



[Letter to Clara Breed from Fusa Tsumagari, Poston, Arizona, October 9, 1942]

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1942

Primary Maker
Tsumagari, Fusa

Medium
paper, ink

Description
Transcription: 323-11-D/Poston, Arizona/October 9, 1942/Dear Miss Breed,/ This is the first chance I have had to thank you for sending me the dictionary and also they book "The Person You Want to Be." I certainly do want to thank you for sending me both of them. The book you sent me certainly is essential here because we have a tendency to get "sloppy" and not care about our appearance any more. It certainly is worth reading and trying out some of the things taught in the book./Right now I am working in the Construction Office as a so called Secretary. Gee, I really don't work hard at all. My boss is in Camp #1 most of the time and comes her about once a day. Our job here is to keep the time of

the Carpenters and to make requisitions. If anyone needs tables, chairs, or benches, we make out the requisitions and send them to the Carpenter Shop. Right now the shop is busy making tables for the schools. The greatest difficulty is getting the supplies. We really are short on lumber and nails./About two nights ago we had an electrical storm. This was our first experience in a storm here. All day clouds formed in the sky. About dusk the clouds were really grey making the place seem dark. Then the winds began to blow. The dust just whirled and began to dance around like a "jitterbug." The wind started to howl almost as loud as the coyotes at night. Then, lightening, then of course, thunder. Then, rain! We were all inside the house, but we were well aware that our top roofs were threatening to blow off. Our stove pipe hole, (which has yet to be filled with a pipe) began to let in the torrent of rain and dirt. We had to move our belonging from there. After that, we were all comfortable and tried to forget the rain. That was rather exciting and quite a change from the usual sun shine and dust flying all over./ A few days ago we were given hay for our mattresses. We did not like the idea at first because we had heard that there are bugs, etc. which could possibly breed in them. However, they are not as bad as we expected. The only thing wrong is that they sag in company with the body and stay that way. We have to reshape our mattresses every night. The hay certainly keeps us much warmer than we thought possible./Last Monday school started. We watched all the students taking their own chairs to school and regretted the fact that we had already gotten out of school. There are about 20 Caucasian teachers in Camp 3. They certainly represent a variety of states. There are some from Oklahoma, New York, Virginia, and California. Most of the teachers are rather on the old side. There is one male teacher who lives in a trailer. All the students who have him tell me that he wears a wig. They claim that they can see the stitching on his wig. I don't know how true that is, but it sounds just like a rumor we used to hear about a teacher in junior high school./ Next week evening shorthand classes begin. I am planning to attend and really make use of Miss McNary's Shorthand Book. At the present time one of the secretaries is using it, and brushing up on her shorthand----she has to take down every word spoken at certain meetings and is relearning the brief forms./My sister arrived in Colorado (Amache branch of Lamar). Over there the facilities are yet very incomplete. Their houses are built much more substantially and they have brick floors and a stove in each unit. They said that they had a very enjoyable train ride with really good food on the train. All the letters I received tell me that the worst scenery was, of course, in Arizona. All they saw was miles and miles of desert country. Gee, as if we didn't know it!/Friends in Wyoming tell me that it is dusty and cold there, but they have stoves and can have as much coal as they want. We heard that Arkansas wasn't bad at all! Gee, everyone was saying that Arizona and Arkansas would be the worst. People in Arkansas say that there are trees and no swamp land as they had expected. In fact they are expecting to raise cotton soon./Well, this place isn't really too bad. It is just the heat and the dust that get us. Most of the people other than the San Diegians are Central Californians. We were suprised to find that they are so "Japanesey". Maybe it is our fault for comparing everything here with Santa Anita that we find so many things to crab about. Well, let me give you an example of my statement. There was a talent show here. Since some

Reedley friends said that they were extremely good, we decided to go. We went, and were rather disgusted. They had half American program and half Japanese. They would have a song, "Sleepy Lagoon", then next on the program would be a Japanese dance, and so on through the whole program. We had been expecting all American songs and dances and skits. We expected them to save all the Japanese songs and dances for the "Issei Night." Of course, we had been expecting it because we had been so educated in Santa Anita! Another thing is that Santa Anita really had the talented people. The people here just can't compare in talent. The quantity of things going on here may compare with S.A., but the quality-----it is just useless to even try to make a comparison./I know the central Californians don't like it when we make comparisons because they came directly to the relocation centers and have no way to make any comparisons./The other day I finished knitting my mother's sweater. It is a rusty brown sweater with two cable stitches running down each side of the front. It certainly is a relief to have finished it. Gee, it took me about four months to finish it! I'm so pokey that I get tired before I finish. Next, I am going to make my own. My mother's was just a sample. Now, mine is going to be the real McCoy! I have bright red yarn. I hope that I finish before the winter is over!/Gee, I just amble, and amble. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you know less about Poston than when I started!/Thank you ever so much for sending me the two books. I really appreciate your being so nice to me./ Sincerely,/Fusa/P.S. The Poston III Library opened last week. It rather nice inside, but very incomplete. I tried to get a job there, but all jobs were taken until after I had gotten my foot into this job! I'll let you know more about it later./Sincerely,/ Fusa;1 letter and envelope from Fusa Tsumagari to Clara Breed.