

Sunday
March 25th

Dear Mrs. Takahashi,

It's been so long since I last wrote I'm at a loss as to where to begin.

I've been involved in quite a lot of politics lately: I'm secretary of the Methodist Student Movement for the coming school year, also secretary of the Y.W.C.A.; treasurer of the Freshman class (reason for such a late election: our former treasurer is in the service), vice-president of the Commission on Religious Emphasis and the Campus' "most scholarly girl." I reckon that's all. I don't know if I'll be able to handle all that; but I'm going to attempt it.

Did you know that Aya met Kaoru Morita in St. Louis? I still don't know if Aya knows she met a friend of mine or not. She wrote to me after her arrival in S.F. but didn't say anything about it. Kaoru wrote telling me that she was eating out and met a young lady whose name she didn't catch but was later informed that this young lady was married to a Ben Muroto. If I had even dreamed they would see each other I would have said something about it to both of them; but it hadn't entered my mind. You remember Kaoru don't you? She was a nurse's aide at the Topaz hospital.

Last week-end the "Y" sponsored a Mother-Daughter Banquet. The weather up to that day had been pleasant and perfect. Just when the mothers began arriving Saturday afternoon the skies turned dark and we had the worst electrical storm I've ever seen. We

had to swim across the road leading from Miller Hall to Dickson (Dining Hall) — all of which took about two minutes; but we looked like we'd been under the shower for two hours. It was quite tragic: everyone in their Sunday best and looking like drowned rats. Many a mother's good dress was ruined — crepe dresses drew up and women were squirming to stretch their dresses to proper lengths. Everything else was just super — decorations, food, atmosphere. Heretofore it had been a formal occasion. Glad it wasn't this time.

I have an appointment to have a conference with Mr. Russell, the president, this week, to discuss my summer work. I hope to have some definite plans soon. He's being swell about the whole business. He says he'll help me whether I work on the campus, for the Methodist Church, or elsewhere. I want something that will pay well — financially and physically and morally.

How I envy these people heading for the Bay Area. Please let me know how your sister likes it, if she's already in Berkeley.

It's about time I was hearing from Ben. The last letter I received was written Feb. 24. He described rationing of soap and enclosed four snaps. I've sent them to Toshi.

Writing about the rain must be a bad omen, for it's beginning to — — —, as we Californians speak of it, a heavy dew.

Please write when you can and as soon as you can —

P.S. To Pinkie,
Pardon me for taking
up so much of your
mother's time. Kay

Love,
Kay