

Sept. 13, 1942

Dear Violet -

Perhaps you may wonder as to the scarcity of letters going to you from us. One main reason for me was the fact that I had exhausted my paper supply before leaving Inlarc and anxiously waited for the opening of our Canteen. Here it is at last!

How have you survived your vacation. Your brief card mentioned the fact that you were ready for another vacation.

We've all been well physically considering all the changes and acclimating we've passed through, but

instead this looks more like a Concentration Camp in the desert! We're about as just as bad off as our alien parents for our citizenship means nothing at present.

I've just ground off a letter to Dr. Poling about what I thought of these lazy laborers who clutter up our Camp grounds. You can ask him what I wrote.

We have two Sunday Schools now. I am super-intending one which covers ^{the population of} about six blocks. Fourteen barracks to a block. I have written Florence Mc Dowell and Miss Smith and told them of the need for material, especially teacher's references, and children's song books.

"Poor Mom" has been down for about five days with a case of diarrhea like every other person in Camp. She has eaten very little and has lost much weight and strength.

We are told it is the water that causes this condition, but the rest of us are still normal.

We've looked forward to long hikes into the desert and to distant buttes and even to the Indian villages located about five miles from here, but in the last few days, we've discovered military police patrolling the boundary line which is about 4 miles from our Camp. We looked forward to freedom at Relocation -

The ages range from 2 to 14
or 15 yrs. This may give you
an idea of the type of material
we would need. I've used
material (contributions) from
Lutheran, Congregational, Baptist
and Methodist in Tulsa, but
all the S. S. teachers seem to
favor the Presbyterian lessons.

Whatever Christmas exercises
or song material you have,
we can certainly use them too.

Everything is so disorganized
only nursery & kindergarten
are in session, while all the
other youngsters run around
idle.

How I wish war could
end tomorrow, but wishful
thinking will never do now.
May have to ask you to do
some shopping soon. Our
clothes are giving out because
we perspire so.
Kisses to Dad.
With love,
Army



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Amy Moraska

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Gila Reloc. Ctr

Rivers, ~~CA~~
Arizona