

1 May 1947, Thursday

Darling:

This is a hell of a way to spend the anniversary of our FIRST meeting, exactly one year ago! And, incidentally, five years since I evacuated to the horse stables at Tanforan. The day seems to be an important one, but this May 1 is a lonesome one for me because you are so far away that I can't smooch with you and tell you what a nice thing I think you are. Rally, my deah, it's true!

But, I was so lonesome last night. I came home exhausted after walking 70 blocks or more and I cooked ham, potatoes and vegetable and ate it all alone. Every minute I half hoped that you would come bursting in with your cheerful greeting, but, sad to relate, the house remained silent. When you come back, I won't even object to your thumping around in those heavy slippers! I tried to study, but my mind kept wandering and I wondered what you were doing at that moment. I began to think about how closely attached we have become since one year ago and this made me feel sentimental so I went and looked at your beautiful picture on the wall for 8 minutes and I puffed out my chest in great pride. Then the lonesome feeling came back. I turned on the radio but I didn't listen to it. I picked up a book, but wasn't much interested in the psychoanalytical interpretation of neuroses so I went to bed. I have to apologize because I went right to sleep and didn't wake up until 8:30 this morning as I was so tired, and I didn't get a chance to dream about you. Wasn't that a sad evening for me?

This morning I have puttered around a bit. I decided that I had better not eat out of the pan as you would beat me up so I used a clean dish and I had to wash dishes after breakfast. I had ham again, bacon, eggs, toast, potatoes, grapefruit and coffee and I don't think I will have to eat again before going to my class this afternoon. Tonight I shall eat alone again.

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Guess what? Yes, ham again! This time I shall boil it for variety. Tomorrow, your father wants me to go to the board meeting at the hostel to interpret what I wrote up for him as he said that it was too difficult for him to understand and he wanted to impress the board that a former research assistant for the U. of Calif. was his consultant! So I guess I shall sneak away from the agency for a few hours in the afternoon. I didn't study again last night, but this morning I have been laying in bed "formulating" the paper I am going to write for one of my psychiatric classes. I have to get busy on it this weekend I guess. Tomorrow night I may go to the hostel to eat as I am getting tired of ham. Have you been eating Boston Beans?

Please do not use all of your energy up in rehearsal as it will be a good performance, I know. I read about it in the paper and it sounded most impressive. Only three more days before I see you again. What do you want to eat when you get back? Steak? Or would you like some delicious ham!

We had quite a storm last night and our bathroom leaked a bit but not as badly as before. I have to go to class now, darling. I love you very much, deliciously and intensely. I'm glad that I am not a bachelor!

Love,

2 May 1947, Friday

Darling:

I only have a few minutes but I am trying to get this off in the hopes that you will receive it before you leave Boston and come back to your loving husband who has been most lonesome for you these past few days. Anyway, here is to your great success for your performance. I wish that I could be there to see you but I guess I will have to wait until next season for this pleasure. I will be thinking about you tomorrow in late afternoon while you go on the stage. I hope that you will not get too tired. Best regards to all of the girls. How have you been enjoying your stay in that town? I suppose that you did not get much chance to look around since you were so busy with your rehearsals.

I had a rather active day yesterday after sending the letter off to you. I went to class and right afterwards I walked down to Union Square and watched the May Day parade. You will probably not see much mention of it in the papers, but I felt that it was a tremendous demonstration of the people who want to work and live in peace. I got stuck in the crowd so I stood there and watched it for four hours at least. I didn't even go home for dinner but I managed to get a few hot dogs. My feet were so tired from standing so long. I went directly from the parade to the evening class and I was so tired when I got home that I went right to bed!

All of the leftist and progressive elements in the city were represented in the parade. The JACD had a small unit, which was directly behind the Chinese group which demonstrated against Chiang Kai Shek. The AYD had quite a unit, and Sue and some of the others kept calling for me to come and join them but I was too tired. The announcer said that over 100,000 people marched and I can well believe that. There were many Labor Unions, Fraternal orders, Public Service workers, Teachers, etc. represented. The Communist

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Party had the most spectacular outfit as all of them in the area must have turned out. They kept chanting "Join the Communist Party and fight for world peace." There must have been 50,000 of them and I was surprised to see so many former officers of the army in the group. There were also some dance and choral groups in the parade. All of them were chanting things like "fight the anti-labor bill," "fight against Jim Crow," "keep NY a union town," and so forth. It did make me feel good to realize that there were so many liberals willing to come out and show their strength. Not all of them were communists by all means although one cop I spoke to thought that they were all directed from Moscow and he was afraid that there would be a revolution or something. There were many Jewish groups in the parade and they were demonstrating for Free Palestine. In fact, almost every liberal movement of importance was present, except the Socialists who had their own meeting in the evening.

Well, I must close now and go to work as all of the office staff is here now. All my love and kisses, darling. I will be so happy when you come home. It has been hard getting along without you. The house is a mess. I haven't even made the bed and there are old papers on the floor, socks scattered around, dishes and cobwebs all over the house and the only things happy in our dear apartment are the mice and the moths. So please come back real soon and put things in order. Not only that, but I really will be glad to see you so that I can smooch with you once more. I miss you so much early in the morning and I have to get up alone and don't have any pleasant words to come into my ears to wake me up.

LOVE,

Charlie.

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It hasn't been a very active day at the office as my supervisor did not have time to give me another case to read since she is busy with the supervisor from school who came to check up on the progress made by students. It seems to have the unit in a flutter as the students are wondering if they are going to pass or not. With all the free work they do around here, it would be a crime not to give them at least school units for it in return. I only made one home call this morning and it was not a difficult interview since everything in the home was running along smoothly. About 11:30 I went over to the hostel for lunch and the Board meeting. Nobody around here even missed me as I said that I was going out on a collateral call.

While I was waiting for the Board I talked with Mr. M. He was a bit nervous as he didn't know what sort of decision the Board would make in regards to the future of the hostel. Mrs. M. doesn't want it to continue past next spring, and Mr. M. said that he thought the resettlement process could be wound up for the Seabrooks bunch particularly, but he didn't know how badly the Council of Churches which supports the hostel would want the building for the use of DP's. Mr. M. mentioned that he had started another cleaning shop around the corner and that he thought it would be profitable. He bought it in partnership with Mr. Ishimaru and Mrs. I. is going to do some of the repair work in the shop, while Yoshio will take care of the counter. A Puerto Rican man will do the pressing. Mr. M. said that the shop takes in about \$200 weekly so that he might realize a small return on his investment. He said that his main idea was to get the shop well started then turn it over to some other evacuee so that they could get into business on their own since they didn't know how to do the initial business work themselves. Mr. M. also loaned with a book by Toru Matsumoto, which is a biography of a

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Japanese Christian and life in Japan. He thought that the book might be able to give me more of an understanding of the Japanese. I told him that I was much more tolerant of the Issei and Kibei and that I used to dislike them, but now I can see them more as people. However, I still believed that the integration of the Nisei was very desirable. Mr. M. said that he believed the same thing and he wanted to know if I could suggest how some sort of social counselling could be given to the younger residents of the hostel. I thought of Aiko Kono who works in my office so I spoke to her after I came back and she is very much interested for two reasons: One, it will give her more experience in group work and two she may be able to get some material out of it for her thesis. So I will take her over there Monday and we will discuss what sort of a program can be developed. Aiko says that the group cannot be rushed and that it may be necessary for them to have their own group for a while and expand out from there. I am a little afraid of what the eventual result of this will be but since it does not affect a large group of people, it might work out. Further, I no longer feel that I am in any position to be the judge of these things. Aiko and I had a long discussion on how to achieve integration. She looks at it more in terms of the Honolulu situation, but at least she has the personality development to make contacts with community agencies. She worked with the YWCA in the past and will return to the islands after she finishes up her training at the school.

I told her that I would look up Paul Akano and perhaps we could make some sort of arrangement for the Union Settlement facilities. We don't have any clear idea in what sort of program could be worked out for those more maladjusted Nisei and Kibei at the hostel, but it will develop the more we go into it. The Board gave its approval and said that they had wanted

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something like it long ago but couldn't find any trained person to come in voluntarily and assume the responsibility. Aiko seems to have some definite ideas on how to get the thing going, and she says that it won't be a segregated group for long, but that is the part that I am not so convinced of.

The luncheon meeting with the Board was successful in terms of what Mr. M. was hoping for. I don't recall all of their names but Rev. Harrington was the chairman of the group. I was introduced as "My daughter's husband, Mr. K.!" There were seven people in the Board and I think they represent the Community Churches of NYC which is affiliated with the Federal Council of Churches and with the Home Missions. They have sponsored the hostel, and the meeting was to decide on how to close it in October. They read the report I had prepared for Mr. M. and they seemed to be quite impressed by it as the unanimous decision was to continue the hostel until next June. Mr. M. said that he thought the Seabrooks situation would be resolved by then. I think I put things a bit too thick in the report and I really didn't have adequate knowledge of the whole situation so I was very amazed that they knew even less of the problem despite the fact that they are the sponsors. All of the recommendations were favorably acted upon, and the hostel will even get more food money. I think that they made the favorable decision because they have confidence in Mr. M. and realize that he has done a good job in the time he has been there and they have no doubts about his integrity. Up to now he has had some difficulty in presenting his case because of language difficulties of expressing the right shade of meaning, and I only polished up a bit what he told me were his thoughts. A couple of the ministers kept saying that it was a fine report and I felt guilty as hell because all of my statements were certainly not documented. In fact, Peter

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Aoko who is the paid chairman of the Greater New York Committee of Re-settlement had made the same recommendation but they said at the meeting that they were still in doubt up to the time the report was made! Then they asked me a lot about what had happened to the evacuees since they left the camps so I gave them a cursory summary, but emphasized that I really had no contacts with the group in the past two years so that I couldn't qualify as a spokesman. Rev. Harrington did not seem to accept this as he insisted upon taking my name so I could be invited to other meetings held on this problem—a thing which I am not anxious to get involved in. I may get Aiko into it since she has the interest and she needs material for her thesis. It seems that my stock with the M's has gone up considerably since everybody on the Board paid for their lunch, but they would not accept my contribution! I don't know what kind of Nisei that Board has been meeting in the past to consider me so unusual but I told them that there were plenty of Nisei in NYC who knew more about these things than I. It amused me because their hearts bled so furiously for the "poor people who have been treated so badly." I don't know what sort of conception they have in their minds about camp life, but they apparently think that the sentries shot at us every day and inflicted other tortures of this sort out of sheer sadism. But, I don't have to feel guilty about doing any harm to the DP's since there is no assurance that many can come in before next year and the Board wants to keep the building busy and they did seem to feel that a definite need was being fulfilled, which is true enough. Mr. M. was half hoping that they would close the hostel this summer, but at the same time he wanted it to go on because he is so worried about what is going to happen to the Seabrooks residents. He has the cleaning shop started so that it would not be of any particular discomfort to leave the hostel. At

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the same time, I suspect that he likes the position of being the director and he will work with the Issei groups mostly now, while Aiko can work up programs for the Kibei and Nisei.

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Aiko couldn't make it to the hostel last night as she remembered another engagement so I went up there to let Mr. M. know. They invited me to have dinner with the group so while waiting around, I played with Larry, the four year old boy. The hostel group is rather reserved and they hurry up to their rooms as soon as they come home. Carl, the divinity student who lives there, was telling that it was very difficult for him to get to know the group and he wondered if they were suspicious of him because he was caucasian. I told him that the group did not have a sense of social ease and tended to be introvert. He said that this was the impression he was getting after several months there and said that he just didn't know how to approach them. I told him of Aiko's plans and Carl said that he would be willing to cooperate. He said that Mrs. M. always tried to give him bread with meals as she thought he didn't like rice, but Carl explained that he lived in New Orleans for a while and rice was a regular part of the diet. He lives in Baltimore now, but has been sent up here by the Church to get some training in social problems and that is the reason why he wanted to live in the Puerto Rican neighborhood. He said that he did some work in a settlement house, and the "gang" problem was very acute because of strong racial feeling between the young Puerto Rican, Italian, Negro, etc. groups and that many of the boys carry home made guns and engage in regular street wars. The East Side has always been noted for the tough gangs due to the depressing situation in which the people live. PM has been carrying a weekly series of articles on the gangs of that district recently and the activities of these groups make the Dead End boys of the movies look mild in comparison. Many of the tenement basements are used for sexual activities by these teenagers. This district is noted for dope peddling and extra-legal activities of that sort. When I walk around there on my cases, it looks quiet on the

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surface but I have noticed many of the young discharged vets hanging around the saloons and there are plenty of cheap pickups around. Yet these conditions exist year after year, but the public spirited citizens don't do much to clean up the situation. Union Settlement is the only settlement house in that district and it cannot provide facilities for all of East Harlem so it is no wonder that the boys run the streets from an early age.

After dinner, I talked to two of the girls at the hostel to sound them out a bit about interest in group activities under supervised leadership, but they didn't seem too enthusiastic. They said that work took up most of their time and in the evenings they didn't have much time for activities since they had little personal things to do like washing their hair and sewing, but they listened to the radio, read the papers. Their only outside interests as far as I could gather was in occasional dates for the few Nisei dances held once in a great while and going to movies. They seemed to have such limited interests in anything on a wider level. I asked one of the girls what she planned to do and she just shrugged her shoulders and guessed that she would keep on working until she got married but had not found "any decent prospects in NYC yet as they are all sad cases." The girls said that there were 50 people living in the hostel, about one-third of them girls but they did not know each other too well because of the constant turnover in about half of the group. The "old timers" have lived there from three months to a year and they form a little clique in themselves. A lot of them are waiting for their families in Seabrooks to make up their minds about what they are going to do. The two girls said that very few of their friends were satisfied with NYC as they thought it was too socially isolated, yet they apparently have made no effort to grow out of their small circles. Some of the girls staying there are students from Hawaii and they don't have

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any financial troubles since their families made money during the war, but they like the hostel since "they can at least see a Japanese face once in a while." When I told the girls that there were many Nisei in NYC who were completely integrated, they did not believe me and they said that most of them congregated around 110th Street because "discrimination is pretty strong here in other ways...look at the way they treat the Negroes in Harlem." The girls thought that the pre-war Japanese type of community was desirable since it gave them social satisfactions, and "New York is too big to get to know other people out of thin air." However, one of the girls added that she knew a Nisei college girl who thought that NYC was the most desirable place to live because of satisfying social contacts with "hakuji" groups and that this girl told her that a group of Nisei students got together once and decided that it was best not to form a separate club of Nisei in the city colleges even though many of them were quite worried about future economic status. I learned later that the Greater NY Resettlers Committee folded up last month because it felt that the work of resettlement was complete and that the Nisei in this city had found a definite place in this community. I doubt if things are that smooth, but a good per cent of the resettlers out here have made adequate adjustments and there hasn't been the degree of in-group activities here as in other areas even though there are a few Nisei organizations. The group living at the hostel are less able to find community satisfactions because they are most insecure emotionally. One Kibei boy who stays there got a dishonorable discharge from the army and he thinks it is due to discrimination so he is fighting it, but the girl thought that he was essentially an unstable person as he never holds a job more than three months and always claims that it is discrimination when he gets fired. The girls said that this Kibei boy didn't get along with

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anyone in the hostel except Joanie!. They didn't have a very good opinion of Joanie either as they felt that she was too high hat, and "thinks she is too good to eat with the rest of us."

I went over to Mr. M's new cleaning shop around the corner from the hostel. He explained that he decided to buy it in that neighborhood since he will definitely be at the hostel until next spring and it was more convenient for him to go there from 5 to 8 while Yoshio went to night school. Mr. M. thought that it would be a profitable business even though he had the rent raised on him \$10 a month because the turnover is large. Most of the patrons I saw coming in were colored, Puerto Ricans, and a few whites. All of them were extremely polite, and they seemed to be satisfied with the new management. Mr. M. thought that a lot of them had to get their clothes cleaned often because they go to so many of the jitterbug type of dances and perspire profusely. He has slight racial attitudes and I know him well enough now to make a few indirect remarks here and there in an effort to get him to be more objective. Last night I made a few remarks about how badly the Puerto Ricans were treated and compared it to the coming of the Japanese immigrant to the U.S., pointing out that the Japanese were looked down as a sub-species of human being when they first came because they didn't know how to dress western style and had different customs. Mr. M. is a reasonable man and none of his views are vicious so I think that my comments might bear fruit.

I got up fairly early and did a cursory housecleaning so that things would not be in too much of a mess, but I didn't have too much of an enthusiasm for the job as Yuriko was not here to help. I'm expecting her back tomorrow, but she may stay with the group all day tomorrow to see some of the city. They have their performance this evening with the Boston symphony.

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I hope that Yuriiko does not exhaust herself so much as she always puts her heart into everything she does. This place is so lonely without her. I did all of the shopping this morning and bought two juicy steaks for our celebration when Yuriiko gets back. It has been raining all day long, and rather cold. I got busy and typed one of my class papers all afternoon and now that is out of the way. The school just does not keep me busy enough! I think that it is rather easy in comparison to U. of California and U. of Chicago but that may be due to my added experience in the interval. At least the school is in a forward direction for me, and I suspect that I might get to be a very worried social worker when the time comes near for me to look for a job. My hopes were a bit dashed when I learned that a lot of the public agency jobs require a three-year residence qualification and that may be a major barrier. I guess I must be slowly adjusting to school as I am now at the stage of doing some preliminary thinking on job possibilities after school is done. The year is almost half gone already and I expect to be out by Jan. 1948. It means that I will be taking a period of $8\frac{1}{2}$ years to finish an M.A!

Shortly, I shall get cleaned up and go over to Kenny's for dinner. He is having a small gathering there this evening. I wish that Yuriiko could go with me.

Alice sent a card to announce that her baby girl was born on March 27 and it is named Claudia Jeanne. They now have two offsprings and Alice seems to be settled in her role as mother. She said that Bette stayed with her for a month. Alice doesn't know that I am going to school. Family contacts seem to be at a minimum since we have each gone our own way in married life and there hasn't been any family crises for a long time. The Kikuchi family certainly has come a long way in the five years since

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moving into the horse stables at Tanforan. Alice said that Mark quit his job in the garage and is having trouble getting located again. Apparently his aim of going to school is rapidly diminishing with the added responsibilities of parenthood weighing on him.

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The party at Kenny's was pleasant and I had an enjoyable time. I didn't get home until 4:00 A.M. Warren, Betty and I had dinner with Kimi and Kenny, and later Kay, Ray and Dave dropped in. We had a nice dinner and I ate a lot and drank moderately. It was an informal gathering and we made ourselves comfortable. Kimi made each of us wipe our feet before coming in so that the rug would not get dirty. They have a fourth floor flat in the Yorkville district near the East River. It is an ancient building, and they have a round quaint antique toilet bowl which must have been installed in the early part of the century. It is their pride and joy and an object to be shown off! Kimi has fixed up the apartment with curtains and things and it looks quite comfortable now. It makes Bette envious as she just isn't able to find another apartment. Part of it is her fault as she doesn't want to live in the "slums" but will consider the Village since it has a "réputation." A cold flat is never ready made and one has to be willing to fix it up. Kenny has been getting quite a few books on the GI Bill and he has also collected some art books so that his library shelf is getting rapidly filled. Their big complaint about their apartment is that mice run around, and cockroaches scamper across the living room floor. Warren calls the cockroaches "Kafka" as he once read a story about them written by this author. He said that while he was in Japan he learned the reason why so many of the Japanese homes on the coast had mice. They never set traps as it is a Buddhist belief that after death people are reincarnated as mice!

Kimi seems to be very relaxed with me now and she was telling some of her personal worries about Kenny. She doesn't like him to drink too much (she never allowed him to drink before, but since this was the occasion of their 3rd anniversary of marriage she doesn't boss him so much any more).

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She said that she doesn't want Kenny to turn out like his father. While they were out in California last year, Kenny's father used to have his drinking sprees and "we had to go around taking out all the light bulbs so he wouldn't smash them, shut off all the water in the house so he wouldn't flood the place, and he even kicked me once!...I got so scared!" Warren always encourages Kenny to drink as he believes this is a sign of independence. Apparently Kimi's strong belief in the ADA is breaking down under Kenny's influence as she said that she is thinking of quitting the job to start a nursery school. She takes an evening course in Marxism at the Jefferson School of Social Sciences in order to keep up with political interests. Kimi very plaintively said in response to my question of when she was planning to start a family, "I guess I won't have any because I'll always have to work." Maybe this is part of the reason why she wants to work with children now. She definitely doesn't want to return to the farm in California, and she thinks that Hawaii may be nice, but at the same time she doesn't want to leave the NYC cultural environment.

Kenny is getting quite worried about his future job status. He said that he is taking a civil service test to get into a state hospital, but is also investigating private agencies. He would be willing to leave the city despite the fact that he would miss the cultural climate. After all these years in school, he is now faced with leaving the Ivory tower and it is quite a worry for him. I sympathized as I said I would be in a similar situation very shortly. Kenny has been taking an active interest in the AVC and the Social Service Union of the CIO, and he doesn't know if he would be able to adjust in Hawaii despite the fact that he believes there are definite social work opportunities there. Warren is resistant against Hawaii as he thinks it makes a person feel isolated, but Betty is very anxious for them

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to go there so she can be near her family.

Kay is a social worker with the Red Cross in Jamaica and Kenny met her in that unit recently. She is a negro girl from West Virginia who got her training at Western Reserve in Cleveland. Quite cultured and intelligent, speaks a refined English, a good conversationalist, deeply interested in racial problems. She lives in Upper Harlem and she told us quite a bit about the crowded situation in that area.

Ray and Dave were the other two at the gathering. They didn't stay too long. Kenny knew them as instructors in the CIC school in Baltimore. They got commissions in the ASTP in Ann Arbor but they said that they were never very qualified to teach Japanese. They go to the NEW School and apparently are interested in the theatrical field. These might be the two who are interested in putting on a play about a caucasian GI marrying a Nisei girl but I didn't ask them. They had been to a lecture by Thomas Mann earlier in the evening so they told us about it.

Betty was very friendly with me; in fact, she "consulted" me on some of her worries about Warren. She said that he got so moody at times and he didn't get gay unless he were drinking. She complained that he never talked serious things over with her and did not mention his daily activities at work and school. She said they even had occasional spats, but usually they got along well. Betty thought that one of the things which was worrying Warren was the fact that he had to face her mother when she came out here this summer, and Warren did mention this later. Betty said that her mother was going to attend a Mormon convention in Salt Lake and spend part of the summer with them, but that her father couldn't come because he was too busy making money. When I asked her why he didn't enjoy some of his money while he had a chance, Betty was surprised and said that after all money was a

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good goal for one to work for. Warren didn't like that and they had some discussion. It seems that Betty's identification with Hawaii is quite marked, and Warren can always get her on the defensive by deprecating this provincial attitude when she tries to boss him in front of people. She mentioned how helpless he was in helping her look for an apartment and this sort of embarrassed Warren. Betty seems to wear mostly Chinese style clothes, and Warren was trying to convince Kay that he was Chinese. In a way, it reflects some basic inner insecurity for both of them. I think that Betty is a bit resentful of Warren's intellectual superiority so she is always bringing up the fact that the Hawaiian group has more money, especially her family: "At least we know how to make money back home, while you mainlanders think you are more sophisticated." This was the only time during the evening that there was any discussion of Nisei and it was only in passing. Betty wasn't very tactful when she said to me, "I wish that Warren would talk things over with me like Yuriko tells me you two do" and she added the compliment, "You have more of a sociable nature than most Nisei I have met, even in Hawaii." I don't know why she said that unless it was a hope that I would not take Warren's side when the Hawaiian mainland issue was brought up.

I suspect that they have a lot of talks about Hawaii in their home life and Betty is trying to get Warren to go there, but he is resisting. Warren indicated that there was a lot of pressure being put on him when he said that her parents promised to build them a home if they came. Warren does not look forward to the arrival of his mother-in-law as he feels certain that she is going to give him an inquisition about his future plans, and insist that he "get a respectable job like other people." Warren was drinking a good amount and in a light mood so he did a lot of talking which reflected some of the things bothering him. He said that he was going to finish up

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his MA in political science and that he has given up ideas about the journalism course. He said that he has to make a big decision and give writing fiction a trial as he thinks that he might be able to do it since one of his professors has been encouraging him. However, it bothers him that Betty and her mother, no doubt, will put pressure on him to go to Hawaii and to do something more orthodox, "like working for a living." Warren may give way under the combined pressure and go to Hawaii, but I doubt that he would be happy living around so many of Betty's relatives. Warren won't quit his Time job even though Betty makes public announcements about being willing to support him; but the real reason seems to be that he does get some "status" from being identified with the staff of the magazine despite the fact that he despises the policies of the publishers. Warren wants to be independent, but he also seems to enjoy Betty's role as a sort of dominating "mother" over him. Drinking loosens up a lot of his inhibitions and it is quite revealing also. He acts gay but these mental worries nevertheless come out in his indirect remarks. He thought the solution for world peace was for all countries to plant elm trees as it had a soothing effect and stifled aggressive tendencies, and frequent reference to it seemed to indicate a trace of escapism. Warren is essentially a "thinker" type, and it would be a crime for Betty's family to force him to go into business, but circumstances may push him into this line of least resistance if his hopes of becoming a writer do not materialize quickly and Betty gets impatient. That's the trouble with working for a living and marrying a girl who thinks money and security is the only aim in life! I missed Yuriko very much while these comments were being made!

During the evening, we also talked about art, the theater, dancing, income taxes, politics, philosophy of life, recent books, racial relations,

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cost of food, the circus, Communists in May Day parade, housing shortage, music, garment union, Hawaii as a "melting pot" fallacy (Kay: "Where the American flag flies, there is no democracy."), social work theories, baseball, cost of servicemen to the national budget, failure of Truman and chances for Wallace, how to get along with in-laws and so forth. Since there was a wide range of interests in the group, it was easy to talk about different things. About 2:00 Kenny and Kimi were sleepy and wanted us to go, so Kenny got his jacket on to walk us to the station, but I insisted on another drink, and then Warren got to be a problem. Betty was sure that she would have to carry him up the stairs. We finally left at 3:15. Warren invited all of us to his place next Saturday but I made him write it out in case he forgot about it when he got sober.

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Slept all morning; read papers most of afternoon. Yuriko sent telegram saying that she will visit Ethel's family and come back Monday night. I hope she gets a good rest. I may go to a show tonight as I don't feel like reading. It's been raining all day. It's been a quiet, but restful day for me, but I shall be much happier when Yuriko gets back as I don't care for "baching."

5 May, 1947, Monday

Yuriko returned last night about 1:30 and I was so surprised as I had not been expecting her and I was sound asleep. It was due to my interpreting her telegram wrongly as she said "12:45 AM Monday" and I thought that meant after midnight tonight rather than last night, which is what the telegram actually meant. Anyway we had a brief but happy reunion. We talked for about a half hour, but Yuriko says she will tell more of the concert and trip to Boston when she comes home tonight. She said that she had a rugged time up there, that the concert went over fairly well on Saturday night, that she went to a Chinese dinner with Paul and his friends after the concert (10 courses), that she visited Ethel's family, that she went to church with them, and that she came back with Paul and Ethel in a compartment on the train. She also said that she lived with Ethel's friend in Boston so that she and Ethel only spent about \$10 as they had no hotel bill to pay and they cooked in the apartment. This morning, I was so sleepy that I couldn't get up. Yuriko was sound asleep so I didn't wake her up. She left a note saying that she slept until 2:00 and she went to teach at 4 so she should be home soon. She says that she will cook the special sirloin steak dinner.

I had a very strenuous day, or at least it felt that way as I was sleepy. This morning we had a staff conference and discussed one of the unit cases. Just near the end of it I asked whether it was true that the students used the extra clothing grants as a means of getting relationship with the clients, and whether the practice was not abused sometimes since students in the anxiety to establish rapport promise clothing when not necessary (at the same time recognizing that the budgets were inadequate); and that, therefore, they might cover up by distorting the record. What I wanted to emphasize was that the social workers as a whole should apply casework techniques to themselves once in awhile to appreciate how a client feels, that they should be realistic and criticize when necessary instead of resorting to distorting of records. I started to give an illustration of how we left things unsaid in the records

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at Hancock because the Board did not understand, but why it was necessary to combat it since the other method would not solve the problem. But I never got that far in explaining my point as the staff got very much on the defensive and misinterpreted that I was challenging their particular integrity. They said it was not true, that they never heard of a social worker distorting the record; and the supervisor joined in by saying that in all her years of supervision she didn't know of such a thing. I couldn't say that she hadn't been around because she has had much more experience than I but many social workers have informally told me of how they got things for the client by a roundabout rationalization method because of agency limitations. It was quite shocking to them that I brought the issue up, but I believed that social workers and other professions could learn more by recognizing that their techniques are not perfect. But, I didn't insist upon my point since it seemed to attack the whole philosophy, which was not what I was trying to do. I still don't think any profession is too sacred not to question once in awhile, that would be the healthy thing to do.

By a strange coincidence, I got an example of what I was trying to say when I went out on my afternoon case. Mr. V. was fighting angry, almost psychotic, because he didn't get the shoe check which he thought I had promised and he went out in the rain with leaking shoes and caught a cold so he projected all of his life's problems on to me and said that the other social worker always gave him things without asking about prices. From the old record, it read like a good casework procedure was followed but the former student distorted the record because he was fearful of Mr. V.'s wrath. In some ways I don't blame him because in the first place, the budgets are inadequate; and in the second place, Mr. V. is a formidable person to face when aroused. He had one breakdown in the past and it is nerve shattering to face him when he blows his top like he did today. I almost thought he was going to commit mayhem. I finally got him soothed down, but it is going to take a long time before I regain good relationships with him

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because of his interpretation of how extra clothing is obtained. And it was not his fault because the previous social worker gave him everything he requested and misrepresented the records. By doing that, he did not help to bring out the fact that budgets were inadequate and it certainly makes it tougher for the next worker. Ordinarily, I might have covered up for the previous worker, but since he is out of the school now and since the supervisor and the rest of the staff are so naive, I wrote up the case as it happened to take a bit of wind out of their idealist sails.

I mentioned it to my supervisor briefly, and she said that she really was surprised, but I can't understand where she has been all these years. It's no wonder that social workers get so quickly disillusioned when they get out of school and find out how things don't operate entirely according to the idealistic theories they learn, and it might be a good thing for them to realize that things are not perfect. Social work is never going to get any place as long as the workers go on kidding themselves. As things are in the school now, the psychoanalytical approach is so sacred that it is practically heresy to ask questions which one may have in holding some reservations. I just want to get my M.A. and I don't want to be a "rebel" but at times one must raise questions if one has the illusion that there is such a thing as intellectual honesty.

Apparently, there has been some favorable results for me personally because my supervisor seems to have a good opinion of my abilities--better than I have. She said just before I left the office that I was doing wood work and she gave me a difficult psychiatric case to do next. She said that she had spoken to my advisor at school and they had agreed that I should have a psychiatric placement. I told her that the courses at school had not been exactly what I wanted, but that I felt the field work in the agency was valuable as I had to unlearn a lot of things and I never did have enough professional supervision, true enough. She said that my school advisor was disturbed by the fact that I had been railroaded into the public agency, and inferred that they gave all the choice to "old students" but now thought a mistake had been made. Frankly,

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I don't care as long as I get my M.A. because I only have four more courses to take and a thesis. But it is satisfying to realize that the school now feels it has not done right by me!! I just as soon stay in public welfare now that my supervisor is giving me psychiatric cases instead of the more routine kind. The more I learn, the less I know and I think that it is rather stupid for so many social workers to think they have all the techniques down pat and that they know all about human behavior because they learned a few theories in school.

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Yuriko's midnight story of her Boston Adventures just before we go to sleep last night:

"We had such an interesting time, and so many things happened. Wednesday, it all started when we got on the train to go there. When it came to lunch time, the group went to the diner and found it so crowded that they just couldn't get in. I had the lunch you made so four of us went back and we ate it. As soon as we got into Boston, we had to rush up to Cambridge and we only had a few minutes to get settled in Kay's apartment. Kay is one of Ethel's college friends. The Boston symphony had to follow a strict schedule so we rushed over and rehearsed. The music was hard to follow because it had a different tempo so it meant that we would have to put in a lot of extra work before we could give the performance. By the time we got back to the apartment we were famished. Ethel's sister Betts and Kay had one of those dainty college girl dinners for us--a can of meat and canned potatoes. They only ate like birds, and Ethel and I were so hungry that we had to rush out and buy some pastry at the bakery before going to the evening rehearsal. That night some of Kay's friends came over and they talked about places where they could get the biggest cocktails and things like that.

"Thursday, we were very tired but we had to go rehearse some more. On top of that, temperments got upset. It all came about quite accidentally. The four other girls did not get the promised rooms in a Boston Hotel which Harvard was supposed to arrange because there were conventions there and all of them were filled. The boys rushed around in the brief time they had between rehearsals and they got rooms for \$4.00 each. The girls didn't like to pay that much every night and they wanted to be closer to Cambridge so Thursday morning they dashed around trying to find a room before coming to the rehearsal. Finally, a small inn said they would take them because the mentioned that they were in the Martha Graham company, and the four girls were not able to get a taxi so they hitched hiked up with their bags. A college boy gave them a ride in his open jalopy. Well, anyway, Helen Lansfer (The company pianist) got very upset when she found out that she was the only girl left in Boston. Naturally, she thought it was all planned and that

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they were trying to avoid her! She didn't like the idea of being left out, and she thought that nobody liked her. Helen has been playing the piano for the company for years and she is an older girl with a strong attachment for Martha and nobody actually goes out of their way to avoid her but she just thinks that. Anyway Helen was in a very bad mood. She knew that we needed the metronome very badly in order to get used to dancing with the symphony. She must have had words with Martha because when the rest of us got to the auditorium, the metronome was all smashed. We were talking about it in the dressing room, and Martha came in and said that Helen was feeling quite hurt and she said she was never going to play for the company again. She acted worse than Isamu and he came back. But Martha asked us to be extra nice to Helen so we babied her for the rest of the day. We told her everything we were doing so she wouldn't feel left out of anything and she finally calmed down. But, it was very hard on us and we were so tired out.

"After the afternoon rehearsal we didn't know for sure if we would rehearse again as the Boston Symphony had to rehearse for a radio program or something. So Ethel and I bought a huge porterhouse steak as Kay was not there, and we invited Helen McGee to come along to help eat it up. Incidentally, I only spent about \$10 the whole time I was up there because my expenses were so cheap. Anyway, Ethel's mother came up from Wenthrem to tell her of the plans for some sort of wedding or engagement announcement party for Betts on Sat. night and she wanted Ethel to come down. It was going to be held in the town church. Now Ethel had other plans about meeting Paul who was coming up but she couldn't say that to her mother because that would have been a mortal blow to her. Her mother acted very hurt when Ethel said that she wanted to go to the buffet supper to be given after the performance by Harvard. Her mother hinted that she didn't think enough of her family to come down. I was in the same room so I just said that there would be a lot of important composers at the buffet supper and it would be a good experience for her. Mrs. Winters then gave in and she said that maybe Ethel might find her future husband there. This sort of upset Ethel, but she just said, 'Oh, mother!'. Then her

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mother left, and we found out from Don that we could have Thurs. evening off.

"So we decided to get a bottle and have a little party at the Inn where the girls were staying. We phoned the boys to come up and we went over there in a bunch. But the Inn manager was horrified to think that the boys would want to go up to the girl's room and they said that such a thing had not happened there in 30 years and it just wasn't being done in Boston. So the boys had to sit downstairs and listen to a lecture while we went up and decided what we should do. Since Kay went home, we decided to all go over to her apartment so we took our sewing and went back in a bunch. But we found out that when Kay had signed the lease for the apartment, there was a clause saying that she wouldn't hold any 'wild parties' so we told the boys to be quiet. We sewed on our costumes all evening, and talked about what a Puritan place Boston was.

"Friday we rehearsed long hours again, and got our hairdo done. Then Eric Hawkins got tempermental, and he said that he didn't like the designs which Helen Lansfer had embroidered in his costume. It meant taking all the stitches out so we worked until one a.m. in Martha's room in Boston to finish it. We couldn't get it done so Martha phoned Charlotte Towbridge to come up from NY right away on the next train and redesign it so she was up first thing Saturday.

"We rehearsed again Saturday morning, and since the performance was in late afternoon we hardly had time to go out to eat. Paul arrived in the drizzling rain so he went out and got sandwiches for us. But he caught a cold. At the last minute, we got the costumes finished. We were told that the Boston Symphony had to leave at 8 p.m. sharp since they had to follow a strict union schedule and also go back to Boston for a radio program. So we had to rush between numbers to finish the performance on time. It went over pretty good, especially 'Dark Meadow' and as we were finishing the last steps it was 8 on the dot. The buffet supper had been cancelled so Paul took Ethel, Florence (Ethel's roommate here who plays the horses up and down the Atlantic Coast and is a commercial photographer or something on the side), and some of Paul's Chinese business associates to the Boston Chinatown and we had a 10 course dinner. The Chinese business friends were paying all of the expenses and

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they just drank. Paul had a cold and he couldn't eat much, and Ethel wasn't too hungry. So Florence and I ate the whole 10 course dinner (for 8 people) up practically by ourselves. The rest of the company had to check out and come back. We found out that the girls got a long lecture from the Inn management about their conduct. They told the girls that they were telling them all of these things for their own good, and that their parents would appreciate looking after their morals. They thought that the company boys were up to no good wanting to visit in the rooms. They didn't realize that it was all so innocent and that we had traveled together a lot in other cities and nothing was ever said about it. The management told them that they maintained strick discipline. On top of all this Mar orie had come up and she registered in her maiden name. Here she was 7 months pregnant and her stomach was sticking out all over the place, so this convinced the Inn owners that all of the girls were loose and immoral and Marjorie had to listen to the lecture too! It was such a big joke.

"Sunday morning, we made plans to meet Paul at the train in Provincetown, R.I. so we could ride back to NYC with him, since he couldn't go to Wenham with us to visit Ethel's family. We were driven there by one of the town boys who was a friend of the family and a college student. On the way, he told Ethel that he, too, did not want to be snobbish but that he didn't have anything in common with the small town and he was thinking of leaving it like Ethel did. Anyway, Wenham is a small town (about 3600) and it was my plan to take a nap while Ethel went to church with her family. But when we got to her home it was all locked up so I had to go to church with Ethel. The minister gave a pretty good talk but it seemed like the congregation didn't pay much attention. It was just a small town social practice for them to go. After the service, I met the minister and about 25 of Ethel's relatives. That family clan practically runs that small town. Ethel's father is a factory owner and he makes some kind of steel products and he is 71 years old. Her mother is in the 50's and Mrs. Winter's sister used to be married to Mr. Winters. That's why Ethel's sister and brother are half-brother and sister and cousins too.

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"Anyway, the whole bunch of them treated me very nice. They thought that they were making me feel good when one of the aunts said that her husband had employed 'your people in the lumber mills' and she said that they came up from Arkansas and they were such hard workers. I smiled and thought, 'Fooley, you are just taking advantage of them to get cheap work,' but I didn't say anything. It was so patronizing the way they acted and yet they just didn't understand. You know, that old New England Puritan Yankee stuff. Ethel was so embarrassed that her relatives didn't realize that I was another American and not a foreigner. The minister's wife patted my cheek and said that I was very pretty and 'your people make plenty of money here and we are nice to them'. They just didn't understand, I guess. Yet they were so nice to me in their way and certainly friendly.

"After the church service, we went back to the Winter's home and had a roast lamb dinner, and then we met a lot of other cousins and other relatives. Then Betts introduced us to her fiancée and they drove us over to see their duplex house in town. The fiancée is a distributor of some kind and they seemed fairly well-to-do. Then we went back to Ethel's home and her mother told her of the immense plans for the wedding for Betts in June. Ethel has to be a bridesmaid and it hurts her to pay \$30 to buy material for a dress but she won't ask her mother for it. I saw how dominating her mother can be and it is going to be a very tough conflict when Ethel marries Paul as the town will no doubt think that she is marrying a heathen chinee and Mrs. Winters will think that she is disgraced forever. The family is very religious in a hypocritical way and they go to church every week, and for the rest of the week they live for making money and getting social prestige in that town. The Winters are the leading family in that town as there must be about 500 relatives and they own all of the main businesses and they belong to the 'best' social circles and they are the town leaders. The Winters are well off, but I don't blame Ethel for wanting to break away from that narrow town. We had to say grace at the table before the meal and Mrs. Winters thanked God that I had come to visit in their home and we held hands while praying so that Ethel and I had to giggle silently.

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Later in the afternoon Ethel and her mother had another conflict about religion and Ethel told her mother that she just went to please her but didn't like the kind of religion they didn't live in practice. The Winters have a terrific clan tie and they all get married in that town and settle down. That's what Mrs. W. wants for Ethel. I couldn't imagine Ethel living in that community with all that artificial believing in God and the stifling Puritan atmosphere which still thinks smoking is a sin. We went over to meet her brother, and he has been a sort of a black sheep too. He caused a terrific scandal in the town because he got a divorce and he brought back a Spanish type of Puerto Rican wife whom he met while in the service. This half-brother has a new house and he owns a freezing plant where the better off people can freeze whole half cows at a time. (freezing lockers) I don't think he could do it free for all the relatives as he wouldn't make any money!

"The day was finally over with a supper, and then Betts and her fiancée drove us to Provincetown to catch the train at nine. They were not supposed to know that Paul would be there as they do not know that he and Ethel are planning marriage. Paul was out on the station platform and a bit worried as the train was just about to leave but when he saw us coming he went back in the train and Ethel didn't know if her sister saw him or not. We tried to get rid of Bett's fiancée but he insisted upon being a New England gentleman and carrying some of our bags and he said that he had to get us seats in the coach. He just wouldn't leave us so we walked all the way up to the front of the train with our bags as the train was crowded and finally we got a seat, and he jumped off just as the train was leaving. Then Ethel had to get a porter to carry our bags back to the compartment and we slept all the way back. What a trip! Good night, darling!" And that was the end of Yuriko's story.

I went to two classes today, and in the first one we had a most interesting discussion on integration versus cultural identity. The instructor and the Jewish background students were for cultural identity, but the rest was for more of the assimilation program. No solution was arrived at, but I told quite a bit about my

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work with the U.C. Study and the instructor is going to put the volume on the reading list. Although I don't agree with the instructor on the best method of creating an America without racial clashes, I have been getting a better appreciation on the problems of those with diverse cultural backgrounds. The instructor thinks I am a sort of expert on the West Coast situation as she is always calling on me for confirmation or opinions on the various minorities of the west coast. There is a girl from China in our class and she says to me after class, "You know so much about my people in California." Apparently the whole point of the class has been lost to her as she can't conceive of the Chinese Americans as being Americans only. That's what makes the problem so difficult because even liberal people get the wrong impression when they talk in terms of an American being of white, Anglo Saxon, Protestant stock primarily and that every one else are foreigners.

After my second class, Dr. Klein stopped me in the hall to remark that I had made a valuable contribution to the class discussion today (it was the first time I had said anything in this course) and he wished that I would talk more. How could I tell him that I thought that his course was dull and boring even though I thought he was brilliant?

I didn't feel like going to the library so I let studies go for another day. I just can't understand the students who tell me that they are so swamped with studies that they are on the verge of a nervous collapse as I get a guilty conscience from feeling that the courses are so easy that I am not doing enough studying. I guess I just have the easy courses this quarter. It was such a warm afternoon that I decided to walk home. I stopped by Ethel's and had lunch with her and gossiped for two hours. She told me her problems of whether to quit the Graham company and go into Broadway, and of her worry about how she was going to tell her mother that she was planning to marry Paul in July. She said that she might consult the town minister and try to win him over so that she will have a little support in the town since her mother will probably raise a big fuss and there will be terrific clan repercussions. She said that she hated to hurt her mother, but that she had to lead

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her own life and the decision had to be made. I told her that it was just as well to face the issue with her mother and that Mrs. Winters would get over it sooner or later. Ethel said that she didn't know because in her town, it is a scandal to even marry a Catholic and that her mother is just living down the fact that the oldest son got a divorce "which is practically unheard of in our part of the country."

Yuriko is coming home at 7:30 and she will get after me if she finds that I have not studied at all today. She is so good in disciplining me; I am afraid that I wouldn't pass the courses if I didn't have her to spur me on. School is so unrealistic, yet it is a nice escape. I'm glad that Yuriko realizes that social workers never make much of a salary and that I may even have some difficulty in getting placed after I am through.

It certainly is disgusting to read of the pattern of distrust, tension and racial friction developing in the Village. Ten or more negroes have been beaten up around here in the past 6-8 months. This is supposed to be one of the "melting pots" of the city, and there has been a lot of community action being undertaken in the past few days to eliminate race friction. Most of it has happened within a few blocks of us even tho the Village is noted as a "polyglot neighborhood with an intellectual potpourri of artists, writers, and professional people superimposed on a stretch of poor, often foreign born, tenement dwellers." (from PM) But as soon as a few Negroes move down from more crowded Harlem, trouble starts and it may be "outside" forces in the city which encourages it. It seems that landlords don't want Negroes here for fear that house values will decrease--same old stupid kind of thinking!

later:

We have been dealt a mortal blow! All during dinner Yuriko was cheerful and we ate a delicious meal. I kept asking her if she was enjoying it because she was so quiet, but I thought it was because she was tired. At 8:30 Joan Skinner came over to do some sewing. It was at this strategic moment that Yuriko broke the news. She said that she didn't want to spoil my dinner, but now she could tell me.

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This afternoon she went over to pay the rent, and Mrs. Ohta said that her son Allan was coming back from Japan in 10 days but since she had promised us this place for a year, we could stay here until October. Mrs. Ohta is a bitch and this has been confirmed. Yuriko told her that we were under the impression that we could have this place for at least two years, but didn't argue. She spoke to the owner, but he didn't seem to understand. So that is that.

But from our talks with Joan, there might be a chance in approaching Allan when he gets back. She said that Allan knows her and Duggy quite well and used to visit all the time. Bob Johns and the Ellisons are also Allan's friends. Joan thought that if we could get together and talk it over with Allan that he might see our viewpoint. We came here on the basis that we could stay at least two years, and Mrs. Ohta told us that she didn't want people moving in and out. We didn't learn about Allan coming back here until later. On the basis that we would stay here for two years, I went ahead with all that work of fixing up and painting, ordering the phone and refrigerator etc. Joan said that Mrs. O. was a person like that and she wanted to manage her children's life and that Allan didn't get along with her too well and the father lives apart. Allan got this place originally but there is no lease. We don't know what he plans to do yet. It seems further that Mrs. O. has had her building condemned and the case is going to court so that she may be thinking of moving in here herself with Toshie and husband, especially since it is so nicely fixed now. It is one hell of a mess, and our hope is that Allan will see how unfair his mother has been to us. Joan said that she would invite Allan over and then we could speak to him afterwards so that his mother will not be around.

Yuriko has sent me in here to study for at least an hour this evening, but I am not in the mood as I have to think of some strategy on how to handle the coming housing crisis. A lot may happen between now and next October and we may even find another place as good as this. Yuriko wants me to put in a request with the Veterans Housing Authority. Oh, that Mrs. Ohta, what a treacherous thing she is! And to think that we are paying her 50% excess rent on top of all this. It is enough to exasperate anyone.

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Joan Skinner is the newest member of the company. She got in because Duggy, her roommate got ill. Joan is going to work for the studio this summer as a sort of receptionist and she will also take lessons. It's been quite an event for her to get into the company, but she doesn't think that it will be permanent. She says that she has trouble with her landlord too. She is also having trouble with her mother who doesn't like her boyfriend! Why do mothers have to be this way and be so selfish as to hurt an individual life? Everybody seems to have problems!!

7 May 1947, Wednesday

It rained again but I didn't go out of the public welfare office at all on a case since it took me most of the day to read the record of an old case report which I will take over. It was all about Butofsky's criminal activities and difficulties in trying to go straight in order to support his wife and family. In my weekly individual conference with Miss Loughrey, she was quite concerned about what I had spoken to Miss Hollis about so I told her that it was in relation to my courses and not about field work. The school seems to be getting concerned about giving me the type of training I came after so I guess I am getting past the provisional status. No doubt I will have much tougher courses next quarter and I may regret that I bit off more than I could chew. But as long as I am going to school I might as well get the most out of it as it may help in job hunting afterwards.

I went to lunch with Iris Lowry, one of the student workers in our unit and she said that her fiancée was very worried about the job problem too. He had hoped to get into the VA when he got through with the training so he turned down a chance to get into the VA for the sake of the degree. Most of his friends went into the VA and now he finds himself in a position where he has less chance for advancement than the others without the MA because Congress is going to cut the funds and there won't be so many new psychiatric social workers taken in. Iris said that after she gets married, they may go out of town for a job since the chances were much better. She works hard at the office, and the reason is that she failed one field work course at the start of her training because she was so confused as to what it was all about. We had quite a lengthy discussion on the philosophy of case work while eating our pastrami sandwiches in the small Jewish restaurant.

Last night Yuriko and I talked over the housing crisis, and we decided to let it ride and not force an issue at this point in the hopes that something will be worked out. It will be unfortunate to have a housing crisis during my last quarter in school when I will need to concentrate all my energy on the thesis and finishing up by January. I'm hoping that Dorothy Thomas will have some time to give me some advice on thesis outline as I'm not sure how I could use the material I collected

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in Chicago. She did suggest a study of the integration movement and I think that this might be the best topic, but I am indefinite about how I can approach the analysis of it. I won't start on the thesis until late this summer, but time is going by so quickly. Half of this first quarter is gone already. I got my first subsistence allowance in the mails this morning. Yuriko made extra money last month so that we will have the first subsistence check clear.

Yuriko wants me to get a summer suit and I may have to get a light one since it is so uncomfortable in the summer out here and I will be doing field work. She always wants to get something for me. I have been trying to save from my allowance so I could get something for her but she always says that I need things more. Yuriko has been so loveable since returning from Boston that we are having a new romance! I sure get sleepy in the morning though because we talk so late! Yuriko manages our budget so well now that she has it much better under control than my methods. Maybe we will buy a house some day if I get a job and if the inflationary trends come down and if we are able to save that much! Right now, we keep ahead of bill collectors and we are solvent at least, thanks to Yuriko's hard work!

8 May 1947 Thursday

Last night I took an evening off from school thoughts and we went to see a movie. It was a very nice escape for me and I enjoyed the picture, "Stairway to Heaven," which was a fantasy. It was the first time I took Yuriko out on a date for a long time, and she was a bit worried that I should have studied instead. The quarter is half over now so that I think I shall begin to bear down and do a bit more reading. I am not so sure now if the lack of discipline in the school is a good thing or not. I used to think that mature students did not need to be spurred on by examinations, but it is so easy to let studies drift by when one is as mentally lazy as I am inclined to be. However, I thought on the way home from the movies that I should change my system and do some systematic reading or else I would not be getting a thing out of school. In a way it is too bad that I had to take cultural enlightening courses to fulfill requirements as that sort of discouraged me from putting my heart into things.

I slept most of the morning, and my resolution of last night did not bear much fruit as I made only a half hearted attempt to read a book in bed but when I saw Yuriko sleeping so soundly next to me I got sleepy and the next thing I knew it was noon and I had to jump up to go to the afternoon class. It wasn't a particularly illuminating session, and I don't have such a high evaluation of my group work instructor. It seems that the field is so vague that they have to grab a few concepts from various related fields and we have been spending our time going over and over them in various ways. I honestly have been trying to get something constructive out of that course, and I can't find any measurement of improving my knowledge.

My evening class was a little better as Dr. Kenworthy is a noted psychiatrist with a large private practice so that she does know her stuff. However, she is strictly Freudian in her approach and it is difficult to accept all that she says. The good thing about her class is that she does not insist that we absorb a lot of psychotic terms and memorize all of the symptoms which goes into the various emotional disturbances. She said that if a couple had a close relationship, and if one of them happened to be restless some night that it was possible to ask

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them questions and they would talk about their unconscious mental conflicts if a certain technique were used. I told Yuriko that I was going to try it on her, but she says that she won't go to sleep and, further, I am not supposed to have any secrets from her! Yuriko had dinner with Helen L. as she was doing some dress fitting for her so I ate dinner alone. She has been doing shopping for Mother's Day and buying presents for Alice's new baby. Yuriko is very considerate about these things, and she does not forget special events of this sort. She got about \$18 back from the Treasury Department so that she is planning to spend it up on gifts and buying something for herself as she figures that it is unexpected income.

9 May 1947, Friday

I am glad that the end of the school week has arrived as I can look forward to a couple of days of greater relaxation. It's a good thing that I had a compulsion to get my class papers all written ahead of time as most of the students in the classes I have will have a headache sweating it out this weekend. We will get about four more assignments.

I went to field work today and had a relatively easy time of it. I find that I am always finding a lot of free time on my hands because it is not too difficult to write up the cases and that is where the other students seem to spend the most time. I don't go around looking for complicated problems in the clients either if I know that nothing can be done about it. A lot of the students go to a great deal of trouble to get a client to realize that they are suffering from deep seated neurotic patterns which gives them some satisfactions defensively, and then they are not able to help them overcome it since recognized psychiatrists would hesitate to cure some of these long time cases of this sort. When I get a case like this, all I attempt to do is to give some supportive help and let it go at that, unless it seems likely that the person has some insight and can do something about his conflicts.

As a result many of my home visits are more in the nature of social calls and I enjoy them quite a bit. This morning I spent about two hours with a couple of 78 year old Irish women and they told me all about their youth and their experiences in the old country. They talked a lot of getting ready to die, but I didn't try to tell them that they should not think this way since I had nothing to offer them as a substitute and they know that they are getting old. In our discussion, we talked about Negroes and the two women said that they had been hospital attendants for many years and as they got older it was the colored workers who were the kindest to them and helped them across the street in winter so that they would not slip and fall upon the ice. They also told me of Jewish practice of getting tight when visiting the cemetery, and about Irish wakes. They look forward to my visits because they have outlived everyone else and

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neighbors do not like to listen to old people talking. They try to compliment me so that I will come back again soon, by such things as saying that I am understanding, kind and handsome!

I went to the hostel for lunch between home visits, and Mrs. M. cooked me a special hamburger lunch which was tasty. Then she asked if we were going to give her a Mother's Day present, and what it was. I refused to tell her. Apparently, it does have some meaning for her to get something from us as it certainly does please her. I think we may get Mrs. A., the cook, something too since she is always feeding me extra things. Joan is still like a sour fish and never says anything, but Kimi the sister is much friendlier now and she talks to me with a greater sense of ease. She said that she was going to start to look for a job next week as she was tired of loafing around so long. Mr. M. had me type out a letter of reference for a Kibei boy who got a DD from the Army.

The last few days are supposed to be record cold ones, down to freezing, and we have had to light the oil stove again--probably for the last time this season. This evening I think I shall study.

10 May 1947, Saturday

We spent a quiet evening at home last night and I got in a couple hours of textbook reading. Yuriko wrapped some gifts to send to Mom and Alice, and also to her mother. We spent about \$15 for gifts this month and Yuriko is planning to do some more tomorrow. She bought Mom a blouse, Alice's baby a cap and blanket which didn't look good on me, and her mother will get a blouse and two cartons of cigarettes. Yuriko gets pleasure out of doing these things, just like her mother. I wouldn't know how to go about buying baby things myself!

We got up in mid-morning and Yuriko went uptown with Pearl to buy Martha Graham a birthday present at Saks Fifth Ave. The whole company chipped in and they got one of those white pure silk slips with embroidery and lace which costs an atrocious amount, and Martha was so happy when it was presented. She said that she couldn't afford it herself. Now Yuriko is resting and reading the papers as it took most of the day to do this shopping. We had planned to do the house-keeping but we have to get ready to go to Warren's soon.

I spent most of the day doing some more reading, and I think that I am finally getting down to business, I hope! At least I have gone about it in a business like way and even resisted Yuriko's smooching temporarily! Reading these textbooks have not resolved much of my doubts about the field of psychoanalysis but I think that I am more receptive to it now and I have picked up some interesting concepts. Yuriko says that when and if we have a baby, she will let me take care of it! We were discussing this subject a bit last night, but we both felt that it was an event which we could not think of in concrete terms yet. Yuriko is receptive to the idea of adopting a child if we ever feel secure economically.

Yuriko said that Joan Skinner and Duggy are conspiring to help us with our housing problem by working indirectly upon Allan when he returns from Japan. Duggy was surprised to learn that Mrs. Ohta seems to think she told us that she was saving this place for her son at the time we started to rent. Duggy said that she didn't know a thing about it and she was the one who told us that Bob Johns was moving out.

10 May 1947, Saturday

Joan asked Yuriko if she could bring her mother over here some evening next week. Her reason is that she would like to convince her mother that a couple could get along well even if the wife has a career and the husband goes to school. We are supposed to be the demonstrative truth of this belief! Joan said that her mother is not too kindly disposed to her getting married yet either so she sympathizes with Ethel and her problems. It seems that more of the company members are more kindly disposed towards the institution of marriage since Yuriko started the process. The present group were not so much opposed to the idea of career and marriage as the old group, many of whom are still single. In fact, most of the company girls now are going steady: Ethel, Pearl, Duggy, Joan. Yuriko says that Joan wants us to act "natural" so that her mother can observe how compatible we are! Joan figures that we are most happily married couple and best adjusted that she knows!! So Yuriko says that I even have to help her dry dishes that night, as if I never do!

11 May 1947, Sunday

Last night we went to Warren's and had a nice time eating, but the talking wasn't as interesting as last week. Betty and Warren went to a lot of trouble and considerable expense to feed the ten guests a Japanese meal. They got all the fancy foods and served it very prettily buffet style. Betty had June Matsuda come over to help her most of the afternoon to cook all these things, and an Issei man downstairis cut the fresh raw fish up for them. Warren sneaked off to a baseball game in the midst of the preparations so he got off easily. He was the bartender for the evening. Kay brought her friend Joan from the same agency with her and they had never tasted Japanese food before. Tosh and Chiya Miyazaki were the other couple that we did not know. There were too many people to sit around comfortably and talk so there was a tendency to split up into little groups. Betty, as usual, brought out her books on Hawaii, but now she claims that their future plans are indefinite as Warren probably said definitely that he didn't want to go to the Islands even if her parents would build them a home.

The presence of Tosh and his wife probably deadened the proceedings. During the early part of the evening, Tosh was trying to get June "high." She was in a bad mood because her boyfriend went back to the Coast to look after his parents and he didn't say whether they were engaged or not. June used to be one of the most popular Nisei girls in the Bay area prior to the war. She works in the same shop as Betty but she thought that they would be laid off soon as the garment industry has been hit rather hard by the buyers strike against high prices.

Tosh rather spoiled the party with his insistence on talking about JACL. He is one of the newly converted members and he wanted to propagandize the faith. He had heard that our Berkeley group in the prewar days had influenced a lot of girls so that they are quite resistant to the JACL as the hope of the Nisei future. Evidently he and Warren had discussed the matter previously and Warren had deliberately brought the fellow over so that he could "argue" with me. Tosh is studying for his Ph.D. at Columbia but uncertain of his future. His wife of 8 months is a rather shy self-effacing type. Tosh just wouldn't give up even

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though I told him several times that I didn't care to talk about the JACL in a mixed party, and that I didn't think the issue was vital. But he got very aggressive and finally I told him that if he wanted to believe in the JACL, it was his business and nobody objected but that I was not interested. Warren, Kenny, Kimi, Betty, and Yuriko were of a similar viewpoint so Tosh got himself all emotionally upset and gave forth with the familiar tirade against Nisei who were not willing to fight for the rights of this group at this opportune time. He repeated the story that it was embarrassing for Mike to be fighting so hard in Washington while so many of the Nisei were apathetic and refused to join the movement so that the membership would be swelled into a more decent figure. He said that new blood was needed to give the JACL fresh direction if we were so opposed to the present policy. He called me a "defeatist" because I couldn't see these points and I thought that the JACL was just another organization and that as an American, I was more interested in other vital, more embracing liberal movements since there was a limit to what I could do. Tosh insisted that the first obligation of the Nisei was the JACL, and he pointed out how that minister from Hood River (Bourgoyne) had a much better time out here when he came to receive the Jefferson award for tolerance because the JACL planned his itinerary "and we should show our appreciation for those who fight for us." I thought that it was nice that this particular minister was wined and dined but I didn't think that he didn't expect any special tour just because he acted like a good American, and that the JACL's sole mission certainly couldn't be to entertain visiting caucasians to town. Then Tosh said that the JACL was necessary for marriage as there was so many lonely girls and this was the only way they could meet others. He didn't approve of intermarriage, and he thought that even if integration was never accomplished at least the poor girls could find husbands. I ventured to say that there were more Nisei getting married since the war than before and they did it without the JACL so that even this argument was not convincing. Then he gave the old line about how we should be interested in defeating

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alien legislation and other restrictive laws and he didn't think that there was any other group to take a strong enough liberal stand "unless we do it for ourselves." He said that the JACL defeated the Proposition #15 in California, but I didn't think he gave enough credit to other organizations.

Most of us felt that from the point of view of the long term future it was better not to encourage artificial segregation based upon racial identity along, and we told Tosh that if he wanted to be in it, that it was his business. But he just wouldn't give up and it made the non-Nisei there uncomfortable because he was so insistent upon discussing this topic. Kay ventured that if a person wanted to leave his racial group to become just an ordinary American, it was his business and she didn't see why that individuals group had to be so resentful of it and label him deserter of the cause, ashamed, and so forth. Kenny took a more neutral stand eventually, but in the finally conclusion he was in agreement with my point that every minority group faces this issue and that a break up of a loose cultural hold does not necessarily mean personal tragedy, and that it might even lesson discrimination. Tosh scoffed at this and from the way he talked he sounded like the Nisei would always be treated as badly as they were during the height of the evacuation cry. I told Tosh that it depended upon the way one looked at the situation and that there was no one definite solution so he shouldn't get emotionally upset and aggressive because they would never convince anyone. Actually, Tosh didn't take the conversation as a discussion but he used it as a proselyting weapon, and didn't get very far. It was no use to tell him that he was suffering from acute "Nisei psychology" as he was convinced that we were the ones who were unfaithful to the cause. I told him that he didn't want to discuss but to argue when he first started, and he only got himself into a sour mood at the end. Because of his insistence upon discussing the "Nisei problem" we didn't get a chance to talk about much else. Too much of any one cause in life will make anyone a deviant from the normal. I don't know why JACL people insist upon interpreting that everyone is against them if they don't join--such a persecutionist complex. Tosh will never understand that people

11 May 1947, Sunday

don't all think alike, not even Nisei. It seems that the JACL is now making an all out effort to enroll all Nisei in the organization here in NYC by "shaming" them into it with such stupid points as Tosh gives, and he certainly flatters me when he says that I influenced so many Nisei out in California. It doesn't occur to him that maybe they are getting integrated through maturation!

Confidential

12 May 1947, Monday

We had a rather nice day yesterday. Yuriko made a huge waffle breakfast with Jewish sausage, bacon and multiple other things so that we left the house about 2 well filled. We went for a stroll in Central Park as the weather was so warm, and we lazily wandered through the north end of the park and watched a baseball game for awhile before going over to the Hostel to deliver the mother's day presents to Mrs. M. and Mrs. A.

In the early evening, we helped Mrs. M. wrap several packages which she was sending to relatives in Japan, and it was almost nine by the time we ate the Chinese dinner which Mr. M. had sent Yoshio out to get. We ate deliciously, and then Mrs. M. said that she wanted Yuriko to come up and fit her dress. It never occurred to me that it was for other reasons, but when I went up about 11:15 Yuriko said that they had been talking. It was then that I became conscious of a sort of tension in the relationships between Mr. and Mrs. M., but only mildly.

On the way home Yuriko let me in on the family secrets, the skeleton in the closet. She said that it was a Madam Butterfly story in reverse, and she was a bit disturbed because she didn't know what to tell her mother. She will talk to her father too. Anyway, there is some sort of crises between them, and I found out the reason for the sudden change in plans of buying the land in Westchester county. Yuriko said that several days ago Mr. M. told Mrs. M. what was bothering him. It seems that about twenty years or more ago he had a romance with an upper class Japanese girl and as a result she got pregnant so Mr. M. either (1) married her or (2) promised that he would marry her. Anyway he went off to Italy to study singing and then came to the U.S. In the meantime the child was born and died. Mr. M. never heard anything more of Madam X so he assumed that she married someone else so he married Mrs. M. (This was husband #3 for her and she was several years the senior.) The marriage worked out well, but there were the usual arguments and they became louder after coming out here- but it didn't seem like anything serious since Mrs. M. tended to be dominating anyway.

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But suddenly, Mr. M. gets this letter from Kazuo out of a clear blue sky saying that Madam X has been waiting for Mr. M. for twenty years and is still waiting. Mr. M. is immediately filled with remorse and since he never has the intention of going back to Japan, he proposes to bring her here. But Mrs. M. does not think that it would be such a good idea for her to be around and she said that she wanted to go back to L.A. to start another business of her own since she has always been independent. Mr. M. then thinks that it would not be wise to start the nursery so the plans are dropped. However, he now wants to start it up, but he needs Mrs. M. to help him. So they have been talking the matter over ever since, both forgetting that the likelihood of Madam X ever getting into the U.S. is practically nil since there is no quota. But Mr. M. feels that he must join her in some way since she has been faithful for so many years. But he has no intention of taking such a drastic move as to leave this country. Mrs. M. proposes that they start the business and he could go to Japan half of the time since it is not a matter of Love, but Japanese Honor! That is where the matter now stands, and they have complicated matters by bringing in a lot of "ifs" rather than settle the matter directly, and go ahead with the nursery and work out arrangements when and if Madam X comes. They reason like Issei as they try to foresee every possible step which has a remote mathematical chance of happening--as if they are going to happen. Yuriko said that she was bothered since she would feel responsible for her mother in the case of a break, but she didn't think that her step-father was going to do anything drastic like going to Japan. My first reaction was that this was a funny time to bring all of this up, and I thought that it was just being grasped as (1) a weapon to make Mrs. M. quit being so dominating (2) an excuse to get out of a marriage which they seem to be mutually tired of anyway, or (3) a desire to add a touch of melodrama to their rather routine lives. It would be serious if there were a break, but I don't think it will happen. Mr. M. will eventually get around to

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a consideration of the fact that he will loose "face" if he leaves Mrs. M. after 10 years of marriage since he plans to remain in the U.S., (2) he wouldn't know how to take care of an absolute alien who doesn't know a thing about American life, (3) he would resent a submissive sort of woman since he seems to prefer the more dominating type, (4) Japanese "honor" is a difficult thing to predict since they do things so extraordinary from our cultural point of view, and (5) Mr. M. will realize that he is just being dramatic when he talks of bringing Madam X here. I wonder how she fared all these years of faithful waiting for him. Yuriko was very surprised by the whole thing, and she doesn't know what to make of it yet. She doesn't think about it in as lightly a mental attitude as I because she is worried about her mother's security and she does have a fondness for her step-father. I think that they just want her to be the mediator, and if she is willing to go through listening to the same story hour after hour it may work out and they will listen to her. We are going over there Wednesday evening and I'm supposed to think that the main reason is for Yuriko to fix her mother's hair and put it up. I hope that I don't get dragged into the situation.

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It was 75 degrees today and very hot. Field work was not too pleasant and I got extremely tired. I ended up at the Maritime Union Headquarters in my quest to locate a deserting seaman but didn't have much luck in this mission for his wife who needs money to support three children. The husband is out at sea and they do not give out the address at the National M.U.

Yuriko surprised me by cooking a delicious roast in the pressure cooker and it was so tasty. She went to the store and loaded herself down with food for the next few days. Right now she is darning my socks and putting them in the salad bowl, and listening to the radio. She says Joan Skinner and her mother are going to call upon us tomorrow night, but we are not going to do anything special about cleaning up. Yuriko just came in and says I have to study for at least one- and one-half hours this evening.

13 May 1947, Tuesday

Summer is arriving with a vengeance after those freezing days we had last week. It went up to 80 degrees this afternoon and I can see now that it will be a difficult matter to go to classes all summer long. This sudden hot weather practically knocks me out. It is supposed to rain tomorrow though. My classes this morning were on the dull side and it took great effort to remain awake as my eyelids kept creeping downward.

At noon, Kenny wanted me to go to lunch with his friend and himself so we went to an Armenian restaurant on Lexington. Doris works with a foster placement agency and she seems to like it very much. She said that jobs were not so easy to get, contrary to the wide belief--but that may be due to the fact that she is a Negro. Kenny thought that he might get some job leads from her as he is beginning to worry quite a bit about a position, and it must be infectious as I have started to give it thought too. (Yuriko tells me not to worry about it as six months is still a long ways off and anything can happen in the meantime. I guess she has the right idea.) Doris said that she went up to White Plains in response to a social work job offer, but when they found out her race she was politely rejected on the basis that the clients wouldn't understand! However, Doris felt that there were plenty of jobs in Negro agencies but she didn't want to do that as the salary range was so low. Even in her present job she only gets \$2300 as a skilled social worker so the field isn't financial lucrative in any case. Doris thought that she might go to the West Indies this summer and look around because it would be such virgin territory and opportunity for advancement would be so much easier. She didn't think that there was too much of a chance to climb in NYC because this was one of the few places with a plentiful supply of very capable case workers. Kenny has been bothered because so many of the public agencies are retrenching due to cut funds and he had not planned on that. But, at least he has residence which I do not have. Doris said that there were all sorts of jobs outside of the city. At this point, I just want to remain in NYC because of Yuriko and I guess I can find something by the time I get out.

13 May 1947, Tuesday

While in the restaurant, I met Ned Cameron whom I had not seen since basic training. He tapped me on the shoulder and he was quite happy to find one of the old group from Camp Lee. He said that he was in the import-export business, and he was in the Armenian restaurant with some of his old Turkish friends. Ned and I used to have quite a difference of opinion about Jews while we were in basic training, and I noticed that he seemed a bit reluctant about meeting Doris. He really must have learned some funny ideas about race while in Turkey, but he is the type which will be regarded as a good American by the Reader's Digest criteria--from immigrant to financial success and that sort of thing.

When I got home this afternoon Yuriko was just cleaning up the house. She worked all day long on it and she was quite tired. I made her stop so that she wouldn't be worn out by the time she got to the studio. Yuriko got a bit peeved with me last night, but it didn't last more than several minutes. I was studying and I said to her that I thought I was getting a cold because of a tickling in my throat. Yuriko immediately got all worried about me and told me to cover up and not expose myself and so forth. I was trying to finish reading a chapter so I just said, "Tch." The next thing I knew Yuriko was flouncing out into the next room and I didn't know what was the matter. So I went and made up and she told me that she didn't like me to act disgusted when she was worrying so much about my health. It takes so long to understand women, and there are always new unexpected things which upsets them so I have to be on my guard. On the whole, Yuriko certainly does lavish a lot of attention upon me and she is trying so hard to make things easy for me so that I can concentrate on school. She wants to do all the cooking and she rarely asks me to do the dishes with her, and she shops all by herself and cleans the house and irons. It makes me feel very guilty, but Yuriko just says that she has the time now and so our situation is reversed. This summer she will teach in the Graham studio up until mid-July and then give her own course there. Right now she has concentrated her private teaching lessons so that she does not have to get up early every morning.

This evening Joan is bringing her mother over and Yuriko says that I cannot wear my sloppy T-shirt!

14 May 1947, Wednesday

Last night Joan Skinner brought her mother over to visit with us so that Mother could observe what domestic tranquillity (model American home) was like in hectic NYC! Joan felt that the Kikuchi household was the best example to show her mother so that she would not have so many doubts about marriage versus a career. While Yuriko was helping Joan to re-make a \$5 dress into a \$25 one through alterations, I talked with Mrs. Skinner and it wasn't an ordeal. We had something in common because Mrs. S. said that during the war she was a volunteer Red Cross worker and she got so interested in social work that she is now taking part time courses at the U. of Minn. in social work "with the children of my friends!" She said that she greatly enjoyed this work and felt that psychiatric social work had a great future. In the course of the conversation she told quite a bit about herself. Mrs. S. is one of those middle class women who have successfully raised a family and has had to turn to other interests. She is 52 years old. Mrs. S. told of some of the interracial activities in her city, but agreed with Cary McWilliams that contradictorily her city was also the stronghold of anti-semitism. She did not think it was due to the large German descent population, but because the Jews have given intense economic competition in the mills and this aroused a great deal of resentment. She said that sometimes she wondered about her own feelings since she didn't like to see the Jews so clammy and she thought that a lot of the discrimination would end if they did not impose self segregation upon themselves. Joan came in while we were talking and she wanted to know how long I had been in this country! Mrs. S. was also quite surprised that Yuriko had only learned European style of dancing in Japan as she had the idea that Japan was entirely feudal in everything. The conversation got started on the present status of the Nisei so I told her a bit about what had happened to clear up a few of her lack of knowledge and misinterpretations of this particular group. I pointed out that there was a parallel to the Jewish situation since so many of the group held on to the cultural (racial) hold so intensely. Mrs. S. thought that if all minorities were going to become

14 May 1947, Wednesday

Americans they would eventually have to arrive at a point where the American culture was the primary goal for all of them, and she felt that even then the various minorities could have individual and group differences which would not necessarily come into conflict with the American culture. She was a bit worried about the growing trend of nationalism and she said that her own state was getting quite conservative.

Mrs. S. said that her daughter-in-law was very interested in interracial activities and she was getting her M.A. in this field. There are four children in the family and Joan is the third sibling, all of them are only 17 months apart. Mrs. S. said that one son was studying for the law, and the other two are still in college. Both of the sons were in the Air force. Peggy is the youngest and she is interested in child welfare and will receive her degree from the U. of Minn. this summer. Mrs. S. said that one of her sons was washed out of OCS because of "socialistic tendencies" and he ended up as a tail gunner in the Pacific. Right now Mrs. S. goes about the country visiting her children as they have all left home except the youngest. Joan went to Bennington as she was interested in dancing and she was the only child not interested in academic studies. She is just learning that in order to be a dancer, she also has to know how to sew so Yuriko is giving her some lessons on the art of being a seamstress. The visit was quite pleasant and they remained quite late talking about things in general after Joan quit sewing on her dress.

Later: I went to the hostel this noon for lunch and Mrs. M. told me about the sad news she had received from Japan from one of her relatives. She was embarrassed about her broken English so she laughed self consciously as she said, "I cry all half day yesterday. Brother died. So sad! Everything so solly. All men died in sister-in-law family and only children and old lady left. So hard for them to write to Kazuo and tell him to give 10,000 yen from me (\$250 at present rate of exchange; yen used to be worth approximately 50 cents but deflated now.) Cost

14 May 1947, Wednesday

200 yen for one pound rice there now so I send." The packages I wrapped for her Sunday was to be sent to this family. When Yuriko came over for dinner, she read the letters from this relative in Japan and I got the feeling that war certainly is stupid. In the letter, Mrs. M's brother was supposed to have asked repeatedly if Mrs. M. had come back from America and how she must have suffered in the concentration camp. The family was bombed out in Tokyo and for the past three years they have moved from one relative to another, and they asked for any old clothing. They spent some of their remaining money to make a pilgrimage to the home town of Mrs. M's brother in order to rest his bones with the ancestral shrine and Yuriko thought they wore white for mourning but she was not sure.

Since it was our 8th months of marriage, we had a nice fried chicken dinner, and afterwards Yuriko went upstairs to wash her mother's hair. She burned her mother's head with hot water so they had to put vaseline on it. Mr. M. came back to the hostel about eight and ate a late dinner. He told us that he was very pleased with the cleaning shop thus far as the gross income has been very good so he expects to put a lot of improvements into it in order to give even greater competition to the many cleaning shops in that area. He said he would put a miniature garden and goldfish into the front window in order to attract patronage and he also plans to install a neon sign and paint up the shop.

We left there about 11 p.m. Yuriko said that Rhoda phoned her and said that she got a summer camp job for two months to teach dancing to children and she will get \$400 plus room and board for this period so she thought that she might be able to pay Yuriko back a little of the \$500 she owed. I rather suspect that Rhoda will get so bored in the summer camp that she will spend most of her earnings up in running back to town to see Lamarr. He is going to a summer stock company this summer. Yuriko got a swimming suit from Jean Erdman, but it will be difficult to get much swimming in this summer since we won't have the advantages of Fort Hancock. Yuriko asked me this evening how I would react if she had a baby but didn't elaborate so it has me a bit puzzled. My feeling is that we couldn't afford one. We haven't got settled enough yet.

15 May 1947, Thursday

It has been an easy day thus far, but I have another class this evening. Following up my recent resolution to do a bit more reading, I got up fairly early and read a textbook for a couple of hours. But, it seemed that it would be more practical for me to read in bed where I would be more comfortable so I moved one of the small bookcases next to the bed and put all the books I need in it. Now all I have to do is to turn over and grab a book to study when I am not engaged in smooching with Yuriko! Ethel came over before we got up since she wanted to work on her bridesmaid dress for her half-sister's wedding next month. Yuriko made a nice waffle breakfast which we ate leisurely so that it was almost time for me to go to my afternoon class before we got finished.

Ethel said that she finally wrote to the minister in her home town to ask him if he could come down sometime and have a talk with her on her marriage problem. (I could give her better advice free of charge, I bet!) Ethel was moved to action since her mother has been sending her newspaper clips about why a girl should marry in her same class, religion and political beliefs. She decided to take the bull by the horns so she wrote to her mother telling of her plans to marry Paul, and now she is waiting for the storm to break. Her mother may come flying down here from Mass. to have a big confab, but Yuriko cautioned Ethel not to lose her head and get into an argument. We believe in nice people getting married even though it may break the mother's heart! Ethel needed moral support so we have given her a lot of it so now she is convinced that she is doing the right thing by letting her mother know first. She said that she is going to make Paul go on a diet after they get married because he eats too much rice and bread. Yuriko and I just looked at each other because we don't believe that it is good for wives to "reform" husbands right off the bat. I also found out that all of the company knew about Mrs. Ohta's desire for us to move before I did because Yuriko didn't want to tell me before going to Boston for fear that I would worry too much. I knew about that, but I didn't get upset until this morning and I said to Yuriko that it was a dirty trick to let the husband in on it last! I don't know why I brought it up at this time, and Yuriko certainly was only thinking

15 May 1947, Thursday

of me when she decided not to say anything, but she had to tell somebody while in Boston. I guess it was a bit unreasonable of me for feeling "left out" but I'd just soon have her tell me these things. Gee whiz, I shouldn't have criticized her action in front of Ethel though. I shall make up to her when she comes home in a little while. Yuriko has been so nice to me and she even lets me off of doing dishes as long as she knows I am willing to help if asked.

In my group work class, I had the dubious honor of using up the whole session to read and discuss my paper on the Tanforan newspaper group which the instructor thought was so good. The class asked me a lot of questions and the period was spent in talking about the implications of democracy and the Nisei position. The paper seemed to have impressed the class quite a bit as they asked a lot of questions, and the instructor wants to keep the paper to use for teaching purposes in future classes. My diary certainly came in handy for that paper! Some of the class thought that I should send the paper to some Group Work magazine as they thought it would be published, but it was not that good.

16 May 1947, Friday

I had a very tiring day. Yuriko just came home from the studio and she said that things were all confused there too; Don has been on a two-day binge and they might have to report him to the Bureau of Missing Persons. It seems the Studio is having financial problems and there is no money in the bank. Yuriko hasn't been paid for about two months now. They are counting on a heavy summer registration in order to catch up.

I went out on two interviews this morning and both of them had troubles so I did a lot of running around. Mrs. T. was stuck with the care of a 78 year old lady who can't walk so I had to get the regular social worker on the case to do something about it. The regular workers have such a heavy case load that they don't get around to see the clients often. The other case has husband trouble as the husband just married his third wife and has children by all three, and he has run off to sea so I had to go see the lawyer of wife #2. My client is wife #1 and she has three children.

Up around 104th there has been a lot of tension between the Italians and Puerto Ricans because the former resents the heavy migration into their district and gang fights have resulted. Right in the middle of this area there is a sign which says "room for rent--no discrimination" and a group of tough Italian boys were hanging around to see that no Puerto Ricans went in to apply for it. Mrs. S. said that the landlord of that place was her landlord too and he preferred to rent to Puerto Ricans as he could charge more. It was one of the most miserable broken down apartment houses I have ever seen, but a prize in an area where housing is so tough. Many of the Puerto Ricans rent store space and move the clan into it for living purposes.

At lunchtime I went to the Hostel. Carl T. was the only one eating there and we had a lengthy discussion on social work, the role of the church in social problems, etc. Carl is studying out here on a church fellowship and he will go be a preacher in the South after he finishes. I asked him what he would do in the event that he got into a church which denied Negroes, and he said that

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he would try to change their attitudes, and he predicted that he may have a lot of trouble for having too liberal ideas for a church congregation. His main desire is for people to live well on this earth and he is not unduly concerned with the afterlife. We both concluded that it may not be too long before the human race is wiped out since the government is already planning for an Atomic War twenty five years from now even though General Eisenhower says that war is stupid. Of course, the idea is for defense! While we were discussing this, 140 B 29's flew over the city in a practice attack.

I didn't get to finish writing my cases up at the office, as Aiko was very disturbed with one of her cases and she didn't want to tell the supervisor about it so she asked me to go out and have a coke so she could get my advice. So we went to the drug store, and for an hour she told me what was bothering her. She said that one of her lady clients is in the prostitution business and made enough extra money to buy a \$250 bed. Aiko didn't know for sure if the woman was a prostitute but she was so hurt that this colored woman would lie to her after five months of good relationships. Aiko didn't realize that clients do not behave exactly in the way students are taught in the theory classes. She said that if she wrote up the case and told about the \$250 bed the supervisor would create further problems and she wanted to know what she should do. I said that since there are many supervisors with obsessive-compulsive attitudes about Sex and since there are limitations in the amount of assistance an agency could give, the best thing to do was to take these things into consideration and forget about her theories in this particular problem. I suggested that she just not mention the \$250 bed in her report so that she would have another week to work on the matter before discussing it with the supervisor. Aiko was afraid that she would get caught but I said she wasn't doing anything wrong. It was my opinion that a woman had certain sexual needs and if she denied herself she would take it out on her child so that society would have an even bigger problem later on. So I concluded that if the lady made \$250 on

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the side in the process of filling this emotional need, it was not going to break the city to give her the \$50 monthly sum. Aiko finally concluded that she would stretch the case out for three more weeks as that would be the end of the quarter and she won't be going back to public welfare so another student would inherit it. Aiko thought that in this three weeks she might be able to solve this problem and not have the supervisor at her neck. She was quite surprised when I said that our supervisor was better than most because she didn't make neurotics out of the students by reading into cases too much. Aiko was hurt mostly because the woman lied to her and it was not a moral issue. I gave her some practical methods to solve this problem and Aiko said that intense psychoanalytic theories certainly had made that case complicated. That was because she knew the theory but not how to really apply them. I told her that would come with experience so she shouldn't worry too much about it in the beginning.

About 3:30 I went up to the school to have an interview with Miss Hollis. She said that it might be possible for me to get a psychiatric placement next quarter "but it is a very rare exception." I told her that I realized that, but I felt that I had enough of the Public Welfare experience and I think that my supervisor will back me up. I don't know if I am asking for too much, but I figure that as long as I am going to school I might as well get something out of it. At least, Miss Hollis gave me a hearing. I also complained about my courses and said that they did not add too much knowledge in case work and that it was a mistake to force me to take them just because they were "required." The upshot is that I will probably be allowed to take all of the courses I am interested in without taking all of the prerequisites. It will mean more work for me, but in the long run I will be better off. From what she said, it will be hard to get a job and that is going to be a problem which will worry me a lot later on. She said there were many jobs outside of the city, but I'd rather work in NYC because Yuriko's work is here. I'll even take a lower paying

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job here as long as Yuriko is able to get satisfaction out of her career since we will always manage financially. I don't think she will henpeck me and get too ambitious for me so I don't have to feel that I need a prestige job which will pay more than what she earns. All I want to do is to practice social work for awhile and I'm not particular about the prestige of the agency involved. (The NY School still doesn't think much of the UC courses, but I think that it is too snobbish in attitude.)

18 May 1947, Sunday

I had a rather busy day yesterday as I concentrated upon getting one of my class papers written as the deadline is getting close and I didn't want to develop any anxiety states of mind. It was a rather complicated paper for me to write and I had to think for quite awhile before I got started, after which it just floated along. The paper was supposed to be on "use and meaning of cultural approach in a specific situation" so that it was rather vague. I finally described a composite family to show how the cultural factors were psychologically relevant.

Yuriko went shopping all by herself in order to give me the opportunity to work on my paper and she came home laden down with food for the weekend. About 1:30 we went over to Wanamakers to meet Mr. M. so that we could shop around for suits, but he has discovered that he is not hard to fit so he is going to get them through stores after this since it is much cheaper, and Yuriko gives him advice on selection. All of the salesmen respect Yuriko's opinion on clothes and comment about it. We wore our matching jackets and everyone was looking at us as we walked around and they thought it was "cute." The tailors complimented Yuriko for her skill and advised her to do it for a living. When it came to the selection of my suit, we had to look all over as I am hard to fit on account of broad chest, fatty tissues in wrong places, short arms, etc. I tried on several dozen suits, but none of them "clicked" (using Yuriko's term.) Finally we found a small factory outlet store and to our satisfaction found what we wanted. The salesman assured me that my suit would cost \$85 uptown so we felt that we got a good bargain for \$50. Yuriko forgot to go to the bank for money so we had to pool our resources and pay the balance with check. The suit is so good that I told Yuriko that I was going to save it for "Sunday" wear! But, she said, it was supposed to be for everyday wear, and she has decided that I should get another suit now that the prices have come down.

I suggested we wait for awhile longer since the buyers resistance may force prices down even more (although it would be difficult to buy suits as cheaply

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any place else since NYC is a garment center and there are many factory stores here which has low overhead.) Further, we don't know yet if we will be able to meet our budget for next months. Martha's studio is practically broke and Yuriko has not been paid for about two months. Don got so worried about these problems that he went off on another drinking binge and he hasn't been seen since Thursday. The last Yuriko knew was that Martha was planning to phone the Bureau of missing persons to help locate him. Don probably wants a bit more attention around that place since Martha lionizes the greatest share of it.

Michiko dropped in for dinner, and Yuriko prepared a delicious pork chow mein feast and we just made gluttons of ourselves. Helen dropped in but she had another dinner engagement so couldn't partake of the delicious cooking. Afterwards Yuriko and I thought that we would pay Saye a visit since I haven't called on her for months and months. (only once this year, I think.) We stopped by the Oriental Foodshop to see Joe, and we never did see Saye as we went to Joe's house about 11:00. We had some beers in the store and Joe showed us the outfits he bought for his softball team, which is in a Nisei League--there are one or two Chinese teams in the league also. Joe felt that it was not so good to have Chinese and Nisei teams playing each other because they refought the Sino-Japanese war, and he wondered how he could get the Nisei to branch out into other activities since he is on a Board which has this goal in mind. I suggest the Union Settlement as a good starting point, but Joe said that the Nisei out here were extremely cliquish. I told him that I don't know much of the NYC situation because we have been so occupied with other things and we rarely think about it. Joe felt that integration for us was much easier because of common interests with caucasians and a better education than most Nisei. He sounded quite nostalgic that he was not able to continue on with his intellectual interests because of his family responsibility. He has just returned from Denver where he visited his ill father.

We went over to his house and visited with Sammy and Joe until about 1:30.

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They seemed glad to see us and they were reluctant for us to leave too early as they said that they usually didn't have visitors so often because of being so busy with the shop. They live fairly routine lives, and about the most interesting thing which Sammy does these days is to go to movies frequently alone while Joe watches the child. Bobby is three now, and quite grown and talkative. I could have told them that it is not so good to let Bobby crawl in bed with them at night because he might develop feelings of jealousy and other behavior problems, but I kept quiet since it was none of my business. When we go over to see them, we usually catch up on news of the Nisei world since Joe is a sponsor of so many activities and he gets all of the news in his shop. He said that the Nisei Weekender finally folded, and concluded that I was right in what I had told Chiye and Harry when they first started. Joe was much more talkative than he has ever been so I guess he finally feels more relaxed. Up to now, he has been so solemn and it was hard to talk to him naturally. He made us laugh by imitating Kenny and he calls him Mr. Sparrow. Sammy also made some observations about Warren and Betty which fitted in with what we had thought. She said that Betty's family in Hawaii were close friends of Joe's aunt over there, and they were the ones to introduce Warren to Betty. Joe felt that Betty was getting over some of her "middle class" ideas which based everything upon money in the bank. He invited us to visit his sister in Kentucky and spend a vacation there, but we don't have enough money to think in terms of vacations yet, and I will have summer classes.

We've had a lazy day thus far. We ate a late breakfast and I read a bit while Yuriko looked at the Sunday papers. Right now she is doing dishes, and later we will go to see Jean Erdman give her dance recital. Yuriko does not feel so spry today. We may take Mr. M's suit over to the hostel later and have dinner there if I catch up on some of my school assignments. I have neglected them too much, and now I want to learn a bit before the quarter finishes. It's been taking me all this time to get adjusted to school, and I still feel that

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I want to get something out of it. My original intention was just to get the M.A. degree, but I might as well try and fit myself for a professional career as social worker since I have to think in terms of making a living afterwards!

19 May 1947, Monday

Late yesterday afternoon we went to Jean Erdman's dance recital. She used quite a few of the Graham group for her dances. Jean is known as an intellectual dancer, but the ones she put on yesterday did not seem very symbolical. At any rate I didn't have to strain my mind trying to figure out what it meant, and I enjoyed it well enough. I have a feeling that modern dances should not dance of the sake of art alone since they have to make a living too. There is a sort of unwritten code among the dancers that they cannot appear as a part of another dance group once they have given a solo recital as it is supposed to do something to their status. That's why the more unknown dancers get a great deal more experience since they go from group to group. Yuriko said that the Central Needle Trades group wanted her to give another recital this fall. She is also going to put on a dance jointly with Ethel. We saw the familiar dance crowd faces at Jean's recital. Ethel said that her mother is coming down next week. Duggy was so worried because Don was supposed to buy \$35 worth of theater tickets for her and Joan, and he is still gone on his binge and hasn't been located yet. I spoke to Martha briefly and told her that I was enjoying an Ivory Tower existence. The girls have all agreed by now that Yuriko made a good match because she does not look or act "complicated."

Afterwards we went over to the hostel to deliver Mr. M.'s suit which had been altered. As soon as Mrs. M. saw it, she said that she didn't like it because she thought that it wasn't conservative enough and this peeved her husband a bit. However, Yuriko and I kept praising the suit so she finally decided that it wasn't too bad. Mr. M. had an old jacket which contained very good material and Mrs. M. wanted to send it to one of her relatives in Japan, but Mr. M. said that it was no use since people in Japan resented very much the fact that others "got good things from America" and they would slash it across the back with razors. Mr. M.'s comment was that the Japanese were not so well behaved anymore. Mrs. M. offered to buy me another suit, but I told her to buy things to send to her relatives.

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Mrs. M. apparently has plans for spending the profits from the cleaning shop. Mr. M. was pleased that they made \$120 next last week, which was to be split with his partner, Mr. Ishimaru. However, he wanted to get back his initial investment first before his wife spent it up. They had some sort of argument in Japanese about who did the most work but Yuriko said that they were always talking like that. The Ishimaru's were there for dinner, but they spoke mostly Japanese. Mr. Ishimaru is reputed to be the first Nisei to graduate from Waseda U. in Japan. Right now he is connected with the Far East Review, a Japanese magazine which circulates among the Issei. I played mostly with the 3 year old son, Michik, who exhibited definite patterns of temper tantrums and I think he will grow up to be a very headstrong boy if he doesn't get trained better.

Mom sent us \$5.00 which Mrs. Satow wanted us to have for a wedding gift. Toshie's mother is now in Los Angeles. Mom said that things were find at home. She writes to Yuriko is real Japanese, the only one in the family she does that to. Her letters in Japanese are much more expressive than the broken English ones she writes.

My "reputation" has spread to the unit at the welfare office because it seems they heard from some source about the paper I wrote for the class, which I had to read. It really was a hack job, but it seemed to impress them quite a bit. I seem to be getting a false reputation as they wrongly conclude that the basis for my prospective shift to a psychiatric unit next quarter is a result of my good casework, which I don't think is true at all. We have a nice bunch in our student unit and I have gotten to know all of them fairly well. They come from all over the country.

This afternoon, I went out on a new case in the East River Housing Project. These are public housing projects, and they get wonderful accommodations for a minimum rent based upon the earning capacity of the male member of the unit. Mr. Bukofsky is a Polish Catholic, and quite emotionally immature. I saw him

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alone as the rest of the family was out, but the records shows quite a bit of neurotic behavior among them so the case may prove interesting. Mr. B. has a prison record for burglary and he was quite frank in telling me all of his troubles. His wife is 7 years older and he speaks of her more like a mother than a wife. He has a hard time getting a job because of his arrests, but he never seems to hold a job long when he does get one. I am going to try and get him a job first, and then encourage him to go to a psychiatric clinic since his emotional problems no doubt encourages the excessive drinking. He wants to become a seaman so he can get away from his wife and responsibility. Dr. K. believes that all seamen are basicly immature emotionally and a seafaring life is the closest that they can get back to the "womb period of their lives." I don't think that I can cure Mr. B's neurotic character but I may be able to alleviate some of the tension by getting him to work so that his wife doesn't have him around all day to nag.

Yuriko did not have to teach this evening so she had dinner ready when I got home. Since I have announced my new resolution to read more intensively, she let me off doing the dishes also so I could get an early start. We just got through smooching for awhile and Yuriko said that it was such a happy life and how much in love we were. That put me in a good mood to study, which I am going to do right now!!

20 May 1947, Tuesday

I dashed out of the apartment at 8:30 this morning to make my class, and got stuck in the subway. All the lights went out and none of the local cars could move so many people were late to work. I finally had to go all the way up to Grand Central Station, and then come back to 22nd. In the culture class, the instructor wants me to read my paper next week. We talked about case work with Negroes this morning, and the instructor seems to be very cautious. She really doesn't hit at the root of the problem even though she is known as an "expert" in race relations. Her New England background seems to give her some prudish ideas, according to Kenny, and that fits in with what I have been thinking. In my social research class, we got involved in whether statistics were not over rated when I innocently raised some question about the limitations of its use. Dr. Klein seemed to be very pleased that I took such sharp issue, and then he proceeded to ram his pet views down our throats! I'm just trying to get through the school peacefully, but so many of the instructors still have the idea that the students are all fresh out of college and they have not revised the curriculum any to meet the needs of the more mature students. A group of us were talking about this after class and this was our general conclusion. I think that most of the schools are waiting for the peak of the Vets to pass soon so that the class room approach is not very stimulating. At least I discovered that the vast majority of the vets in my classes feel the same way. We incidentally concluded that the NY School was vastly overrated too, and most of the vets were of the same frame of mind--that school would give us some discipline in studies and that we had to put up with it since the main objective was to get the degree.

Kenny came home for lunch with me as he wanted to talk over his thesis. He is going to write about organizations interested in resettlement in NYC and he wanted to see if he could use any of the Chicago material I had. I couldn't help much. Kenny hopes to finish his thesis this summer. I hate to think of the time when I have to think about mine even though I seem to have a lot of

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material. But I will have to wait until after the U.C. book comes out so that I will have a clearer idea on what I should do. Kenny discussed more about his job future, and he now thinks that he will concentrate on getting a job here in the city. He is very discouraged about the prospects so I had to encourage him and I sounded like I didn't have a worry in the world. Actually, it will be a painful subject to think about in late Fall. Kenny said that the city exams are not given very often, and I can't take the pending one because of lack of residence.

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We had a late dinner as Yuriko taught an extra class. She says that the studio is still in great confusion because Don is still missing and the books of the studio are in a mess. I think that he has gone on a binge to let them know how much he is needed around the place, very immature behavior. My diagnosis is that Don has a mother fixation on Martha and he has either found another mother substitute or else he is punishing her by running away so that she will have worries. This relieves his guilt feelings about his work and gives him an escape. Interpretation by courtesy of NY School of Social work!

Yuriko wants to eat pineapple in the bathtub; she is now smoking a cigarette in there. I have been reading most of the evening.

21 May 1947, Wednesday

About 11:00 last night when we were in bed after a bath and Yuriko was cutting my toenails while I finished reading a chapter about "Our Inner Conflicts" (Horney), Clara and her boyfriend gently knocked on the door. She came to ask if we would prefer to go out to dinner this evening instead of coming over since Charley was entertaining his cousin from St. Louis, a psychiatrist with the V.A. Yuriko suggested that they all come over for dinner since Rhoda and Lamar were coming too. It was agreed that definite arrangements would be later today. The psychiatrist is a regional director with the V.A. and Clara thought it would be a good opportunity to make some job contacts. He is here for the American Association of Psychiatrist convention. Clara also mentioned that she could give me plenty of leads for psychiatric social work with private agencies when I got ready to look for a job. It is difficult to straighten out my mind, because I have been getting funny thoughts lately that I don't exactly want to spend the rest of my life doing case work. And here I haven't gotten a job yet. But in the back of my mind, I have thought about my other interest of working with racial groups in some aspect of social work, but there doesn't seem to be jobs of this sort. I guess I will be one of those individuals who will never be satisfied with present job status. Yuriko said that I can do anything I wish and she won't think me a failure even if I don't make much money. I will try to get into social work in this city for awhile, but I'm sure that I will be thinking of doing other things at the same time and I might as well be happy in whatever work I do. It isn't that I have become discouraged about social work, since I have always looked upon it as the next step in my progress. At the same time I can't go on indefinitely seeking an elusive job adjustments since it may not be interest which is the disturbing factor. There is the financial consideration, but this is not the important thing at this time.

Clara and I had some discussion on her activities on the JACL, and she promised to speak to Tosh as she definitely felt that he was using the wrong approach and that the true role of the JACL was as some sort of pressure group. She said that

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she did not agree with the theory of such racial groups, but a reality situation had to be faced and the JACL was the only one interested in the group enough to push various legislation. From what she says, I got the impression that she is the brains behind the JACL chapter here. She also "red baits," but that is because she is a Socialist. She didn't like the idea of the PC carrying a picture of the JACD unit in the May Day parade as she said that it followed the communist line all the way down. She felt that it was the JACL mission to warn Nisei against such tendencies since they were so politically immature. At the same time, she is urging the JACL to follow the Socialist line so it depends upon one's own convictions to decide which is the "best" line to follow. That is what she inferred anyway. Charley said that he did not believe in any group which was a racial pressure group and that he thought that the main goal should be assimilation which could be helped if the members of various minorities joined groups which were not organized along racial lines. Clara did not see this at all. But she said that she hoped the JACL would outlive its usefulness in 10 more years, but at the present time it was definitely needed. However, she agreed that it was a bit immature of the JACL leaders to try and force all Nisei into the organizations as she felt that numbers did not count since it was the program which was the most important thing. At the same time, she does not believe in the Bnai B'rith which is a Jewish pressure group to fight discrimination and so forth. She said that the reason was because it was distinctly a racial group, while the JACL is open to caucasians. She speaks from her experiences with the NYC chapter, and even here she is one of the few non-Nisei in it. She said that it was true that as individuals became integrated they did not seek the protection of their own racial group and that was why so many of the better educated Nisei did not feel a need for it; but that she did not object to this process as some of the Nisei JACL members--and she said that she would try to straighten them out on this point. The JACL is in the midst of trying to get all Nisei into the organization right now and a lot of pressure is being applied even here in NYC. This chapter only has 185 members right now.

21 May 1947, Wednesday

This morning, the Welfare Department was having a crises over the recent stories in the newspapers about the few families who get put up in hotels and cost the city \$500 a month for their support. Such a hue and cry is being made. The more reactionary papers are making a political issue out of it, and there are innuendos that it is a communist plot to get members on relief so that they can continue their sabotaging activities. After reading about billions for foreign aid and national defense, it makes one wonder why they get so excited about a few Americans who get put up in hotels due to the housing shortage. If these people were put out in the parks to sleep, there would be an outcry too. The whole difficulty is due to the acute housing shortage. The way the Puerto Rican families are packed in like sardines is a social indictment. The public still has the idea that people on relief are on the gravy wagon and that they live in luxury. They should see how these families live. Actually, there are 233,000 people on the relief roles in this city now and they get only an average of \$1 a day grant. The city only pays 20% of this sum, the State 20%, and the Federal government 80%. There are 96,000 children, and 55,000 aged included in this number and the employables in the entire group of relief clients is only 1800. It isn't because these few don't want to work, but it is a matter of finding a job which will take care of family needs--and it gets harder and harder now that the unemployment figures in this city alone has reached 400,000. And this is supposed to be the greatest era of prosperity we have ever had in this country.

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6:00 p.m. This afternoon I went to visit the V. family, and found another family of three living with them. They had come from Puerto Rico and they had no money at all. As a result of all the newspaper headlines, this woman was afraid to apply for assistance for fear that she would be deported. The economic conditions in the Islands are so bad that the people feel anything is better than staying there. This woman doesn't speak any English, nor her two daughters,

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so I have started to teach them a few words. They are more afraid to go out than the Nisei were when they first left the camps for points east. I am going to try and get them on public assistance since they are citizens, too, and American companies have exploited the Islands plenty so that the people down there have been driven lower and lower into a poverty stricken situation so that we are responsible for them. The politicians and much of the public are in favor of "deporting" them as they are considered as foreigners due to their Spanish cultural background. East Harlem is jammed and there isn't any housing so that it is a serious problem.

After lunch, I stopped in briefly at the Hostel for coffee. Mrs. M. still wants to give me money for another suit, and when Mr. M. came in he seconded it. However, I turned them down as I said that they had relatives in Japan who needed help more than I did. Mrs. A. then explained to Mrs. M. the reasons for my refusal, saying something about I wouldn't feel right and then went into Japanese. Joanie commented, "Don't worry she is saying complimentary things about you." The rest of the time I was there, they talked about the starvation going on in Japan and how the character of the Japanese people had changed. They couldn't understand how a Japanese could do blackmarketing on his own people! Mrs. M. told about her relatives, and how difficult it was for a family of seven to live. She is going to send them sardines. She said that a can of sardines was so precious that a family of seven would consider it a treat if they got half a one each. Both Mrs. M. and Mrs. A. were so concerned at the change in moral values in Japan. At the same time, they resent keenly the returned Nisei GI who "thinks he knows everything, is so fresh and sassy." Mrs. M. doesn't like to take these "fresh ones" even into the hostel!

I bought a shirt on my way home; the first white shirt I have purchased since coming out of the Army. The little shop where I bought it advertised in PM, and it was recommended because the cost was \$1 less than in other shops due to the fact that the owner had bought them in broken lots. When I mentioned to

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the owner that I had read of the place in PM, he seemed ashamed of the fact. He was reading the Daily News when I came in! It was a fairly good shirt, but not as good as the pre-war quality for the price. Shirts are still terrifically overpriced. We usually shop by PM since the consumer editor offers the best values for the money, and that seems to be the only consideration from what I can gather.

Alice wrote to thank us for the baby gifts which Yuriko sent a couple of weeks ago. She says Bette raved about Yuriko while up in Detroit for a month, and that Bette had all the Nisei boys chasing her madly. Mark is learning cleaning and pressing, but he wants to use it to get a part time job since he now wants to get into a dentistry school. If that doesn't work out, he wants to learn about watch making and engraving since he has a lot of GI time coming. Alice seems to be well adjusted to her role of mother of three children (including Mark!)

Reactionary NYSUN now demands state investigation of Welfare Department "since poverty and distress supply a rich field for conversion to Communism" and it is entirely possible that some welfare payments are going to Communists! What will they think of next? The next step would be to propose that each welfare client be screened by the Dies Committee before getting any help! Wallace was certainly right when he says that all nations are going back to Power Politics, and every little social problem has communistic implications for the defenders of Americanism now. They probably will propose that only DAR members be social workers next!

I see by the papers that the colored boy we met up at Warren's old apartment on 124th has been tried by a N.C. court and convicted because he rode on a bus with some whites. Bayard Rustin moved in with Davis Platt at the time the landlord was so concerned about the color line being broken in that building despite the fact that "Chinese" were not barred. (Warren 'passed' as Chinese.)

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Bayard went south with a friend as part of a mixed team from the FOR, and they refused to follow the Jim Crow pattern in Chapel Hill, "the heart of Southern Liberalism" so was arrested for "misdemeanor." It took two minutes to try the case. Bayard's white friend was fined and sentenced 30 days to the road gang and Bayard was fined. According to a Supreme court decision, segregation in interstate bus transportation is illegal. But that's Southern Justice. In South Carolina, the Earle Lynch case goes to the jury today, and the 28 lynchers have a better than even chance to get off free. The defense lawyers closing plea to the jury was: "We understand each other. Not a soul in South Carolina would criticize you if you turn these boys loose. You are not expected to convict them." The usual argument of defending southern womenhood was made despite the fact that a man was killed, and as usual the north was blamed for "interference" into the exclusively Southern problem. I'm sure that the bulk of decent citizens in that state don't feel that way, but they are so acculturated into the Southern behavior that they are afraid to oppose the traditional patterns. Yet, we are supposed to be the shining example of Democracy to the world. It is very puzzling indeed! Too bad the liberals in this country are so busy fighting among themselves while the reactionary forces takes over everywhere, but it can't last.

22 May 1947, Thursday

We had some party last night. It wasn't over until 5:00 ayem this morning. Yuriko did a very successful job and she did such an efficient piece of work on the delicious dinner that I didn't have to do very much. I got in her way so she told me to type or study, and she didn't even allow me to use the clean wash-bowl. And I had to put on my clean clothes and shave! When I rebelled, she said that I could wear what I pleased. One good thing about Yuriko is that she doesn't get all nervous when having a party, and get nasty and irritable. She seems to keep a fairly smooth disposition even though she may be quite tired. Lately, she has been doing all of the work about the house because she wants to allow me plenty of time for studying so I can't have any excuses. I can't say that I use this time too well since I do other things. She sent the laundry out this week and I had the nerve to scold her for it--I'm supposed to do the washing according to our bargain but I sort of let it go, and I felt guilty when she sent it out just because I thought it was a silent protest on her part, but she just wanted to save me time. She wants to buy me another suit this month since we got ahead in our bank account, but she hasn't been paid from the studio this month yet since Don disappeared--Don was found yesterday, claims that he "came too" at Grand Central Station just as he was leaving for his home in Montana! He had been working very hard trying to straightening out the studio financial mess and I guess he didn't feel appreciated so he "escaped" by having this "amnesia." Yuriko doesn't know if he will return to the studio or not; I think Martha and Don must have had words or something but Yuriko doesn't know. I have to pump information out of Yuriko because she isn't curious about studio gossip!

At our party last night, we all seemed to have an enjoyable experience, except perhaps Rhoda and Lamar--who couldn't or wouldn't fall into the spirit of things. Clara and Charley brought Cousin Nat (Dr. Blackburn) and Friend Syd (Dr. Goldstein) with them so we had seven for dinner in all. Yuriko had prepared a delicious meal with a fancy ice cream-strawberry-pineapple dessert which was positively out of this world. Rhoda and Lamar came first and they were famished

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while waiting for the other guests to arrive. Rhoda said that she is going to a private camp this summer, and Lamar is going to be in a summer stock show in Mass. He is very discouraged about ever becoming an actor so is now thinking of going to Stanford to get his M.A. degree. I don't think Rhoda likes the idea too much as it will leave her stranded and Lamar hasn't said anything about marriage. He thinks that he might as well try to teach dramatics in some other area besides NYC as his experience here has not been very satisfactory in the year he has been trying to get on Broadway. Apparently, R. and L. did not enjoy the conversation going on as they washed the huge stack of dishes and then left about midnight. Michiko came to join us after we had eaten.

Nat and Syd were sparkling conversationalists and they were in good spirits so that there was never a dull moment during the evening. They are here to attend the psychiatrist's national meeting, and this was their night off to see the town. Nat is a regional official in the St. Louis VA psychiatric setup, and Syd is a private practitioner in Provincetown, R. I. They grew up together. Nat came to this country at the age of 16; he was one of a few to escape a Russian pogam and he entered this country via South America. He was in the Army during the war on the courts martial cases, and he claimed that only one man was hanged for desertion by the U.S., but the Russians had many. Syd said the reason was due to cultural differences, but Nat thot it was a basic character flaw in the Russians. (he would). It was hard to determine when he said anything seriously because he acted the part of a reactionary NAM businessman during the evening in order to provoke discussion. It was very cleverly done, and we knew he didn't mean it, but we acted as if he did. He would push a point so far and then change to another topic. Syd was his alter ego most of the time, but once in a while he took an opposing point of view. All evening, they did not mention their status in private life, or attempt to indicate in any way that they dealt with human emotions in their work. I enjoyed the whole thing and entered into it in that spirit, but Rhoda and Lamar apparently didn't follow things or took it wrongly as

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they were not much interested and acted distant and above our topics; Clara whispered to me that it was unfortunate that they didn't take part, but nothing could be done about it as she thought that it might be over their heads as they did not catch on to the subtle points of the discussion and only looked at it face value.

Clara brought up the discussion of the future of psychiatric social work, and Nat said there were unlimited opportunities and I would not have any difficulty. Clara felt that this would be a good contact for me and that was one of the reasons why they were brought over. Syd said that people could be happier in business, but Charley (who owns a glove factory in Brooklyn) begged to differ as he believed that the most crass and unhappy individuals were in business and they had no other interests in life aside from amassing money. Nat said that looking at our unlined faces, he was inclined to agree with Charley. Clara suggested that the best thing to do was to make money and try to satisfy interest at the same time and suggested working with a labor union or possibly an industrial plant in personnel problems. She doesn't think that it would be worth while to stay in social work and only earn peanuts.

Most of the evening home was spent in talking, and a lot of brilliant repartee went on as the group seemed to have quick minds with a sense of humor. I was surprised to hear some of Michiko's comments when Nat asked if dancing was not sexual symbolism. Yuriko and Michiko did not agree. This went on to the topic of how strong is love, and Charley made the point that it was not stronger than an instinct like hunger and illustrated by telling one of Wm. Rose Benet's stories. Yuriko and I were more idealistic about love and marriage so we defended the institution strongly. Syd said that even emotions could be conditioned and illustrated by telling of experiments made with cats developing neuroses. Syd indicated that his wife is a bit dominating; he is more the scholar type and we suspect that his wife wears the pants. Nat was married only about four years ago (unknown if this was the first time) and he is over 40 so still new to matrimony, comparatively speaking. However, he got Clara into a hot discussion on

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feminism, and we talked about that for an hour with all sorts of views expressed. It was helped along with the quart of imported Scotch which Charley brought along.

We had quite a long discussion on the present relief "scandal" and Nat took the point of view of some of the more conservative newspapers and thought it was so terrible that a good for nothing should get so much of the taxpayers money, that his children should be put in an orphanage, that his family was of no use to society, that servicemen and others couldn't get housing because the relief cases were in hotels. So a general discussion on the philosophy of public assistance came out. Nat said all the Puerto Ricans should be sent west to become servants, etc., and not be allowed to come here. I kept saying that the dignity of a human being was a greater stake than money and so forth. After we talked about that for awhile, we got into a discussion on causes of war, the future for the common man, a bit about politics and literature, and other subjects.

About midnight, we all piled into Charley's car and went to the Hotel Pennsylvania Terrace where the Psychiatrists were having a dance. We danced a few times, tried to behave like psychiatrists, and then went to the Havana-Madrid nightclub. Clara was going to take them to see an opium or marijuana den, but thot it would be too tame. The nightclub was like all nightclubs; smokey, crowded, lots of body odor from sweating people, postage stamp dancing floor, ego centric characters showing off how they could dance (Clara and I among them when she showed me the Samba), lots of high priced liquor, cigarette and picture girls putting on a high pressured sales act to wean some more money away from the customer. We drank rum and cokes since a South American orchestra was playing. Syd and Nat had their pictures taken with Michiko and Yuriko. Michiko was a sort of wet blanket as her Nisei prudishmess came out when she refused to pose with an arm around the man. She is such a funny girl; it's hard to figure out what sort of repressed life she must be leading all alone now. She refused to dance; Yuriko said later that Michiko was self conscious about social dancing although she can jitterbug at home and altho she is a professional dancer!

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We left about 4:00 a.m., closing the night club up. The car had a flat tire and it had to be changed, and then we went to eat hamburgers so that it was almost daybreak when Yuriko and I finally got to bed. We got up at 11:30, altho I did read from 9:30 in bed so that I am very fatigued at this point! I don't think we will go night clubbing very often.

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Yuriko and I have decided that we are getting too old to be spending time running around in night clubs. We were so tired yesterday; I felt half-dead when I went to my afternoon and evening classes. I had to go an hour earlier since all of the new students are getting some sort of interviews to determine the qualities which goes to make a good social worker. The reason for this study is because of the great number of applicants the school has to turn down each quarter. I don't know how they expect to get a qualitative measurement of this sort, but Miss Ryerson felt pretty confident that it would be done. When she asked me if I had any opinions, I said that it would be much easier for the school to spend some money and expand since there was a great need for a lot of social workers and that was the best way to raise standards. Under the present setup, a student learns a lot of techniques and then has to go work for an agency which is limited in function so that they soon get "realistic" in their work if they expect to stick with the agency. Thus, it becomes a vicious circle, and social work wonders why it cannot get the professional status it seeks. On top of that, I told her that one of the instructors had said that students in the field felt a need to go into social work, implying that something was wrong with them and they wanted to find out. Miss Ryerson got upset up this and said that I was accusing all social workers of being emotionally disturbed. I was surprised to find her getting so much on the defensive as I was only repeating the opinion of one instructor. Miss Ryerson wanted to know what was wrong with the school. Since she wanted me to talk about that, I was frank and I said that I thought that the curriculum was in need of drastic revision. From these comments, she got the idea that I was being very "negative" about her particular survey and I couldn't see the relationship at all. She asked me about it and then got disturbed because I told her what I thought. It all started out to be comments on the methods used to measure human qualities needed for social workers and she tried to make it personal. The net result was that Dr. Kenworthy was pretty accurate with the statement about social workers being disturbed too! Or why else would Miss Ryerson get so defensive?

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What a funny school this is. They keep telling us to be frank and express our opinions, but when we do they try to pound their own point of view into you as if you are a dummy and have no right to any opinions. It is interesting to have an interview with a social worker because I can see them trying so hard to use their "case work techniques" and I try to hard to turn it right back to them! All the time I was being interviewed, I was thinking that I would certainly hate to have Miss Ryerson as my social worker if I were on relief because she reads into things and projects her own feelings into things which were not said in the way she takes it!

Yuriko was very tired last night, and we didn't eat too much for a change. She had to take a dress up to Helen L. while I went to my evening class. All I learned was that epilepsy might be a sort of symbolical "orgasm." Dr. Thurrot said that it was due to pressures and may be emotionally caused rather than organic. He shocked the girls in the class with spicy stories of how one girl patient pointed a pistol up her vagina and this expressed her hostility and hate. He was a guest lecturer, and he used to tell the same kind of stories up at Mason when he was in the Army. He is a bachelor, and delights in "shocking" girl students with sexual connotations of psychotic cases.

It is a nice warm day today. I went to the hostel for lunch today. Mr. M. asked me if Aiko was coming up soon so I talked to her when I came back to the office and we will go up there Monday evening. I suggested that she could help him with the party plans for June at the hostel since this could be an opening wedge into getting to know the group. However, I felt that the program should be clear so that it would not encourage the group to seek an in-group pattern all the more instead of achieving wider social adjustments. I think that Aiko might fall into the trap since all of her experience has been Hawaii, so I have become a sort of unofficial adviser to her. This matter of Group work with racial groups is a perplexing one to handle. On the one hand, they feel that individuals should be stressed first of all and encouraged to fit into a wide community on a democratic

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basis, but on the other hand, Group Work feels that cultural background should not be completely ignored. The Jewish Y's out here are now adopting a policy that a person can never appreciate a lot of different styles of painting if he dabbles here and there so that only one should be stressed and then branch' out from there. For this reason, the Jewish Y now is undertaking a program of stressing the appreciation of Jewish culture. The only trouble with that approach is that it might tend to feel that this culture is the superior one and that the American culture is a sort of bastard creation not worthy of their participation. If each group does that, it defeats the purpose of real integration by all minority groups into this country, and it may set patterns of segregation, or at least encourage the existing system. In the case of the Nisei, it wouldn't even be a matter of culture, but one of racial identification and I can't see any sense of encouraging that. Aiko says that she will try to avoid that sort of thing by using other community resources, but claims she doesn't know the mainland group at all and that it might take a long time. In Hawaii where she comes from, a racial pattern is the accepted thing despite the chamber of commerce claims that the islands are a true melting pot. I invited Aiko to come over for dinner on Saturday.

Not surprising news: The lynch mob at Greenville, S.C. were acquitted by the jury, and the man accused of administering the coup de grace by shooting the Negro in the head after he was beaten and kicked by the mob now announces that "Justice has been done--both ways" and he is going to run for Sheriff of the county. How can Southern Negroes have any confidence in Justice and Democracy when that sort of treatment is handed out to them continuously? It doesn't make sense to me. If they tried to do anything about it, they would no doubt be shot down as Communists. Sometimes progress is too slow, and I can't justify natural evolution when Negroes continue to get lynched because social attitudes have not changed fast enough.

24 May 1947, Saturday

I was full of ideas about working on a paper last night after dinner. We started to talk about various things like summer plans, future, the lynch trial in the South and so forth. Then Yuriko started to play a new kind of solitaire which she learned from Helen L. and I got interested in it. Paul and Ethel arrived and the rest of the evening was spent in talking. I was 2 am before we finally got to sleep. Ethel said that her mother was coming down with the minister this weekend, but she was calm about the whole thing and thought that it might come out in an agreeable solution despite the fact that her mother will give her many arguments. They do not know the exact date of the marriage since it will depend upon getting a place to live. They don't talk about going to China any more so I suppose they will settle down in the vicinity of NYC.

Ethel is going to help Yuriko teach the summer dance school which they will conduct under the name of the Graham studio so they wrote out an ad for the Dance Magazine. Most of the evening was spent in talking about dance politics, and particularly the situation at the Graham studio. Paul said that he had talked to Don for several hours just before Don went off and he said it was financial worries. The books of the company are in very bad shape because there has been such a loose system of control. The company needs \$15,000 to be able to finance a tour next year. Paul thought that the company could be put on a sound basis if there was a firm business manager, and if Martha changed some of her attitudes about modern dance and made some concession to the paying public. He said that he heard from one Harvard professor that the last piece was a perversion. Ethel and Yuriko also thought that Martha could have her name carried on even after she retires if she gave more of the younger dancers a chance. They felt that most of the capable dancers left because they knew that they could not advance beyond a certain point. The company has been conducted on a very personal basis so that Martha gets committed to too many people. One of the big problems is Pearl who feels she has a vested right due to seniority, and Eric who has ideas that he is a partner in the studio. The company seems to be in a very disorganized situation right now, and it is broke.

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Yuriko has not been paid for about two months now. It makes money, but a lot of it is spent on unnecessary costumes and advertisements, and such things like bringing Charlotte up to Boston to sew Eric's costume and a pianist to Washington during the recent tour (which was \$300 extra). They said that Martha was very worried these days and she finally realizes that a more sound financial basis has to be organized, but Paul said that it would have to come from her psychologically before she realizes that she can be just as effective if she choreographs for some of the young dancers to give them a chance to develop--since it is obvious that she cannot dance many more seasons.

We were very lazy this morning. We started out very energetically, but stopped to smooch and talk and the morning passed. Yuriko is out to place her dance ad in the magazine right now and to go shopping afterwards, while I have to finish up one of my class assignments. We are having some company again this evening. I don't want Yuriko to get too tired out, but she doesn't mind. We just will never get around to fulfilling all of our social obligations since we don't have the time. Yuriko will be very busy with summer classes after this month. The company is not going to Europe as the budget cut in the State Department definitely eliminated the cultural program. Yuriko said that she still has the offer to go teach in Hawaii and she may consider it next summer. I guess I'll have to stowaway or something in order to be with her!

25 May 1947, Sunday

We had a very fancy Japanese dinner last night. Michiko came over about 4:30 and Aiko later. Michiko and Yuriko cooked the dinner and they had so much fun and excitement doing it. They chased me out of the kitchen to study so I read the papers. They said that I didn't know anything about Japanese food and they were planning to make the dinner from formulas they knew in the past. I heard them jabbering away in Japanese out in the kitchen and I was a little surprised so I asked them, how come? They said that since it was a Japanese meal, they had to give it a real atmosphere and discuss the recipe in that language!! Michiko said she might even go home and get her dancing kimono and round up some Geisha girls for me. I said that I would put up a Japanese flag and make them Banzai to it. Aiko even wanted us to play some Japanese records which belongs to Yuriko's father, but we didn't feel like going that far.

The girls put a lot of effort into the meal and it was quite fancy. Yuriko brought out her Japanese ware which has been on the bookcases and they talked about Japanese foods they had when younger. It was quite a fancy display and it tasted good too. Aiko said that she hadn't had Japanese food since coming from Hawaii to study so she enjoyed it very much. We had raw bass with lettuce and soy sauce (sa-shi-mi); rice cakes with seaweed, ginger, sardine, mushrooms, and other ingredients in it (O-sushi); squid tempura cooked in oil; white steamed rice; Japanese green tea (which Kazuo had sent Mrs. M. from Japan); fish-egg drop soup; pickles (ta-kuan); iced spinach; vinegared cucumber; hot wine (sake); beer; red and white wine. It was all topped with ice cream soda! We were quite stuffed by the time we finished dinner. I learned quite a bit about Japanese foods because I never had all of these dainty things before.

Aiko surprised me very much when she said that she was born in Japan, and she arrived in Hawaii (Oahu) when she was six. Her father was a Christian minister and he had a parish in one of the sugar plantation villages. That is how Aiko got into YWCA work. She said that her father brought her from Nagasaki and that was the reason why her hair was naturally curly. There was a strong Dutch influence in

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that port during 200 years of the period of Japanese isolation when it was known as the hermit nation. All of the good doctors were trained there since the best medical schools were established in that city because the Dutch were the only ones who were able to bring in medical books from the western world. Aiko said that she knew very little Japanese, but she knew quite a bit of the Japanese culture because so much of it was practiced in her home town. She came from Hawaii on a student visa because of her alien status and she is not able to get citizenship. I never heard of non citizens having to get a visa to travel from Hawaii to the mainland.

Aiko is a rather conservative girl, and her non-citizenship status explains why she feels that it is wrong for the Nisei to forget about their racial background too quickly. She said that she was not the type to pioneer in anything, and her politics are on the conservative side. She said she met Mas Wakaii who had gone back to Hawaii to take a parish and he now has a child. Mas was in a similar situation as Aiko when I knew him in Chicago.

Michiko is out of a job temporarily because of the recession in the clothing industry. She spends most of her time in dancing lessons and she is thinking of another recital some time soon. She is such a tense girl, but she has loosened up considerably when with us. She could no doubt get a lot of boy friends easily, but she doesn't seem to be much interested. She seems to enjoy meeting people in the theatrical world more as she spoke causally of knowing some radio and stage entertainers. Michiko could be an outstanding girl if she developed her personality as she has looks, but she is too cold in temperament now.

Helen L. and Marian dropped in for awhile, and they certainly are two neurotic cases. They are single by circumstances and not choice but they still have hopes. They showed us some card games. Yuriko said that Marian is in the advertising field, and Helen teaches piano. After they left, the rest of us had a game of progressive rummy until about 1 am. It was a pleasant informal evening, and the girls seemed to have enjoyed themselves.

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We didn't finish breakfast until about 2:00 and we have been relaxing ourselves up to now. Yuriko is going to wash her hair and I should work on another class paper, but I am not in the mood right now. It is raining today, but quite warm. I have to read the Sunday papers yet, and we may go out to a movie if there is anything worth seeing. Or we may just stay home today and rest. We had planned to go to the East Side but it rained.

Confidential26 May 1947, Monday

Last night we decided to go up and pay Saye a visit since we had not seen her for so many months. We spent about three hours there, mostly talking about personal affairs. Yuriko's reaction to Saye was that she talked too much about her "past glories as if there was not a present and future to think about." This was definitely true as Saye did engage in a great deal of rather snobbish conversation, such as the implication that her son was too good to play with the other children in the district so that she has now put him into a play group which takes care of all his off school hours. Saye thought that she would have to move out of the city since everything costs so much here, but she didn't know what Yam would do. He is still in chick sexing, but expected to be back in a few days. Saye also mentioned that she was having housing trouble and she will have to move in the Fall. She has a chance to move to the East Side, but doesn't want her boy to be influenced by the Puerto Rican and Negro children. We were very surprised to hear such things implied by her as we had given her more credit than that. Perhaps we misunderstood her.

In discussing her finances, Saye tried to give us the impression that she was a society girl or something as she casually spoke of the \$500 checks which Yam sent when she wanted it. Actually, he makes \$3500 maximum for the season and that has to last for the whole year so that she doesn't have too much money to throw around in this expensive city. I think that she was just trying to impress Yuriko since this was the first time that the two of them have actually gotten together socially. Saye invited us to come over for dinner next Saturday evening. I told Yuriko afterwards that Saye had this habit of trying to impress people with her past prestige. Yuriko grasped the point quickly and remarked that Saye did not see enough excitement in her present life so had to relate her past ones, and Yuriko felt that this was most unfortunate. Every time we go to visit anyone, we get very romantic because we realize how lucky we are in having each other! They think that we are too "mushy." Saye remarked that Sammy made this comment, and she went on to explain why so many of the Nisei were so reserved in their marital life. She thought it went back to the family life as the parents never displayed much affection towards each other. This seemed to be pretty logical.

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Saye gave us hysterica while she related the secret life and loves of Kenny and Kimi! She said that Kimi was a close friend of her prior to the marriage, and used to confide in her even about the intimate details of sex adjustments. It seems that Kimi was raised in a very strict home and the subject of Sex was taboo so that she did not know the facts of life when she got married. Kenny also led a sheltered life so that he was most naive. He finally got Kimi to marry him on the basis that there would be no sex life until she got over some of her fears. So for the first two months of marriage, they lived like brothers and sisters. After almost two years, when Kenny went to the Army, Kimi told Saye of the further progress. She said that marital adjustments in the sexual area were never satisfactory as both were too tense. They had read books, but they were so timid about the sex functions that they had never viewed each other in the nude. Kimi later brought Kenny over and they asked Saye how to adjust sexually and Saye gave us a full description of this discussion! It was so funny, and yet tragic that so many young people are so innocent of what married life is all about. Fortunately, Kenny and Kimi are suited to each other in temperment and now they seem to be very well adjusted.

This story reminded me about the kibe lady over in the hostel who asked me on Friday if babies breathed air while in the uterus. The woman has one boy, 4 years old, and she has been almost nine months pregnant and she thought that the air she breathed went directly to her unborn child so she said that she was careful not to go into any room which had a lot of germs! She wanted me to ask a doctor if the air going from her to the unborn child was purified in any way!! The woman is about 32, and I had to explain some of the facts of life to her! After we got home, Yuriko remarked that it was sad that so many people in this world, and even among our friends, didn't seem to get much joy out of life because they were burdened down with troubles. She thought that the only saving thing was a well balanced sense of humor, and she said for me not to get a neuroses worrying about

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jobs and future but to continue to be like I was. She certainly did give me a lot of compliments which I didn't feel I was entitled to. Then, Yuriko said that all of her friends think that I am well balanced and that we have a most happy marriage. She said that when she went to see Louis Horst, the editor of the Dance magazine and orchestra leader for the Graham dances, he also spoke of how well marriage suited Yuriko. This was on Saturday afternoon. Yuriko said that Louis was over 30 and that he was Martha's first love, which lasted for 15 years. He felt that Martha would be much happier these days if she had some one who could be a close companion to her as this was one of the most important things when one got old. Louis told Yuriko a bit of his private life and he said that he was sorry that he did not marry again (he was separated from his life 30 years ago and was opposed to the marital institutions until early this year) because he just got over a serious illness recently and he felt so alone in the world. He told Yuriko that she had made a wise choice, and that it was hard for dancers to find a suitable mate because they lived in such a feminine world. He told her that he had observed me quietly on the few occasions we have met, and that Yuriko could not have made a better choice. After telling me all this, Yuriko smooched with me for awhile so I didn't get too much sleep.

When I got to the office this morning, there was more troubles. The whole staff has been in an uproar because of the vile newspaper attacks against welfare policy, and it was felt that the relief clients were being made the scapegoats by the politically ambitious. There was a large staff meeting here and we all went from our unit. It was very interesting to listen to the airing of opinions which was on a high level. It is the type of democratic meeting which one would like to see more widespread. The consensus of opinion was that Dewey was trying to make another news shattering investigation of O'Dwyer's administration in the city like in his racket busting days while D.A. and that the staff and relief clients were the pawns accused of communist innuendos and all sorts of stupid

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things of that sort. PM has been the only newspaper which has consistently taken the other side of the story in this sensational news story which has been blazoned across the headlines of all the city papers for the past week. The principles of social work will really take a beating if the politicians succeed in making political capitol out of the welfare department now; it will set back progress to the dark ages when relief clients were considered as no-goods, unworthys and so forth rather than a group of human beings who had a right to being assisted in maintaining a decent and respectable life under trying conditions. The unemployment figures are jumping now and the pressure groups are afraid so that they want to discredit all labor and other progressive forces which might reduce private profits in any way.

In my interview with Mr. B. this afternoon, I couldn't help but think that it was too bad that the newspapers couldn't see the other side of the picture. Here was a man with five children living under the most depressed conditions and he was so worried about getting a job. But he just hasn't been able to find anything which would enable to support his large family. He mentioned the newspaper stories and he said that he would get fighting mad if his children were thrown into the Municipal lodging houses down in the Bowery like some of the relief cases have been treated due to the antagonistic press pressure towards placing them in hotels. Anyone who wants to work for the right of a human being to maintain his dignity apparently is a communist according to the news definition of the press. It is disgusting, but sad that some people can be so inhuman towards their fellow men. There has been a protest by the press towards the Puerto Ricans coming into this city, so that the pressure is being refined. Why shouldn't these people come in, and why shouldn't the public be responsible for them? I would like to take some of those newspaper men who are worried about relief clients living in luxury to the home of Mr. V. where there are nine people crowded into a two room apartment, where the plumbing system makes a most unsanitary condition,

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where the rent is 10 times what it should be, where the children do not get enough to eat, and where there are serious health problems. The idea that a man on relief is a no-good animal is so stupid, and in the long run society suffers if nothing is done about it. I used to think that too many of the social workers around here were unbalanced individuals, but I certainly admired them this morning when so many of them got up to speak their piece and they showed that they had the courage of their convictions.

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I ran into an unusual situation at the Hostel this noon. When I went there for lunch, there seemed to be a tension in the air, but I really didn't notice it too much. Mrs. A. was not in the kitchen, and Mr. M. was in the hostel instead of at the cleaning shop where he usually goes at noon. Joan and Kimiko were not around and I thought this was strange, but I didn't realize I had made a blunder when I innocently asked where Mrs. A. and daughters were. Mr. A. hastened to say that they were in the basement. After lunch, Mr. M. asked me if I could come up to his office as he wanted to talk to me. I then got an inkling that something was up. This is Mr. M's story:

"The wife and I are going to separate. (He then told me about his wife in Japan). I want you and Yuriko to know about everything because I don't want any hard feelings. But I will tell you whole story, and not hold back anything. We had a big upset in the hostel yesterday. I was over in the shop helping with the painting and cleaning until about 3:00 and then I came back to eat lunch. Joannie is usually down there, and I have known that she had a bad reputation in the past and I hated her at first, but I felt sorry for her because she doesn't have any friends any place. That was the reason why I have tried to help her, and she has improved a great deal. But wife hated her and didn't want her around. She jealous, but no reason for it. Anyway nothing said about jealous feeling before, only wife don't like Joannie to be 'cockroach' in hostel and eat up food and not work.

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But yesterday afternoon, when I eating, Joanie greet me with arm over shoulder. Just friendly move and nothing more to it. But wife see, and she go wild. She make big scene, and I can't calm her. She run up and down and she want to phone Church and tell them to get Joannie out. She crazy jealous and she make so much noise that other people see. It was no use to reason with her. That's why the A's stay in room today; they ashamed and they don't know why Wife get so mad.

So Wife and I have big fight last night, and we argue for many hours. Then we decide that we will break for definite this time. It is not just 'wife' in Japan which make me conclude this is best all around. I have been with wife for 15 years, and I would have left a long time ago but I want to help Yuriko and see she is success. In camp, I was going to leave wife but thot it better to come to NYC. When she get married to you, I realize that everything fine and I very happy. Wife no like Yuriko to marry you, and we had big argument that time because I tell her that I give permission and nothing more to be done. She said that she won't have a thing to do with it, but after she gets to know you she likes you very much and now very happy for marriage. But always she has been stubborn. Now she will try to turn Yuriko and me against me, and I want you to know my side. Tonight, we will talk about it again. Wife always suspicious of me. There was girl, Konda, that I work with in Soko Transfer Company in S.F. and now she is secretary at Church so I friends with her. But Wife so suspicious. That's why I never could have women friends. In hostel, I have to be sociable to girls here, but Wife misunderstand. Once she even say I am in love with Yuriko, which make me very angry. I always consider Yuriko my daughter and that was wild thing to say. She jealous so much that we just can't live together. Now I bring another cot into apartment and we just man and wife to outside world, but inside we are split. That's the best way. There are many reasons and I think many years before arriving at this decision. I try to make

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marriage work. I even wanted have own child but that didn't come about. Now Wife say I must give her \$1500. I will endorse check from Hostel each month and give to her. I think she may go to California and raise birds. She can be happy and maybe she will go back to Japan. I tell her that I will send her money for support as she do many things to help me all time we together. But she say she don't want any money from me. I send it to you and Yuriko and you give to her. I plan to go around and take fertilizer to different farmers.

There is ten years difference in age. Wife think always like Japanese and believe husband never talk to another woman after marriage. Does not believe in friendship. She has different ways. I live in Europe and this country most of life, and I don't want to go back to Japan. She wants me to go to save face, but I can't make living there. Lots of thing we argue about. I tell you these things because I respect and don't want to have this business between wife and me come in between us. It's the only way. We will stay in hostel in Spring, but not as man and wife. It is over now."

Mr. M. had a great deal more to say about her personal relationships with Mrs. M. It's a sad mess, but I don't want to get drawn into it. Yuriko will be in a bad position as her mother may insist upon her disliking Mr. M. and taking her side. It is not a matter of taking sides with Yuriko and I. But it may be a fact of our future relationships with Mrs. M. if she does leave her husband and remains in NYC. I think she will go back to California, but Yuriko feels a certain responsibility for her mother. It is obviously impossible for her mother ever to live with us, but Yuriko may have to give her more and more moral support. Mrs. M. isn't getting any younger despite the fact that she is a most independent individual. But from what Mr. M. says she hasn't been very realistic about the whole thing. It has finally come to the point where she has lost^t domination over

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him. I think that her accusation that there is an affair between Mr. M. and Joannie is absurd. Joannie is a behavior problem and Mr. M. has been trying to help her and nothing more. But Mrs. M. apparently has always been very suspicious of Mr. M. because he is so much younger. It may be possible that she is going through one of those change of life stages, but I think that has been passed for several years already. I don't know what Yuriko and I can do in this situation. I told Mr. M. that we didn't intend to take sides, and we wanted to see both of them happy. I also told him that we would still lend him money for his business, but not to mention it to Mrs. M. as she might misunderstand and feel that we are taking sides in this issue. I haven't seen Yuriko yet, but we will be up at the hostel for dinner and I am staying overtime here at the office until it is time to leave for up there. I don't know what Yuriko will think, but it will worry her because she doesn't know what to do with her mother, who is very headstrong. Mr. M. told me some of Mrs. M's attitudes towards Yuriko and I can now understand why Yuriko rebelled at the time I met her last year.

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Yuriko said she lost her appetite when I told her about what had happened between her parents. She didn't know what to say to them or what sort of position to take, so I suggested that she just let them talk and not get caught in the middle. She said that she could understand her father's position since her mother was so strong minded. Outwardly, things were calm and people around the hostel were not too aware of how serious the breach was. Yuriko said that her mother was still going through the change of life, but that actually she was always very jealous of Mr. M. and that she attempted to dominate her life too.

Mrs. M. was cheerful during dinner, but it was put on. It was the old matter of saving her "face." Mrs. A. and Kimi were in the kitchen again, but Joannie was still hiding in her room. This has been a chance for her to dramatize things since her life is so dull and she is acting out the part of a wronged and innocent lady falsely accused of stealing a husband of another. I don't know what she intends to do, but she may move out--or the whole thing may pass over.

However, the M's definitely are going through with their plan of separation. We went over to the cleaning shop and got a couple of things pressed and nothing was said. After returning, Mrs. M. had to see somebody downstairs, and Mr. M. used this opportunity to tell of his present position. When his wife came back, the topic was dropped and she didn't talk to Yuriko about her side of the story until Mr. M. went to the office and I went out to the living room to read. They just didn't mention anything in the presense of each other and were extremely polite. They will stay together until spring, but only on an impersonal basis so that gossip about them will not circulate.

Mrs. M.'s story was that her husband always had to depend upon women and she was tired of it. She said that when they were first married he used up some money where he was working and he got sued so that she helped him pay for it. In all of his business ventures, he always needed her support, and she did not think that he would ever give her \$1500 as he promised. Yuriko said that as long as she was so determined to separate, then she should take the money and from now on not to say one word about her husband's business since he was running it on his own. Yuriko

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commented to me that her mother still has not realized that Mr. M. finally has enough confidence in his own business ability and he does not need her any more so that he resented her belittling very much. When Yuriko told her that according to American ways, girls put their hands on a man's shoulder and it didn't mean a thing. Mrs. M. conceded that perhaps she took things wrongly, but she thought it would look bad if anyone else had observed that and since it was a Japanese hostel, the Japanese ways should be followed. This is the point which Mr. M. objects to so much and they have never been reconciled on it.

Mr. M.'s added points was that for 15 years since marriage, he has never been allowed to do things on his own because his wife gets so upset. He said that due to the 10 years difference in age, Mrs. M. tended to treat him more like a child. He said that whenever he talked with an Issei, she would break in and finish what he was saying so he got to the point where he just sat silently and said nothing. And when he spoke English, she resented it keenly. He said that it had gotten to the point where he didn't know what to do. He said that since going to the hostel, he never could take her out because of the many duties there, and he didn't like to go to movies alone so that he had very little social life. He explained that the A.'s had become great friends while at the hostel and at first Mrs. M. approved to the point where it was suggested that they come with them when the nursery was opened. He became friendly with Joannie and Kimiko and even took them to an opera one Saturday afternoon. He thought that it was this incident which started to make his wife so suspicious and she took it the wrong way. He said that he just couldn't take it any more so that it was best to make the break while there still could be friendly arrangements and that he still considered Yuriko and I as part of his family.

Yuriko and I felt that anything could happen by next spring, and we made no attempt to act as mediators for reconciliation since both are old enough to know what they are doing. They seemed calm enough, but a bit strained when in the apartment together. While in the kitchen, they acted as if nothing had happened. Yuriko said that at one time, they did like each other intensely but she had never seen

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any affection between them outwardly since the first generation just didn't do that. Yuriko said that she had never seen a Japanese husband kiss the wife during the 13 years she was in Japan and that many of the Nisei are inhibited too. If Mrs. M. could see how Yuriko gets so friendly with fellows at the studio she would no doubt believe that I was being betrayed!

I think that Mrs. M. is going through the most difficult stage right now even if she did not show it much last night. She has brought more of the emotional feelings into the situation and a lady who feels that she has been spited (no matter the age!) can indeed be a very dangerous adversary. Mr. M. said that he was willing to send her money and support her for the rest of her life since she had helped him so much in the past. He thought that she would be happier if she went to Japan and lived with her sister and family since Mrs. M. never has made a real adjustment to this country. Mr. M. doubted that he could ever live there and he didn't mention anything more about his "wife" over there which led me to the conclusion that my original thoughts about that situation being only the "excuse" for ending a 15 year incompatibility. If they do split up, I wouldn't be surprised to see Mr. M. marry a younger girl, perhaps a Nisei, as he is only 43. Yuriko feels very sorry for her mother but she said that she could do nothing except give her moral support. She felt that her mother would be happier in a Japanese community in Los Angeles. At least, the tension has been eased between Mr. and Mrs. M. and perhaps things may get smooth now that Mr. M. is free to go about his business in the way he thinks best and that may be the whole solution to the difficulty since Love is not involved. On the way home, Yuriko said that she certainly was glad she married before all this came up, and that love was the reason for it so we fell in love again on the subway and came home in a cloud and forgot about the matrimonial difficulties of her parents'. I wonder who will get custody of Choco if they split?

In the culture class, I had to read my paper and I didn't get finished by the time the period ended so they asked me to continue next time and also tell a bit

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about the cultural background of the Nisei. They seemed to be very much interested in my paper, and I got to know a few more of the class members better afterwards. The instructor wants to use part of my paper for publication purposes as she is working on an article which will indicate the relationship between case work and culture. I feel that in my way, I do get a chance to tell others about the Nisei and it is naturally done and not a crusade so that in the long run this approach fits into the larger pattern of understanding for all groups. The students are very politically minded and we are always signing some sort of petition to send to Congress. It's not as much of an ivory tower as some of the other schools I have been in, and I think that the reason for this is due to the fact that we have so many more mature individuals in the student body, particularly among the veterans.

At noon I ran into Carl Sachs. He was a psychologist at Mason and one of the enlisted men in our group which circulated among the Red Cross girls there. He said that he got his Ph.D. degree and he is now working at Children's Court down the block from the school as a child psychologist. Irving Greenberg, our Mason supervisor, is now a regional supervisor in the VA for psychiatric social workers in Philadelphia and Harry Salusky is also with the V.A.

It was so warm today that I came home and took a nap. I still can't understand why so many students complain that they have to sweat through the courses because it is easy. I guess I have the advantage of some experience. Tonight I will try to read again since I have neglected the books for about a week now. I did a fair amount of reading this quarter and I think that the adjustment to academic life has been pretty good under the circumstances and I have learned something. Everybody is dreading the summer course as it will be so hot. I wish that we could get out of town for a vacation, but it is out of the question. I don't want Yuriko to work too hard during the hot weather. She said that she was going to rehearse a fall recital with Ethel during the summer besides her teaching. Maybe she should have taken that offer to go teach in Hawaii for six weeks this year, but she didn't do anything active about it because she didn't want to leave me behind and I would

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certainly have been lonesome without her. It was such a nice thing for both of us to get married because we are happy. Almost nine months now and still in the honeymoon stage! I am going to cook dinner now as Yuriko will teach an extra class and be late, and she will be tired and hungry when she gets back.

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Last night Joan came over to dinner. Yuriko said that she was broke and she has not been paid by the studio for her part time work. Yuriko was feeling rather upset because of the note she got from Martha in re: to the use of the studio for the summer months. Originally, Martha said to Yuriko that it was too bad that Yuriko had rented a studio as she could use hers since Martha closes up in the summer and goes to California. There was no written agreement or anything to that effect but Yuriko went ahead and made her plans on that basis and she and Ethel were hoping to make a considerable sum.

In the meantime, Martha began to have a great deal of financial difficulties and she went into debt several thousand dollars because she could not meet all of her expenses. Then all the trouble came to a head when Don broke under the strain, and he is not coming back to work for Martha again. She has to get her books all straightened out, and Eric Hawkins has become a co-director of the studio since she is apparently under some sort of obligation to him. It was he who initiated the idea which resulted in the note to Martha.

This is the sum of what Martha suggests: that Yuriko run the school for an extra six weeks under the Graham name, and she will not have to take care of the books since a full time secretary will be there. And Yuriko is to receive a \$100 guarantee per week for teaching, which will be split with Ethel according to the number of lessons each gives. In addition, they will get 25% of the gross receipts per week over \$100. But, Yuriko will pay for her own accompanist out of what they make. Martha felt that in this way, the school could be kept open all summer and the students could go into the Fall term without a break. She wants Yuriko to charge the \$1.75 per hour rate.

Yuriko got very disturbed with this plan for several reasons. In the first place, it means that Martha will be taking over Yuriko's school lock, stock and barrel. All of the girls there, Joan says, know that Yuriko is the main drawing attraction among the instructors. Yuriko doesn't want a secretary. The thing which upset her the most was the suddenness of this plan since she had assumed that Martha

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would keep her word about giving her the studio rent free for the six weeks. Based on an estimate 40 students, Martha will get \$75 a week out of the gross and Yuriko and Ethel will get lesser amounts and they will be doing all of the work. Yuriko did not contact for Jean Erdman's studio which rents for \$55 a month because she took Martha at her word, and now she feels double crossed which is what actually has happened. Martha rents her studio for \$150 a month, but she already paid for it and it would not have been in use anyway, so it looks like she is taking advantage of a good thing. Yuriko earned about \$100 per week last summer for her school and this was the best chance for her to save up a bit of money to put on her Fall concerts. The sad part of the whole thing is that Martha even sent an ad in without Yuriko's knowledge to the effect that it would be the Martha Graham school.

I got very upset for Yuriko, too, and I said that it was a dirty trick regardless of whether Eric inspired the plan or not since Martha was equally guilty for agreeing to such a thing. Yuriko's first reaction was that she would give up the whole idea since there was no sense in taking a 50% cut in her earnings and to give Martha over 30% of the gross for nothing. Based on 40 students for six weeks, it would amount to \$450.00 and that would certainly be very excessive rent. After much talking about this and trying to get ahold of Ethel to get her reaction (Ethel was in a session with her mother who came down here to break up the idea of marriage with Paul), I began to figure the whole thing up on the basis of advantages rather than the principle of the thing.

I pointed out that Martha did have a certain drawing power and that might get some students. Yuriko said that she didn't feel right charging the \$1.75 per hour when Martha was not there, but Joan felt that Yuriko would give them their money's worth. And based on 40 students, Martha's cut would almost come out of the difference in increased prices (since rent is taken care of.) The big hitch in the whole thing was the matter of the accompanist. Yuriko finally decided that she might go through with it if Martha would agree to pay for the accompanist since she would still be getting at least \$50 per week income for doing nothing, but Yuriko

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said that she was going to tell Martha that it was a bit unusual to pull this stunt at this late stage. Yuriko also thought that she could go on her own in teaching next year as she could make more than at the studio. Yuriko also concluded that she will still have her private students and that would not go into the gross weekly receipts for the group classes so that she could still make about \$85 a week during the six weeks if the number of students came up to expectations and if Martha will pay for the accompanist.

Yuriko is very loyal to Martha and it hurt her considerably to have this thing sprung upon her; she feels that it is all of Eric's doings because of the financial condition at the studio. However, it is a crime that Martha has to take a "cut" on Yuriko's profits and to take over Yuriko's school when the original agreement was that the studio could be used rent free. It is too late for Yuriko to rent Jean's studio also. Dancers don't make much, and this was Yuriko's chance to save up for her fall concert which will cost over \$300 this year. She planned to work hard during the summer for only this reason, and Martha's plan shocked her very much. It all depends upon the number of students they have. Joan said she would recruit as many as possible since she is a clerk in the studio right now. I think the whole thing is a lousy deal, but I do agree with Yuriko who said after she had calmed down, "Well, a guarantee of \$50 a week is nothing to be sneezed at these days." I don't know what Ethel's reaction will be, but it will be stormy no doubt as she is already irritated by Martha's methods. Ethel is not ready to teach on her own so she has to depend upon Yuriko's drawing power, and Yuriko has gone into this on a full partnership basis so that both could make money. Now if Martha will be nice and realize how unfair her plan is there wouldn't be any fuss made. On Martha's side, she really thinks that she is giving Yuriko a break by offering the \$100 per week guarantee to be split with Ethel according to the number of hours taught. She feels that she is taking a risk, but it is a very small one in view of the fact that Yuriko did so well last summer.

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Joan and Duggy are going to try and bring Alan over here casually some evening so he can see how much work we put into the place and they will put pressure on him to let us take over the apartment in all fairness even though his mother may want to continue taking advantage of us. It all depends upon what kind of a person Allen is. Joan assures us that he is a very fair-minded type and we have a chance.

I went to the hostel for lunch. Afterwards, we were alone in the kitchen and Mrs. M. got talkative for the first time as there was nobody else around to hear her broken English. She said that Choco, the dog, was in heat and she was too old to have puppies. She said that she would take him back to California with her, and get a larger dog after Choco died. I asked her if she really planned to go to California. She thought she might. Then she began to tell some of her plans. She said that she hoped to save about \$1000 by next spring since Mr. M. was going to give her \$1500 and she would continue to send things to her relatives in Japan: "Have too. So sorry for them." She said that the winters out here gave her a rheumatism. She thought she might go into business with Mr. Usami and Mr. Okuno. Usami has raised birds before, and Mrs. M. learned about them in camp "made \$100" and she thought she could open up a pet shop in Los Angeles. She said that Mr. Usami preferred to go to Arizona since the climate there was better for bird raising. Mrs. M. felt that she could do well in this business as she liked animals very much, "so cute." She said that in camp she trained a pet bird to jump from her hands to her shoulder. She didn't say anything about her disagreement with Mr. M., but apparently they are going through with it. Mrs. A. and Kimi did not come out, and Joannie is still acting the part of a falsely accused heroine in her room.

The school phoned me up to ask if it could put one of my class papers in the reference library for the students of another class to read as Miss Hurlbutt thought it was so good! What a phoney reputation I am getting! When the girls at the office heard it while I was talking over the phone, they thought I was very

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smart and they got more of a thrill out of it than I did! Muriel gave me a stick of gum as a reward, and Ann (secretary) allowed me to steal some bond paper to bring home!

When I visited the V. home this afternoon, there was another crisis. What a sad situation there. The landlord wants to kick them out; Mr. V. is a potential psychotic case; Mrs. V. has been waiting for her baby to come for over three months now and it is giving her anxiety; one boy is mentally retarded; and the other children do not have good health due to a poor diet and the high cost of food these days. In addition, Mr. V. took in Mrs. E. and her two daughters into his crowded apartment because they were homeless and the people are sleeping three in a bed. Talk about de luxe relief! The E.'s are destitute, and Mrs. E. sold her furniture in Puerto Rico to pay the plane fare here and she can't get a job because of her language difficulties. Another man, Paul, has been here for 8 months and can't get a job so he wants to take over the janitor job in the building and live in the basement, which is against the law. The landlords are cleaning up on rents since there is no place for the thousands of Puerto Ricans coming into NYC to stay. The best I could do was to try to get Mrs. E. on relief and since she has no place to live, I suggested to intake that she be placed in a hotel room. The office is very reluctant to do that because of the present publicity about de luxe relief. Mrs. E.'s case is still pending and I have to bring her down to the office next week since she is so frightened to step out of the house because of her troubles. She hasn't got such a good reception from the U.S., but she still thinks it is better than Puerto Rico and she doesn't want to go back unless it is a last resort. I still feel that the government is responsible for these people, and they are human beings so they should be taken care of, residence laws or not. I coached Mrs. E. on what to say so that they will not high pressure her into being deported just to "pass the buck."

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The Puerto Rican problem is much more acute than the evacuation because this migrant group doesn't have a WRA to help them out. They have a language handicap and they are exploited at every turn. The food prices in that district of East Harlem are outrageous, and there is no housing so that children are living in the most unsanitary basements with big rats not an uncommon sight. It is no wonder that the children are a juvenile delinquency problem as the group is the most "despised" in the city and there are not enough groups interested in their welfare. The City does not want to take them on the relief rolls because it can't do much to solve the housing situation. The Federal government is supposed to reimburse the city 100% for the care of Puerto Ricans without residence, but most of them are afraid to apply for relief for fear of deportation. This group has a serious language and cultural handicap, and the health problem is acute. Every time I go up into that district, I see the most poverty stricken group I have ever seen anywhere. They range in skin color from white to darkest black and it shows that racial mixtures are possible as the Puerto Ricans do not discriminate on the basis of color--altho they do have definite class lines. Many of the older settlers in the group are exploiting the newer Puerto Ricans as it is a lucrative field and those who are cheated do not know where to complain.

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We are going over to Shirley's for dinner this evening, and I am waiting for Yuriko to come home now so we can start out. It has been such a hot day, and I am exhausted.

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We thought Shirley was just giving a simple dinner for us, but it turned out to be a party. I don't remember all of the 10 people's names. There were several couples, dancers, two psychiatric social workers, psychologists, students, and so forth. One boy was from India, and most of the group had traveled around to different parts of the world, especially the veterans. The piece de resistance of the dinner was the curried chicken which one of the fellows had learned while stationed in India. He even wore the British type shorts. It was a buffet dinner and we just sat around in Shirley's studio and ate comfortably.

There was a great deal of talk about mental patients since the psychologist is working at Bellevue now. He is one of the cooperative members of that large apartment; there are also a couple of other girls living there. Shirley said that she was going to be a waitress at some Jewish resort over the holidays. She claims that she got tested by some Hollywood scout for a dance part but turned it down because she didn't want to use the wrong muscles. Joan was very doubtful about this story as she said that talent scouts no longer operate in hotel rooms in that manner. Joan used to be a Goldwyn girl in Hollywood, and she seems to have traveled around quite a bit. I don't know her last name as this is the first time we have met. She is an amateur photographer so she took some pictures of the group, and also got a shot of the lighted Empire State Building from the studio window. She also mentioned that she has done some settlement work. I gathered that she is very progressive in her social thinking from what she did say. On the way home, we walked her to the drug store and planned to get together on Sunday since she wants to go down to the Jewish district on Delancy to take some pictures.

The group was a bit too large to get to know the individual people there very well. One of the fellows is in my Thursday evening class at school, and he is also interested in psychiatric social work. He did this work in the Army, and worked for awhile in the Los Angeles Dep't. of Public Welfare. He has the same attitude towards the school as he felt that the curriculum was not suitable for those who had a little experience. He is in an agency working with delinquent children this

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quarter for his field work, and he said that he just didn't know how to apply his case work techniques to the delinquents down in Hell's kitchen so that they would be more socially adjusted because "those kids almost have to carry knives to defend themselves in that tough district."

The thing which impressed me was the cosmopolitan background of the group at the party. They came from all over the country and I don't think that there was one native New Yorker in the bunch. Most of them seemed to be well traveled as they mentioned India, China, Japan, Vienna, England, Mexico, and other countries in relation to various parts of the conversation. Yuriko told about the insane asylum she saw in Japan once which treated the patients by putting them under an ice cold waterfall until they were "shocked" back to their senses. I don't know if that is very humane, but the group felt that this sort of treatment was probably the predecessor of the electrotherapy treatments on psychotic cases.

We didn't go to sleep until around 2 ayem last night as we were reading the papers for awhile after we got home, and it was so humid. We can't leave the windows wide open yet as Yuriko has not had a chance to get cheesecloth to keep the mosquitoes and moths out. In the movies, I used to see shots of people sleeping out on the fire escape during the hot weather and I think I understand why now. This sort of heat is much more penetrating than the dry hot weather we had in California or Arizona. The New York School student told me last night that it was advisable to take a light course this summer as it would be too difficult to do any systematic reading but I have already reserved my courses.

It was too warm to sleep comfortably so I got up about nine and I carried on a little monologue with myself in the hopes that she would wake up and get breakfast, but she slept on and on. Yuriko does a lot of strenuous activity so that she needs more sleep than I do. I went out and got a haircut to see if that would make my head any cooler, and then I came back and swept the kitchen floor. Yuriko still slept on. Now I am typing and maybe that will wake her up. It is almost 11:00

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and I have a class to attend this afternoon and evening. I may work on one of my class papers the rest of the morning if I get ambitious.

Later:

It was so warm this afternoon that I got sleepy in class. It is such an uncomfortable humidity. This evening, I had to go earlier for another of the interviews given to new students, and this was much more pleasant than the first and we had a nice talk for an hour about how to measure a good social worker. Then I went to listen to Dr. Kenworthy lecture for two hours on schizophrenia. It started to storm suddenly so that everyone got wet. Yuriko came down to the subway station to meet me with her umbrella. She said that she didn't want me to get all wet! She got a little afraid while walking down a dark street as three zoot suit fellows were eyeing her so it was quite a relief to meet me.

Yuriko said that she spoke to Martha about having the accompaniest with the studio, but it will be decided later. Yuriko felt that it was no use in having a fight about this matter and maybe she is right. She also heard from Jean Erdman that she could use her studio for \$25 a month on a half time basis, but Yuriko doesn't know what to do since Martha already sent out the announcements. I would say that it is going to be a very expensive deal for Yuriko since she stands to lose 15 times the Erdman rentals by using the Graham studio, but as she says, "A \$50 guarantee weekly isn't bad either, and I'll still have my private students so I can earn close to \$100 a week for those six weeks." I guess it's no use in getting greedy. I never made that much in one week so I'm not a good financial counsellor. All I know is that Martha pulled a fast one on Yuriko, and Yuriko is being loyal to her by giving her the benefit of the doubt! There is no doubt in my mind as the picture is pretty clear.

30 May 1947, Friday (Memorial Day)

11:00 AM. This is the minute when there is supposed to be a minute of prayer to honor the war dead. All over the country, mothers will go to military cemeteries to mourn for their sons killed in the war. There will be prayers and flowers; statesmen and priests will say that it was not in vain; people will say that we don't want any more wars. And tomorrow, the discussion will start all over again about the atomic war. It just doesn't make much sense. General Eisenhower said the other day in the papers that he thought all wars were stupid and "an evil whose outbreak is the result of human errors, human ignorance, human greed." Yet, we are so self righteous in believing that Russia is now the guilty one so we have to prepare to fight her. No wonder people become disillusioned! Everyone feels that wars are stupid, yet we are stampeded into them because some of the militarists are able to yell so loudly that they get the people to believing that there is no other alternative, and it is made irrefutable by glossing it with patriotism so that nobody will dare to question the lies invented by the war mongers. Then, the only thing left to do will be to create more national cemeteries to bury the dead of the next war. I just can't believe that the lesson of the past war has not been learned. I hardly believe that the vast majority of the public is in favor of our present foreign policy which is attempting to line up the world against Russia--which in the long run is clearly an attempt for world domination by the U.S. and England. There must be a saner way to achieve world peace. It is already getting so that anyone who talks about world peace is in danger of being accused of being a Communist, but now more than ever it is necessary for the public to speak up and take a stand.

I have a day off today. The rain has stopped, and it is cool and sunny outside for a change. Yuriko is still sleeping, but she will get up in a little while. We haven't any definite plans for the day, but we may go out for a walk or go to a movie later. Every time we plan to go to the movies, something else seems to come up so I haven't taken Yuriko out for a long time. I saved \$10 from my

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allowance this month and Yuriko wants to be sure that I spend part of it on her recreation! In this city, that amount will not go far if used for commercial recreation. We seem to be able to get our enjoyment out of doing much simpler things, and we certainly have had sufficient social life in the past couple of weeks. I should finish up one of my class papers today so that I will have the rest of the weekend free. Yuriko has been working hard and I want her to get as much rest as possible so she can remain sweet and loveable, and have sufficient energy left over to make waffles for breakfast once in awhile! She should make me go on a diet as I have gained six pounds this year from her delicious cooking. Yuriko manages the household very efficiently and she tries to allow me as much time as possible for school work. My first quarter hasn't been bad at all, rather easy going without any nerve wracking tensions. Just having Yuriko makes everything so bright and happy, and I think we are having such an interesting time out of our marital adventure since it gets better and better with each passing day. We like to brag and say that the reason for our compatibility is Love blended into two agreeable personalities without any room left for any area of conflict. Yes, I am very lucky!

We got a long letter from Mariko, and our feeling was that she missed her avocation by not becoming a society gossip writer since she gave us all the news of her social contacts recently. We were rather surprised to hear that Mitch was in a veteran's hospital with a light case of spinal meningitis. We concluded that Mariko was living a much more interesting life than Alice, whose letter was all about domestic matters in the birth of her new baby and so forth; but we couldn't decide who was the happier. In the long run, we thought that Alice would have the more satisfying life, but Mariko never would be able to settle down into a family life like Alice because of a difference in personalities. From what Mariko says, Emiko is doing very well in nursing and quite enthusiastic about it. Bette still does not know what she is going to do. I still think she made a big mistake in not going into nursing after she got through with the U. of Chicago,

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but I didn't want to put the pressure on her since it was her own decision and I was in the army at the time so that I couldn't talk to her about it so much. Maybe she will work around for the next few years and then get married, but it is too bad that she doesn't get into something which will give her a sense of satisfaction.

31 May 1947, Saturday

11:00 AM: I just got up a few minutes ago, altho I have been awake for a couple of hours. We didn't go to bed until quite late last night. Yuriko is still sleeping and building up strength for the terrific housecleaning we are planning to do this morning or afternoon.

We had an interesting day yesterday. I jumped back into bed about noon and it was about four before we persuaded each other that we should arise. We are having another honeymoon, I guess, because we felt so lazy and lovey-dovey. At first we planned to go to Coney Island and visit Marjorie and look at the sights. Yuriko said I only spent .75 cents on her last month and I'm sure I spent at least .80 cents! We only went to one movie, I think, so I told her that I would take her out to dinner and a movie yesterday. We finally decided to go for a walk as it was so nice outside so we started walking down Houston Street to Second Avenue. I wanted to drop in and see the director of the Presbyterian Labor Temple, Rev. John Duffy, who used to be a student at U. of California when I was there, but he was not in. We browsed down Second Avenue through the Italian and Jewish district and Yuriko bought some Nylon stockings. Peanuts and cherries were consumed to satisfy Yuriko's hunger. It was so much fun just walking around that area. Finally, we wandered over to the Styvesant Housing project and wished that we could have an apartment there and we talked about getting a home some day.

Around six we dropped in on Sue and Lizz. They live in a little secluded building with an inner courtyard and a lot of artists have moved into that building now. This was the place where we first went while apartment hunting. Sue and Liz have put a tremendous amount of work into their apartment and it looked quite modern and refreshing. The girls built most of their furniture and they did a marvelous job in decorating. We met one of their effeminate friends, Tom, who is a pianist and I thought that he was a bit strange. Sue told us that her mother back in a small town in Kansas would be quite shocked if she knew her daughter was living amongst such a Bohemian crowd. Her mother is an active member of the DAR, and socially active in Kansas while Sue is the other extreme politically. I felt

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that in a way it was unfortunate that Sue did not balance her activities up a bit because she is so engrossed in her labor interests that she has forgotten how to be a woman too. She is 23, attractive, and could be most charming if she did not act the part of a militant feminist so much. Lizz is a brilliant girl about five years older and she has been a great influence upon Sue's mental development. It appears that Lizz sort of resents it when Sue attracts men. Most of their friends now are extreme left wingers, and Sue has been quoting the Daily Worker more and more in her comments on various issues. I don't object to their beliefs, but feel that they should be less aggressive in trying to overpower people emotionally with it as they will get much better results that way. Sue doesn't recognize that people have different degrees of political beliefs even in the liberal and progressive camps as it is a matter of "either or" with her. She gets so impatient when I say that it is healthier for the country to have many political attitudes, altho we would like the more liberal trends to be dominant. I think that Sue will gain maturity in time and I have a feeling that she will be a very effective force in the labor movement eventually as she has a sharp mind to work with.

After we left Sue's apartment, we wandered over to first avenue. Our original plan was to each a Russian dinner, but we also had a choice of Jewish, Italian, Roumanian menus. We ended up in a Chinese restaurant right in the middle of the Jewish area, and it served a most satisfying meal. The prices were about one-third less than in Chinatown. We were so stuffed by the time we got through that we decided to go for a walk before going on to the movies. We went over to fourth avenue and looked in the book stores and curio shops. In one shop, we saw a lot of old fashioned pictures and there was a sign "Get yourself an ancestor for ten cents."

When we got to Washington Square, we found that the budding artists of the Village were having an outdoor exhibit so we wandered all around looking at the various paintings. Many of these artists earn part of their living by drawing sketches of the tourists who come to look at the paintings. It is one of the

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scenic spots of the city since the park setting itself is so beautiful. Right down the street, one can pass drunken derelicts who are sprawled flat on their backs on the pavement. Two blocks south the Italian area of the Village starts and this is where we live. By the time we got home to get ready to go out to the movie again, we were both so tired that we dillyed around and finally decided not to go at all. So we spent a cozy evening at home reading, playing cards, listening to the radio, resting. For a change, we did not eat anything as our Chinese dinner kept us satisfied.

Yuriko said that she had seen Duggy briefly, and Duggy had asked Allan about our apartment. According to Allan, he does not have any intention of kicking us out as he understands what a great deal of work and expense we put into the place. However, he told Duggy that if his mother has any plans of moving in herself, he could not do anything about that but that she should not use him as an excuse. So we were right in the first place when we felt that Mrs. Ohta saw how nice this place was and decided to move in herself. Joan and Duggy will try to bring Allan over sometime so that we can talk to him about it. We would like to buy the furniture or get rid of it so that we will not have to continue paying \$15 a month extra for the use of a few sticks of furniture which we didn't want in the first place. Congress is threatening to raise rents 15% unless the public can put the pressure on it. The Republicans are determined to help the wealthier interests in this country at the expense of the masses and this is just another step in its program. The Republican income tax bill is up before Truman now, and it is a gift for those who earn over \$50,000 per year but there is little relief for those making \$5000 and under. I hope that Wallace forms a 3rd Party in 48 as I think that he would have a chance to win. The Democratic Party leaders like Wallace like the Republicans liked Wilkie. Idealistic men have a hard time as politicians.

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Yuriko said that Ethel was still having a difficult time with her mother. Mrs. Winters came rushing down here to break up the idea of marriage with Paul, and I doubt if she will ever give in. Her father pulled a paranoid stunt of having a heart attack, and this will be used as a threat over Ethel--as if to say that if he dies, she will be the cause. Mrs. Winters refuses to see Paul at all. The town minister understood the situation and he tried to win Mrs. W. over but she is adamant so far. She is thinking of her own false pride more than E's happiness. Mrs. W. no doubt feels that she will be a laughing stock in her town if E. marries a "heathen Chinese." Yuriko was right when she said that the people in that town were a bunch of hypocritical Christians. I think Ethel should go ahead and marry, but she doesn't know what to do now. Yuriko and I give her moral support because it is her happiness, and not Mrs. W's decision to make.

2:00 p.m.

Our plans for ambitious housecleaning has not materialized yet as Ethel came over to talk to Yuriko about the Studio. The whole thing is in a mess, and it will depend upon whether Martha will pay for the accompaniest for the course. They have to talk the whole thing over with her. Ethel is willing to go into it since her guarantee will be larger than what she made last year. There is a chance that the whole plan will blow up, which would be unfortunate from several different aspects. The whole thing boils down to the fact that Martha does not realize that she is taking advantage of the two girls, and it is a little too late to make other plans now.

Ethel also told about a little of her mother's visit down here. It seems that her mother is playing a martyr role, and she sat around most of the time in being a suffering heroine with the hope that Family Honor would win out over love. The surprising part of the whole thing is that it has been effective. We were a bit surprised now to find that Ethel is uncertain about what she is going to do. It seems that Paul's business partner, Norm, was seen and he told

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Mrs. W. some things about Paul which sort of disillusioned Ethel. She felt that some of her confidence in Paul was shattered. She mentioned that it was about a girl in Washington and "a few other things." I got the impression that it was a funny time for these doubts to be coming in at a time when another issue was involved. It is the boring from within tactics and my advice to Ethel was to get straight on these things before she goes any further. It was the first hint that Mrs. W. is going to succeed in her mission to break up the prospective marriage. It is hard to figure out Norm's motivations except that (1) he and Paul are not getting along too well in business and (2) he does not believe in intermarriage. He told Ethel that he did not think she would be compatible with Paul since he was only interested in business and dance bands. This was the way Yuriko and I felt at first, but we concluded some months ago that there must be a deeper emotional basis for compatibility and therefore something that they had to work out by themselves. It is unfortunate that Mrs. W. is using such dirty tactics in attempting to disillusion Ethel from marriage, and it is having an effect altho Ethel will rationalize and feel that it is "incompatibility if the plans do break up. Norm had no business putting his two cents in for the support of Mrs. W., and in her presence at that! The whole problem could be so simple. Rather than endless discussion about all the "if's" in trying to predict the disastrous outcome of intermarriage, it could be a simple matter of whether the two persons involved was in love enough to want to make a home together. Certainly it is true that Paul is materialistic, but that is beside the point. In the year and a half that they have been going around together, and knowing each other fairly intimately, Ethel certainly should have made up her mind so that she could feel her position strong enough to stand up against her mother; but she didn't from what we gathered. Mrs. W. won round #1, and Ethel looks like she is weakening under the pressure. Overprotective mothers can be so meddlesome at times, and they are positively dangerous when they feel their position threatened. Norm is a bastard to say such vicious things when he is supposed to be Paul's best friend and business partner. Ethel said that they were not getting along so well in business, and that may account for it.