews and the MP over to eat water-melon. Yuriko was so nice and hospitable to them. Andrews jokingly said that he wanted a "shot" so all of a sudden Yuriko disappeared. She went out, got a taxi, went to a liquor store to buy a bottle. But the boys left before she got back because I didn't know where she had gone and they wanted to get back in time for chow. It certainly was considerate of Yuriko though; it further revealed her generous heart.

After the boys left, I had a nice time talking to Yuriko and kissing her at every opportunity! She was so tender towards me that I got overwhelming emotions and filled with complete happiness. Rhoda came back from an audition and she had shopped for a blouse for Yuriko for me so it was presented. Rhoda got the material instead of a blouse, being a very practical person. It was so nice of her to do the shopping for me that I told her that she could smooch with LaMar while I did all the cooking!

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Yuriko went back to her classes so I had until about 8:00. LaMar and Rhoda were sort of discouraged because the job possibilities in show business just hasn't opened up for them. They almost got into a fight with the landlady, Mrs. Davis, but Yuriko had me give her some watermelon and corn and now everything is well and Mrs. Davis said that the girls could stay there until 1957 if they wanted to. Mrs. Davis has such a high opinion of me now, and the credit really is Yuriko's as she is always the one who thinks of nice gestures.

LaMar has been in NYC for two months now and he hasn't gotten his feet into anything yet, although he tries very hard and is extra persistent. He said that he just couldn't get to first base in seeing any of the important producers and this has shaken his morale considerably. He was so much down in the dumps that he wanted to drink up Yuriko's bottle and get drunk, but I refused to join him as I was happy and I thought that the bottle shouldn't be used in that way since it was bought by Yuriko with a generous purpose in mind. I guess I was funny in thinking that way, but that's how she affects me! Rhoda has not been able to get satisfaction out of her auditions either, but she covers up her feelings more and is extra sympathetic to LaMar. Yuriko is the most secure person of the four-some, and that's why she is so special!

I had a lot of fun fussing around the kitchen, and they said that the dinner turned out very well. I wouldn't let Rhoda and LaMar eat until Yuriko came home, and we had a gay dinner. Everything came out well to my great surprise so that I told Rhoda that I would be her houseboy in case I couldn't get a job after I got out of the Army! We had a nice cocktail and that finally gave LaMar the uplift he needed. Rhoda and LaMar went to a party given by some show people about 9:00 so I had a very comfortable evening with Yuriko. She was tired, but especially nice to me.

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Yuriko said that she had an offer to take a leading role in the Ballet Russe, and she might consider it for only NY appearances after her concert. Her mind is completely on this concert now and she has started practicing for it. She said that Isamu Noguchi was going to do the sets for her, and she asked if I would help write brief explanations of the evacuation moods expressed in her dance suite. It isn't entirely clear to me, and I didn't think that I could do it but she said that she would feel better if I worked on it than anybody else so what could I do? I haven't the slightest idea of what she wants, but I don't suppose it will be too difficult. I am afraid she flatters me too much when she thinks that I can do it for her instead of asking some Nisei writer. I was so busy looking at her sparkling eyes that I agreed before I realized that I might not be capable of the task! Yuriko was so soft and nice all evening that I was practically in ecstasy. It is difficult to figure out what she sees in me, being very objective about the matter! She said that nobody had ever loved her as deeply as I do and that she gets a great comfort and sense of ease when I am around. She thinks that I spoil her by doing so much work around the apartment, but I told her that it was a labor of love and I got satisfaction out of doing things for her. Yuriko thought that all women liked to be "protected," and that I was like a drug because she was attracted to me more and more. I am only human and when such nice things are said to me, I am helpless and I get more and more involved. My liking for her increases all the time, but I still won't force any issue about marriage because it will only create a conflict situation for her. It will be up to Yuriko to make her decision about the ultimate solution of our fine relationship and I certainly hope that it will be in the direction of the fulfillment of my hopes. But I don't know. What we have now is something beautiful and I don't want it ever spoiled, complete happiness. It must be Love!! Yuriko is such a deep and sincere person

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with such nice character qualities that I can't help but be obsessed with her in my mind. So!! This is what woman does to men? It's nice though when she says that I give her an inner glow of contentment. With the emotional frame of mind I am in now, Yuriko could twist me around her little finger but she never takes advantage, always so considerate and tender. I came out of the clouds at 6 this morning when the alarm clock shattered the quiet of the night. In great haste I scrambled up, and after going in to give Yuriko a kiss per her instructions, I dashed out and managed to catch the slow boat back here.

Some general is coming for an inspection tomorrow so that our office is going to put on a big play and be busy as hell for his benefit. There is a chance that a new wing will be built to this compound if it is decided to make this a permanent DB. There are rumors that anywhere from 85 to 400 inmates are on the high seas right now headed for this place. If the larger number comes, we are going to be in for one busy session of work. I have a class now.

It seems that two generals and a lot of other men from Washington are coming here tomorrow. Sless said that since the vocational counselling and psychotherapy class I was doing was unique in the DB work for the Army, my class would be one of the star attractions and the group would come in to listen to the discussion in part. I hope that the boys gripe plenty because it's no sense in letting the higher officials have the impression that everything is sugar and honey. Elaborate precautions have ~~the~~ been made this afternoon to have a full production here tomorrow so that the Generals can see us in action in all activities which we carry on.

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Saturday, August 10, 1946

Because of the good impression we made on the inspection party, we have been rewarded with the morning off-the ones whodidn't get the full weekend. It doesn't make much difference to me as I can't get Saturday morning off from the medical detachment anyway. However, it is a nice way to begin my second year in the US Army! I had a little work to do in preparing my discussion for Monday class so I am sticking around. The general and his party didn't get here until late yesterday morning and they just breezed through the place. They stood at the back of my class for about 5 minutes so apparently they were interested in the program. I think that they were a little surprised that an "Oriental Face" should be leading the discussion on DD's and its relationship to Democracy. Sless told me afterwards that they were favorably impressed with our setup. Now he brags about how "we" developed the psychotherapy program but I can remember the time when he was quite opposed to it on an individual basis and he didn't think much of it until it was named counselling. It is some satisfaction to learn that we are the only DB in the Army interested enough in the DD inmates to have this sort of program for them. It has been a most stimulating experience to lead this discussion and I find that I have much more confidence in myself. The classes will be growing larger from next month because more and more inmates will be sent out of here with DD's or restored as the Army is rapidly trying to close down its intensive penal system.

Yuriko came up on the slow boat yesterday afternoon to help me celebrate my first year in the Army, and I have been up in the Cloud World ever since. She was so nice and comfortable. We seem to have a nice mutual attraction for each other and the conflict situation has been pushed back into her mind as there is complete understanding and she realizes that I won't make demands on her to force an issue. I feel that this will have to come from her eventually and I am willing to wait as long as she continues

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to have such a regard for me. This thing called love is certainly an exciting thing. All the fellows at the detachment were glad to see her back, including the cooks. After dinner we went to see the movie, "Sister Kenny" about the Australian nurse whose drive to cure was so strong that she became selfless and sacrificed happiness of a more personal nature. I think I look at movies with a different eye these days--how can I help it when Yuriko snuggles up so warmly to me. It does wonders to my ego!.. I can't help but notice all of the admiring eyes upon her when we go walking. We went over to the Y after the show and Mr. Billings got us to play Bingo--Yuriko won one pack of cigarettes. They were most hospitable to us down there and made us feel so much at home. Yuriko is so friendly and has such a pleasant personality that everybody likes her. About 10:00 we went up to the detachment dayroom and played five games of ping pong--we are still about even in competition.

I feel so completely happy around her that it is not necessary for us to see a lot of commercial entertainment to keep from getting bored. We walked down to the beach about 11:00 and had a wonderful long talk about things in general. Yuriko said that she felt so much at ease and that I was closer to her than anyone she had ever known. She was a bit philosophical about what caused her to have such a strong drive for expressing herself through the modern dance and felt that it was not entirely for recognition or financial success. Yuriko is so honest, frank and sincere, and there just isn't any obstacle between us in talking freely about anything. It was so romantic down there on the beach too; such a feeling of complete happiness I had. Yuriko was so tender and affectionate and she flattered me with a lot of nice statements about how much I meant to her. Gosh!! Who would have dreamed that I would be so happy on the day of my first year completed in the Army? Even when we just relaxed and didn't talk there wasn't any feeling of uncomfortableness. Some Indian philosophies

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once said that Silence is conversation when there is a strong bond between two people and I think that we do have a sincere mutual understanding of each other. We think in common on a lot of things. Yuriko said that she was inclined to be dominant because she had a strong life aspiration and that I was the first male she had ever known who wasn't weak, etc. etc. The way she puts things, it is so wonderful. It was such a nice setting. The ocean was softly rolling in and we could see the lights of Coney Island shining in the distance... clear sky, harvest moon, glittering stars, fishing boats mysteriously gliding by quietly every once in a while, white gleaming beach all to ourselves, and best of all the electric presence of Yuriko. She is such a genuine person, and when her eyes twinkle with impishness my head goes up to the clouds. There is a beauty about her smile which reflects the truthfulness of her charming nature and I feel that I am sharing her inmost heart. What a rare creature. I think that there is a sense of unity in the feeling between us and it is a warm safe life when we are together. Yuriko is so full of warm and passionate beauty that it is touching; I have to pinch myself to convince my mind that it is not all a dream. As Yuriko would say, "Charlie, come down out of the clouds now!" We didn't start back until about 2:00 ayem and it was such a pleasure walking with her up the road, the post was so quiet and beautiful. Yes, I certainly am in a cloud world, but I like it!! Yuriko said that she would never stop liking me so intensely and I hope that is the way it will be. I honestly feel that there is a deep bond between us and I no longer have mental conflicts about how things will work out because that will be up to Yuriko. When she tenderly kisses me, I no longer think... It's almost noon so I think I'll go up and wake her at the guest house now. It is a bit cloudy this morning, but as long as it doesn't rain we will enjoy the beach.

My cloud world is certainly an exhilarating state of mind to be in, and it is the most comfortable emotional condition for one to possess. The weekend up here with Yuriiko was happily spent, and it intensified my love for her because of her mutual reactions. We had a lot of fun and spent a great deal of time in talking; the time went by so rapidly that it was over before I realized it. On Saturday I had a scare because at the last minute the hospital called and wanted me to escort an inmate up to Mason. I was the only person available because most of the staff had already gone on pass in the morning. I felt that it was a dirty trick to be put on a spot like that, but was almost resigned to the inevitable after I got some of the detachment boys to look after Yuriiko and take her to the beach--which they were more than glad to do! But Sherwood finally came to the rescue. He was on the way home, and the trip would only have inconvenienced him for two or three hours so he decided to be a good samaritan and take over the escorting function. I breathed one sigh of relief, and doubly enjoyed the day's activities.

Yuriiko was in a most pleasant mood all weekend, and very happy she said. There were not very many people down at the beach on Saturday as it threatened to thundershower, but luck was with us and we spent a marvellous afternoon down there. It was so good that we decided to stay until evening and we got a lot of things to eat at the beach clubhouse. There were flies there in great clusters to make life miserable, but we were undaunted and we managed to keep them from biting us by staying in the water or rubbing Scat on. When the sun finally disappeared behind the clouds and it began to get dark, Yuriiko and I built a huge fire and had a lot of fun having the private beach all to ourselves. Yuriiko said that she wished that I had a summer cottage on the post so that she could stay up all the summer. We were in a silly and gay mood and there was a lot of spontaneous fun. I told her about the fat nurse at the hospital who was making advances at me

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because she was curious about Oriental men and I said that I would write a book, Psychology for the curious minded, which Yuriko could illustrate detailed with/drawings. Then we got into some serious discussion about ourselves, and Yuriko said that she no longer had any disturbed feelings as she knew that I understood her and that we would just have to wait and see what would happen. She said that when she first met me, she had an iron wall around her because of her career aspirations, but now it was only a barbed wire fence and pretty soon it might become just a plain fence. She said that she just couldn't help it, but that she did love me a lot. Yuriko flattered me by saying that I was the first person to affect her that deeply and she never felt so comfortable and a sense of ease around anyone like that before. She is so genuine and frank that it is not difficult to talk about anything with her as a mutual trust and feeling of confidence has been built up. Yuriko is still the Complex One in many ways, but I feel much more secure about our relationship and not so many doubts enter my mind. I feel that she will eventually work out a solution and that she will continue to feel a deep attachment for me always. I have to pinch myself at times to convince my mind that she actually does like me that much because I don't think I am a very romantic figure. Yuriko said that it wouldn't be very interesting or fair to be married to a person like her because of her intense concentration on her career. I don't want her to force any issues so I just said that my love for her would always be strong and that I would be patient. I certainly have a strong case of the Yuriko-itis malady, incurable. Yuriko said that her love was a force which would continue to grow and that it meant more to her than just sexual relationships and that's why she wanted to be sure. She is so frank in her comments, natural and honest. I've never met another girl like her, and I certainly have never felt this intensity for any person before so that I

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am sure about how I feel towards her, and time does not make any difference. I just love her deeply and that's all that matters.

We were so busy talking that we didn't notice the storm clouds gathering, and all of a sudden the rain came down. We had to grab up our things in a hurry and run to the beach house. It was the second time that rain has disturbed our beach fire. This time we determined to wait the storm out so we made ourselves comfortable in the beach house and watched the flashing lightning and listened to the angry rain for about an hour. The storm disappeared as suddenly as it arrived. We went back to our fire and coaxed it back to life. It was so warm out there. After we had the blaze going strongly, we just sprawled on our backs and looked at the white clouds moving past the beautiful full moon. Yuriko was so tender and affectionate that I felt an overwhelming desire to release my happiness by telling her what a wonderful person she was. It was the moon, which Yuriko ordered! Love is a very exciting thing, methinks--when all goes so smoothly!! All of a sudden Yuriko got the idea that she would like to go swimming in the moonlight (i.t.n.) as she had never done that before. We got almost deliriously happy as we dashed into the water when a cloud made a curtain over the bright moon and we swam about so gayly for about 20 minutes. It was exciting fun. Afterwards we dashed out and warmed up by the fire again and talked for another hour. We started back about midnight and walked up the road in the bright moonlight. It was too beautiful a night to leave so early so we stopped near the little woods for another hour and then went up to the bay side of the peninsula where we sat until about 2:30; Yuriko has decided to invent a kiss-o-meter so that it can count the number of times I kissed her. She said that she lost count after 200 and she was sure that it set a new record. She said that she liked it though; she is such an

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irresistible person. Yuriiko has a very keen sense of humor and she is always making funny remarks at the most unexpected times. I think that we have very compatible dispositions because we think in common on so many things. She is always telling me that she would rather be alone with me than in a crowd and that she thinks I am very manly. I'm not used to hearing such things, but it does wonders for my self confidence and ego! Anyway, the start of my second year in the Army was certainly a memorable occasion.

I slept peacefully Saturday night even though the last stages of a drunken party was going on in the barracks. My mind was far removed as I had only thoughts of Yuriiko. I thought to myself that I was certainly moonstruck, but it was a pleasing thought and I don't care. I got up early for Sunday breakfast and puttered around until about 9:30 when I went up to wake Yuriiko at the guesthouse. LaMarr and Rhoda didn't come on the boat, but we managed to have a perfect day. We got extra fried chicken at the messhall to take with us. For a while we danced and played ping pong in the dayroom and then went to the beach. It was a beautiful clear day, a little windy, but perfect for swimming. A bunch of the medics came to join us and Yuriiko had five boys surrounding her, while the girls who came from Fort Hamilton could hardly get one boy. It speaks well for Yuriiko's personality as everyone is so fond of her. The afternoon passed by before we realized it and we hated to depart. The boat schedule had been changed from 6:30 to 9:30 so we had time to see a movie, "Claudia and David," and I got more than the usual vicarious enjoyment out of it because Yuriiko held my hand so tightly! The slow boat didn't get in until about 10:00 so we sat on the pier and had a comfortable time. The boat ride back was so romantic ... soft music, full moon, soothing water, pretty distant lights, a cuddled-up Yuriiko beside me, It was something which people dream about, but I didn't

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expect it to happen to me. We didn't get back into NYC until about 12:30; it was such a happy trip. Yuriko said that she wished that the boat was going to Europe. We felt the stuffy heat just as soon as we got into the subway. After getting a bite to eat, we went back to Yuriko's apartment at 1:30 and Rhoda was so relieved to see her as she didn't know what had happened to make us so late. Yuriko is not sure if she will be able to come up next weekend as she may feel like practicing if she is in the mood. She looked like an angel when I went in to kiss her goodbye this morning at six o'clock. She dreamily put her arms around me to embrace me softly and whispered that she would be looking forward for my arrival on Wednesday if I could get a pass, but not to leave without permission. No wonder my equilibrium is shattered these days and I am so intensely happy!! It can't ever come to an end.

I may get an unexpected three day pass from tomorrow night. The reason for that is the fact that we are expecting a large shipment of inmates to come any day now and we may be extremely busy later in the month so that I couldn't get away at the regular time. Sherwood proposed that I take my 3 day pass immediately, and I have learned that in the Army one takes time off when one can get it without asking too many questions. I don't know if it will be approved as it is subject to cancellation up until the time it goes into effect but I am looking forward to this unexpected bit of fortune. If it comes, it will arrive at a fortunate time because I have a break in my class schedule. I am just finishing up the group meetings for the August DD inmates. They have asked to come every day now as they are getting more and more anxious. It also keeps them off work details, which may be the most important consideration. However, I am very pleased with the results in this class because many of the boys

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have changed their attitudes drastically and they are much more settled in mind about a lot of things which bothered them at the beginning. Fers announced to the class that he thought these classes were wonderful and he expressed appreciation for the group that they got a lot out of it. I was flattered and embarrassed by this spontaneous honor and I told them that it was really they who had changed and that I knew all along that they had many good qualities in them which would help them to overcome any difficulties on the outside, even though it may be tough on some of them. They come from all over the country and I probably will never see them again after they leave here, but it gives me a great deal of satisfaction to know that I have had an opportunity to help them a little. I don't know when I will start my September class, a very large group, because the processing may take up all my time if we get in as many as we are expecting. Fuller will be discharged in another week so that only leaves us five or six psychiatric workers.

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A.M.

What a wonderful three day pass I had! Since there was no word of the inmates coming in, I was able to get off early Tuesday afternoon. I decided to hitch hike into NYC as the boat was not scheduled to run until late afternoon. Made very good time and was in the city before five. On the way I had some interesting rides and managed to avoid the rain. I rode with an Ex GI who was a student at Wake Forrest College and who hated the Russians because he feared that they would invent the atomic bomb and drop it on us. We had quite a conversation on whether the US should continue to be isolationist about the Bomb or place it over to world control, and the student decidedly was chauvenistic about the matter and did not trust any country. Also rode with a farmer whose son was AWOL from the army, an elderly couple on vacation from Texas, and an intensely idealistic Jewish bakery truck driver, 45, who talked about his dislike of England for breaking all sorts of agreements on Palestine. The man said that he was going to join the underground and go fight English imperialism. He spoke very heatedly about how England was the worst offender in stifling the freedom of the world and he said that Lincoln was right when he said that the world could not exist half slave and half free. The man admitted that he was a Communist but felt that he was more an American than the members of most of these flag waving patriotic organizations which were always so anxious to advance Americanism but used fascistic methods. He talked about his feeling in regards to the evacuation and wanted to know if I were bitter. I haven't thought about evacuation for a long time and it seems that it happened so long ago. The man drove me right to the subway station so that I would not get wet in the rain.

Yuriko was home when I phoned, and I spent my whole three day pass at her place. It was so nice, and I felt complete happiness being with her. She was so tender to me the whole time; I just feel now that we are meant

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for each other and my love for her has developed deeply so that I am absolutely sure of my feelings for her. Rhoda was all excited about her audition for the play, "Park Avenue," and she had to get dressed up in a "ravishing" way in order to be finally selected. It must be a nervous tension to sweat out these auditions because she had to go back time after time. By Thursday night, Rhoda was almost certain that she was in. LaMarr was very blue about his own discouragement, but Thursday he also got a promising lead for a touring company of the Hamlet production and he was very elated the last time I saw him.

During the time I was over at Yuriko's, I occupied myself by cleaning up the place while she was at work. Yuriko felt so badly that I worked so hard, but it was worth the reward because she was extra nice to me. She seems to have such a high opinion of me and it is flattering. There is a deep bond between us and we seem to have arrived at a state of understanding. Yuriko still has some conflict thoughts about herself in regards to her career versus marriage, but she is arriving at a point of view where she may see that it is not a conflict at all. Last night she said that during the time I was with her this time, the thought occurred to her that it would be nice to get married and that she was about 75% sure. But I told her not to press any issue because she would make up her mind when the time came and then she would be sure. It made me very happy that she likes me so much. She said that she had never experienced this kind of love before and that I was the first one that she had loved so intensely. We told each other that we were spiritually married already, and I told her that I felt secure and was not too worried but hoping for the best. We have been perfectly frank with each other, and we say things with honesty. Our conversations go along for hours and we are perfectly oblivious of Rhoda's and LaMarr's presence. We get along so well together

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Yuriko can be so vivacious and gay. She said that Rhoda noticed that she was falling in love. Yuriko still has not gotten over her fear of love and marriage but she said that she could not fight it this time because I meant everything to her. I could write pages about the way I feel towards her; I've never been so happy before in all my life and the past three days with her has been ecstasy. I still don't think that I am a romantic type, but Yuriko apparently sees a lot of good qualities in me and it has boosted my self confidence so much. I respect her individuality and personality intensely and she is such a real person to me. It certainly is nice to be in love when there is a mutual response and confidence in each other. We seem to be well adjusted to each other in most ways so that it is a sort of trial marriage. I don't have any fear that it will end up disastrously now, and the only way that a break could develop is if Yuriko concludes that her career has to be unrestricted in every way. She said that she had never given of herself wholly until I came along and that I was her "drug". When she gets affectionate, I ascend right up into the clouds! Yuriko does not have any artificial inhibitions; she is so genuine. She says that she is on a manhunt for me and she means it. She means so much to me and I know that it is worth it to be patient and let her make up her mind about marriage. It has been said that a trial marriage is too modern and dangerous but I have confidence and trust in Yuriko and I don't fear that her love is superficial. On VJ night, Yuriko was an extra special person to me and I realized then that my future plans will be guided with her in mind. I told her last night that I have almost made up my mind to come to NYC to finish up my MA work and that I didn't think I could stand being separated from her. It is so exciting when two people feel mutually attached to each other very strongly and that is the way I feel our relationship is now. Yuriko said that at first she tried to fight love, and that she had always been

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successful until this time and that it must have been Fate which brought us together.

Yuriko cooked an extra nice dinner on Wednesday night and she took so much pains with it. Usually she does not have the time to cook leisurely because of the pressure of her work. She has two more weeks of her classes and then she is going back to teach for Martha Graham and prepare for the fall season. I went over to her class yesterday morning to watch her teach and she certainly is good. She puts all of her energy into teaching and her class gets a lot out of it because she makes them feel things. I don't know a thing about modern dancing but I do know that Yuriko is very talented and she dances so gracefully. She did a special show for me alone and it was the first time I have seen her dance. I felt humble After her class I met Ethel and Rhoda and talked to them for a while. Yuriko introduced me to Pearl, a colored girl, who does the lead dancing in "Showboat." Pearl was a very personable girl and she had quite a personality. She takes lessons from Yuriko. Also saw some prospective movie actress which Yuriko was giving a private lesson to, but I thought that the girl was a sort of dead pan. Yuriko has a very large class which speaks well of her reputation.

The only time I took her out was Thursday night when we went to see "Henry V." Yuriko said that she preferred to enjoy just my company at home and it was not necessary for me to take her out. She is worried that I don't have enough money to be taking her out all the time. Yuriko is a very extravagant and generous person herself and always giving. She enjoys life so intensely and she is such a stable and well rounded person. I feel so fortunate that she has a special regard for me. What a pretty girl! Yuriko teaches about five hours a day and she puts all of her energy into it. I'm afraid that she did not get enough sleep during the time I was there. I hope so much that she will decide to marry me one of

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these days. She said that if she ever makes up her mind it will be up to her to propose now because I have already stated my feelings. We think that we are a very nice couple when we go out because a lot of people look at us admiringly. Of course, I know that they look at Yuriko's attractiveness but she insists that people look at both of us because we look so happy together.

.....

Yuriko and I came back on the boat late yesterday afternoon and I will see her for the rest of this weekend. The Army has been very nice to me recently, thank you! There isn't much work going on in the office this morning as the prisoners still have not arrived. All I did was to make my plans for my new classes with the September discharge group-- it will be quite large. Last night it rained but that didn't stop our enjoying the evening. We went to a movie here, a stinkeroo called "Canyon Passage." Yuriko doesn't like pictures with a lot of killing in it because she believes that life is too precious and she cannot justify wars of any kind. Her sensitivity towards people is great and it must come out in her dancing. She said that she had an offer to join the New Dance Group which is communistic, but she turned it down--not because she was opposed to communism like the average public, but because she felt that the Dance was a creative process and that it should not be used to preach politics because it was international. Yuriko may go to Pittsburg for two weeks to teach there as she has been invited to come as an instructor for some well known dance group out there. The one thing that Yuriko will not do is to go commercial in her dancing because it means too much to her. She manages to make a very good living now after all of her years of struggling. She said that the first year she was out here in NYC she lived alone and taking dancing lessons was her whole life. She has sacrificed tremendously to get into her present position and she deserves it all.

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Yuriko will go a long way because of her strong drive and I told her that I wouldn't dream of ever interfering with her career although I felt that it could be worked out even if she married me. We talked until about 1:30 last night and I felt so reluctant to lose her for the night even though she only went to the guest house! I'll be going up there in a few minutes as this office is closing early today.

Monday, August 19, 1946

It is a good thing that we are not too busy in the office today because I am tired from the nice activities of the weekend with Yuriko. We had such a good time and right here on the post too. It is a wonderful feeling to be with her; I have such an usually happy life these days! The weather acted up a bit over the weekend, but Yuriko said that as long as she was with me she would never be bored. When she says such nice things like that, it is little wonder that I get exhilarated continuously.. Saturday afternoon we went down to the beach. It was very humid, but cloudy and there were not many people down there on our little private beach. We enjoyed swimming and laying around so much. Yuriko likes the water very much and she goes in swimming actually, unlike so many girls who just go to the beach to be seen in their bathing suits. We almost caught a flounder which she stepped upon, but it slipped out of my hands. It was so nice to lazily spend the afternoon on the clean sand, eating and talking and occasionally taking a brief nap. Yuriko "hypnotized" me with her big brown eyes and I was up in the clouds hovering overhead. It started to storm very suddenly about 5:30 so we had to make a dash for the beach club porch. It was a disappointment because we had planned to build a fire and spend the evening down there roasting weenies and marshmallows. We sat around the beach club until about 9:30 and it did not stop raining. Everybody went home except one sgt who was drunk--he

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fell asleep on the table. We were having an interesting conversation with him about the Japanese he picked up while in Tokyo and he knew more of the language than I did. The beach house sgt seems to like us because he is always giving us little things on the house. Yuriko does attract a lot of attention with her neat body figure and charming personality and she makes a lot of friends. We are pretty well known down at the beach and on the post because we show up at a lot of activities. It makes me feel so proud of her. The medics have sort of adopted Yuriko and they like her very much. We have a sort of medical detachment clique down at the beach, and things are always lively when the whole bunch of us are down there. Our fellows seem to have a way with the girls who come from Newark for the Sunday beach parties and they get around plenty. "Body", Wilkenson, and Arkansas have a sort of crush on Yuriko, but I am not worried! It is nice to have such close friendships in a detachment; ours is so small that we know each other well and there is a greater personal relationship than in other detachments I have been in, including basic training.

After Yuriko and I left the beach on Saturday evening, we went up and sat on the dayroom porch until about 1:30 just talking. It was so comfortable. We talked about all sorts of things, naturally and with a sense of ease. There are so many things that we are in agreement upon. Yuriko is a very bright girl, keenly intelligent. She is much more advanced than most Nisei girls despite the fact that she spent about 8 years in Japan and had to learn English after she came back in 1938. Her three years in NYC with her social contacts and her dancing has broadened her immensely and the influence has generally been good. Yuriko is essentially a humanitarian, very warm and generous towards people. She dislikes violence of any sort, she is very much of a woman, at times sentimental and quite romantic in the broad sense of the word, she has a keen sense of humor to temper her stable personality. We talked about politics, the

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result of the war, starvation in Europe, the Palestine riots and English Imperialism, books, dancing, democracy in the U.S., personal aspirations, trial marriages and G.B. Shaw, sexual compatibility in marriage, etc. Yuriko said that she loved me deeply and that she is having less and less of a conflict about marriage so that the wall around her was weakening. I still do not press any issues because I don't want anything to be forced, but I am hoping that the decision will come out of her heart. Yuriko said that she could not predict the future, but that she was sure that her feeling towards me was of a lasting nature, and she even had the thought of being called "Mrs." but that there was still some resistance in her because of conflict thoughts about her career. She said that she had to think about consideration for me because it would be difficult. I felt that as long as she was achieving her goals, I would be happy for her. "That's the trouble, you're too understanding," she answered. I told her that I had almost made up my mind to come to NYC to finish up my graduate work so that I could be near her, but Yuriko felt that I should not change any of my personal plans on account of her. Although our future is still indefinite, I am a bit more hopeful that Yuriko will eventually marry me and that is good enough for me because I never expected to be so fortunate anyway. I feel that we have such a complete unity in our love that it will continue to grow and material obstacles don't make any difference. Yuriko is sincere, but also complex so one cannot predict the future.

.....

Yuriko spent about 8 lonely years in Japan without any parents, and dancing was the thing which held her life together. She said that often she would be so lonesome for America that she would get up at 4 ayem in the morning and go practice dancing in order to release some of her feeling and not break down. One of the things which indicates her value of

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friendship is the way she practically supports Rhoda. Right now Yuriko is making an income of about \$100 a week in teaching dancing but she spends most of it for paying bills. Her rent is \$85 a month, and her food bills high. Rhoda has not been working for a long time and has often been discouraged to the point of quitting, but Yuriko has urged her on and loaned her money and paid the bills. Although she did not mention it, Yuriko is now paying an additional expense because LaMarr comes over to eat so often. He and Rhoda stay at the apartment weekends, and the grocery bill has been paid by Yuriko. Rhoda intends to pay for her share when she finally gets into a show, but Yuriko just forgets about a lot of the money expended. She likes to help because she is generous by nature. At the beach she is always going up to the beach house to buy beers and things for the medics. Yuriko has the wonderful philosophy that money in itself is not the most important thing, but that she would like to do good things with it. I admire that attitude of hers because I've always felt the same way. If it were money she was interested in, she certainly could have picked a lot more economically secure fellow than me with my small Army wage and an indefinite future. Yuriko respects the individual with a meaningful goal in life, and believes that I have this quality. I hope she never has any reason to change her opinion. We are getting to know each other well as human beings with strength and weaknesses and our attraction certainly is not based on an idealized picture of each other. That's the nice part of it all.

We had another nice day at the beach Sunday. We wandered down to the ocean side by a different route and found a peaceful beach which we appropriated all to ourselves. We just sat with our back to a white log and watched the ocean swells and listened to the whistling wind. Yuriko

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and I were determined to have our beach fire so we got a nice one started and suddenly it cleared up. Arkansas was the only one who had faith in our belief that it would not rain and he remained behind. All the rest of the people on the beach went home early. It was so comfortable sitting around the roaring fire cooking marshmallows and weenies and drinking beer. Arkansas was tight as he had been drinking from early morning, and he kept saying how much he enjoyed being with such sociable company. He appointed himself our "cook" and all we had to do was to relax and stuff ourselves. We were worried that we would not finish all of the food, but fortunately some boys from the Honor Company came wandering along and we fed them. They appreciated our friendly advances so much because they were very conscious of the "DC" patch on their clothes which identified them as prisoners about to be trained for restoration to duty. Arkansas was so funny because he kept going after more and more beer and he was so solicitous that we enjoy ourselves. When Yuriko went up to the beach club for some food, Arkansas gave me a serious talk about how he hoped I would "jump the broomstick" with Yuriko and that he hoped he would be invited for the great event. In his homestate that phrase means getting married. Arkansas thought Yuriko was so nice and had many nice things to say about her before she returned. She is truly the "sweetheart of the Medics" and the fellows all swarm around her warm personality when they come down--makes me feel proud and flattered when she openly kisses me in front of people to indicate her regard for me. The fellows detect signs of true love between us and they ask embarrassing questions about when we will get married. I never had such nice things happen to me like this; it gives me so much more self confidence when a pretty girl like Yuriko likes me intensely as a person.

We left the beach about 8 and after we got cleaned up we went over

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to the Service Club for one dance as the DB orchestra was playing. It was so smooth dancing with Yuriko--she has been teaching me the right steps in the dayroom--and the way we floated around the floor attracted a lot of eyes. Any clunk could look like a good dancer if they had Yuriko as a partner. We stayed for 3 dances and we were reluctant to leave but we had to catch the late boat. It did not come in until about 10:00. The water was very choppy and the boat rocked from side to side, but it was fun. As usual, it was stuffy in NYC. After we got back to Yuriko's apartment, we went down to the kitchen and talked about an hour. Rhoda and LaMar are not too considerate about the apartment at times and it places Yuriko in a difficult position. She puts up with so much, but it is getting like the story of the Camel who moved into the Arab's tent and dispossessed him. I didn't sleep too much last night because Yuriko was too much on my mind and I kept thinking about what a considerate and grand girl she was. I overslept this morning and had to rush out after a hasty kiss in order to make the boat. I made it with one minute to spare but I had to run from the station. I'm glad that we are not too busy today because I am still up in the clouds thinking about what nice mutual adjustments we are making to each other and how pleasurable complete love can be.

I plan to start my September class of DD's this week if I can get a list of names of eligible inmates. The latest word is that the inmates coming from overseas will be here sometime this month, but nobody knows for sure. The pressure may be on again at any minute. The case workers are just verifying criminal records from FBI reports now and they don't have much to do. My classes do not require full time so I have been doing a bit of reading afternoons.

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There is a chance that I may not get off the post as often as before because we are going to be put on night CQ at the hospital three or four times a month and this will be sure to ruin at least one weekend per month. Sherwood still has to find out why my name is on the roster because the Colonel stated previously that if we were attached to the DB we would not be subjected to extra duty at the hospital. I don't know how it will turn out yet, but I hope that I won't have to do night work. It will be terrible to get stuck on this post when Yuriko no longer comes up. She is planning to come one more time before she ends her dancing classes, and then she will concentrate on her own fall recital. She may take a few days vacation up here early next month.

Emiko writes to inquire why I haven't written in weeks, even months. I guess I have been too busy with Yuriko! But it forces me to think about the family situation, I've been consciously avoiding it, I know. There is the economic support of the family to consider. When I get out of the Army there will be no allotments and it was the major source of income. But, I feel that I am entitled to finish up my graduate work. Emiko still has a year to go, and Bette won't be in a position to help for a while yet. I don't know what to do, but I think that I may be able to work part time while going to school and sending enough to supplement the other family income--which is small. Mariko gives the money saved from income taxes so that it isn't a large drain upon her financially as it appears at first. It isn't fair to her, but what can I do? Alice is in no position to help, not Jack either. Tom should go on to college. It bothers me, but I have to consider my own future and it causes me some concern now because Yuriko has entered the picture and I know that I won't be happy unless I am near her even though there isn't any solution yet to what will happen. I just feel that it won't end as a passing fancy based on physical emotions as it

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is deeper than that as far as I am concerned and I think that Yuriko feels the same way. I can't see myself going back to Chicago now, but it all depends upon what happens in the next few months in my relationship with Yuriko. It frightens me to even think of the possibility that the great romance will go with the wind; and I try to convince myself that it has deeper meaning than that. Yuriko has said so many times that she really loves me greatly and I am going on that; it is what I want to believe and that's all that's all that matters as the future will take care of itself in other respects. She is the most important being in my life now, and I know that my final decision will be based on that, but it creates a lot of problems about the family future. I don't feel this way because of any attitude of close family kinship but because I feel a moral responsibility not to leave them in midstream. I'm sure that they can make it if I can arrange to send them some small income if I work part time while completing my MA work out here. There is also the problem of getting into school here, but I'm sure that can be worked out when the time comes to take definite steps.

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I got such a nice letter from Yuriko yesterday that I was up in the air. It was a good thing that I was not too busy. Our office has been very slow in activity lately, and most of the personnel do not have anything to do. The only thing which keeps me busy is the classes I have. Yesterday I spent all afternoon talking to one of the inmates who voluntarily came here seeking advice. He was in a very disturbed state of mind and he said that he came to me because some of the inmates had told him that the "Filipino T4" at the P and S office could help him. Davis claimed that he had some sort of tension in his head and he was afraid that he was going insane. The hospital gave him an X ray but could find no organic reason for it. He felt that it might be due to his present state of nervousness and had a long story to tell about how he had never been able to adjust to Army life in the five years since he was drafted. He was quite concerned about his wife and two children and felt that the army was doing him a great wrong by holding him in confinement. He was convicted of desertion in France and sentenced to 20 years--drank excessively while overseas in order to escape from the reality of his situation. Said that his head felt like it was being pumped up with air and that he might blow his top. Wondered if I could help him out. Davis has always tended to be melancholy, solitary, extremely sensitive. Although he is 31 years old he never made good job adjustments because he always felt that his bosses were picking on him, and this paranoid trait is still very pronounced. He has no self confidence, extreme fear of ridicule. I arranged for an interview with Captain Cohen for him although he was reluctant to see an officer. His original recommendation by the Board was a blue discharge because of extreme psychopathic traits but it was turned down by Washington. He should be released. Davis will come in to see me twice weekly for half hour individual psychotherapy. I told him that I could not solve his problems but that I would be glad to listen to him

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and perhaps he could work out some plan of action for himself if he developed some insight into his situation. Confinement in a place like this is enough to drive anyone into an extreme anxiety state. I am trying to talk Captain Cohen into pushing a blue discharge for Davis as he won't get any rehabilitation here.

The inmates from overseas still have not arrived, but they are expected to come any day now. I am going ahead with my plan to start the September class and I will meet them for the first time on Friday. This afternoon I will sneak off as Sherwood is going to cover me while I go to NYC. Tomorrow I will go in again. During the lull period the personnel is getting one afternoon a week off, but I haven't been taking mine because of my class schedule. Major Sanford may take over the head of the hospital soon as the colonel is about to be forcibly retired from the Army. The colonel doesn't wish to leave the security of the Army after 30 or more years of it because he is afraid to face the outside world and he doesn't have a home. He flew down to Washington yesterday to try and get reinstated for five more years. If the Major gets in charge of the hospital, it may help our position. Actually Sherwood and I are the only ones left in the medics to come down here, but the Major would like to transfer some of the others from the headquarters company to our group in order to make our office more unified. The Major is a nice guy, not vicious, but he certainly has refined the art of goofing off. He is hardly ever down here as he takes official trips of inspection to other DB's on Army time. He is not a real psychiatrist anyway. Major Wolfe was the best man we had and I enjoyed working under him the most. Just heard that Wolfe is now the consulting psychiatrist for MGM studios. He had a \$25,000 a year practice in NYC before he came into the army, but moved west because of his wife's health.

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August 22, 1946, Thursday

A.M.

Business is picking up in this office; we have 16 men for processing. We have so few case workers now that Fuller and I will probably be doing most of them since Dirscoil and Elman are on furlough. Spiers, Haupt are doing testing and Yribar is the Major's secretary. I have to split my time between the classes and processing, but fortunately there is no rush on these cases--yet. We still have not heard about what became of the 80-300 inmates expected.

I only had two hours of sleep last night, but I don't feel sleepy at all. Yuriko has a hard day of teaching ahead of her so I feel a bit guilty about making her lose her sleep. She was so tired last night because she had taught $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours straight and she puts tremendous energy into her dancing. I was able to be in NYC by 2:30 as Sherwood covered for me at the hospital and he gave me the afternoon off. I have one more afternoon coming yet and I will use it today. I left the post yesterday right after lunch and I got a ride from my barracks right to the subway in NYC from a couple of the GI's driving in. I went over to Yuriko's studio to pick her up, and she introduced me to Mickey McGovern, the potential Selznick Hollywood star--very pretty too, and then after Yuriko had lunch we went down to Wanamaker's as she wanted to shop for a raincoat. We wandered through the store but she couldn't find anything that she liked. Yuriko is very self assured in a store and she just goes and helps herself without bothering any of the salesladies. There is nothing timid about her. She is always attracting attention and other lady customers come around to give her advice on things to buy. We were in the baby department looking for a present for one of Yuriko's friends, and I was embarrassed because we looked like a married couple the way we were holding tightly to each other! It certainly is interesting to go shopping with her. Yuriko said that she was going to make time to have a baby some day, but I jokingly

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told her that it would be just as easy to adopt one if she were too busy with her career. She got very serious and said that it was unfair to ask me to wait when she didn't know what the outcome would be but that she did love me more than any guy she had ever met. Her point was that marriage with her would be too difficult because of her intense interest in her career, but she said that she was no longer worried that her individuality would suffer. Later in the evening we told each other that we were spiritually married and "mutually engaged." I don't ~~know~~ ~~to~~ know when Yuriko will make up her mind to get married, if ever, but it doesn't seem to be a hopeless matter now. We have had so much happiness together that I wouldn't want anything to ever break it up.

After I took Yuriko back to her studio for her evening classes, I went back to the apartment and took a nap until about 7. Rhoda is back on the evening job with the book company. She received a terrible disappointment when she was not selected for the musical play she thought she was getting into, but she has a couple of other leads she is following up. It's a tough life getting into show business. LaMarr came back with Rhoda about 9:30 and he said that he still has nothing definite although the "Hamlet" deal is still pending. Yuriko has an intense interest in Rhoda and she is very worried that she does not get hurt. Rhoda is very much in love with LaMarr and it seems to be mutual, but nothing has been said about marriage although license has been taken in other directions. Yuriko doesn't want to see Rhoda get hurt by the relationship becoming just an "affair," but this is a matter which is personal and even best friends can't say much. We feel that our own situation is much different, but sometimes I think about the proverb about people living in glass houses. Modern civilization is certainly complex!

I cooked the dinner in order to make it easier for Yuriko, and she

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rewarded me with sweet and affectionate kisses when she got back about 8. We had a most enjoyable meal, very cozy. Afterwards we played gin rummy until about midnight, and when LaMarr went home Yuriko and I talked and kissed until about 3;30. She was so wonderful to me, and we kept telling each other how close we felt to one another.. Yuriko finishes with her teaching next week and then she starts intensive practice for her concert. She may not come up Friday night because she has to meet some woman from the Ballet to work out arrangements for her appearance with the company.. I slept a deep and relaxing two hours before the alarm shrilled at me to get up and be on my way. When I saw Yuriko's warm beauty framed by her smooth black hair against the background of the pillow, I almost felt like going AWOL.. I will be going in again this afternoon sometime to escort her to Ethel's party this evening. It doesn't seem right that I should have such intense happiness like this.

Friday, August 23, 1946.

My visit to NYC yesterday was enjoyable as usual; I am afraid that I look forward more to time off than work these days. It is a combination of factors. The office here has slowed down for one thing, and for another I am beginning to think a bit more in terms of the future as I only have $5\frac{1}{2}$ more months left in the service and the time slips by so rapidly. The biggest reason, of course, for lack of concentration on my work is Yuriko. She is such an enticing person that the thought of her clings to my mind constantly; it hasn't gotten to the daydreaming stage but there are moments when her vision creeps into my mind when I should be thinking about other things. The fact that we do not have a rush of work gives me more time for the pleasant pasttime of having nice thoughts. That is the way love must affect a person. I'm still very conscious of the agonies of war and peace which the country is going through, but

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these things seem to be so remote. That is the trouble with most of us; we get so engrossed in our personal affairs that millions of people could starve and we wouldn't give it a passing thought--we just blame Russia for everything to salve our conscience. On my way to NYC yesterday, I got an interesting ride with a Mrs. Wagner's pie truck. The driver delivers all up and down the coast here and he offered to take me on a scenic tour so I got a first hand description of all the local history. He knew all about the various diners along the road and which businesses were opened up by GI's, etc. The driver went into a long tirade about how politics was ruining personal initiative and the threat of a Negro invasion into New Jersey; "They are lowering all the property values and industry won't come in if there are too many colored people here; mind you, I don't have nothing against them as they are entitled to make a living, but they should go to some other states too." The driver was certain that Russia was preparing for another war now and he felt that an atom bomb should be dropped upon Jugoslavia now before Tito became too much of a Communist. The driver did not have much faith in the UNO; he said that he believed in the League of Nations with passionate optimism after the last war but became disillusioned that nations could ever work together because of economic self interests. His solution to the present world problems was for us to crawl back into a shell and let the rest of the world "knock itself off." I couldn't agree with his point of view and I merely said that I thought that the UNO was going through some growing pains but that it was the only hope for world cooperation. We stopped at several places for coffee and he treated me. Said that he had been in Mexico, and didn't know that I was of Japanese descent until I told him that I couldn't speak Spanish because I was not a Latin American.

I got into NYC about 3 and a former army officer drove me right up to Yuriko's door because he thought I was a stranger in town and he didn't

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want me to get lost. A lot of people have mentioned that the public no longer cares for the GI's since the war is over, but I still find that most people are helpful and there are many advantages in having a uniform on while hitchhiking. Yuriko did not have to teach so many hours yesterday as her schedule was cut for the day and therefore she was not as worn out as I expected her to be. We just relaxed, talked, and took a nap for the rest of the afternoon, and it was most soothing to be with her. I feel so close to her that it is painful when we are not together. She feels the same towards me, and that remains the chief reason why she is afraid that marriage might be too difficult. We didn't discuss it at all, but lightly spoke about how nice it would be. Yuriko wished that we could go away for a week after her concert in October. She may come up here over the Labor Day holidays. Life certainly would be dull in contrast if I had never met her! Yuriko means so much to me.

We kept postponing getting dinner ready because we were so absorbed in each other, but finally decided that we should eat so that we could get over to Ethel's in time. Yuriko prepared a very tasty meal, and we had a cozy time all alone at dinner. Rhoda ate out with LaMarr. Afterwards we went over to Ethel's apartment and I met the roommate, Doris, and Paul. Rhoda and LaMarr came over later. It was a pleasant way to spend an evening in light social conversation and the discussion centered mostly around dancing, Broadway plays, business deals, the Army. Paul seems to know just about everybody on Broadway from the way he talks, a very smart business man, utterly materialistic. Yuriko just can't understand what Ethel sees in him to attract her so much because he is always talking about profits. There was quite an interesting discussion on modern dancing and LaMarr said that he just couldn't understand a lot of what it meant. I kept quiet because I've never seen any modern dancing and I don't know anything about it anyway. I just listened intently to Yuriko because her eyes light up

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so much when she is talking and she is so expressive, and lovely. She told about the Greek girl in her class who was in the underground for five years, but who is now trying to get back into her own personal life. Yuriko said that the girl psychologically held back in class, but that she had beautiful movements in private. Yuriko feels these things so deeply; no wonder she is such a good dancer. Doris didn't have too much to say and she was busy preparing refreshments a lot of the time so I didn't get much of an impression of her. Ethel was most charming; she certainly is a very nice person. She has a nice apartment there, many art objects and books around the place. Afterwards we played "illegitimate gin rummy" and LaMarr won. It was so nice and homelike to be among such agreeable company and I enjoyed myself a great deal. I would enjoy being any place if Yuriko were around!

I slept from one to five-thirty so that I was most tired this morning. On top of that Lt. Sless was raising hell about me coming in on the boat, but he just likes to blow. He wants everybody around here to be a stooge and bow to him. Sherwood has been stripped of most of his responsibility and he is just like an office boy now; that's why he wants to get transferred to Greenhaven. I tried to talk him into coming into the psychotherapy work with me, but he thinks that it is too much work. We had a staff meeting today and worked out our procedure for the new men when they arrive. There isn't anymore case worker material left among the typists on our staff so I can't train any more new ones to replace Fuller, etc. who are being discharged as fathers. Most of the morning I had a group meeting with the September DD's. They were very resistant and they didn't want to come. This is the way all of my classes start and I am not discouraged because these inmates are so filled with fear about civilian life that they have to take it out on somebody. It was quite a session. I left it a voluntary matter for them to come back again~~xx~~ next week, and I think

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that I'll get most of them here as they appeared to be interested and they ran the meeting one hour overtime. This afternoon I have to process an ex officer as his case history has not been written up yet for Boarding. We have about 35 inmates here who need case histories done on them, but we are going about it very leisurely.

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August 26, 1946, Monday

I had a pleasant weekend with Yuriko; she came in Saturday morning and we spent most of the time on the beach. We have practically lived down there this summer. Yuriko may continue to come up weekends in September if it does not get too cold and if her work plans will allow it. She will end her teaching classes this next week and then start concentrating on her recital. Yuriko worked hard during the summer in order to save up enough money to pay for her concert expenses, but now she is a bit worried that she may not have enough because she has had to spend so much supporting Rhoda during the period of unemployment. Yuriko was a bit disappointed at the easy way in which Rhoda is now changing her career plans in hopes of getting married as she feels that she has been let down and that the drive to get a career was not as strong as Rhoda let on. She said that she wanted Rhoda to be happy, but that she was a bit surprised that one could give up ambitions so easily. Yuriko doesn't quite realize that not all people have the terrific drive to succeed like she has and that she can't judge on these standards because most people will be more "human." There is no reason why Rhoda could not have both aspirations realized, the same for Yuriko. She is so generous that it was natural for her to be a bit let down because she didn't fully understand Rhoda's motivations in seeking a career in the first place. It was always secondary to marriage, but Rhoda probably did not admit this during the time she didn't have such definite marital prospects. I am planning to transfer my bank account to NYC so that I can put it in the bank here jointly with Yuriko as I feel that what I have is hers anyway and it might as well be put to good use. Yuriko objects strenuously, but I am not going to do it with the idea that I want to be her "sponsor"; it is just for her alone that I want to do it. Yuriko was a bit upset because I gave her the rest of my money on hand for a present to buy shoes. She always

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says that I am the one who is gaining and I like to do things for her. It's just that I feel close to her. We missed each other so much Friday night because we were so used to being together that night.

Yuriko said that the Ballet Russe or Monte Carlo, I don't remember which, wanted her to do a special dance for them in a "Green Mansions" production and that it would not be presented for six months but that she may have to go to Chicago several times to rehearse. She thinks now that the season with Martha Graham will not open until January so that she will teach for Martha Graham until then and earn enough for her living expenses. Being a modern dancer does not automatically put one into the money as the earnings are periodic. She doesn't know if the company will go to Europe in the Fall or not, but thinks they will go to Europe for several months next summer. I'll miss her terribly, but will be glad that she is achieving her aspirations. I still feel that I would never attempt to put any obstacles in the way of her career. We talked of many things during the time we were down on the beach Saturday night, staying down there until about midnight. We built a terrific fire on the beach, and had a nice time talking and looking at the stars. We talked about serious things as well as light stuff. We were wondering about the mystery of the Universe when we looked up at the clear stars. We felt so alone and happy. After we went back up to the dayroom porch we talked until about two on something else which Yuriko brought up. We never get tired of talking to each other; it is such a rapturous feeling to be with her and feel that we are closely united in all ways. It is truly the happy life. We got up fairly early Sunday morning and had a few games of strenuous ping pong; we are about even in competition. Yuriko taught me some more about dancing and I seem to be improving, but actually it is because she makes me look good. Rhoda and LaMarr came up

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at noon on the boat so we got some extra pork sandwiches for them. We had nice and ideal swimming weather, a bit chilly in late afternoon. There were a lot of girls at the beach Sunday as they came up in buses from Newark. The medics were all there wolfing around, and a few of the boys got quite drunk. I never notice any of these girls who have been coming up because of full concentration on Yuriko. But I don't think that I exhibit any jealousy about her because I expect her to enjoy her friends among the medics and they all like her immensely. On the boat coming on Saturday morning, some GI tried to date her out, but she said that she was going steady with her boyfriend. Fellows automatically seem to fall for her; she has such a friendly and well developed personality. Yet she keeps saying that I am the only one she can really talk to about real personal things and that she never discusses a lot of things with Rhoda, her best friend, so that she knows she values my opinion highly. This is such nice flattery for my ears, and I can't say I dislike it. It is true that we talk freely about anything and we feel close and comfortable around each other. I surely am one lucky guy to have her in love with me, and I appreciate it so much because it was the nicest thing which ever happened to me.

I don't know if LaMarr and Rhoda had a good time Sunday because they don't quite seem to fit into our group out at the beach. Yet they accused us of being aloof. Yuriko and I both like to go for long swims and we went along the beach for over a mile once and they thought that we were deserting them. The rest of the time we were playing around with the medics. When it got chilly we went to an early show, and saw a stinkeroo "Holiday in Mexico." Afterwards we played ping pong until it was time to leave on the 10:00 p.m. boat. We got into NYC about 12:30 and were exceedingly hungry because we had not eaten for so long

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so we proceeded to look for a place to eat. Rhoda was trying to get us to go back to the apartment, but Yuriiko didn't feel like cooking and she got a bit irritated when Rhoda kept getting anxious. Rhoda was thinking of LaMarr's finances, but she was too insistent. I tried to ease her mind by paying the whole bill because it is hard for an unemployed GI to be taking a girl out on dates all the time. LaMarr is a nice guy and quite generous. They are just different types from Yuriiko and I because we are inclined to be less practical and conservative about things, and we don't have quite the degree of insecurity which they have. I have a temporary refuge in the Army, and Yuriiko is doing quite nicely with her career so that she is very stable and secure. And of course we feel that our mutual intensity for each other is deeper, but we may be biased! The four of us get along very well and we have had a lot of fun together, but lately we seem to be going more our own way. I think that part of it is due to the feelings which Yuriiko has about Rhoda judging her by her own standards, which is unfair to Yuriiko. She has the highest of character and is completely honest in her feeling for me and there is an understanding between us. The unity which is between us is so complete that I just don't have any doubt like I had at first. Yuriiko and I were so absorbed in us that we only slept about two hours all night. She had some kind of a dream about me leaving her so that in the middle of the night she had to come and wake me up just to make sure! It was so sweet of her, I felt an overwhelming tenderness towards her then. She said that her fence was rapidly rusting, and meant it. It is certainly nice to experience the complete genuine happiness we feel in one another. It does things to me!

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Diary

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There was some objection about my coming in on the boat. The Major just likes to throw his weight around some time because of a guilty conscience. I don't get Saturday mornings off so Lt. Sless agrees that I should have the privilege of coming in on the morning boat. It was simply a matter of who has the authority to give me permission, and I hope that it doesn't interfere with my Wednesday evening plans to go see Yuriiko because I might be tempted to go AWOL even though I have seen so much of the unhappy results of what happens to the GI's who did it overseas. I don't think that I am blunting any sense of duty either because I am one of the very few who does real work around this office. Had an interview which tied me up most of the day. I haven't done it for so long that it takes a bit longer. The Major insists upon us going ahead with the interviewing of the 27 men who came in recently even though we do not have GCMO numbers or service records on them yet. It will mean that there will be a duplication of effort when we finally do get all the records, but the Major is the boss and I won't argue. Sless doesn't like the edict either because it is impractical and so unnecessary. The Major just doesn't know our routine because he hasn't been down here enough, but he has the power to give out with the orders and in the Army one gets accustomed to doing things very screwily without regard for logic or good administration. Fuller got discharged today so that we only have five case workers now and our work is divided on top of that. I had to get the staff together this afternoon and work out a routine which would not place too much supervision upon them because I have always felt that they do their best work with the least amount of outside pressure. There is also a rumor that either Sherwood or I may get transferred to Greenhaven as they need an experienced person badly up there, but I am counting on the Major not to release me because I am the only trained psychiatric worker left here, which is not saying too much at

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that. Sherwood likes the idea of going there as he is PO'd at this place and he doesn't have a job anyway; also it will be closer to his home. I want to be as near as NYC as possible so that I can see Yuriko. What an uncertain life! But I'm not unhappy and I won't worry about it until the time comes. I guess I'll go phone Yuriko now; she must be so tired from a hard days work.

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Diary

August 27, 1946, Tuesday

midnight:

I'm on CQ at the station hospital this evening, but it hasn't been too bad. At least I've been able to write some long delayed letters. I wrote Bette asking her to send my money here as I want to open up an account in NYC for residence purposes just in case I decide to remain out this way. I also want Yuriko to have access to my money altho she probably will refuse to use any of it. A little while ago I phoned her and was greatly saddened to hear that she was ill with a sore throat and back. I felt so worried about her that I just got through writing her a 13-page letter and I feel most fatigued now. I had a hard day at the office as I was busy interviewing and conducting a group psychotherapy class. I didn't waste a single minute. Right after eating this evening I took a little nap and then came on duty here at 7:30. I will be on until 7:30 in the morning and then I will go to the office for another day's work after that. It's pretty rugged. The CQ job has been most quiet this evening and I haven't had to answer the phone many times. I was fed nice steak sandwiches at 11 p.m. so that my stomach is contented. But my back is sore as I have been sitting here and writing steadily for over four hours. I haven't written many letters recently except to Yuriko and I guess I pour out my feelings to her the most these days so that I haven't had too much time for these diary entries. There is a little cot here and I'll be taking a short nap soon because I'm getting awfully sleepy. The operator on the phone will ring me in case we get any business in the hospital.

August 27, 1946

Gaspar Giannini #686

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I Social.

Inmate, 25, was born 9 April 1921 in NYC, the oldest of five living siblings. Five other siblings died during childhood. Father has always been a laborer, but never able to provide adequately for the family because of his prolonged illness due to a weak heart condition. Family suffered from extreme economic deprivations, but it was a closely knit unit and there were no strong conflicts. Inmate has a high regard for his father and claims that he always go along well

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with him. Inmate stated that his family had to depend upon public assistance until he was about 19 years of age. Father worked as a janitor for the police department until 1927 when he became too ill to continue and the main support for the family group since then has been the public welfare department. Inmate stated that there was a great deal of illness in the family, and the standard of living was marginal. He has always felt a strong responsibility for the family and during his civilian work career he turned over a large part of his earnings in order to help support it. He got along well with his mother, and appeared to have been somewhat dependent upon her.

Inmate feels that he made good adjustments during childhood and in civilian life and that most of his present difficulties is a result of recent conditions rather than past circumstances. He was reluctant to vocalize freely about his childhood for this reason. Stated that he had a normal childhood without any serious personality difficulties, and denied any severe neurotic traits. Since age 3 inmate has suffered from severe headaches which he believes is the result of getting hit on the nose with a ball. Claims that he was always sociable and got along well in group activities, very fond of sports. Was always inclined to be non-talkative, and claims that he has an explosive temper at times. Always has shown a strong degree of self confidence outwardly, but admits to some feelings of insecurity. Inmate indicated that he is subjected to some feelings of persecution because of oversensitivity. Inmate is an occasional drinker and smoker, but denies the use of drugs. He has had normal heterosexual adjustments since the age age of 15. At the age of 22 in 1943, inmate was married to a 21 year old girl after a courtship of four years. He claims that his marital adjustments have been excellent, but complicated by his wife's poor health and baby's illness. States that this is the source of all of his army maladjustments. Wife suffers from heart trouble and is somewhat sickly, unable to do hard work. A daughter born in 1944 has been afflicted with anemia and a

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rare blood disease since birth and has required many blood transfusions. Inmate claims that this is his greatest worry at the present time since the child will always suffer from this disease. States that he worries about his family problems constantly and this has caused him great unhappiness. Inmate applied for a Family Dependency discharge in mid 1945, but it was denied and since then he has been unable to accept military responsibilities as he feels that the Army has no sympathy for his present problems. Claims that this is the main reason why he went AWOL. Wife is dependent upon him, and did not oppose his plan of moving while AWOL. Inmate had a draft card under the name of Carmine Arcolio during his period of AWOL and worked as a paint sprayer in NYC.

II Educational.

Inmate completed 8th. grade, never did care much for schooling and quit at the age of 17. Claims that he did not start school until he was 8 years of age and that he failed a couple of times because of his inability to learn. Was occasionally truant. Projects his failure to environmental factors.

III Occupational

Inmate worked part time shining shoes to help the family support during the time he was in school. He was unable to obtain a full time job after he quit school so he joined the CCC for six months and obtained an honorable discharge. During 1939 and part of 1940 inmate was employed by the WPA as a laborer, earning \$52.00 a month which he turned over to family support. He quit the WPA to take a job as a laborer at \$25.00 a week in 1940 and remained on this job for almost a year. In 1941 inmate worked for 10 months as a laborer in a factory on Long Island and earned \$30.00 a week. For the next year he worked in Connecticut as a factory laborer at \$30.00 a week. During 1942 inmate returned to NYC and worked until he was drafted as a laborer at \$35.00 per week. Claims that he always helped to support his family and was considered a good worker although he

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never did associate much with his co-workers. Believes that his best skill is paint sprayer, a trade he learned while AWOL in the States, and he plans ^{is} to return to it eventually.

IV Civilian Criminal History.

Denies.

V Military History (unverified - service record not available.)

Inmate was inducted 20 August 1942 at Fort Dix. Resented it very much as he was more anxious to get into the Navy. After his basic training, inmate was assigned as a machine gunner in an anti aircraft outfit and he received further training at Camp Haan California. For 8 months he went on maneuvers with his outfit in Virginia. He was also at Camp Davis in North Carolina for 8 months before his AWOL. Has had 2 years, 5 months, 21 days good time. Present difficulties related to a series of events dating back to mid 1944. Inmate never served overseas; highest rank reached was Pvt. Claims that he received a two weeks restriction once for company punishment when his Co was lenient about a 16 day AWOL. He only received a short furlough so he took the extra days to get married and go on a honeymoon. Since January 31, 1944 inmate has only had two months good time in the Army as he has been AWOL and in confinement the rest of the time.

Inmate stated that he has always been unhappy in the Army because of his inability to adjust to the more restrictive life and he did not feel his military responsibilities too deeply because of his preoccupation with his family difficulties: "I felt I could never fit into it." Stated that he became despondent when his family problems became severe and his CO expressed no understanding or sympathy for his situation. Became more and more worried and depressed and could not keep his mind on his military duties. Was extremely solitary and did not mix readily with the other soldiers, but brooded

most of the time about his problems. Convinced himself that he was of no value to the army and that it was too inconsiderate of his situation so decided to take matters into his own hands. Stated that his feelings were so disturbed that he convinced himself that his family was of greater importance than his mission in the Army. Had recurring and severe headaches constantly and still suffers from them. Claimed that his nerves got shaky, bit nails, prolonged moody spells, easily irritable and lost temper quickly; finally went AWOL in order to solve his problems.

VI Previous Military Offenses (unverified -- no service record available.)

Inmate was rather vague about the details of his previous offenses, but stated that he had two court martials before the present offense. While in basic training in 1942 inmate received a summary CM, violation of AW 96, for insubordination. Stated that he received a 30 day sentence and served 15 days of this time in confinement, also 2/3 forfeiture of pay for one month. Claimed he lost his temper and disobeyed the orders of a NCO.

Inmate received a special CM for violation of AW 61, AWOL 6 days, in 1943 while at Camp Davis, and received a 3 mo CHL, and 2/3 forfeiture for like period. Served 60 days confinement before restoration duty. Stated that he overstayed his furlough because his wife was ill with heart trouble and she was "carrying" a child. Claimed that he wired for an extension but it was refused so he took the time anyway, as he believed that it was a serious emergency.

VII Present Offense.

By GCMO #203, inmate was charged with violation of AW 58, desertion but convicted of AW 61 for AWOL from 31 January 1944 to 18 June 1944 when he surrendered himself at Fort Totten, New York. He was sentenced by the 1st. Air Force at Mitchel Field in July 1944 to suspended DD, TR, and five years CHL, and sent to the second service command Rehabilitation Center at Camp

Upton. By GCMO # 187, effective 3 May 1945, inmate's unexecuted portion of the sentence was suspended and he was returned to duty. After two months of service, inmate again went AWOL on 1 July 1945 and he was not apprehended until 21 June 1946. By GCMO #46, dated 22 July 1946, Hdqtrs. 1st. Army, inmate's original unexecuted portion of the sentence was ordered into execution as well as DD executed. Inmate arrived at this installation on 6 August 1946, and his sentence now expired on 8 April 1949.

Inmate stated that at the time of his original AWOL in 1944, he had just come out of the guardhouse on his special CM sentence and he asked for a pass^{to}/go home in order to see his brother. His brother had come back from overseas after a three year absence and was scheduled to return. Inmate felt that he would like to see him once because there was a chance that he would get killed in action, but his CO refused permission for a pass. Although his outfit was on alert at the time, inmate decided to go home anyway. He missed his brother, was so angered at the army that he decided he would stay for a while and look after his wife who was carrying a child at the time. After three months, inmate became so worried about what would become of him that he turned himself in. He spent 10 months in confinement at Camp Upton and Slocum before he was restored to duty in May 1945. He applied for a dependency discharge in June 1945 because of his worries about his wife and child, and when it was denied inmate decided to leave the army permanently on his own volition. He moved his family in NYC, got a job as a paint sprayer, but worried constantly about apprehension. He was picked up by the FBI in June 1946.

Inmate expressed strong feelings about his DD being executed. Believes that the Army should have taken his family worries more into consideration, but he states that he is resigned to serve his time. Does not think that he would be a good risk for restoration because he cannot predict his future behavior

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in the event that family complications develop as he still insists that his primary responsibility is to them. Was sincere in stating that he plans to make the best of his stay in confinement and has no grudge towards the Army. Does not think that his family should be made to suffer, and he is hopeful that some consideration for clemency will be granted. States that he is the only one who can give his baby a blood transfusion as the other members of his family are all anemic. It does not appear that prolonged confinement will materially assist inmate in rehabilitation as long as family complications exist. Clemency recommended, medium security.

Leonard Verucci #696

August 28, 1946

I Social

Inmate, 22, was born 10 December 1923, the 3rd of 10 siblings, in Wilmington Delaware. Father has been a machinist for a number of years and now earns an adequate income, but during the depression there were some periods during which the family suffered economic deprivations. Inmate's father was born in Italy and he was inclined to worry a great deal -- once had a nervous breakdown. Described as a light drinker, moderately religious, strict in family discipline. The children had some conflict with father during the time they were growing up because of his insistence upon following "old country" traditions in the home. Inmate stated that he now respects his father highly and that he considers him a good father. Mother was a rather quiet woman, but inmate felt closer to her. Parents were compatible and there never was any separations. Inmate described his family as a close knit group, and he got along well with his siblings. His favorite was the youngest brother, and he quarrelled with the second brother the most because of some feelings of jealousy. The oldest brother was arrested as a boy once for petty larceny and he served a short time in the state reformatory. Family has always lived

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around Wilmington except for four years in Connecticut. There were never any serious illnesses in the family group, but mother is inclined to be high strung and one sister was under the doctor's care for a short time because of nervousness.

Inmate described his childhood as a happy one and he felt that he made good personality adjustments. He had many friends, and he was a follower in his gang. There was a tendency for him to indulge in impulsive behavior at times, often doing things on a dare. States that this was the main reason why he got into difficulties with the juvenile authorities on one occasion. There were no severe neurotic traits developed during childhood. Inmate stated that he had the usual fear of lightning and thunder and that he was afraid of the dark as a child. He was knocked unconscious for one minute at the age of nine as a result of boxing with his brother but suffered no serious after effects. Stated that he has recently been bothered with severe headaches which last about 2-3 days a month. Described himself as being a sociable person by inclination and that he participated freely in social activities in civilian life and indulged in sports a great deal. Claims that he is a light drinker and smoker, and denies ever using any drugs.

Norman heterosexual adjustments since age 20. Inmate was married in January 1945 to a 19 year old girl during an AWOL period. He had a 3 year courtship, and claimed that marital adjustments were good until he got into his present difficulties. Wife was considering separation, but now has decided to stick with him. There are no children.

II Educational.

Inmate completed the 10th grade of school, made average grades and did not experience any strong difficulties in his studies. Stated that he went to work at the age of 17 in 1940 because he felt that his education was complete enough and he had to find a job.

III Occupational.

Inmate was in the CCC's for six months in 1941 and he received a dishonorable discharge because of his inability to adjust himself to the work in the project. He worked as a painter for 10 months in 1943 in a shipyard and earned \$34.00 weekly. Between 1941 and 1944 inmate did various laboring jobs, - landscape assistant, driller's helper, material handler in dye works. He was unemployed for varying periods in between jobs. Considers landscape gardner as his highest skill at the present time and would like to continue with it upon return to civilian life.

IV Civilian Criminal History.

Inmate was arrested by juvenile authorities in 1937 when he was 14 years of age for breaking and entering a grocery store with four of his friends and stealing approximately \$50.00 worth of goods. He was given an indefinite sentence to the Ferris Industrial School in Delaware where he served four years before he was released on the merit system. Stated that he got along fairly well in the reformatory but that he did escape for four days once because he got homesick.

Inmate was arrested at age 21 after he got into the Army and he served 10 months of a one year sentence in the State prison for breaking and entering a pawn shop and stealing about \$100.00 worth of goods. This offense is in connection with his present military offense of AWOL. (see section VII)
Denies any other civilian arrests

V Military History.

Inmate only had four months of good time in the Army before he got into his present difficulties. Stated that he was inducted on 22 August 1944 in Camden New Jersey and that he was rather anxious at that time to get into service because he had some strong war motivations and all of his friends were already in. He took basic training at Camp Croft, but did not adjust too easily

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to the situation because of some impulsive behavior. Was assigned as a basic soldier and transferred to Fort Meade, going AWOL enroute. Highest rank reached was private. Stated that he got along with the soldiers well, but for some unknown reason he was put on KP for three weeks straight and this led to his first military offense. Claims that he liked army life, and that he still wants to be in it because he believes that he could make proper adjustments now.

VI Previous Military Offenses.

By summary court martial, dated 16 December 1944, inmate was convicted of violation of AW 61 for AWOL 29 days and sentenced to 2 months CHL and \$60.00 fine. Returned to duty after serving 38 days. Inmate stated that he got so disgusted with 3 weeks straight of KP assignment that he decided to take off. His fiancée came down to Spartansburg, So. Carolina, and inmate spent the whole time with her. She did not suspect that he was AWOL, according to his story. Finally turned himself in as he became worried about what would happen to him.

VII. Present Offense.

By GCMO #62, dated 5 August 1946, inmate was convicted of being AWOL from his station at Fort DuPont from about 5 March 1945, but was given a furlough enroute. He felt certain that he would be shipped overseas so decided to get married immediately. He asked for a 3 day extension of his leave, and when it was denied decided to take it anyway for a honeymoon. He was picked up by the civil police in February 1945 and sent to Fort Du Pont. He remained there for two weeks and then went to town without a pass one night. Met a civilian friend who proposed they they jointly rob a pawn shop. He was caught four days after the robbery, and held by the civil authorities for four months before trial and sentenced to serve one year in July 1945. His CO was notified of his arrest, but the Army did not do anything about it. Inmate was in the Newcastle State Prison from July 1945 until February 1946 and then turned over to the military authorities. He was given a general court martial for being

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August 28, 1946

for being AWOL this entire period (sentence adjudged 18 July 1946) and sent to this installation on 8 August 1946. Inmate was very contrite about his offense, and felt that he had been fairly dealt with by the Army and that he got off lucky with only a one year sentence. He is anxious to restore to duty and his present motivations appears to be excellent. Inmate is willing to serve 18 months in any military theater in order to earn an honorable discharge and he strongly expressed the opinion that he has learned his lesson that he will not get into further difficulty. Indicated that his past behavior was partly caused by impulsiveness and error in judgment and he does not appear to have serious criminal tendencies despite his past offenses. Examining psychiatrist states in the JA review of the case that inmates delinquent behavior during childhood could be blamed on his neighborhood gang influences, and that he was serving time in a state prison during the time he was marked AWOL. It was felt by the JA review that inmate should be given an opportunity to restore to duty because of the possibility that he was rehabilitable as a soldier. Restoration to duty recommended after further observation of conduct while in confinement.

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Diary

August 29, 1946, Thursday

I feel so contented and happy right now even though I only had 2 hrs of sleep Tuesday night while on CQ and four hours last night in NYC because I was with Yuriko and she seems better now. Yesterday was a busy day for me at the office, but I managed to leave the post by 3:30 and start hitch hiking to the city. But I got some very disturbing news just before I left. Lt. Kantor told me very confidentially that the DB here would definitely be closed by October 1st and that all of the staff would be shipped out by order of the War Department. There have been many rumors going around this place about pending closure, but Kantor seems to have the straight goods. He said that he was called in with the officers and they saw the official order on it. The Commandant of the DB tried to get the War department to keep this place open until October 15 so that the last Honor Company could finish up its training but it was denied. The inmates who were to have arrived here have definitely been sent to another installation. Kantor said that this might be moved down to Georgia. He claims that all of the civilian employ^{ment} whole installation/down here will be called together the day after Labor Day and the official announcement made and that they will be given a month's notice at that time. The officials here are going to great pains to keep the whole thing a secret until then because it might disturb the inmates and enlisted men if they found out before and they do not want any riots or anything down in the compounds over the holidays. There is a great tension in the compound now and any little thing could set the inmates off. Kantor said that there was a chance that the psychologists and psychiatric workers would not be sent out of the 1st Army Command because we are so essential and Governor's Island would not want to lose us to another Command because we couldn't be replaced. In that event we may be transferred to another DB in the area. The Chief of the Greenhaver P and S section was down here this morning, but I don't know what his

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tour of inspection was about. I do know that they want some of our 263's and Sherwood has put in to go there because it is closer to home.

The news hit me like a bolt of lightning, and I am just assuming that it is true. My first thoughts were of Yuriko and how much I would be missing her. It hurt. When I got into the City I phoned her right away, and she wanted to know immediately if I were really in town because she was hoping so much that I would come as she missed me so much and had me on her mind. By the time I got to her apartment, I was feeling so sentimental and sad. I told her about the latest rumor, and it disturbed her very much. She cried and I felt so awkward and didn't know what to do or say. We felt so close to each other at that moment. Yuriko then said that she had no doubt in her mind that she would marry me some day, but she still couldn't say when it definitely would be. This meant to me that her barbed wire fence around her has broken down, and I was happy in the knowledge that she cared for me so much. She said that she loved me deeply and that she wanted me for her husband, but that there were still some complications which bothered her mind. She said that she was sure of herself but that it was a strange and new sort of feeling for her because she had built up such a high wall against love previously that it would take her a little time yet to get used to the idea, but that she had no doubts it would come eventually. She was so sweet. Yuriko mentioned that one of the obstacles would be her mother because there would be great objection. I knew that was coming and I told her that as far as the formal practices of following certain Japanese customs was concerned, it was out and perhaps we could solve it by getting secretly married. Yuriko said that she had to have time to think some more about it because she wanted to be sure that it would not be too difficult for me to be married to a girl with such a strong drive for a career. I told her that she still should not force the issue but just think about

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it and that I would still be patient. She said I spoiled her too much and that our relationship was too one sided because I was always giving and she was always taking. She doesn't realize how much she gives to me in an more abstract way and it is not fair to judge by material things only. The question of marriage was not definitely settled; we were just talking about it but I feel like she does now--that it will eventually happen and my trust and confidence in her is complete so that I don't worry about a separation breaking up the fine relationship we have built up over the summer. I feel that it is true love on both our parts, and it is something wonderful and fine. We talked for about two hours on how much we would miss each other if I got transferred, and Yuriiko was very disturbed.

Yuriiko was still in bed when I got there and feeling rather miserable from a cold and a sore back. She said that she felt psychologically better as soon as I arrived and was so happy that I did come. It always surprises me to find out that she feels just as strongly for me as I do for her because such a thing never happened to me before--in this intensity. She still does know about her physical condition but thinks that her hunch may have been wrong and that she will know for sure after this weekend. She said that she was not worried and that she felt all the more a sense of being a part of each other. I don't feel either relieved or disappointed, just that I love her all the more. Yuriiko will not be teaching after this week and she said that if she feels better she would come up over the Labor Day Holiday. I was telling her about the difficulty I was experiencing in getting permission to come in on the morning boat and she said that she would go back from here in the morning after this since she did not have to teach so that solves that problem. I don't know why the Major and Sless are so concerned about my coming in

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on the boat, but I suspect that it is their guilty conscience. I don't advertise the work I am doing over in this building and I honestly feel that it is constructive and necessary so I don't waste my time down here playing cards like they do. I think they are jealous in a way and that's why they get picayunish at times and try to pick on every occasion in which they can prove to themselves that I am loafing just as much as they are. It doesn't worry me because I know what I am doing and I don't expect praise for it, but it makes it damned inconvenient at times. I want to stay here until I get out of the Army because I like the work, but it looks like it will not be that way. Lt. Kantor also has noticed how the Major and Sless seemed to be so concerned about me and he says it is jealousy. He said that Major Wolf always had a high opinion of my work and he used to discuss my cases in the staff meetings, and that was because he was a competent person and he could appreciate good work, but that Major Sanford and Sless are just windbags and they don't want any enlisted men to show that they have any ability because they feel so in-secure themselves. This might be the answer to the puzzle because I certainly put in more work hours than any person in our office. Kantor says that it is silly to do this in the Army because effort is never rewarded but I told him that I was doing it because I liked the work and I felt that I was getting valuable assistance and that my gin rummy skill could wait for its development when I had honest leisure time. I was aware of the fact that the morale of our unit has broken down, but not to this great degree because I haven't bothered myself about what the others were doing and just been interested mostly in my work. I also have been rather preoccupied with Yuriiko and thinking about her takes up all my leisure time. I have written letters to her on office time so I am not entirely blameless in this matter of taking it easy around here. But I only do it when there is no work to be done.

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Diary

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August 29, 1946, Friday

The rumors about this place closing up apparently is the truth, but the details have not been announced yet. I got a lot of my information from my inmate class yesterday so that they are in the know already. I get most of my information from them because they get all the news first from their grapevine sources. The latest dope is that the professional men in our department will be going to Greenhaven if the Corrections Department of the Army does not insist upon us being sent to Georgia, Camp Gordon. The First Army does not want to lose personnel from this command so that is in our favor. Our whole staff is in the agitated state right now, like the people were at Tanforan when all the rumors were circulating about going to a WRA camp and nobody knew the exact details. A lot of speculation has been going on about what it will be like in Georgia or Greenhaven and a full discussion was entered upon the respective climates and other advantages of the two places. I am resigned to leaving here, but I hope that it will be Greenhaven. It is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours by train from NYC, up near Poughkeepsie. We won't know until next week when the date for departure will be. I hope to get my 3 day pass in this month before I get transferred. Now that it seems almost definite that we will be moved, I am not so worried about it even though I hate the thought of not seeing Yuriko so often. That will be a little personal adjustment which I will have to make. It is a good thing that I don't have too much time left in the Army. If we are kept here until October, it would suit me fine because it would cut off one more month of service left in the Army. I am trying to get the remaining cases out of the way so that we won't be rushed here at the last minute. We have been working very steadily upon them during the past week or so and we are almost caught up now. I had a case this morning of a boy who stole a pair of \$2.00 officers shoes and he got a two year sentence. I was telling Sless about it and got into an argument when he said that he

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had no sympathy for the boy and that he deserved the time. He was so righteous about it and I told him that I had taken things under similar circumstances and I didn't think that I was a criminal. I took a rug from Poston when I went up there and I don't consider myself a wayward thief. Sless said that he would never think of taking anything and he had no pity for those who did. It didn't occur to me until later that he took combat boots, a pair of gloves and a barracks bag from the medical supply room last winter and I certainly am going to remind him of that this afternoon and then watch his face as he tries to answer that! That stuff he took was certainly worth more than \$2.00 and he cannot deny taking it because I helped him carry the shoes out. Why is it that people act so righteous when it comes to the next guy, but are able to rationalize if they do the same thing themselves?

Yuriko phoned at noon to say that she could not come up this weekend because of continued illness. It worries me a lot. She said that she was going to see a doctor today because her back was causing her a lot of pain and she didn't know what was wrong with her. I'm trying to get it cleared so that I can come in on the Tuesday morning boat since Monday is a holiday and it will sooth Dictator Sless if I ask him. ~~Ek.~~
~~Coffee, my CO~~ I don't want to make an issue of the boat business now even though Lt. Coffee, my CO, says it is okay. In the Army everybody wants to be the boss. I finished up a case this afternoon, but my mind wasn't very much on it. Most of the boys are taking a 3 day pass from Tues. to Fri. and they will be able to leave this evening, but we can't work such a deal in the medical detachment because it operates on a much stricter schedule. Just one of the pitfalls of being in the wrong company, but it doesn't bother me too much as it is always a lot of trouble trying to convince officers how inconsistent things are run.

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Diary

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August 31, 1946, Saturday

11:00 a.m.

I cleaned up my work early today because it was payday so that I had time to sit around for a while and listen to a bit of the gossip going on about the rumor that we will be closed soon. Now we are not so sure that this post will be closed down for sure or not because of the conflicting rumors. The fact that we are having from 90 to 150 men come in for processing next week may change the situation and now some of our officers are not so sure that we will be closing by October 1st. The latest rumor is that no announcement will be made until the time comes is because of the fact that it involves the inmates and all military movements have to be kept quiet because of security measures set up during the war. It is all very confusing. Captain Cohen told me this morning that he was not sure that we would be closed up but he thought it appeared very likely and he thought that the most experienced men would be going to Greenhaven because the First Army did not want to lose them. Nobody is saying anything official but a lot of rumors are certainly floating around. There is a great deal of anxiety among our typists because they are liable to be shipped overseas if they have more than 9 months of service left. I don't know what is going to happen but I suspect that a change is coming soon even though one cannot say a thing will happen for sure in the Army and the best thing to do is not to worry about it too much. At least we are going to be very busy from next week in the processing and it is likely that no passes will be given. That is the thing which will hurt because we always lose our time off whenever any excitement happens because we are needed "just in case" and nine times out of ten it is just a false alarm. That is why I was not so keen about putting in for my furlough because I wouldn't get the full time I was entitled to. I figure that if I hold off until just before I am discharged I could get about 30 days credit and then I could take it

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August 31, 1946

in terminal pay as I certainly could use the money. But if I am transferred to a post far from NYC then I would take the furlough and come out here to see Yuriko. Everything has to be a tentative plan depending upon what happens.

The inmates all have the latest news and it is a common saying about our office that "if the inmates tell you what is going to happen, it must be true because they have all the inside information on everything." The Negro inmates are highly disturbed because they believe that they are going to be sent to Camp Gordon and then sent out in "slave gangs" to pick peas and there is some unrest among them. The uncertainty bothers them a great deal because they have a lot more time to sit around and brood than the EM and their prospects for getting out of the Army is not so good as for EM. The rumors about transfers is a common thing in the Army and only reflects the insecurity of being in military service because one never gets settled any place. In a lot of cases the transfers are looked forward to so that it works out about even in the long run. In a short time I shall take off for NYC for a long weekend off and forget about the Army and this work. I phoned Yuriko last night and worried for a while because there was no answer but it was a wrong number. It was a relief to hear her voice. She said she went to the doctor and he thought it might be food poisoning. She concentrated for 30 minutes for me to phone so both of us must have had each other strongly in mind during the day. I hope that her present illness is nothing serious because her good health means so much to her and she has to start soon in preparing for her concert in October.
