

Diary.

8:00 PM



Fort Hamilton Hospital  
Brooklyn, NY

AMERICAN RED CROSS

1 November 1946, Friday

I feel fine, but the doctor insists that I keep on resting so why should I object? He doesn't know how much longer I will be here, but it will be over the weekend at the least. This easy life of a "country gentleman" is great stuff and boredom hasn't set in yet. The only thing I regret is that I can't get out to enjoy the beautiful warm Fall weather. For the past week we have been having perfect Indian Summer sunshine with the temperature between 70-80 — just as nice as the California climate!

I guess that I am making a very quick recovery from my illness and all of the

disagreeable symptoms have disappeared except a slight neck pain. Some of the boys in this ward have not been so fortunate and they are pretty ill. I can now get out of bed and go around visiting with them — we all have common gripe about the Army to air. There is only one offensive boy in the ward & he continually brags about what a great guy he is. He is so demanding of attention that Manuel hates to do things for him and some of the nurses avoid him. The boy interprets this as anti-semitism, but it is silly — it's just his disagreeable personality.



1 Nov '46

AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 3 -

Fortunately, most of the boys have relatives in Brooklyn so that every day their families come to visit them laden with all sorts of things to eat. afterwards, they pass the stuff around and I have to use a lot of will power not to eat everything. I don't need to build my body up.

most of the day I read the papers, Variety, Time, Esquire, Life and a novel "High Barbaree". I'm certainly getting in a lot of light reading. It's a pleasure to relax in bed and just



read leisurely without a care in the world. It is a sort of vocation!

The bright spot in my day is Yunko's visit. She just left and I miss her so much already. Yunko was busy moving today and she looked very tired as she dashed over here after a hasty dinner. Moving day is always a headache, but Yunko managed it successfully. She was all excited about color schemes for the bedroom and she said she could hardly wait until I come home permanently.

We are going to spend a minimum amount on furnish-





1 Nov. '46

AMERICAN RED CROSS

. 5 -

ings because we don't want to  
exhaust our savings too early.  
Bob Johns left a lot of things  
for our use, and Mrs. Ota  
will loan us other items since  
we are paying \$1.5 extra per  
month for it anyway.

Rhoda will be with  
Yvonne temporarily - and I  
hope that it is only that.  
She insists upon having Janor  
come overnight, and believes  
that calling herself married  
will solve that problem!  
Yvonne is only charging her  
\$1.5 a month rent in order to  
help her out, and to let her  
know that the arrangement is

only temporary. I certainly hope that Rhoda will find a place of her own soon although housing is so difficult. The trouble with Rhoda is that she has expensive tastes in everything without money to back it up so it makes a harder burden on those whom she relies upon. She will eventually have to settle for a more modest apartment because the fancy ones are just not to be found - at any price. Yvonne thinks it is such a joke to have an old fashioned toilet, but Rhoda only looks on the darker side of things. It's all in the mind. Actually,



1 Nov. '46

AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 7 -

We do have a very nice and roomy apartment now and it has a great many possibilities of fixing up. But, it will take a lot of hard work. I'll get started on my part of it just as soon as the Army gets tired of hanging on to me. Yvonne and I decided that I would be able to spend a month or so in painting and working around the apartment and still draw \$20 a week from the GI unemployment benefit. That will be the government's contribution to my civilian



readjustment and I'll still  
have good practice in work  
habits so nobody loses!  
I hope that I will be sent  
to the separation center by  
the middle of this month,  
but that is a little too much  
to expect from Frankover  
I suppose.



9:00 P.M.

AMERICAN RED CROSS

2 November 1946, Saturday

Another delicious day of relaxation! He's been reading "Tales of Ikon", the papers, and listening to the ball game. Yvonne came this afternoon for a visit. She slept for 12 hours straight because she was so tired from all that moving yesterday. She said that the apartment was in a mess. We seemed to have inherited a small piano which a former occupant left so it is a useful piece of furniture to have around. Yvonne said that she played a little. This evening she is going to come sort of party. Wish that I could be there. The doctor allows me to get up now but I can't get any power. I don't know when I will be

released from this hospital -  
maybe sometime next week. I think  
he had almost enough rest  
now even though it is nice to  
have Yvonne come and feed me  
grapefruit which she peels  
piece by piece for me.

We talked about my pending  
army discharge, and I find that  
I am getting mighty anxious  
to return to civilian life. I  
shall count the days from  
now on. The month will no  
doubt pass very quickly, but  
I would like a pleasant  
surprise of an earlier discharge.  
Fight out now!!



Diary:



AMERICAN RED CROSS

7:30 P.M.

3 November 1946, Sunday.

Another leisurely day reading the N.Y. Times and "Tales of Harrow." Also got started on Bertrand Russell's History of Philosophy. I was able to get up and go to the Red Cross recreation room today to play ping pong but my legs were most unsteady after being so long in bed. I feel perfectly well now and hope that I get out of here early next week. Sherwood sent a special delivery from Greenhaven saying that I was marked AWOL until my letter arrived. According to him, my name will be sent in for separation on the 18th and I should be sent to a separation center by the end of the month.

Then when I have<sup>2</sup> completed my  
terminal leave, I'll be out of the  
army - at last!

Yvonne was here this afternoon  
so we decided to make the occasion  
a "honeymoon" and she will go  
out to Chicago later in the month  
if it doesn't conflict with her  
work. That is really something to  
look forward too! She was looking  
very lovely today. I hope that  
I'll be able to spend a day  
or less with her after I get  
out of here. It's nice to be  
loved by such a wonderful  
girl. Yvonne won't be able to come  
and see me next week because  
she has to start dancing  
classes again. Guess I'll write  
her a letter now.

Diary:



AMERICAN RED CROSS

6:00 PM

4 November 1946, Monday.

A whole week in this hospital and boredom is beginning to gnaw a bit within me. The doctor assures me that I will be out sometime this week. A strange germ in my blood stream seems to be making my blood count come out peculiarly and the doctor is hot on the trail of the mystery so I have to stick around for observation. I feel quite weak when I walk around and there is a general tiredness in the area of my spine but otherwise I feel most fit. I am getting plenty of rest and I occupy myself by reading books and the newspapers. I suppose that the reason



why the day seemed so dragged  
 out was that Yvonne's cheery  
 presence was missing. I can't even  
 phone her now that she has  
 moved. I persuaded the doctor  
 to let me off from noon until  
 five tomorrow on the basis of  
 "furniture moving problems" so  
 I'll drop in for a surprise  
 visit. I may get out of here by  
 Thursday or Friday if no other  
 complications set in. My  
 strength seems to be coming  
 back and my appetite is good.  
 My pending separation from the  
 service is about the only thing  
 which gives me any occasion  
 for worrying now. Guess I'll spend the  
 rest of the evening writing a long letter to Yvonne.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

8:30 A.M.

6 November 1946, Wednesday

For a hospital patient, I certainly had an active day yesterday. I got a pass from 10:00 to 5:00 in order to "arrange for furniture moves" (my excuse) so I went home and spent a most pleasant five hours with Yvonne. She "just knew" I was coming and was waiting for me. She had even arranged to push her class ahead and told Rhoda that she would "be in the park" in case she was out for a walk when I arrived. She must be clairvoyant (?) because I had not mentioned anything about a visit.

Yvonne was very happy to see me and I overjoyed so that we had a warm visit with each other. She kept remarking that I had gotten thin and that she "could feel my bones" but I

haven't noticed any appreciable difference. Anyway it was pleasant for her to express such great concern for my health.

Julia was somewhat disturbed by the continuing "Rhoda problem." She had talked things over with Rhoda about the inadvisability of encouraging Lamar to openly invite himself as a permanent overnight guest. Rhoda's retort had been that "just tell the niggers that I am married." This was expected to terminate any budding rumors. Julia's concern was not because of scandalized community sentiment in the building, but a vague fear that if Mrs. OTA got wind of such unorthodox living arrangements, it might hurt our housing solution. Since apartments were so scarce, Julia didn't want anything to





6 Nov 46

AMERICAN RED CROSS

. 3 .

endanger our situation. A greater  
unspoken motivation was that if  
Rhoda became too comfortable in  
our place, she would be less  
motivated to look vigorously for  
her own place. She hasn't  
shown too much initiative yet.  
The trouble with her is that  
she wants 5th Ave penthouse  
accommodation without any fin-  
ancial support, and these two  
things just don't coincide these  
days. Rhoda is finally paying  
her share of the expenses and  
Yvonne is more firm about the  
budget. She only charges Rhoda  
\$150 a month for room "so she  
won't get the idea that she  
owns the apartment." I wish that  
Rhoda would find a place of  
her own before I come to

live there permanently. She is too  
 critical of our apartment now  
 and she can't understand why  
 Yukio and I find it so "cozy".  
 She and Jamar make little remarks  
 about the "slanting floor", "no  
 steam heat", "ancient toilet" etc.  
 Yukio put her in the back  
 room by the kitchen so it  
 would be a "longer walk to the  
 bathroom". Such subtle means  
 have to be used so that Rhoda  
 will get the hint - It will be  
 too uncomfortable to live with  
 an "unwanted guest" who is  
 constantly criticizing. She and  
 Jamar just have no imagination  
 and they cannot see the poss-  
 ibilities in fixing our place  
 up. It now seems that  
 Rhoda and Jamar will try



6 Nov '46

## AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 5 -

to find a place together. Junior went to the Veterans Housing authority and put down a deposit. He still hasn't worked since coming to NYC last June. When I suggested a temporary post office job during the Xmas holiday, he sneered at it at 1st but Yunko says that he is definitely interested now that he has convinced himself that it will not be damaging to his ego to take a job. I would like to get out of the Army to do this work myself but I doubt if I will be discharged in time. Junior's job frustration gives me plenty of food for thought and I hope that I will not be faced with the same degree of mental torture when I get out. I don't see why he



doesn't marry Rhoda as long as they are going to live together. It seems that he is afraid of insecurity and doesn't want to risk the chance. Yuriko says he "wants his cake and eat it too" and she thoroughly disapproves. It's prudent attitude for fear that it will hurt Rhoda deeply in the long run because the union appears to be based on such superficial love.

Yuriko has been busily rearranging the furniture and the apt. now looks most presentable. We inherited a lot of furniture to suffice for our present needs. But with ice at 50¢ for 25¢ it will pay us to invest in a refrigerator if we can buy one. I maybe able to get one through the surplus market. Yuriko and I had a very interesting discussion on our future domestic problems interspersed with "I love you" every two minutes. It was a very happy reunion! It certainly does make me feel humble



6 Nov 46

AMERICAN RED CROSS

7

to be the recipient of such great love. Yvonne has so many plans for us. The 1st thing we will do is to take a delayed honeymoon to Chicago. Yvonne is very considerate about my financial condition and she insists that she will "save money for both of us." She goes into rehearsal with Martha Graham the 1st week in December & it may conflict with our Chicago trip. The living costs in Greenwich Village is very low Yvonne says and she has already made friends with the Butcher and grocerman so that they save some items for her. And very reasonable prices too. Gosh, Yvonne certainly has a personality! She voted in the afternoon but is afraid that it was hopeless in the face of the nationwide trend of conservatism towards the Republicans. Yvonne takes her voting responsibility very seriously and she follows through

with her liberal thinking. I'm glad that she has intelligence to match her good looks!

With reluctance I returned to this hospital at 5:00. In the evening I went to the NYC Symphony Concert at City Center. A Red Cross girl took us in a large station wagon. It was soothing music and I dreamily thought of you the whole time. Afterwards we went to a corny USO dance dominated by the Brooklyn Sailor Boys. We were an oddity there, but the girls were hospitable. After several dances, my legs felt quite weak. There were 10 of us and we sort of took over.

One of the GI's with us was a colored boy from Alabama. All evening long I noticed how he hung back as <sup>if he were</sup> afraid of his own shadow. The other fellows accepted him readily and



6 Nov '46



AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 4 -

he was automatically one of the group but he was still reluctant. He looked very self conscious at the dance, and he had such a look of surprise on his face when one of the Brooklyn girls asked him to "jitterbug with me." None of our group thought anything about it and I was impressed with the democratic attitude of this particular group - a large proportion of Jewish ancestry. afterwards when we went to eat, the colored boy hung back until he was urged to join us. It must be a terrible psychological reaction for a person to be so sensitive of social pressures that he never knows where his "place in society is." Some years ago I was subjected to similar

feelings and I know how it bites  
 into a person. It wasn't until I  
 got wise to the fact that a lot of  
 my feeling was only in my mind,  
 and then self confidence came. I've  
 never felt "inferior" but I was  
 hesitant about social pressure.  
 For a colored boy, the situation is  
 difficult because the biased social  
 thinking is much deeper ingrained  
 into our society, and an individual  
 has difficulty going against the  
 stream of thinking. I admired that  
 colored boy last night for not  
 being timid when his chance came  
 because it is the only way to  
 penetrate the colored attitude of  
 "social inferiority". If such  
 things are possible in Brooklyn,  
 it is possible in other places. It  
 is the 1st time I've seen a Negro  
 boy at a service dance.

6 Nov 46



AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 11 -

In the past few days I've read "No Star is Lost" by James Fenimore and "Appointments in Samana" by John O'Hara, and "The Great Gatsby" by Fitzgerald. The one good thing about this hospital is that a wide selection of reading matter is available when the Red Cross library on wheels comes around twice weekly.

I still don't know when I will get out of here, but I'll find out this morning. He is still a bit vague about letting me go and the chances now look as if it won't be until next week. I hate to lose out on another weekend,



especially since there will be  
 a holiday Monday - Armistice  
 Day - but it can't be helped  
 as my health comes 1st. I'll  
 work on him for a weekend  
 pass. One consolation is that  
 I still have several books  
 to read. I'm on ambulatory  
 patient now. This means that  
 I can walk to the mess hall for  
 meals, go on small details in the  
 ward, be eligible for special  
 events evenings, and go on  
 passes at the whim of the Doctor.  
 It's a tough life!! He been  
 out of circulation for 12 days now  
 & my pneumonia was a mild  
 case in comparison to some of the  
 others in the ward.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2033  
November 7, 1946  
Fort Hamilton Section  
Hospital

The doctor just told me that I could get out of here next Tuesday. He has concluded that I do not have a rare blood disease or something, as the daily blood tests show that I am normal. It's a relief. I haven't told Yuriko why there was such a delay because she would worry too much. So I'll be leaving here with a diagnosis of pneumonia -- bronchitis cured.

I read two complete novels yesterday and the day flew by before I realized it. "Action in Samaria" by John O'Hara and "Portrait of a Marriage!" by Pearl Buck. I've become quite an avid reader since my incarceration in this hospital because it hasn't been very stimulating to engage in small talk with the other patients about the virginity of the nurses and whether it is ethical for a nurse to have intercourse with an EM patient. These topics are debated with great deliberation during the day, interspersed with hypochondriacal complaints, and after lights are out the talk veers to the great intellectual heights of sex in the boudoir. Some of the comments are really funny. One of the boys read in a book that Jewish women were the first to widely use a pessary so he simply had to find out what it meant. I told him that it was a hot water bottle which nurses used to relieve stomach cramps so the guy asked our ward nurse, "Say do you use a pessary?" She got very angry and threatened to report him to the Colonel for casting reflection upon her chaste unmarried femininity. The patient was so bewildered that all he could say was "what's she getting sore about?"

The patients in this ward are like little boys and they have a strong urge to be mothered so that they get to be pests to the nurses. We had some excitement in our ward last night. One of the boys had a 104° fever and he had to be taken out for oxygen. All of the patients in this ward have respiratory diseases, chiefly pneumonia. The guy next to me is the biggest baby in the ward and very trying on the nerves. I have to listen to him complain all day long. Last night he had a persecutionist complex and he created a lot of disturbance with his unreasonable demands for attention.



2034

The guy has had 158 pencillen shots in the past six months, so I tried to feel sorry for him. He runs Manuel ragged with all his demands for service. Last night the boy thought he was going to die so he wouldn't turn his bed-light off. Claimed that he was sweating, but felt like he was freezing. For three hours he lectured on the inefficiency of the medical personnel and he wouldn't allow any of us to go to sleep because he didn't want to die alone. The guy is a poranoid and he should be in a mental institution. Maybe it's just a case of prolonged illness. Mike is a different type. He has a lung disease and has been on his back for four months. He has a tough exterior but never asks for sympathy. He kids about his pains and doesn't go into one hour discriptions of his ailments. He tells dirty jokes about his sex life, or lack of it. He is very generous with all of his belongings and is always trying to give something away. He told me yesterday that he was Jewish and we had a little talk on anti-semitism, its cause and cure. (He insisted that Palestine was the solution, but I couldn't agree with that.)

There are a number of interesting fellows in this ward, but they come and go so rapidly that I don't get to know them too well. The funny things is that the loudest complainers all seem to stick in one group and they try to make life miserable for everyone else. The "old timers" sneak into corners to play .05¢ poker. The sexually uninhibited try to goose the nurse. Highest in the social scale of the ward are the cooperative patients who go about details without complaint, and this attitude extends into their other relationships so that they get along with everyone.

Only one patient has been completely ostracized by the group. He stole a large hershey bar from the Red Cross Gray Lady and then bragged about it. Nobody talks to him or would share in the booty because they thought it was a dirty trick. These Red Cross ladies come around to all the wards and take orders for gum, candy, cigarettes, etc. and then go to the PX to buy these



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2035

November 7, 1946

things for the patients. It is a volunteer service and they are always coming out \$2.00 to \$3.00 short which they take out of their own pockets. To steal from them is about the worst crime that can be committed. Despite any of the shortcomings of these patients, at least they are honest. I leave my wallet and things on my desk all the time and nobody ever touches a thing. It is a sort of unwritten law not to touch personnel effects, but perfectly legitimate to go take fruit juice from the kitchen and things like that. It's a code of behavior not too peculiar to hospital psychology since it is for self protection that the boys don't steal from one another. Any food which is brought into the ward by relatives is automatically considered common property; in fact, to refuse an offer of fruit or candy is tantamount to a rejection of a bid for friendship. The one common bond of the patients is that they are all GI's suffering from respiratory diseases.

My chief problem for today is figuring out some way in which I can get a weekend pass. Twenty four hour passes are the longest given. It would be a pity if I were confined here all weekend as I am perfectly well now, and my heart longs to love Yuriko with all its strength. To do that I have to be with her! Maybe I can persuade the doctor that this is the best possible therapy for me.

November 8, 1946

The doctor is making his morning rounds now so we have to sit by our bedside and be very quiet. The nurse doesn't jump on me because I turned on symphony music yesterday and she was pleased "that somebody around here has an appreciation for good music at least." This seemed to impress the doctor too, so I took advantage of the opportunity and asked for a weekend pass. He gave me from Saturday noon until Monday morning, but I'll have to come back for Armistice Day. At least, it is better than a 24 hour pass.

I was restless yesterday as the confinement is getting noticeable, and I got tired of reading. The doctor said that I would be discharged from



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2036  
November 7, 1946

the hospital Tuesday morning, so that my illness officially lasted 17 days. It's been a nice rest and I have lost some weight but otherwise I feel fine. Yuriko hasn't been able to visit me because of her teaching schedule so I miss her very much. All I have to do today is read and do a little KP at noon.

7:00 PM.

I am sorely disappointed because the Colonel of the hospital passed an edict that no patient could get a weekend pass and this dashed my plans. I feel angry and frustrated. Colonels must have a peculiar mean streak in them. And, Yuriko was here this afternoon and we had made so many plans for a weekend date. It's enough to make anyone feel badly. This place feels like a prison now, and the only reason I could tolerate it these past few days was because of the thought of the weekend pass. Just this morning the doctor said I could have a 36 hour pass too. When he told about the Colonel's edict, I didn't say a thing -- just turned about and walked away. It was like getting an unexpected blow. Yuriko will certainly be disappointed too. Such a pity that I won't do a thing about it. Might as well be philosophical, but it hurts a lot. I've been reading the "New Yorker," "Fortune," and a novel "Strange Woman" to keep my mind off the disappointment -- with only limited success. Nuts!!! Lost \$4.00 in a poker game too. What a day!

November 9, 1946  
Saturday - 6:00 PM

I am no longer enjoying "my rest" here. There's nothing to look forward to except wait for Yuriko's visit. The rest of the time I read books and flirt with the cute nurse. Also indulged in a poker game a while ago, but am finally convinced that I have no talent in cards as my curiosity gets the better of me. I've been restless all day long, but managed to read the novel "Strange Woman" and start a second "Captain from Castile." But I am



2037

tired of reading, and don't relish the prospect of a long evening ahead of me.

Yuriko came to visit me for two hours this afternoon and comforted me for not getting the pass. This incident was most disturbing because there is no sense to it. The passes were turned down at the Colonel's whim because a General was coming for an inspection. Then he went off to the Notre Dame -- Army football game (no doubt using a ticket intended for one of the Purple Heart patients here), so I'm out of luck for a pass tomorrow. It will be a dull weekend and I can't help but feel restless. I'm glad that I'll be out of this Army soon.

Isomu Noguchi had quite a spread in the 11 November 1946 Life Magazine.

November 10, 1946

It's been a slow day, but I'm reconciled to remaining one more day in this hospital. A few of us inquired with great zest about our passes, but the Colonel was unattainable. Such is life! The Colonel seems to be a despotic individual and nobody dares take a step without his approval. Too bad that we couldn't get off for the day though. Levine and Johnson are crushed, and they are taking the blow mournfully. I'm trying to be as philosophical as possible about it, but the stupid policies of Army officers are sometimes most exasperating. We are at the whim of one individual who apparently doesn't have too fair a sense of judgement. The ones who yell the loudest seem to get the break because they complain so much, while those who don't make a pest of themselves are penalized. It doesn't make one bit of sense.

There was consolation in Yuriko's visit and we had a nice time. She was very smartly dressed and all the boys took notice. Said that Rhoda's show was about to fold, and Lamar is going to take a Xmas job in the post-office. Read "Captain from Castile" the rest of the day.



Today is Armistice Day. It celebrates the end of World War I, which saved Democracy for the world. The second world war must have been an afterthought. I suppose it is easy to be cynical in view of the disturbed state of international affairs, but I can't help but think of the millions of killed and wounded who are still being betrayed by selfish world interests. I still think that the ideals fought for was fine, although it might have been accomplished in a less bloody way. We are just as guilty as any nation and it is disgusting to read in the papers about military men who glibly pronounce that we need bigger and better armed forces to preserve peace -- a sure step towards the rise of vicious dictatorship like Germany and Japan had. In spite of all the bloodshed, the nations still don't seem to be able to agree in the founding of a strong U.N. The past war is practically forgotten in the United States because of the economic problems. The shoe has been reversed now, and it's all blamed on the New Deal. Too bad Wallace was cheated out of the Presidency as he seems to be the only consistent liberal in politics now. I hate to think of all the price rises now that all controls are lifted. I can't afford to pay more than \$50.00 a month rent. I sometimes think I should be more "practical" and try to make some money for Yuriko instead of trying to finish my M.A., but I don't think I would be happy in a routine job. I'd rather have interesting insecurity than dull security. It seems that the effort of doing things gives more zest to life than the actual attainment. Yuriko wants me to do the things which has meaning for me, and it doesn't bother her that I can't buy a cozy home and all the other things a guy is supposed to get for his wife. I just don't seem to be the money making type. I'm glad that Yuriko's thinking coincides so well with mine. It is going to be a problem to make both ends meet in NYC with its high cost of living, but I can't exactly say that I'm afraid of it. The situation is going to face me soon and I can hardly wait to get out of the Army and be with Yuriko. She certainly has



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2039  
November 11, 1946

added to my life and really made it worthwhile and purposeful, not to say anything about happy. My outlook on life has been considerably brightened with her as a life companion; in fact, I'm very delirious with joy and happiness.

Tomorrow I get out of this hospital and in another week or so my orders for separation will go in; and in three weeks at the most I should be out of this Army! Personally I gained from my army experience, but I still think that any military system is stupid and obsolete in a civilized world. A fancy uniform will never compensate for all the evils of war and what it stands for.

Tonight I am going to a pro basketball game with some of the hospital patients.

November 12, 1946

I am feeling very irritated because I have to remain in the hospital for one more day! Yuriko is waiting for me at home and there's no way in which I can contact her as there is no phone. All morning I have been waiting for the doctor to show up to ask for an emergency pass but he is just now making his rounds. I don't know if I will get it or not, but it certainly has been <sup>a</sup> disturbing morning. The nurse didn't tell me until this morning that my chart had not gone in so it was a great surprise to learn that I was not going out. It is almost impossible to get out of an Army hospital it seems.

On top of these things I feel tired and hungry. Didn't get to sleep until after 2:00 last night because of all the noise. We went to the "pro" basketball game at Madison Square Garden, but several of the boys slipped out and started to visit a few bars. They were soused by the time they got back. One of them got into a fight and the cops were looking for them. They broke a store window. They were also bothering the girls on Broadway and trying to make a pickup. Shorty, the good natured colored boy was with



2640

them and he was very sensitive about the whole thing for fear that he would get accused of rape. When these boys got back to the hospital with a bottle, they proceeded to awaken everyone and the noise did not stop until after 2:00 AM. They acted like a lot of young country boys and they had to let everyone know how many drinks they had. They didn't have much consideration for the sick patients who just came into the ward.

I've been trying to take my mind off of my anxiety by reading G.B. Shaw's plays all morning. "Arms and the Man" only made me feel more disgust for the military.

10:00 PM

Just returned from a pass. The Colonel here relented and allowed me to go see Yuriko when I told him a white lie about having some furniture moved. It was a nice reunion and Yuriko was very happy to see me. I was home for about six hours. Everytime I see her, it gets more difficult to return to the Army and all I think about these days is getting out. Yuriko is also looking forward to that happy occasion.

November 14, 1946

"It certainly was a long three day pass you had!" says the boys when I came back here to Greenhaven after 18 days. I got in last night. I was given my orders early yesterday morning, and it read that I should report back here immediately without delay en route. I took a short delay because I went home and visited Yuriko for six hours! I just can't resist staying away from that pretty girl! She welcomed me enthusiastically, but was worried because I threatened to go AWOL and she wouldn't hear of such a thing. She doesn't want me to get into any trouble in the remaining days I have left in the Army, and I naturally have to heed her wise words. We have such happy reunions.

It was touching to see Yuriko's new interest in domestic affairs. She



2041

has such an infectious enthusiasm for our new apartment and how it can be fixed up. We can hardly wait until I get out of the Army so that I can start working on the apartment. Yuriko has taken an interest in knitting also, and she is now in the process of making me some wool socks for Christmas. It made a lump come from way down into my throat when I saw that. Anyone who would knit me socks must love me very much! She has been so sweet to me. She said yesterday that she doesn't feel so keen about her tour this season because of the separation it will entail. However, I insisted that she should go on with her ambitions because she would be unhappy if she did not. Yuriko said that she wouldn't even care if she had a child now, but that wouldn't be too practical for the time being. Too bad that she had to get me because I don't seem to be able to support her like I should. Yuriko doesn't mind too much though because she wants me to follow through with my plans. She is so considerate.

The apartment does not have any steam heat and the weather is getting cold now so I am a bit worried about Yuriko getting colds. She seems to have lost some weight recently. We have an oil heater in the apartment, but it has to be cleaned out yet. Rhoda keeps on making disparaging remarks about our place, and I almost felt like telling her that she didn't have to live there. She is always reminding me about the inconveniences every time I see her and I don't think that she is being very tactful. We like the place. I told Rhoda that I was going to paint the toilet seat red just to let her know that I have a vote in the place; I had to do it when she tried to tell me how to go about painting. I can see now that I wouldn't get along too well with her. The trouble is that she has lived with Yuriko too long and she still has not caught the point that I am more than an incidental visitor in the place. Rhoda said that she definitely was going to move in with Lamar as soon as she could find a place of her own. She hasn't had much luck so far. I just don't know how things will work out if she doesn't



2042  
move by the time I arrive permanently. Rhoda's show closed and it is indefinite whether it will reopen under new management. It was rather pathetic when she talked about how she was going to turn another offer down because it didn't pay enough. She certainly leads an indefinite life; the other night I was talking to her and she said that the thing she wanted most was to be married to Lamar. Her uncle is ill in Detroit and he wants her to come and visit but Rhoda is unwilling to leave NY at this time. Lamar is working in the postoffice now and he plans to take some dramatic training in a school during the day under the GI provisions. He just hasn't made much progress in getting into the theatrical world in the seven months he has been out here. In a way I can understand his reluctance about getting married because he is more of a practical person than I am, but this situation certainly doesn't leave Rhoda in a very secure frame of mind. He just doesn't want to commit himself I guess. Cutting Rhoda off from her dependency role upon Yuriko doesn't help her frame of mind any and her resentment of me is rather obvious although Yuriko doesn't seem to be too aware of it.

Yuriko is looking forward to going to Chicago with me, and she is already packing her bags in order to leave at a moments notice. I can't tell her when I will leave definitely because that is up to the Army. She needs a nice rest and it will be a good honeymoon too. It will be a grand feeling to be able to feel that I can make my own plans without regard for the Army after this month. Being in the Army is too uncertain. Yuriko will be able to take a week off in December so that I am quite anxious to be on terminal leave as soon as possible. I came back here about 8:30 last night and the 1st. Sgt. said that I should have been sent to a separation center from Fort Hamilton. My orders will be sent in on the 18th, and I should be in the separation center by the 28th if there is no unnecessary delays. This morning I found out that I would be sent to Fort Dix to be discharged. Since



my home address is listed as San Francisco, it is possible that I may collect quite a sum for transportation back there. I hope so.

I didn't do much work today as I still feel weak from walking around. I just took it easy in order to orient myself to this prison setup slowly. The Major is here, but he doesn't seem to know much about what is going on. The office is very disorganized and I don't feel in the frame of mind to jump into the thick of things for the remaining days I have here. I might get stuck if I did because there is a move to hang on to the 263's as essential. Major Sanford tried to talk me into applying for a commission as a psychiatric social worker as I have the qualifications, but I am not interested in a military career even though it would pay close to \$300 a month. This prison atmosphere is certainly depressing. There isn't a thing for enlisted men to do in the evenings so that most of the staff come back to the office after dinner to type letters and read. This evening, I am going to go to a movie.

November 15, 1946

Darling Yuriko:

Last night I didn't sleep so well; I tossed and turned and I was sure that the bed had fleas. A lot of thoughts raced through my head as I mentally reviewed my first complete day in this place. It is not pleasant to be in prison, and that is the way all of us feel even though we are assigned here to work. A real sensitive person should never be in a place like this because it would get him down. Even a stable person has a difficult time adjusting to this atmosphere. I'm certainly glad that I shall only be here for a couple of weeks. I haven't found one EM yet who likes it here. Most of the men try to laugh it off with the much quoted password: "You can't beat it." There has been a high percentage of AWOL's by the enlisted men in this place because of the rigid military conditions. The administration feels that it is necessary to deal drastically with



2044  
AWOL's in order to maintain discipline. It is also felt that no laxity can be shown towards the inmates. The enlisted men, in return, take it out on the inmates, who get the worst deal of all.

It isn't the work so much which is depressing, but just the conditions. It isn't a nice feeling to wake up in the morning and look out at the tall, grim concrete walls with the sentries in the towers. All night long the searchlights sweep the area to prevent escapes. There was one last night, but the inmate was caught trying to steal a car. Inside the prison, everything is so drab. In order to get to any part of the place, one has to pass through a lot of guarded iron gates. A lot of inmates are always marching silently through the halls, and it is difficult to realize that they are men too because they are forced to act like automen. I went to a show last night and the atmosphere was so unreal. The inmates marched quietly in, and then a lot of guards sat on high chairs to see that no disturbance was made. One of the severest punishments which can be given to the inmates is to deny them the privilege of seeing a movie. It is a form of escape from this drab life for them and they get such a vicarious thrill out of it. We saw "Blue Skies" and the inmates practically drooled when all the bathing beauties flashed on the screen. It was cruel in a way because the inmates have no outlets for sexual satisfaction in a normal way. They are in individual cells and a careful watch is made for any homosexual activities. Some of the more effeminate inmates are known as "girl friends." All the emotions seem to be on such an elementary level. The one thing which is noticeable is the democratic attitude of the inmates for one another. A white inmate was acting very friendly with a colored inmate, and a guard remarked: "Look at that S.O.B. with his arms around a 'nigger.'" There isn't any economic competition in a prison so that inmates have more inducement to act like human beings in this respect. They have one thing in common-- confinement -- and also a hatred of the guards and officers over them. There are about 100 PW's in



this prison who have committed some military offense so that they were court martialed. They are the last of the PW's in this country as the rest were all sent back to Germany.

The relationship between inmates and enlisted men are rigidly outlined, and a violation results in a court martial. Most of these inmates fought in the war and committed some military offense so that they are now looked upon as subhuman. It just doesn't make sense, and it certainly doesn't contribute to rehabilitation, and only makes the inmates bitter. The administration here has the idea that in order to maintain good morale, fraternization has to be strictly forbidden. An EM is not allowed to even say "hellow" to an inmate. And "establishment of personal relationships with acquaintances, wives, or other relatives of inmates is strictly prohibited. This applies particularly to EM dating wives or girl friends of inmates."

There isn't much I can say about the work here except that it is similar to what we did at Hancock. The only difference is that everything is disorganized and nobody seems to care. The Board is composed mostly of line officers and they don't pay any attention to the social background or emotional factors in a case. All they are interested in is punishment. The War Department clearly outlines the procedures, but the interpretation varies and the welfare of the inmate is neglected in many instances. There are 1900 prisoners in this place, and very few of them will get restored to duty since they are under maximum security and considered as the most dangerous offenders. I don't see any difference in these inmates from the ones we had at Hancock.

Well, darling, that gives a rough outline of what this place is like. I shall be out of here soon, and it won't be too quick. I don't think that I could stand it too long. It is too military. We have to salute in the hallways, we have silly inspections, etc., etc. The P and S section seems to have very little importance in this place and the line officers regard



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2046  
November 15, 1946

us as impractical and too sentimental. Major Sanford is not a strong enough of an administrator so that he isn't helping the situation any by his laissez faire attitude. He is a very unhappy man and the only reason he remains in the Army is that he finds it a good refuge as he cannot solve his civilian personal problems. I shall be seeing you tomorrow afternoon. This morning I am working on reclassification reports in order to help clear up the backlog. Next week we go back to the social histories, but the content is being cut drastically in order to catch up. I don't know what they will do here when all of the men are discharged as there are no replacements.

I missed you so much last night, and the last thought I had was that it would have been nice if I could have been home. Want to know a secret? I love you -- very much! I am counting the days until I get out of the Army. Darling, I think you are very beautiful. Now, I have to concentrate on my job for a while, but I shall take five minutes out every hour or so to think of you. I wish that I could phone you. It is so inconvenient to be isolated like this; but, of course, it might have been worse if I had been sent to Georgia. All my love and kisses.

Charlie.

November 16, 1946

There isn't too much to do in this office today as all of the civilians are off and they have all of the records locked up. After we finish some reclassification interviews we will just wait around for the inspection and then we can take off. That should be around 10:00. The Major and five of the staff are off on a three day pass so that the office is rather deserted. Last night two of the inmates who were trustees escaped so that the fire in our barracks were not tended and we almost froze. This place is located in the foothills of the Berkshire Mountains



2047

and it gets very cold up here. I haven't found one enlisted man who is happy with the setup here. Sherwood is so unhappy about this assignment that he has applied to get his commission back. There is absolutely nothing located here for the EM so that evenings are dull. The CO, Captain Porter-Shirley is a stupid fool and very GI. Yesterday he restricted nine men for three days just because they were in the wrong room for the head count. Things haven't been too bad for me as yet although I find it very dull here. Last night I puttered around all evening fixing up my area for the inspection as this is rigid procedure here and we might get our wrists slapped if there is any dust on the floor. The shoes have to be polished as bright as a mirror so that most of the fellows keep special shoes which are only put out for the inspection and never worn. We have a number of regular army men in the detachment, but most of the P & S Personnel are selective service and they will be out of the Army about the time I get separated.

The P and S Department does not have too high a standing in this installation as far as I have been able to observe. It is the same old story: we are regarded as a bunch of old sentimentalladies. The line officers on the Clemency Board do not regard the opinions in the social histories very highly. This is largely the fault of the P and S Section. Up to the time that we arrived, very little social interviewing was done. They used our histories from Hancock mostly. A big backlog of reclassification cases developed and the inexperienced staff was told to write them up. They did a very poor job and it is little wonder that the Board practically disregarded them. Now that our bunch is here, I don't know if things are any better. The Major's philosophy is that "everybody has troubles" so that he discourages good social history writeups as he wants to sacrifice it for speed in order to catch up. This attitude reflects his own insecurity and unhappiness. Coupled with the fact that most of



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2048  
November 16, 1946

us are getting out of the service, it is no wonder that everything continues to be disorganized. But despite all of these limitations, the office is doing a much better job than what has been done -- but not up to the Hancock standard.

November 18, 1946

Today my name goes in for separation orders. It will take a week or ten days for the orders to come back from Fort Jay. I will be sent to Fort Dix to be discharged and it should be around the end of the month. Oh happy day!! Today I am working on reclassification cases -- without too much enthusiasm -- and I hope that I won't be doing it much longer. I feel refreshed after a weekend at home. This prison has much more of a depressing atmosphere about it than Fort Hancock ever did. I guess Hancock rather spoiled me because it was such a nice resort.

Paul Shimshi and I hitched hiked down to New York City on Saturday and we made excellent time. We went via the Tonic Super Highway and it was beautiful going down the Hudson River Valley. As soon as I got away from the walls of the Greenhaven prison, my mental attitude brightened. Two inmates escaped over the high walls Friday night so we saw a lot of guards posted along the highway on the way down.

I got home a little before one and Yuriko was just making her final preparations to go to the wedding. Warren and Betty were getting their nuptial pronouncements at the Riverside Church Chapel and they invited us to come and watch. We didn't know where the church was so Yuriko looked it up in the directory and she practically had us going to the Riverside Chapel (a funeral parlor). We got to the church first. Yuriko was dressed in the same blue outfit we had been married in (except for her fancy \$15 belt) so we pretended that we were going to get married again. Warren and Betty arrived at the church before the best man and bridesmaid so that Betty took command of the situation and she had Wang meekly running around



like a chicken with his head cut off to find the bride's dressing room. Kenny Murase was the best man and he arrived puffing to finally assume his many duties of getting the groom to the alter. They were married in a nice little chapel with organ music, but the ceremony was very brief. Yuriko and I didn't think that the wedding ceremony was nearly as nice as ours. When the minister was making his final pronouncements, I slipped the ring on Yuriko and fell in love with her some more. Warren and Betty were extremely nervous, and their marriage kiss was rather comical because it wasn't enthusiastic enough. After the wedding we all went over to Davis's apartment for the reception. There were about 20 people at the wedding, over half non-nisei. Most of them were Columbia U. graduate students. There was a Mrs. Kikuchi with her daughter Chiyeko at the reception, no relation. Warren looked like he was a nervous wreck. They went to Washington for their honeymoon later in the afternoon. The reception was rather nice as there was plenty to drink and eat.

After the reception, Yuriko and I went home as she wanted to cook a special shrimp dinner for me. (She certainly does spoil me, the sweet thing!) We had planned to go to the movies in the evening, but finally decided just to stay home and smooch. It was nice. We got all the Sunday papers. Rhoda is no longer working as her show closed so that she was home too. She has been looking for an apartment, but not with much success. She still hasn't made up her mind whether to go to Detroit for Christmas or not because she can't bear to leave Lamar. He is working nights at the Post-office, but unhappy about the job because it bothers his sinus. He may take a job as a waiter during the time he is in school because the tips are good. Lamar said that it took a minimum of \$36.00 to live for a week and that he had out expenses to the bone. It takes a fortune to live in NYC and that really does bother me now. Yuriko senses that this problem is uppermost in my mind now that I will be out in civilian life soon, but she tries to make



2050

me forget it by overpowering me with her love. It makes me feel better, but I hate to have her spend any of her money on me. She very tactfully offers to take me to a movie on her because she knows that I didn't get paid this month. She is such an adjustable person that I don't fear that she will be unhappy if our budget is a bit smaller than what she has been used to in the past. I want to give her so many things but I haven't been able to do anything for her. I guess having money isn't everything because we certainly do have a lot of happiness without too much of it. I just don't want her to ever think that I am failing her, but then we did go over all of that before we got married. It gripes me when Rhoda makes belittling remarks about our apartment as if we are "lower class" people for living in the "slums." It is home to us and we like it very much and all of our other friends praise it highly. Rhoda expects to get a penthouse or something the way she talks, and if she keeps up with this attitude she is never going to find a place. I have been very patient with her, but I don't like it when she imposes on Yuriko so much. In many ways, Rhoda is very immature and she hasn't faced reality yet. She is a very nice person, but my estimate of her has changed since I discovered that she is fundamentally a snob with some weaknesses of character. Yuriko was aware of this a long time ago and that's why she continued to encourage Rhoda along. Rhoda just wants to get married, and that seems to be the answer to her problems because she certainly will never find any happiness in the uncertainty of show business as her heart is really not in it. Ethel seems to be much more of a stable individual. She was over yesterday to do some sewing. She has a better developed personality, warmer disposition, ability to project out of herself, unselfishness. She gayly offers to help us wash the walls and help, whereas I would feel that it would be an imposition upon Rhoda and would never think of proposing anything like that to her. We haven't started our housecleaning yet because we are waiting until I get out of the Army. Yuriko doesn't mind living under



such unsettled conditions until I come and she never once has complained about anything. She says that I'm going to have to get used to her "possessive love" because her feelings are so strong.

We had a nice quiet Sunday all to ourselves. Alice Ono came in the afternoon to return Yuriko's sewing machine. She is a milliner with Elizabeth Arden or somebody like that. Alice is a rather quiet girl, very friendly though. Yuriko worked with her when she first came out to NYC three years ago. We finally got the oil stove in operation so now I won't have to worry so much about Yuriko getting cold. She has a very heavy teaching schedule next week so that she isn't home too much. She lost a filling chewing some creamy candy so that she will have to go to a dentist on Monday. Yuriko is such a busy person, always doing something. Her energy is my despair because I would like to see her gain a bit more weight. Maybe she will add a few pounds when we go to Chicago because I shall insist upon her taking it easy. She certainly is a nice junior partner in the Kikuchi firm and it makes my life so interesting to devote it to her happiness! We went to a Swedish movie yesterday afternoon and it stunk, "Appassionata." Yuriko knows the manager at the 5th Ave. Playhouse so he asked for an opinion of the film. I didn't know that he owned the film so when he asked me I told him: "I thought it stunk, but the music was good. I'd advise you to save your money and go see a concert if you want to listen to good music." After the show we went back home and Yuriko cooked some delicious spaghetti. Afterwards, it took us about two hours for me to say goodbye to her for a week. It was so hard leaving her and I hated to drag myself away. Such a terrific feeling I have for her. I'm so lucky. We have been married for two months and four days now and I am still up in the clouds around her. I don't think we will ever need an extra bedroom for her to go into when we fight because we never yet have had an argument and I doubt if we ever will have any serious disagreements. Yuriko now says that she wouldn't mind if we had a child, but



we both realize that it is economically impractical yet.

Example of "rehabilitation" work in this installation:

Inmate Fisher, colored, here on a six year sentence for AWOL, was in the hospital. A night nurse reported that inmate left his ward and came into the operating room and "I looked up and saw him standing approximately six feet from my chair. He only had pajama bottoms on and his private parts were exposed." I jumped up and ran out of the room and inmate Fisher turned and ran back into the ward." For this great crime, Fisher was convicted of off limits, indecent exposure, suspected attempt to rape and he was put 14 days in solitary confinement and had 440 days of good time forfeited. That nurse should have felt honored that she caused a man to have an erection instead of adding  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years to his sentence.

Another inmate was sent to Mason last week for psychiatric observation. He was only 22 years old and had broken down in combat and gone AWOL, for which he received a long sentence. Sunday, the boy committed suicide in his cell. The stupid Army court martial system was to blame. The boy should have been in the hospital from the beginning instead of spending 20 months in confinement first. It is sickening to read these cases coming through the office. The sorry part of the whole thing is that the Boards here do not do much for the inmates. One boy ate a feces "sandwich" and he was put in confinement instead of being sent to Mason. That represents military "justice." How in the hell can an Army led by such rigid minded officers who go by the rules of the book without consideration for the individual ever hope to spread Democracy in Europe.

November 18, 1946

Darling One!

It was so difficult for me to tear myself away from you last night; I felt sad. Just think, it will be one whole week before I see your



beautiful face again. I was reported in for separation this morning, and I should be sent to Fort Dix by the end of this month at the latest. Usually it takes about ten days for the orders to come back, but sometimes it gets delayed. Mine may be delayed because of the Thanksgiving holidays next week. If I am real lucky my orders may get here by next Monday and I would be sent out of here by Wednesday. In any event, it won't be long now, my dearest, and I shall soon be home so that I can keep you warm every night. You were so sweet to me this past weekend. Darling, you are a very good cook and I enjoyed my meals so much because it was flavored with your love! I haven't had much of an appetite up here because the atmosphere is so depressing. It just burns me up when I see these hundreds of men rotting here under such a rotten system. There isn't any rehabilitation program here that I can see and the guards are very incompetant. It seems that most of the money is put into building strong walls and barred windows instead of trying to really reform the inmates. Ninety per cent or more of the inmates are not criminal types and it will only make them more bitter towards society to lock them up like this. It seems to me that a better system can be devised to help these offenders and still protect society. In our messhall it is pathetic to see how hungry the inmate workers are to talk to a person who has been outside of the walls over the weekend. It is against the regulations to talk to the inmates, but the medics seem to disregard it. The boy who used to be my secretary at Fort Hancock is now working as a typist in the Administration Building.

I enjoyed my weekend with you so much. I guess it is because I have a terrific attachment for you. It will be so much fun when I am able to sleep late in the morning and not have to think about going back to a dumb Army Post. I'll get used to sleeping late in the morning darling, because I shall take it easy for a few weeks in order to get the bad taste of the military out of my system. I hope that my work habits have not been impaired



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2054  
November 18, 1946

too much. I think that you might start figuring out the color patterns for our love nest so that I can start painting as soon as we get back from Chicago.

If any letters come for me from the University of California or Chicago, hold them for me until I come this weekend. I will have to renew my efforts about getting into school in the spring as soon as I get my records. I don't know yet what I will do if I can't get admitted, but I will cross that stream when I come to it. It will take me at least a month to do the necessary work around the apartment, and after that I will try for any kind of a job if I can make more than the \$20 a week unemployment check for GI's. I think there will be plenty of jobs of that sort, and I'll be able to use my army clothes up too! We shall see. You will be disappointed in me if I get too lazy. Of course, it will only be three months before school starts and that is the main thing I am counting on. If I find out for sure that I will get into the March class, I may just stay on the 52-20 Club and do a bit of studying as it has been a long time since I last took classes and I should get myself used to it. There won't be much for me to do when you go on the tour though, so I will need time to write you letters and think of you. Maybe I could even go to Philadelphia and see you perform! Darling, you made a lump come to my throat when you said that you would send me the money from your tour to put into the bank for us. Don't worry, after I get out of school I will be able to support you like you should be. I'm sure that we will be able to manage on the allotment and part of your income, and we will have a lot of fun in the process. We have about \$1000.00 in cash already and that's a lot more than many couples have. Will you find out sometime about how we can go about getting the war bonds in your name also. We should put them in a safe place while we are in Chicago. Even if I don't get the allowance to go to California from the Army, you can pay for your transportation out of our bank account. I have already written to Bette telling her that we



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2055

November 18, 1946

were coming. I am getting a bit anxious about it, and I wish that my orders for separation would hurry up and come as I have absolutely no interest in this place. It is so cold up here. If it ever snows, it will be on the ground until spring. I need you to keep me warm. Please dress warmly darling and try not to catch any colds. I don't want you to go out to Chicago and get ill. I want you to be in the best health and radiant with beauty so that I can proudly show you off to all my relatives! I shall wear my tweed suit, now in mothballs, and take my one white shirt away from brother Tom and escort you around like a man about town. I hope that you will not be too shocked when you see me in civilian clothes. Do you think that you married me because of my uniform? I would hate to wear Army OD's for the next sixty years! Darling, are you going to take your blue suit to Chicago -- the one you were married in? I hope that you won't cut your hair until after you come back. Don't forget to get your tooth filling replaced and to see the doctor this week. Do you think that I will have to wear pajamas when we go to Chicago? Ooops, the Major is coming so I have to get back to work as lunchtime is over. All my love,

Charlies

November 19, 1946

Gradually I am getting used to the routine of this place. Our office work is very, very routine and not too difficult. We are doing reclassification processing -- about five cases a day each -- and it takes effort to stretch it out all day. We get about 35 cases a day out so that we are rapidly cutting down the large backlog. I think that I will be doing this most of the time until we leave here. The case folders are in a very messed up condition, and half of our time is spent in trying to get things straightened out. We have about seven case workers. There isn't any use in doing more cases each day since the typists cannot keep up with us.



There are five civilian girls in our office. I get indigestion when I read some of the records. The courts martial system is in need of drastic overhauling and it should be taken out of military hands because the officers who prosecute the cases -- often -- too often -- do not have any legal background and there are too many miscarriages of justice.

Last night I went to the library and browsed around for several hours. I got out a couple of books to read in the evenings. Also saw a free movie in the library annex. It is too cold to go to our barracks until it is time to go to bed so we have to amuse ourselves in other ways. They used to have inmates tend the fires, but too many of them jumped on the freightcars passing by and made their escape. The weather up here is very severe and I understand that the winters are extremely cold. We are way up in the mountain country and I think that it is about 20 degrees colder up here than in NYC. The sun shines alright, but it doesn't keep us from feeling the cold right to our bones. I will have to put on the heavy winter underwear one of these days even though it itches like hell.

We have a lot of regular army men in our detachment and I would hate to lead the sort of life they have. Some of them have been in the service for over ten years. All they do is go to town and get drunk and pick up women, come back here to get envied while they brag about their sexual exploits. Few of them are married. Maybe that's why they find security in the Army. I know that I wouldn't be able to stand it for years. They always remark, "Well, look at the pension we will get when we retire. You can't beat that in civilian life." The thing which they conveniently forget is the 20 years of their lives in a military setting which they give. As far as I am concerned, the cost is too high. The regular Army boys have a clique and they are the elite so newcomers like me pull the details. That's why I am on CQ this Friday night. I should be on the end of the list. It will be only once so I guess I can stand it. I'm getting my mind immuned to this place so that I can stand it until my orders come in.



2057

This morning, I was supposed to interview a German PW here, but I let Fleishman take the case instead while I sat in because the Major wanted to give him experience in case work. The German boy, Franc, was fairly intelligent, and he spoke English passably although there were some things in which he had difficulty in expressing himself. His mother remarried an Argentine exporter in 1933 and she has been living in that country since 1939. Franc lived with his grandparents and got to the college level before he was drafted into the German Army in 1943. He was not permitted to leave the country despite his mother's efforts. Franc saw ten days of combat in France and was captured by the Canadians, sent to England, and then transferred to the U.S. He was in a PW Camp in La. and he worked cutting sugar cane. Said that he lost 30 pounds because of the heavy work. In early 1945 he was sent to Fort Jackson, So. Carolina and leased out to cut lumber. Two men were supposed to cut  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cords a day. Franc found that he was physically unable to do this heavy work so refused a direct order by a Captain. He was confined for 30 days, and then sent back to work but he refused again so he was court martialed. He is now serving a five year sentence. His mother has been trying to get him sent to Buenos Aires where she is living on the income left from her husband's estate. Franc is learning Spanish on his own here as he never expects to return to Germany, as he does not like the "confining" conditions of that country. He is rather intelligent, but was not politically conscious. Felt that he had to fight. There just isn't any sense in keeping him locked up for five years because of the offense of disobeying an American officer's orders.

But when Fleishman was writing up the case, I was astounded that he took a very vicious attitude towards the German boy and said "that bastard should be locked up for ten years." To my great surprise, three of the other case workers in our office vehemently agreed. We began a discussion, and Bryon and I maintained that the German PW's should be regarded as human



beings like the other inmates and that it was not up to us to inject our personal feelings and re-try a case. Spiers, Fleishman, Lenowsky were very emotional about the matter, and they stated that any Nazi was not worth saving and that they should all be killed. They advocated that Germany be eliminated from the Universe. Their emotional response was very intense, and it came out that they were biased against the PW's here because of the Jewish persecution in Germany. They actually blamed the PW's for what happened in Germany. Spiers was angry because one of the PW's told him that the Jews started the war. It all came out that their strong sensitivity was at the basis of their feelings and a strong "revenge" motivation came out. It is too bad that they feel this way because this office should be as objective as possible and not make any racial issues out of the interview of individuals. War itself is at the roots of all this hatred. If we could only look at everyone as human beings instead of stereotyped figures we would make more progress towards peace. These PW's here don't have much sympathy wasted on them. It is just as wrong for an interviewer to allow biased feelings towards Negroes to interfere in evaluating a case as it is to regard all German PW's as the cause of this war. If our office here is not able to be objective, then it is a pity because we would be failing in our responsibilities. I talked to Fleishman all morning in order to explain these things to him so now he doesn't feel so bitter towards the PW's he and I interviewed, despite the fact that some of his relatives in Germany were stoned by the Storm Troopers.

November 25, 1946

A leisurely weekend at home and the arrival of my orders today starts the week off in a proper manner for me. My orders read that I clear the post here on Wednesday and I have to report to Fort Dix on Thursday.

(Thanksgiving) I guess I'll have something to be thankful about. Processing



for separation takes from two to three days after one gets on the roster down there. If business is not too brisk down there, I should be out of the Army by Sunday (I hope). Yuriko and I plan to take the first train out to Chicago after my liberation if we can find transportation. The coal miners strike has curtailed a lot of activities and it may be <sup>a</sup> difficult matter to get a train seat. Yuriko has everything prepared for the trip so that she can leave at a moment's notice. She even had a permanent wave -- cut off a couple of inches of her beautiful hair too. It will be a momentous occasion for me to have the double satisfaction of getting out of the restrictive military service and proudly showing Yuriko around to assorted relatives and friends in Chicago. It certainly will be nice to get back to civilian life -- with all its assorted problems. As Yuriko says, "We have been lucky in having things work out for us so far. We only have one real problem (Rhoda and the housing situation)." I think that we shall be very happy and get along nicely when I am able to be with Yuriko every night! She was so tender with me this weekend, -- such a terrific love we have!

Yuriko scared me for a moment when she seriously told me that she had something to tell me about her medical examination last week. She said that the doctor advised her to have a child within the next year if she planned to have any at all because it would be difficult for her to carry a child after that because of her physical structure. She kept asking me, "are you disappointed?" As far as I am concerned, Yuriko is my first thought and I wouldn't think of putting her to any suffering. Yuriko does want a child intensely in time and she said that when the time came she would have one. I don't feel crushed or anything, because her happiness is my main consideration, and I don't have the masculine urge to carry on my name as if it were the main purpose of existence. We can always adopt a child when we get economically settled <sup>if</sup> it is difficult for Yuriko to have one of her own. I



don't want her to suffer, or take any chances in that direction. But I don't know a woman's mind and sometimes they get their minds set and they don't care what they have to go through as long as they bring a Creation into the world. Yuriko and I decided that we would take our chances later on, and her doctor might be wrong. Yuriko leads such a strenuous life and she is small so that motherhood would be more difficult for her.

We spent the whole weekend at home because we just felt lazy and didn't feel like going anyplace. I only had 75 cents anyway, but I was going to borrow some from Ethel to go to a show, but Yuriko had a slight sniffle and decided that it would be better for her to rest instead of further exposing herself. We seem to be very satisfied with each other's company, and somehow the hours speed by so rapidly. Our apartment is a bit cold even with the oil heater, but we still like our home. Rhoda's and Lamar's constant complaints annoy me even though I recognize that it is psychological in nature. They are always complaining about how cold it is as if it is our fault for forcing them to live here. (Lamar is a semi-permanent guest) It would make us very happy if they moved out, but Rhoda has not made much progress in finding her own place. I don't know just how the situation is going to be handled when I come to live there, because I know it will not work out. Rhoda has a certain bossy disposition, and I am afraid it would come in conflict with my temperment because I don't feel that I have to assume a status of a guest in my own place. Newly married couples should be left alone to work out their initial adjustments to each other, and Rhoda should recognize that and do something definite instead of being so choosy in finding a place in this present muddled up housing situation. She isn't working regularly now, just doing some part time work with a book company and auditioning. I think that Yuriko is partly supporting her again although she won't tell me. Rhoda shouldn't impose that way on Yuriko, who is so tender hearted that she "just couldn't let her starve if I have something, could I?" It is a very difficult situation and Rhoda



will not cast off her dependency role as long as she lives with us. Lamar has made no move for marriage as he doesn't believe in the institution: "I don't trust nobody". He is too wound up in his own problems. Because of his present insecurity, he tends to be a bit argumentative and exhibits some persecutionist attitudes. He was telling us about his suspicions of his landlady yesterday. Rhoda never gets along with landlords either. I think that the two of them could profit if they would only learn that it takes the same amount of effort to get along with people instead of fighting them all the time, and the results are much more satisfactory. It irritates me when they impose on Yuriko so much, and act so righteous about it -- as if they are doing her a big favor. Rhoda is always planning to do things, but there is a tendency on her part never to advance beyond the talking stage. She is going to bake a cake, she is going to knit, she is going to do this and that -- but rarely have I ever seen her fulfill her objectives. It is wound up with her economic and personal insecurity. Both of them are nice persons, but they have different temperments so that friction would result if we lived with them too long. Yuriko used to play along before she was married, but now the situation is changed and she no longer spend her time and money "mothering" Rhoda and the bird is unwilling to spread its wings and leave the cozy nest. Rhoda is obligated to Yuriko to the extent of over \$500 now, and she never gets far enough ahead to repay any part of it because she is so frequently unemployed. I know how this affair could end: Rhoda might get angry and feel that she had been betrayed when it is her own fault that this situation has developed in the first place. Yuriko is extremely loyal to her friends and she rarely tells me about these things -- it is just what I have observed on my own, perhaps mistakenly. (Maybe I just try to convince myself and paint Rhoda a bit blacker because she subconsciously annoys me by not moving out and referring to my office as the "storage room"



2062

and not allowing me to fix things the way I want to. I fixed a box outside of the window to put things in as I didn't think it was necessary to keep on getting ice when it was freezing outside, but Rhoda probably felt this was a blow at her standard of living and she opposed my every move on the basis that it was impractical, and it was too cold to open the window, too dusty, windows stuck, etc. Every innovation I think of is silently opposed. Rhoda no doubt feels that she is being pushed out by me and therefore she fights against it in devious ways. Yuriko has lived with her so long that she doesn't notice these little things although she has been much more aware of it in recent weeks. We don't want an open break which would be nasty so we tolerate a lot of things, but sometimes I think that a showdown would be the best solution. Maybe Rhoda will move by the time we get back from Chicago. She wants a place of her own, but she resents being pushed out by me. We are anxious to be alone not because we dislike her, but because our married life is intimate and personal and the relationship between Yuriko and Rhoda has changed and the latter does not have the proper awareness of it yet. If we are patient, the problem may solve itself..I only hope that Rhoda doesn't try to tell me how to paint the apartment and arrange things. Only Yuriko has the right to do that. It is unfortunate that the housing problem has caused us to have an "unwanted guest." It must be similar to the problem of couples living with inlaws!!!

Sunday we just loafed around and "smooched" and acted gay and silly. But both of our minds were silently thinking of the 9:00 PM parting time. I am flattered that Yuriko misses me so much, such affectionate care she gives me when I am home. She spoils me too. It is exhilarating to have such a happy mutual love, makes life bright and colorful. We had "little talks" on our future all day long -- between kisses, that is. Yuriko cooked some delicious meals. She caters to my food tastes, and I suspect that R and L



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2063

November 25, 1946

resented it somewhat because they wouldn't eat any rice with the pot roast Sunday night, although they have eaten it before. L. is very finicky about his food and he dislikes so many things. R. wants to cater to his tastes, which was the way it was before Y and I got married; but the situation is now reversed so some resentments result. I bet that R. and L. have some terrific talks about us when they retire to their room, because we are not guiltless of this little pastime ourselves! It is not the individuals to blame -- just situational. Later on we will laugh at the whole thing, but right now it is <sup>a</sup>very delicate problem for us. If Yuriko and I were more aggressive and "tough," we would force an issue and not feel badly about it, but we don't want any nastiness so we just go along hoping that an automatic solution will come eventually -- I think that my patience will reach its climax before Yuriko's.

Today I spent most of my time training one of the new enlisted men assigned as replacement in this office. He has never done any social work before, just a young 20 year old boy. I let him take the afternoon off to straighten out his personal business because he just arrived last night.

In a couple of weeks there won't be any staff here. Our P and S Section has to appear before Captain Porter-Shirley this afternoon because there is an investigation being made about one of the inmates getting hold of his records. The lead did not come from us, but one of the inmate typists in another section, but the P and S are not well liked around here so they are trying to pin it on us.

November 26, 1946

8:00 AM

Darling Yuriko:

This will be my last official day of work in this enclosure, and I doubt if I will be very productive. My main job right now is to train one of the new interviewers who came in yesterday -- a nice boy with



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2064

November 26, 1946

three years of college but no experience in this type of job. He is an eager beaver and he asks so many questions because he is anxious to learn the work so I am forced to devote a lot of time to him. It is difficult to do this, I must admit, because my mind wanders to civilian life. What a happy day that will be! Darling, it is a wonderful sensation. It is a better feeling even than leaving the WRA camp for Chicago back in 1943. At that time, I was a bit worried about how I would make out and my responsibilities almost made me hesitant. Now, I have no doubts about the future and I want to burst out of this military life as soon as possible. Having you makes all of the difference in the world because you represent security, comfort and love. I could go through anything for that, I guess.

Usually when a person leaves his work and friends after many months of close association, there is a slight feeling of regret. But I don't have any of this attitude. It doesn't mean that I didn't get along with my co-workers. The difference lies in the fact that the whole staff will be breaking up within the next few weeks...everyone has the exodus fever. I hope you don't mind if I invited some of them to come and visit me after they get discharged, and after we come back from Chicago. Most of the fellows live in the NYC area and they all plan to go back to school. My Russophile friend, Manny Yribar, said that he would come over and drink Vodka with me while we discuss the people's movement. He isn't a Communist, but an intensely politically minded individual with very liberal attitudes which seem to coincide with mine. The only difference is that he is much more serious about his views and he doesn't like me to joke about it so much. I do that because I find that it is more effective on the conservative members of the staff as they will never accept anything which is pounded into them by force. Manny was in our staff at Hancock, but I didn't know him too well because he was a typist and a member of the guard company. I think that I did mention him once as the boy who read Plato while the rest



2065  
of the bunch played poker. Anyway, Manny has an interesting background which would partly explain his liberal thinking. He was born in this country but at a young age he was taken to Spain. He is a Basque. He was in Spain during the Civil Wars and his sympathies were with the anti-Franco forces. This was the beginning of his political education. He became interested in what was going on in Europe and became convinced that Russia was one of the hopes of the world instead of an evil. When he came back to this country in 1939 he did some work for the unions and went to school. He is a young fellow, and now he is in conflict about whether to go back to work or to complete his college education.

Danny Driscoll is the conservative one we both work on. He is of Irish descent, very devout Catholic, fearful of Communism, only 20 years old, extremely bright. He is one of the boys I helped to train as interviewer from his typist job and he has consistently done a good job. Danny comes from an upper middle class family, his father is an executive in an advertising agency (a member of the National Association of Manufacturers). Danny gets a lot of his conservative political ideas from his father. He is inclined to be anti-labor, anti-New Deal, anti-PM. He is afraid of "radical" ideas. His conservatism stems from his father's influence, but it comes in conflict with his social ideas. During his experience with the inmates, he became much more conscious of "people" so that he now believes that social legislation is not exactly a communistic plot. This is what Manny and I work on. Danny has quickly forgotten that his own grandfather came to the U.S. as an Irish Coolie laborer and was exploited by the railroads. He believes that every man can pull himself up by his own bootstraps and a man who can't get a job is a bum. Danny is young yet and his mind is still receptive to new thoughts so that there is hope for him, a lot of it. He is going to OHIO State University after his discharge. We plan to get together one of these days to drink beer and talk about the "good old Hancock days."



(Just like Nisei talking about "camp days"!)

Lenowsky is another of the political conservatives of our office. He also comes from a well off family. Is 20 years old. He was always sheltered by his mother, and it was the first time he was away from her care when he came into the Army a year ago. His sister is a professional dancer. He has certain effeminate characteristics and the boys used to make fun of him. Howard is bright but very nervous. He is going to a fashion school after his discharge to learn designing. Very interested in the cultural arts. He is inclined to be extremely sensitive, especially about his race and religion. Tends to project some of his feelings and thinks that people are anti-semitic if they even doubt his religion. He believes in a Jewish national state as the solution for anti-semitism. But in his social thinking, he is a bit confused. Thinks that Lewis of the Miners Union is a traitor for calling the strike now going on. I guess I'll have to drink milk with him when he comes over. He blushes when a girl talks to him.

Jim Carrol is one of the fellows I met here. He is older, 35, but a nice guy. He never did social work before, but has done some interviewing. A happy go-lucky sort of fellow. Drinks a lot. He is known as the Don Juan of the office and all the girl typists in the office fall for him. He kisses the girls goodbye in his official capacity as "goodbye artist of P and S." Jim's first wife died when a child was born, and he has three children by his second wife. He was never able to support them so he joined the Navy in 1939. He was also in the Marines. In the Army he was stationed in Hawaii for two years. At present he is paying out money for an abortion for a Jewish girl whom he got pregnant while coming up from So. Carolina to Philadelphia in a pullman railroad car. Jim is interested in finger printing and thinks that he will take it up seriously in order to work into the intelligence section of the Army in the event that he



makes the service his career. Jim is a South Carolinian and has the Southerner's attitude towards Negroes. He is patronizing towards them and wants them to "keep their place." However, he is very friendly with the Negro inmates here and they seem to like him very much. There is nothing vicious about Jim as he just naturally likes people. However, he indicated that he has some anti-semitic thoughts the other night when he visited me in the dispensary while I was on CQ. He mentioned something about Spiers being the grasping type of Jew, and how Jews were becoming dominant in our Government. He gets along well with the Jewish boys in our office though. His attitudes have changed a lot since he came into this office, Manny says. Jim was the one who asked me all the questions about the Nisei, and his conclusion was, "Jesus Christ, you're just like me, only a hell of a lot smarter. I always thought that the Japanese out on the Coast were a bunch of dirty spies, and I didn't realize that so many of them were born here and just as American as me."

Eric Carnel is another older fellow whom I met in this office. He lives in Chicago and plans to go to the University of Chicago Social Work School after he gets out of the Army. He is a liberal, but skeptical about democracy. Believes that neither democracy or communism is good for the masses. Believes that the basic world issue is Capital versus Labor. "If that is true, then I'd rather see labor in charge of Government because we already know what a mess Capital has made of things since the 18th. Century. It doesn't matter what political system it is labeled as." Eric gets quite incensed over the treatment of the inmates here and my thinking is entirely in accord with him on this.

Sherwood is still waiting for his commission. I guess he is the only one you know of this bunch. He is a U. of Michigan graduate, afraid of civilian life so he is going to make the Army his career. He has a strict religious background and was taught to turn "the other cheek" when taken



2065

November 26, 1946

advantage of so he is not too aggressive. I've invited him to spend some weekend with us when he comes to NYC. Usually when one leaves the service, it seems that it is the end of close friendships because everyone goes his own way and there are not so many things in common. I've enjoyed my contacts with the bunch, but I'm prepared to make a new start and it won't make me feel lost. It's not a new story with me because I've moved around so much up to now. The big difference this time is that I have you!

I miss you very much darling, and I think about you at night while tossing restlessly about in my upper bunk. Alabama, our fireman, is a fanatic about his job as well as his religion and he builds a roaring fire in the stove whether it is hot or cold. We almost roasted last night. I think that I can stand it for one more night though. It is difficult to be just waiting, waiting, waiting. I tried to occupy myself by reading. I read a whole book yesterday, "Dollar Cotten" by John Faulkner. Reading "Pal Joey" by John O'Hara today. The girl from Nebraska left our staff today to go home. She was a typist, very cute. All the boys fell for her and chipped in to buy her a goodbye orchid. She said that if any of us ever went out to Lincoln we would be welcome to her home. She is the one who gave me a ride to NYC last Saturday. It is nice to have girls working in our office! But, I would rather have you any day! Tomorrow, I clear the post here, and Thursday I go to Fort Dix by noon. I may be able to spend Wednesday night with you. Won't that be nice!



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2069  
November 27, 1946

10:00 AM;

I am all cleared from this post and waiting for my transportation to go to Dix. It is a bit complicated because there are so many papers to be signed and nobody can be found. I plan to stay in the city over night. One of the Corporals going down with us wants to go directly to Dix so that I have to get his ticket for him since it is all made out in my name. Clearing the post is a silly business as we just walk all around and get initials on a piece of paper. Even if we owed any money, it wouldn't make any difference since they do not look up accounts anyway. I feel very tired already. From now on until we get out, we will just have to wait around. I certainly will be glad when it is all over. Right now I am just reading the papers and looking at the want ads in order to get an idea of what kind of jobs are available -- most of the jobs are low paying. The fellows in the office all feel that they will be better off by going to school in order to get more qualified for some line of work. Now that they are all getting out, they feel more kindly disposed towards the Army. They make remarks about how they benefitted financially.

From this point of view, I benefitted greatly since the point of diminishing returns have not set in yet. For my 17 months of Army service, it cost the poor taxpayers a minimum of \$5600 in cash the way I figured it out (This includes one year of school and subsistence which I hope to realize). At this rate, I was getting paid close to \$300 per month and I didn't earn that much in civilian life. Besides all this, I got clothing, medical and dental care, cheap insurance, and a lot of other GI benefits. "You can't beat it!" says Eric. In intangible ways, I got a lot of work experience which will prove valuable to me, and I associated and came into contact with fellows from all over the country. I did a certain amount of travelling, I enjoyed certain entertainment privileges in NYC free or at



2070  
reduced prices, I met Yuriko, etc., etc. Despite all these things, the only thing I couldn't have done without was Yuriko! I will go back to civilian life with a firm conviction that militarism is no good for a democracy, that too much money was wasted on me (although I won't turn the GI benefits down) that we can get on with a very small army, that war never accomplishes anything constructive enough to overcome the destructive mission. About all I can say for the Army is that I benefitted as an individual and I have no complaints about that.

If the minutes do not hurry up and pass, I will get restless. Lewnosky is about ready to go to pieces already. He has been getting a lot of ribbing about his orders and he blew up last night as he couldn't take it. The nerves of all of the boys are getting on edge and they get irritated about any little thing, including religion.

11:00 PM

After long delays, we finally got away from Greenhaven. Some of the trains were not running due to the strike so Lewnosky and I hitchhiked down. We went a roundabout way in the Berkshire foothills and it took us until 6:30 PM to get into the City. We got all sorts of little rides, but I enjoyed the trip. It was a relief to get away from Greenhaven at last. I was so tired and irritable .

Yuriko hid from me so I thought that I would have to spend the evening alone, but she popped out of the bedroom, and we had a happy reunion. Just three or four more days until I am out of the Army. I completed my application form for school while Yuriko cooked. The rest of the evening we discussed our plans for going to Chicago. Yuriko spoils me. It is a good thing that she is so even dispositioned. My irritability about Rhoda is getting to the active state. She walks into our bedroom all the time and we have no privacy. I wish that Rhoda would not be so fussy about housing because she'll never get anything. She works part



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2071

November 27, 1946

time for the book company again, and talks about further auditioning.

Yuriko tells me to be patient and smothers me with love so I won't worry about it so much. She is out in the kitchen now cooking for Rhoda who is due to come home from work shortly.

November 28, 1946

1:30 PM

Thanksgiving, and here I am at Fort Dix waiting for separation. I got to Penn Station early so I ate a \$2.25 breakfast while waiting for Lewnosky. I had the meal ticket for three of us so I used it up as it would have been wasted. We got to Dix about 10:30 and wandered around in confusion in the huge camp until we finally got a cab to take us to headquarters.

After making up our beds, we went to the messhall and stood in line for one hour. All kinds of food was just dumped on our trays. It looked so sloppy but tasted wonderful. Thousands of soldiers are waiting to be discharged so it may take a while to get on a roster. The first thing they tell us is to "nail" everything down because so much stealing goes on. I brought only a minimum of things. I hope I don't have to wait around too long before the separation processing starts. Everyone is anxious to get out of the place, particularly the large groups just returned from the E.T.O. The boy next to me just came from an Army hospital in England. He has a wooden leg. The boy has been extremely friendly in telling us all about the place as he came yesterday. It's just like Camp Sheridan when I went in some 16 months ago. It's a good thing that the weather is dry as it would be miserable if we had to separate in the mud. It is a bit crisp though -- cold weather predicted for the end of the week. I think I will take a nap now.

November 29, 1946

4:00 PM

We didn't get to dinner last night as we were too stuffed from the



noon meal. In the evening we went to the movie and saw "Strange Woman". It was very difficult to sleep last night because of the cold and anxiety about getting on the roster. The suspense was ended this morning, and we have been processing all day long. About 1200 men a day are separated here. All we did today was to stand around in the cold and listen to some orientation lectures. The two things which were impressed upon us was that we should stay away from the whores in Trenton when we get our final pay, and reenlist in the Army as things are tough on the outside. Nobody paid any heed to either statements. I had some difficulty in my final transportation pay, because I was inducted in Chicago, but my home was listed as California. I think I may get paid to California as I said I was forced out against my will and the Sgt. agreed so he made it a point to see that Levorce knew my status (he is a fellow Californian!). I have 27 days of terminal leave time coming so I will officially be out of the Army two days after Xmas. Everyone turned "thumbs down" on joining the ERC as they are all fed up with the Army too. But, the GI's here talk sentimentally about their overseas duty and it sounds like they actually regret giving it all up. They have some very exciting sex stories to tell each other, and the Japanese women come off second best to the Germans in the comparison. One GI said that the Japanese girls didn't know any better than to show preference to the Negro GI!!

My processing is scheduled to be completed tomorrow night at 4:00 or 5:00 PM. That will be a very happy occasion and I shall make a beeline for Yuriko. Terminal furlough rates end tomorrow night and I would like to get the reduced rate if I can get to NYC in time. The separation process is very boring, but there are some nice fellows here. Living conditions are terrific -- no heat, no hot water, no lights at night, dirty floors, unsanitary eating conditions in the messhall, but we all tolerate it for the sake of that discharge paper!



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2072<sup>a</sup>

November 30, 1946

Hooray! I am a free man at last!! After a long dreary day of waiting in lines I finally got separated. Everyone was so happy to get out. I left with a pair of pants too long as I didn't care to wait and get them shortened. We had our "graduation" exercise in the Chapel and a Major told us what a fine service we had done for the country, etc. I got \$322.10 in all! (\$159.00 to go to California!) Now I have to get Dr. Thomas to accept the registered letter with my discharge and then send it back to me. I'm very excited now. Got my ticket at furlough rates at Grand Central as this was the final day for this privilege and also got Y's. ticket. Rushed home and darling Yuriko is preparing a lunch now. She was all packed and waiting for me. She just showed me the pressure cooker which Clara gave us for a wedding present. Rhoda and L. are here so have to leave. Going to Chicago tonight at 11:30.