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Rec. 3/18.

March 3, 1943

Dear Oji-san,

It's been so good hearing from you these past weeks and knowing you are fine. But then, it gives me a pang of conscience to think how long I have delayed in answering you.

So you are welcoming Spring in good spirits. We, too, are looking forward to warm weather - there is something about green, budding life which gives one renewed hope and courage.

Each day, I look across the wide expanse of desert to Eden and watch the brown, bare poplars swaying in the wind. Some they will be a verdant green and beautiful to gaze upon. Together with warm weather, though, will come the stifling dust. Already it has begun to fly, and as I ~~duck~~ each passing truck, I feel with sinking heart of the summer to come. The thousands who must stay here will have to bear it. I'm lucky, though, for, by March 17th I will have left this camp for Ohio to continue my studies. These last few months have been spent in preparing and writing for my release.

Camp life has been unchanged except for an outwardly faster tempo of living. The biggest news of the moment is the volunteer enlistment for the special Japanese combat unit. Sgt. Akira Kato, I think you know him in sports circles, has been here with 3 other men to recruit the boys. The Onodera and Sakura families can boast of 3 and 4 of their sons as volunteers. Together with this Army registration was a general registration for all persons above 17 years of age. We have been informed that this is for the purpose of general clearance for every one here in camp. Relocation, I understand, will be greatly speeded up through this clearance.

If the relocation program continues as well as it has started, I feel both the community & ~~the~~ evacuees will benefit.

Oji-san, to-day was Doll's Festival Day -

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a time I would have forgotten had not our mess hall been decorated with beautiful dolls and had we not had those pink & white rice cakes. Even in camp, if we can still enjoy these occasions and celebrate them in this simple but lovely way, I think we can appreciate the goodness there is in man. It's kind, too, the way the cooks labor to give us so much from their limited supplies.

I wonder when we will be together again? It would be more than I could ever hope for if you could join us here. We will pray, though, Oji-san, for that day to come soon.

Lovingly

Yumiko.