

10 am

Dec. 28, 1943
Oberlin, Ohio

Dear Harris:

Since this is a no-cut day, and I am required to attend this dull class in Economics (Public Control of Monopoly), I shall spend the hour profitably by writing a letter to you. I have nothing but profuse apologies for my lengthy procrastination, and thanks for the Christmas cards. I can try to argue away my not writing by a negative statement that you are the first person outside of the family to whom I have written a letter since you wrote me.

I noticed by the post mark on your card that you are probably back in camp visiting your parents. I hope that you had an enjoyable time - and got some new impressions which I would like very much to hear about. I went home to camp between semesters for a week at the end of October and had an interesting time. The most striking thing about camp was the apparent lethargy and lack of real interest in anything - shallowness which was very, very stifling. Another fact which struck me was the number of young men & women still in camp - I was amazed at the no. of friends I was able to meet while there, & so I had plenty to do every day.

Christmas vacation in Oberlin was a very quiet but interesting week end. Most of the students left for home, but there were still over a 100 fellows & girls, mostly the latter, around town to leave a little kick around. School was dismissed Thursday noon, and I started the vacation by getting in on a party of eight in which we killed 2/5 of Scotch & plenty of beer. One fellow passed out, two girls got quite sick, but I managed to retain my equilibrium and ended up with a highly interesting discussion of the Jewish problem with a Jewish girl in the group.

Friday evening was a carding party for about 30 of us which we concluded by a party in a girls'

born, & the boys had plenty of fun trying to kiss girls by sitting under a mistletoe - I was very backward & bashful, but I got a flash photo taken of a girl & I started into a clench. I'd like to see that picture if it ever comes out! Such is life.

After being in town for the week end, I'm leaving this afternoon for a week to attend a national student Christian conference (The World Mission of the Church) at Wooster, Ohio, missing out on a week of school. The conference, is somewhat like the national assembly which met at Oxford, Ohio, in 1911 which Gordy, Bell & 19 other Washingtonians attended. Dorothy Carter, Ruth Hanawalt, & another U. of W. girl are attending this conference - I'm anxiously looking forward to meeting them. We should have a hip roaring time New Year's eve at such a conference for we have a fifth of scotch to boot along.

Don't worry, Doris - I'm not a southerner, but we felt that this holiday season should be "done" properly, so we went into a nearby town & obtained liquor ration cards which are necessary in the state of Ohio. Some of the speakers at our conference limited to 50 students from the U.S. & Canada are H. P. Van Dusen, John R. Mott, Robert Mackie, Congressman Walter Judd, & many others. I happened to be one of the five student Y.M.C.A. members elected to go to the conference from the whole state of Ohio.

A point which I ought to make before I forget - has Kaye Lyons moved over to Webster Grobe, Missouri? I got a card addressed from that village, & wondered if she had quit Western College? Have you met her by any chance? Just a chance diversion.

During the summer, or the latter part of it, I was going steady with a swell girl from Pittsburg, but I broke it up after the new term started because my interest was no longer present. She has had a hell of a time getting over it & I feel like a heel. Doggone these women - when they fall, they seem to fall backward & she is still having a hard time. At least it tends to flatter my ego - she's a daughter of a well-to-do Pittsburg restaurant owner - and a voice major at that!

Smither my love life has gone to pot, but I started to climb the upward trail again during vacation. I saw quite a bit of a girl whose father is head of the Far Eastern Dept of the State Dept - and whose uncle is Prof. Ballantine, a math prof at the U. of Washington. You may have heard of him. I have no ulterior motives - absolutely not - but she is a very nice girl - and lots of fun.

Two more semesters (I'll be finished with my undergrad work) - but what then? I don't even know whether I'll be here next summer season or not. I'd like to get a job in Washington or some other large city. One more or less come to the conclusion that my graduate work will be postponed until the war ends, & until that time I shall strive to find a good job of some sort. Most of the good economists are now in Washington - and so that maybe the city to aim at instead of any graduate school right now.

Our family is scattered a little now - Dad is now in Chicago or her 12 weeks away from Antioch College on a job in a children's hospital - Joy is working as a secretary for the American Friends in Philadelphia - & my parents are still in camp. My next vacation doesn't come until the end of February. Between semesters, and I must I could make up my mind as to whether I ^{would} go west to Chicago or east to New York. I shall probably come to a hopeless impasse, & stay right here in Oberlin, but I certainly don't hope so. When do you get any future vocations, & where will you be at that time - I'd like to get together with you again - In a month, it will be exactly one year since I saw you last. Have time does fly!

Narry Yamauchi & Sue Hsiamaga are coming back to Oberlin sometime this week to enjoy themselves at a New Year's Eve party which I will be forced to miss. I was discussing him a couple of nights ago with a girl on campus who was going steady with him for a semester or two. As I may have mentioned before, Narry has really changed since we knew him in high school - gotten ~~harder~~ ^{out-grown} & more "scientific" - cold.

I was sorry to see the change in her.

12/29

Wednesday -

Here I am in Wooster & have met Frank
Watanabe, Junji Sakano, Dot Carter, & Pat Hawks
already - all seem to be doing very well. I must close
now until the next time

Sincerely,
Kenji