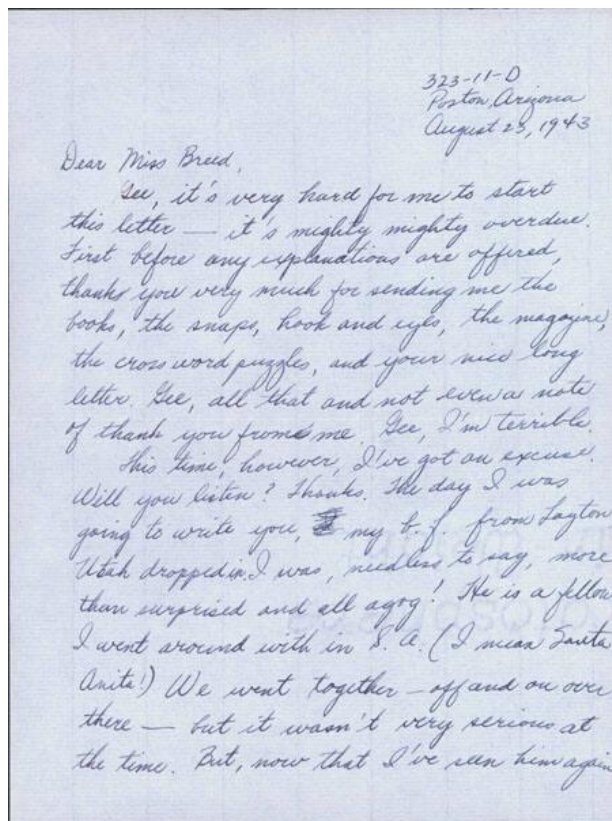


Basic Detail Report



[Letter to Clara Breed from Fusa Tsumagari, Poston, Arizona, August 23, 1943]

Date

1943

Primary Maker

Tsumagari, Fusa

Medium

paper, ink

Description

Transcription: 323-11-D/Poston, Arizona/August 23, 1943/Dear Miss Breed, /Gee, it's very hard for me to start this letter--it's mighty mighty overdue. First before any explanations are offered, thank you very much for sending me the books, the snaps, hook and eyes, the magazine, the cross word puzzles, and your nice long letter. Gee, all that and not even a note of thank you from me. Gee, I'm terrible. /This time, however, I've got an excuse. Will you listen? Thanks. The day I was going to write to you, my b.f. from Layton, Utah dropped in. I was, needless to say, more than surprised and all agog! He is a fellow I went around with in S.A. (I mean Santa Anita!) We went together--off and on over there--but it wasn't very serious at the time. But, now that I've seen him again

and realize that he came all the way from Utah I feel like that song "It Started All Over Again--The moment I looked in your eyes, etc." It seems to me "I've got it bad--and that ain't good!" Let me tell you about him--he's about 5' 8", dark got a nice shaped head--looks like Ronald Reagan in a crude sort of way, has bushy eyebrows, black hair and a swell smile. I think he is pretty nice, but he is so young--only 20! That's the same age as I am except he is 9 months older. He would like to marry me some day--perhaps in two or three years. So far as that is concerned it's OK with me, but what has me rather puzzled and has set me thinking is that he has no other future than farming. I am wondering if I could fit into that pattern of living and like it. I have never done much housework and I've never done any farming of any kind. /I always thought that I was mature, but when I have hit a crisis like this I feel like a two year old. I can see all my shortcomings (which is rather a shock to find oneself so incompetent) and wonder if people could ever want me for a wife. Mother doesn't think it's so serious yet. She thinks it's just a crush. I often wonder about this./I keep telling Jim (which by the way is his name) that I don't know if it's real. It's so confusing that I just don't know what to do. Some day my heart and soul will get together and tell me what to do. Until then I'm not giving him any answer./Gosh, you must be tired of reading all about my troubles, but it helps to tell someone who understands and can see more clearly than I, who am in the midst of it. /According to the latest visitor who returned from Santa Fe, my father has had his rehearing and may be able to join us soon. We are anticipating news of the outcome of his rehearing. We hope and pray that he will rejoin us soon./I have enclosed a section of the paper which has an article about your kind donation to our libraries. It is gratifying to know that someone outside thinks of us./August 24, 1943/We did some exercises in the office this morning, so I feel rather stiff. I must keep up the exercise, though to keep me trim. /About a month ago I weighed myself for the first time since S.A. Yours truly weighs 92# which is 5# less than in S.A. and S.D. It makes me feel good to think I lost some. I've also grown about 1/4"--not much but good for my morale. Have you lost weight after working so hard?/My sister is married to Bill Katayama of Los Angeles, who ran a fruit stand there. They will be married 2 years this 31st. We have yet to be together on their wedding anniversary. Last year we left them in Santa Anita three days before their first anniversary! Were we disgusted--they had a get together with lots of good food--especially shrimp salad! We came out here and had weiners!/Next Sunday will be exactly one year since our arrival here. About all I can say is this place certainly has improved since our coming in. There is much more greenery and it looks lived in./Sunday night there was an O-bon odori which is some sort of Buddhist celebration. Girls and fellows we all dressed in their gaudy gay kimonos and danced. It's fun to watch others dance for a change./Please give my best regards to your mother and Miss McNary. Until then I remain./Sincerely yours/Fusa Tsumagari/P.S. Chiyo is from Encanto and all details you have on her are correct. More about her later./Always, /Fusa;1 letter and envelope from Fusa Tsumagari to Clara Breed.

Dimensions

H: 7.5 in, W: 5.75 in (height) H: 4 in, W: 6 in (envelope)