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Miss Yuri Domoto
6F-5-C
Granada Relocation Center
Amache, Colorado

Denver, Colorado
January 6, 1944 - p.m.

Dearest Yuri -

It was mean of me not to have answered your answer.

I spent a very quiet New Year's eve with my sister. On New Year's we went to see "Thousands Cheer" with many actors and actresses like Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Red Skelton, Kathryn Grayson, Eleanor Powell, Gene Kelly, Ann Sothern, and that good classical musician, Jose Iturbi. It was (something like "This is the Army" with a lot of performances). It had some sad parts which made it good. After that we had a Chinese dinner and called it a day. On the second we went to the dance and had a lovely evening.

Everything was fine until the next morning at about 7:30 a.m. I had the most terrible experience — an experience I hope I will never have to go through again. Knowing that I had two useful things to get out (one was the hearing and the other about the census the WRA is going to take), I started out about 7:20 a.m. I was exactly half way down to the office when I was suddenly struck a blow with a club. The man apparently crept up from the back as I didn't see him at all. When I was struck I realized that I was hit by a man but

lost my consciousness for a few seconds as I don't know when I fell down. When I actually came to my senses partially ~~(enough~~ I ~~[illegible]~~ found myself with the club in my hands and I gave him couple of blows. I can't say how hard they were because I was semi-conscious and probably overexcited too. It's a funny thing that I don't remember being scared until the man started to run away + that's when I became petrified and thought I would collapse. All the people in the neighborhood came to comfort me and the 2 patrolmen came to the scene too. They took me to the police surgeon and since I was all right they took me to work. By then, ~~my~~ the numbness ~~of~~ on my head started to disappear and ~~had~~ my pains were somewhat uncomfortable. So the patrolman took me to the hospital and again I was assumed that I was all right.

I didn't want to tell anyone about my incident but it seems like many people around here know about it by the telephone calls I get. I don't want anything published because my mother would worry herself to death. I'm so afraid that she'll get sick when she hears about it ~~through~~ my sister or brother. I just had to tell the family know when I found out that it was being published and that people knew about it. I hate to have her

get news like that from another source. But I guess it's one of those things that we have to take no matter how trying. I really had a terrible start this year so I could see where the going would be tough the rest of the year. I guess I made a big mistake to walk all by myself so early in the morning. I usually walk down with my sister but since it was a little too early she didn't go with me. I'm grateful for the fact that I wasn't injured seriously and that nothing was stolen. If I didn't manage to get that club it might be an entirely different story. Mrs. Reef, realizing that I'm fearful of dark, comes after me every morning. Although I have a real father & mother at Granada, I could say that I have a father & mother in Denver; namely, Mr. Curtis & Mrs. Reef. They both do so much out of their way to come out and look after me. Mr. Curtis feels that it is the duty of someone at the WRA Office to look after us in cases of sickness or incidents like mine. Mr. Curtis is one man I could sincerely say is putting every effort for our welfare. He seems to have a better understanding of the evacuee's problems than anyone else at the Denver Office.

It seems like our office is always reorganizing. From this Saturday, I can't work for the Denver area sub-office which means I can't work for Mrs. Ray ~~and that~~ makes me SICK. I was transferred to the Regional Office & ~~work~~ have to work for the most Loud man of the Denver WKA. I could sure swear just to think about it —. Just because he's acting as the asst. Supervisor & occasionally acts as the Supv. he thinks he's a "big chief" and actually he's far from that. I'm sorry to say all this but we just can't stand him. After this reorganization, everyone is unhappy — so that's one consolation on my part.

Mr. Pettis, who is supposed to be the head of our Relocation Office as well as the administrative end, left for Washington yesterday. He's the one who made all these changes and he seems to be the type of person to make up his mind without even asking for suggestions from the common people — by that I mean people below his level. He called a meeting before he left (10 minutes at the most) and said so one so move ~~the~~ into this room and so one so move there, etc. meeting is adjourned so so one was able to utter a word!

So much for the gripes. I do hope that you could come to Denver, Yuri. Call me up at the office if you do.

Thanks a lot for putting my name down for Mr. Moore's "dummy" program. Is he going to be stationed at Ft. Logan? If he is, it'll be ~~closer to~~ quite close to Denver. Just to show you how much I think of him, when I had a call from the Denver Post today I said excitedly, "Is this Mr. Moore?!" Huh, it really made me mad when it was the reporter trying to get things from me. From what I was able to gather he's been trying to get information from the JACL & ~~the WRA~~ certain people of the WRA. I know I didn't give him any satisfaction because I told him I wasn't talking. If it's good news, I don't mind but I have no family away from home to think about and I can't bear to have mother worrying about us.

I'm certainly hoping that everything will work out for Kan. Gee, I feel it's lonesome with Kan away. You know, I didn't get to know Kan too well in Merced but I really

got acquainted with him in Granada. He's certainly a swell person. I bet if he were a girl, he'll be just like you.