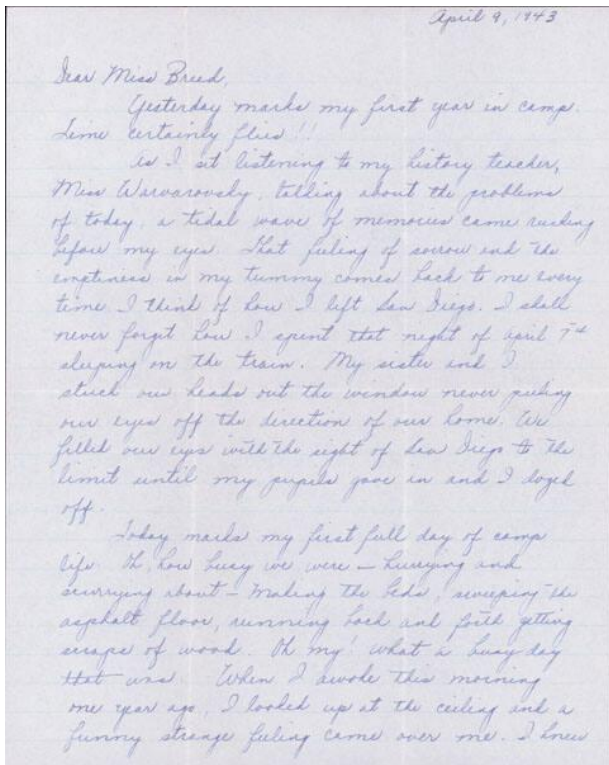


Basic Detail Report



[Letter to Clara Breed from Louise Ogawa, Poston, Arizona, April 9, 1943]

Date
1943

Primary Maker
Ogawa, Louise

Medium
paper, ink

Description

Transcription: April 9, 1943/Dear Miss Breed,/Yesterday marks my first year in camp. Time certainly flies!!As I sit listening to my history teacher, Miss Warvarovsky, talking about the problems of today, a tidal wave of memories came rushing before my eyes. That feeling of sorrow and the emptiness of my tummy comes back to me every time I think of how I left San Diego. I shall never forget how I spent that night of April 7th sleeping on the train. My sister and I stuck our heads out the window never peeling our eyes off the direction of our home. We filled our eyes with the sight of San Diego to the limit until my pupils gave in and I dozed off. /Today marks my first full day of camp life. Oh, how busy we were--hurry and scurry about--making the beds, sweeping the

asphalt floor, running back and forth getting scraps of wood. Oh my! What a busy day that was. When I awoke this morning one year ago, I looked up at the ceiling and a funny strange feeling came over me. I knew I was not at home and had a terrible yearning to go home. A little boy next door was crying asking his mother to take him home. That day I felt so lost I was as blue as the deep blue sea. But the sight of a friend certainly cheered me up even though it was just for the moment I saw her. Today that homesickness still is within me but that lost feeling has disappeared. I often wonder how I have changed in thought, actions, knowledge, and facial and physical features during the short memorable one year./April 10, 1943/This morning was a very disgusting day one year ago. When I saw that the legs of my bed had sunk into the asphalt, I began looking at mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers. They were all like that. Then I knew my weight had nothing to do with it. But it was such a disgust./Yes memories--through experiences and hardship we become wiser./Now Poston--it may seem strange to you when I say--it is like winter again. I just wrote you and said it was very hot. Well, it was until two days ago. Today the wind is blowing, and it rained yesterday. I guess by now, you believe me when I say Poston weather is unpredictable. For certain it is!!!/April third was the Sr. Prom. The Camp I Orchestra came to play for us. The leader of the band is still a young boy. He plays the trumpet as well as the drums. Back home, he use to be a pupil of Gene Krupa. (a well-known orchestra leader.) He, I mean the leader of the Camp I band, is very good. The dance was held in 305 mess hall. It was beautifully decorated with orchid and white crepe paper. The reception was grand. But was so hot I felt sorry for the boys (they wore ties)./By the way, are Kleenex frozen on the outside? It is no longer available here. I have always been wondering about laundry soap. Is it frozen too?/After a long letter, I always seem to ask favors. I am such a troublesome correspondent./I have tried and tried to purchase a radio tube but I seem to have no luck. I wrote to San Diego to the dealer I purchased the radio from, but he joined the army and no longer has his shop. Then I wrote to Sears and Montgomery but they do not carry that kind of tube. So as my last resort I am asking you. You are the most reliable source I have. I have been trying to purchase the tube ever since Dec. of last year. Every once in a while I turn on the radio and then remember one of my tube is dead. Will you purchase the following tube for me. The number is 12SA7 G. T. Also a box of Lux soap. I just can't seem to get along without it. I'd like a few cards of that scarce thing called bobbie pins and shower caps./I am enclosing \$2.00 in money order./ Please pardon me for troubling you so. Please do not rush this./Most sincerely, /Louise Ogawa; 1 letter and envelope from Louise Ogawa to Clara Breed.

Dimensions

H: 10 in, W: 8 in (sheet); H: 3.5 in, W: 6.375 in (envelope)