

Charles Kikuchi  
insert: letter from Hideo, add to Ch-27  
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Diary

8524  
Weds. Aug. 1, 1945

208 S. Mathews  
Urbana, Illinois  
July 31, 1945

Dear Charlie:

Roy has informed me that you are about to be inducted in the Services and that you were anxious to complete as many of your case-studies as possible before you were called. He also gave me hell for not writing to you. I hope that this letter will bring me up to date in your record for me. I shall strive to tell it without being conscious of the fact that it is for a life story document.

As you may recall at the time of your visit to "553" plans for enrollment at the U. of Illinois were still in the making. My hopes were high concerning the new venture and I felt highly impatient. And today after two semesters at Illinois, I can say that my expectations were fulfilled. The year proved very profitable in both academic and social respects. My hunger has been appeased to an extent; I feel a little more stable emotionally as well as intellectually. Things are beginning to fall in place.....graduation, a job, and marriage does not seem remote and impossible.

But, I'm getting a little ahead of myself. To get back to the beginning, I enrolled at Urbana as a first semester Junior taking Junior Design in Landscape Architecture, Landscape Construction, Frame Construction, City Planning, and Elementary Speech. My first few weeks were interesting. I felt so hungry for knowledge that I ate, drank, and slept with landscape architecture. Perhaps some of the zeal was due to an attempt to "establish" myself with the other students and the faculty members of the department. It was an attempt to win a place of recognition to compensate that feeling of being an "outsider" because of being a transfer student and of Japanese ancestry. I found soon that the other

students were of mediocre ability and I soon assumed the position of the "top" student. None-the-less, it took some while before the tension relaxed and I became more at ease with the other students. They were very friendly (perhaps overly at the beginning) and accepted me without reservations. In my Speech class after the first 8 weeks I was elected as the Class Chairman to conduct the class meetings and discussions.

After the preliminary voraciousness for knowledge wore off (or to put it in another way, after there was no need for compensatory behavior), I found myself becoming highly impatient and critical of both students and instructors. I couldn't help but feel the difference in age and experience. The students seemed young and naive...the instructors seemed overly conventional and academic. Acquiescence to academic forms and dogmas seemed to be demanded. Concepts and principles were over simplified--the instructors refused to treat us as individuals or grown ups. And I rebelled. This is neither an apology nor a boast.... the rebellion was not a deliberate intellectual act on my part. In classes I openly battled with the instructors over concepts/<sup>upon</sup> which we disagreed. I practically said and did what I pleased.

The second semester I behaved even worse than the first. I imagine I acted well like a spoiled child. But time was so short--I had so much to do and learn--that I could not bear being gently led by my hands over the rosy paths of learning. The courses of the second semester were Junior Design, Masonry Construction, Landscape Construction, City Planning, Garden Flowers, and Plan Surveying. And additional to all this lab work, I was doing some drafting work which consumed about 15-20 hours a week for one of the professors. The lack of time

aggravated my impatience with all the rigmarole of classes. I slaved away at the drafting table from about 8 in the morning until about 10 in the evening every day of the week.

Despite my independent behavior, my cocky attitude, my seemingly satisfactory work, I have not completely overcome the feeling of insecurity of my personality. That feeling is not as intense as had been prior to my enrollment at the U. of I. because I have had a little chance to test and evaluate myself with other young people. However, I suppose as one develops into attitudes and complexes, he must develop out of them; and development always requires time and experience.

In respect to social life on the Campus, some experiences have proven new and interesting. As you may well imagine, the first few weeks were devoid of social experiences. I kept mostly to myself and was highly self conscious. I did go to a "Y" mixer with a blind date (a Nisei girl) the first week. There I underwent the feeling that all awkward country yokels undergo--the paralyzing dread before the impending event, the tortured self consciousness of standing apart from the milling crowd, the awkward silence and the complete blank of the mind in trying to start a conversation, the forced gaiety and good naturedness in meeting people and the inward ~~sarxxx~~ cursing at the hypocrisy and self prostitution, the tight tenseness of the back and leg muscles when attempting to dance, and the weakening relief after the damn thing is all over. The mixer was the only organized dance that I attended during the two semesters.

After the first few weeks or so, I picked up an acquaintance with a fellow landscape student (or more accurately, he literally

picked me up and forced me to be sociable.) He invited me to dinners at his girl friend's apartment, took me to shows, to school plays, to beer parlors, to play pool and ping-pong, etc. At first I was dubious and reluctant--nigh impossible--and if it were not for his demanding and persistent ways, I doubt if our acquaintanceship would have ever developed.

Frankly, I disliked him at first. He is not of the ordinary--a bit of description may clarify what I mean. Physically he is huge, six-feet four and 200 pounds, a stormy looking individual with a personality to match. He was naturalized only a few months back being of Russian-Slav ancestry. Very much traveled (or bummed), well read in literary arts, verbose with a coarse but good nature, he took me under his wings and refused to recognize my mongloid characteristics.

As a consequence I have had during the same years some pleasant social experiences. He accepted me and forced me to accept myself as an individual. I think the enclosed copy of a letter sent to Jobo will explain what I mean:

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April 1, 1945

Jobo:

This morning this Bohemian friend and I had a couple sets of tennis. After the games we returned to his gal-friend's apartment (she and her room-mates were away for the week-end) and we being lonely and not wanting to do the dishes called up Babe and her rommie Dale. Babe came over for lunch (Dale couldn't cause she had to wait for her folks) after much persuasion 'cause think of the propriety of a girl going to a strange apartment occupied

temporarily by two men of dubious character. It was highly amusing --my "B" friend phoned, and Babs asked a lot of questions, being extremely hesitant and consented to come only when she heard my voice over the phone, I don't know whether to be flattered or not... I guess I appear to be the sexless puritanical type of guy whom girls know will not harm them. Before hanging up, too, Dale insisted on speaking to me to see whether I was really there and made me promise upon my honor that the rules of propriety be strictly obeyed.

Well, anyway they came, B<sup>ab</sup>s first than later Dale; we had lunch, played records, read books, talked, relaxed, played cards, ate pickles, danced, ate some more sandwiches, and talked. Later Dale went home and we remaining went to a show, "The Three C<sup>o</sup>balleres" on Bab's money that she borrowed from D. Oh well, so what, they're rich and we aren't proud. We ate later on her money, too, and she said she never had so much fun as today.

Thought I would record this bit of interesting experience because today was really one of my happiest moments for a long while. I forgot almost completely my racial identity and my repulsive analytical, critical, cynical, hypocritical, superficial personality. It was so comforting to be natural...not trying to impress people, to act casual, to be funny, to Over-compensate the feeling of inferiority... I imagine it was akin to the feeling you at Adrian. The people today were so damn nice because they considered me as Mr. H, and not as a "goddamn Chinaman." Really, Jobo, so this is what it means to be "an integral part of the total culture!" .....

Hide

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Then about two months or so ago, I met a girl to whom I took

quite a fancy. Our friendship went off fairly well until at the end of the semester it had developed to the state of two or three phone calls a day, a card or a letter a day and a date nearly every night. The relationship is strange and I'm kinda glad to be able to attempt to put it down in words so that I can untangle the emotions I feel.

Firstly, a thing or two about the girl. She lives in a suburban town near South Bend, Indiana. She comes from a wealthy family, her father being with a large rubber firm. She seems very young and naive, and so, I think, because she has been well sheltered from social problems. She is twenty years old and has had four years of college work.

How does she feel about our racial differences? Frankly, I do not know. We have never touched upon the subject. Evidently, however, she senses the awkwardness of my mongloid features because we arrange most of our meetings for evenings and make it a point to avoid people. We have never appeared in public places like theaters, fountains, restaurants together except once, and that was when we rode on the train up to Chicago at the end of the semester. Or it may be that she is not self-conscious because she too like my Russian-Slav friend accepts me as an individual. But, none-the-less, I am acutely aware of my racial distinctiveness. Everytime I call for her at her house, every time we meet people on the streets, every time there is a reflection of our images on a mirrored surface, everytime my skin is contrasted to hers, I feel an overwhelming sense of inferiorness. I feel unclean.

Then why do I continue to solicit her company? I don't know. It's something that I have debated with myself time and time again....should I not call it quits now because I know that our

friendship may lead to love but never to marriage? I feel like a hypocrite and my conscience hurts like hell because she seems so completely naive and trusting. My only rationalization is that I am human with foibles of the ego.... and I feel so terribly starved for human response.

I met her at about the time a Nisei girl in Chicago of whom I thought very highly and whom I thought I may marry after school and a job told me, "why don't you go away and grow up?" When this nisei girl did give me the brush off, I felt the bottom drop out of everything. I felt like a void falling into a bottomless pit.....an all engulfing feeling of loneliness seemed to claim me. It is strange how necessary it is to have human response.

I'm ~~beginning~~ beginning to realize how much of youth's restlessness is related to sex and human response. A mate in both the physical and psychological sense is essential for stability. As long as one has a person of the opposite sex to serve as a focalization point of all his desires and endeavors, he feels reasonably stable and confident. On the moment he loses her, he feels lost, alone, and insecure. At that point where the object of one's emotions change from a mother to a woman, he is ready for marriage. Emotional maturity implies stability of emotions and the ability to cope rationally with emotional ~~situations~~ situations. Certainly, complete emotional maturity is beyond the majority and with me likewise, but the past year has given me a sense of consciousness and thus, a little more stability and maturity.

And my attitudes toward the War? Daily as news of thousands of soldiers and civilians being killed, cities demolished,

politicians grabbing for power, hate propaganda being fanned, etc. come in, I feel sicker and sicker of the whole damn thing. It's hard to keep the proper perspective (if it is proper) and ~~it~~ refrain from becoming bitter and disillusioned. It's hard to be patient and see freedom and justice evolve (if it ever will) from all the selfish bickerings, ruthless destruction, unnecessary killings, etc. A human ego is so small that it is hard to detach it from the immediate events and properly relate it to the whole. And thus, little things like denial of a steak, an order from a military superior, etc, assume much more importance than the condition of Europe's children, etc. I know if I were ever inducted in the Armed Forces, I would be a near psychoneurotic. I wonder if I would ever adjust myself to the regimentation of Army life?

What do I think of "integration", intermarriage, future of the Nisei, etc?

If you remember how we (Mr. Nakane, Isao, Roy etc) advocated almost vehemently complete integration of Nisei into the "normal communal life" by which we meant the Caucasian society-- the participating in and contributing to Caucasian social groups-- I no longer hold such extreme views. Niseis may have their segregated social affairs, may appear on the streets in groups larger than two, etc. However, I still believe that interested groups should push for expansion of the Nisei personality. I don't believe the Nisei can break all group-identification within any short period of time and I think that if may be necessary for him to have his segregated affairs, but I think that it is necessary that he increase his scope of activities whenever possible. But I think this latter fact will come about as a result of

increased opportunities and acceptance.

social acceptance is much greater today than pre-evacuation, but I feel that intermarriage as far as the average Nisei is concerned is a little too early. It's difficult to withstand the myriads of minute everyday ostracization conscious or unconscious that one faces. I know from my experiences with this girl in Urbana that I cannot continue to buck the social forces. For the outstanding, however, the talent may compensate in the eyes of society his racial distinctiveness.

To sum up, then, the future of the Nisei is dependent upon his ability to cope with situations, his sensitivity to his environment, and his tenaciousness of effort in applying himself; in short, upon himself.

Sincerely,

/S/ Hideo Sasaki.

Thurs, August 1, 1945  
Weds.

8533

Dear Jack and Alice:

I will be reporting for induction on August 10, and if I am not rejected, I expect to have on an oversize uniform after that date. I haven't given the Army much thought as I am too busy clearing up a lot of last minute details. How is your status, Jack? If you don't get a deferment, do you think that you can put Mom, Miyako and Tom as secondary dependents along with Dolores. It won't make any difference except that a couple of dollars more out of your \$50 bucks will be deducted. You will need certified copies of birth certificates and two signed statements stating your degree of support of the dependents. (You can put 50 % after June 1945 and that should do the trick.)

I figure that Mom will get about \$79 dependency grant, and I doubt if they will include Bette on the basis that she has to take care of Mom's health needs. In addition to that sum, I have instructed Bette to draw \$20 a month from your bank account, Jack. Mariko will give \$25 a month after August (she is still unemployed as she quit after her NY vacation) since I told her that she could put the family down as dependents and she will give the money saved in this way to Mom. In addition, I have told Bette to draw upon my bank account to supplement needs. I will leave Mom my last pay check and whatever comes in for August to take care of her needs until the first Army check arrives. I have the papers all in order now so it shouldn't take too long. I guess it will be about \$200 in cash which I will leave her for the initial needs. After that, she will have to figure on a budget of \$124 and I think that she will be able to manage if she follows a strict budget. The expenses will go up in the fall when the kids start in school. Tom will save enough from his job to take care of his incidental needs, but Miyako will need a small allowance. It cost me pretty close to \$400 to get the household started during July, but half of the money came from the WRA furniture grant. I tried to get a supplementary living costs grant for the first month, but they gave me the run around so I have given up on that. Mom will be getting a \$38 WRA clothing grant. If you want to do something, Alice, you might buy Tom some clothes for school rather than contribute \$10 a month as you can't afford that much. I think that Mariko will come through, although she was talking about getting unemployment compensation for a while. I don't think she is too interested in working for a while, but George insists upon it because he wants to change jobs. They say that they are saving  $\frac{1}{4}$  of their salaries in a joint account for a baby, but the baby production schedule is very vague and Mariko is not in the proper manufacturing mood yet as the marital engine still has to be operated more efficiently first. They have to decide who is going to be boss pretty soon, or else the battles will never stop. Mariko put her hair up on top, and she looked very sophisticated--like she used to look in L.A. says Toshi. I'm not telling Mariko or Toshi about my induction date because I don't want any farewell parties. I don't have the time, and I might get ~~xxxxxx~~ rejected! Bette says I can't come home if the Army don't want me.

In re: to your visiting us, Alice. I am buying the sleeper couch from Toshi for \$5 (to be kept a secret from Mrs. Ikeda) and there will be room for you and honorable offspring after it arrives.

However, I think that you should wait for a while before coming. One reason is that the freight has not arrived yet, and there will be some confusion until we get more settled. And another reason is that if you wait until after the school term opens, then you will be able to keep mom company and help with the shopping. Mom is in fair health, but she tires very easily. She has been doing too much around the house. I have forbidden her to go around visiting for a while because she has to go to bed for a few hours every time she walks up and down the elevated. She went to see the Vallejo Wadas, and Bette said that Masako was very pretty now. She also went to see Mariko, but Bette wouldn't allow her to stay for the whole weekend because she said that Mom would try to clean up the house over there! Mariko did come through in helping with getting the household started, but she never did complete more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of all of her plans she had writtendown about things to do. She spent the first day and a half making up this list. She heard that there was going to be a rice shortage so she wanted to order 4 sacks for me, but Tom persuaded her that one was sufficient. That's why we have sea rcities of various articles. Right now, it's hard to get soap and toilet paper. If any of you can get moth balls we would appreciate some because Mom doesn't want all the blankets ruined. And I have to pakb my suits away. You don't have to send any toilet paper because we can always use Bette's Kleenex!

Mom at table: "How much did you spend on food, Miyako?"

Miyako: "\$2.15"

Mom: "I think you only spend \$1.10 today."

Miyako: "No, I spent \$2.15"

They add it up and it comes to \$1.23. Mom cautions Miyako not to spend too much as she wants to get by on an average of \$2.50 a day and she spent \$3.50 yesterday. Miyako flares her nostrils and barks, "Well, don't criticize then!" We have been eating a lot of hamburger lately because that's the easiest thing for Miyako to buy! Mom makes delicious Vallejo soup from simple old bones. She says that she has to prepare more fancy meals to do justice to the dining room table, which is her pride and joy even if it does have the shakes. Did Mom ever tell you about one of the village "relatives" in Japan who ate so much mochi at New Years that he slit his stomach open to let some of the weight out, and his instestines slid out so that Grandpere Iwata had to stuff the guts back in and sew the stomach up with a piece of string? The simp lived too! Mom swears it is a true story, and she is a Christian even if she did steal 3 WRA blankets by sewing them inside of quilts.

Well, I have work to do now. You don't have to answer my letters if you don't want. Alice, we got gyped. Emiko got \$14 back from income taxes after we gave her the money for her tooth, but I guess she needs the money.

Chas.

I got to the office very early and I was busy all day. I couldn't sleep very well last night because of restlessness. I guess it must be anxiety and worries about unfinished work. I have a full program lined out for myself to include up to next Thursday. Most of this time I will be dictating. Louise did not come this morning as she went to the railroad station to meet her sister. I had her type some of the data which Dave gave me as I expect to finish up the formal interview with him tomorrow. I'll have to because it takes three or four days to dictate such a long case. I literally will be busy to the last day unless I put in a lot of extra hours. I have been working much more than the usual time for the past few days anyway, because the things to do at home has eased off.

At the rate Japan's cities are being bombed, there won't be much left of the country in a few more months. 800 Super Bombers went over today. The civilians must be taking a terrific beating, but I don't know if the bombing will make them give up any easier. There is some debate going on now about whether such bombings will shorten the war. From a humanitarian viewpoint, it seems to be so senseless; but war does not regard principles of human decency very highly. I'm afraid that it does not bother my conscience too much as it is sort of remote to me now.

Tom worked so many hours today that he did not get home until 7:15 and it held dinner up. Mom made a very special dinner, and it was quite an ordeal to wait for Tom. This is the second day in which Tom has worked more than 10 hours. I spoke to him about it after dinner, and asked him not to put in more than 9½ hours as he would make enough money. Tom wants to save \$200 in two months of work, and he felt that

he was losing money because of his two days layoff last week due to infected finger. When he first started to work, he was happy to think that he would make at least \$25 clear a week. But he has been talking to some of the other workers at his company, and he has discovered that they were making at least \$40 a week so he wants to do likewise. I told him that it was not wise to be money mad as his health was more important. Tom was reluctant about cutting down his hours to 9½ on weekdays and five on Saturdays, but I think he will do it. Even at that he should be making around \$35 a week. Tom has not received a check yet so that ~~xx~~ is why/<sup>he</sup> is a bit anxious. I think that he will manage to save close to \$200 as he does not spend too much money during the week. He doesn't have the time. The money he makes during this summer will take care of his school needs for the coming year. I told him that he would feel a lot better about his salary if he used his \$6 a month camp wage as the standard rather than take those \$50 a week wages he hears about. I don't want him to get "money mad" like so many of the Nisei. This is the first time that Tom has worked on a real job and he is doing well enough. Mom and Bette also felt that Tom should not work so many hours. He has dropped the idea of working Sundays to get double time, and I should take him swimming to fulfill my part of the obligation. I haven't had time up to now because I have been so busy about the house.

Mom is also worried about finances now that it is definite that + will be going into the Army. She feels that she should take in boarders into this apartment because it is so large, but I absolutely set my foot down on it. All of the others ditto me. Tom refuses to give up his private room. He is quite

proud of his private room since this is the first time he has ever had one. He is quite exclusive these days too. As soon as he finishes dinner, he goes to his room and listens to the radio for the rest of the evening. Bette objects to having any boarders because it will spoil the family atmosphere, and there will not be enough quiet for her to study in after the school term opens. She said that there would be too many people around. Miyako doesn't want anyone here because it is "our home." My reason is that it means a lot of extra work for mom and she will not make much on the deal, and I feel that she has to get used to having more of a home after the loose camp style of living. Mom has always lived in sub-standard housing in America so that she thinks this flat is much more elegant than it actually is. The thing which she has to do is to live up to a more normal housing standard. We really do not have that much room and there would be no space for boarders anyway. I don't want the privacy of family life disrupted for the sake of a few extra dollars.

I can see why mom is a little worried about finances, but I think that she should be able to manage on the allotment and the other provisions. Mom's point is that she does not like to keep on taking money from her children. She feels that she should work and save money so that she can be independent in the post war period. She said that we would not be making so much money after the war so that money should be saved now. Actually, I don't think that Mom is capable of working too much even though she might be foolish enough to try it. She gets very tired just from the household tasks as she has been doing a little cleaning every day. She takes a lot of pride in the place and she wants to keep it clean. Previously she had never paid much attention to housekeeping because of

the cramped spaces she lived in before the war.

Bette received \$58 from income taxes and this was a windfall to her. She proposed that she give it to mom because there would be added expenses after I left. I suggested that she hang on to it until she find out whether the student relocation will grant her further financial aid. It is being held up because the University has not sent her grades to the Council. Bette wrote another letter this evening and asked that it be done immediately. In her work, she may only be allowed to put in 8 hours a day because the orders have slacked off. She had planned to save \$25 a week for this month, but she will not be able to do it unless she gets credit for 54 hours of work a week. Her savings for last week was small because she had to buy some needed clothes and a "special uplift brassiere to aid my morale."

Even if she does not reach her quota, I think that it is best that she quit her job at the end of the month and start to concentrate on her studies. Half of the summer is already gone and she has not been able to study much yet. It is a serious matter because she has to pass at least half of her courses in order to gain admission in the Fall. It is going to be tough and I don't know how she will do it. If she thinks that she can cram everything down in two weeks, she is going to be a very sad girl. Bette said that if she failed on the makeups she was going to junior college, but she thinks that she can pass. She dusted off all of her books and put them in her new desk so that she can start her studies this week. It is going to be a very awkward situation if she does not pass because financial assistance has been granted on the basis that she attend the U. of Chicago.

Charles Kikuchi  
Insert: re: Bette's grades.

Diary

Aug. 1, 1945

8539

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The University of Chicago  
Office of the Dean of Students.  
July 26, 1945

Dear Miss Kikuchi:

As you must know, your record at the end of the academic year did not meet the minimum requirements permitting students to continue in the University. These requirements are stated formally in the General Announcements. "At the end of the year a student is expected to pass at least one-half of the comprehensive examinations for which he is assumed to be prepared by the courses which he has pursued. A student who fails to meet these minimum requirements will be denied the privilege of further registration until these requirements are met."

What you would like to know, no doubt, is what explicitly the application of this rule means in your case. (1) In order to re-register in the University you must pass one additional comprehensive examination. (2) Comprehensive examinations will be given at the end of the Summer Quarter. Information concerning the schedule of examinations and the possibility of taking examination in absentia may be obtained from the Secretary of Examination, Office of the Registrar. (3) If, (a) you do not take this examination at the end of the summer Quarter, or (b) if you take it and fail, you will not be allowed to register in the University (either on the Quadrangles or in University College, the downtown division of the University) until you have removed your deficiency by comprehensive examination. Students denied the privilege of registration, however, may take courses through our Home Study Department either to prepare themselves to pass College comprehensive examinations or to pursue other educational interests.

If you are sure that the University of Chicago is where you should complete your college education, you have ahead of you the problem, not only of fulfilling the conditions for readmission, but of raising your total grade average on the comprehensive examinations to the level required for a degree, an average that must be closer to a C than a D. The University does not believe that all worthwhile students are those who never have problems. To a degree, your problems are ours, and we are anxious to help you solve them.

Very truly yours,  
/s/ Norman F. Maclean  
Dean of Students in the College

cc: Mr. Charles Kikuchi.

8540  
4257 Cottage Grove  
Chicago 15, Illinois.  
August 1, 1945

Mr. W. Pleasant  
216 Branciforte St.  
Vallejo California.

Dear Mr. Pleasant:

I have been planning to write to you for some time in order to let you know how the family was, but things have been busy for me. We moved to the above address and we had to paint and clean it up in order to make it ready for the arrival of my mother, Tom and Miyako. We have a six room flat and it is very nice. It was rather a great expense to get it all furnished up since we did not have any furniture from before the war, but we have managed to do it fairly decently.

My mother arrived in Chicago in the middle of July. She is in fair health, but still recovering from her operation of a year ago. She is very happy to be united with the majority of her family once more. She asks me to send you her best regards and to thank you for the help which you gave in the past.

I am going into the army on August 10, but there will be a dependency allotment for my family so that they will be able to live in a fairly decent style by budgeting carefully. My mother will not be able to work at all for some time yet, but she has plenty to do in managing the household. Bette will continue her education at the U. of Chicago in the fall. Emiko is one of the outstanding cadet nurses in the hospital and she is making great strides in her training. The younger brother and sister will also be in high school in the fall. Mariko is with her husband, and getting along fine. Alice is in Minneapolis taking care of her baby. Her husband is stationed in the Hawaiian Islands. So all in all, things seem to be finally turning for the better for our family after the experiences of the past 36 months since the evacuation. Little did we dream then that we would be starting a new life in Chicago! But by pulling together, we expect to make a success of it. We certainly appreciate all of the help which our friends have given in the past.

After I get inducted, I hope to be able to write to you again. I hope that everything is fine for you and your family. We have decided that we will not be going back to Vallejo for some time, so we hope that your barber business will continue to be prosperous. You deserve it. Please say hello to all of your barbers who used to know the family, and tell them that we are in good health.

Sincerely,

Charles Kikuchi.

Mariko: Copy of above letter sent. Can you do anything about group health insurance to cover mom. You spoke of that once. Are you working yet? Mom is talking about taking in boarders after I get drafted so please discourage her, and assure her that her financial needs will be taken care of.

Charles Kikuchi  
Instructions to Bette:

Diary

Aug. 1, 1945

8546

Family Financial Arrangements

Expected Army Allotment for Dependents	\$79.00
From Mariko	\$25.00
From Jack's Account (South Side Bank--\$609.25)	\$20.00
Total per month	\$124.00

In addition, take what is needed to supplement this amount if not enough, from my bak account. (Book No. 392992, Northern Trust Company) When that is gone, take from my South Side Bank account.

You continue to give Mom \$5.00 a week for the rest of the month and Tom, \$4.00.

Health: Ask Mariko if she is going to take out group health plan as she promised and include Mom, Tom and Miyako. You will be taken care of through the University. Also ask Emiko if any special arrangements can be made through Mt. Sinai.

Mom's bank account: Will be continued in my name at First National Bank. She has Vallejo account in Tom's name, but it is small so it can just as well stay there.

School: Write Hyde Park re: opening of fall term, and then write to Gila Elementary and High School departments to have them send the transcripts. Do this immediately.

As for you, work until the end of the month and then concentrate full time on studies as if it were a regular job. Study as much as possible this ~~month~~ month. Get study patterns set in house and do not let Alice disturb you.

Re: Boarders: I have to insist upon absolute prohibition of this despite Mom's hopes to make extra money. It is not worth it; it disrupts family privacy; there is no room, etc. In case ends cannot be met, go to Red Cross or see Mrs. Imanuelson of Illinois Public Aid Commission. (see address in my files)

Re: housing: In case of any housing troubles, see Bill McKee of Friends. Ask Cheshire and Shotwell Co. if it can be changed to our name since we want to establish residence for School. Do not make an issue of it. Say that we have bought C. Raymond's things and we are here permanently. Stress Army service, if I am inducted.

Re: payment of bills: Pay promptly at currency exchange across the street. I will pay up to date and I will leave my last check. Give my small checks to Miyako. I am expecting check from U.C. for retirement fund contributions (over \$100) and this should go into my account unless needed.

Re: nursing school: Place applications from September. Do not let it slide. I will discuss finances later by mail if Cadet Nursing is closed.

Re: personal papers: Bonds will go in my suitcase with some papers. Frank will send about four large cartons from office, and have Tom store carefully as they are valuable to me, and only copies in many cases. Bills, birth certificates, bank books and other papers will be in Box set aside for this purpose. \$5.00 deposit receipt also in box, and it is supposed to be refunded. Put each receipt in proper envelope in order to keep files in order.

Re: will: Everything to be divided among Mom, Miyako, Tom, Bette and Emiko.

/s/ Charlie

One more day gone by! I was certainly busy today. I went to the office and packed a few things. Dave came in at 10. He certainly is cooperative. He brought his lunch along so that I could have more time for interviewing. I told him that I was being inducted on the tenth so he stuck around all day while I finished up the interview. I had writer's cramp by the time I was through. I have a complete legal size tablet of notes on him so that his life story will take at least three or four days to dictate--well over 100 pages I think. Louise stayed a little later so that I could dictate the introduction. The only relaxation we had during the day was when we went to listen to the Bethovan 5th Symphony during the noon hour in the Soc. Sci. Bldg. Auditorium. Dave is a modest sort of chap, but I feel that I have gotten to know him very well during the three long interviews with him. His wife supports him while he is studying for his Doctorate, and Dave is a bit sensitive about that. It means that they have to postpone the starting of a family for a few years, but he thinks that the achievement of his goals is worth it. Dave and his wife have made a number of caucasian and other minority group friends since coming to Chicago as they take part in the Brent House activities. He said that he doesn't have too much time for a social life because of his studies. He is a bit under pressure because he feels that he has to live up to the Marshall Field Fellowship award which he won. I'm quite sure that he will make a good academic record as he is serious minded and mature enough to know what he wants. He hopes to get a teaching job on the college level after he gets his degree, and "then send my children to Oberlin college. Dave feels that it is very important for the Nisei to become integrated, but he believes that it is going to

a very slow, but gradual, process. He is tolerant and open minded about the tendencies of segregation going on now, and his chief criticism was directed against the better equipped Nisei of the professional group which segregated itself by organizing a Nisei bridge club. Dave felt that they could have accomplished much more by going out as individuals instead of accentuating their racial background. He believes that intermarriage is the ultimate solution in many respects, but this has to apply to all minority groups. Dave said that some of his Nisei friends were horrified when he suggested that they marry with Negroes as well as caucasians, but on an individual basis. Dave has been making a study of Nisei occupational groups for his MA thesis and he will give the study a copy. He thought that he might make a study of the development of Japanese business in Chicago for his Phd degree.

In discussing integration for the Nisei, Dave felt that I was not like the typical Nisei because I did not seem to have any taint of racial identity. I argued that there were literally hundreds and perhaps thousands of Nisei who were getting this way now that they have branched out and that it was not a barrier too difficult to overcome. Dave said that he has overcome it in himself to a great degree but it was a difficult process and he found it hard to throw off the effects of a Japanese community background environment. He feels that his experiences since the evacuation was the main thing which gave him the impetus to break the more limited bounds of the pre war Japanese community, and he didn't think that he would have ever done it if there had been no evacuation. He said that in his political thinking he has shifted from the extreme right to a position well left of center, and he thought that socialist principles would eventually

eventually have to be followed in this country in order to guarantee the minimum rights to the masses. He is very much for the military defeat of Japan as he thinks that the Japanese has some hopes to becoming democratized if the people throw off the feudal yoke which binds them.

I would like to take at least one day off before I get inducted, and I am putting a lot of pressure on Louise, but she is most cooperative and she doesn't mind it a bit. After I interview Irene tomorrow night my formal interviews will be finished and it will then be a matter of getting the dictation finished. We are planning to put in a few hours extra on Sat, and I am typing nights in order to save some time. I think that I will manage to meet the deadline. I want to leave one day to attend to some of the last minute business like sending in some of the files to Berkeley, putting my files in boxes, etc. I got my check for July and I guess I got the \$15 a month state raise because it was in a bigger amount than what I usually get. I'll have to put in extra effort now in order to get some last results into the Berkeley office. It won't be too much, but at least something so I don't mind keeping the pressure on. At the same time, I would like to spend a little time taking Miyako around a bit before I leave. She has been staying close to the house and she doesn't get much chance to go places. On Sat. I have promised to take her to the museum and bike riding, and on Sunday we are going to the beach. I still have to pack some of my clothes away so I had better save an evening for that. It is customary for pending inductees to go out and get drunk during the last week of civilian life, but I guess I'll have to pass it by. I did relax this evening by going to a show, but I plan to get a couple of hours of work in yet this evening. I was up until 2 a.m. typing last night.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

Aug. 2, 1945

8546

We had a steak dinner tonight. I don't know how mom manages but she keeps well within her budget. She takes more time to cook and that is one reason. When Bette was cooking she never had much time so we ate the more expensive things. Mom thinks of all sorts of things to get the best use out of food. She is always giving Tom an extra piece of her meat because he is a growing boy yet. Tom got his first paycheck today for \$23 but the amount was small because he missed two days last week. He still has a check coming for the first week of work. He will be able to work all of August and probably two weeks in September. >

I had a full day of dictation at the office and in field work. I left the house at 8, and dictated almost solidly until 4:45 and then I went over to Irene Satow's without any dinner. I also dropped in on Sunny and Nancy so that I didn't start for home until about nine-thirty --still without eating. On the way home, I was so tired that I fell asleep and I rode to the end of the line! That was a waste of a half hour of my time. As soon as I got home I ate an enormous meal, and then I read the papers and took a little nap. It is midnight already. I worked Louise pretty hard today, and I will do some more solid dictation tomorrow. At the rate we are going I might get through by Tuesday instead of Wednesday. I might as well get used to a more strenuous life.

Mom got her \$38 clothing allowance check from the WRA today, and she will be able to add that to the last check of mine which I am giving her, with some other cash on hand--about \$200 in all. Mom doesn't want to take my money, but she will need it since the allotment may not come immediately. <sup>t 8562</sup> Bette plans to give \$8 of her returned income tax money to Miyako so that she will be able to start a bank account, and I will add a bit to it.

I thought that Tom was going to be a problem. He said that high school would start on Sept 2 so that he will not be able to work a full 8 weeks as he had counted upon. One of the boys at his job told him that he would have credits taken off from his transcript so that Tom is convinced that he will have two more years to go. He said that he wanted to quit school, or maybe go to a California school so that he can get out in one more year. Tom said that he did not feel like going anymore, but he would work and support Mom. I don't know if he really meant this or not, but I was firm and said that he had to get out of high school at least, and he could decide later if he wanted to

continue beyond that. Tom is going to have a rather difficult school adjustment because he doesn't have much interest in it to begin with. He said that he would rather make money than to go to school and try out for the teams. I'm sure that once he gets started, he will continue on. I'm afraid that those boys at his job are making him too money mad. I told Tom that since he was not going to be able to work as long as he planned, he could keep all of his paycheck instead of donating \$4.00 a week to Mom. Tom is willing enough to help out and he would give his whole check, but it will be a good thing for him to get a bank account. He must work pretty hard because he usually comes home very tired. He reminded me again that I promised to go <sup>to</sup> the beach this Sunday so I can't break it again. Miyako said that she could hardly wait for the weekend because I promised to take her to Field's museum and swimming. She has been staying around the house all the time, so I feel that I should take her to a few places before I am inducted. I completing some of my office work a little ahead of schedule by putting in these 14 hour days like today so that I should have some free time next week. Morton was in the office today and he insisted that I come over to his place for lunch on Monday so I ~~it~~ will take a couple of hours off for that.

I talked to Tom later in the evening when he was not so excited, and he decided that <sup>it</sup> ~~he~~ was best to finish high school, but he said that he would try to cut the time down by going to summer school next year if no tuition were charged. Tom says things to create an opposition when he really doesn't mean it. But I do know that he is not very anxious to return to school at the present time. Maybe I should have kept him from work so that he would get bored, but I don't think that was necessary.

Bette studied for a couple of hours this evening, as she is getting most worried about being able to re-register in the fall.

I hope that she is able to make up those exams, as failure will mean a complication of her school problems. It's too late for her to get into Cadet Nursing school and she is ~~xxxxxx~~ not interested in it for another year. Just so she gets something out of her school, it is okay.

I don't know how mom is able to feed us such nice meals. This week she spent \$2.00 less on the food bill, and we had even better lunches. I think she is able to do it because she plans carefully, and she doesn't waste anything. I got a report of her special diet from Gila, but Mom isn't following it at all. She said that the doctors told her that she didn't need to follow it rigorously anymore, and Miyako supported her story. Yet the head dietician at the Gila hospital writes that she has to have high protein and vitamin food. Quart of half milk and half cream daily. She recommends a lot of fruit juice and vegetables, but no rice. Mom has been eating some rice. Mom had a perforated peptic ulcer which was corrected by surgery a year ago April.

Sonny and Nancy Kita will be going to California in a week. Sonny is not quite sure whether she will go as she is a bit fearful of the public opinion, but Nancy has already made her job plans and she plans to be settled in LA. She said that she had to look after some property interests for her mother in Gila, and the rest of the family may follow her out there. Sonny doesn't know what she wants. She is not interested in Romance or men, and she swears that marriage is no solution to her desire to travel around at this time. She has ~~stuck~~<sup>at</sup> her Stevens hotel job all through, but she said that she may shift to the Congress Hotel if she decided not to go to California. The two girls moved back to the Rush St. apartment after a week on the South side because of the bedbug problem.

I didn't find many changes in the life of Irene, ch-56. She seems to have settled down to a routine pattern. Her apartment has just been painted by the landlady so that her room was in quite a mess. It looked so clean that I hardly recognized it. Irene said that she was back at work and it was a grind. She is not interested in anything except the return of her husband. He has been sending her silk handkerchiefs from Italy. Irene was a little resentful that her brother-in-law will be receiving his Md. degree this summer, while her husband didn't even get started in medical school. I think that she is getting bored with the life she is living.

Her comments:

"It's still the same old job, same old apartment, and same old everything. There hasn't been any changes in my life at all this year. I've just be existing in a very routine way since Bill went overseas in January. He was put in a ction right away and he has three battle clusters. In the meantime, I have been going back and forth to the same old job. Nothing has changed about it so I am planning to stay on until my hush nd gets back. I answer letters for the company. McCluggs has scads of Nisei working there, but I don't know hardly any of them. I have some caucasian friends and I seem to go more in their circles. I don't care for the Nisei at all. They are always coming in and out at work, and there is still a large number there. Some of them are beginning to worry about getting fired when the war is over. I never think of it. I have a good record there and I feel that I am pretty set in my department if I care to stay on. I'm tired of working though and I'd cert,ainly liket o retire. But Bill hasto go through medical school yet, so I guess I will have to work for a long time yet. I put him down as a

dependant on my income tax statment but the Treasury Department must not have agreed with me as I just received a letter saying that I have to pay \$58 back taxes. It sure makes me m d. I've never gotten anything from the government. I didn't even get my transportation money when I came out here. There are lots of people who have received hundreds of dollars from the WRA but I never got one red cent. They encouraged us to leave fast and we missed out on the transportation grant. I don't mind that, but I think that all of us are just as much in need even if we did leave camp earlier. I haven't been able to save hardly any money. I have to send things like shoyu overseas to my husband, and my rent is so high here. I have to pay the whole rent by meself as the place is not big enough to take in a nother girl. I try to put away the allotment money each month so that Bill can use it for his education, but I have to buy clothes once in a while.

You know I went to the WRA office recently to a meeting sponsored by the JACL. The only reason I went was because they were presenting some films of the 442nd, and I wanted to see them since Bill is with the Nisei combat team. What is the JACL anyway? They way they talked at the meeting disgusted me. They just had the film so they could get Nisei down there and try to get them to take out membership. I refused to join because I don't think much of the group. They said that they were going to sponsor a Nisei talent show out here so that they could raise some money to take care of the Issei after the WRA is gone. I think that is pretty disgusting. Why do they have to draw attention to the Nisei by trying to get them all together and making them conspicuous? I thought that they believed the best thing for the Nisei was to scatter

out and become assimilated. But the way those JACL people talked, it sounded as if they resented the Nisei for going out on their own. They want all of them to join the JACL and stick together as a group. They practically scold the Nisei by saying that they have a big responsibility to the Issei and it is up to them to take it over and look after their own group instead of being so anxious to have a good time. I think they are more interested in having a big club so they can be the leaders. I certainly wouldn't join an organization like that. I'm not interested in joining any of these Nisei clubs as they only try to make us more race conscious, and I feel perfectly well accepted out here now and I don't want to be reminded every minute that I am of Japanese origin, and that there is a lot of discrimination against me. I haven't felt any prejudice at all. I think that the people like the JACL talk so much about it that they get to believing everything is that way. Not that it does not exist, but I see no sense in emphasizing things like that when many of the Nisei seem to be doing okay by themselves.

"Last month I went back to camp to visit my in-laws and the camp was so dead that I spent my whole time there sewing. It seemed to me as if it were a foreign place, and I wonder now how I ever stood it there as long as I did. There was a decay about camp, and I could easily see that it was dying. But I guess many of those old people have to stay there because they do not have any other place to go. There was a lot of talk about the closing of the camp, but it seemed to me that many of those families do not believe that the WRA will kick them out by the end of the year. They got pretty excited when it was announced that one of the camps there would be closed by the end of September. One of the Nisei girls there was telling me that the people were getting a little mad because there

were a lot of promises being made for them as an inducement to resettle, but they had heard from people who have gone out that all these fine promises about a lot of help was a bunch of hot air. I don't think that the WRA should do things like that. Personally, I don't concern myself much about these things as it does not affect me too much; but I don't think that they are going to get all of those large families out.

"My in-laws are thinking of going back to California but I don't know where they will go. They wanted me to go to California with them but I decided it was best to continue the good relationships which exist between us now so I said I preferred to remain in Chicago until Bill came back because it is closer to him than if I went back to California. I think they wanted me to join them but I couldn't see how that would work out after all the things we went through in camp. My own plans for the future are very indefinite because I can't do a thing until Bill gets back into civilian life. I'm just planning to stay on in this apartment and I doubt if I move. I'm paying too much rent here but I don't have time to go around searching for another place. I won't have much to do if I went back to California anyway.

"My social life out here is about the same as before. I go around mostly with my Caucasian friends from work, but I also know the Nisei in this building. My girl friend's husband came back from the South Pacific and I have been going out in their group. Honestly I have so much social life that I hardly have time to do things at home. I go to the Red Cross meeting once a week and I get invited to quite a few parties through my friends. I never seem to notice any difference in race because they just don't mention it. All of these parties are fun but it is just passing the time and it is not

what I really want. But I have to live this kind of temporary life until my husband comes back. I hope that it is pretty soon. The war shouldn't last much longer but they may keep the Army in for occupation. I have heard that they are going to put the Nise into practical reserves so that may mean that the 442nd will be brought home. I hope that it is true. Some of those soldiers are going to have to stay over in Europe for the 5 or 10 years. They say that wives will be allowed to go join them but that won't apply to Japanese girls. Bill said that quite a few of his friends ~~joined~~ volunteered for the language school at Snelling so that they could come back and have a 45 day furlough. I think that was a mistake because they will be in the Army even longer. The Nisei soldiers are still being sent over there so I don't know what the war department plans to do with them. I hear a lot of rumors but most of them aren't true.

"I'm not exactly bored with Chicago life, but I would like to get into a cleaner place. It seems that my life is routine and nothing has changed about it this year. The only exciting thing is the occasional fights with the landlady here. A lot of the Nisei moved out so that she is making concessions to them now. She practically begged Nancy and Sunny to stay and she does all sorts of repairs. I had her paint my apartment and she got a man to clean the rugs and all of the furniture. I think I deserve this service because I pay such a high rent. That landlady is very snopy and she got worried when I received a letter from the OPA. She thought that I had made some housing complaints. I just wrote about some extra sugar for canning but I didn't tell her that. I caught the landlady a couple of time putting it up to the light to see what was in them.

"I don't go around in a Nisei group out here so I don't know

what is happening to them. I just don't seem to get along with them because they act in such a different way. There are rumors that the soldiers in Europe might come home about next February and then my husband and I can really plan for the future. I don't want to live in a Japanese community. I'm going to get more into the normal kind of life and I would regret leaving Chicago in a way because of the many Caucasian friends I've made here. But I think it is just as easy to make friends in other places.

"I'm really dissatisfied with all this waiting around from month to month and I do some worrying. Bill wrote and said that it was pretty dead in Italy and that all the Italian fellows were mad at Nisei boys for taking their girls away. They seem to be having a lot of trouble over there. I wonder what would happen x if some of the Nisei fellows married Italian girls and tried to bring them into this country. I think it would be good if all the single Nisei soldiers married foreign girls and then there wouldn't be so many of these national arguments. There doesn't seem to be an excessive barrier on intermarriage as far as the Nisei are concerned. Bill says that the Nisei boys over there are respected pretty highly by those foreign people and they are looked upon as American soldiers altho some of them can't understand why Japanese are wearing American uniforms when America and Japan are at war with each other. But Bill says the Italians have heard favorable stories about America that they practically believe that everyone is a millionaires out here. He says a lot of those Italians would like to come to this county. So I guess this country is a pretty darn good place to live and the Nisei should look at it that way instead of feeling that they have been kicked around and mistreated so much. I think many of them are getting over that though."

Charles Kikuchi  
Insert: Wang to Bette.

Diary

Aug. 3, 1945

8556

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July 25, 1945  
Okinawa Island

Dear Bette,

After a long succession of idle days filled with nothingness--the Hindus have a word and a suet for it, I THINK?, and it makes me shudder that people should make a job of it--your refreshing letter arrived to stir me out of inactivity.

Louise wrote about Chas finally receiving his induction notice, and your letter confirmed the news. It came as a sort of shock--the the shock a wolf must feel when a virtuous woman at length succumbs. I can't imagine Chas a foot slogging soldier, though I can picture him probing into the recesses of combat-distorted minds to reintegrate these shattered personalities, I hope the Army will let him do what he wants.

Thanks for your invitation to visit "when (I) come back." Will you remember ten years from now? Not that I think it'll be that long, but I have ceased being an optimist about furlough, discharges, and all the other nice and wonderful climaxes to a long and honorable tour of duty overseas. You see, Bette, I have been classified "essential", one of the reasons being that I can write Okinawa Island Japanese, and unfortunate circumstance personally; for I have the heart and the desires of a civilian. At first, I used to boast that I had volunteered; but not anymore since my G.I. friends have taken to looking at me with the greatest commiseration written on their faces, and with the profound incredulousness in their voices as they say, "You didn't volunteer, really you didn't, did you, you poor bastard?"

Actually, and deep down, none of us regret our terms of Army

Servicemen; twenty years from now we'll be shedding tears in our beer for the good old days on Okinawa. Such is our lack of perspective.

I am told, by sources as reliable as Stockholm or Geneva, and lately Finland, that men can't hold a candle to women when it comes to swearing. Is that true? I thought that when women got together, even at an assembly table at a factory, they talked about nothing but taking the hem in two inches or cutting the back off of a felt hat to make a new bonnet. In certain ways, I'm so damned naive that it frightens me. When I return to civilization, how will I be able to cope with the young, up and cussing female generation? It will be, I'm sure, one of the many minor post war problems, which won't be solved by adding a clause to the United Nations agreement.

We visited the village of T----last Sunday as spectators at a "game holiday." The newly formed elementary school, which is struggling to reorganize a semblance of an educational system, was sponsoring the event to arouse community spirit.

The little kids most of them looking not more than six years old, were dressed in their Sunday clothes; white dresses and suits cut from, it appeared, sheet muslin. Anyway, they looked standardized, like Ford's off an assembly line.

And that is the general impression that I received. Regimented six years old. They did a series of physical exercises, which they had learned under the Japanese, as complicated as a ballet dance; and they did it in perfect coordination and rhythm. And when they marched to the beat of a home-made, pickle barrel drum, they used the knees-up goose step of the Japanese Army. Instead of having fun watching little kids play, I saw a vision of these goose steppers a decade from now.

There was a coordination race. Five boys lined up one behind the other and tied their feet to two parallel bamboo poles. Another team did the same. The idea was to cooperate, step off in rhythm, hup-two+three-four, and thus win the race. If one boy got out of step, the whole team stumbled and collapsed. Regimentation again. No wonder Japanese minds are so rigidly fixed!

The whole experience left me with a sour taste in my mouth. I'm passing it on to you. Maybe you'll appreciate more than before Chancellor Hutchin's U of Chicago!

...I'm enclosing a snapshot taken on Okinawa. In the foreground are soy bean plants, in the background, pines. To the right is a guy named Wang whose feet are slightly out of focus and who appears to be ready to burst out crying. I was thinking of Home. Home with a foreground of dewy grass and a background of orange tree. "Once a Californian, always a Californian."

Yours truly,

/s/Warren (wang.)

I got quite a bit dictated on my final case today and I hope to get the whole thing finished up early next week. The case is a little longer than I had expected. It will be my final assignment before I report for induction. I did manage to complete most of the things that I set out to do with the exception of one follow-up interview, Fukiko, (CH-59). I would have been able to complete her case but she was busy all last week and this week. She is still doing the same work and she said there weren't any changes in her activities except that her family is now living with her.

About 2 o'clock, I took Miyako down to the Field Museum. Miyako was busy running around and doing all the shopping in the morning. She went to the store 4 times in order to carry all the things for the week-end. Mom went with her once and she said she wasn't allowed to buy anything without Miyako's consent. She wanted to buy a can of sour kraut but Miyako got in a huff and said that it would use up too many points and she just walked off. Mom complained: "Gee, she don't think I know nothing. I wanted to buy corn in can but Miyako won't let me. She get so mad." Miyako's explanation: "Well, Bette told me not to use up all the blue points because we will need them later. Mom doesn't know all about rationing yet so I didn't want her to spend them up." I told Miyako that we had plenty of blue points so she should "allow" Mom to buy whatever she wants. Miyako has taken over the complete responsibility for shopping and she does it very seriously. She knows more about the rationing points than I do already. Before I went to the museum, I dropped in at the warehouse to ask if they would replace the dining room table since there has been so much delay in delivering the right chairs for our table. The man said that he would take care of it as soon as possible since it was on his conscience. He wanted to sell me a mop for 50¢ but after I explained that it wasn't worth that, he got very timid and gave it to me

for nothing. It was a sort of appeasement gift. I certainly have that man bullied! We have all of the furniture we need now, except for the chesterfield which Toshie sold for \$5. Mariko has made arrangements to have it delivered Monday, but I told her that it was impossible for me to take time off in the morning and help carry it down the stairs. I don't know when it will be delivered now. In a way, I'm not too anxious to get that Chesterfield because there might be bedbugs in it and I certainly don't want any around our place. Toshie swears that it doesn't have any bugs and she has been kind enough to sell it to us so cheaply. We will need it when Alice comes down to visit. However, if I get too much sleeping accommodations in the flat, it might encourage Mom to crowd everyone into the large bedrooms so she can rent the other two bedrooms out. I think she has given the idea up, largely because Tom insists that he will not give up his private room. He got my "permission" to decorate it anyway he saw fit so that he is going to put pictures of airplanes all around the room despite Bette's objection that it isn't artistic enough. He is also going to build a platform to put his single bed on so that he can build some drawers under it.

We walked all through the museum of natural history and it was quite interesting to Miyako. It took us about 3 hours to go through the place. Miyako carried a little notebook around and when I asked her what it was for, she said: "I write everything I see in it and then I will go home and write my friend a long letter to tell them about Chicago." After we left the museum, we went through the Planetarium and the aquarium. We walked all the way along the lakeshore down to Buckingham Fountain so Miyako could look at that. She is very fond of walking and I had to stop her several times so that I could rest. We went all the way down the Loop and then Miyako decided that she wanted to walk right by Stevens Hotel because her friend

had written that they had heard it was the largest hotel in the world. We walked up Michigan Ave. to the hotel and then we went right inside and sauntered through the lobby and sat and talked for a while. It was quite a thrill for Miyako. She enjoyed the whole afternoon's experiences and she now feels that she likes Chicago very much. She is anxiously waiting for the opening of school so that she will be able to make a lot of new friends. The high school opens on Sept. 2 because of the earlier vacation.

When we got home, we had to wait for a while for dinner even though we were late because Tom had not come home yet. About 7:30 he came and we all inquired: "Where have you been?"

Tom: "I went to my friend's house because we were discussing books."

Us: "What?"

Tom: "Well, we were talking about comic books. He has a whole lot of them at home and he told me to come over. I thought he was about 20 years old but he is only 16. Those Caucasian kids really are big for their age. He only gets paid 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ an hour and I get 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ because I am 17. He has a real nice home way out and I met his family and they gave me sandwiches to eat. We read the comic books for quite a while and then we went out to the park and I showed him some of the things I could do on the bars that I had learned in camp. He will be going to a different high school than me."

Tom was able to save \$47 from his first <sup>two</sup> paychecks, and this week's check will be fairly large since he got in quite a few hours. He gave Miyako \$2 but I said that he didn't have to contribute \$4 a week for food since he would only be working for the balance of this month. He was quite willing to turn over most of his paycheck but I told him to save it for his school needs. He has reconciled himself to returning to school and he said he didn't mind now if they taught

subjects that he liked.

After dinner, we decided to go to the show. Mom wanted everyone to go together since it would be the last time before I was drafted. She made a big issue because we insisted that she take the streetcar and she thought that she could walk. She said she could buy several loaves of bread with the money saved. I got quite impatient at this and I said we would take the streetcar. Mom isn't able to walk too far because she hasn't regained all of her strength yet. She worked aroundx the house too much.

We were reading the newspapers after the show when <sup>tonight</sup> Mariko and George came in. They were attending a party several blocks away. Mariko is not working yet but she said she would start looking for a job seriously from next week. Her job hunting efforts had not been intense up to this time. It is already a month or more since she quit her last job. I don't think that she wants to work too much. I told her that I was getting drafted so that she wanted all of us to go over to her place for dinner tomorrow night. We had made our plans to go to the beach and have dinner at home but I said that we would go if Mom was not permitted in the kitchen to do any of the work. I didn't want to go over there because she said that she was having spaghetti. I suggested that they come over to our place for dinner, but Bette discouraged this because she said it was too much trouble to have them over.

The in-law struggle which I have been anticipated finally came out into the open. It is largely Mariko's fault. We are willing to ignore the whole thing, but Mariko is determined to make Mom go over and visit Mrs. Taki. She said that Mom had been in Chicago for several weeks and Mrs. Taki was wondering why she hadn't made the formal call according to the Japanese custom. She kept stressing the Japanese ~~xxxx~~ custom and I told her we weren't living in Japan. Mariko

told me to keep my nose out of it. Mariko said that it was up to the bride's mother to go visit the bridegroom's mother first and she is making a big issue of it. It was very embarrassing to George but apparently he feels that it should be done this way first. Mrs. Taki expects this formal call and apparently Mariko wants to appease her. She said that she was running out of excuses to tell Mrs. Taki why Mom had not come yet. Bette told her that Mom was not in good health and that it was too much effort to go visiting around. I added that Mom was always exhausted every time she left the house, and then I didn't say anything more.

< I don't know the exact reason why Mom is not so anxious to go over to visit Mrs. Taki. I think she is mad at some of the things that Mrs. Taki said about our family not being good enough for hers during the period of Madame T.-Mariko battle for George. Mariko kept insisting that it had to be done and she pressed Mom for a definite appointment. She wanted Mom to go tomorrow but Mom said that she had promised to go to the beach with us. Mariko then said that Mom could go visit Mrs. Taki in the morning and go to the beach in the afternoon but we said this would be too much for her. Mom then admitted to Mariko that she wasn't particularly anxious to go to the beach but "she had promised to go." Actually, she was just using this as an excuse because she didn't want to go visit Mrs. Taki at Mariko's insistence. Mariko then said that she could go visit her next Saturday and that she would come down after Mom. Bette said that it was not necessary for all of us to go along as Mom could take care of the matter. That is the way it was decided. >

Mariko should not have made a big issue of the matter and I can't understand why she did. I suppose that she feels that we have a definite antagonism towards Mrs. Taki and she thinks that we are influencing Mom. I was rather disgusted at the way she used the argu-

ment about following a "Japanese custom." Mariko, of all persons, to use a dumb argument like that! She tried to scare Mom into going. After Mariko and George left, Mom said that she would go once and make this formal visit just to please Mariko but her heart wasn't in it. She said that if Mrs. Taki started asking all about her family history, she would turn right around and ask Mrs. Taki hers. I guess it is true that Bette, Emiko and I have influenced some of Mom's thinking, but I still believe that it is best that Mrs. Taki doesn't make efforts to dominate Mom like she has done George. I think she even has Mariko buffaloed now, or how else explain Mariko's insistence upon following dead Japanese traditions? Bette thinks that Mariko is insisting upon this point because of her own selfish desires. We felt that Mom's health was more important than making social visits to Mariko's in-laws. I object to Mrs. Taki because of the way in which she went around to Toshie in order to find out all about us and hinted that we had wrong upbringing because we didn't follow the proper Japanese conventions. I feel that we should get away from these things and the whole family feels that for that matter. Mariko uses the argument of custom just for her own convenience. Mrs. Taki has also cast aspersions upon our family because of the fact that Jack has intermarried. I don't know how she found out about this, but one of the Seattle boys that I knew told me that she had been spreading that around. Mariko doesn't know that Mrs. Taki knows this yet so I haven't said anything to her. It's no use starting a family feud and we don't feel that we have any connections with Mariko's in-laws. It has gone along peacefully up to now and we might as well let it go at that. George is the one who is placed in an embarrassing position because he thinks that we have an antagonism toward his family. That isn't true at all; it's just that the various personalities involved does not click. Mariko, in insisting upon

joining the two families, may cause friction when it isn't necessary at all. She won her point with Mom because she said everything in Japanese and I didn't know what was being said. Mom is just an innocent bystander and she is just caught in the middle.

The whole affair was discussed fairly calmly, but there is a conflict situation. The whole thing is silly but it is only one aspect of the strangulating "Japanese customs" which bound the Nisei so closely to the Issai on the coast. I don't see any sense in resuming this sort of thing out here. Mrs. Taki is also being stubborn about it because she wants Mom to come and visit her first, and I suppose she will think that it is a victory for her. I've never gone to see her like I was supposed to do according to her interpretation, as I have felt that Mariko's marriage to George is none of our business and the families didn't get married. In a way, the whole thing is one small aspect of the struggle between Japanese customs vs. American ways. This issue isn't meaningful and it won't have any profound effect on our lives regardless of what happens, but I think that the Nisei should resist all the way down the line in having the parental control over them. I can't see such customs such as these as contributing to American culture so there is no necessity for the Nisei to retain it. Mom's reluctance is more personal, and I guess she feels that she has to support the views of her younger children who are in the household with her. I can see now how the Japanese communities on the coast governed the minute behavior of the Nisei as the Issai pressure is pretty heavy--and pretty persistent. Mrs. Taki has never gotten over the fact that we did not follow conventions, according to some of the things which Mariko mentions once in a while. Mariko is more willing to compromise now because she wants to be reconciled by her in-laws but she doesn't have to drag us into it. She can't drag me into it and she isn't trying, but

she is turning her influence upon Mom.

I really didn't say too much because of George's presence so Mariko is not aware of my intense opposition. It is up to Mom anyway and I can't govern her life. But Mariko shouldn't use that argument to me and then turn around and try to govern Mom's life herself. Bette seems to be even more opposed than I am but it is more of a personal dislike for Mrs. Taki after what was being said to Emiko about being rude. Bette and I have never met Mrs. Taki. It isn't a personal matter in us, but Mrs. Taki represents a symbol of the old way toward which we are opposed. Actually Mrs. Taki is supposed to be "much more Americanized" than most Issei. From what George has told me in the past, she didn't follow too many of the Japanese conventions. It seems that she was ostracized in some ways because of her personality and opportunistic manners. There was also some questioning of her background because she appears to have Caucasian features. I don't give a damn about her background and her ancestors and I can't understand why she should make a fuss of it. Maybe it's all involved around her struggle with Mariko and these instruments are only used as means to get her own way. She doesn't sound like a very pleasant individual from what I have heard from various sources and I just want to stay away from her.

It rained today! Tom and Miyako were very disappointed that their plans for going swimming were spoiled. I had a grouch today because Bette didn't prepare breakfast after a 2½ hour delay so I treated everybody but Tom very curtly for part of the day. I got them to clean the house and I insisted that all the cardboard boxes and suitcases be taken away from under the bed. Mom said that she didn't have enough bureaus for all of these things. I decided to build a large closet shelf in the storage room that we have and it took me all day to do this. It will hold everything now.

Tom was busy completing his dressing table for Bette and he is doing it with great workmanship. In the evening I helped him to sand it down and then I painted it so that it is a very good piece of furniture now. We were all supposed to go over to Mariko's dinner but Tom and I decided that we were too busy so we sent the female delegation to represent us. We didn't feel like eating spaghetti over there even though Miyako said afterwards that it was a very good meal. Mom isn't supposed to eat spaghetti anyways. It rained during the greater part of the day and it was rather downcast. We did compensate for the weather by getting a lot of work done around the house. Tom was very disappointed because he wanted all of us to go swimming once together since he wants to show me that he can beat me in swimming. I suggested that he go to work early Wednesday or Thursday and then take an afternoon off so we can go swimming. He said he would do this. >

When Miyako, Mom and Bette came home about midnight, they began to tell us immediately how Mom was persuaded to go visit Mrs. Taki. Bette's story: "We didn't even know about it but Mariko kept saying to Mom that she couldn't give any more excuses to Mrs. Taki. < I don't know why she has to give any excuses. She told Mom everything to say to Mrs. Taki and I don't see why she had to make up stories and apo-

logize for any of her actions. It all started when the door bell rang about 7:30. It was Mr. and Mrs. Taki and they were coming to visit Mariko and George. George ran down the stairs before they could come up and he talked to them. He told them that we were there and then Mr. and Mrs. Taki didn't even come up. That was sure dumb. George came up and said that his parents were just passing because they wanted to know Toshi's address. That was really a weak excuse because Mrs. Taki has been to Toshi's place a number of time and she knows that it is two blocks away. She wanted to win her point and she didn't want to come up and see Mom first because she feels that Mom should come and visit her. It sure was childish. But Mariko made me mad when she decided that Mom should go right over and visit Mr. and Mrs. T. Miysko and I stayed with Eileen because we didn't want to go over there. Mom visited for a couple of hours. Anyway, that is out of the way now and Mom has made her visit. She told Mrs. T. to come over any time so I guess she will be dropping over to return the call one of these days. Mom said that it wasn't a bad visit because everyone was polite to each other. Mrs. T. started to ask all about our family and Mom told her. Then she asked Mrs. T. about her family and she found out that Mrs. T. learned English in a ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ mission school in Yokohama and that she is pretty young yet. Mom said that she was pretty sure that Mrs. Taki was not pure Japanese but she doesn't hold that against her. Anyway, that is settled now and Mariko is satisfied. I hope she doesn't make a lot of plans to throw Mom and Mrs. Taki together now because Mom said she just didn't care for George's mother. But Mrs. Taki belongs to a church too so she may drag Mom to one of the Issel Christian churches. I hope she lets us alone." So that is that!

Aug. 5, 1945 2569

Aug. 2, 1945

68575  
Dear Charlie,

So at last you are "in", or very near. I know what a sense of relief it must be. You should feel great pride in a job well done: not only the magnificent performance for the Study, but also the heroic way in which you have solved your family problems. Now a new era begins for you, and we are all wishing that it will be a happy and successful one--not the interlude in the Army, but your long time future in the postwar world. You have certainly shown that you've got what it takes.

The write-up of your life-history was quite satisfactory for my purposes. I wish you would drop a note to Louis Adamic, with a copy for my files, indicating that you are willing to have me use the material he published in his book to any extent that I wish and asking him in turn to put no restrictions on it. You may say that, of course, I will write for specific permission from him for direct quotations and that full credit will be given.

I am, indeed, pleased with the follow-ups. Now it is up to me to whip a manuscript into shape. I will not, of course, be able to meet the original deadline I had set, but it will be sometime this fall. Right now I am working like mad on Rosalie's ms. as she leaves in a few weeks. Frank is busy with revisions. Jimmy did not get drafted, as they threw him back into 4C on technical grounds (parents in Japan).

Yes, it is ok to let Louise stay until Frank returns. If she runs out of work, tell her I wish she would work up her father's life history and experiences, if she is willing to.

Consider the fan a gift to the Kikuchi family. God forbid I should ever have to live in the East, where it might be needed! Your apartment sounds swell. Please give my regards to your mother.

Charles Kikuchi

Mary

Aug. 5, 1945

8570

Let us hear what happens. If you should get turned down for flat feet or something, please telegraph, so that I will not "terminate" you and then have to go through the red tape of reinstatement.

All here send best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy

4571  
4257 Cottage Grove, Apt. 1,  
Chicago, Illinois.

August 6, 1945

Dear Mr. Adams:

It's been some months since I've last written to you but I have been very busy with my work on the University research. We have been studying problems of the evacuation and resettlement for the past three years. My work has been centered here in Chicago and I have been emphasizing individual adjustments and problems in my particular phase of the job. I have also been doing some field work on the resettlers here. It has been a very interesting and educational job; but on next Friday, August 10, I am terminating this work to be inducted into the Army at last. I am quite glad that I will be in the armed services since I believe that the principles involved are worth fighting for. My work during the past three years has contributed to the war effort in some constructive way, I think, but now I will be more directly connected with it-- that is, if I am not rejected for physical reasons.

There are about 10,000 evacuees resettled in the Chicago area at the present time. The War Relocation Authority is planning to close the remaining nine centers by the end of this year, but it will be a tremendous job to resettle 52,000 more people into the normal stream of American life. The 50,000 plus who have gone out during the past two years seem to be making some satisfactory adjustments and many of the young people have had the opportunity to engage in various types of work which they never had a chance to before. Only about 7,000 have gone back to the Pacific Coast thus far, but there may be an increasing number by the end of this year. My brother, Jack, is out there in San Francisco now working in the shipyards while waiting to gain admittance into a medical school. He is married to a girl of Filipino extraction who has just graduated from Stanford University. Jack may be going into the Army very shortly too. My sister, Alice, is up in Minneapolis with her child; her husband is in the Pacific with the intelligence unit.

The remainder of my family is here in Chicago now. After 27 months, we have finally managed to get them together. One sister is in cadet nursing in the local Mt. Sinai hospital and making very good progress. Another sister is attending the University of Chicago. There are two younger ones still in high school. My oldest sister is also here in Chicago with her husband. Things seem to be turning out very satisfactory for us.

In the course of my work I did a further follow-up of my life history and I would like to know if the University study under the direction of Dr. Dorothy S. Thomas could have permission to use some of the material which you used in your book, "From Many Lands", on my life story. Dr. Thomas will write to you for specific permission for direct quotations and full credit will be given. I

857<sup>2</sup>

don't know what she plans to do with the material, but I think that she has in mind the publication of a monograph on case documents. It is a very tentative plan as far as I know. The Study has not published anything yet because of certain restrictions placed upon the material. I believe that Dr. Thomas has plans for a series of monographs on the whole evacuation and resettlement which will come out after the war. We have had a fairly large staff up to now, but the draft and other causes have reduced it considerably. However, the Study will continue for some months yet.

I had been taking a limited program in the graduate school of Social Service Administration here but I have had to discontinue it with my pending draft. My post-war plans are indefinite and I haven't given it too much thought yet. I would like to work in some phase of race relations but I have not investigated the possibilities at all because of my work and studies up to this time.

If I ever get a chance to be near New Jersey after I get inducted, I shall make every effort to come see you and your wife. It is rather difficult to tell you of all my experiences since the time my brothers and sisters and I visited you and your wife at the Clift Hotel in San Francisco in 1940. The past five years have been crammed with interesting experiences, and I think that I have learned considerably. One thing that it has done is that it has convinced me that it is possible for minority groups in this country to become integrated into the American way of life, and that it is not an impossible dream to achieve such a goal even though the process may be difficult. The evacuation in itself gave the Nisei the impetus in this direction, and it was not completely in vain, even though certain of our democratic principles were strained during the hysteria following Pearl Harbor. I have talked to a large number of resettled Nisei during the course of my work and the consensus of the opinion seems to be that they no longer wish to return to the more segregated patterns of the pre-war Japanese communities on the Pacific Coast because of the greater opportunities they have found in the Midwest and East. There are still many problems facing this group but the outlook appears bright in many respects. Post-war adjustments may be difficult, but that is true of other groups. Some 20,000 Nisei from the mainland and Hawaii are now in the armed forces, and a large group are playing an important part in the Pacific War through their specialized intelligence activities. I doubt if I will be placed in a Japanese language Army center because of my lack of knowledge of Japanese. I don't particularly care to do that anyway because it would be too difficult a process for me. I'd rather serve in some other branch of the service.

At any rate, I shall try to drop you a line occasionally if the Army does not take too much of my time! Best regards to your wife.

Sincerely,

Charles Kikuchi

I started out for the office early but I was delayed because I had to go to the bank. Miyako started her savings account and the lady in charge thought I was her father. This made Miyako giggle so much that she could hardly answer the questions! I thought that it would be a good idea for Miyako to start an account as it will be an inducement for her to save. Bette gave her \$8 from her income tax money returned and Tom gave her \$2 while I gave her \$8 also. I will also give her some further amounts as soon as I can make the arrangements. In signing her name, she wrote "Margaret". I asked her why she used this name and she said that for all school and other purposes she was going under her American name. On the way to the bank, she told me that she was not reading "Black Boy" any more because she thought she was too young for it when she came to a realistic description of little boys peeking into outhouses! Tom also went along to the bank as he did not go to work this morning. A sty has developed on his eye and he thought that it was caused from the dust at his shop. If I had known that he was not going to work, I could have sent him over to bring the couch from Toshi's.

I went to lunch with Morton and a couple of his friends, Ben and Jack. We didn't go to his house because his wife, Ruth, had a dental appointment. We went up to a nice restaurant on 63rd, but the service was rather slow. They were all excited because of the news which just came out that atomic bombs had been perfected and that one complete city in Japan had already been devastated. They felt that this was the new secret weapon of the war. The bomb is supposed to be 2000 times more powerful than any bombs used thus far. Ben said that he knew where the secret plant ~~is~~ producing these bombs were located and he was surprised that Truman had made public the news about the bomb. He said that over 65,000 people were making these bombs and it cost two billion dollar research to develop

it. Jack's comment was that it was a pity to spend that much money on destructive efforts when pure research could really cure cancer if the government put an equal sum to research. Morton philosophized that perhaps the atomic bomb was not all a waste because the same principle could be used in industry and revolutionize it. We talked quite a bit about this bomb as they were keenly interested, and they even went out to buy 4 newspapers in order to get all details. It seems that Ben was connected at one time with its production but he is now a graduate student here.

We also talked about the war and the fellows all felt that it might end before 1946. We were all agreed that perhaps it was better the Emperor rule to be removed in Japan. Jack pointed out that it was really meaningless since the Emperor's position was no better than that of the king of England. Both Jack and Ben seemed to be quite liberal minded and they are both writing their Ph.D. theses right now. Morton seems to be doing okay as he is located in a swanky office in the public administration building on the campus. He seems to like his work very much altho he has a continuing interest in the latest developments of the study. He is anxious to follow the WRA in order to find out if it really does succeed in closing up the center. I'm not able to give him too much information because I haven't been keeping up on these developments myself. Morton now believes that the WRA may not succeed in its closure policy, but he suspects that it has a hidden policy to carry on in the event that all of the people do not leave.

Morton clapped his hands when he read the news that Senator Johnson had expired. He said that when he saw Johnson in Washington, D.C., he thought the shadow of death was already upon him. Morton looked upon it impersonally as Johnson was a symbol of isolationism and reactionaryism and there was nothing personal in what he said about Johnson's death. He thought that Warren might take the vacancy.

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It will take one more day to finish the dictation, and then I will have to tie up my boxes. It's going according to schedule, and I still will have one free day. I'll have to go downtown once on the last day in order to do some personal business. I got a note from Yuki Kimura (Ch-20) and she is up in Minneapolis now. She moved up there about a month ago with her Caucasian room-mate but he did not mention what type of work she was doing. She probably plans to go to the university if she can get herself settled down. Yuki is still running away from herself and she has been extremely disorganized even from before the war. She was a little more settled here in Chicago for a while but she couldn't resist the urge to move on. She doesn't have any roots any place so that she is continually moving on in order to seek her happiness, without realizing that happiness is a result of personal efforts to a large extent and that it can be found almost any place if the mental attitude is right. Maybe she will be happier up there, but I have an idea that she will eventually move on to another city--perhaps New York next. She quit her job very suddenly here and apparently the decision to move came overnight altho she had been thinking of it at the time I saw her a couple of months ago. >

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At the dinner table tonight, Tom explained to Mom all about the new atomic bomb which has taken over all the headlines. It was rumored that Japan will be given a 48 hour notice to quit the war, and some reports have come in telling about the destruction over Hiroshima. Mom's reaction was: "Too bad all nations not Christian. America get all the brains from Germany, England, Italy and other countries. That's why best scientists here. That's why U.S. will win the war. Japan must give up before all women and children are

destroyed. Too bad not all nations are Christian. War is bad and I feel sorry. I hope war end before Charlie get in Army."

↳ Mom mentioned that she had talked to Mariko last night and after she understood the reason why I didn't want any boarders in our apartment because of the desire to have a family unit and not a rooming house, Mom said, "I feel sorry I worry you, but I don't take in boarder now. If we have enough money to pay expenses, I won't do it." She also mentioned a little of her reaction to Mrs. Taki. "Mrs. Taki try to look young and modern. She wears too much jewelry and flower in her hair. She is pretty young. She look like hakujin lady. I think that she is half and half. Long time ago when Japan was closed to world, only the Dutch traders were allowed to come in. Many went to Yokohama. Many married with Japanese girl. Many descendants of these in Yokohama and they look like hakujin. I think that Mrs. Taki is one of these descendants."

I explained a bit further to Tom and Miyako about Japan's seclusion for a couple of hundred years before it was "opened" by Admiral Peary last centruy. Tom was surprised that I knew so much about Japan and Mom's comment was that even though I didn't know the language I knew more about Japan's history than any "Japanese" that she had ever known in this country. >

Mom was in a very reminiscie mood and upon Tom's and Miyako's urgings, she told a little of Pop's early life. She told it in Japanese so I only got a condensed version from Tom and Miyako. Mom said that Pop had many ~~experiences~~ experiences before he came to America and that he traveled all over the Pacific area before he joined the U.S. Navy. She said ~~h~~ that he was a cabin boy from the age of 15 and later he became a deep-sea pearl diver. Once he went down and a shark attacked him so that he shoved his knife between the shark's jaws. The shark couldn't close its mouth so that it drowned. The next day Pop got to

thinking what a fine knife he had lost so he dove down after it and he saw the dead shark. Another time he dove down and his foot got caught in the weeds so that it was 15 minutes before he could come up. Tom and Miyako said it was impossible for anyone to hold their breath for 15 minutes. Mom said, "Well, it probably was only five minutes, but the minutes got longer as Pop got older." She went on to explain that a lot of the stories were exaggerated but they were all based on truths. She is quite proud of the fact that Pop was quite a Romeo in his younger days but she calls his illegitimate son in Saipan a "half-brother". Miyako doesn't quite understand what this means when Tom laughs in his knowing way. She also said that Pop was a hero at the time of the U.S.S. Bennington explosion and he rescued one of the officers but he never got a medal because the officer died and Pop didn't know enough English to come forward and say that he was the one who had swum after these officers during the explosion. Tom said that Pop told him a few years ago that one of the ordinary seamen on the U.S.S. Bennington at that time became a high official in the Navy Dept. many years later. Mom said that she was going to put Pop's honorable discharge certificate in the hallway where our American flag is hanging. She had Pop's ashes in the dining room but I hid it in the closet.

Tom's sty on the eye kept him from work today but it didn't keep him and Miyako from going out all afternoon to explore. They bought a half-gallon of root beer and tried to drink it all down by themselves, but they did not succeed. They also bought ice cream and funny books. Tom is pretty good to Miyako and he buys her things even though he treats her gruffly at times. Miyako is getting him to build her a desk like Bette so she can put her pictures of her movie idols on it. She wanted to paste them all over the wall but I discouraged her. Tom and Miyako have not had a real big argument yet.

I packed my bag to take along to the induction station. It was a very simple job because all I put in it was one pair of underwear, a few packages of cigarettes and a notebook. The Army is supposed to provide everything and I'll just have to put in my electric razor in the last minute and I shall be ready. Mom is going to send my clothes to the cleaners and then she will pack them away in moth balls. She hasn't said much about my induction except that it was my duty to go even though she wished I did not have to go. She is worried that the strenuous life in the Army will be too hard for me! She suggests that I try to get a desk job. I said that I wouldn't have any choice in the matter and that if 10,000,000 other fellows could take it, I suppose I could come out in fair physical condition.

<sup>thru 8586</sup>  
I fixed up little things about the house all evening. The freight will arrive on Wednesday or Thursday but I won't have much time to paint up the dressers. I may be able to help in unpacking a bit. as soon as this freight arrives, the household will be practically complete and it will be much more settled. Then Bette will be able to get down to her studying in earnest. She did study for a couple of hours this evening but complained that her eyes hurt. It is going to be a very difficult assignment for her to pass her examination and time is going by rapidly. I suggested again that she should quit her job at the end of the month and really get down to business and study for the next couple of weeks. Bette is just as anxious to pass because she wants to do her second year very badly. She thinks that she got a 5¢ an hour raise at her job but she is not sure.

Marikoon Saturday night

How rumor start: I told ~~xxx~~ that Jack might be ~~xxx~~ drafted soon. On Sunday Mariko told Mom that she thought Jack was in the Army already. This evening Mom tells me that Jack is in the Army because Mariko told her. The next thing we will hear, says Tom, is that Jack is overseas!

I rushed through my work today and finally got the last case dictated! It took me the rest of the afternoon to finish up the packing. The only incomplete work now is the index and Luise will finish that up after I leave. Louise is indefinite about her future work plans but she was saying something about loaning her car to her sister to go to New York. She might go to New York too for a vacation after Frank returns from Berkeley. She said she might even remain there if work opportunity develops. Her brother-in-law does a comic strip, "Miki", which appears in about 17 newspapers over the country. At one time most of her family was here in Chicago, but they are scattered quite a bit now. It was a lucky thing for us that she remained as long as she did because it would have been difficult to break in a new secretary at the last moment. It's a relief to get everything out of the way, and my remaining two days will be spent in cleaning up personal business. I still have to go to the office one more time in order to type up my last daily entry.

There has been quite a bit of news in the papers about the atomic bombs and it is reported to have destroyed two-thirds of a city. The full horror of war's destructiveness is not being realized by the public and there is a great deal of varied reaction to the use of the new bomb. I hope that there will not be another war because complete cities will be wiped out the next time war breaks out. We are supposed to be a civilized world, but people accept such bombings in a casual way because they can't realize the full ~~xxxx~~ horror of such a thing. A couple of years ago, there used to be great cries of atrocity when a hospital was bombed but now we take the destruction of complete city in an almost matter of fact way. If democracy is to be achieved, we are paying a great price for it and I hope that it works this time. I think that almost everyone feels that such complete

bombings is terrible but we rationalize our guilty conscience by saying that it is war and that if we did not do it the other nation would. I doubt if Japan can hold out much longer now and the sooner it is over, the better it will be for everyone. Japan might still be fanatic enough to try and hold out in the face of inevitable defeat, but I suspect that there might be some sort of mass uprising when more and more cities are destroyed. Mom is hoping that the war might be over before my date of induction, but that wouldn't make any difference as the Army would still continue to draft for occupational purposes. I certainly hope that the war does not last much longer so that the reconstruction period can really begin.

Mom is not feeling good today and she went to bed quite early. She was tired out and she had a headache. She thought that it was the weather, but I suspect that it is still the part of her general illness because she certainly is not in full health by any means. I think that her going out on Sunday was a little too much for her, and I plan to ask Mariko not to engage Mom in any strenuous activities hereafter.

Bette was quite alarmed this evening because of the letter which she received from the University. The re-examinations are given on Sept. 5 and 9 and she has to pass them before she will be permitted to enroll for the fall term. Bette decided immediately that she would quit her job tomorrow and spend the next 3 weeks studying full time. She thought that she would be able to work 3 more weeks after the re-examination because the fall term doesn't start until October. It is going to be a tough struggle for her to catch up and cram down all of the necessary data and Bette is very worried about it. I was busy all evening doing little tasks. I'll probably be busy right up to the last minute because the freight has to be unloaded yet. I

am so busy that I haven't had an opportunity to become curious about Army life. I'm just anxious that I won't be rejected at the last minute for unknown reasons. I haven't told very many people that I am leaving because it is always awkward to say good-bye, but the news seems to have gotten around a little, and some of them have stopped me to say good-bye. Actually, I should go around and say the good-byes myself, but I'm just too busy. I guess that the new chapter in my life will have to wait until Friday. The resettlement phase has been very successful as far as I am concerned. The whole evacuation story will soon be completed when the camps close. Some of the centers are sending out special trains to return to the Coast. The WRA believes that this will be a heavy month for resettlement because many of the parents will want to get their children out in time for the opening of school. I saw a notice in the paper which said that Manzanar might be purchased by the State of California in order to take care of the 2000 indigents (Japanese) from Los Angeles county. That's not closing camp at all because it is merely transferring the administration to less qualified hands. If such a thing is done, then the remainder of the centers should also be kept open, and financed by state and federal funds.

Some lady, Karon Kehoe had written a book "City in the Sun" which is about her experiences at Gila. The book won the Bodd Meade Co. national intercollegiate fellowship and it will be published next spring. I suppose that more and more volumes will come out about the evacuation from now on.

2:30 P.M.

It has been a very busy day for me so far. I started out for the office at 8 o'clock but I didn't get here until just now. I had to go downtown in order to get Bill McKee to have his statement regarding my support of the family notarized. Bill is on a vacation until September so Mr. Morgenthau had the statement retyped and he went to get it notarized. I stopped in at the Five and Ten to buy some moth balls before I went on to the office, but I ran into Mariko. She was out job hunting. She said that she had a job lined up with the Laymen's missionary group but she wasn't sure whether she would take it or not. "They are offering me \$30 a week and I only have to work 40 hours. It sounds like a very good job and I am considering it because I don't think that I can get \$35 anymore. The USES has told me that work is slacking off in the defense plants so that more secretaries are available. I don't take any dictation at all so I have to look around for a clerical job. Office workers do not have a Union to keep their wages up so many of the employers are cutting down the hourly rates.

"I tried to get unemployment compensation but my former boss ruined that for me. When the USES checked up, he told them that I was fired because I came in to work 15 minutes late every day and he said that I took 5 or 10 minutes off every hour to go to the wash room. Then he also said I avoided doing certain filing work because I didn't like it, and that I was always fighting with the 2 girls downstairs. He is a big liar because I wasn't fired at all. I said to the USES man that if I had been fired, the company would not have given me a vacation with pay. I said that the whole cause of our disagreement in the office was because I didn't get along with Mrs. Rosenfeld the supervisor and he had it in for me so that's why he said

all those things about me. I think that the USES man believes my side of the story. I would only have received \$14.50 a week for unemployment compensation anyway because my job with the salvation army didn't count since they do not deduct for social security from religious organizations. The Nisei girl who works at the USES told me that it was better for me to get a job covered by social security because next year jobs would be even scarcer. That's why I'm not quite sure about the job with the missionary publishing group. I haven't decided yet whether I will take it, but it will be convenient since the office is located in the Loop and I can do my food shopping during the noonhour in the downtown stores. The USES just can't seem to find a similar job as I held before. I've been out of work for 6 weeks now and I have to get a job soon because George needs my help. His work has been cut down to 40 hours so he doesn't get paid nearly as much as before. After I get working, it won't be any problem at all for me to contribute the \$25 a month to the family. I'll take it out of my bank account this month."

Mariko was quite anxious about getting the couch delivered because she said Toshie wanted it out of her house as soon as possible. I told her that I was very rushed and I couldn't possibly go over to help. She got a little excited and said that after all it was for my benefit so in order to calm her down I asked her to phone Bob and make new arrangements for its delivery. Luck was with me because Bob said that he couldn't get a man to go over there with a truck until next Saturday. Mariko decided to have George help in that case as he does not have to work that day. I told Mariko that Mom had not been feeling well since her activities last Sunday, and Mariko said she would not have Mom run around anymore. She was quite relieved that this formal visit with Mrs. Taki was now accomplished, and she hopes that

Mrs. Taki was satisfied in having this visit conducted ~~xxxx~~ according to her interpretation of the formal custom. I told Mariko that the next time to hell with Mrs. Taki because Mom's health was more important. Mariko agreed but she said she only insisted upon it for the first time because George might have made it unpleasant for her. She said that George did not like the way in which she had referred to his family in an unfavorable way so much and that's why he wanted to follow the Japanese custom in this matter. Actually Mom and the rest of us are ~~x~~ innocent bystanders in the struggle between Mariko and Mrs. T. Those two get along now, but there still is that conflict situation which doesn't come out into the open too much. Mrs. Taki had outwardly "accepted" Mariko as good enough for her son. Mom's comment is that Mrs. Taki looks like an older version of Mariko and maybe that's why those two don't get along.

Mariko's comment regarding the atomic bombing of Hiroshima: (we saw the headlines about how two-thirds of the city had vanished and that there were over 150,000 dead) "Isn't that terrible./ It isn't because it happens to be a Japanese city which is bombed. I would feel the same way no matter what city in the world was destroyed in this manner. George didn't want me to read the paper last night because he knew that I would get disturbed. I read the news account anyway and I couldn't sleep because thoughts about how terrible how war was troubled my mind. I don't know what this world is coming to, but they can't have wars like this anymore. Japan should be smart and give up right away. I feel sorry for a lot of those Issei who have relatives in Hiroshima ken because they probably lost most of them when that bomb exploded. It's hard to conceive of one bomb creating that much destruction. Too bad that it isn't put to more useful services, but I suppose that we have to pay a price for

scientific advancement. It's a pretty stiff price though."

The atomic bomb was largely developed right here on the campus, in the buildings down the street. For the past 2 years there have been guards on these buildings and I never knew the reasons for that. I suspect that many humanitarian groups are going to raise a protest at the mass execution of women and children. That one bomb more than repays the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor and Japan had better call it quits pretty soon or there won't be any more Japs left on this earth. It's still pretty hard to even conceive of one bomb doing that much damage, but it is no longer a fantastic Buck Rogerish dream because it actually happened. All of the newspapers are carrying many stories about this newest war weapon. It is the secret weapon of the war and something far beyond our imagination.

After we got through sipping our cokes, I decided to buy the moth balls but Mariko pointed out things here and there that we needed so I ended up with a whole armful of stuff. I bought a potted plant to give Mom and to put <sup>in</sup> on the built-in table which Mariko wanted me to tear out of our living room. Now I have an excuse for not doing that. I had to stop off home to leave these purchases there, and I was greeted with the news that the freight man had come but he refused to bring the 20 crates upstairs. He said that the company only delivered to the sidewalk. He told Mom that he would hire a man for \$3 to help him bring it upstairs but Mom refused to do this. She had been instructed by the WRA not to pay a cent for the freight delivery. She sent the man away and I was greatly upset because I thought that she should have known enough to pay the \$3 because of the time it saved and furthermore I couldn't bring that stuff up myself anyway. I went down immediately to check up with the freight company as to when they could delivery the freight again. I was

shifted to about 8 different sub offices before I got any satisfaction. The agent finally told me that the freight could not be delivered for several more days because it was not accepted the first time. They said there would be an additional charge on it. I told him that I was to be inducted on Friday so I was anxious to have the freight delivered immediately. The agent changed his tune right away and he became very cordial and friendly. He went to a great deal of trouble to try and locate the truck driver who had our freight but he found that the truck was way on the other side of the city. He then made plans to have it come tomorrow morning and he told me to be sure to be there as the company could not send it out again without additional charges. Thus, the fact that I am about to be inducted has paid its first dividends. I hope that there is no further delay altho it will be a problem to carry all that stuff upstairs. I guess I shouldn't have been so irritated because \$3 is a lot of money to Mom and she thought she was being cheated. The freight company only delivers to the sidewalk in front of the house now because of the labor shortage.

Miyako is waiting for me in the office now because I have to take her bike riding so I will be leaving here in a few minutes. Tom wants me to take him to Riverview tonight, but it depends on the state of my weariness! He still wants to go swimming tomorrow, and I might do that if the freight arrives. All of the office work is now cleared up and I have a clear conscience about that. Louise will take care of shipping of some of my material to Berkeley and the rest will be left here for Frank to send to my house after he gets ready to close the office.

----- <sup>Miyako + I</sup>  
While we were out bike riding, we saw the headlines: "Russ Go to War Against the Japs". It was effective at 4:00 pm. With the atomic bomb and Russia in the war, it should mean an early end to the Japanese war. I don't see how Japan can hold out now, and I wouldn't be surprised to hear of an unconditional surrender at any time. Mom still hopes that this will mean I won't go into the Army, but there isn't any possibility of that. Maybe this Russia declaration will be the excuse Japan needs to quit fighting as they could save face by saying that further fighting is useless because the whole world is against them. But the Allies should insist upon the removal of the Emperor, but they probably will keep that system in because of the desire to maintain the status quo, especially in view of the fact that Russia's position in the Orient is going to be very powerful from now on. Japan won't be in any position to make a last stand in Manchuria with the Russian Army at the back door. And Japan can't take very many of those atomic bombs. It's still hard to conceive--one bomb destroying 60% of a city and an estimated 100,000 or 150,00 people. That is slaughter! I don't mind going into the Army one bit, but if the war ends I won't feel sad either. Maybe the Army will tighten its physical requirements now that there isn't such a need for men. I hope that I won't get rejected for any physical reasons though.

<sup>to 8591</sup>  
Miyako and I went on a long bike ride this afternoon--all the way down to 90th street. We came back along the Lake shore, and Miyako enjoyed the experience very much. I couldn't even tire her out. We walked home afterwards in order to look at some of the nice homes in the residential district; Sample of Miyako's conversation: "The other night I went to Mariko's and when she

took mom to see Mrs. Taki, I listened to the radio. There was some symphony music playing so I closed my eyes and dreamed a picture of it. Hey, I bet that is a haunted house! Oh yes, in my dream I saw fairies in pink skirts and they were dancing. There was some powder blue clouds in the skies and they came floating by. All of a sudden, some black dirty clouds came. That was when the music got loud. Gee, I'd like to live in that house. But I like our place too. The black clouds were chased away by some angels and then they joined hands with the fairies and danced. That's when the music ended. Isn't that the street where you used to live?" Miyako seems to enjoy all the sights so that it isn't very hard to entertain her. For the first time, I noticed a lot of things about Chicago which I had never paid any attention to before Miyako pointed them out. Like the designs in the cemetery.

Miyako still wanted to go to the amusement center at Riverview Park on the North Side, but we didn't get through dinner until about 8 so that it was too late. Tom was very disappointed because he said that he hadn't had much fun out here yet, and Miyako got to do more things that he did. He wanted to go to Riverview, so I gave him the choice of going this evening or else coming home early tomorrow to go to the Beach. By the time he got to a decision, it was 8:30 and then Mom, etc discouraged them from going to Riverview. Bette said that it closed at 10:30. I still wanted to take them, but they were talked out of it. It was also too late to go to a movie. I said that they could go to the Beach on Sunday, but Tom said that he wanted to go swimming with a boy, and not Miyako! Poor Tom gets gyped out of everything. He said that the boss did not like him to take so many days off from work, so he felt that he should not quit early tomorrow or else he might get fired. However, Tom added that he was in very good terms with the boss: "He

bawled me out for not telling him beforehand that I wasn't coming to work so I told him that I didn't know a week in advance when I was going to get sick. I thought sure he would fire me, but he patted me on the back, and he said, 'I like boys with spirit. Go on back to work.' But I don't think that I should take anymore days off just to go swimming. I'll go with my caucasian friend on Sat. afternoon after we get through work. He has a date with his girl friend every Sunday; he's only 16 too."

Emiko was home this evening for dinner as she is on a new nursing schedule. She said that she heard rumors that Cadet nursing was closing up so that there would not be any more classes. She also told us about the chances for Mom getting Service care there because she (Emiko) is a student there. Most of the time at dinner, Emiko was telling us about the vulgar nurse out there who had both breasts amputated because of cancer so she goes around saying, "Look, I have no titties!" Emiko has a boil on her thigh and she said that an interne had to doctor her, and this was quite embarrassing because she has gone out to the park on walks with him and that she knows him well on a social basis. Emiko said she was on a diet, but she let it go today as she ate enough to feed three ordinary nurses--like Yo! I guess she enjoys Mom's cooking too. She took Miyako back to the hospital to stay overnight. Miyako got all excited and she acted as if she were going on a six weeks trip. She had to change her clothes, pack a bag, and even include a towel. Then she went around and said good bye to all of us. It was so amusing.

Bette quit her job today and she will go to the university tomorrow to find out about her exams. She is determined to go to school somewhere, even if she has to transfer. I think she might pass the reexaminations if she crams night and day for the rest of this month.

Midnight, and at last it is quiet around here. It has been a hectic day. Instead of loafing around and taking it easy, I worked and worked! The freight came early this morning, and the driver refused to bring it upstairs. I couldn't find anyone to help me so I started to carry those big crates upstairs by myself. Bette took the little ones, and we had quite a tussle. Bette said that it looked like the boxes were going up the stairs by themselves as I could hardly be seen underneath. Some of those boxes weighed a couple of hundred pounds, but it wasn't so hard once I got them on my back. I learned the trick from the moving man man who brought our stuff over here the last time. Mom was so surprised that I could carry the heavy boxes and she had to tell everyone how strong I was! I was ready to fold up by the time the last of the 20 boxes were upstairs. They certainly did bring a lot of things from camp.

It took the rest of the day to unpack, and the house is in a mess now, but we got all of the boxes emptied out. The dressers were banged around considerably so I had to fix them up. Then I decided to paint them at the last minute, and that took another hour. After dinner, more straightening out. I still have to finish my packing before I go but that is no problem. Our flat looks very much more improved, and it looks nice. In a couple of days more things will be in order, but mom has a lot of work in making curtains, etc. The sewing machine arrived in good condition even though I almost dropped it while carrying it up the stairs on my back.

Bette grabbed the good things for her room before anyone else had a chance to speak up, so that her den looks first rate and very collegiate. It will be quite a blow to her if she does

not get admitted into the University. Miyako is still puttering around getting her things fixed up, and she is quite proud of her little dresser. She seems to have an artistic ability about her; I looked at some of her drawings and they were pretty good. I didn't know that she drew much. Tom is the "orphan" and he gets the left over things, but he has a lot of ideas about how he is going to fix his den up--and he doesn't want any advise. He has all the tools that he needs now that the rest of the things came from camp.

It has been hectic getting the place fixed up, but none of us minded it too much because it was for our benefit. Without a doubt, it is the best house in which the family has ever lived, and even Mariko is envious of our setup. Mom brought a lot of soap and other odds and ends from camp which will really come in handy. A lot of junk came too, but not as much as I expected.

Emiko brought Miyako back with her. She was going to go right back to the hospital to study, but decided to stay when she found out that we were going to have a delicious dinner. She said that all she gets over there is boiled liver and things like that. But she also said that she was gaining weight every time she comes over here. Bette said that she thought sure she had lost five pounds from hauling all that stuff up the stairs this morning, but when she ran down to the corner drug store to get on the scales, she found out that she had gained 3 pounds! >

Mom cooked a special dinner tonight--steak and "O-sushi" and we ate and ate. It was so good. Mom was very pleased to hear the compliments about her cooking, and she said that she was worried for a while that she had forgotten how to cook after being in camp for three years. She said that she was not interested in taking an outside job now because she had so much to do around the

house. Now that Bette has quit her job, the work should be a bit easier for her. I went over finances for the last time with her this evening, and put separate amounts of money in different envelopes so that bills could be paid on time. I think that they will be able to manage if the allotment is \$79 as there will be additional income from Jack and Mariko. I told Miyako to take \$1 a week from my bank account for her allowance, and gave her a few more dollars to put into her account. I have been giving her all my pennies, and that adds up to about 150 a week because of all the taxes and street car fares.

Mariko and George came over about 10:00, but I was too busy to talk to them much. Mariko did mention that she would give Mom the \$25 for this month, as she would take it out of her bank account. She did not take the job with the church group so she is still hunting for a new job. Most of the time she was here, she was fussing around with the arrangement of the furniture. I told Mom this afternoon that she could not hang the picture of Jesus up in the front room, and she took it literally so she was a little worried when Mariko suggested that it be placed in the bedroom. I really don't care where she hangs it; I was just teasing her. Mom has pictures of every member of the family and they are nicely framed. She wanted to put them in the living room, but I thought that would make us too conceited so persuaded her to put them in another room! If those pictures ~~were~~ were placed in the living room, it would scare any visitors out! Mom is proud of those pictures. She is going to hang pop's honorable discharge certificate from the U.S. Navy by the flag. Mom doesn't seem to be overly concerned about Japan's impending defeat (the second city was atom bombed today and Russia marched into Manchuria) as she feels that it is inevitable and the might of the

U.S. cannot be stopped. I suppose she feels sympathy for the Japanese people, but she isn't much concerned with politics and she doesn't like war anyway. She has some funny ideas on other things though. For example, she thinks that Filipinos have something in their blood which makes them too emotional and unstable. That is why she cannot reconcile herself to an acceptance of Dolores. When Bette asked her why she did not hang Jack's and Dolores picture up with the rest, mom said that she didn't want to. She has told her friends in camp that Jack married a "Spanish" girl. Bette and I got after her and told her that she should not hold narrow race views. I said that I would hand my copy of Jack's and Dolores wedding picture up, and that none of us were ashamed of his marriage--in fact, quite proud of it. Mom just refused to comment any further. Bette said she should judge every person as individuals and comments about being "stingy like Jew" etc was not nice because it would encourage Tom and Miyako to say such things without knowing the reason why. Bette will have to keep on working on Mom, as it is hard for an older person to change lifelong views and attitudes. Mom is more tolerant than most Issei ladies, but there still is a bit of the prejudice in her. We would like to see it completely eradicated by education, and I have asked Bette to work on her in order to get her accepting of Dolores since she is a daughter-in-law. Mom usually agrees with things I say because I am supposed to be so "educated" but I want her to accept these ideas with understanding. In general, Mom never says anything bad about other racial groups, but she sometimes believes stereotyped stories about them. { I think that she is very happy out here, and she hasn't been in any depressed moods. Coming out here to join her family seems to have done her a lot of good. I hope that she does not overwork herself as she is inclined to do. Mariko said that she would

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

Aug. 9, 1945

8594

Look into the matter of the group hospitalization plan as soon as possible. I think that Mom looks very well now, but her strength is not up to what it should be. Bette said that she would see to it that mom did not overwork herself about the house. >

Well, tomorrow morning I have to wake up at five and get inducted into the Army. Bette is going to wake me up and she and Miyako insist upon going down to the induction station with me even though I have told them that it is not necessary. Tom said that he was going to get up early in the morning and go down too, but I told him to get his sleep and just go right to work. He got a ~~xxxxxx~~ \$37.80 paycheck for last week so he will make his \$200 easily if he keeps up the pace. <Bette is taking care of writing the letters for Tom's and Miyako's transcripts.> Tom said <tonight that he had no intention of quitting school and that I had jumped to conclusions. He said > that next year he might be in the Army and then he would pass me up in rank. I told him that I might not even go in as there is always the chance of rejection.

Other than that thought, I haven't had the Army in my mind very much. I hardly thought of it today as I was too busy. It just seems that tomorrow will be another day, and not particularly exciting. But I think that I do feel a certain pride in going into the service, and I want to very much. If I am accepted, I will be going in at the tail end of the war, even though I will have to stay in for a long time as there is the occupational work. What if the war ended tomorrow! That would certainly make a lot of people delirious, and I certainly wouldn't shed any tears of regret. I guess I won't be writing diary entries for a while, although I am taking a book along. It will feel funny to stop the daily entries after doing it very faithfully for the past three years. <The Army chapter won't be so leisurely though! Mrs. Wilson sends best wishes.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

Aug. 9, 1945

8595

I didn't even go around to say goodbye to my friends, as I did not have the time. It is traditional to go out and get drunk the last night before induction, but I just don't feel much like it. I was going to take out a certain girl this evening, but I decided that I was too tired so I didn't phone and make the final arrangements. The main reason was that I didn't have the money. I have Mom my last check, and I only have \$7 to take to the Army with me and it is too late to go to the bank. I don't think that I missed out on anything, because I am going with the reservation that the Army may not want me so that is why I did not make <sup>a</sup> complete break from civilian life during this last opportunity.

I still have to bath, shave, read the two newspapers, and glance hastily through the new issue of Time Mag before I retire for the night. I won't get too much sleep, and something tells me that tomorrow will be another trying day. Mom is still putting around worrying about my not forgetting anything. She thinks I should wear a suit to induction in order to make a good impression upon the officers! I am going very casual, and taking a minimum of things. Well, I guess this is the last of the civilian life entries in the diary for a while.