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Dear Mr. Mc Laren,

A letter which should have been written quite some time ago. I find myself writing it now. Undoubtedly, you must be very surprised to hear from me after such a long silence on my part. Truthfully, Mr. Mc Laren, my intentions were to write to you long ago, but it was always "I'll do it tomorrow," and I never did get a letter off to you. Please forgive me for my negligence.

I can hardly believe that my first year of college will soon be over with. Three more weeks of classes, then finals (ugh!), and at last summer vacation. It was a most exciting year, Mr. Mc Laren, full of wonderful and rich experiences.

I can only thank you and the rest of the faculty members for making this past year a reality for me. Without your encouragement, I doubt very much if I would have gone on to college. All of us are certainly grateful to you and the (Caucasian) teachers for coming to Boston to and help to promote the education program in the relocation center.

I often reminisce about Pastor and wonder how everything is coming along now. It must be terribly hard to govern a school, knowing at the same time that it is going to close permanently at the end of the year. With so many relocating, the enrollment has probably gone down considerably.

Bucknell is a very idyllic college, located approximately fifty miles north of Ithaca on the outskirts of a small town called Lewisburg. Everyone is so friendly and cordial here, students and faculty members alike. Perhaps at the beginning of the year I was a bit backward, but I soon overcame that. It wasn't an easy task to get adjusted to my new environment immediately. I admit I was quite lonely at first, and swore each day that I would be ready to pack up & and leave. As the days went by, however, everything seemed to turn out all right, and I began to make many new friends. Right now, I wouldn't trade Bucknell for anything.

Academically, I haven't done too badly, but at the same time, I think I can do better than a B average (my first semester grade) with a little more effort. I think my first semester was the hardest, for I found it difficult to concentrate on my studies. My thoughts would wander off to this and that, and I would get absolutely nowhere after two hours of studying. Things are little different now, for

I have adapted myself to college studies.

As far being a good ambassador from Boston, I have tried to be one to the best of my ability.

Ever since our arrival <sup>here</sup>, both Sacha and I have talked to almost all the Youth Fellowships in town. Several times, we have gone out of town to tell about our past experiences during evacuation. Last Sunday night, I spoke at an all negro Church. It was the first time I had to address a group from the pulpit, and I can tell you, I was a bit nervous. I think it is through these relationships that all of us will have a better understanding of each other.

Bucknell is a church school, founded by the Baptist Church; thus, religion plays quite an important role here. Many of my close friends, I have met through the different churches in town. Another thing, we have regular compulsory Chapel services every Wednesday.

There's something more one learns while attending college and not just the knowledge in a book. I think living with the girls in a dorm, talking with them, and doing things together have proved to be an education in itself. I really do enjoy dorm life. It is so much fun with midnite snacks, stacking rooms, and frequent "bull sessions." There are times when these group discussions are absolutely ludicrous, but there are other times when we do get serious and talk about inter-

national and national affairs.

I do hope in putting to good use, the scholarship I received from Boston. I can never thank you and the rest of the Scholarship Committee members enough, for granting me the \$100. By majoring in Sociology, someday I hope to do my share in helping others.

It's getting rather late so perhaps I'd better bring this letter to a close. I hope you enjoyed reading it, as much as I enjoyed writing it to you.

You must be terribly busy now with graduation and the end of the school year just around the corner. Do you plan to go back to Hawaii after school lets out? It will certainly be a change from <sup>three years of</sup> Boston to Hawaii.

My best wishes to you and to the rest of the faculty members.

Sincerely,  
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