

late November '39

Hello — "Satellite"

The earthquake, I hope, has not jarred you to a point of insensibility. Might it be that such a phenomenon is a reminder to vain self-exalting man that Nature still holds the scepter supreme? Or would you say "God"?

Thanksgiving has come — yes, exactly a year ago I was in Seattle eating a most wonderful turkey dinner and feeling so far away from someplace. I think I did feel very thankful for that much anyway.

Today when everyone is again taking an inventory of all things for which he is thankful, I find this much among my "souvenirs" — life, a bit of faith, and lots of ideals.

But I cannot see how anyone can mount a pedestal and voice a mighty thanks for America's peace, democracy, and opportunity — for a status quo that rejects almost every sensible solution to their problems,

except under the stress of dire necessity. It seems rather hollow and farcical to proclaim thanks for peace, when men in other lands lie bloodsoaked on muddy battlefields, when we ourselves are not blameless for the sad conditions.

I wish I were now a prosecutor for Nature. I would prepare such a scathing indictment that it might even penetrate the thick epidemics of the hearts (?) of the "lords of Creation." No, I do not ask for perfection — perhaps only "live and let live." The funny thing about all this is that here am I an individualist advocating social co-operation in order that we can be individualists. The great weakness in the idea of individualism is that it assumes that people are intelligent, unselfish, and tolerant; hence, the favoring of social action — to make people intelligent, unselfish, and tolerant so that we may live pretty much as we please. But, as you may discern, the whole idea

(second)

is rather confusing and contradictory.

I suppose, too, that this condition is characteristic, ~~to~~ inescapably of course, of all my thoughts, simply because there is no one to enlighten me. We humans put so much of our trust in "reason" and are ~~so~~ disappointed and disillusioned because reason alone cannot lead us very far. It is rather disheartening to me that we put so much credence on dogmatic assumptions. One might easily say that such are the very foundations of Christian Religion.

But who am I to talk thusly? I suppose that it's merely a manifestation of an irrational desire to want things genuine and sincere. As much as I have often veered towards sophistication, it can never satisfy me because a veneer is much too inadequate for me. Girls, I suppose, have to depend upon these superficial devices — or is my generalization unfair? I really do not consider girls to be my

inferior in intelligence, but I can say that invariably they are much more unstable emotionally. Of course, I may be simply an automaton, for that matter. Emotions are really wonderful things, but the trouble is that after a display of them, one feels so doggone foolish.

Turning to more material things, I find that the U. H. I. E. has closed. Sworn trips I made - yet there were many exhibits I did not see. I am sorry you were unable to come down. It would have been something different whether you sought excitement, enlightenment, or peace. Surprisingly I found the third in spite of the mad throngs. The lighting was unexcelled - subtle yet intriguing and moving. I shall never forget the ferry trips in the night - once it was almost a tropical night and the yonder Treasure Island

(Third)

was like a dream rising from  
floor of the Bay like the lost  
Atlantis — another time, it was  
cold and rough, the wind  
biting and the waves roaring,  
and as the island faded in  
the night it seemed as if we were  
being jerked back into reality, a  
sad but inevitable awakening.  
But now, it is an anthem stilled,  
a rainbow fallen. Next year, it  
may re-open, but I would rather  
remember it as I do now.

King Football hears nothing  
but dirges on this campus — we  
lost "even" to Washington. Big  
Game is tomorrow, but I'm at  
home because 'tis my sister's  
next-to-last day on these American  
shores, since she's leaving for  
Japan, fate unknown, Sunday.  
Someday I, too, shall go — perhaps  
in about three years.

The only pair of miniature shoes I have is a souvenir which was left to me by one who is in Japan now. She was once a "wife" in a play and since I spent so much of my shoe leather searching for her "husband" she offered me this pair. If I should ever run across a "cute" (how I abhor the word) pair, pronto to Seattle ~~it~~ <sup>they</sup> shall go.

Well, my fellow "Debanker"; I have reached the end of my rope. By the way, do you know a Japanese Takayama of Seattle at the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School? Incidentally, too, Mas Horiuchi was around altho' I unfortunately missed seeing him.

I should like to hear of your idea of a true sophisticate and your opinion as to a liberal education (recepticism, etc.) if you ever can find time to ponder on those tricky words.

Our river! as the  
Americans say,  
George

P.S.



A candle to celebrate  
a first anniversary.  
A JACL dance, wasn't it?

P.S. I stay in Berkeley, but  
return home to S.F. over  
the weekends usually.