

March 31, 1944

Hi Kim!

Thanks loads, for your last letter. It's always nice to know that someone remembers the stranded ambassador from Topaz.

I see that you're not satisfied with the down-right rural atmosphere of B.Y.U.. Tut, tut! What's the matter? The farm boys too slow? Ha! I guess the slow, round about ways of the sticks doesn't agree with the belle of the campus! I've heard of such in my time! (Even with my tender years!) Oh well, I can't blame you for your feelings towards the school. Do you have any idea of your next school? If you say Bennington, I'll scream!

Seeing how you're cooking nowadays, maybe you'll be able to give me tips on the best buys down at the market. I don't think that I'll be able to survive a woman's (co-ed's) cooking, seeing what tremendously large meals they prepare. I know that when I first arrive, I used to eat at least a half dozen cinnamon rolls before dinner so that I'll restrain myself at the table. Now that I'm baking, everything's jake! Say, gal, how's about that cake? I sure could stand some in my diet! I'm afraid that my roommate and I ~~xxx~~ don't have time to dabble in same for the lack of time.

I have to bite my tongue everytime you mention the ship. I admit that there's no danger of her going after my heart, or any such thing. I avoid her because the very sight of her irritates me! Everything she does on campus tears down the reputation that my roommate and I have been trying to establish. This girl never has a pleasant word about anything. She complains all the time about trivial matters and gripes all day long. Frankly, the girls are getting mighty tired of it. Since she's been in the sorority, she hasn't changed a bit, and I'm afraid that many of her "sisters" are now allergic to her for her outlook on life. I might as well tell of the thing that disturbs me most right now. Before the ship ever came, a potter in town hired her ~~withough~~ without even seeing her to give her a job so that she could come to school. As every other industry not in war work, this small plant (15 men) is short-handed. Right now, when the plant is desperate for workers, she's quitting on them. Can you beat that? That's really low, through and through. Not only this, but the fact that she won't have anything to do with the evacuation, i.e. speak or write articles or even discuss it with others, is quite small on her part. She should realize that she has a debt to pay to the poor people still in camp and that the people out here must be told of what's going on. When the school paper asked her to write about Heart Mountain, she refused! Boy, I could go on and on and give you a detailed resume of her short-comings and ~~why~~ on why I dislike her.

I don't care how lonely or down-hearted she may be, I will not offer her my ~~sympath~~ sympathy. She deserves every bit of unpleasantness she can experience. She really belongs back in camp instead of letting all the others judge the nisei girls by her. It's a disgrace!

Now, look at all the time I've had to waste on such a trite matter. That woman isn't worth the price of this paper! Now to go on with more pleasant matters.

It seems that You're way behind on my activities as Joe College, Alfréd vintage. I guess I haven't told you about the co-ed basketball game we had here some time ago. It sure was a riot! I had an opportunity to play so I took ~~it~~ it. You can imagine how I was able to concentrate on the game with so many nice girls so close to me. One of the gals came from behind me and knocked me down when I had the ball. The ref blew her whistle and then charge me for walking! I shifted my feet, she said! I tell you, the women ~~reffing~~ reffing the game threw everything at us, including the rule book. The fellas ~~us~~ made the gals look sick! During the course of the game, my ~~long~~ long unions began to slip away from me and I was waging a constant struggle to play and hold my unions up. Alas! In the last quarter, I left the game amid subdued giggles and laughs. I lost the Battle of the Unions! Boy, was I the embarrassed kid!

After this affair, ~~it~~ I dashed up to keep a date with a most charming co-ed. Yep, I actually had a date with a fair Miss. The dance was semi-formal, and I must admit that women look very beautiful when decked out for the occasion. To my very pleasant surprise, I actually half-time a la Topaz 'cause my date wanted to. We sure had a whale of a time cutting up the rug! I never enjoyed myself as much since my trip to New York.

I always love to tell the most inspiring (?) experience of that dance. Well, during the course of the evening, I changed partners with a gorgeous dirty-blonde. Boy, was she a honey! Before I had time to catch my breathe, she stepped in and, lo and behold, we were dancing cheek to cheek! Whee! I didn't know what to do! I was frantic in a heavenly sort of way! It's a good thing that my tongue never left me! I can always bank on that! You know me, I wasn't used to this sort of thing. I'm still not! Golly, to think that we had three numbers together! When we finished, I could have given you ~~heart~~ ~~heart~~ her heart beat by conduction! Incidentally, she's a nurse! Boy, I wouldn't mind being under her tender care!

We just came back from our Spring recess which amounted to a week's vacation. Naturally, that's when all the students catch up on their work, and I was no exception. The only day of rest for me was Thursday when I went with a foursome on a hike. It so happened that we picked the only bad day for our jaunt. Darn it, it began to rain just ten minutes after we had started. The girls were game to go ~~one~~ on, and so were we. We hiked for two and a half hours in rain, snow and sleet and finally decided to stop at a town where the other fellow lived. We dried our soaking clothes at his home and had an indoor outdoor meal, if you get what I mean. The gals were pretty tired so we horsed around a bit and then took in a movie. We hitchhiked home and topped the evening off with some badminton. I played for the first time and enjoyed it immensely. I think I got home about one that evening. Some day! Some, -- well, we don't talk about that.

Believe it or not, I've been elected the president of the Alfred Christian Fellowship. It sure came as a surprise that Sunday! The A.C.F. is very active on the campus and I hate to bring down its standards. By the looks of the new cabinet, I think that everything will be all right, despite the president. I sincerely hope that I can step in where our last president left off. She certainly was swell.

The hottest iron in the fire is the coming Youth Guidance conference sponsored by the A.C.F.. Since ~~I'm~~ I'm being installed with the new officer this Sunday, this affair comes under my cabinet. We're working like dogs, meaning the cabinet, and by all implications, I think that things will go well.

That seems to do it for now. I could go on and on, but I know that this has been dragged out enough. I hope that you'll find some spare second or two to drop me an occasional line. Thanks.

'Til I hear from you, I remain, as ever,

The jerk,

*Koby*

P.S. About the draft, -I'm deferred under the new quota system. My brother has already taken his physical; that's Henry.

Box 951  
Alfred, New York



Miss Kimi Fujii  
190 North 3 East  
Provo, Utah