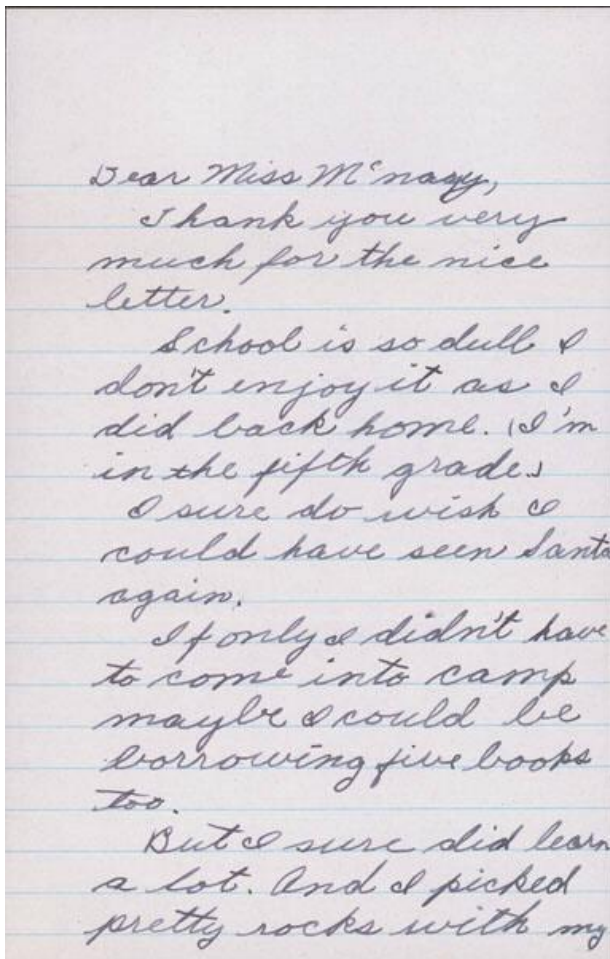


Basic Detail Report



A photograph of a handwritten letter on lined paper. The handwriting is in cursive and matches the transcription provided on the right. The letter is addressed to Miss McNary and discusses school, Santa Claus, and a Christmas letter from the writer's mother.

[Letters to Helen McNary from Katherine Tasaki, Poston, Arizona, December 18-19, 1943]

Date

1943

Primary Maker

Tasaki, Katherine

Medium

paper, ink

Description

Transcription: Dear Miss McNary, / Thank you very much for the nice letter. / School is so dull I don't enjoy it as much as I did back home. (I'm in the fifth grade.) I sure do wish I could have seen Santa again. / If only I didn't have to come into camp maybe I could be borrowing five books too. / But I sure did learn a lot. And I picked pretty rocks with my girlfriend. And we just have to go under the house. They're very pretty too. But in the mountains there are pretier ones. We just don't think we would care to walk three or four miles. / My mother bought me a book, (Mrs. Miniver) a big paint book and she knitted my doll a cap for Christmas. / I sure do wish I brought my own paper dolls so that I don't have to play with my girl friend's. But it isn't my fault because when we went to register they told us just to take what we could carry. When we got to the station the red cap took our bags so we could have brought half the house. I was going to bring my ball but I thought it would take up extra space so I didn't bring it. Miss Fay

sent me one while we were in Santa Anita but I played with it at night and I lost it so that is my own fault. / I can't think of anything to write so I'll close now. / Yours truly, / Katherine Tasaki / P.S. / My mother has been so busy that she didn't get down to sending "it," but I hope you like your Christmas preasant from my mother and I and I am sorry it is so late.:2 letters and envelope from Kathrine Tasaki to Helen McNary.;Transcription: I / Dec. 18, 1943 / Poston, Arizona / Dear Miss McNary, / Please forgive me for not writing to you for so long. How's S.D.? Guess what? I just learned that at 12:00 tonight we have to turn our clock back one hour. That means California time! / I've written two letters today, so I have to rest now. I will continue this tomorrow. / Dec. 19, 1943 / Here I am again! I just took a pill, and that wasn't any too pleasing. / I've certainly collected a lot of Poston souviners. We kept all the invitations we got, and my mothers friend gave me a Hawaiian doll made out of crepe paper. I wish I could learn how to make things out of crepe paper. But every time I try anything with it, I get the feeling that they will tear. / I can't think of anything to write about. Maybe one of my stories will interest you. I haven't gotten any name for it, but I will leave you to do that. Before I start, let me tell you what gave me the idea. Our teacher told us to write any kind of story we want--provided it's original--but it must start with, "John and Jack were turning the corner when---." This is how I went on. / John and Jack were turning the corner when they suddenly came upon a figure slinking away into the shadows. "Something querr about that fellow." said Jack. "Never mind. Right now we have to get home." The eleven-year-old Henry twins were just coming home from a baseball game in the next town, four miles away. After the game, they had gone to visit an old friend. Having stayed longer than they expected, they missed the last bus. So now we find the twins just getting home. / "Well, here you are! I was just going out after you!" said Mr. Henry. "How was the game?" John answered, "Fine sir. We won. If it wasn't for Harry Barnes, we would have lost." / Harry Barnes was a new boy in town. He had come several months ago, saying he was an orphan. Old Mr. Laurence hired him to work in his drug-store, but when the "Daleton Tigers" saw what a swell player he was, they begged Mr. Laurence into giving him afternoons off once in a while to practice. / That night while the boys slept, Jack thought he heard an explosion. "Aw, you're always imagining things." John answered when Jack told him. / The next morning there was a great commotion outside. Both the twins rushed downstairs and said at once, "What's the matter?" Mr. Henry said, "The airplane factory was blown up." The twins looked at each other. So that was the noise Jack heard last night! / Later, as they were on they're way to school, they saw Harry walking in front of them. John and Jack started after him, and called, "Hi, Harry." Harry whirled around. "Oh, hi." he answered, and walked away. "There's something familiar about

him." thought Jack to himself. But he didn't have time to think of that much because they met some classmates. / John + Jack were walking home from school, when John proposed going to see the plane factory. Jack agreed, so they started out in that direction. / As they were approaching, they saw a figure in the wreckage, looking as if he was hunting for something. "Why, that's Harry Barnes!" exclaimed Jack. "It sure is." answered John. Jack shouted "You looking for something, Harry?" When Harry looked up, he looked startled. "Y-Yeah. I, er, I lost something." "Maybe we can help / (over) / you." offered John. But when he looked around, Jack was gone. "Oh, well," he thought, "probably went someplace." Out loud he said, "what was it you lost?" Harry stuttered, "Never mind. It wasn't anything." And walked away. "Well, I like that!" exclaimed John. Just then he saw Jack. "Where were you?" he asked. "Come on! I'm going to get a policeman!" declared Jack. "A what?! Are you crazy?" demanded John. But it was too late. Jack was already out of sight. / John finally found Jack talking to a policeman. Later, when they were at home, Jack explained. "Harry seemed suspicious to me, so I was huntin' around, when, all of a sudden, I found his cap under some things. That made me more suspicious, so I told that policeman that it looked to me like that cap was under there when the plant was blown up." / Sure enough, the policeman came back later to report that Harry had confessed blowing up the airplane factory! / Hope you liked the story. / Love, / Katherine / P.S. / I'm sorry I had to use the back of this paper. I ran short of stationary. Merry Christmas + Happy New Year.

Dimensions

H: 10 in, W: 8 in (sheet); H: 7.875 in, W: 5 in (sheet); H: 3.625 in, W: 6.5 in (envelope)