

the twenty-eighth  
of an eventful month

Hello —

I am almost tempted to add "M.T.", but I'm sure that has by now been outworn by repetitions ~ that is, if there are others with a penchant for puns.

The upper right hand corner says "an eventful month". It's not because our humbly proud (or is it proudly humble) University has resumed the endless sessions of storming brainstorming.... only that on one of these days when the world was experiencing similarly tumultuous days as now, I became reality, an ego, to be sure. "Hear Him O'er the Tumult" is the Y.P.C.C. theme this year. Two decades ago, only my mother heard me and the tumult, not o'er the tumult. Today, those that unfortunately

or fortunately hear me probably say "listen, the Wind." I should hope they wouldn't say, "By God, listen to that Hot Air."

Thank you for your letter. Sans the Flattery, it was very interesting. But please don't feel offended - I am allergic to compliments. The very vivid description of your vacation brought me the slightly wistful memories of a five-day "working rest" I had just before I began the grind of summer work. No snow nor the vicissitudes of the wild where Nature reigns untroubled, but there were the mountains, the necessary distance from man's civilization, the startling nights on which millions of stars sparkle and gleam so silently and so near that it is almost overwhelming. It was work clearing out the bushes about this "Y" cabin, but the seven

of us (I was the lone Japanese) would have exchanged it for shangki-fa... perhaps it was shangki-fa. It all comes back so clearly because my college residence, or rather my room here in Berkeley, faces the hills where this cabin lies.

Was it ironical that you became a breadwinner rather than a co-ed? 'Tis a pity though that many times those who really could make use of it are unable to attend. And you are probably in this category. As for the opinions you voiced regarding some of the more noisy and less educated collegians, I would say that you speak with more than a slight justification. I certainly am not piqued by it because even in college there are all kinds. All that glitters is not gold; neither is all that is

intellectual and brilliant college  
 not all that is flashy and big  
 talk college. In spite of those  
 who seem to display their  
 superficial education in a  
 farcical manner, I would still  
 contend that college gives to one  
 a perspective and outlook which  
 will be a source of deepest  
 gratification all one's life.  
 Or perhaps it is all a grand  
 delusion. This last remark is  
 invited by the bit of Buddhist  
 fatalism within me. Of this, I've  
 become more and more aware  
 recently. Serenity <sup>and resignation</sup> is sometimes  
 more appealing than the  
 everlasting restless action and  
 crusade that Christianity demands.

Your brief summary of  
 Miss types in the Northwest  
 was quite provoking. I've tried  
 so hard at times to figure  
 them out myself, but I've always

come face to face with the inescapable conclusion that all generalizations are false (perhaps I should add "including this one"). I'm afraid that you've made too many of them appear unappealing, even though they actually are. All that I would ask of a person is to be what he is, a real personality unaffected by the "Great I Am" and all its accompanying illusions.

Who is Hro. Yamamoto? Well, that's a big question. I have known him ever since we were in the first grade together but I don't think we've ever been close friends. Of late, he has become very cynical in ways. The only thing I would say of him, and he readily admits it, is this: he is frank and open and he acts the way he feels. I believe he went up to Seattle as a member of the V.C. basketball team.

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I'm very sorry that you could not come down. Parts of the Exposition are really exotic and charming. I don't believe you'll ever see such ~~a~~ colorful night scenes with the colors of the rainbow making Treasure Island a truly Enchanted Isle. The Hall of Decorative and Fine Arts seemed to me one of the outstanding exhibits. Some of the Seattle people traveling this way were quite impressed, I understand. Yuzi Watanabe told me that Gyako Kurimoto was here for a day with Mary Date although I only saw Yuzi. The week before I met Bill and Stella Yorozen who were on their way home from the Pan-American Congress which I missed.

Well, I think that I have over-stayed my stay. I shall hope to be reading your interesting flow of words soon.

Sincerely,  
George

P.S. I shall send a snap next time. Thank you for yours.