

1 April 1947, Tuesday.

A dreary, rather windy, day outside and that's how I felt inside at school today. I had two successive classes and I got very sleepy after four hours of sitting. I enjoy the Culture course but the other students do not think too highly of it. I suspect that this is because they are getting so much of the psycho-analytical stuff in the other classes that it sort of rubs them the wrong way when it is implied that the culture may be the greatest determining force and not psychiatric theories. My other class was rather boring, a lot of quibbling over words used in research. I met Kenny around one and went to lunch with him on 3rd Ave. I asked him whether all the students took their training so seriously as those in my classes so far and he laughed and said that they were new students "but they will catch on." Even tho he says that, I still notice that Kenny himself does take it seriously. I think that he was having some inner conflict about the honesty of letting me see some of his written papers; he does it all the time, but there seems to be a subtle way of approaching these things. It is my philosophy that one will learn the field of social work anyway so if there are short cuts why not use them. I haven't found school exactly exciting yet, but it may be more interesting later on. Kenny seems to like it very much, but he is a bit vague about his future--whether he will remain in NYC or not. He said that a lot of the jobs were dwindling out, especially on the Federal level due to the large cuts in appropriation. I don't think that he will have to worry about a job as he is capable enough. Veterans are allowed to buy two books for each course from their GI benefits so I will be able to add 8 books to my collection for free! The only catch is that the books have to come from an approved list. I was planning to do some reference reading in the library this afternoon, but I felt drowsy so came home. I just woke up from a nap.

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I'm sure that Yuriko is going to cross examine me about studying so I will quit trying to avoid it and do about an hour's effort before she gets home. I told her to have confidence in me as I will pass, but she is a bit worried because it doesn't look like I am serious enough yet about the whole thing and I look for all kinds of excuses to get out of it. It is a good thing I have her around because my school adjustment would be much more difficult otherwise. As it is, going back to school is more of a difficult process than adjusting to civilian life from the army or making marital adjustments! But I already have class papers assigned so I have to make a start soon or it will crash about my head in the final weeks of the quarter at school. I should be very happy about my present setup because it always used to be a dream about having all school expenses paid for and an extra income besides, but now that I have it I take it for granted. I never could have gone back to school without this GI Bill of Rights though. I met an interesting girl from India today in one of my classes--she wears her native costumes--and she wondered why I spoke such good English!!

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Later:

I've been reading all evening. Yuriko cooked a delicious dinner and she is still sewing--such a conscientious girl! I wish I could concentrate like she does, but it seems that most of the things I read tonight didn't register. I yawned most of the time and Yuriko had to wake me up once or twice, the sweet dear! She is determined that I won't fail so I won't let her down!! GI's have to report to wives like children to parents!

The Wallace speech at Madison Square Garden last night has provoked a lot of thinking among those who are concerned with world peace, but it doesn't look as if Congress is going to back down from its commitments with England.

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Kenny said that he went to hear Wallace and he was thrilled with what was said. Yuriko said that Duggy also went. There were over 20,000 people there so that this is evidence that Wallace still has a large following. I think that he might have a chance if he ran for President in 1948 on a 3rd party ticket; we are not going to get much choice otherwise. The U.S. was certainly cheated when the politicians ran Truman instead of Wallace in 1944 against the wishes of the people. Wallace has been very consistent in the One World idea but the administration policy is to sabotage the UN just like what happened to the League of Nations. Wallace said: "The needs of a desperate people are being exploited, just as the generosity of the Americans is being exploited--for other ends. The truth is that the President and his Republican backers are less concerned with the need of the Greek people than with the need of the American Navy for oil. The plan to contain Communism is second to that need... Hatred and violence abroad, hatred and fear at home, will be the fruits of the Truman Doctrine."

2 April 1947, Wednesday.

It was raining outside this morning when I woke up at 8:30 with the determination of going to the library to do reference reading all day long, but my enthusiasm was dampened when I thought of the prospects of going out and getting wet so I cuddled up in the warm bed and escaped from this mental conflict by going to sleep until around 10:30. Yuriko is worried that I do not study enough, but I don't think that I am doing so badly. I never did have too much of a habit of studying assigned lessons anyway because it has been my belief for many years that true education is more than the mere regurgitation of assigned reading. However, I have to conform to a certain degree because a completely independent attitude will find me behind an eight ball in time. I guess I am mentally lazy and I like to do things leisurely according to my interests. It must be due to an inherent rebellion of regimentation of mind or body which has its roots way back in my childhood--I no doubt will find out if I take a few more psycho-analytical courses! I shouldn't be so sceptical of the noble purposes of the school, but I am afraid that I was conditioned to it once in Berkeley when W.I. Thomas laughingly said that a man who had a phobia about an ant going into a crack symbolized his own struggles to escape from the womb, i.e., mother domination! Some of the stuff I hear at school is almost as silly because I think social workers have a tendency to stretch psychiatric implications way beyond the original context. However, a lot of the stuff is valid and I did read an interesting textbook on psychiatry last night. I find to my discomfort that a lot of socialwork techniques I learned in 1941 are already outmoded; education must be a never ending process of the search for truth. However, one could spend one's life in keeping up with all new developments and never have a chance for application, and that would be a very futile pursuit. I got a note saying that my field work assignment would be up on 68th Street in a Public Welfare Department unit so I will go back to training for social work after a lapse of about six years

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despite the fact that I had some experience in the interval. My chief concern now is that it won't rain on the days I have field work because it wouldn't be so good to be physically uncomfortable as well as mental!

After Yuriko left for the studio, I spent all afternoon writing my first class paper and now that it is out of the way I can look forward to a relaxing Easter weekend. We have decided to go up to the Bronx zoo as I haven't visited there yet. Yuriko said that Ethel would like to come along with us as Paul is away on a business trip to Salt Lake and points west. Yuriko thinks it is terrible if one is deprived of the opportunity to enjoy the benefits of nature during Easter "when life starts." She said that she went to an Easter service in Forest Hills once even though she is not a Christian. I'm so glad that Yuriko sees the beauty of the everyday life about us. She has such a deep consideration of other people and wants them to be just as happy as she is. She practically tiptoes about the house when I am supposed to be studying. In order not to deprive her of listening to the radio, I have devised cotton ear muffs so I won't be tempted to listen too when I should be concentrating on reading!

It has been raining all day, very miserable outside. Yuriko took her lunch so she wouldn't have to get unnecessarily wet. She has been working very hard recently and I feel a bit guilty because she does it so I will not worry about financial matters during the time I am in school. She is always wanting to buy me something as a gift. No wonder I daydream about her when I have dry lectures in class. Yuriko does all of the shopping and cooking now and she is even willing to do all of the dishes afterwards, but merely going to school is no reason why I should take advantage of her since I am not that pressed for time. She went to pay the rent yesterday and found out that the man who owns this building is the corner newsman so she buys the paper from him now. After we get our refrigerator installed, shopping will be an easy task since it can be done for several days ahead.

3 April 1947, Thursday.

We have a new addition in our household. It is a Servel refrigerator! Ever since mid-morning when the three men hauled it up the stairs and deposited it in the kitchen, it has been the center of our attention. While I went to class this afternoon, Yuriko called the plumber and he came to connect it up. She must have had an interesting conversation with him from the way she described it. The plumber was a veteran and he told Yuriko that most women thought they were queens when they got a refrigerator and tried to tell him how to fix it up, but that she was the most pleasant one he had met in the past months. They had a discussion on the art of living and decided that most New Yorkers did^{not}/enjoy what they had so they missed out on such things as browsing around interesting neighborhoods. By the time he left, the plumber said that he would come by in his car sometime and take us for a tour of the city. Yuriko said that they got into a discussion of race, and the plumber's philosophy was that too many people wasted their time being prejudiced, but he got over any attitudes of that sort when he was fighting in the war and his concern now is to live and enjoy it to the fullest. However, he said that he didn't believe in marriage as he would lose his freedom so Yuriko gave him a long lecture on the happiness of married life! He told her where we could buy a stove at a discount from one of his friends, and that is the next project we will think about if our financial status is sound enough.

We now have possessions in this apartment so it feels like our home. The only thing that worries us is some insecurity about how long we will remain. Yuriko has been buying the paper from the newsman on the corner and she found out that he owned this building. He told her that he only charged \$30 a month rent for this apartment so Mrs. Ohta is still making a 50% profit each month for the rental of a few sticks of furniture. I wish that she would take it all out as we could get new stuff much cheaper in a period of a year.

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Yuriko is cooking steak for dinner now. She has all sorts of plans about what she is going to put into the refrigerator, such as chilled foods, desserts and so forth. We feel that it gives us stability to own something like that! I went to class this afternoon and it was more interesting than the last time. We talked about social group work and its relationship to democracy. The instructor tried to convince us that the army was getting more democratic so all of the ex-service men laughed and laughed. I have a class this evening and that will be all for the rest of this week.

In reading the paper, I wondered if the point made in class that democracy was strengthened year by year was true. The new trend of thought--expressed by James Burnham in Life--is that war with Russia is inevitable so we should put an iron ring around her and eliminate communism in order to make the world safe for democracy. No wonder other nations of the world are growing alarmed about the imperialistic policy of the U.S. It looks like we are the ones guilty of trying to rule the world. We expect to do this with the atom bomb and our wealth. Democracy certainly must add up to more than that. Wallace and his Comman Man seems to be forgotten in the mad rush to protect wealth. Yuriko and I don't want our refrigerator atomized though!

4 April 1947, Friday.

Last night's class was very technical and it suddenly dawned upon me that I would have to bear down in order to catch up with the rest of the class who had the first half of the course. Yuriko asked if I had lost self confidence, but I told her that it didn't put me in a good mood when I thought of the prospect of digging into a lot of technical books. I had good intentions of going to the library from early this morning, but it was so comfortable in bed that I didn't get started until after lunch time. Yuriko sent me off feeling very contented as she had cooked a delicious brunch for us. I think she just wanted to have the pleasure of taking a lot of things out of our refrigerator. We sat very pleased and looked at our new possession after we finished eating. Then I went to the library, but sad to relate I spent most of my time just browsing. I looked through a number of books W.I. Thomas had written and was surprised that there were so many. Also read a number of magazine articles on the contemporary scene and concluded that there was hope for the world after all. I came home feeling like I had accomplished a great deal. I did take a couple of books out though and I plan to start reading them soon. This matter of school adjustment is more difficult than I had anticipated, but I think that I haven't been doing so bad thus far. It is very hard to sit in classes and listen to dry lectures which I am sure came out of outdated books. Some of the profs have been at the school so long that they haven't kept up with recent trends. It seems that way when we are assigned books published over 15 years ago and I am sure that more recent things have been written. I haven't put in an order for my GI books yet until I get a chance to look through all of them and find out which I want to keep the most.

Yuriko has been of terrific help to me in my school adjustments because she plans everything to revolve around me. She has such an unselfish attitude. She would come home after teaching and cook, wash dishes and do everything without saying a word, but I am saving that privilege until I am really pressed at

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school. As it is, she does most of the work about the house. Now that we have a refrigerator it will be easier to do shopping for several days ahead. We have a surplus again from our food pot so that we plan to stock up with extras. We decided that no matter how often we had a money surplus in the food pot, we would not cut down since this is the last item in our budget which should be decreased. Yuriko is very efficient at planning and we have choice foods all the time now. There has been a slight decline in the cost of food in the past few weeks, but most of the credit is due to Yuriko's capable management.

Thus far, we have made favorable adjustments to the new situation and there isn't any doubt in our minds that any conflict will develop. I think that the main reason is that we like to cooperate and do things for each other. Yuriko says that this is much more important than making money. Her philosophy is that one should enjoy living, and that's why we get so much pleasure out of little things. I doubt if I could have made adequate adjustments at school if Yuriko were any other type of personality. She says that she has "studied" me so that she knows how to handle me when I get difficult, but admits that it hasn't been a hard job since I don't give her much opportunity to get alarmed about behavior and mental attitudes on my part.

5 April 1947, Saturday.

We are having cat trouble again, and I certainly do regret that I was not firm in evicting them from the vent above our bathroom. It rained furiously last night, and most of today, and when I came home from the barber shop this morning, Yuriko said that there was a horrible smell in the bathroom. Upon investigation we discovered that there was a leak and it was bringing all of the cat deposits down into the room. We had to flee out of there as it was so bad and I still haven't been able to figure out how I am going to remedy the situation. By the democratic vote, Yuriko elected that I go in and clean out the mess so I stuffed some cotton in my nose and got a lot of it eliminated. The odor still was strong so I finally sprayed the room with flit--at least it changed the smell! Anyway, this is our reward for feeling sorry for those cats! I will have to figure out some way to get them out--maybe set up another box on the roof so they will have shelter. This building is so old that we get worried every time it rains for fear of leaks. Pee-yew, those smelly cats!

I didn't feel in the mood for studying last night or today. Yuriko caught me taking a nap a couple of times when I said that I was going to study so I had to tell her that I was formulating the outline of a class paper in my mind, but her response was, "you were sleeping so don't lie!" I hope that I am not getting difficult for her. It's hard to keep awake reading a lot of the dry books assigned, poor me!

Yuriko and I went shopping this afternoon in the rain. We bought about six dollars of food for the weekend, and extra things to put in our refrigerator. As we got out on the street, I suddenly discovered that I had been short changed 35¢ but Yuriko ^{didn't} believe me at first. I wanted to go back and demand justice, but Yuriko said that it was my fault for not counting the change while there. "But, I never count the change and besides I trust people," I pouted. To which Yuriko

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reasoned, "There isn't anything you can do about it now as it is too late." Then I thought that a wife should at least stand by her husband in moments of crises, and it made me sore to think that the salesman took me for a "sucker" so I was all for going back for a showdown. Yuriko went back with me so that I could resolve the principle of the issue but she wasn't too enthusiastic. I was mad that I had been taken advantage of in that way-- especially from a Co-op store, but when Yuriko wouldn't raise her voice with mine, but "I'll be right behind you for moral support" I decided to let the matter drop. I walked home in a huff.

Yuriko raised my morale by cooking such a tasty dinner: we had ham steak, candied sweet potatoes, peas, rice, pickles, tea, lettuce and avocado salad. And, we will eat our dessert of fresh strawberries and toasted English muffins in a little while. Such meals we have been eating lately! We figured that we could spend extra for tonight since "we would have had to spend at least \$4 a plate for a dinner like this if we went to a restaurant!" We have steak again for tomorrow unless we go over to eat at the hostel. Yuriko has been working all evening finishing up her \$25 or \$30 suit she is making (jacket and skirt) so that we can wear our new things tomorrow for Easter. But it looks like it will rain again so we won't go to the Bronx zoo this week. Ethel went up to Boston to be with her folks so we won't be seeing her as planned. I've been reading the papers all evening so I guess I won't get any studying done again this weekend.

We listened to Truman's speech over the radio this evening. It sounded noble and inspired, but didn't appear to be more significant than political strategy. The old game of politics gambles even with international peace. Truman said that international freedom was based upon Jeffersonian democracy, and that the U.S. now had the responsibility to give this inalienable freedom

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to the oppressed peoples of the world. He based this plea also upon the Monroe doctrine and that we must stamp out the smoldering conflicts which may spread out over the world since it was up to the U.S. to put out this fire. It sounded idealistic when he said that we must stand guard at the edifice of freedom which was the U.N...that the U.N. was Man's Hope, but we must supplement its functions! I guess Truman feels that Russia won't take up the challenge so he said some bold things. It's a pretty risky path he is committing this country to. Truman also said that prices must come down in order to preserve our domestic economy so that we could take our place in the preservation of democracy in the world. He made some strong statements that free enterprise did not mean that they could take license and abuse the profit motive because of greed. I think that an OPA continuation might have been more effective in preventing the inflation now with us. We are just beginning to pay the price for the past war and the lesson has not been learned. It's hard for one to be optimistic about the world future when there is such turmoil going on now. And the question inevitably arises: "how can one person among 2 billion in the world do much in the way of political action?" People are too busy thinking about what to wear for Easter, how to make a living, and things like that to be too concerned about people outside of their small community. We get more and more education, but that doesn't make the problems any smaller, only more complicated. I guess human beings are destined to live in a vicious circle because of their own mistakes in the past.

6 April 1947, Sunday.

The weather miraculously favored NYC and the temperature rose over 30 degrees overnight. It was around 76 degrees today and the first time this year that we have been able to go out without an overcoat. It was so beautiful and warm out, really spring. We got up around noon and decided to go to the Bronx zoo so Yuriko rushed the completion of the button holes on her jacket and we got all decked out in our new outfits "like twins!" A little boy called us "show offs" when he saw us. There were terrific crowds out all over the city, but few informally dressed as we were. We had a very nice time wandering around in the zoo, but we found it more pleasant to go to the botanical gardens. It was so quiet and peaceful there and everything was just on the verge of getting green. We followed a small stream all the way through the park and hiked around for several hours. We ended up in the Jewish district in the upper Bronx, but the housing was much better there than on the lower East side. It is Jewish Passover Week so that all of the stores were closed. Many refugees live up there and they all sit on chairs out on the sidewalks to gossip. It looked much more neighborly than downtown. Millions of people were parading up and down Fifth Avenue, but we didn't venture down there as we knew that it would be too suffocating and we preferred to be out in the open air. We had such a marvelously good time too!

Around 6 p.m. we went over to the hostel, and Yuriko's parents wondered what had happened to us since we haven't been over there for about a month. They seemed to be quite happy to see us. Since our bathroom had a strong cat smell in it yet, we both took a bath over at the hostel before we left. We had dinner there with the Issei cook and her two daughters. Joanie is still a problem girl; she likes everyone to urge her to eat and then she acts contrary. She had a nervous breakdown, no doubt from a combination of many frustrations and mental anxieties. Joanie likes to be contrary and aggressively seeks an argument by saying opposing things, but we refused to be bothered--just

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felt sorry for her. Her sister was much friendlier and acted more normal. The mother is a very nice old lady; she has been in this country over 30 years; speaks better English than the average Issei; likes us because we enjoy her cooking so much, including the Japanese dishes.

After dinner we played ping pong for a while and completed the process of exhausting ourselves. Then we sat around in the living room for a while and talked with her parents. Mrs. M. said that she was quite worried about one of her orphaned nephews, but her brother in Japan would not send his address for fear that Mrs. M. would send the boy all the things from America and forget him. Mrs. M. said that it was her duty to help the boy and that her brother had property so that he could make his own living without too much extra help.

Mr. M. talked at length about his future plans. He said that the hostel was not expected to be open beyond October of this year and perhaps it was just as well since resettlement to this city had dropped to a trickle and he only had a residue of people who were not willing to do things for themselves staying on and on at the hostel. He was quite concerned about their future because he felt that an economic depression would hit this group the first since they had no specific skills. He thought that maybe they would get out more on their own if they were not so dependent upon the hostel. As for himself, Mr. M. said that he was dickering for the purchase of another cleaning shop in the German district. He also said that he is going to look at some land in Westchester as he thinks there is a great future in gardening out here. He felt that he could make a good profit on chrysanthemums the first year, but that he was thinking of developing a new process of seed planting which had been perfected in Japan during the war. He said that it increased the yield 60% by this process and he was planning to go into partnership with the Issei who had the rights to this process in this country. Mr. M. has put in

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an order for a station wagon and he asked if I would come to Detroit with him late this year to help drive it back. Mrs. M. did not seem to be so opposed to his plans on this occasion, but she was rather sceptical that he could really do all of these things, and very concerned about the risks in losing money. Mr. M's stock answers to her fears are that she should stay home and take care of the dog while he made the money! Yuriko said that her parents must think highly of me now because they wrote glowing letters about her nice marriage to the relatives in Japan. We also found out that Kazuo got married in Japan as his parents thought that he was getting too old to be a bachelor. He will probably remain there indefinitely and the chances are that he will be working for the U.S. for quite some time as the occupation is going to last for some years according to present military plans. Kazuo can't find a decent suit in Japan so Yuriko is going to help Mr. M. shop for it next week. She also plans to make her mother some dresses and skirts for her birthday present. Mr. M. liked my jacket very much so Yuriko said that she would make one for him. I hope that Yuriko doesn't take too much upon herself, but she usually manages to complete what she sets out to do.

The Italian family downstairs is celebrating Easter until late hours; I wish that they would find some other tune to play on the piano as it gets a bit monotonous to hear the same thing month after month. They seem to have large family parties on every holiday and they certainly do enjoy themselves.

7 April 1947, Monday.

Today was my first field day at the office of Public Welfare on 68th Street, and I was so tired when I got home that Yuriko allowed me to take a nap after dinner for an hour or so. I have read a bit this evening, but my concentration powers are low. I plan to go to bed in a few minutes as it is no use forcing myself, despite all of my resolutions that this would be the week that I would dig into my studies. I know that I will pass, but I shouldn't get overconfident or I might find myself in difficulties at the end of this quarter. My mind was preoccupied all evening about the cat problem on the roof. I went up there and found that the cats have now moved out into a box, but from conditioned habit the kittens still come down the vent to deposit their wastes and the unsanitary condition gets worse. I spoke to the Italian woman who owns the cats and she was sorry because "it stinks" but she didn't understand much English. The vent is so old that the covering has been broken to bits and that is why it leaks so much. My problem is to get lumber to build a new top for it and to clean up the mess, which will be a stinking job indeed. I would like to do it before the rainy season starts as it will certainly inconvenience us to have a pee-yew bathroom because Yuriko's friends might wonder what we have been eating when they come to visit!

My first day at the Public Welfare unit was physically and mentally exhausting, but I think that it didn't prove to be as much a hardship as on the other new students. There are two student units there. We were in group and individual conferences all morning, and I think that it won't be too difficult for me as my supervisor, Miss Loughrey (pronounced Lockrey) seems to think that I am pretty experienced and she has already given me three cases. I don't know any of the state laws or administrative procedures but I scheduled home visits for Wednesday as I figured that the best way to learn was to get started and not stew around the office getting all complicated in a lot of details which

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will probably never be used anyway. Miss Chan, a student in the other unit, thinks that I am very brave for planning to go out on a home visit during the first week there.

I am in Unit #23 of the Department of Public Welfare and this includes the area from 79th to 119th, and from East River to Fifth Avenue. Most of our cases will be along East River since there are a lot of rich people living near Fifth Ave. The district is a very depressed one, crowded, high rates of death from various diseases. It includes Yorkville (German section), Irish district, Puerto Rican area, and part of lower Harlem. The Puerto Rican problem is the most acute since so many of them are being crowded into that district and housing is terrible. It should be an interesting experience working in that office.

There are 10 students in our unit; most of them have been there for two quarters already. The supervisor handled me individually as she said that I didn't need as much instruction as the other students. Right around the building there is a fire station and I watched the firemen practicing jumps from our building at lunchtime. I think that I made a mistake in not going to lunch with the others but it was too cold to walk seven blocks and I didn't have my overcoat since I anticipated warm weather. I walked around the PW area. Hunter College for girls is there as well as a police court, foundling home and various other social institutions. I have to acquaint myself with the city--and also the state laws--so that I will be more at ease in doing this work. The supervisor took us on a tour of the building and I noticed that a great many of the applicants were Puerto Ricans. One of my cases will be a Puerto Rican (father a former mental patient, illegitimate son in the family, poverty stricken, mother now having her fourth child and it should be born by the time I go there this week, etc.) My other case is a 73 year old Irish widow on old age assistance.

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I haven't read the third yet.

I met all of the students in the two units, but I do not recall their names. Most of them seemed to be fairly matured. There is one Nisei girl from Hawaii, two Chinese girls from China, and the rest are caucasians (many of Jewish descent). There are no Negro student workers in our unit, although a number of the regular civil service workers in the building are Negro. I don't know why they send the Negro students mostly to the agencies in Harlem--I wouldn't like that sort of treatment!

Yuriko has been ironing my shirts all evening and she is so tired now. She just called me to tell me to go to bed as I have to get up early again in the morning to go to classes.

8 April 1947, Tuesday

Yuriko worries so much when I don't study so I sneaked in here on the pretext of writing an outline for a class paper after reading a book for 40 minutes . . . spring fever is in the air and one must enjoy the beauties of nature. I attended two classes today and we have some very good discussions. I am one of a few in the Culture class who enjoys it, but I suppose that is because I have been "tainted" with sociology. Most of the class have pretty well absorbed the psychoanalytical approach of viewing individuals and they don't like it when it is taught that the culture may also profoundly influence personality. I don't see why they get so disturbed about it because there really is no conflict, but students have a habit of clinging vehemently to the latest things they have learned without really testing it out and I think that this is the root of their non acceptance of the Culture course.

I went to lunch with Kenny and invited him to bring Kimi over for dinner on Saturday. It was such a warm afternoon that I didn't feel much like browsing in the library so I came home early. Yuriko was just leaving for work after cleaning up the house and shopping. She said that she had arranged to have some music written for her projected dances in the fall--at \$10 per line. It was a good thing that she left the house because I finally got around to starting a most unpleasant task. I went up to the roof to clean the vent and it was the stinkiest job I have ever done. The vent was jammed full of trash, rags, old bones, dirt and so forth. After chasing the cat family out, I took the rusted top off and began to reach down for all the junk. When I got halfway down, the stench became horrible. I was using a stick to uncover the trash, and I got a sick feeling in my stomach when I uncovered a dead kitten which was crawling with maggots. The Italian women all leaned out of the houses and made remarks about the stink and felt sorry for me. The woman next door was so happy that I was cleaning up the mess because she just couldn't open her windows on account of the smell. It was really

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her fault for allowing the cat to live in the vent. But she was most helpful and she loaned me a dustpan and other things. She couldn't speak English but we got along fine by the use of sign language. The stench got so bad that I motioned to the Italian lady that I would like cotton for my nose. She smiled happily and came running out with some perfume which she proceeded to dab on my cheek! I don't know what a 200 pound lady would be doing with such delicate perfume, but it did help. After two and one-half hours of hard labor I finally got the mess all cleaned up. I poured disinfectant down the vent to try and purify the space. This evening I went up again to haul the boxes of junk downstairs through the other house as it was too difficult to bring it down from the roof of our building. I also built a temporary top for the vent, but will nail it down as soon as it is completely sanitary.

The unpleasant job gave me such a headache that I napped until Yuriko came home. We had a late dinner, but I didn't tell Yuriko about the prize I found in the vent for fear that it would spoil her dinner. She has some kind of secret desert we are going to eat in a while. Yuriko isn't doing any sewing this evening, just reading PM. She bought a blouse for her mother and plans to make a skirt and dress for the birthday present. The whole evening is gone now, and I didn't study again after all, tsk, tsk! I must reform soon.

9 April 1947, Wednesday.

I had quite a busy day today, spent most of the morning reading public welfare department policies and wrote letters to my new cases. This afternoon, I went out on my first case and did not have any difficulty with it. Didn't feel nervous or go through the anxiety pains which new students undergo because I have had some previous experience in this sort of thing. My appointment was for one, and since the Hostel was only four blocks from my first case I went up there for a 30 cents lunch and got much more than what I usually get in restaurants.

There was a kibel boy with his wife and child having lunch there, and he said that he "read" about me someplace. Said that he knew me in SF but I didn't recognize him. At that time he was in domestic work and used to chauffeur Mariko and her crowd around the bay area in his employer's car. He was at Gila, but left early so that he wouldn't get drafted--later put in four F. Worked in a defense factory in Chicago until end of war and then came to NYC. Has been working in domestic work with his wife, but claims "Jew" employers are "cheap" and they want much more for their money. Thinks that he will go back to the coast and do farm work as he is tired of this city. Never did get settled during resettlement as everything to him was just temporary.

I had coffee with Mr. M. afterwards, while Mrs. M. played solitaire. I don't know if I embarrass her or not, but I notice she goes to great lengths about why I don't speak Japanese, what I am doing, and so forth to the Issei and Kibel residents there. I don't think she likes it when I tell Kibel that Jack is married to a caucasian as she thinks it has something to do about reflection on her; but, all in all, she seems to have accepted my marriage to her daughter fairly well. The kibel boys said, "Gee, you got married to pretty girl, yo?"

Mr. M. apparently is serious about buying property up in Westchester

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county. Said that he went to look at it yesterday and he wants to buy the five acres for \$3500, claims it is virgin woodland and it would be wonderful for a nursery. He said that Mr. Usami wrote that he was coming back to NYC from Chicago due to change of plans, and Mr. M. thought that it would be nice if we could drive up to see the land in Mr. U's car some Sunday. There is no house on the property, but Mr. M. says it is only 25 miles and he could commute or else build a "shack" temporarily. It is in a very wealthy suburban area with many mansions around the place and a private airport.

Yuriko just got home and she is busy cooking. She said that she had a nice day at the studio. She heard something on the radio about Adler shoes making one "elevated" and giving great self confidence with the women so she asked if I needed a pair. I thought that I did well enough getting her without high shoes so that was the signal for her to delay cooking for a while to smooch. Ethel was supposed to come for dinner but the plans were changed.

Setsuko wrote and asked about using my case data, but I referred her to U. C. for permission. She got some sort of grant from Rosenwald Foundation to make a study on the Nisei and she described quite an ambitious project. At least the Nisei in Chicago are going to get studied a lot; there are quite a few writing a thesis on them. All I want to do is to get my thesis finished as I certainly don't intend to devote my life to writing about the Nisei problems as some will no doubt do. There isn't any future in it.

My interview with the Valez family went off very well, and I wrote up an 8 page rough draft report on it before I came home for the day. The other new students are still reading case records, but I think it only confuses them; the best thing to do is to go out and get started. The Velez family certainly is a complicated one. The father is a former mental institution case and now a religious fanatic; Mother pregnant and expecting next week;

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oldest son--age 9--illegitimate and with personality and school problems; lot of sibling rivalry among the three children; 2 year old son likes to crawl into the kitchen and turn the gas jet on because he likes the hissing sound so they have to put a board across the door. The family has to exist on a budget of \$141.00 a month and with rising prices it is difficult so I may be able to get some temporary extras. I think my case supervisor will allow me to use my judgement as she seems fairly pleased with my progress thus far. I wrote a very detailed case report this time because that is expected of new students--including almost the number of times Mr. V. blew his nose and things like that. The family originally came from Puerto Rico, but they are not foreigners since they have U.S. citizenship. The Velez family are caucasian types and not Negroid like so many of the recent migrants from there. That area is so congested that many families double up in apartments and many of the restrictions placed upon Negroes are applied to the Puerto Ricans. It's a hell of a mess.

10 April 1947, Thursday.

Not too strenuous a day. I had a class this afternoon, and one this evening. Just got home. The process of adjusting to school is smoother now and I don't mind the classes at all. In fact, I am getting interested in some of them. One of these days I have to start thinking of writing the class papers since I don't want them to all pile up on me at the end of the quarter. I worked on one last night until 12:30. The floor must be thin because the noisy family downstairs were disturbed--I heard the son yell something about getting a broom to hit the ceiling. I guess I must be more considerate hereafter, but it certainly is funny that they should protest! Yuriko didn't urge me to go to bed since she was happy that I settled down for the evening. She was asleep when I quit.

Yuriko hasn't been feeling well, but nothing definitely wrong. I think that she is not used to the early hours of getting up and she has been working hard lately. She cooks breakfast every morning, and lately cooking at night, even doing the dishes. I sit in class sometime and daydream about how considerate she is and I get lonesome for her! This evening she went to the benefit performance for the miners killed in the Centralia coal mine. Woody Guthrie is on the program so Yuriko went with Majorie since I had a night class. I got some GI books this evening so now I have something to do this weekend.

Yuriko and I were talking about GI insurance last night. I allowed my policy to lapse after I got out of the service and I wondered if I should renew it. We both felt that we expected to be able to provide for our old age and not to die young so I'm not doing about it. We should have some sort of protection but we can't afford it right now. We are optimistic that one of these days we will get economic security!

Significant news item: Jackie Robinson is going to play with Brooklyn this year--the first Negro to get in the Big League.

11 April 1947, Friday.

Well here I am at the Public Welfare Office and it is only mid-afternoon but I have finished all of the assigned work for the day. It is so nice today that I don't feel like reading the manual. I went out on a home visit this morning and had a pleasant visit with an old Irish woman, 77 years old, who is on Old Age assistance. Mrs. Toohill is preoccupied with death and a lot of her discussing hinted that she was "not long for this world." Despite this attitude, she seemed to have a remarkable sense of humor for one who is so lonesome. She has outlasted all of her relatives and her chief concern now is to get a new dress so that she can go to the Great Beyond looking "decent." She is not the demanding type of case and was very reluctant to ask for the extra budget allowance which I will try my best to get for her. I don't see how she is able to manage on \$62 a month, but she gets by. Mrs. T. told me a lot of Irish stories and a great deal about her early days in this country. She came at the time Grover Cleveland was president and thought that this was a land of abundance until she saw the long breadlines in Massachusetts. She was only 17 then and had to go to work in a mill for 15 hours a day at low pay. Eventually she got married and after 50 years her husband died so she was left alone. Mrs. T. has one sister in Mass. whom she has not seen for 60 years, and a brother in law who is a "bad" Irishman for changing his faith to Baptist. Said that this relative had swell cars and pocketed all of the money given for the Lord for his own use. She told the story with such a sense of good humor that it was funny. I think that I will be able to get along nicely with her. Mrs. T. has a practical outlook on life even at her advanced age. She said that since the age of 17 she learned that it was best to look on the bright side of things, "but you young people have more to worry about with the atom bomb and things like that." She said that while coming over from Ireland the ship got in a storm and everybody started to pray but she went and ate oranges because she felt that it would be too bad for the fish to get them.

11 April 1947, Friday

The area where Mrs. T. lives is a part of Yorkville and populated thickly with people of German extraction. It was so nice out that I walked back to the office through this section and enjoyed the sights. At lunchtime I went to a little Jewish restaurant with a group from the office to eat pastrami sandwiches. All of them rushed back to the office to work early, but another girl and I walked towards Central Park in order to enjoy the fresh air. Her name is Iris and she is very politically conscious I found out.

later:

When I got home I found a note for me saying that I should not cook. Yuriko did all of the shopping for the weekend and I don't know how she managed to come out so much ahead. She has been buying carefully so we had a couple of dollars surplus even after she bought all of the food for the weekend. When Yuriko came home we decided to buy a gallon of California wine with the extra and next week we will get some needed pots. If food prices comes down a bit we will be able to get household utilities a bit at a time. I still don't see how she managed so efficiently though—I think that the grocery and vegetable salesmen gives her more than when I shop because they fall for feminine pulchritude.

Yuriko went to the Railroad Benefit last night and said that it was a fair gathering, but she heard enough folk songs and banjos to last for a long time. Woody wrote a couple of new songs in memory of the miners killed. This evening Yuriko is starting the housecleaning as we have company tomorrow evening. I wish that she would take it easy because she has been doing a lot of dancing this week with all of her rehearsals and classes.

Announcement from Emiko saying that she will graduate from nursing school next week. 3 yrs. certainly went by fast and she is now much better prepared for a job than Bette. Y. sent Mom an Easter card.

12 April 1947, Saturday.

Afternoon: A warm spring day outside provided little inclination for strenuous mental effort. Yuriko has just left for the studio to teach a private student and rehearse for the Harvard concert, leaving behind strict orders for me to discipline my efforts towards academic subjects. All morning long, we cleaned the house and we can't understand where all the dust came from. Yuriko cleaned the kitchen and the living room thoroughly last night for several hours and exhausted herself. She didn't ask me to help, but I felt a bit guilty as I just sat here and typed on a class paper so that my weekend would be free. This morning I got up around nine and waxed the floors of the two rooms, making a lot of noise so that Yuriko would see how strenuously I was laboring but she slept soundly. I then went to the postoffice and picked up the package which contained the steam iron sent by Mariko—at last! (We had reconciled ourselves to waiting until the year's guarantee ran out before receiving it.) I made breakfast and Yuriko finally came. She looked much better and refreshed after a good night's slumber. She sat near the window in order to allow the warm sun rays to flow all over her, and said that it was my turn to write to Mariko and thank her—but, I reminded her that according to Emily Post, the wife was supposed to send letters of thanks. Her comeback was that she would put the letter in the postbox if I wrote it. Further, she added, Emily Post did not authorize drinking coffee with a loud slurp as was my custom.

After breakfast, Yuriko reviewed the housecleaning task needed to be completed and assigned me to dusting the window sills. However, I found a shoeshiners kit out on the fire escape so spent most of my time fixing it up for use as a hassock as well as shoebox—getting double utility out of the object. Yuriko happily never does nag me and she finished the bedroom and study by herself altho I made a gesture and mopped up. Then we smooched for awhile and it was time for her to leave. I don't know what Yuriko has been doing but she mentioned that she earned \$85 this week. No wonder she looked

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so tired the past few days. She said that her work came in streaks and she wanted to have enough for our next months budget in case her income dropped sharply. I think we are mightly fortunate when I think of how relief clients have to manage on a budget of \$140 for five people.

Kenny and Kimi are coming for dinner this evening and it is my job to cook since Yuriko won't be come until about 6:00. I just finished reading the booklet on pressure cooking so I think that I will experiment with the chicken and surprise Yuriko. She is so agreeable that she never gets irritated with me, but she doesn't like it when I tell her that when water is boiling, it can't get any hotter so don't waste gas! When I notice a troubled frown growing on her face, I quickly make amends because she might get angry and it could lead to our first big argument! In three more days we will be celebrating our seventh month of marriage and it certainly has been a happy period. I never realized that it could be possible for two people to get along so nicely with an optimum fever of love in this relationship. Yuriko says that something must be wrong with us because we don't crave social activity and we are so smug being by ourselves. Well, it is interesting to be home alone with her and it certainly keeps us happy. We never know when a great passion is going to seize us so we like to be alone when we feel in the mood for smooching—which seems to be continuously! I'd better read a textbook now and quit this spring fever for now.

13 April 1947. Sunday

Kenny and Kimi came over for dinner last night, and since Yuriko was rehearsing, I did the cooking. We had a nice quiet dinner. Kimi doesn't drink so we didn't get any liquids other than wine. Most of the evening was spent in light talk, a bit about school and work, and some gossip. Kenny is getting worried about his future plans since he graduates from the NY school by the end of September. Contrary to my belief, he said that social work jobs were not too plentiful here in NYC since all the best social workers like to be here. The wage rate is still low, but going up due to Union pressure. Kenny felt that this was the only city in the country which had an excess of applicants. He said that Nao Hoshino, who was in my class in Berkeley is still looking for a job after three months of searching. Kenny felt that he might have to go out of town, but he didn't know how he would adjust to that as he would like to remain in NYC. He thought that he might go to Hawaii if an opportunity presented itself. "At least," he remarked, "I don't have to worry about my family support since they own their own farm in Reedley now and I personally had the pleasure of paying off the last installment on the mortgage before I came back here." He said that the Japanese farmers in central California were having a difficult time because they gave up their land, but the few who hung on "are really raking the money in now due to high prices."

Kimi remarked that they had seen Warren and Betty recently, but confided that she didn't seem to have much in common with Betty. Yuriko said that she felt the same way. Kimi then went on to tell more about Betty. She said that Betty's family made a great deal of money on war contracts during the war and her family was very well off so that Warren had some feelings about marrying into a "rich family." Betty's mother is flying out here this summer from Hawaii to "see what Warren is like," and we all felt sympathetic for Warren. Kimi said that Betty never did any reading, and she couldn't see what common interests they had. We all agreed that Betty did have a handicap in not

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being exposed to progressive ideas, but Warren was making some progress.

Kimi thought that Betty would eventually force Warren to go back to Hawaii with her, "because she isn't very secure without her family and seems to be influenced by them a great deal."

Later Yuriko mentioned that we would like to get out of the city sometime as we liked to hike and Kimi said that they liked those things too and thought perhaps we could make future plans for an outing. Yuriko said that Duggy might be able to rent a cabin for the summer near NYC and we could go out weekends. It all depends upon how heavy my schedule is in the summer months at school. Kimi is emerging as more of a personality now that we know her better and she talks quite readily. She used to be so quiet. Kenny also acts much more at ease, and indirectly said that he did have a heavy schedule at school last quarter so was preoccupied in the last few weeks of the term.

We had purchased 6½ pounds of chicken, assuming that they were heavy eaters, but only Kenny did justice to the meal. So this morning, I steamed up some rice and chicken and fixed up a container of hot coffee for Yuriko to take to the studio for Martha Graham because she has to have a special diet and "eats mostly out of cans." We felt sorry that she couldn't enjoy foods like us. Yuriko has to rehearse until three so we were up by mid-morning. She wanted me to go to Washington Park with a book and sit on a bench and study, but this would be too much temptation for me to loaf so I will start reading a psychiatry book soon as I finish the Sunday papers. Washington Park is one of the most beautiful spots in the city right now as everything has turned green and all the students from NYU, mothers with children, tourists, Village 'artists' and many others go there to enjoy nature in the middle of the city. I would prefer to get further into the country where I would not see the Empire State Building when I looked up. A lot of artists display their paintings in Washington Square when it gets

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warm. Kenny said last night that there were two young Nisei artists he knew who lived around here. One of them, Coke Sonoda, is so broke that Kenny gives him his old clothes. He lives in a loft with about six other struggling young artists. The other Nisei, Geo. Kanoshima, is married to a Eurasian who supports him and he is happy just painting all day long, but Kenny didn't know what would happen to this ideal situation if the wife suddenly decided that she didn't want to go on with that arrangement. Both Coke and Geo. were on the campus at the time the war broke out and I met them briefly on several occasions but I had no idea that they were "artistic."

Now to go read the sunday papers!

14 April 1947, Monday.

This is our seventh months anniversary so we had a special breakfast and it was difficult for me to dash off to the office. I suspect that Yuriko is planning to cook something special this evening as I just got home and there is a note telling me not to cook. I was over to the hostel this noon for a 30¢ lunch since my case for the afternoon was around that area. They fed me so much--after the rest had left the table Mrs. I brings me chicken and Mrs. M. gives me coffee and cake. At the hostel I met a girl, Rosemary Sugiyama. She is a kibeï, speaks Japanese most of the time, and is very reserved. I was struck by the fact that individuals certainly do adjust in different ways. Rose came back from Japan about the same time as Yuriko and went to the same high school in Los Angeles. But she has not become very accomodated to the American life to the same degree. Rose is now going to Teacher's College and majoring in English teaching as she plans to go back to Japan to teach there, as I don't speak English so well and couldn't get a job here. Mrs. A. said that Rose plans to find a husband in Japan because she does not have much of an opinion of the Nisei or Kibeï.

We had a group conference in the office all morning so I didn't get to my case until afternoon. I went to visit Mrs. Sorace who proved to be a most interesting woman, looking much younger than her 38 years. She told me that her husband "married" her 17 years ago by saying "we are married" because she didn't know the customs of this country since she had just arrived from Czechoslovakia. Then her husband borrowed \$700 from her to go to school and never had a job other than WPA. He was put in the army in lieu of prosecution on a forgery charge. Before he went into the army, he married another girl in the Bronx and had a child by her. Then he returned to Mrs. S. and had another child (making 3 in all.) Then he went to England with the army and married an English girl and had two children by her. He now is in the merchant marines, and Mrs. S. said that she was through with him. Her children are legal since it was a common law marriage so she is eligible

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for the Aid to the Dependent children program of assistance. She manages her household on \$127 a month.

Mrs. S. said that she used to have TB of the lungs, and she has had one kidney removed. One of her sons stutters and is having behavior problems at school so I have to see him eventually in order to work out some kind of a program for his personality development. Mrs. S. told me a lot about her youth in the old country and how different the customs were here. She thinks that she will stay permanently in the US with her sons since they would be maladjusted if they went to her native land, and she doesn't know what happened to her own family since the war. Mrs. S. said that her 14 year old son has taken up smoking, but she doesn't like it and wanted to know if she should forbid him. I thought that force would only make him sneak behind her back and suggested that she try reasoning first. She lives in a four room steam heated apartment with only a \$20 monthly rent, but the building is so old. It is right in the middle of the area in which the Puerto Ricans are pouring in. Mrs. S. seems to be pretty democratic as she said that she was a foreigner herself and she didn't look down on anybody, but a neighbor of hers objects to "foreigners" coming into that area as "it will force the property values down." It's the same old story! We had a nice discussion and my next job is to see if I can get the dep't to buy a suit for her son who is getting confirmed next month, and work later on other problems.

15 April 1947, Tuesday

Yuriko is starting evening rehearsals again so I haven't seen much of her in the last couple of days, although she must think that I want to get rid of her in order to be with my books. I was writing one of my class papers last night and sort of got preoccupied and felt so guilty because I thought I was neglecting her. It was our 7th month anniversary too and Yuriko cooked such a special dinner. We had a little time this evening before she went to the studio. Yuriko said that she went shopping with her father in order to help him shop for a suit for Kazuo as they can't get good ones in Japan. They had lunch together this noon and Yuriko said that her father was going to buy the property up in Westchester county in her name, so theoretically we are landowners! Yuriko felt that her father would be able to make a go of it so that it might be the future he was looking for all these years. Mr. M. at one time wanted to be an operatic singer and he spent three years studying in Italy but came back to the U.S. just at the time of the depression so he never did get started outside of giving performances in the Japanese communities. At one time he wanted to build up a nursery business in order to help struggling Nisei artists by giving them part-time work, but the war interfered with this plan and he had to sell out. Since then his plans have broadened so that he wants to help out all of the evacuees so that is why he has stuck with the hostel and entered the cleaners field. I think that he still plans to open up another cleaners shop as he feels that it quickly repays the original investment and he wants to build up some capital in order to put it into his nursery farm project. If it is successful he will be able to encourage other Japanese to do the same. He doesn't anticipate any opposition from the wealthy landowners up in Westchester county. I hope that he will be able to make a success of it; he seems to have plenty of confidence in the project. Mr. U and another Japanese is going into the project with him, I believe.

15 April 1947, Tuesday

Yuriko had to teach an extra class this evening so she came dashing home for dinner, and much to her surprise found me fast asleep although I tried to tell her that I was "thinking" about my paper. She says that she is going to create a dance called "Pleasure of Escape" because she has gotten so many points from me the way I alibi in order to postpone studying. It was such a nice spring day today that I got drowsy in my second dull class. We heard a lecture from Mr. Rodriguez who told us all about the Puerto Rican cultural background, native superstitions, difficulties in adapting to the fast tempo of NYC life, sanitary ignorance, and so forth so that we would have a better appreciation of them in our cases. The thing which struck me about his talk was his constant reference to "low classes" which he implied were the residue who came to NYC and were primarily "colored" or "mixed" and not pure castillian white like himself--as if he were apologetic about them. It was a bit peculiar coming from a social worker. But on the whole he gave a very realistic presentation of this newest immigrant group, who, after all, are U.S. citizens and entitled to all benefits of the country. From another angle, which Mr. R. indirectly touched upon, the native population has been so exploited by U.S. capital that it is little wonder the standards of the masses are so low. Over 50 years of U.S. democracy did little to improve the standards of living of Puerto Rico because the economic basis was denied to them by large U.S. sugar corporations which were only there to make money.

There are over 300,000 of these Puerto Ricans here now and I don't blame them for being very suspicious of Americans. Other minority groups feel that they are "superior" to this group and they rightly resent it. Just the other day I was over at the hostel and Mrs. A. made some remark about them being so dirty and didn't know how to match colors in sewing buttons on

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clothes. I could have told her that Issei used to dress just as ridiculously but refrained. I think that this culture course is very good for social workers because it gives them more of an appreciation of other cultures as they tend to evaluate too much from the point of view of our culture and this is a serious mistake when analyzing personality difficulties of other groups as it puts too much emphasis on the psychoanalytical interpretation without regard for the environmental background. For this reason, many of the students are violently opposed to this course as it seems to attack their cherished and newly acquired concepts learned in the school. The trouble, it seems to me, is that social workers go overboard on the psychoanalytical approach without really mastering these tools.

I didn't remain at school to study my assignments as I got sleepy and bored so I came home in order to type, but I read the papers instead and took a nap so that the evening is half gone already. It is going to be mighty difficult to concentrate when the hot weather comes. I think that I am getting into the swing of things at school now and I will no doubt struggle through despite tendencies to be bored at times.

A short time ago, I listened to a radio commentator attack Wallace as treasonous and it must have been too reactionary for even the poor radio to stand as the object is on the blink now. From the way Wallace has been attacked by our politicians, it sounds as if war with Russia were just around the corner. It is a sad commentary on our famed freedoms when a man can't express progressive ideas anymore. It seems that we just don't want to tolerate any new ideas anymore, but that is how fascism got a hold in Germany. How stupid to say that he cannot speak of the problems of the world! We seem to be bent on a path of intellectual isolationism as well as economic

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and political. Wallace has just as much a right to speak as Truman, and I think he says a lot more. It is a sad state of affairs when the great American leaders think that only their ideas are valid and that all competing views must be suppressed, and I certainly never expected to see the day when the Rankin Un-American Committee would be judged as the guardians of our freedom! Thank Gosh, we do have men like Wallace who says "I shall go on speaking out for peace whenever men will listen!" But certain members of Congress wish to try him for treason for "sabotaging our foreign policy" in speaking against U.S. military aid to Greece and Turkey. We certainly do need a progressive third party movement if that is going to be the majority view of the Republicans and Democrats.

There seems to be race friction going on in this neighborhood. A navy man was beaten up for living in a house owned by a Negro, and a gang has been going around beating up several Negroes and Jews right around here in order to keep Greenwich Village "pure." It's so stupid because the thinking is so warped. A council has been set up to combat this intolerance and more patrolmen will be put into this area. One of the beatings happened only two blocks away. This is supposed to be a "liberal" area too! I can't understand things like this, but there are always a few with warped minds in any society.

16 April 1947, Wednesday

Each time I go to the Public Welfare Department for field work, it rains--and today was no exception! I got caught in it this afternoon and my suit was quite soaked. I left my one and only hat in Chicago since I am not used to wearing the objects but I guess I will have to invest in another one ^{be}/cause the elements are so severe out here. I spent most of the morning in conference with my supervisor and she seems to think my work is satisfactory thus far. I went up to the hostel for lunch again and had a nice meal. Mr. M. wouldn't take any payment for the meal as he said that I was "one of the family," but I would rather pay as I would then feel freer to eat there, and it is much cheaper than going to a restaurant. Mrs. A., the cook, always gives me special foods when I come over and wants me to warn her in advance; today she gave me cake. It was Yuriko's mother's birthday yesterday--she is 55--so she thanked us for the blouse which Yuriko had sent over. She also mentioned that Yuriko got some clothes from Helen McGeehee which she was going to send to relatives in Japan. Mr. M. and I had a discussion on his nursery farm plans. He seems to be concerned about getting enough money to finance the five acres which he will develop for a nursery. He said a number of things which indicated that he knows his flowers...wants to raise crysanthumums the first year as he figures he can gross \$10,000 on it since he knows from experience that it does not have to be raised in a hothouse like they do out here. He said that he has seen these plants grow in the snow in Japan so that it could withstand the May to October climate. He also has some ideas about developing some Japanese button plants which cannot be grown in Japan. It seems that he is confident that he can get back his initial investment in one season if it turns out right, but he hasn't the complete finances yet and may borrow from a bank. He wants

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to keep the land ownership clear but there will be a couple of others going in with him on the Japanese fertilizer introduction to this country. He said that he was going to experiment with it by growing azeleas which he bought cheaply from some florist. He also has ideas about growing #1 roses from slips through a secret process of his.

I was thinking as he talked that perhaps Yuriiko and I could invest some money in his project, but I didn't voice it as I don't want to get involved too deeply, but I sounded him out enough to find out that he has done considerable planning about his project. He will try to open a cleaners in the meantime as he figures he can make \$30 a week or more clear from it. Yuriiko and I talked it over this evening about investing and we concluded that it might be a good idea as it would help him out. We don't expect any profits, but we would want to get our initial capital back. The land will be in her name anyway. Mr. M. said that he and Yoshio could grow the first flowers by themselves, but he would have to buy a small tractor and send to California for the slips. Mr. M. wants us to go up to Westchester with him on Sunday in order to look the place over. We felt that this was one way in which we could work for future security but do not expect to make a profit out of our loan. If Mr. M. makes a success of it then he will have security so that we will not have to worry about supporting them in later years so there is a double purpose in our thoughts. Anyway, we will give it some thought in the next few days. There may be a possibility that we can get a GI loan to buy the land if we decide to go into it since the interest rates would be cheaper. It's all a possibility and we haven't made any decisions.

Mrs. M. gave me some pictures and letters from her relatives in Japan

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to give to Yuriko. Yuriko gave me a rough translation. It seems that they are so grateful for the things sent from America, and they express how difficult it is to live in a country which has lost the war because of the inflation...mention that sweets are a luxury and how they practically fight for the things which are sent...also congratulations on Yuriko's marriage (Mrs. M. must have given me a build-up) and they wonder if Yuriko got pretty! What they said in their letter shows that the masses do not profit from war.

In sharp contrast is the Puerto Rican family I visited this afternoon. They are still waiting for the new baby to arrive and the home is so disorganized. The husband looks like he is going to have a breakdown any day. It is so hard for a family of five to live on a \$127 budget and money is the main thought in their lives. Under such a situation it is understandable that they just don't have any long range plans. The old man wants to go back to Puerto Rico, but the wife wants to remain here. I don't know what kind of a future is in store for the Velez children because I can't see how they are ever going to arise beyond their deprived level when they are so handicapped. Mr. V. has heart trouble, and he can't work and the three children are all under 10 years of age. They don't know anything about birth control, and our agency doesn't have any right to mention the subject because of the strong opposition of the Catholic Church. So there just doesn't seem to be any kind of a solution for this family but to go on being public charges year after year with an increasingly large family. It is not fair to the children, but society doesn't seem to much care about these things. Politics and war doesn't concern this family much as the only thing they are interested in is to find some measure of security which looks almost impossible at the present time.

16 April 1947, Wednesday

Yuriko hasn't been feeling well today so she did not go to her dancing class this afternoon. She taught this morning, but the forces of nature on women made her feel indisposed for the rest of the day. She needs a good rest anyway as she has been using up a lot of energy lately. She is planning to sleep all morning tomorrow and I feel tempted to do the same thing as I had a strenuous day at the office today and my first class tomorrow is in the afternoon. I will continue work on my paper this evening and try to get it out of the way.

17 April 1947, Thursday

I haven't much done today. Got up about 8:30 and typed all morning on my paper. Yuriko was feeling better when she arose about 11:00 and she cooked a delicious breakfast for me. She did a quick job on the shopping as she had to rehearse this afternoon. I went to my group work class and it was fairly dull as most of the stuff was a repetition from the last lecture.

I cooked dinner and ate it alone since Yuriko is teaching a class until 7:00. I've been passing time reading some papers and shortly I shall leave for my evening class. I think I may stroll up there this time as it was fairly warm. One more day of field work and then I will be through for the week. I haven't done much studying this week. The NY School is fairly easy thus far. I did get some more books on the GI benefits and I will have a small but costly collection of professional books on the government by the time I get through with the year of study. Each book costs about \$5.00 and I couldn't possibly afford them without the GI assistance.

I think Emiko is graduating from nursing school this evening. We haven't corresponded much with the family since coming back from the visit to Chicago as we have been too busy with one thing or another. I guess the family is getting on well enough. Most of my attention is upon Yuriko, the sweet thing, so family contacts have become very loose and a secondary interest. When Emiko gets a job she will be able to help Mom out a bit. Nurses are in quite a demand and I'm glad that she stuck it through since she has something definite. It doesn't look like Bette is going to go on as she said; she is entered in some kind of Nisei queen contest in Chicago. I hope that she doesn't turn all of her interest into social activities as it will not get her anyplace.

18 April 1947, Friday

I had a rather interesting day in the field today, and I made a couple of home visits for the welfare department. Mrs. Twohill is such a nice 77 year old lady, very lonesome, but full of Irish humor. I arranged for her to go to the clinic to get dental plates next week, but she didn't think she could make it so I told her that I would take her up there. It's about 100 blocks so that it will be quite a trip for her. She thinks that I am very nice and it doesn't do much good to tell her that it is the taxpayers money. Also arranged to get her money for a dress and nightgown. Mrs. T. is so preoccupied with death and afraid that she will be found dead one of these mornings so she doesn't want to be in a patched up nightgown. Vanity for women doesn't have an age limit, I guess. But she got in a good humor and said that when she gets the glasses and new dress "I will be very Irish and walk down to the East River and I won't know the poor people." Then she proceeded to tell me all about Ireland, County Cork to be exact, and what a fighting Irishman her husband was. She is very lonesome but doesn't want to go into an old folks home because "I have my pride" she says. But she may be interested in paying in a boarding home. She doesn't have any relatives or friends left because she has outlived them all. It must be a depressing feeling to get so aged and have nobody. It doesn't cost me much effort to have social chats with her so we sit around and she tells me all about "snowball" her cat, and her early days in the U.S. It isn't supposed to be good case work practice to get too chummy with the clients, but sometimes I think social workers get too involved in theories when they should be more human. My supervisor apparently thinks I am doing well as she makes nice comments about my records. I have to write them up very much in detail.

I dropped in to see Mrs. Velez after lunch, and she is just about ready to burst but the baby still hasn't come. Her husband was out handing out some

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kind of religious tracts. Mrs. V. thought that I would tell her husband that she had sneaked out to buy some beer, but I told her it was not any of my business. She gave some beer to Pedro, the two year old, and said that in Puerto Rico they give rum to children. Just an old cultural practice, I suppose, although it might shock some social workers. I guess Mrs. V. thought that I wanted to help her so she isn't suspicious anymore. She told me a lot about her son and how she doesn't get along with her religious fanatic husband. She wants to send him back to Puerto Rico as she doesn't want any more kids. I told her that she could get birth control knowledge at the clinic, but she said that her husband objects to it because he feels that God is sending children to him. But Mrs. V. is more realistic when she says that four children is enough to have when her husband is not likely to ever work again because of his heart condition. He tells the oldest boy, 10, that he is illegitimate and if he is bad, he will send him to his real father in Puerto Rico. It's no wonder that George is a shy, withdrawn and backward child. Mrs. V. is very concerned about him so I said that I would try to get him into a summer camp this year. Later on I will try to work with the father to see if he can develop more understanding attitudes towards the boy. They don't speak or understand English so well and it makes it hard to communicate with them. I went to the Union Settlement house afterwards to find out about summer camps but didn't get too much information so will have to go back again. When I got back to the office I wrote up very detailed reports of these two interviews to show "process."

I really enjoy going out on these cases and I think that this practical experience is the best part of my course at school. I still haven't done much analytical work on these cases because there are a lot of immediate things to be done and social workers sometimes get so wrapped up in interpreting

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behavior problems that they don't have time to do anything about it. I think I have the advantage over some of the other new students because I have had some previous experience and I don't waste too much time writing up records as it comes fairly easily to me. There is one girl from China in the other unit and it takes her all day to write up one report, and some of the others take just about as long. I'm making friends with our office secretary so I can get extra supplies to bring home!

During the course of the morning, I must have walked about 30 blocks or more up along the East side. It was a nice day and I haven't seen that district before. It starts off as an Irish section, then Italian mixed in, then German (Yorkville) and Jewish, then Puerto Rican and finally East Harlem. All throughout the area are scattered a number of Chinese restaurants. Along 2nd Ave. there is a sort of Old Worldish effect with all the small stores and old people. The housing is awful through there, but I noticed in several places where Puerto Ricans were fixing up deserted houses so that they could live in them. Right along the East River are a few beautiful housing projects and this city certainly does need a lot more of them.

I stopped at the hostel for lunch again. Mr. M. had a cold so he was in bed, but got up after I arrived. There were only two or three people having lunch there today. Joanie and her sister do not eat with the other residents because they claim that they don't like Japanese food. It really wasn't Japanese food--Mrs. M. called it Hostel Sukiyaki--so their objections must be largely psychological; they don't want to be 'identified' with the rest of the hostel people because it might break down their belief that they are "different." I got Joanie sort of sore because I made it a special point to ask her mother for rice and tea (ochazuke) which is Japanese style for ending a meal! Her mother likes me very much and always brings me special desserts after the

18 April 1947, Friday

others leave. I can't talk with them much, but we manage to communicate by signs and broken phrases. I didn't get a chance to talk to Mr. M. about his nursery project, but Yuriko and I have decided to "invest" a sum in it as a sort of "loan."

I was very tired when I came home. Yuriko also had a hard day, and she went off to rehearse again this evening. She said that Martha is going to let her have her studio for the summer vacation period and Yuriko will be in charge of it. This means that Yuriko will be able to use the Graham name and keep all the profits. Yuriko doesn't think that Martha will charge her rent for the studio since it will be good publicity for her to have the studio open the year round. And Yuriko will probably get a lot of new students for Martha in the fall.

Yuriko cooked such a delicious dinner, but afterwards I felt nauseated and I lost it. It must have been slight food poisoning or maybe it was because I was so tired. It can't be smallpox--everybody in the city is getting vaccinated; Yuriko got hers today. She just left for the studio with instructions for me to go to bed and rest tonight so I guess I won't study.

20 April 1947, Sunday

Sue and Lizz dropped in Friday evening about 10:30 and they had tea and wine with us, and we talked until almost 1:00 AM about the state of the world. Sue is still doing a clerical job in some factory and trying to organize the workers. I found out that she is a U. of Chicago graduate, and Lizz too. Lizz has a private income, but her whole life is dedicated to the improvement of the status of the working man. The two of them had been to an AYD meeting next door, and they said that some move had been made to try and make them break up by labeling them a Communist front outfit. Sue has very intense convictions, but seems to be going a bit overboard in her anxiety to convert the world. We agreed on most points, but Sue has taken social action in the goals to which she has dedicated herself. She seems to be looking much happier since quitting dancing. Both girls believe that the next five years is going to decide whether we will have democracy or fascism, but they don't think that it can be achieved through evolutionary methods without an active group getting to waken the masses up to the dangers of capitalistic control and exploitations. We had quite a talk on the economic system which might best benefit all the people of the world, how to eliminate international cartels, how to achieve peace, role of the workers in society, how to combat propaganda inspired by the 'kept' press, whether economics or race was the basis of racial prejudice and many other things. Lizz said that it was her friends who were beaten up by the Village hoodlums and she described the Civil Rights Congress meeting held on this racial incident the night before. Sue said that it was her impression that the people were finally getting "aroused" to action but she did not see any permanent solutions in the present political methods of the UN. By the time the girls got ready to leave, they were getting "high" on our wine and I was afraid that they would dash out in the streets and start the Revolution. I teased them a bit about having too

20 April 1947, Sunday

intense concentration on their convictions and thought that they should relax occasionally and not get fanatical since that method would never convince people, despite the fact that I thought their fundamental beliefs were fairly sound. They recommended that I read a new book "Men Against Myths" by Barrows Dunham, "who is a Marxist of sorts but very realistic in his approach to what is wrong with our society."

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Right after the girls left, I got very ill and had all kinds of symptoms which led me to the conclusion that I had a touch of food poisoning. Yuriko took tender care of me all night, and I felt miserable with stomach pains and back aches all day yesterday so I took a vacation from eating. I didn't get any studying done either. This morning I felt a bit better, but still have stomach pains. It was a sudden illness. We were supposed to go to the country today but it was called off. We will be going to the hostel for dinner in a few minutes. Yuriko is getting a head start by eating toast and coffee now. She had to rehearse this morning so she has a very healthy appetite. Last night she had a juicy steak and I only got a part of it because of my pains! She says I can't eat much today either: "Restrain yourself, dear," she says. I did the laundry while she was at rehearsal and she scolded me for using up my energy instead of resting in bed. Now she is calling for me to get ready to go out to the hostel for dinner.

21 April 1947, Monday

Got to the office a bit early this morning and I'm waiting for a group staff conference to begin shortly. It is a cold miserable day, almost like winter is approaching rather than summer. Yuriko complained this morning that her arm was bothering her from the smallpox injection.

Last night we went over to the Hostel for dinner and we didn't get home until rather late. We had a very nice dinner prepared by Mrs. A, but her two daughters Joanie and Kimi, as usual, made a spectacle out of themselves. They refused to come and eat but just sat at the table and complained that they didn't like "Japanese food." It was a chicken dinner. Mrs. M. got some green tea from Japan which Kazuo had sent, and since this kind of product has not been seen since pre-war days, she made an elaborate ceremony of preparing it. The water had to be so hot, the pot a certain size, so much tea had to go into it, it had to set a certain time, so much went into the first cup, and so forth--something like a Japanese Tea pouring ceremony. As usual, Joanie and her sister refused to taste it saying that it was "bitter" and "we don't care for those things." They drank some black tea instead, which I thought was just as bitter. It was all part of their psychological necessity for being classed as "different." All through the dinner, they tried to get attention like little four year old children. Joan is the instigator since she seems to have some sort of dominating control over her sister. She is the oldest, around 28. When nobody paid any attention to her, she abruptly got up and left the table to go to her room. Later she came back and sat with us again when nobody made a fuss, but her mother looked very worried.

Afterwards, Mrs. M. said that the two girls were quite a problem for her, because of the increase in the food budget. The girls do not pay for room and

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board since the mother is the cook there. Mrs. M. said that she didn't mind if they didn't do any work about the hostel and didn't mind if they didn't pay for food, but she did object to the fact that the girls had to eat special meals by themselves all the time and this cut into the hostel food budget seriously. She said that the girls were always eating in-between meals and called them "Cockroaches." She wanted to know what could be done. I thought that the girls should be ignored since it would only make it unpleasant for the mother if a scene was made, and the girls would only interpret that they were being further persecuted by "Japanese ways." I thought the the M's could handle it indirectly by working on Kimi since she is not as unstable as Joan. They could do this by encouraging Kimi to go to work and getting a wider perspective of life. Kimi came from Detroit and she is holding out for a \$40 a week job, which is not unreasonable despite the fact that secretarial workers do not get paid as high a standard in this city. Joan had a nervous breakdown some months ago, and for the past three months she has been recuperating. She has a boyfriend in the hostel at night and since he works late, Joan comes out of hibernation at late hours--and then powders up her face for the only time. We thought that the only solution for Mrs. M was to hope that Joan would be married and that might solve some of her emotional problems!

After dinner, we helped Mrs. M pack and wrap several packages which she was sending to her relatives in Japan. This is a very expensive undertaking as the postage alone is quite large. Mrs. M. said that it was her responsibility to her relatives to help them out and that she always did have a thought that she would like to do social settlement work in Japan and this was the only alternative. She was so pleased by the fact that she has discovered a living nephew that she went out and bought a lot of boy's clothing for him.

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She made the remark that the world would be dark for her relative without her. Yuriko remarked that maybe one of these days we would present her with a grandson and then she could buy all she wanted to for him. Mr. M was very relieved that we took over the packing job because he said that his wife, like all women, was always changing her mind about what to put in the packages and they got into arguments.

We had a talk with Mr. M re: his plans for buying the nursery farm. He said that he didn't know for sure what he was going to do about it because he had to get so much capital together in order to invest in the chemical formula for the fertilizer. As we got the story Mr. M and Mr. Ishimaru, a graduate of Waseda U in Japan and at present doing translating work for the government, is going into this project together. Mr. I has the contacts in Japan and his family owns considerable property in California, but he needs Mr. M. for "business head." They figure on importing \$3,000 worth of this fertilizer and advertising among Japanese farmers to experiment with it and they think that they can get back \$10,000 on the original investment, which will be expanded nationally if it goes over well. Mr. M said that he might just concentrate on getting a cleaning shop for the immediate present in order to have some income coming in since he anticipates the Hostel will be closed in October. At this point, I told him that we could loan him around \$750 which cuts deeply into our reserves. "That's good" he exclaimed as he took us up, and went on to promise large interest. We told him that we didn't expect any interest, but hoped that he could get started this time as the evacuation stopped him in 1941 when he was just getting well established in the nursery. Mr. M. said that he was fairly confident of success on this venture, but that it was a gamble too. The only hitch in the program is getting governmental approval to ship the fertilizer formula in. It seems

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that many Issei and Nisei have hopes of recuperating their lost evacuation fortunes by making a "big killing" through a business contact with Japan. We figure that our loan will give Mr. M. a chance to get started in something since he has to make a decision about a change of jobs after October anyway. He said that Mr. Usami was going into a Coney Island concession with his brother-in-law this summer.

On the way home last night, we saw a lot of the younger Puerto Ricans coming home from parties and churches all dressed up in very sharp attire. It reminded me of the Nisei and Mexican "zoot suit" patterns and I bet that in a few years there will be a lot of discussion about the Puerto Rican "Nisei" problem without anything constructive being done about it now. They live under such disorganized conditions now that about the only thing they can do to reflect "Americanism" is to wear fancy clothing. The gang patterns among the second generation is already considered a "social problem" and there have been fights with Harlem and Lower Bronx gangs—using knives and home made guns. They live in such a depressed area and there just isn't sufficient recreational facilities available for them.

6:00 PM.

Yuriko left a note saying that I should not cook so I am following her orders. It seems that she has been experimenting with the steam iron this afternoon as I notice some of my pants are pressed. She left a note saying that she slept until 10:30 after she got up and cooked my breakfast and got me off to the office.

I had a rather busy day in field work today. All morning we had a group conference and at noon I rushed over to take Mrs. Twohill to the dental clinic

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up in the Bronx by taxi. It was such a miserable, rainy day for an old lady to be out. I thought that it was so stupid to send her such a distance, but later learned that this was the only dental clinic on Manhattan. We had to wait for quite a while, but the receptionist gave us priority over a lot of the others. The clinic is located in an old building, and the atmosphere is not very pleasant. They seem to feel that old people are not worth bothering about. The dentist finally refused to take Mrs. Twohill on the basis that she did not have a health report, and when I went to see the director of the clinic I was told that they did not want to assume any responsibility in case any of the aged had heart failure while having teeth extracted. It didn't do much good to tell him that in Mrs. T.'s case all of her teeth were already out and she only needed to have impressions for the dentures, because they "had to follow the established policy." I was pretty burnt up, but I couldn't show it because Mrs. T. was so upset and she hit the nail on the head when she said that they thought it was a waste of money to give old people teeth. After I got back to her apartment, I tried to talk her into going after the doctor's certificate but she doesn't want to see a doctor because it represents a symbol of death to her. So my next step is to try and get the medical department to make an exception in Mrs. T's case and let her go to a private dentist which the agency could pay for. It would be just as cheap as making her go to the Bronx clinic five or six times at \$4.25 per trip by cab, but then, administrative red tape is so hard to change. Mrs. T's comment about at least getting a free ride out of it doesn't end this matter. I'm having quite a job convincing her that she has a life ahead of her yet and dentures are important in these plans so I have to figure out ways and means...at least try. I was so busy with this matter that I didn't have my lunch until 4:00—went to a German restaurant.

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Yuriko is home now and cooking dinner. She said that Shirley invited us to dinner tomorrow night. We are supposed to have Clara for a dinner soon, also Rhoda and Lamar. Rhoda is living up in the Bronx now with another girl, but we haven't seen her for a long time. It's too difficult keeping up with a lot of social activities when we are busy.

Yuriko tried a new tactic of being indifferent to my "groans" while I was ill and I learned that she has been getting advice on how to handle Men from the unmarried girls at the studio! She told me that they tease her all the time because she thinks I am so perfect so she let them in on the secret that I am human and now they are trying to put their theories on how to handle Men into practice by proxy. They all seem to be so interested in finding a weak point in our happy married life, but Yuriko hasn't given them much satisfaction. She says she still loves me very much! I'm glad that I can come home from a tiring day at school and field work to such a nice setting. She just asked me if I still loved her and when I answered yes, she said she would iron my shirts tonight! It seems love has mercenary values too. Yuriko is thinking of making a \$100 coat and is surprised that I don't object. I told her that I would catch enough mice to make her a mouseskin coat but she doesn't like the idea so much.

22 April 1947, Tuesday.

I typed until quite late last night and finished up another of the class papers. Today I got one back and was very surprised to find that it was considered one of the best in the class. I still don't know any more about the subject of social research as it is a very dull course. It is one of the "required" courses and I don't think that anyone appreciates it too much. I got two more books through the GI bill today. We had a stimulating discussion in the Culture course on Italian cultural practices and now I think I understand a bit more why that family downstairs are so noisy. The old country Italian families had very strict codes of behavior and there was a tremendous hold by the family institution. The loud talking and extreme gesturing is a sort of compensation. In the Italian culture there are many similarities with the Japanese ways, but not as much pressure has been put upon becoming "Americanized." I discovered that of the 18 groups of Italians in this city, the Village one was of the largest. The Italian group has not risen as rapidly in the economic scale as some other immigrant groups and their children. It is difficult to understand the reason for this, but it must lie in the cultural effects upon the personality development and the intense in-group feeling. Although there are many good things about each culture, I can't see a cultural pluralism as the answer for this country. Dr. Hulbrett proposes "Unity within Diversity" which is what Adamic also speaks about. One thing I notice about myself is that I am much more comfortable about speaking of these things in class. I got involved in quite a discussion this morning because I thought "integration" was the best solution and some of the Jewish students stressed ethnic unity. I felt that the more one became secure in the evolving American society, the less tendency there would be to have conflicts about maintaining identity with the parental culture--

22 April 1947, Tuesday.

whether it was good or bad--but they believed that it was best to hold on to many of the traditional views, regardless of the political position of the mother country at the moment. It might be a good topic for a thesis and I am getting some ideas on it.

I spent most of the afternoon at the library taking notes on the question of social control of the mentally deficient and when I got home I was chagrined to discover that I had all of the data in one of my own books here. In a few minutes I will be leaving for Shirley's where we will have dinner. Yuriko left a note saying that Rhoda was here for lunch, and the two of them ate up all the nice chocolates which Yuriko has been denying me until I get over my stomach disorders. Just for that, I am going to eat huge quantities over at Shirley's. Looks like new labor troubles are due this year because Big business does not want to give the small income group a break, so I want to enjoy my food while I am still able to pay for it. My GI allowance has not come yet, but Yuriko earned enough last month to tide us over until it starts coming in regularly. Incidental expenses for school is an increasing item in my personal budget. Yuriko gets an extra allowance for "cokes, ice cream, candy" because she uses so much energy up at school! I think I will put in for a coke allowance next month too since I do field work three times a week and it requires a lot of walking. We have our monthly budget conference before the end of each month.

23 April 1947, Wednesday

We had a very pleasant social evening over at Shirley's and the food was extremely well prepared. Shirley had us a huge steak (top sirloin) and a mixed salad and other items. We ate buffet style. Huge quantities of wine during the meal and a "live" German cheese for dessert. Yuriko didn't like the cheese as it smelled too "alive". We were so full by the time we had finished that we just reclined on the couch and took it easy for the rest of the evening talking about books, politics, personalities, why individuals go into dancing, cost of living, social settlement where Shirley works on a part-time basis, and so forth. Shirley picks up the most interesting books which do not have wide distribution and I enjoyed glancing through some of them. Much of the discussion was about future of dancing, and what correlation was there between the fact that so many dancers were Jewish and their emotional sensitivity. Shirley thought it was all accidental, but I was not so sure since people usually act on the basis of motivations and they just don't fall into things. We stayed there until almost midnight, and it was a very good escape away from the books.

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In a few minutes I will be leaving for lunch. Most of the morning I was in conference with my case supervisor. Apparently she thinks that I have progressed enough to use a dictaphone to record my cases. The usual policy is to wait until the second quarter before this is done, but the supervisor thought I had enough experience to go ahead on my own.

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Later:

We have just had dinner and Yuriko is washing the dishes right now. She says that she feels very tired as it was a very busy day at the studio. Much to her surprise, she earned enough this month to provide for the entire

23 April 1947, Wednesday

next month's budget so that when we get my subsistence check from the army we will be that much ahead. This noon I went up to the hostel for lunch and Mrs. M. told me that it was 10 years ago that Yuriko came back from Japan. She got another letter from her relatives and they said that they had heard from other sources that Yuriko was a very well-known dancer in America so were glad of the success. Yuriko said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play for their Harvard performance at the end of this month. They haven't heard any more about the Europe trip.

Mr. M. said that he may have to postpone buying the land until next spring as he is getting involved in too many commitments with the fertilizer formula, the proposed cleaning shop, and buying a new car. He thinks he will get the cleaning shop soon in order to get an income started in. I think that Mr. M. tells me a lot of his business plans so that I will approve, and, thereby, he can have more backing to convince Mrs. M. who is more hesitant about his multiple plans.

My afternoon was extremely busy as I made two home visits and went to the Union Settlement. Mrs. Sorace told me all about her sons' plans and how the 14 year old may have masturbation problems and she wanted to know how she should handle it as she doesn't want to chase him out in the streets to get his sex education. I told her what little I knew and suggested that she go to see the family clinic to get expert advice. Mrs. S. is aware of the fact that her boys live in one of the "toughest" sections of the city. I also worked out some tentative plans with her about her sons going to summer camp for two weeks.

My visit to the Velez family was brief as I wanted to find out if Mrs. V. had her baby yet...it still has not made the long-awaited arrival into the world. Mr. Velez was calmer today so I told him what I had done about

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getting his son into summer camp. This family needs a lot of individual attention, but only student workers can give it since the regular agency social workers have too heavy a case load to do more than superficial visiting in the home to check on financial needs. The ideal situation is for public agency workers to do case work on emotional and behavior problems but this has not been achieved in NYC yet, which is supposed to be the most advanced of any area of the country.

My visit to the Union Settlement House was very pleasant and I had a satisfying talk with Miss Voss who is in charge of the summer camp placements as she put in a reservation for the boys I was interested in. She said that special attention would be given to these boys this summer if they went and a report would be sent back to me. Miss Voss introduced me to Paul Akano, a Nisei group worker there, and he wanted me to bring Yuriko over with me sometime for a visit at his home. Miss Voss showed me around the settlement house and it was an interesting experience. I wasn't supposed to go ahead on the summer camp program but I didn't want to wait too long as a public welfare agency sometimes gets too involved in red-tape. But my supervisor didn't mind; she thought I used initiative and now she wants me to tell the rest of the student workers all about the summer camp provisions at that settlement house when we have our next group conference.

The thing which impressed me about the settlement house was the smooth manner in which the interracial programs function. There were all sorts of children and adults there mixing in what I thought was a most democratic way. This settlement house serves the most densely populated area in the city. East Harlem and the lower East Side are certainly the most depressed, and yet Puerto Ricans and colored people are still pressing into that area. Miss Voss told me that the racial and nationality conflicts around there were very

23 April 1947, Wednesday

severe so she was rather proud of the way in which they had brought various groups together. A very mobile population lives in this marginal area as the housing is so poor. It is much worse than anything I have ever seen in Chicago or any of the Coast cities. East Harlem has the highest ratio of relief cases to total population in the city; the TB death rate is three times higher than the rest of the city and the venereal disease rate is the highest by far. It is in this area that delinquency, truancy, crime, dope-peddling, prostitution and gambling are most prevalent in the city. Paul Akano felt that these problems could not be solved until housing was improved and he thought that it was too bad that more housing projects like the one on the East River were not built.

The Settlement conducts a regular program in the East River housing project, and they have a varied program for the young and the old. It attempts to further community organization and participates in racial tension problems. There are few playgrounds in this entire area so that the settlement has been the most progressive force in the neighborhood to do something about it. I really was most impressed by what I saw and heard.

24 April 1947, Thursday

Spring started all over again and this time it looks as if it will stay a while. Yuriko exacted a promise from me last night that I would allow her to sleep since I had mentioned that I would arise early in order to read some of my textbooks. My intentions were good, but I felt drowsy until about 9:30 and it took me another hour to read the paper. All this time Yuriko was sleeping so soundly next to me. I finally read for an hour on psychiatry and hypnotism so I tried to apply it in practice upon Yuriko but it would not penetrate into her super ego mind so I gave up in disgust and shook her awake and complained that I was hungry. We finally got up around 12:30 and I had ample time to eat and leisurely proceed to my afternoon class. Yuriko went shopping. My class was not too stimulating and I distracted myself about wondering how hot it would be this summer in the school and concluded that it was going to be very difficult.

I decided to walk home and met Nancy so we came via Union Square and Washington Park. All the grass is getting fresh green and Washington Park in particular looked very attractive with the budding trees. All of the park benches were filled. Nancy thought it was too bad that working people, dancers and students had to stay in the hot city during the summertime, but philosophically concluded that the beach was better than nothing on weekends. Nancy was married and divorced once according to Shirley. She doesn't say much but we made light pleasant conversation on the way home.

I just cooked and Yuriko is here now to eat. I have to go to class this evening and I am thinking of being very daring and wear my sport jacket instead of a suit.

25 April 1947, Friday

Today was field work day for me so it rained again as usual! I was busy typing up case reports all morning so did not have to go out in it. At noon I went to the hostel for lunch. Mr. M. mentioned that he had a chance to buy a cleaners for \$4000 but thought that he would think it over thoroughly before rushing into any deals. He seems to be more interested in the nursery idea as he showed me some more of the slips he had cut. A carpenter was there fixing the front windows and Mr. M. told me very matter-of-factly that boys shot bee-bee guns through it. I remarked that this was dangerous and it should be reported to the police. Mr. M. said that boys threw rocks through the windows at night and last summer many windows had been smashed. I wondered if it was because they didn't like "Japanese." Mr. M. thought that it could be a factor, but said that these boys' gangs broke many other windows in the neighborhood too.

After lunch, I went to the Velez family and had a lengthy interview with the wife. Her lack of knowledge of health precautions is appalling, but it is to be expected since Puerto Ricans did not have much medical care in the islands. She said that her daughter seemed to have a bone infection, and her son had dizzy spells. It sounded something like malaria so I suggested that she take the children to the clinic as soon as possible. Mrs. V. is still waiting for her baby to be born and it may come this week. She said that it was hard for her to get around and her fanatic husband was always running off to the church to pray. All the troubles seem to come on this family at once, and it made me feel grateful that I never was that badly off. The husband has heart trouble and had been a psychotic patient at one time; the son is illegitimate and he is very retarded mentally; they have housing problems of the most serious nature; Mrs. V. feeds the family few vegetables and mostly a starch diet, but she is willing to listen to

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suggestions about a balanced diet; Mrs. V.'s baby is long overdue and so forth.

There was a sewerage stench in the apartment so I finally asked her what the trouble was. She said that the pipes had overflowed. I told her that it was a good idea to get the icebox out of the bathroom so did this. The bathroom smelled like a sewer as water kept overflowing and pouring down a hole into the basement. Since it was dangerous for public health and since epidemics can break out, I thought that action should be taken. Mrs. V. said that she could not rely on her husband but thought that he had phoned the agent and nothing was done about it. I went out and phoned the landlord's agent, and he said the hell with doing anything because Puerto Ricans were used to living like dogs anyway. I pointed out to him that the Public Health Commission could condemn the building, whereupon Mr. Jacobs, the agent, began to worry about the threat of losing rent money so he said that he would get a plumber next week. I said that one should be gotten immediately so he finally agreed to look at the place tonight and try to fix it. He was pretty sore at Mr. V. and said that he was a lazy bum and that he was sure "whores" were living in that building and that all Puerto Ricans had syphilis. I could have told him stories about Jews, too, but he wouldn't have understood and I wanted him to take action so I let his comments go by. He got chummy near the end of our talk and said that it was a shame for Puerto Ricans to "drop" one baby after another while his wife couldn't even have one. I just told him that we mortals couldn't always be the judge of these things. At any rate I did get him to promise he would fix the sewer leak as Mr. V. is just too helpless to take the initiative in anything, and epidemics could start from things like that. Mr. Jacobs is just interested in his rent money but he will fix the sewer for fear that I will call the Health Department down on him.

26 April 1947, Saturday

Last evening just as Yuriko was going out to the studio for rehearsal and I was comfortably settled in the large armchair for some general reading, Sue and Dick came up to borrow a sheet for the films they were going to show at the AYD meeting next door in the American Labor Party Hall. They persuaded me to come to the meeting while Yuriko was gone so I changed my clothes and went over there. There were 20-30 young people in the Hall and they quickly went over the main agenda of the meeting. Most of it was on matters of political action and they formed various committees to visit political officeholders in the city in regards to certain pending legislation which would hurt the liberal movement and labor. There might have been some there who were following the "Kremlin line" but I got the impression that the group was genuinely interested in furthering democracy. There was some discussion about changing the name of the club, but most of them felt that they were not ashamed of what they were doing and they felt that if the reactionaries wanted to label them as "Reds" they did not care. Betty Ellison was a bit worried because her name was listed as one of the former club presidents of the AYD since she has alien status, but she felt that there was nothing she could do about it if the conservative forces of this country wanted to suppress everything democratic.

A large part of the meeting was spent in discussing the part they would play in the Labor Day parade on May Day and all of them agreed to march as a unit of the Greenwich Chapter. Sue said that she was going to march twice since she also wanted to be with her union. The parade will come down from 56th Street down to Union Square and they expected to have well over 100,000 marchers. The group felt that it was particularly important this year to let the public know where they stood because of the strong anti-liberal forces in Congress which were trying so hard to suppress Labor entirely. As Dick outlined it, the general idea of the parade was to sup-

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port the labor movement for jobs at decent wages, full and equal education, decent homes, good health for all people, no discrimination, adequate cultural needs for all, full citizenship for those who believed in democracy and peace in the world. Dick pointed out that Labor had traditionally marched on May Day and it certainly was not communist inspired since the first parade had been held before Marx. The parade was also a protest against the reactionary Hartley bill against labor, against our imperialist foreign policy, and to demonstrate that a very large segment of the population still believed in the Roosevelt heritage. Sue gave a strong talk, illustrated with films, on why the laboring man had to have more of a share in the natural wealth of the U.S. She said that it was not wrong to fight against injustice for millions of the population, against starvation and low standards of living, against unemployment. She pointed out that Jim Crow reaction and anti-semitism went hand-in-hand and it was all a part of native fascism. She got very emotional as she pointed out how Big Business struck back at the laboring masses with terror and judicial murder under the guise of patriotism. Finally, that May Day was the day in which people could speak because they had no kept press and the best way was by marching in large numbers. She concluded by quoting Howard Fast who said, "Let those who scream for America to save the world by ruling the world look at the fate of other empires!"

The meeting broke up after some petitions to send to Congress were signed, and I invited those who wanted to come up to my apartment for tea. About 10 of the group stomped upstairs and they stayed for about an hour, just talking about things in general. Moe told some of his experiences in the Spanish Civil War (he has a limp) and about a Nisei cook who was killed over there; "The only Nisei in the International Brigade." Dick

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said that he was going to try writing radio skits for the labor movement. Others who were here included Betty Ellison and her brother Jack, Lizz, Sue, Lee, Gunther, etc. Yuriko was very surprised when she came home and found all of these people around.

The conversations which went on indicated how progressive they were in their thinking; they lambasted the Truman doctrine as imperialistic and the road to war, they felt that industry and finance (Wall Street) were leading the country to fascism by unduly influencing government and thought that Labor was the last stronghold for liberalism and democracy, they believed that Big Business would not voluntarily curb inflation as "private enterprise" was not acquainted with the word "humanitarianism", that the Church was trying to get too political, that the UN had a chance to assert its strength in the Palestine issue but they did not think it would come through, that Wallace was the outstanding liberal in the country today, that veterans were being betrayed in the aims of the war, that the U.S. was just as much a threat to world peace as Russia or any other country, that decent standards of living were not an impossibility, and so forth.

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This morning we got up at 9:30 so that we could go shopping at the Co-op and we managed to spend about \$8.00 quite easily for food. Yuriko wants to stock up with meat for the whole week since we have the frigidaire and to save me time for school while she is gone in Boston. Since Rhoda and Clara cannot make it for dinner this evening, we decided to treat ourselves with one-inch thick steak ham and a nice steak for the weekend. Yuriko had to go for a costume fitting after lunch and she may rehearse again this evening. I cleaned the house a bit, fixed the trap door on the

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roof so dust wouldn't come down so much, washed the week's accumulation of laundry and will read the papers for the rest of the afternoon. If Yuriko doesn't rehearse this evening, we will go to a movie. We are on a buyer's strike against the high price of Broadway movies so we patronize neighborhood ones mostly when we go at rare intervals.

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By the time I got finished with little chores about the apartment yesterday, it was about five. I was going to settle down for some reading, but Michiko Iseri came for a visit just then and it was not a difficult task to change my plans. Michiko wanted to see Yuriko to ask about marching with the JACD unit in the May Day parade since that group is trying to line up all possible Nisei. I told her that Yuriko would be in Boston at the time, and this seemed to settle the decision for Michiko as she said that she did not think she would march either. She said that she did some designing in a theatrical costume shop and if the other workers of her union went to march she would go with them. Michiko thought that it was a good thing for Labor to show its strength but she was not particularly interested in putting herself out. Since she seemed to be rather lonesome I invited her to dinner.

Yuriko came home with Helen MacGeehee around six so we had two guests. Fortunately we had plenty of meat so Yuriko decided to have suki-yaki as Helen had expressed an interest in trying it. Both Yuriko and Michiko went to work on the dinner, and it certainly turned out to be an immensely satisfying meal. I could tell that Yuriko and Michiko had lived together at one time as they seemed to share the job of cooking dinner without conflict, and Yuriko didn't mind if Michiko and I did the dishes while Helen and she went back for an evening rehearsal. We thought that it would have been interesting if Joan of the hostel had been here for the dinner since it was the first real Japanese meal we have had in this apartment! Helen was so fascinated with the proceedings and she seemed to enjoy everything. She stubbornly used chopsticks throughout the meal and did quite well with them. Yuriko brought out her special green tea from Japan, and some seaweeds and other Japanese things and Michiko kept remarking what a nice un-

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expected meal it was for her. She seemed to get considerable enjoyment out of both the food and social atmosphere, and the reason came out later when she remarked that she ate all of her meals alone late at night and never had much of an appetite.

Yuriko suggested that I take Michiko to a movie and she was not worried that she would lose my love or anything like that so I agreed, and Michiko was delighted since she had not gone out much this year because of the nature of her work and life. Helen thinks we have a nice atmosphere in our apartment and she said that it was quite a treat to come. We didn't have too much of a chance to talk as she was only here about three hours. Helen did say that her father was up here recently to seek a change of job. He plans to move from Virginia to North Carolina. Sometimes Helen reminds me of one of those dainty overprotected southern girls, but she is much more developed in her social consciousness, probably due to the New York influence. Her father is some kind of a supervisor in a southern textile factory.

As Yuriko and Helen left for the studio, Michiko called out gayly for them "to drop in for a visit sometime," and I felt a little sad because Yuriko couldn't have a "break" from her rigorous rehearsals and indulge in some social activity with me before going to Boston. We will have several important "anniversaries" coming up during the time she is gone on the trip—five years since evacuation, one year since our first date together, and so forth. I don't know whether it is me or Yuriko, but she fails to give me the usual luscious kisses when people are around. I can't figure out whether it is due to natural "Japanese" modesty conditioned in the past, bashfulness or what. It does seem that there is some reserve in her usual warmth though; maybe it is because we are still not used to being

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married. I certainly did miss her last night though despite the fact that I tried to be pleasant company for Michiko since the girl is a lonely sort.

Michiko has always been rather hesitant and reserved around me, but she did loosen up a bit last night and there was a noticeable easing of her usual tension. I suppose it is because she is getting to know me better and realizing that I am not going to bite her. Michiko has a striking Oriental beauty, but an underdeveloped personality which outwardly looks like a demureness. From what she said during the evening, she must have personality conflicts of sorts. She leans a lot on Yuriko for advice because Yuriko represents stability and self-confidence to her. From what she said, I got the impression that Michiko values this friendship with Yuriko more than any other contact she has even though we don't see much of her.

In recent months, Michiko seems to have made some satisfying strides towards the fulfillment of her ambitions. She has given several recitations of Japanese dancing on Leticia's programs, and she mentioned that she was planning to go into it full time now that she feels more confidence in herself. Michiko said that she first knew Yuriko in Los Angeles and that they once toured up the Coast in Teiko Ito's company. She lives in the same building with Teiko now, but seems to have lost a lot of her admiration towards her because she claims that Teiko is so ego-centric and extremely jealous and critical of any other dancers. Michiko feels that the better attitude is to recognize that she still has a lot to learn and not scorn or belittle other dancers. She says that she learned this from her contacts with Yuriko.

As a result of her public appearances out here, Michiko said that she has received several night club offers but she felt that she was not ready

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yet. She did get interested in a Broadway show which Mr. Shubert is putting on this fall. It is called "GI in Tokyo" and Michiko said that she went for an interview and she was told that there would be a specialty number in this musical comedy for her if she were interested. Then she remarked, "If I do get into a Broadway show, I bet the Nisei groups out here will always be after me for benefits." Michiko said that the JACD had already taken considerable advantage of her by asking her to dance without pay and "they think that they are actually helping my career by introducing me to the American public." Michiko felt that this was a limited public and she had no desire to be exploited, but "it is hard to say 'no' because I am a Nisei too." I told Michiko that Yuriko had this experience also, but a decision had to be made eventually since there was no end to it.

Michiko said that she had very little social life as she was working and teaching dancing full time, and she went into a shell when I jokingly asked her how her love life was progressing. It seems that she had some kind of a romantic disillusionment at one time and so she is extremely wary of men now, and she had tentatively dedicated her life to her career. She has this attitude much deeper than Yuriko ever had because of the complex nature of her personality conflicts. Michiko lives by herself because she said that she was a difficult roommate because of her moods, and she mentioned one unfortunate experience she had. A caucasian girl was rooming with her, and she felt that this girl "always looked at me so peculiarly when I undressed so I got self-conscious" and one night Michiko had a headache so this girl came over "and tried to make love to me by kissing and things so I realized that she was a Lesbian" which the girl admitted "because she said she had some kind of gland trouble."

We went to see "Notorious Gentleman" but I didn't enjoy the movie too

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much because Yuriko was not there to hold hands with and I missed her warmth all the more. I kept looking at my watch as I was impatient to get home, but Michiko seemed to enjoy it very much as she remarked that it was the first time she had gone out in a long time and thanked me for making her evening enjoyable. When I got home, Yuriko was waiting for me since she had just returned only a few minutes earlier. She was so tired, but tender and lovable so I guess she had to let me know that I was not being rejected for taking another girl out!

We slept late this morning, but lost an hour due to daylight saving time. We had a huge breakfast of bacon, ham, eggs, jam, English muffins, grapefruit, coffee and pancakes. Yuriko started out to make waffles, but the machine stuck again so after breakfast we tinkered around with it until it finally worked. Yuriko had to go rehearse again this evening so she spent the afternoon ironing and cutting out a costume while I finally got down to reading "Study of Man" by Linton. Now I shall go listen to Fred Allen and then read until Yuriko comes home.

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The activity of the past day was too much for me so I took a rest from studies last night. It was all accidental, but nevertheless very much enjoyed. On Sunday night I had been up quite late waiting for Yuriko to come home. She didn't arrive until about 1:30 and I expected her before midnight so I got a bit worried. I couldn't figure out why the rehearsals should go on so late even if Martha Graham was having difficulty composing the last part of the new dance so that it could be ready when they rehearsed with the Boston Symphony later this week. I began to imagine that maybe Yuriko had not looked at the stop lights or something drastic like that, and finally I couldn't stand the suspense so I went and phoned. Don said that Yuriko had started home a half hour earlier so that didn't settle my mind. I waited and waited, and finally Yuriko arrived. She was so tired from the late rehearsal and she said that she was hurrying home when the old man at the corner newspaper and candy stand stopped her to talk about our apartment which he also owns. He said that he would give it to us for \$30 a month as he didn't think that we should be overpaying so much for a few sticks of furniture, but Yuriko told him that we would go along with Mrs. Ohta in the hopes that her conscience would bother her. At least, Yuriko said, we won't be kicked out on a sudden notice since Allan probably is going to stay on in Japan and work for the Army and Mrs. Ohta wouldn't try to rent to somebody else. Yuriko said that the old man likes her a lot and she always buys PM from him. He bribed her with candy bars just^{so}/she would stop and talk to him and that was the reason she was so late. Like a little child acting very guilty, Yuriko offered me one of the candy bars as a bribe, but I was so relieved to see her that I forgot my worries about her not coming straight home. Since those gang beatings and other incidents which have happened around here recently, it isn't too safe for a girl to be out alone too late at night—although

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Yuriko could take care of herself and she certainly doesn't have timid fears about the dark. I even tell her to carry the kitchen paring knife for "protection" but she laughs. Usually I don't have fears like this, but lately there has been so many sex crimes in NYC that it got into my subconscious mind and Yuriko is precious to me. Anyway, I slept well even if it was only for five hours.

Monday morning we had a group conference at the Public Welfare and then I went out on cases all afternoon. I visited a family social settlement, school, and hostel and that involved walking about 30 blocks in all around the East Side so I was worn out by the time I got home. Yuriko had left a note saying that she didn't think she could make it back for dinner so I ate a lonely meal and just as I finished she arrived. She had to rush back for another rehearsal about 7:30 so I said that I was going to take a 15 minute nap. The next thing I knew it was midnight and Yuriko was coming home so the only thing I could do was eat a snack with her and then go to sleep again. But before we slept, Yuriko insisted that I open the Venetian blinds so that we could "look at the bright moon and remember our romancing days." It is just a year lacking a day or so since we first met. And also five years since I was evacuated to Tanforan. Yuriko said that they were leaving for Boston Wednesday morning on the 8:00 ayem train so I will be able to see her off. She was so sweet and tender last night and worried that I wouldn't get enough sleep even though she was so exhausted herself. When Yuriko gets romantic I have to respond or else she accuses me with "You don't love me any more?"

I had an interesting visit with the Velez family and I think that the casework with them is bearing fruit since I don't try to control their lives. There was a little 11 year old Puerto Rican girl there who didn't

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Speak English as she has only been here for one month and I couldn't help but feel that this girl would be very handicapped since she will no doubt be typed as a Negress because of her dark color. Family disorganization among the Puerto Ricans is terrific because of their handicapped cultural background and the Velez family is doing well under the circumstances. They have a feeble-minded boy with an IQ of 70 but I think that he can become socially useful and adequate if given the proper understanding. I went to PS 72 to talk to his teacher. She said that the boy was in a class for mentally retarded development and she didn't hold out much hope for him. But when I told a bit of his emotional problems due to the poor home situation she seemed to get much more interested in the boy and said that she would give him special attention. Then I went to the social settlement house to find out more about the summer camp program for children. While I was there I also looked in on the Old Aged Club—65 years or over—and found out a bit of its program in case I could interest some of my other clients. I find that it is most educational to actually go to visit the various agencies rather than read about it because then I can see for myself. Field work so far has been surprisingly interesting for me and I feel that I am getting more out of it than from class work. It grieves me that I have to attend such dull courses. I think that I will be able to finish up by next December as I am going through the summer session. I still feel that most of the students go a bit too overboard on the psychoanalytical interpretation of the clients and I haven't seen such good application of it. Thus far, my supervisor does not seem to find many complaints about my straight factual reports and I do try to include cultural factors since we have so many Puerto Rican cases. However, I am not so resistant against the psychoanalytical approach now as at first because I am

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beginning to see that it has certain validity and my argument all along has been that it is applied indiscriminately by social workers without too clear an understanding of the general concepts involved. Psychiatrists have to study for years on this subject and the more they learn the less sure they are so social workers shouldn't be so cocky with their limited knowledge. The funny thing is that the more inexperienced the student, the more they tend to be dogmatic about their theoretical knowledge and this comes out at every group conference we have in the welfare office.

I had a rather boring day today in my two classes, especially in social research. I think that it is an insult to a graduate student to be forced to take such a useless course. The instructor, Dr. Klein, is so brilliant that nobody seems to be able to follow his abstract theories. I'm not getting a thing out of the course. In one month at the school, I can't say that I have profited greatly from class work and there is only one course which I have taken a great interest in. For the other courses, I just do the reading and console myself that it must be done for the sake of that degree. I met Kenny for lunch today and he mentioned that he was greatly worried about job possibilities as he finishes up next quarter. He has made tentative explorations of the job field and he didn't think that it was too hopeful. He said that he realized when he went into social work that he would never make money in it, but he is discouraged that the level of pay is even lower than he imagined. He invited me over for dinner on Saturday while Yuriko is gone for the Boston performance at Harvard.

I had a rather interesting discussion with Mr. M. yesterday at the hostel. He wanted to "consult" me on reasons why the hostel should be kept in operation until next spring and we worked out a list of reasons

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which he would like me to write up into a form of a statement to present to the Church Board Friday noon since he said that he couldn't express himself so well in English. From the comments he made, I got the impression that I was wrong in thinking that the main reason why he wanted to keep the hostel open for six more months beyond October was to protect his job as he emphasized that he had his own economic plans and he didn't think of the hostel in terms of personal security for himself.

During the discussion I suddenly realized that the "resettlement" period of the evacuees definitely was not over yet although I haven't given it much thought lately due to the pressure of personal activities. Mr. M.'s basis for desiring the continuation of the hostel seemed to have a great deal of validity. His points:

Mr. M. pointed out that the major preoccupation of the resettlers was for economic security and that few have made permanent adjustments during the four years since first released from camp because the war jobs postponed this for large segments of the American population and the resettlers were a part of it. Mr. M. thought that this instability would increase rather than decrease and that there were many "drifters" yet. He felt that for this reason, it was necessary for some sort of official or semi-official agency to remain open. He described the group at the hostel as the "residue" of the resettlement movement but that their adjustments were just as important as for the larger group of evacuees who came out into this area. The main need which the hostel could provide is in housing. He said that the migration movement was slow now, but the hostel did provide a temporary stop-over point for those who need it even more than

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the more venturesome who early left the camp. Mr. M. pointed out that it was the Seabrooks Farms group which were primarily moving into NYC now and they consisted of many released from Tule Lake at the closing of that camp, many from Crystal City, many Kibei, and large family units which were primarily agricultural.

It seems that the Seabrooks Farms situation is getting increasingly difficult for the 500 family units there because of the slack in employment. During the war, the corporation which operates the Farms could hire hundreds and hundreds because there were so many war contracts with the army and navy. This is only a trickle of the activity now, and many warehouses there are jammed with unsold goods. On top of that, the frozen foods business has not gone over as well as expected. As a result, many of the Japanese there are being laid off or they only get a limited amount of work. At no time were they able to advance to the better paying supervisory jobs so that there has been dissatisfaction on this score. Due to this economic insecurity, there has been a movement away from there. The Issei want to go back to California where they know farming methods, but the Nisei prefer to remain in the East. Since there is a terrific housing shortage on the West Coast as well as out here, and since it costs so much to move to California, many families are coming into NYC. They have no industrial experience, and the Nisei children were too young during the war to get into war industries so that they are unskilled.

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Mr. M. thought that from this viewpoint alone, the hostel should be continued because it was hard for a rural group to come into the largest city in the country and they needed vocational advice and emotional support as well. On top of that many of the Issei have language handicaps and the Kibei are in a similar position. He thought that it might prove tragic if many of the young Kibei were thrust out so suddenly on their own because they did not have the poise of the Nisei and many of them didn't even know how to go about finding a job or housing since they spent the war at Tule Lake and since then they have been in another "camp" situation at Seabrooks. Mr. M. said that there was a small stream of Issei passing through the city looking for business opportunities and they would bring their families later if they could find a temporary headquarters like the hostel. He pointed out that the NY Committee for Resettlement was folding up next month so that the hostel was the only group which could serve in an information-giving capacity. Many of the Issei farmers would be interested in agricultural opportunities in this area if they could come and investigate but they wouldn't come if there were no hostel since these Issei know nothing about how to go about looking for hotel rooms. Mr. M. said that many of the resettlers had domestic jobs and the hostel served as headquarters between jobs. He had many other points which I will try to write up for him in a report. I don't agree with all of his points, but I am convinced in my mind that the hostel will not be any influence in causing any segregation trend among the Nisei in this

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city since it is so large and impersonal. The primary objective of the hostel is more in the direction of economic adjustments rather than social activities. It is primarily for Issei, Kibei, and timid Nisei who are the residue of the resettlement movement.

MANHATTAN HOSTEL
58 East 102nd St.
New York City, N.Y.

April 29, 1947

SOME FACTORS RELATED TO THE NEED FOR CONTINUED SUPPORTIVE HOSTEL
ASSISTANCE TO JAPANESE RESETTLERS INTO THE NEW YORK CITY AREA

This brief report attempts to formulate a statement which might be considered in any decision by the Board to extend hostel facilities beyond the current year.

During the past five years, the Japanese population of this country has been subjected to considerable forced and voluntary migration from the West Coast all the way to the Eastern Seaboard. New York City has been one of the largest centers of resettlement, and this hostel has served as a "spring-board" into the larger community for a considerable number of the total. The present trickle of newcomers here is the end process of this movement which has lasted roughly four years, but, nevertheless, it is significant in terms of the individuals involved.

In the past 18 months we have seen a termination of assisting activity by both the public and private agencies interested in the problems of the resettlers. In this city, the hostel remains as about the last agency directly involved in the resettlement problems of the Japanese resident. However, we feel that it is misleading to assume that the resettlement phase has been completed by all of the resettlers and that further agency interest is no longer necessary. Unfortunately, many of the official agencies have acted upon this assumption with the result that the newest resettlers who need the most help are the ones who will get the least. This is unfortunate in terms of long-time planning. It is recognized that it was not financially feasible for the larger agencies to continue operation of their pro-

grams for the trickle of resettlers now coming into this city, but we feel that the hostel has a definite continuing role to fulfill since there is a large area of responsibility which would be left vacant if the program were terminated prior to next spring. A summary of the overall pattern of resettlement to date will illustrate the nature of this problem.

The last report of the WRA Liquidation Unit in Washington indicated that their intensive survey pointed up the fact that the major preoccupation of the resettlers was for economic security, and that few had made permanent adjustments during the four years since their first release from the WRA centers. The war served to postpone final economic adjustments because of the large scale activity in war industries and related fields. The resettlers still are seeking adjustments into the peace-time economy of this country.

It is true that many of the resettlers bettered their prewar economic status during the initial resettlement period, and, therefore, they are not so easily satisfied to slip back into the more limited patterns. However, the resettlers in many areas of the country have reported greater difficulty in finding new employment since early this year, and, consequently, the ranks of the "drifters" have increased tremendously. Some of this new migration is directed towards this city which has gained a reputation among the Japanese as a place for unlimited opportunities, and it is likely that newcomers will increase during the balance of this year. They are motivated by a desire to better their economic and housing status, and to rejoin families.

Aside from this general picture, there are specific factors related to the need for continued assistance to newcomers. The hostel cannot do the entire job, but a good segment of these functions have been undertaken dur-

ing the period of its existence. During the period of operations to date, the hostel has been of service to roughly 800 individuals by providing housing facilities, and to countless others in incidental services. Future services have been considered largely in terms of the Issei and small family units, the single Kibei, and the less adjusted Nisei.

It is acknowledged that housing needs are common to all migrant groups into New York, but the hostel provides an essential service beyond the scope of mere physical needs. Since Japanese-supported agencies in this city are few in number, and since there is little financial support obtainable from the more settled Japanese resident, the main burden has fallen upon the hostel by default. It is felt that concern for this "residue" of the resettlement population now coming into the city should be just as great as for those who preceded these late comers in view of the fact that they are not as well equipped financially or emotionally as the earlier arrivals. The hostel can prove to be an essential resource for this trickle of late comers for at least another year.

The resettlement process into this city will not be terminated until the problem of the Seabrooks Farm group is resolved. The hostel in the past has been of great help to this group, and it has been planned to intensify this program for the balance of this year since a large group of potential migrants into this city exists in this source. The Seabrooks Farm Japanese have a peculiar resettlement problem which is much more difficult than that of the migrants from other areas, and we have given serious thought as to how the hostel can most effectively serve them.

Some background data on the Seabrooks Farm Japanese, which involves 500 families or roughly 2000 individuals, might indicate why we feel that it is part of the hostel responsibility to be concerned as to their future.

We do not assume that the entire 2000 individuals from Seabrooks Farms will eventually come to this city, but there are many indications that a goodly percentage of them could easily be encouraged to take the next step in their general adjustment pattern by coming to this city for economic betterment.

The present make-up of the Seabrooks population includes a large percentage of Issei and family groups from Tule Lake. These were the last of the camp residents to be forced out by the WRA closure policy, and they are emotionally the most insecure of any of the resettler groups. Many of them do not have citizenship status, and they come to NYC with many handicaps. Another segment of the Seabrooks population contains many families formerly interned at Crystal City. Many single Kibei with no citizenship status are also in this group.

In addition to the above situation, the main economic background of the Seabrooks residents have been agricultural. At the present time, the economic position of this group is quite serious. There has been an increasing slack in employment as the company no longer has war contracts with the Army and Navy, and its warehouses are filled with goods produced by the workers with no existing market. As a result, many of the Japanese workers have been laid off or they can only get a limited amount of work rationed among the entire group. At no time were they able to get the better paying supervisory positions so that there has been increasing dissatisfaction on that score.

Due to this present economic insecurity--likely to become permanent--there has been an increasing movement to other areas of the country, and particularly to this city. Many of the Issei desire to return to California where they know the farming methods, but they fear the political situation

in that state yet so that it is difficult for them to arrive at a decision. On the other hand, their Nisei children prefer the greater freedom from restrictive social practices which exist in the East. In the meantime, the economic position of the Seabrooks resident is steadily becoming more acute. Since many of them have no resources to return to California anyway, there has been a growing urban trend. This city appears to be the desired destination of many of this group, but the housing situation causes a great deal of hesitancy. We feel that if some reassurance could be given to them that the hostel will be available for another year, it will encourage many of them to act upon their hesitant decisions and hasten the time towards greater economic security. Since there is no other agency available to do this work, the hostel has been regarded as the "lifeline" into this city.

It must be borne in mind that this sense of hesitancy and fear is much more intense in this group than for the average resettler because the Seabrooks group have lived under a "camp psychology" for almost five years, and they have little experience with urban life. Many of the younger Nisei there are just coming into adulthood at a time when job opportunities are decreasing even in urban areas, but they are still drawn to the city for various motivations. The hostel has attempted to fill part of the need for vocational counselling, but this phase of the program needs to be expanded. We feel that sociologically it is of importance to assist this "residue" group in a positive way if they are to remain a useful part of the society in which they live. Psychologically, it is significant in terms of the personality stability of these individuals. We definitely feel that resettlement is a long term process, and the responsibility has not been discharged as long as a fairly large number of resettlers are in need of continued assistance.

With this large segment of the "residue" population in mind (the Seabrooks group), it may be advisable to continue the hostel activities beyond the current year. It is a known fact that a rural group coming into a highly concentrated urban area need emotional support as well as physical assistance, and this problem is intensified by a background of forced evacuation and uprooting from familiar ways into an entirely new experience.

There are also cultural factors peculiar to this group which the hostel may ease into adequate adjustment through an advisory capacity. Many of the prospective arrivals in the coming months will be of the Issei and Kibei group with their difficult language handicaps. We have attempted to perform a vocational guidance and counselling function informally for this group in the past, and it is proposed to intensify this aspect of hostel activities in the future. Many of the single residents will be unskilled industrially and they need assistance in becoming acquainted with local employment services and other community agencies.

Many of our residents are single unmarried girls who suffer from a sense of acute loneliness initially and the hostel has been of assistance to them in making some personal adjustments by acquainting them with social facilities in this city. The degree of emotional dislocations have been increasingly developed and acute in the "residue" group of resettlers since they have not made personality adjustments to the same degree as the earlier resettlers because of various reasons. The hostel has provided limited assistance in this respect but it has been handicapped because of a lack of adequate personnel.

A looming large function in the role of the hostel towards the new arrivals is on the counselling level for the Issei group. Many of them

come to this city to establish preliminary business contacts before moving their families here and they have used the resources of the hostel to a large degree for this purpose. As we gain new knowledge from past experience, we have been able to extend this activity to one of our major functions. It is this group which does not have any experience in locating other hotel facilities and they would hesitate to come for initial explorations in the future if there were no hostel to serve as the temporary headquarters. It is this group which are the "scouts" for others at Seabrooks and the adverse reports they may send back could discourage others from seeking better economic positions in this direction.

The hostel has also served in another area: social activity. In the past, we have emphasized more of the information giving function through the extensive use of bulletin posting, for the purpose of encouraging the Nisei resident to become better integrated into the wider community. However, the hostel has also served as a social center for small groups of resettlers on special occasions since they have no other meeting place. The Japanese churches in this city have not undertaken any extensive programs to facilitate social adjustments and the hostel has been somewhat limited in filling this void because of limited facilities and funds.

A primary factor related to the continuing need of the hostel is that it offers financial savings to the residents through the low prevailing charges for room and board. Since many of the residents are employed in unskilled and semi-skilled jobs (or they are students), it has been a great help to them to reside in the hostel. For small family units, the savings have been equally great. Since this group have limited resources, continued assistance of this sort seems to be indicated for some months yet.

However, it seems advisable to devise concurrently some feasible plan

to locate other living quarters systematically so that there will be a fairly rapid turnover for the hostel in order to make room for other family units on the waiting list. There are many resettlers in this city who are desirous of staying here temporarily but they do not apply because they have heard rumors that there is no room. We have attempted to follow the policy of a large turnover of residents, but this has not been entirely possible because of the acute housing shortage which prevails in this city. We have also recognized that many of the single residents do not have sufficient initiative to do things for themselves because of certain traits of basic insecurity in their personality makeup.

Another group which the hostel has been of service to are the large numbers of domestic workers in the area who use this place as a headquarters between jobs. In most cases, their motive in shifting positions is to move on to better jobs and thus work towards greater economic security. This is also applicable to the large number of restaurant workers. It is our policy to be of continuing service to this group since their turnover is large.

In connection with the cheaper living costs available to the residents, we have provided meals at a minimum of cost to them and as a result there has been some difficulty in meeting this expense in the hostel budget. Our main purpose has been in terms of helping the resident and not to make a profit on the kitchen. With the present inflationary spiral of food costs, the meal program is seriously threatened and it may be a solution if the kitchen budget could be supplemented by some of the surplus which the hostel may have accrued in the past. The other alternative is to close this phase of the hostel activity entirely, with a consequent hardship on the residents who would have to eat their meals out in restaurants.

From this brief resume of the hostel activity, we hope that some indication of our present situation has been clarified, and it is further hoped that the hostel may continue to meet the needs of the small but significant group of resettlers who continue to come into New York until next spring. Otherwise it may be advisable to close the hostel this summer since October is seasonally disadvantageous for a closing date because of the insufficient time for residents to prepare for winter. We hope that all of the factors mentioned will be considered in any final decision to continue the hostel or not.

We also reiterate that we have no personal motivation in the continuation of the hostel since future plans have been made and it would not cause any severe personal dislocation regardless of the time the hostel is closed. Our main desire is a sincere interest in helping the resettlers to the maximum of our ability as we have dedicated ourselves to this job as our primary function during the existence of the hostel.

Very respectfully submitted,

Douglas Mitsuhashi, Director
Manhattan Hostel

30 April 1947, Wednesday

Darling,

I just got to the office and I still have 15 minutes before work starts. It was less than one hour ago that I saw your sweet tired face smiling through the train window as it pulled out of Grand Central. I hope that you got rested on your trip up to Boston. I miss you very much, darling, and I already am lonesome. I hope that I don't get absent-minded and call one of my lady cases at welfare by "darling" as she might slap my face and think that I was making a pass at her! Right now, I feel quite warm and I am digesting the ham and egg breakfast. I hope that the lunch I made for you was filling enough and that you did not starve before getting up there. You probably had a nice view of the countryside if you were not sleeping. It was so warm after I left you at the station that I decided to stroll up to the office here on 68th. Walking 26 blocks before work is a nice way to start out the day. It only took me about 30 minutes and I came quite leisurely as I looked at the books in the windows, polka dot dresses in the shops, and various items of food in the store. Everybody was hurrying to work but I just sauntered along like a tourist. I'll probably be very tired by the time I get home this evening as I have to walk around the upper East Side this afternoon. I think that I shall sleep well this evening since we only got four hours last night.

This noon I think I will drop by the hostel and give your father that brief statement he wanted me to write up, and get a free lunch in return! Maybe I will just walk around central park and watch the birds, look at the flowers and trees getting green, and think of you. That shows you how much I am in love with you! In case I don't get a chance to write you before the performance, I wish you THE VERY BEST OF SUCCESS ON YOUR PERFORMANCE AT HARVARD! How did Joan Skinner do? I bet she was pretty nervous. By this time you are no doubt well settled with Ethel's friend. Are the living accommoda-

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tions nice? In case you get a chance to wander around Boston a bit, go down to the Old Lobster House for a meal as that is where I ate when I went up. It is near Fanueil Hall and it is a very old building, but the food is fresh. There is an Armenian family in Watertown that I met a year ago but I don't remember the address.

All of the people are coming into the office now so I will have to look quite business like and put on a stern social worker's look on my face so that the relief clients coming into the waiting room will think that I am a big official or something around here. Every once in a while a Puerto Rican client comes up and talks Spanish to me. Maybe I should learn the language. They think that I am one of their countrymen.

Darling, eat well and try to get a lot of rest. In case you sleep with Ethel, please remember your manners and do not get romantic while asleep because she might not understand! You can save it for me. Just think of me sitting at the dining room table eating a solitary meal out of the Green pan for the next few days. I don't know if I will use a fork or not as I don't want to wash any more dishes than possible. I shall put all the food in one pot, boil it up hard for twenty minutes, salt it briefly and then eat right out of it! For variety, I shall eat out of the frying pan in the morning, if I have time. I don't know what I am going to do about getting up without you around to take care of me. I hate to think of that cold bed with lonesome me in it. I guess I will have to put a pillow next to me and pretend that it is you. I know that you counted all the eggs to make sure I ate some for breakfast every morning! Have to close now, all my delicious love. Tell Ethel I said not to beat up her mother in case she objects to Cupid. Wish I could come up there.

love,

charlie.

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4:45

The day has gone by so quickly and in a few minutes I shall be headed home. I feel so tired as I must have walked at least 70 blocks today. It didn't rain after all, but it was most sultry. I was at the hostel for lunch and I explained what my comments meant to your father. He liked it very much as it sounded "learned" he said and he thought that the report would impress the Board. Now he wants me to come Friday to meet the Board and help him interpret what he means. Guess I shall go home now. Good-bye, my love, I'll write more later. I think I shall sleep well tonight as I put in a good day at the office.