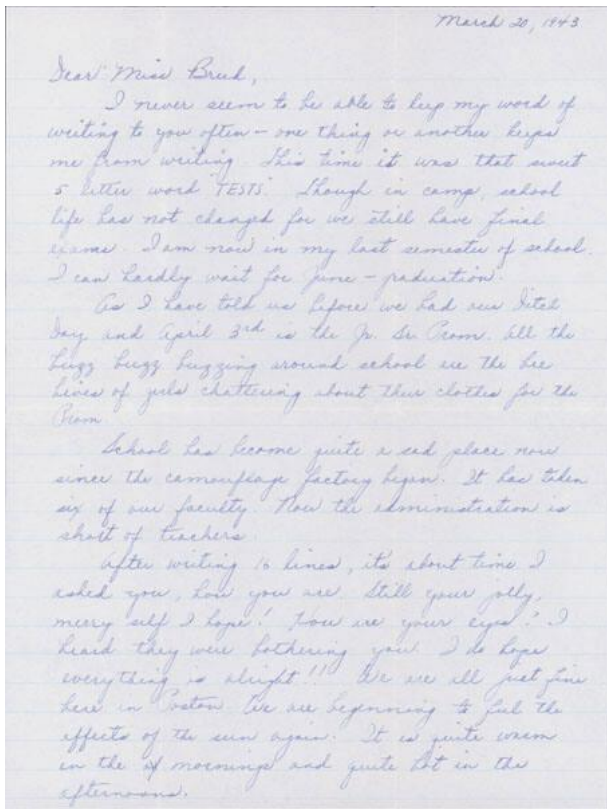


Basic Detail Report



[Letter to Clara Breed from Louise Ogawa, Poston, Arizona, March 20, 1943]

Date
1943

Primary Maker
Ogawa, Louise

Medium
paper, ink

Description

Transcription: March 20, 1943/Dear Miss Breed,/I never seem to be able to keep my word of writing to you often--one thing or another keeps me from writing. This time it was that sweet 5 letter word "TESTS." Though in camp, school life has not changed for we still have final exams. I am now in my last semester of school. I can hardly wait for June--graduation./As I have told us before we had our ditch day and Apr. 3rd is the Jr. Sr. Prom. All the buzz buzz buzzing around school are the bee hives of girls chattering about their clothes for the Prom./ School has become quite a sad place now since the camouflage factory began. It has taken six of our faculty. Now the administration is short of teachers./After writing 16 lines, it's about time I asked you, how you are. Still your jolly, merry self I hope! How are your eyes? I heard they were

bothering you. I do hope everything is alright!! We are all just fine here in Poston. We are beginning to feel the effects of the sun again. It is quite warm in the mornings and quite hot in the afternoons./March 22, 1943/After a brief intermission I am once again sitting at my desk writing to you. I hope today finds you much merrier and happier than yesterday./Thank you ever so much for the "Library Journal"! The article you wrote was very interesting. My father was having a hectic time trying to read it. Then all of a sudden he asked "I wonder who wrote these letters?" Curious to know what he was talking about I began to read it - taking it rudely from father. To my astonishment they were a part of my letter I wrote to you. I guess father knew the answer to his question by my surprised expression and flustered face. He uttered, "That's alright. The truth never hurts." Miss Breed, I was quite surprised, thrilled, yet embarrassed to see it in black and white because of my poor English. Thank you for sending the article to me. I certainly would like to keep it./Miss Breed, thank you for the wonderful time I had with you last night! I think I better start from the beginning before you think I am not in the right state of mind. I had a wonderful dream last night. I left Poston on a short leave of absence and headed for good old San Diego and to you. My first stop after leaving the train was a candy store and you were right behind me too. There I saw rolls and rolls of candy. I kept asking you, "Would this chocolate candy melt before I reach home?" Before anyone could say "a ____" I asked for 5 lbs. of it. I was buying the whole store yet I left the store with the same amount of money I had when I entered it. That was because I never paid. I don't know how I got away with it either. Then I went into the Mayor's office and had my picture taken. It was the first picture I took since evacuation (11 months). Oh, everyone treated me so kindly and they were so friendly. I painted the town red, as the saying goes. Yes, I went everywhere--I went to Marstons and Lions for my clothes; Hamilton for all the cakes, cookies and what have you; Jessop for all the rings for all my fingers and wrist watches placed one after another until it reached my shoulder; Boldricks for shoes; haunted the drive inns every night for a nice juicy steak, ice cream sodas, banana splits by the dozens.--oh, I had a wonderful time!! Then by 6:00 A.M. I was back in my Poston cot again. When I awoke this morning I wondered if it really happened or if it was another one of those wild fantastic dreams. It was so realistic I began to wonder./Now to tell you other things besides fairy tales. This Poston weather certainly is unpredictable! This morning it was very clear with a cool breeze rushing here and there. Then about 10:00 A.M. the mean old wind together with the sand began to blow. It blew and blew until we couldn't see the barracks near by. We had a terrible time trying to go home for lunch. The wind wanted us to go to the north and we wanted to go to the south. We pushed and pushed until finally we won over the wind and arrived home. My hair was in a tangle. When it came to combing my hair it was like working a crossword puzzle. I decided it wise to wear a slacks because of such a wind. BUT when I looked out the window I nearly fell over with surprise. The sky was as blue as it could be with its white billowy clouds softly sailing along. Everything was calm. There was no evidence of a windy moment. It was like the incident written in the Bible--the roaring angry sea suddenly became calm. As I said the Poston weather is unpredictable--it is getting windy again./The thing I hate of the summer days in Poston is its heat, wind and

dust. It seems very strange to me that the wind and dust blows much more in the summer./I imagine you have heard about the new combat unit organized for the niseis. Many have volunteered from Camp III. Camp III has more than Camp I or II. Many San Diegans are among these boys--Nobuo Kawamoto, Tetsu Hirasaki, George Tanaka (Obayashi), Walter Obayashi, David Arata, Kogi Konishi (Shimamoto) are a few. They were given farewell parties and dances were held in their honor. As yet they have not gone./Girls over 17 years of age and our parents registered for clearance papers. We were asked many questions. Some of them were 1) name of dependents 2) education to date 3) location preference 4) occupation preference 5) 5 references of friends back home. 6) would we be willing to join the WAAC./I know I should have asked your permission first but because of the suddenness I did not. I placed your name as one of the references. I have heard that if I am cleared by the F.B.I. and W.R.A. authorities for an outside employment you will be given a letter asking you to tell all you know about me. I always seem to cause you so much trouble. But as yet I have no intentions of going out./ Spring is here in Poston. The mesquite trees are getting green./We planted the flower seeds you sent. Everyday I look and look to see just what is going to bloom. It certainly keeps me in suspense!!/Tonight I am going to the first Symphony Concert under the direction of Mr. Snonowsky. I am sure of an enjoyable evening./The most common menu of Poston seems to be fish. We have fish at least twice a week./Now that Poston is in the free zone, there are many nisei soldiers here to visit. As yet, we are not allowed cameras./I am sending you a school paper. I hope you will enjoy reading it./You may have read this in the papers--Poston III is undergoing an epidemic of polymilitis, infantile paralysis. A boy has died from this disease. At the present there are 3 or 4 cases of it in the hospital. Everything is being done to stop this dangerous disease. Posters have been made and fly traps are being placed near the trash cans. The doctors have informed us that flies are the carriers of these disease. It certainly is terrible that this had to happen./Have you heard? Nobuo Kawamoto (one of the twin's brother) married Miss Kikue Yamashita (formerly from La Jolla). Now Haruko Kawamoto (the twin that wears glasses) is going to be married to Mr. James Urata (L.A.). Yes, war or no war, camp or no camp people are still getting married!/To releave your eyes I shall continue later/Most sincerely, /Louise Ogawa/Ps. I sent a little something by mail. I hope it reaches you in good condition. Excuse the way it was wrapped please--paper is scarce here. The white bird is called a "tsuru"--stork in English.;A letter and envelope from Louise Ogawa written to Clara Breed.

Dimensions

H: 10.5 in, W: 8 in (sheet); H: 3.5 in, W: 6.375 in (envelope)