

It's been a busy week. Yuriko and I have been in Chicago visiting relatives and now we are back in N.Y.C. Just like a honeymoon! The trip out was a bit hectic because I didn't give Yuriko too much advance notice -- altho she was already packed when I got here from Fort Dix Saturday night before last. We were very fortunate in getting a nice seat on the train and we didn't have to sit in the aisles like many people did due to the crowded conditions caused by the coal strike. Traveling with Yuriko via the New York Central was a comfortable experience and we had a pleasant trip all the way playing gin rummy. Yuriko had an insatiable appetite so I spent most of my time trying to keep her from getting hungry.

It was bitter cold when we pulled into Chicago Sunday evening (Dec. 1) and we thought for a while that we would have miserable weather for the whole week, but fortunately for us it got mild and balmy the next day and it remained like that for the whole week -- just like the famous California weather.

The main purpose of the trip was for me to get my things packed and shipped, introduce Yuriko to the family as a sister-in-law, and combine all this with a honeymoon. The mission was most successful on all scores. Although we didn't do too much running around, we had a very active week and it passed by with amazing speed -- quite a contrast to the preceding week. The tempo of life in Chicago goes along at a slower pace than in N.Y.C. It looked much dirtier than before and I am afraid that I have cast any allegiance to the Windy City off and I now consider myself an adopted New Yorker. (Although the loyalty to California remains in a sentimental manner.) As soon as we got into Chicago, I knew that I wouldn't ever want to live there again. It was just a stop gap location for me during the war years. However, the city will have some pleasant memories for me, and there still remains some family ties there.

The family reception was most cordial, and everyone took to Yuriko immediately -- "our favorite sister-in-law". It seemed that she has always been a part of the family. However, the family members did realize that there has been a change in the family situation and there were some vague fears about the future status -- chiefly financial.

Ton and Miyoko changed the most physically while Bette appeared more mature, Emiko slimmer,

Mom a bit more aged, and Mariko eternally the same. George has put on a bit of weight. We missed Alice as she returned to Detroit a day before we arrived. The most amazing news about her was that she was six months pregnant, and all of the family knowingly told us that it was a "slip" and that Alice was quite worried about the matter because of Mark's difficult economic adjustments. He works 12 hours a day in a Detroit garage and makes less than Bette.

Bette seems to have a fine job with her weekends free, but she still does not feel that she is earning enough. She makes about \$40 per week, and gives one-fourth of her pay to Mom for her room and board. Bette doesn't realize that this is not exactly an outright contribution to Mom since she is not yet used to supporting herself entirely. When I talked to her, Bette said that she planned to give Mom a bit more after the Army allotments stopped next month. Bette has been saving her money for future schooling, but I rather suggested that it will be an extremely difficult task for her to return to school routine now that she is working full time. Sometimes I think it might have been better for her to have continued her schooling as a nurse trainee because she is being vague about why she wishes to get an M.A. now. The economic responsibilities for the family will also hinder any future planning for her -- and she may start to consider marriage in the next couple of years. She doesn't have any particular boyfriend altho a boy named Hero Kosomoto is rather interested in her. I really didn't get much chance to talk to Bette about her plans as she was working. Mariko said that Bette resented my getting married at first, but I didn't notice any difference. I don't think that Bette feels that all of the family support is now being dumped into her lap, or that she necessarily will be tied down. Yuriko says that all of the Kikuchi girls are very beautiful so I guess they have improved in looks. They have some sort of reputation as "good lookers" in the Chicago Nisei circles. The Nisei in Chicago are much more closely knit than a year ago, but it hasn't affected the family too greatly -- extept for Mom.

Miyoko is the one who has changed most. She is in the growing up stage -- a bobby soxer. Mom must feed her well as she is chubby and soft with a roundness of figure. She will undoubtedly outgrow this stage in the next year and become a pretty girl. Miyoko is movie star crazy now, and she gets up at 6 in the morning to rush downtown with her friends in order to see two stage shows and go backstage afterwards in order to get autographs of the

movie stars who are making personal appearances. She has a whole autograph book filled with these moronic signatures. Miyoko is also in the giggling period of her adolescence, and she appreciately laughs at all corny jokes. She doesn't figure with Tom so much anymore. Miyoko is the only one in the family who has a high regard for Mark as they speak the same language. Tom says that Mark doesn't appreciate his jokes.

Tom is now 18 and almost finished with high school. He is getting over his adolescent pimples and his complexion is much smoother. He has to battle in order to keep his hair long. Tom's excuse is that it sticks out and he is not a "pochucho" gangster. He has finally asserted his independence from Mariko's domination and will not allow her to hen-peck him anymore. Tom has had too much female influence in his life, but it hasn't affected him adversely. He is very girl conscious now, and he asks Yuriko's advise on what to say to girls while out on a date. I gave him a lot of my old clothes, and Tom was so proud of the fact that he now owns four suits. He doesn't dress so sloppily as before. Tom wanted my advise on whether he should go into the Army or not because of the fact that he cannot get into the crowded colleges next fall, and because he will receive certain GI benefits afterwards. Moriko told him that it would make a man out of him. I couldn't go along with this reasoning, but I told Tom that he would have to make up his own mind. His friends have gone into the Army, and Tom feels that he wouldn't mind the experience if he could learn a trade like radio work. He also feels that he is not trained for any kind of a job with only a high school education, and he felt that he could take out an allotment for Mom and thus contribute to the family. Tom wanted me to make a decision for him, but I refused on the grounds that my opinion would be biased due to my dislike of any kind of militarism. I suggested that he try to find out about going to Jr. College or else writing Jack about school possibilities in California. At least Tom now realizes that he should continue his education. Yuriko likes him as the favorite, and marvels at his mechanical abilities, fixing radios, repairing his own shoes, etc. Tom even shows off his nice singing voice for her -- something he would refuse to do for the family.

I didn't see much of Emiko as she was busy with her hospital classes and only got home one evening. She will graduate next summer. She seemed to be a bit nervous, and the strain of her strenuous training gets her down once in a while and she gets into a mood.

I was a bit peeved with her because of the "radio deal" and her financial manipulations, but Yuriko calmed me down so I didn't say anything for her sake.

It was a bit difficult in packing my things because everyone made remarks about how bare the living room would look if I took my books, my picture of Gila, etc. I left everything except my books and personal papers -- along with a limited amount of clothing -- but I had a guilty conscience about even taking those things. When it came to my radio, it almost caused open warfare until I heeded Y's advise and gave in. Emiko had taken my radio to the hospital and when I phoned her for it, she was extremely reluctant to give it up. She said it was too heavy to carry back despite the fact that she had the strength to take it over. Finally she said that she was under the impression that it belonged to Mariko. Then she phoned Mariko and somehow or other Mariko became convinced that it was her radio and that she only loaned it to me 7 or 8 years ago. This despite the fact that I had paid her \$5.00 for it and put \$15 more into it for repairs as it had been dropped. Mariko insisted that she loaned it to me because I had given mine to the family. In the past 7 - 8 years she never once has said anything about the radio, and it took me by complete surprise when she claimed it. I was sore as hell, but after 5 minutes of argument I just kept quiet and wouldn't talk to her at all. Yuriko asked me to be nice to Mariko and give her the radio for her sake so I gave in. But, it sure was one hell of a deal and as far as I am concerned I do not care to have anything more to do with Mariko. I can't understand why she was so afraid that I would take everything from the family as I left all the things I bought for the apartment and I certainly don't intend to claim it 8 years from now. Emiko felt that this was the reason I was angry with her, but it wasn't.

Last winter, Emiko bought a fairly expensive fur coat and she assured everyone that she would pay for it herself. But month after month, Mom would give her an allowance because Emiko always came home and complained how broke she was. When the payments on the coat was reduced to \$80, she took the money from my account with the intention of later borrowing from Jack's account to repay this loan. Now she is going to borrow from Mariko to repay Jack! It wasn't a very honest thing to do because Mom later found out that Emiko had \$250 in her own bank account. I just didn't mention a thing to Emiko about this matter because I don't think she had any dishonest motivation and she will straighten it out

soon. I wasn't speaking to anyone very much the evening Emiko came over because of the radio misunderstanding, I was furious because Mariko tried to involve Yuriko and picturing herself as a wrong person who was going to make a noble gesture by giving me the radio for the "sake of family unity" Yuriko later told me that she didn't believe Mariko's version because it sounded to fishy and she couldn't understand why the fuss over it "unless it is an expression of family insecurity about you leaving the group and since they might blame me for the course, give in for my sake". So that's how I left my radio behind without even a protest. I know I would have been very stubborn about the matter if it hadn't been for Yuriko. It gives me some satisfaction to privately blame Mariko for "stealing" from me because of a poor memory, and Emiko unfortunately got coughs in between because of my irritation towards her for something else -- the money manipulation.

The family finances did give me some concern because after the end of this year the allotment "will be cut off" and I don't have any source of income to help them out. I decided to consolidate all the various accounts and put it under Mom's name in order to relieve her great apprehension and to stop future claims against those accounts. Alice has been hinting around that part of the family fund is hers, and Emiko withdrew from Jack's account without prior authorization from him. When Jack left Chicago, he turned his \$600 account over to me for the family use, but Mom was afraid to touch it during the time that I was in the Army because she didn't feel that it belonged to her and she kept thinking how Jack got pleuracy in earning that sum while doing night work. Jack turned that money over because he was not able to help the family otherwise during the war, and when he got a scholarship to Stanford he didn't need it so much as before. I'm sure that he will not have any objection to what I have done. I put his account with the \$800 family fund which I didn't draw on much because I was able to support the family from my own salary while working for U.C. But, Mom was afraid to touch this account for the same reason she didn't draw on Jack's. That is the reason why she went to work. But she won't be able to work much during the cold weather and with the allotment stopped, she was beginning to have great financial worries. So I spent 2 days in running to and from the bank in order to get the money in her name. Mom should be able to manage by drawing a bit on this

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account each month along with her reduced earnings, Bette's self support, and Mariko's contribution which she gets through listing the family as dependents on her income tax statement. This will be the last official act as "head of the family" which I will be able to do for a long time. Emiko will be able to help after graduation and Jack will be in a better position after he becomes an M.D. It made me feel more comfortable to feel that the family will be provided for. I just don't see how Mom manages so well because the family certainly does eat well. Mom does all the shopping, but I think that it is too much for her to be carrying those heavy packages after coming back from work. She helps make greeting cards in her job in Alfred Doi's business - which hires many Issei women. Mom also does all of the family washing in the bathtub -- and Bette thinks it is coy to throw some of her things in the wash when mom is not looking (Mariko's version). Yuriko and I looked around for a second hand washing machine for her but we were not so successful. Mom certainly does spoil the kids -- she is a very successful mother despite her production of Mariko, a girl who sells a radio and 8 years later takes it back because she thinks it was only loaned (the nerve of her!).

Mom likes Yuriko very much and the two of them talked and talked every chance they got together. There isn't any doubt that Yuriko is her favorite in-law. Now Mom really has something to brag about down at her shop in competition with the old ladies who like to gossip about their unusual offspring. Mom said that her prestige has been elevated! Her liking for Yuriko is as a person primarily and it seems to be mutual. Yuriko bought a lot of household things for Mom and she calls her "mom" instead of Mrs. Kikuchi like George does. Mom calls her "Yuri-chou" which is a more intimate and informal way of addressing a person in Japan. Yuriko is about the only one in the family who can read Japanese so Mom leaves her little notes saying that the "tsu-ke-mono" is ready, etc. Mom thinks that her oldest son made a very fine choice for a mate. Actually it's the first time in my life that I felt close to Mom and that's because she got along with Yuriko so famously. I guess I took her more for granted before (like the family does now) even though I realized that she favored me when it came to the distribution of food, etc. Mom is thinking of trying to get first naturalization papers out. Tom and Miyoko said they would work her on the constitution and I jokingly remarked that she shouldn't put Hirohito's name

down instead of Washington. Mom came right back with "I'll put Tojo second." The fact that I served in the Army, and the favorable turn of circumstances, plus the increasing favorable attitude of the U.S. towards Japan all combine to help Mom have a favorable attitude towards the U.S. without any of the bitterness that many Issei have -- particularly those who lost economically.

Yuriko and I had the large bedroom to ourselves so that we were made comfortable. The family treated us like guests -- another indication that they were glad to have us come and visit. We just loafed around for most of the week and slept late. I was busy with my packing, and Yuriko kept house since everyone was out at work or in school. The days passed so quickly that it was the end of the week before we realized it. It was quite a problem getting my books and papers packed. The family remarked sadly that the living room would look bare without the books so that I almost had a guilty conscience taking them. My clothes fit into one suitcase, but the books and papers filled nine cartons. I was a bit worried about getting the things shipped by express because of the threatened embargo due to the coal strike, but after a great deal of running around I managed to get them off.

Monday nite (Dec. 2nd) Yuriko and I dropped in on Mariko in order to pick up some tools that I wanted to take back with me. Mariko was full of the usual chatter and George acted the part of the genial host. He takes nite classes, but gave up his homework in order to entertain us. George seems to have put on a bit of weight. He and Mariko seemed to be much more compatible in the intervening months I have been away, but she still has the bad habit of belittling him. However, their marriage now is a going concern and the adjustments to each other fairly good. They now have a joint bank account, and they are still talking about having a family of their own. Mariko looks remarkably young for her age, but one of these days her youth will begin to fade. She is getting plump, but she doesn't like to have that mentioned.

Mariko and George have finally decided to settle down in Chicago so that they are fixing their apartment up. A lot of work has gone into it and the decoration is in very good taste. Mariko had some unusual color combinations in her painting. As newly weds,

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Yuriko and I were very interested in domestic topics so a lot of time was spent in discussing these things. George and Mariko, as an old married couple, offered us a lot of advice free and even indulged in telling us a few "risque" bedroom jokes so we obligingly blushed to the proper degree and acted coy and embarrassed.

The rest of the evening, Mariko emptied her lungs of all the accumulated Chicago Nisei gossip which I had missed. She still consciously believes that she is entirely out of the orbit of Nisei society, but not to the degree to which she believes. I would say that her "resettlement" adjustments have been very satisfactory, however, in relation to the rest of the Nisei population. There are supposed to be approximately 20,000 in the Metropolitan Chicago area, but the estimate appears to be a bit high and it is based on some inaccurate and outdated WRA statistics. It is true tho, Chicago is the largest center of "Japanese" population outside of L.A. In NYC one rarely sees a Nisei, but in Chicago they are an accepted part of the population composition and seen everywhere. Recently the city has been having some explosive racial tensions between Negro and whites and there was one minor riot over a housing situation during the week we were there, but no antagonism towards Nisei was evident. Mariko and George were of the opinion that the Nisei have risen several notches in the social and economic scale as a result of the resettlement, but they were a bit grieved that the young Nisei were not appreciative enough of the advantages which they have had. The Nisei, like most Americans, take these so called advantages as a part of their heritage so they can't be exactly called ungrateful. Immature would be the more proper expression but even there they have progressed. Mariko deplored the growing social and housing concentration of the Nisei population, but felt that it wasn't as bad as they anticipated two years ago -- a viewpoint to which I readily agreed.

Mariko told us a lot of personal gossip about people I had interviewed or known. Mary (Texas Mary) has a new husband and she is happily married. She has another child and is very anxious to become respectable. Wayne left her for another girl in Salt Lake City. The new developments have left Yoshie (Hibino) with a more settled frame of mind. We saw Yoshie and she was much thinner. Her personal adjustments are still in a "fluid situation" and she still hasn't any definite objectives. She is finally interested in a

Nisei boy and this may be the solution to her mental restlessness. Yoshie has just returned from the east (domestic job) and she talks of going east again to teach music to young children. She acted strongly towards Yuriko and I. Bette said Yoshie was in one of her moods and feeling awkward because everyone was getting married but her.

Eileen is still doing the same type of work as before, and Mariko said that she was most unhappy because of her inability to draw the threads of her life together into a workable pattern. She is now living with a sort of Bohemian group. She is still undecided about a career versus marriage, but that depends upon the romance of the moment. Eileen is a very attractive girl so that she can afford to take her time -- but not indefinitely. She will be a very frustrated person if she decides in favor of a career finally and then doesn't achieve her expectations. Apparently she is still trying to avoid a definite decision because she probably wants marriage -- like most girls -- but still remains afraid of it.

Bob Tisomi married Mai (Alice's former roommate in Mpls) after a whirlwind romance and quickly settled down to a dull marital life (Mariko's interpretation). He devotes most of his time to his hobby of photography and Mai sits at home all day long. Mariko feels sorry for any girl who marries a conceited man because he is prone to quickly neglect his mate once the conquest has been made. Mariko never did like Bob very much.

Bob Kuiohita is out in Hollywood as a movie extra (under the name of Kino) and he also acts in legitimate plays produced by Negro groups. Setsuko Matsunaga Hishii has a baby now, but is still very much the social climber. She is supposed to be writing a book now about famous Nisei! etc., etc. We were up until about 2:30 Monday nite listening to all this gossip so we stayed over. In the morning Mariko was very cranky and she took two hours to get ready to go to work, and then blamed George for being so sleepy. She also left a full day's accumulation of dishes for us "you don't have to do them if you don't want to". Yuriko and I decided not to stay over again!

On Tuesday nite (Dec 3) Yuriko and I decided to have a dinner for the whole family so we were busy most of the afternoon shopping for an assortment of food. It was quite a feast as Yuriko produced a meal worthy for the occasion and managed to bring resounding praise about her culinary talents down on her lovely head. It took me 45 minutes to slice the string beans for her, but Yuriko forgot to serve them until the meal

was over! That was the nite I was burnt up about the "stolen radio deal" so I didn't talk to Mariko or Emiko, but it didn't prevent me from enjoying the meal.

On Wednesday (4 Dec.) Mom used the string beans to make Suki-yaki so my efforts were not in vain. Yuriko bought a lot of Japanese goods for Mom at outrageous black market prices without realizing it. Mom wanted to exchange the Japanese jelly cake bought especially for her for some Japanese cookies because Tom and Mariyoko liked them better, but we wouldn't hear of it. Mom always considers herself the last -- down to the very last detail.

Food prices in Chicago are also terrific. Yuriko and I went downtown to a show on Wednesday nite and afterwards we went to eat Chinese food. We were horrified to get billed extra for the tea a la carte! This is something new for a Chinese eating place, but I suppose an accepted part of the inflationary trends all over this country. A lot of changes have been made since I entered the Army!

(5th) Thursday evening, Yuriko and I went over to Toshie's for dinner. Cherie and Joe Nakayama were also there. Mariko and George and Yoshie and Bette came over after dinner and we all looked at the color films of Cherie's baby and Santa Barbara scenes. Cherie is a very happily married girl, and she has positively blossomed since I saw her last so that all her good looks finally have come out to her advantage. Her life is now devoted to rearing a family and she has forgotten all about her former dreams for a career. Her husband, Joe, has changed from an optometry course to denistry as Cherie's brother, Earl, has a flourishing practice in Hawaii. (Earl was the one who was so bitter about the U.S.A. while in Gila). During the four years in which it will take Joe to finish up his schooling (through GI benefits), he and Cherie will manage the apt house which his parents bought up on Sheridan St. As first the idea was to make it an "all Japanese" apartment but some of the tenants have lived there for as long as 15 years so Joe decided against kicking them out. But he said that as they moved, he would put in Nisei friends.

Toshie and Al have assumed a very settled domestic appearance, but they are very happy together. Al kept talking about his Army experiences in Germany and that was the only time that he talked illuminatedly during the evening. He got very fat while in the

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service. Al is now attending a television engineering school and he has hopes of getting a \$15,000 a year job out of it because it is such a new field. He said that about 12 Nisei G.I.'s started the school with him, but he didn't have any fear that the market would be glutted because they were dropping out one by one as the course got more difficult. His brother, Otto, is now in the Army and recently was shipped to Attu. Dorothy is still in the nursing school. Yuri is back with Yuji again (he is a chemist) after he persuaded her to give up plans of going to Japan as a Wac in order to renew their marital life together. The whole Ikeda family seems to be doing quite well.

Toshie's relatives are not so settled. They parents are in L.A. operating a hotel in a Japanese community. A brother, Tom, is out here struggling to become a sculptor under the guidance of Isanui Nagochi. Mark is still coping with civilian and marital adjustments in Detroit, and his occupational adjustments have not been very satisfactory. He may eventually get into the Ford Company as a worker thru the influence of an uncle who has worked on Ford's estate for many years. Jack Satow took an Army job in Japan after his discharge there.

Toshie's two children have grown tremendously and they were as noisy as ever. As predicted, Lucy bullies the younger brother, Butah, around in an atrocious manner. Both children throw temper tantrums as a result of the lax discipline which Toshie imposed while Albert was away in the Army. But it is a happy family and there is a solid reassurance about it. At least, they seem to be getting their quota of enjoyment out of life. Toshie still has not been able to achieve her dream of owning her own home in the suburbs and gossiping over the back fence with neighbors as she talked about when I interviewed her 3 years ago shortly after she arrived in Chicago from camp.

Yuriko and I didn't get home until about 3 A.M. on Thursday nite so we slept late. During the days we enjoyed our terrific love together and I tried to get Yuriko to visit as much as possible because of the strenuous winter dancing season ahead of her. Friday (6th) we began to realize that our Chicago honeymoon was drawing to a close and this saddened us. We went over to visit Cheri Friday afternoon and look at the baby. In the evening we had planned to go to a nightclub since I had never taken her. Somehow or other things were taken

out of our hands, and the party began to grow and grow. It got very complicated because too many people were involved. Marioko and George, Toshie and Albert, Paul Otake and Bette, and Al Funaboyoshi and unknown date. Then, one by one they backed out. George got a cold so Mariko decided to go with Al. Toshie and Albert could not go until late because of the children, Paul was too broke to take a date so Bette was out.

While the mess was getting untangled, Yuriko and I went to Isbell's for dinner with Paul and we had a pleasant talk together. Paul could not get a job in Japan with the U.S. Army because of some past connection he had with a Japanese Chamber of Commerce in S.F. All during the war Paul taught Japanese to Army students at the U. of Michigan. He is now doing a simple clerk job and the prospects for advancements are small. This is the reason why he would like to go back to Japan as his family is in the upper circles economically as they would be able to make connections for Paul. He would like to go into the import-export business and remain in the U.S., but he feels that he may have to get a start in Japan and then come back here. Paul is engaged to a caucasian girl but no definite marriage date has been set yet. He said that he may come to visit us in N.Y.C. next spring before going to Japan. Paul did not go to the night club with us as he has a bum heart from drinking too much during the war. He has never been a very happy person. Paul still has some feelings for Moriko and she tries to manage his life yet, but he has finally broken this control.

On the way up to Toshie's to pick up the rest of the night club party, we ran into Earl Tolly Yusa. He is now the publisher and editor of an anemic looking newspaper: The Chicago Nisei Courier. He no longer plans to become a missionary to Africa. His wife Mimi is expecting another child. Earl still looks and acts like a whipped dog, and he still has vague visionary plans into which he escapes whenever the reality of living becomes too strenuous for him to cope with. Fatherhood has forced him to seek the filthy lucre more and more so that he freely states that he hopes to establish his newspaper as the voice of the Nisei throughout the Midwest. It is even a worse paper than the N.Y.C. Nisei Weekender and certainly not worth the 8¢ price. Earl said that Tom Shibutani was back from Japan and out of the Army and now doing graduate work at the U of Chicago through the G.I. benefits and the Walgreen Scholarship.

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Our evening at the Night Club - "Latin Quarter" was sort of dull. We paid \$1 a drink to look at some ungainly girls walking up and down on a 2 x 4 stage which was supposed to be an imitation of a So. American Dance. Toshi seemed to be the only one to enjoy the floor show, but maybe she forced herself in order to get her money's worth. Moriko loves night clubs - good, bad, or indifferent just as long as she doesn't have to pay for it. Al Funaboyoshi is a New Yorker - half Japanese, half Irish - and he is married to an Italian girl. He travels around the country as a representative for a large oil heater concern.

The last part of the night club experience was the romantic ride we had along the lake after we left everyone at 4:00 A.M. We didn't get up until noon on Saturday (7th) and just pattered around for the balance of the day. Tom and I took a few hours to fix the leaky hot water faucet which Mark had fixed wrong while in Chicago. Yuriko did some shopping for Mom because Bette wouldn't get up and Miyoko rushed off downtown to do some Xmas shopping. We had dinner at home, and afterwards took everyone to the movies, except Mom who was busy fixing up a lunch for us to take on the train. We were very relieved to hear over the radio that the coal strike was over because so many of the train schedules were cancelled.

We left Chicago at 3 in the afternoon yesterday and the trip back was uneventful. We forgot the cards to continue our gin rummy game, but we were too tired anyway. We had nice reserved seats on the pacemaker so that the return trip was pleasant. Most of today we slept here, and then got up and cooked a roast. Now our problem of getting rid of Rhoda will start! She and Tomor took over while we were gone.

13 December 1946, Friday (N.Y.C.)

Ever since coming back from our Chicago trip, I have been so busy getting readjusted back into civilian life that it has me in a whirl. On top of that, marital adjustments have to be made. But despite these seemingly complicated problems, I don't think that coming back to civilian life is as difficult for me as for those who spent long months in the Service. A great many things have changed during the 18 months I was away, but most of the time I was around N.Y.C. so that the impact of civilian life doesn't hit me so hard.

My Army experiences already is something of the distant past and I don't have any nostalgic longings for it yet.

I've been fortunate in being able to come back to a beautiful and understanding bride, and it is a Promise for the future which is brightly colored. I hear all sorts of complaints about me about the difficulties of civilian living from former service men who wait on me in stores, but the great sense of freedom I experience is more than compensatory for all that. At least I am on my own and it is a comfortable feeling to be able to make some sort of plans for Yuriko and myself. The days have passed quickly this week and there are so many things to be done. I still have to wear my uniform until the 27th, and it is a big help because I am sadly lacking in clothes. It discourages me to see the prices of shirts marked up about 300% from the 1945 prices. My biggest need is a dress suit because Yuriko threatens to wear slacks when I take her out if I don't get a dark suit. She has much better taste in clothing so she is going with me when I go to the place where Stuart knows a wholesaler.

I guess matters financial constitutes the major part of our marital adjustments. Yuriko is so considerate of me all the time, and she always tries to make me believe that I am making the final decision on things when actually it is a mutual agreement. We have to spend a considerable sum of money this month in order to get our household started. Including our Chicago trip, we will be spending in the neighborhood of \$700 in one month. That represents a terrific expense, but most of it is going into our home needs. Yuriko does not want me to keep track of our expenditures for the first month because she knows scare me since I don't have a regular income. We have about \$1600 to start out on, plus some war bonds, and after the end of this month I'll have to get by on the 52-20 Club.

Yuriko and I ironed out all of our financial problems Tuesday evening (10th) and we decided that our savings would go into a joint account and our "regular income" into a checking account. The thing which bothered me was that Yuriko would be putting most of the money into the checking account, but I can't voice my uneasiness about this too much because Yuriko always says, "Well, we are married so everything belongs to us together." I'm glad that we have a smooth financial agreement, because conflicts on such matters break up many marriages. Yuriko is by nature very generous, and sometimes to the point of extravagance but she is more budget-minded now for my sake. (I call it being more practical). This year

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Yuriko loaned Rhoda over \$500 in supporting her and she gave her parents \$300 so that she was not able to save a cent. I want her to save more of her money so that she will not have to exert herself so much during the summer. We decided that we would try to live on a budget of \$200 a month once we got settled down and try to save the rest (if any) for future needs. Yuriko makes a good income but it fluctuates. During the dancing season, she cleans about \$70 a week. Right now she makes about \$200 with her teaching.

Yuriko and I are both happy that we will be together until mid February before she goes on tour. The company will go to the Midwest and the South until about April, and then the tentative plan is to go to Europe for the summer. It will be under the sponsorship of the State Department and the company will travel by air over Europe in Army planes. Yuriko said that she wasn't nearly so excited about the trip now as she was back in August before we were married, but I told her that she was getting a wonderful opportunity so not to worry about being parted. It will be difficult but I know we can make the adjustments without too much strain in our marital life. The following year the company may tour the Orient but that is a long time in the future. Yuriko is such a wonder wife that I feel luckier all the time in having her. We haven't had one quarrel in the 7 months we have known each other. Tomorrow, we will celebrate our 3rd month of wonderful marriage.

This week I have been running all over the city looking for things I need. The Xmas shopping crowds in N.Y. are dense, and there isn't too many things available. We can't understand why Xmas ribbons are put around scarce articles like refrigerators unless it is to tantalize the customers. The manufacturers are not releasing any goods until after the first of the year in order to get the benefit out of lower taxes. Needless to add that prices have skyrocketed out of all proportion to the average workers income. It keeps on amazing me to see the high prices, but Yuriko says that I have to get used to not buying at PX prices as that is a part of my civilian readjustment problems. It sure is!!! But its fun being a husband! Yuriko makes it such an interesting project and I want to do so many things for her. She said that I had to get a typewriter for myself the first thing and that she would buy it for my Xmas present besides the socks she is knitting

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for me so I had to go shopping for it before I could start fixing up the apartment. I tramped around all day Tuesday (10th) looking for one, but it was an impossible job. The only one I even had a choice to buy was a new portable for \$90 at a wholesale house which gives reduced rates to servicemen. That was too much for me so I bought bathroom scales for Yuriko instead so that she could check on her weight. She rewarded me with a big kiss and then got busy asking her friends if they knew of one. Finally Stuart told her of a friend who had an old standard model for \$29 so we went there and bought it! I will get it tomorrow after it is reconditioned. I felt so lucky in getting a typewriter at last and paying much less than what I had expected too. I hope that it works well.

Since I had not paid as much as I had expected I decided to buy Yuriko a waffle iron for her present. That was easier said than done but I doggedly fought the woman crowds from department store to department store in search of the elusive waffle iron. There was not one to be had. Yuriko went with me on some of my forays in between her dance classes, but we couldn't even see one. Then yesterday afternoon, I walked into Hearn's and saw a crowd of women around a counter. I wasn't even thinking of a waffle iron when the tired saleslady sang out, "I am going to wait on the serviceman first. Do you want a waffle iron?" I almost fell over in amazement, but managed to collect my wits long enough to select a nice model while the other woman looked angrily on. There is nothing more dangerous than facing angry women, but I was getting the waffle iron for Yuriko so I acted brave! It seems that a small shipment of waffle irons had just come in and I stumbled on them out of a blue sky. They did not expect another shipment until January so that the limited supply was snatched up in minutes. It's not like a PX where items are fairly plentiful. I didn't know if I had the right kind so I took it up to the Graham Studio to let Yuriko pass her approval. She almost fell over in surprised joy and she was the center of envy of the whole dancing company. They all complimented Yuriko on having such a nice husband and that made my chest swell with pride! Everything nice seems to happen to us!

We also looked for another impossibility this week -- a refrigerator. We figured that ice at 2¢ per pound was too much so that we should invest in a refrigerator. But

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second hand ones were not to be found. Stuart, the manager of the 5th Ave. Playhouse and a string of movie houses specializing in foreign films, went out of his way to give us leads on these things. (typewriter, suit, refrigerator, waffle iron, steam iron, stove, etc.) He used to be interested in Yuriko before he got married. Now he complains of his \$160 a month rent and not being able to make ends meet on his \$600-\$1000 a month income!! Everyone has his troubles! Anyway Stuart took us to see a friend who wanted to sell us a second hand refrigerator for \$125 as a favor. Yuriko and I felt that we could get a new one for \$150 if we waited for a while so we changed our plans. All day yesterday we hiked around department stores looking for a small model. I never walked as much while I was in the Army, but Yuriko is indefatigable and she pushed me relentlessly onward (She would say, "It's fun setting up our own place and I wouldn't want you to miss any of it so you must help me pick out a model!") In between Yuriko would shop for Xmas presents and conduct strenuous dancing lessons. No wonder she does not gain any weight. (I have lost 10 lbs. since my pneumonia seige).

In Wanamakers, we met a pleasant former G.I. who reminisced about his war experiences before doing his job as a salesman. We found a nice gas Serval there and decided to put in an order for it. We may get it in Jan. or Feb. if we are lucky. It costs about \$150 if the prices do not go up again. In the meantime we plan to keep on looking as we can cancel the order.

The pleasant part of getting the refrigerator is that we don't have to pay for it! Yuriko's parents have become reconciled to our marriage, and in a moment of great generosity offered to buy us a wedding present of a bedroom set or refrigerator or stove. We decided to take the refrigerator as we have enough furniture, and we plan to buy a second hand stove with the money Mom gave us for a wedding present. (We are the first to get a wedding present from Mom - this was her first official act when she got the money in her name and she wouldn't allow us to turn her down!) Yuriko's parents are able to buy the present as she gave them \$300 this year to help start the cleaning business. It is now a going concern which nets them over \$100 a month. In addition they get \$200 a month plus room and board for managing the Hostel for the church group. Yuriko must

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certainly love me as she doesn't care what my financial status is and I was picked above all the other well-healed candidates. I guess I'm just not the money making type, but we are very happy on our limited scale. On the other hand, we are a lot better off than many people in this country.

We also purchased the paint for the apartment yesterday before the price increase went into effect. The salesman was very nice to us because he knew we were a newly married couple. It is a pleasure to go shopping in the "village" as the atmosphere is congenial and the store workers are not so penny grasping. Greenwich Village is a nice place to live in; the pace is more leisurely than the rest of the city, and living manners are more informal. The people are friendly and they are not as impersonal as the rest of the city. We have cultivated the shoe repair man, the grocery man, iceman, butcher, Chinese laundry, Italian delicatessen and other establishments in this neighborhood; and people around here are getting to know us by sight because of our frequent shopping expeditions. Of course, we also feel that we are a desirable addition to this area!

I haven't been able to accomplish too much around the apartment this week. I did fix the cracked toilet seat after Rhoda complained that it pinched her when she sat down. I also fixed the plugged up sink, and the broken cabinet door, shined my shoes (7 pairs) into a high gloss and puttered around in general. I cook for Yuriko when she has a heavy schedule at the office. The rest of the time about the apartment Yuriko and I act like lovebirds. We can't understand why Rhoda complains about the cold so much because we are warm all the time (emotionally!) The other morning I decided to do all the laundry because it is my resolution to keep busy on something from 8-5 so that I won't get lazy habits. I included all of Yuriko's delicate underthings in the washing and I was just about ready to hang them up when Ethel came over to sew and Jean Sullivan (a "B" movie actress) came over for costume fittings by Rhoda. It was too embarrassing to hang up pink panties on the line while they were here so I hid them in a pan until Yuriko came home and then I whispered to her to hang them up herself. I have my masculine pride to consider!!

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Walters phoned and invited us out to dinner at Miyoko's

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restaurant. But, we got stuck with the bill and I didn't get enough to eat so I had to eat pork chops after I got home as Yuriko didn't want me to go to bed hungry. I just don't care for Japanese foods cooked in a restaurant as it isn't filling enough. It is pretty and nice to look at, but not enough for a healthy body!

After dinner we went over to the Walter's apartment and met their friends, the Blacks (?) there. Black (?) used to be the head of personnel in the Washington WRA office and Walters was in charge of community recreation at Gila. Black now works for UN and Walters is a recreation specialist for a large private concern. It was very strange to listen to talk about camp as it seems like such ancient history. It's been almost five years since I first went to Tanforan. Walters talked a lot about the social implications of the evacuation and he was hopeful that the Supreme Court would eventually rule it illegal. I suppose the public will feel that a wrong has been right by such a decree, but it is more important to see that such things don't even happen again. The lives of 100,000 people was disturbed, many tragically, by the evacuation; but it is just a part of the world-wide suffering which came with the stupidity of war. Walters said that the WRA would have an 8 volume final report which wouldn't be a governmental "white paper" but I don't see how even the social analysts will be able to evaluate the WRA work objectively. They were very interested to learn that the U.C. Study just came out with a publication, "The Spoilage". Dorothy and Dick Nishimoto have authored this volume after a great deal of work. While in Chicago, Earl told me that Tom S. was very displeased about the Study for publishing about the negative aspects of the evacuation first. Personally, I think its a good idea because that's where the greatest social damage was done. It must be professional jealousy feelings. Togo told me over the phone that Morton was upset about his work being rewritten. Every author must fall in love with his work. I'm glad I never had any illusions about writing. I still feel very honored that I had a part in the Study and I don't think my case histories are as significant as Dorothy says. She mentioned in several letters that my work would be used in Volume II. The first volume will be largely about the Tule branch, and Dorothy said I would be getting a complimentary copy because I was on the Study for about 3 years!!! I imagine there will be a number of books coming

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out about the Nisei in the next few years -- so many Nisei are going into Sociology and at least one of them should come forth with a good book. Tom may be the one to do it as he is much more mature now I imagine. Or maybe Frank. Most likely it will be an unknown younger Nisei. Somehow or other, I couldn't get very interested in Walter's remarks about the evacuation and camp life because it doesn't seem as significant as it did while I was in the process. I did realize last night that I could see a lot of things more objectively than before, but my feelings about segregation just hasn't changed at all.

Yuriko had a very busy day at the Studio and I am waiting for her now. I have been stymied in my painting plans because of our unwelcomed guest, Rhoda, but I think Yuriko got it all straightened out today when the two of them went into secret conference. I don't think that I could have stood it much longer, Tamor and Rhoda took over the place while we were in Chicago, despite their complaints about the place, and I don't know when they will be dislodged. I haven't said a thing yet but I am tired of being hospitable when the imposition becomes flagrant. Later on, we will be able to laugh it off, but it is a serious matter now. We never should have brought Rhoda in with us in the first place because she could have found a place of her own if forced to. She has everything to suit her convenience, but it is too imposing on us. She and Tamor decided not to live together because he is moving in with Jimmy. However, R. starts that she and T. have some sort of agreement. It leaves her out on a limb, but what can we do about that? R. works part time in the bookshop and she types and sews in her spare time. The difficulty with her is that she is unable to concentrate on making a living when T. is around.

R. and T. actually believe that they are doing us a favor by living here the way they are. T. stops overnight almost every night. It means that we are feeding him because R. can't afford to contribute more than 1/3 to the food pot. This is a considerable expense to us, and the occasional bag of oranges and bottles of beer (T. drinks 2/3 of it) which he brings does not compensate for the higher food costs to us. We wouldn't mind if it were an invited guest, but he just invites himself over. And, when I suggest that there is some furniture to be moved, he quickly disappears on the pretext that he has to go home to study. I guess Yuriko and I are just "suckers" for not calling for a showdown.

The moral is that a newly married couple should live alone. Little invitations will lead into big ones and pretty soon there will be an explosion. Tamor drinks 2 quarts of milk one evening and there is none left for Yuriko; Rhoda goes off and leaves a whole sinkful of dishes and Charles is stuck; Rhoda heats up whole tanks of water and then doesn't use it; Tamor hangs his clothes on the small rod and there is no room for our clothes; Tamor reads in the bathroom and my kidneys suffer; Tamor eats egg sandwiches everytime he feels hungry; R. and T. parade thru our bedroom on the way to the bathroom and it is most disturbing; R. burns the pots and breaks a lot of Yuriko's dishes; R. uses the whole living room for her sewing so that I can't paint, etc., etc. It all leads into a very undesirable situation, and it really isn't any one person's fault. If I assert myself, then R. will feel hurt and I don't want to interfere with her earning a living. It's just an impossible situation.

This afternoon when Yuriko came home for lunch, she and R. had a talk and apparently some things were settled. They figured out that R. owed Y. about \$500, and they also divided the furniture and other household articles which they had jointly purchased. It was a peaceful settlement, so I guess things won't explode if R. keeps her word and moves like she promises. She is going to Detroit to visit a sick uncle and remain there to dance in an Opera company for several months in order to save up some money. She is anxious for Tamor to go along with her and he may go for the Xmas holidays if he can raise the money. R. wanted to leave her furniture here until she returned, but Yuriko felt that we wouldn't be able to rearrange our apartment. I was relieved when R. then decided to leave her things with Tamor because I didn't want her to come back here and have the same old thing start all over again. I'm glad now that I never said anything about my irritations as the parting can be peaceful now and I can stand it for one more week. It certainly will be a relief when Yuriko and I can finally start to live alone! I don't bear any personal animosity towards R. -- she's just a type of person I wouldn't care to live with, especially when I have such a nice wife. R. no doubt was unreasonable at times because of some deep seated resentment towards me since she has been Yuriko's close friend for 10 years and they were roommates for the past three. But, the old order changeth! Yuriko prefers to

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live with me, and it will be better for R. to become dependent upon herself. If T. would marry her, I'm sure that R. would have a better attitude about the whole thing. Another obstacle in the way of smooth marital relationships removed at last, I hope.

9:00 P.M.

Yuriko brought Shirley Broughton over to dinner tonight. Shirley attends the Graham Studio dance classes. She works in some sort of settlement house for her living. We sat around and talked for a while, and Shirley helped with the dishes and then pleasantly made her departure. Yuriko and I plan to move some furniture in a little while if she feels ambitious. She had a hard day today so I may make her drink her milk and go to bed early. It's so comfortable to be close with her -- Rhoda is at her part time night job and T. is at school.

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I have been busy cleaning the walls in the living room all day, but I did not get started with the painting. Right now I am waiting for Yuriko to come home as she wishes to cook tonight. I got a slow start today because of the weekend. We were up until rather late last night.

Most of the weekend was spent at home. Saturday I went and shopped for a few things, and in the afternoon I helped Yuriko carry her set up to the studio as the paper wanted to take a picture of her. It was the NISEI WEEKENDER which wanted the pictures for a front page spread for the Xmas edition. Yuriko did several poses for the photographer. After we came home we did some special shopping for dinner as it was the 3rd month anniversary of our marriage. Rhoda went out for dinner with Lamar so we got steak for the occasion. Then we got a meat loaf for Sunday when everybody would be here. While we were preparing the dinner, R. and L. came back for a few minutes and we had to sort of neglect the steak so that they would not see it. I don't know why we acted so guilty because it was bought with our money, but we thought that R. would think we didn't want to feed L. good

meals when he comes here! L. just sits around while R. moves all her heavy things, and then he eats like he is a working man. Last night he ate half of the meat loaf and eight jam sandwiches right after dinner. R. must sap his energy considerably. However, we had our cozy steak dinner and then we rolled over to the arm chair in front of our oil heater and smooched a bit before playing gin rummy. Y. beat me badly! It was such a nice quiet evening at home. We planned our apartment arrangement again because it's fun to plan these things. We get more and more ambitious every day, and the plans are far ahead of our accomplishments around the household. But, we did manage to get quite a bit done the first week here and as soon as R. moves it will be less congested so that I can actually get down to the painting. Xmas is coming around so that we have to get things for the family. Yuriko enjoys buying presents for others so I run interference for her through the thick crowds. All they sell is junk these days at atrocious prices. Yuriko was stuck about a gift suggestion for her father so she sweetly says to me, "do you mind if I give the green socks I knitted for you to my father, and I'll knit you another pair later." I hated to give them up, but I guess I had to have some Xmas spirit. I don't particularly believe in the phony commercialized Xmas institution, but it is sort of nice to. I still haven't gotten our first Xmas tree for Yuriko. She wants one so I will have to find some space in our confused apartment for it. Everything is piled up around here in preparation for the painting.

Yuriko seems to have taken to the family as much as they took to her as she has done most of the shopping for gifts. She plans to get mom a rather expensive purse so that mom can go to church and other functions in style. The family wouldn't have received such nice gifts if I had not married Y, because I never know what to get.

R. has been busy packing her things for her departure. She has so many things to do but she never seems to get around to all of the things she

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outlines for herself. She types at home, sews costumes, and in the evenings she works in a bookshop. R. plans to go to Detroit next Friday to visit her family. Originally her plan was to remain there several months and save some money in order to pay Y. some of the \$500 debt back, but she doesn't care to be away from L. so long so that she will return right after the holidays. I don't know where she will be staying, but L. is going to keep all her furniture for her. He is rooming with Jimmy in an apartment near Times Square, which they just rented for \$85.00 a month. Jimmy is getting a start as a stage manager on Broadway. Lamar didn't want to get too settled in NYC as he plans to leave in another year. R. feels very sure of him and they apparently plan to get married sometime in the future. He may go to Detroit with her to meet her family. I think that they would be much more settled in mind and happier if they took the legal vows, but that's their business. It's sort of hard on R. because it leaves her with a great sense of insecurity. She says that she is going to take a regular job when she comes back to NYC and she indicated that she would postpone her dance career for a while unless something good suddenly comes up. R. could probably get a job in the chorus line of some large movie house, but that isn't what she wants.

R. was fixing a costume for Jean S. in the kitchen so I got a free show watching the proceedings through our bedroom door, but can't be seen. Jean is going to be a night club dancer or something. Her husband Joe, is a radio script writer for one of the large national broadcasting systems and he was telling us about his work yesterday. Yuriko was too busy wrapping Xmas gifts to listen.

When Yuriko concentrates on domestic tasks, nothing can interfere -- except smooching. She got up first yesterday morning to cook a delicious Sunday morning waffle breakfast for all of us -- it lasted until 1:30PM! She likes the waffle machine very much and we plan to entertain weekend guests after we get settled down here. I don't want Yuriko to exert herself too

much because of her strenuous work but she loves to putter around the house in the old pair of Army fatigues I gave her. She helped me move all the furniture today and I was amazed at her strength.

Last night Yuriko and I went to the Studio Theatre to see Nina Tornoroff's dance concert. She is one of the Graham Company. It was a fairly good program and I'm beginning to understand modern dancing more and more. Y. is very patient in her explanations and she doesn't try to force me to like it. The usual dance audience was there and I'm beginning to recognize quite a few of the dancers. Sometimes I think they go to these concerts just to be seen, and to hint around that they could do the dances better themselves. The most appreciative part of the audience is the numerous relatives who come to applaud their talented offspring. Y. and I went to eat "pizza" and wine at an Italian shop afterwards to end the nice evening. We didn't get to sleep until after 2:30 AM so that's why I feel tired today. I'll have to get on a more regular schedule if I ever expect to complete the painting. I feel very tired this evening, and I am resting while Yuriko cooks the chow mein. It smells so delicious that my stomach is beginning to gurgle in anticipation. Yuriko is such a good cook and she always gets wonderful ideas while preparing a meal so I never know what to expect until it is served. R. has more of the conservative Scandanavian disposition so that her meals are always predictable. She doesn't enjoy eating as much as we do! In a way I shall miss R. because she is such a contrast to Y. and I can easily see how lucky I am to have such a special wife. R. is a nice girl, but I didn't marry her so I don't care to have her live here, and it is best that she move because inevitably there would be a clash. This way we can all part as friends and continue the good relationships.

Took a day off to escort Yuriko to a morning movie. We got up at 7:30 in order to take advantage of the morning price as it cost \$2.40 in the afternoon to see "Best Years of their Lives." Both of us got in for \$1.50 as I got GI rates. This is the best way to see a movie in NYC as it is always too crowded later in the day and three or four times more expensive. The picture was about civilian adjustments of ex servicemen. We got our full quota of entertainment as I got two free tickets to the musical play "If the Shoe Fits" for the evening. This will be about the last time I will try to get free tickets as a GI as my terminal leave is almost up and I have to get used to the high civilian prices eventually. At any rate, we got a lot of satisfying entertainment for only about 40¢ expenditure for the day. Yuriko and I have always been rather selective in the movies we got to see anyway.

The movie did make me think about my own civilian adjustments. It hasn't been difficult for me at all. I am in need of clothing, but at least I have eight pairs of shoes and four brushes to start out with! I haven't thought much about getting things for myself as I have been so busy fixing our apartment up. Now that I am started with the painting, it will proceed very rapidly. I would like to finish up by Xmas but that is not likely as there is so much to be done. I have enjoyed it so far as Yuriko and I spend some time each evening planning things. Sometimes she says the funniest things. This morning she was extra nice to me and when I asked her the reason why she replied that she had a dream last night and I was mean to her so that she wanted to make sure in real life that I would have no opportunity to mistreat her. This was an excuse for us to smooch around for a bit. That's why I did not accomplish much work. It is such a nice feeling to be around her all the time. I still feel so lucky. We are making a fine start together. Yuriko rushes home from the studio at noon in order to putter around the house a bit. Before she was married she never was much interested in the

household. I'm sure that we will have a very fine place to live in as she has clever interior decoration ideas -- and she actually gets past the talking stage! She has such a nice sense of humor. We sit around and make funny faces at each other in order to see who laughs first, and Rhoda thinks that we are crazy.

Now that Rhoda is going, the atmosphere has cleared up, and I don't feel so impatient about her departure. She is still going to Detroit, but L. is not going with her as R. will return to this city after the holidays. Her family is moving out to Los Angeles, but R. has no intention of leaving Lamar. She will stay with Ethel for a while after she returns in order to look for housing. Rhoda hasn't had much time to look because she has been so busy with her sewing and her part time evening job. She has to get enough money together in order to get to Detroit. Her Uncle sent her the fare, but she will need a bit more for personal expenses. I feel sorry for her sometimes because she is so impractical, and her future with Lamar is on the insecure side although she considers everything settled. But every time the subject is brought up in a joking way, L. tries to avoid it by saying that he is going back to California and forget everything about NYC after one more year here. I hope that this does not include Rhoda. She plans to take a regular job on her return in order to start repaying some of the \$500 debt to Yuriko. I suppose all of her multiple problems made her sort of irritable and resentful. Now that she is going I feel sort of guilty, but it is impossible for her to stay on here with us because it just wouldn't work out. For all concerned, the best way to retain the friendship is for her to start depending upon herself. She will not finish the costume she is making for Jean Sullivan. And I doubt if she completes her little home typing job. She has to devote too much time to L. who is here every night. Yuriko and I were amused this evening when we came home from the play because L. would not share his two cream puffs with us while we had tea and

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we just sat there in order to embarrass him. He eats all of our food and our expenses have been high -- \$25.00 for ten days -- since coming back. L. didn't eat it all up but our budget goes up when he comes. R. put in \$5.00 for him because she realized that it was unfair to us to bear all of the expense. A lot of the things I used to get a bit irritated about was no doubt unconscious on R's part because she really is a nice person -- she's just too dependent upon Yuriko, that's all. R. would no doubt think that it was the other way around.

December 18, 1946

12:00 PM

We had visitors this evening so that we are still puttering around, and I have a chance to try out my used typewriter which I bought for \$29. I don't know if it will be tempermental or not but it seems to work fairly well. Yuriko is now busily washing the dishes. I have been trying to get her to bed early but she finds many things to do. She looks so cute over there. We have been doing most of the housework because R. is busy trying to finish up a costume she is making for Jean. She leaves for Detroit on Friday. Our apartment is quite a mess with all our things piled up for painting, and the sewing factory here. Yuriko says that it reminds her of the relocation camp. It is a very complicated job to pain this apartment because we are very cramped despite the five rooms here. I did two of the rooms today and they came out nicely. At least Yuriko is enthusiastic about it. She won't consider my going to work until the job here is done. After Rhoda leaves there won't be as much confusion and the work should proceed at a much faster pace.

My neck is all stiff from the painting as I did ceilings all morning. Yuriko also has her ailments -- she is worried about her knee which hurts. A healthy knee is essential to her work and she wouldn't be able to dance

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if something serious developed. Yuriko went to the doctor this afternoon and discovered that it was a pulled muscle, and that daily massages would cure it in about a week. She still hasn't made an appointment for the dentist though -- one of her fillings fell out about a month ago but she doesn't think she will like the drilling. She is going to get angry with me if I don't get her a Xmas tree. We have received a couple of presents so far but she will not allow me to open them because it is not the proper holiday spirit. It doesn't seem like Xmas as it is so warm out here this year.

Dr. Thomas sent the first volume of the Study, "The Spoilage". I have only read the introduction so far. It looks excellent, and it should prove to be a most significant social study.

December 19, 1946

I had such a busy day of painting -- put in around eleven hours. I wouldn't do it if it were not our own place. The apartment is beginning to look very clean and pretty now that I have the large and small bedrooms painted. Yuriko chose some very fine colors. The large bedroom has a jonquil ceiling with pebble gray walls, and the small bedroom (it may be my study) has a white ceiling with jonquil walls. Both floors are velvet black. It certainly does look fancy. All of our friends who have seen the completed rooms like it a lot and they envy us a great deal for having enough space to move around in. I have to wax the floors after the paint dries. The living room will be pebble gray ceiling with turquoise walls and black floor. The other bedroom (it will be Yuriko's sewing room too) will have yellow ceiling with rose walls. It is the only room with linoleum. The kitchen will be white with unselected trimmings. Bathroom probably will be some light color. The landlady refuses to pay for the paints even though I will be putting about \$200 worth of paint work into the place because she

claims that it could be rented for \$75 a month the way it is if it were not for the rent controls. We are getting rid of a lot of the junk furniture which Mrs. Ohta has in the place. We know that the \$15 month furniture rental is a "kick in" but we are satisfied with the arrangements because it would be almost impossible to get any sort of a place in NYC, and we do have considerable space. The paints won't cost more than \$25 so we are investing it for the sake of a clean apartment.

Jean and her husband, Ethel, and Lamar were over this evening, and our kitchen was very crowded. Rhoda did not finish with the costume so that she will take part of it to Detroit and try to complete the job. Jean is going to use it for night club dancing. It cost her about \$150 per costume, but it would be double that if made by a commercial firm. Her husband is a radio script writer so I guess he can afford it. He seems to be a nice guy. He is the one who "took Jean away from Lamar and married her after Lamar failed to convince her that marriage was a dying institution.

Yuriko's knee still bothers her so that she is getting worried about it because she is afraid that if it gets serious it may interfere with her dancing. I massage it every evening. Today, Yuriko bought a hand made purse to send to Mom for a Xmas present. It cost her \$25 uptown but she got it at a reduced rate in this area. The Village certainly is an interesting place. Yuriko has already made friends with a lot of the storekeepers and they give her extra eggs, vegetables, etc. The shopping is very convenient for us as it can all be done within a radius of a half block. All of the stores appear to be family affairs. Quite a colony of Italians reside in this district. The family downstairs are noisy with all of their loud arguments, but they like us a lot, and they can't help it if they have such vociferous temperments. We also have a lot of cats around here and that adds to the nocturnal sounds. The warm weather has sort of fooled them so that they have been mating the past few nights -- out of season.

We are getting the first snow of the season today. Maybe it will be a white Xmas. I always tell Yuriko that I am a cynic about Xmas, but she is wise to the fact that I am curious about the gifts and want to open them before time. This she refuses to allow me to do! If I get the front room all fixed up in time, I will get her a small tree for the table. It will be our first Xmas together.

We are now the sole occupants of this apartment as Rhoda moved out this morning. The moving van came for her things right after breakfast. R. is leaving for Detroit this evening, but she will try to complete her typing job over at Lamar's. Maybe we will miss her now that she is gone, but it will be good to have our privacy and not have to listen to complaints about what is wrong with this place. Rhoda's parting remark was that the painting made this apartment look like a different place, so I invited her and Lamar for dinner after she returns. It was one of the very few nice remarks she ever made about our apartment. My work should proceed a lot faster as there will be less confusion here.

I didn't perform too much work today as I was busy cleaning up the mess. I did get the ceiling done in the other bedroom. We are going to have dinner over at Kenny's this evening and I am just waiting until 5:30 to go meet Yuriko. She looked so beautiful the last time I saw her at 1:30. She has to spend a lot more time at rehearsals now that the season for dancing concerts is approaching. I appreciate her more and more as the time goes by because she is such a wonderful girl. She is always doing little considerate things for me as if I am the most important person in the world. The past two nights she has been bringing me home deserts because I mentioned that I got used to them in the Army. She never scolds me for eating too much even when I make tremendous Dagwood sandwiches late at night before going to bed. I don't want to put on any more weight, but Yuriko is such a delicious cook that I just don't seem to have much will power. I wish

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she would add a few pounds though. She came home for lunch today so I prepared something special for her. It doesn't hurt my pride to do housework for her when she is busy because we understand each other. She thinks that I work too hard about the house, and she always makes me take it easy when she comes home. This certainly has been a year of extreme happiness for me since meeting darling Yuriko last May! The new year will undoubtedly be an even brighter one because Yuriko has added so much to my life. We have yet to have our first quarrel! I am not looking forward to anything like that. The chances for disagreement are lessened because of the fact that we always talk everything over, even on little things. It would be nice if everyone were as happily married as we are.

December 22, 1946

It has been a restful weekend, and we didn't get too much done around the apartment as we were both tired from the week's work and we needed to recuperate. We didn't get home from visiting Kenny and Kimi until quite late on Friday night. They live in such an out of way place on the upper near side, near the prospective new home of the UN. It was a miserable trip up there because the snow turned to cold rain and we had to wade through the slush. On top of that the bus service was very slow and we almost froze. We were very happy to finally arrive so that we could warm our feet.

Kenny and Kimi looked the same as ever. They have settled themselves in their new apartment without much fixing up, although they did have to buy a lot of furniture. They have a railroad apartment with the bathtub right in the kitchen. The lavatory is at the extreme end of the apartment so that it would take a sprint champion to make it in an emergency. However, Kenny and Kimi are very pleased with their place because of the extreme housing shortage. Kimi got her old job back while Kenny is just loafing around waiting for school to open in January. He spent a year out in California helping his parents get reestablished on their farm. Now they plan to remain in NYC

more or less permanently. Kenny is in social work but he isn't too secure about his future. Kimi sort of presses him into making a definite decision but he is understandably vague since there are so few Nisei fellows in social work. Yuriko got along well with the couple even though they are so quiet. We deliberately did not talk much about the Nisei because it is such a worn out topic. They said that Warren and Betty were back from their honeymoon in Washington, and that they are living in Betty's old apartment. Kimi did not think that it was a very good setup because the kitchen was separated from the bedroom by a hallway and that they had to share the bathroom. Wang works full time for Time Magazine but he continues to take almost a full course at Columbia.

Kenny and Kimi were still as politically minded as ever and they seem to be much more active in this sort of thing than the average Nisei couple. Many of their friends have been made through Kimi's contacts at her work. They have been married almost three years and this is the first time that they have lived without "guests". It pleases them very much. During the course of the evening I became aware of the fact that I have sadly neglected keeping up on current affairs recently. The focus of my interests has narrowed down around Yuriko in recent months, and I haven't read as widely as previously. Kenny mentioned that there was an active AVC chapter at Columbia so that I will join it as I have only been a member at large while in the service.

On the way home Yuriko mentioned that she didn't think that a wife should push a husband too much and be over ambitious for him. I'm glad that Yuriko has this characteristic because it makes it much easier for me. She insists that I complete my MA work and not to worry too much about getting a job. I suppose that I feel a responsibility, but she makes it a lot easier for me with her sound reasoning. As a civilian, I am a stranger to NYC and it will take a little time to get oriented. I'm almost sure that

I will eventually be working in this city, but I don't know in what capacity. I have some vague ideas but they have been pushed into the background of my mind as a lot of things may develop by the time I get finished with graduate work. I'll have to start thinking about a thesis if I get into the NY School, and that has me a bit puzzled. I'm hoping to make some use of my material from the study, but I don't know exactly how.

Up to now, Yuriko and I have been preoccupied with getting the apartment fixed up and that takes up most of my energy. She has been rather busy with rehearsals so that a lot of her time is spent at the studio. She rushes home and helps me move the furniture and other things that I cannot handle by myself. For her size, she is very strong. Yesterday morning we remained in bed until noon. I was tired and I wanted her to get more rest because of her knee which still bothers her. Yuriko is always so busy doing something. She hasn't had time to get much Xmas shopping done. I still haven't bought a tree for her. I wouldn't know that it was the Xmas season if it were not for her. She is more of a sentimentalist than I am. She believes in the Xmas spirit and she likes to give gifts to others. We do not have any definite plans for Xmas day, but we may spend it quietly together. We thought of inviting somebody over for dinner but most of her friends are going out of town to be with their families. The Ohtas have invited us to come over for a drink during the afternoon. Our place is still a mess and we do not have enough dishes. We shall just wait to see what develops. It will be our first Xmas together -- so exciting!

Yuriko has such a spontaneous vivacity that there is always a cheerful air about our apartment. She doesn't particularly care to go out unless it is for something worthwhile. We had planned to go to a movie last night, but we got started on moving the furniture into the bedroom and that took us until 11:30. It looks very classy. I got the Sunday papers and we read until about 2:30 last night. It is the best looking room in the house

now and it doesn't look the same as before. Yuriko has some modernistic ideas about decorating and she spent some time drawing blueprints of what to put into the room. We have venetian blinds and Yuriko is planning to get matching drapes.

I haven't done a thing today as I decided to take another day off. The waxing of the floor yesterday got my back sore. Yuriko got up at noon and she had to go to the studio for rehearsals. She just got back (7:00PM) and she is busy cooking chicken chow mein or something. What a delicious cook she is! It is such a wonderful feeling to be in our cozy apartment together. I reclined in bed reading the Sunday papers thoroughly and admiring my paint job until late afternoon when I finally got a guilty conscience so got up and did the breakfast dishes. We had planned to go see the Joos Ballet this evening but Yuriko is tired so she suggests that we wait until another day. Ethel and Paul will come over later and bring desert. We haven't had time to invite friends over so far because we are so busy getting the place shaped up. It will be about the nicest place I have ever lived in. Yuriko has very imaginative ideas to make it look home-like.

December 23, 1946

Last night Ethel and Paul came over. Ethel had to sew some drapes for the studio. Yuriko and I addressed Xmas cards. We won't get to send them free next year as I definitely will be out of the Army by then! Later Yuriko made waffles and we had ice cream to put on top of them. For some reason, the waffles did not get as crisp as the last time and Yuriko was a bit disheartened. But I ate so many of them that I got mad at myself. I have been eating entirely too much since going on my terminal furlough, but I don't know how I can go on a diet when Yuriko keeps on feeding me so well. She helped Ethel with the drapes as they took longer than expected. I took the completed ones up to the studio and helped Don hang them. Martha Graham was there and she

acted a bit embarrassed because she had been working around the studio getting it prepared for the opening of the Xmas class and she didn't look as glamorous as usual. For a while we thought that she was going to come down here to sew the drapes herself so Yuriko dashed around putting some of the mess away. She says that our bedroom looks like a penthouse, but the rest of the unpainted apartment like a tenement.

Yuriko got up early in order to teach a class, and I busied myself with painting all day long. I got quite a bit accomplished but I figure that I will be busy around here for several weeks yet. Paul said that later on I could do some typing for him if I wanted to earn some extra cash. He paid Rhoda about \$1.25 an hour so I may be interested.

Between classes Yuriko did the rest of her Xmas shopping and she came home laden down with all sorts of things. She went down to Delancy Street and she had an enthusiastic report to make about her shopping expedition. She said that the sales people were very friendly down there and she found it a most interesting district. A salesgirl made a lot of fuss about her wedding ring and insisted that all of the other girls come and look at it. I guess this made Yuriko sentimental because she came home with pig's feet and beer in memory of our Fort Hancock romance and we ate this snack before dinner. Yuriko was so tired from her walking around that I helped her with the cooking. She kept on blaming herself for not being a good wife because I had to cook after painting all day. She also brought home a lot of fruit, candy and a Xmas tree. We are going to trim it later on this evening if we feel ambitious. The poor Xmas tree will be all by itself in our living room without a stick of furniture in it. I took everything out in order to paint.

We have spent so much money this month that it got me a bit worried, over \$600 (including the Chicago trip). I don't want Yuriko to be spending her money on me, but she says that she gets things for both of us. Yuriko has a cheerful optimistic attitude towards the future and she doesn't worry

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about the depression which so many economists are predicting. I know that we will manage nicely, but I don't want our resources to be drained so rapidly that we lose track of it. But this is the Xmas season so that a fairly large expenditure has been necessary, along with the expense of fixing our apartment up and buying needed things to start out with.

December 24, 1946

Here it is another Xmas Eve, only this one is truly a happy occasion for me -- my first one with Yuriko! We have been married for four months and ten days and every minute of it so far has been delicious. It is a wonderful feeling when two people are so adjustable to each other with a deep regard and affection to bind two souls into one. I was just thinking of how happy I have been since meeting Yuriko. I didn't get her any special Xmas present because I got the waffle iron before and she gave me the typewriter. I have been acting a little cynical about Xmas because of its commercial air, but Yuriko just gets into the spirit of it and she enthuses well being and joy towards everything. She says that I should just tie a ribbon around myself and give me to her for her present! Today she went out and did a lot of last minute shopping, and she mentioned that the crowds were tremendous all over. This is the year in which everyone has money to spend, but there are still so many who do not have the standard of living which they could have if our economic system could only be more favorable to them. Yuriko and I are just staring out, but we are not poor by any means. At least we eat well! Since getting out of the Army, I have enjoyed the home cooking so much and I see the pounds mounting up again after I had taken them off during my bout with pneumonia. It's Yuriko's cooking. She has a tremendous and healthy appetite for such a little mite, but the only difference is that she uses up her energy while I store it away on my frame. Oh well!!

I worked all day painting the living room and it came out very nicely. We like our apartment more and more as it takes shape under our hands. Our heads are crammed full with ideas of fixing it up but it takes time. It is our first home, and since Rhoda left, it has been so nice here. We don't hear the belittling complaints about the place, but only see the bright side of the place. Yuriko brought home a little Xmas tree, "our first tree," yesterday, and we trimmed it up today. I got to hang the little silver tinsel on it. I have been home working most of the time so that Yuriko is the only one who brings the holiday festive air home to me. This evening we are going to two Xmas Eve parties -- Clara's and Warren's.

2:00 AM

Yuriko and I just got home and we opened our Xmas presents under the small lighted tree. We got quite a few presents, mostly from Yuriko's friends. Her "poor little rich girl" dancing student sent her a very expensive gold plated cigarette case and accessories. We also got a number of presents marked "Mr. and Mrs." It is a bit strange to receive such things as printed dishcloths, salt and pepper shaker (sterling silver), fancy guest bathroom towels, etc. Miyako gave me some nice bookends, and Tom sent us a box of candy. Yuriko got a birthstone ring from Martha Graham. Yuriko gave Martha some tiny hand printed imported handkerchiefs -- I couldn't imagine how a piece of cloth 4 x 4 inches could cost \$2.00 each. The family downstairs is celebrating a real old fashioned family Italian Xmas. They yell at the top of their voices and pound the piano like mad. We can't understand them because it is in Italian. Somebody is playing an accordion and everybody seems to be enjoying themselves. That family downstairs is an interesting bunch. On all other days they argue with each other and make all sorts of threats, but it looks like they have an extremely close family unity. We think that we live in a very good neighborhood -- the city starts just beyond Washington Square on Fifth Avenue as far as we are concerned. In our district,

life is more leisurely and the people seem to enjoy living fully without the mad rush which is so characteristic of New York. It may look like a poor neighborhood in contrast to the lush Fifth Avenue just beyond us, but the litter on the streets and the old dirty houses does not tell the full story because within these homes there are families -- the type which lean out of back windows and talk to their neighbors. There is a seamy side too as we often see down and outers shuffling along as if they had been rejected by the whole world. Most of them drift down to the bowery district. The Village is thickly populated with the artist and writer group also, but they seem to hibernate in the winter. No so many fruit and vegetable peddlers venture out in this colder weather either. We do have a fish peddler who comes around with his cart on Fridays yelling his prices in some strange tongue. The Italian merchants are so delighted when we go in and purchase some of their native products. As Yuriko says, "we look Oriental so we stand out when we go into their stores and they give us much better service." We seem to fit into this district as if we belonged here.

But our social and economic life is not rooted in this neighborhood. Soon I will be getting the benefits of the "52-20 Club" while Yuriko earns her income in dancing outside of this district. Socially, very few of our friends live around here, although Yuriko knows some. This evening we went to Clara's party in her apartment. Charlie the manufacturer seems to be a regular fixture around there now, but Yuriko says that I shouldn't think such things "even though it may be an inescapable fact of nature that the mice will play when the cat is away!" Clara's roommate, Pauli Murray, has found her own apartment. Pauli was selected as one of the ten outstanding young women in the country by Mademoiselle Magazine and she is scheduled to attend a reception soon. Pauli is one "Negro" girl who has more or less overcome severe handicaps to prove her abilities with her brilliant capabilities. We were also supposed to meet the girl who wrote the prize winning novel on the

relocation camp, "City in the Sun," but we didn't remain long enough.

Clara was her usual vivacious self. She said that she had a job offer of doing some kind of public relations work out of MacArthur's office in Tokyo, but she was a bit troubled about leaving the good old U.S.A. Clara worked briefly in one of the relocation centers and she has a deep interest in minority groups and labor and she thought that it might be useful experience to go to a foreign country. But like most New Yorkers, she gets so lonesome when she is away from the bustle of this city and she hesitates to cut all of her contacts even for a year. The fact that she is interested in Charlie the manufacturer may have something to do with it as she is a woman too. It seems that their economic and political theories clash a bit, although that is no barrier to love. Charley is a glove manufacturer, an employer, and he has an open shop. He believes that he is a good employer because he gives a decent salary and his employees gave him an Admiral phonograph machine for Xmas -- we listened to Beethoven on it while we were there. Although Charley appears to have quite liberal ideas, he tends to side with "big business" and the theory that every man can become an employer too under the capitalistic system because he has to think of his own interests. He is a likeable guy though. (One of Yuriko's former admirers who used to woo her by giving her expensive glove presents.) He brought some rare scotch which we drank. He would like to take over Clara's apartment if she goes to Japan as it is inconvenient for him to live in Brooklyn.

We left Clara's party about 10:00 and went to Warren's and Betty's apartment for the party there. It was a mixed group, mostly Nisei -- the "intellectual" variety. The rest of the evening was spent there drinking beer, eating Italian salami, and talking to the assorted people. One of the fellows there was an instructor in one of the NY City Colleges. Yuriko and I were preoccupied with ourselves like two lovebirds on the large sofa, and Betty and Warren couldn't get over the fact that we were so engrossed in each

other "after four months of marriage." Betty tried hard to be lovey dovey with Warren, but it was embarrassing to him and it didn't come naturally. They have settled down very rapidly in their small apartment and they seem to get along nicely, although I was mighty thankful that Yuriko does not have the dominating and bossy qualities which Betty has. She has the bad habit of belittling him in public. This must be a characteristic of most dominating women because Mariko has the same habit. Warren offered to come over and help me paint, but Betty nastily said that he couldn't because I didn't help him. How was I to know that they had returned from their Washington DC honeymoon? Yuriko whispered that things were not the same anymore and Betty didn't know what close friends Wang and I had been in the past. Warren is going back to Columbia next month. Kenny was also at the party with Kimi. The three of us batched together in Berkeley, and now five years later we are all married and planning to go to the same school in NYC. Betty is a product of the Hawaiian schools, and Yuriko got her education in Japan. Kimi went to school in Southern California, and she was resettled in Chicago before she came out here. Yuriko remarked later on in the subway that it really was remarkable that only thirty years ago our parents were foreigners in America with a strange tongue and ways of living, but the children are so Americanized in one generation, and that the only Oriental part of us was our features. We don't suffer from any "cultural clashes" as the evacuation was a definite break, but we get a touch of the past when we go to visit her parents as it is such a different environment over there.

Joe Oyama was also at the party. He has been ill recently and he looked extremely thin. Mostly business worries which ran his health down. He said that his little store was doing very well, and Yam is helping him over the holidays. Right now they are busy taking orders for "Mochi." Yuriko ordered some. She said that she was used to having it for New Years "just like you were used to shooting firecrackers on the 4th of July even

though that custom originated in China." Yuriko is training me to the fact that foreign foods have no bearing on one's political ideas. We don't eat much Japanese foods here, but Yuriko would like the mochi for New Years so I shall force myself to eat the doughy stuff for her sake. My dislike for Mochi is not psychological; it's just too heavy for my stomach -- and tasteless. Maybe Yuriko can prepare it tastily as she is such a delicious cook! She is correct though when she says that foreign foods have no relationship to politics, and it certainly doesn't make her "Japanesy" just because she happens to like Mochi. She says that I like the "tsu-ke-mono" and nobody ever accused me of not being completely acculturated to American ways.

In a large sense, this was also true for the Nisei at Warren's party. Such gatherings would have been on the fringe of Nisei society in the prewar days, but they are commonplace now I assume. The only time that one would have been conscious that it was dominated by Nisei was when Harry Oshima began to talk about the political role of the Nisei in the recent Hawaiian elections. He is now teaching economics at George Washington U in Washington, D.C. The "Nisei Weekender" which he published went into receivership after he lost \$3000 on it. It is just another Nisei paper now, controlled by the Issei "hokubei." The relationship is very similar to the Japanese press before the war, and the news is heavily slanted to affairs of Japan (Outside of the usual Nisei social news items.) The scope of the paper was broader when it was strictly under Nisei control. There may be a need for an Issei press but a Nisei newspaper is so useless and very few qualified Nisei are going to devote their lives to a dying institution if they have any sense at all.

June Matsuda and Kei Hori were also at the party. June was one of the reigning Nisei queens in prewar SF and one of the "untouchable" because her "social status" was supposedly in the upper crust of the Japanese community society. Her circle consisted of the Nisei children of merchants and

consulate people. Now her attitudes have apparently changed. The camps must have been a good leveling force for her because she is not the same girl which I interviewed at Tanforan. A natural maturing doesn't explain it all because if the war had not come, her "social" attitudes would have continued on in the extremely conservative pattern she was conditioned to. Now she is more "democratic." She is practically engaged to the son of an employment office -- poolhall -- gambling den Issei. Kei Hori just didn't "belong" to June's circle before the war because of his father's position. He probably would have ended up running the poolhall because of the limited economic opportunities instead of having a good position with a social welfare agency. Kei's father always insisted that the Nisei were "spoiled" and he felt that domestic jobs offered the best future for the group because it was the best paid of the limited economic opportunities available. Once in 1940, Jack and I went to his employment agency for a job and Mr. Hori got so incensed that we wouldn't take a domestic job that he got his gun and chased us out into the street because we were "spoiled." Kei wouldn't have had a chance to escape the poolhall with a father like that. The gambling room in the back used to take all of the money away from the Issei fishermen -- it was connected with the Tokyo gambling club. It's a good thing that the artificial "social class lines" have broken down as a result of the evacuation. About the only strong social taboo which remains deep rooted is the inter-marriage with caucasians and Etas. A violation of this is still punishable by ostracism! (From what, I don't know!)

December 25, 1946

We had a very nice Xmas day. Yuriko and I spent most of it in bed leisurely, enjoying our privacy. (I did tie a ribbon around myself for her) We didn't get up until 3:30 although we made many starts! Then Yuriko got up to cook a waffle breakfast because she cooks when she is not working. It was a very tasty breakfast even if the waffles did stick and we had to end

up by making pancakes. This was a disappointment to Yuriko, but her feelings were consoled when I blamed it on the waffle iron which could not protect itself! Yuriko was so cute about it all, and everything really does taste better when she makes it. It must be psychological!

We had a dinner engagement with her parents over at the hostel up on the East Side, but we didn't get up there until about 8:00 PM as it took us an hour after breakfast to clean the waffle iron and by the time we were dressed and ready to leave it was dark! We admired our Xmas tree and presents for a while, and we were not too anxious to go over to the hostel. Where there is nothing personal about it because her parents are very nice to us, but the atmosphere over there just makes both of us feel uncomfortable. When we got there, her parents greeted us very cordially. They are completely reconciled to us, and Yuriko says that her mother even says nice things about me to her friends now. Her father has always been nice towards me. They were so busy with the day's activities in the hostel that they did not have time to open any of their presents until we arrived. We inherited a lot of the candy and fruit cake which they received as gifts, and Mrs. M. had Yuriko wrap up one of the boxes of soap to give to the hostel cook. Mrs. Ogawa, from us! Mrs. M. likes the cook very much because she takes care of Choco, the family dog, so well. She gave the cook \$5.00 from Choco. They also gave us \$150.00 in cash to buy the refrigidaire, and told us that we could pick up a set of dishes they had at any time. Mr. M. said to bring over all of our curtains and clothes for cleaning at his shop as we could get them done at wholesale price -- 75% cheaper. They wondered when they would have an invitation to come and visit us so we carefully explained that we had not had any visitors so far because we were so busy in painting the apartment. We didn't want them to think that we were deliberately attempting to avoid them. It's just that I find it difficult to talk to them. Both of them understand English, but it is easier for them to talk

Japanese and this is the custom over at the hostel so that Yuriko has to do most of the talking and interpreting for me. Mr. M. talks English, but we have so little in common to discuss and it is a bit strained without any animosity though. They have a ping pong table over there and perhaps this might be the thing in common which we can break the ice over at the hostel with. We rarely talk to the other residents, and it occurred to me that it might be because they have elevated Yuriko to such a symbol of success that it is difficult for her to be as natural as she is when at home. We had a chicken dinner with about fifteen of the hostel residents but we were at a different table. The M's. have considerable prestige as leaders of that flock over there, mostly Kibei and timid Nisei. They all talked Japanese so I couldn't even listen to the conversation. Yuriko said that it was about sending salt to Japan because of the shortage over there, and about the rising food prices, especially rice. The cook does most of her shopping at the A and P but she finds it difficult to feed 20 or 30 people on a budget of 50¢ per person per meal, particularly when they require the more expensive Japanese foods. The hostel is going to raise food prices 10% after the first of the year, but the residents still save on cheap rentals. The church does not charge anything for the use of the building so that the upkeep is the only large expense, plus the salaries of the cook and director. Mr. M. said that he could net \$100 a week in salary if he ran a private hostel, but that wouldn't help the resettlers much. That hostel seems to be a little world in itself, and it takes care of the social life of the group and its followers too. It is in the middle of a Puerto Rican community.

Mrs. M. got a bit tight on Sherry during the course of the evening, and she was having a jolly time for herself. She said that it was not any violation of rules to drink wine in a church owned building, because it was "the blood of Christ." Some of the Issei men were stretching the point quite a bit because they got high. One of them passed out, and his wife

acted the timid and shamed Japanese wife role for the disgrace of her husband. It seems that this lady was related to the wife of the crown prince of Japan, Prince Chichibu, and "from a very high class family," and she didn't think it was proper for her husband to pass out before "commoners." Mrs. M. said that this was America and Xmas so "don't worry." The relation of the wife of the crown prince was not ^{to} be consoled however, so she continued to hang her eyes to the floor as she ate her fried chicken with chop sticks and rice.

Yuriko and I were a bit upset about some news that Mr. and Mrs. M. told us. It seems that the Weekender, through its Issei representative, came to them and collected a shakedown of \$95 to support the paper. This shakedown was legitimized by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. M. would have newspaper space to send greetings to all of their friends. We thought it was a mighty expensive way of saying "hello," and we didn't like it at all when Mr. M. continued that the reason why the Issei man came to them was because Yuriko's picture was going to occupy the whole front page of the special New Years edition and he thought that it would be nice for the parents to show "appreciation." It's the same sort of thing they did out on the coast. Mr. and Mrs. M. felt that they were "obligated" to kick in with the contribution in order to save face because "the man lived seven miles from our village in Japan and he knew many of our friends there." I failed to see the relationship, but apparently these appeals for contributions are based on personal things like family pride, coming from the same ken in Japan, etc. The Weekender has hardly 500 circulation so **it** was a pretty expensive space rate for the M's. Another reason why they felt that they couldn't refuse the contribution was they thought it might reflect on their prestige as directors of the hostel, the center of a small "Japanese community."

Mrs. M. is reconciled to Yuriko's marriage because she has found out

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December 25, 1946

that she still gets credit for Yuriko's success from her circle and she glories in it. She said that if we were ever hard up economically that we could count on her help. She would like that. No thanks! All in all, however, we spent a rather nice evening there and it is good that her parents have accepted our marriage without anymore reservations. Yuriko was quite relieved of this fact because her parents are her only close relatives and she doesn't want to be completely estranged from them. This way we lead our own lives, and still get along with the in-laws.

December 26, 1946

I spent fourteen hours painting the kitchen today, and Yuriko says that it is beautiful so it was worth the strenuous effort! She uses good psychology because she always praises my work and this spurs me on to further effort. Yuriko is quite concerned over the fact that I work such long hours around the house and she is always trying to get me to promise her that I will remain in bed late after she goes back to work, but I figure that this would get to be a bad habit so I get up when she does. Our apartment is looking very cozy and clean now, and the heaviest painting is completed. In another week we can begin to settle down although there are still many things I have in mind yet, but it will be mostly building. The arrangement of the furniture and things like that is Yuriko's department and she has her plans in mind already. She has been rehearsing a great deal lately so that she can't spend too much time around the house. Her knee still bothers her and I have been massaging it every night.

My freight finally arrived today and I had to haul the 1000 pounds of books up the narrow stairway myself. This practically exhausted me, but I couldn't get anyone to help me. Besides I wanted to show Yuriko how strong I was! As soon as I can get some bricks I will start building the bookcase.

Michiko came over for dinner and remained for a social visit all evening. She is a very attractive girl, but she seems to be mixed up about

something -- carrying a torch for a lost boyfriend. She got frightened on Xmas Eve when some ruffians grabbed her on the corner and tore her coat and then ran off with some of her unopened Xmas gifts. This has made her fearful of venturing out in the dark around here. This neighborhood is usually safe but those things do happen occasionally. I want Yuriko to take a cab home at night when her dancing season starts just to make sure, although I don't feel that anything is going to happen. This district has a lot of night life and there are always people around so that the boys who grabbed Michiko were only after her presents and not trying to rape her as she thought. Michiko lives in the next block, and she is worried about her mother coming back from Minneapolis to live with her again because she feels that she would worry too much about her mother's social life. There are not any other Issei living around here and Michiko thinks that her mother might get lonesome. It ties her down to be forced to spend all her time with her mother instead of going out on dates like other girls. Her mother is 65 and not able to go out and work. Michiko said that she had pneumonia recently so that she did not return to her job in the Japanese art goods store in Rockfellow Plaza as it was a good excuse to get away from the Issei employer who made passes at her. It may be that Michiko has sex on her mind too much because of frustrations and that she reads into things, but then she is an attractive thing and such things do happen in real life. She used to live with Yuriko and Rhoda about three years ago when Yuriko first came out from camp.

December 27, 1946

Today I am officially discharged from the Army! Now all I have to do is wait for my discharge papers to arrive so that I can apply for the 52-20. I can really feel like a civilian now although I doubt if I were ever a soldier at heart. It is wonderful to be able to completely devote myself to the marital venture with Yuriko now and we have had a good start.

For some reason, our clock was thirty minutes slow so that Yuriko missed the Xmas class she was supposed to teach at the studio so that she was home most of the morning doing laundry and housework. Ethel took over her class. Usually, Yuriko is always prompt and she is the one who takes over the classes when the other instructors are delayed. I trimmed the kitchen today so that I was busy until evening. Yuriko did not come home at the accustomed 6:00 PM, and I began to get a bit worried. She didn't arrive until 7:30 because she had to teach a late class. We had a happy reunion! We have gotten so used to each other that we get lonesome when separated. Yuriko said that it would be hard for her to go away on her tour in mid-February, but I know that we will make the adjustments. Lately she has been having dreams that strange things are trying to come between us so that it is easy to see that she is thinking about her coming tour a great deal subconsciously. I shall miss her intensely, but she should go because it is a part of her career and I certainly do not feel selfish enough to want to take that away from her. Yuriko asks me once in a while if I want to start a family but I sort of evade the issue. She thinks that I might be disappointed in her, but the real reason is that I don't want her to suffer any physical pains and that I am not in a position to support a family while going to school. Yuriko has been so nice to me that she is all I want. We never get bored with each other. The evenings usually pass so quickly that we hardly get a chance to play gin rummy or listen to the radio.

Today was a very cozy day and Yuriko and I celebrated my liberation from the Army quietly. She doesn't care to run out because our apartment is so comfortable. We haven't been even to a show for a long time. Rhoda and Lamar used to run off to a show almost every night, but we don't seem to need such an escape because we are too preoccupied with our lives. Sometimes we act very silly when we are alone. Yuriko has such a well balanced sense of humor and cheerful disposition that the apartment brightens up when

she is here. The only thing I have to get after her about is making a dentist appointment, because she has not done that yet. She gets after me for not dressing warmly enough and she chases me around the house with a bathrobe, using a stern maternal voice. Then we smooch for a while and pretty soon it is late and time to retire. Such a comfortable feeling to be in this nice environment where everything is pleasant and mutual. I think both of us made a good choice in marriage. Naturally we think that no other couple could possibly be as happy and well adjusted as we are. Yuriko is always thinking up new ways to please me, and I look forward every evening to the time when she will come bursting in full of enthusiasm about something or other. Marriage is bound to be exciting and satisfying under these circumstances.

December 29, 1946

Still busy painting. I did the living room floor yesterday and this kept me busy all day long as I had to clean it first and scrape a lot of the old paint off. Last night I took Yuriko out on a date after I borrowed \$5.00 from her! She figured that I would do more work around the apartment if she did not get me out of the house. We went to see a movie, "The Killers," and afterwards we read some of the Sunday papers.

Yuriko had to rehearse from noon on today. She will not be back until around 7:00 PM. I was supposed to remain in bed and read the Sunday papers and take it easy, but I have been puttering around most of the day. I think I shall wax the floor and start moving the furniture into the living room later on so that Yuriko will be surprised when she comes home. This morning when I got up she tried to make me get back into bed by standing in the middle of the room thinly clad and threatening to catch a cold if I did not come. She wanted to make the breakfast for me.

Here it is almost the end of another year. I saw one gray hair on top of Yuriko's head and that got her worried. It was an excuse

to ask if I would love her 50 years from now when she was wrinkled up and white-haired! Father Time will not creep up on us for a very long time yet because we both feel so young in mind. Our first New Year's Eve together is coming up, but we have not planned anything definite to do yet. It does not worry us very much as something will undoubtedly turn up. For certain, we will not go to any night club. Most of them are asking \$20 cover charge per person to celebrate the coming of 1947, but I'm sure we will find a more sensible and enjoyable way than being trampled to pieces. I think that a home party would be the best bet. Since our apartment is not fixed up, we will have to go to somebody else's place if such things are going on. There must be plenty of money floating around yet because it takes a fortune to go out night clubbing in New York and mobs of people go. After the first of the year, prices will go down on a lot of things and I will get my suit. The papers are full of ads about sales already.

The republican controlled Congress is promising all sorts of abundant living for the American people when they take over next month. But no real lowering of the cost of living is in prospect for some time yet according to the economists. Congress will no doubt slap labor down though with the excuse that this is the only way to prevent inflation. It can't do much more harm than what Truman has already done, and there isn't a chance in the world that the social security program will be broadened now. The trend is for conservatism and it may even lead to isolation from world affairs again. But it could go the other way too. One encouraging sign is the determination of Asia to cast off the yolk. I bet there are more unhappy people in the world right now than happy ones though. Too bad that the human race likes to torture each other so much. It seems that every time one problem is solved, two new ones develop, and things go from bad to worse. It's a hell of a pessimistic international picture, but that's the way things are. My dumb ambition at the end of 1946 is to train further for social

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help patch up a stupid economic system which doesn't give every man a decent chance to even break in the struggle for existence.

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December 30, 1946, Monday

It took me all day to build a kitchen cabinet as I am no carpenter, and the shelves did not come out too straight, but Yuriko very diplomatically said that the job looked lovely! It gives me encouragement to go on!! Gradually we are finding space for all of our belongings. As soon as I build the closet order will be restored about this place. I also have to build a bookcase yet. About a block away there is a building going up and a lot of nice new bricks are begging to be ~~park~~ taken for this purpose. But Yuriko says that she will have no part of stealing and forbids me to do it even if I think that this would be part of the fun of building a bookcase. I could kick myself because I gave the oil-man \$6.00 for a \$1.50 bill and thereby lost \$4.00 in the deal. I went to him afterwards but he professed innocence so there was nothing I could do about it. I guess there are not many honest people left in the world. It was my own fault though it did make me quite burnt up for a while. I would swipe my change back in oil, but Yuriko will not allow such drastic action! She is so sweet. She says that we are not in a WRA camp anymore so such action is not condoned.

I went up to the studio to meet Yuriko after she got through with her teaching so that we could go up to Joe's and buy the mochi. It was cold, the subways were crowded, Yuriko was tired--but we still had to go up for that dumb pounded rice! I teased her quite a bit about it so she said that I didn't have to eat any but she was going to have some for New Year's. It seems that mochi is a special kind of rice and it is only obtainable at New Years. Yuriko used to have it every year when she was in Japan. She made some mochi when we got home and it wasn't bad although it still tasted like hot starch but I ate it anyway. Yuriko says that I will develop a taste for it. If she had insisted upon me eating some I probably wouldn't have touched it but she used the ~~gi~~ right

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psychology.

While we were at Joe's we talked to Saye for a while. She looks the same as ever. The store is busy during the holiday season so that she and Yam have been helping Joe. He said that Saye has been busy straightening out some books for the Methodist Church and doing some volunteer secretarial work for the PTA recently. Saye was glad to see us, very much surprised that I had gotten married and she told Yuriko about how I took care of Dee dee about this time last year administering penicillin. She wants to give us a wedding present.

Yuriko and I went to a Chinese place for dinner and we enjoyed a filling meal. We talked about budget plans because we have no idea of how we are spending so much and I wanted to keep a more systematic record so that Yuriko would be able to save something. It was a very pleasant evening. After we came home, Yuriko dragged out some of her family pictures to show me her relatives and places that she had been in Japan. She said that the Graham company might tour there next year. Then we talked about how hard it would be when her tour started this season because we were getting so used to each other. The apartment seems empty when she is not around.

December 31, 1946, Tuesday

4:00 p.m.--I can't do anymore work about the apartment today because Yuriko spent all morning fixing things in place in case Ethel and Paul comes over this evening. We decided to spend a very quiet New Year's Eve at home because Yuriko has to teach in the morning and she can't stay up too late. She has been rehearsing very hard lately so that she needs more rest. We were going to ask Rhoda and Lamar over but Ethel could not get in touch with them. Rhoda is back in town from Detroit now but she has not been over since her return. Ethel said that Rhoda stayed

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with her for a few days but has not found an apartment to share with another girl. Ethel may have to move too but she doesn't think that she would like R for a roommate. She told Yuriko that R was too dependent and that she didn't think she could get along with her for too long. Ethel didn't like it because R started to bring L over for breakfast right after she moved in!

It's a funny thing but at the end of every year I get a feeling of depression. I don't know what it is because this past year certainly has been a happy one for me. Maybe it is a psychological worry about how I will make out next year. I'm out of the army now and plans for the future are so indefinite. I won't know if I can get into school until February and I have no means of income right now. As soon as my honorable discharge arrives I shall apply for the unemployment benefits for GI's. I don't think that I will draw it until March because it will not take me that long to complete the necessary work about the apartment. I figure that it will take me several weeks yet though. The outlook for next year looks good but there is nothing definite economically and that has me stumped. I guess that this is the time of year that one thinks about the previous months and wonders about such things as the purpose of life, how progress can be made, and on greater things beyond one's self. It came as quite a surprise to me to read in the paper about a friend of mine getting killed in a plane crash. Life is like that. It makes one realize that an individual is not so important in this world. I'm glad that I have Yuriko to start out the new year with because she is such a wonderful girl and she does things to my insides when she is so tender and loveable towards me. It is not every person who is as lucky as I am in this respect. I guess we are still in the "clouds" yet because we just do not care to see anyone yet. Maybe we shall just

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hibernate here for the rest of the winter. Yuriiko left me strict orders not to cook dinner tonight because she is coming home to prepare something special. She is always full of surprises. Sometimes she feels badly because she cannot be at home more to do domestic tasks and she thinks that I might be disappointed in her. She doesn't ever have to worry about anything like that.