

Gila Relocation Center

61-2-B

Revere, Arizona

September 12, 1942

Dear Miss Sell,

How does it feel now to get back to work? We received your post card a few days back. Thank you - it's so nice to hear from you.

How is your father getting along? By the way, how is Long Beach? I imagine there's been a great change since we left.

Haven't we traveled a lot though? I didn't think I would ever come into another state in this country during my lifetime, but here I am! This isn't a very good way to travel - all we see is the desert wherever we travelled.

I was surely sad leaving Tulare. The day or two ^{before} we left Tulare the fellows were ordered to ~~cut~~ ^{pull} all the flowers down and dig up the gardens. It was an unbelievable sight to see the neat - refreshing - green gardens disappear before your eyes. Then to leave our newly made American friends was the saddest of all. Really we never met a more unified friendly and considerate

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these people received their jobs was through politics. Nothing is organized here - everything jumbled up into one. Social problems which have become serious - so drastic it's too delicate to handle have been brought up to Mrs Smith, and she wants to handle everything. Mrs. Sew Mags wants to help but Mrs. Smith says she can do it alone at present. We've brought these special cases from Tulare all written plainly so that at the time of induction they could be given special consideration but no they haven't even touched them and they give replies as though we didn't know anything - they have to be examined by Drs. In the meantime one problem especially is out of control - a son has been hypnotized by his religious father to insanity. Another case we had the two separated in Tulare but the induction office put them together, therefore, it cracked. Another case - a mother threatening from Tulare to kill her baby has been housed together and it's dangerous. Such and other cases are not

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stuff to work with, except of course our old church friends back home. The men really put in every single effort and time they had to work for our welfare. So attached were three or four among them ~~there~~ that they made a special trip to San Francisco to secure a position in the relocation camp, but was in vain.

We certainly appreciate everyone of those American staff in Tulare since coming here to Gila. The staff we have here are simply terrible. Since setting our foot into Gila camp each contingent has had trouble - the first two especially. In the first place this camp is half ready and in the second place the staff here are inexperienced and inconsiderate.

The manager of this camp was a fertilizer man previous to his present job, and three fourths or more of the time he is away from camp - everyone concluded his at his fertilizer business, for Mrs. Smith, his wife, is here half of the time managing. Head of activities which includes social welfare and recreation was a political science major. Head of the Housing Department was Bob Yaton, a dancing instructor, and the personnel head, Mr. News, was a butcher. If you ask me, the only way

even being considered. Everything in this camp seems to be run by politics from observing what the Canadian staffs are doing.

When Lie. & Mrs. Luen Mago went to secure a place to hold religious ^(Christians) service the reply was: "Why do you need a meeting place for? Camp No. 1 is said to have 90% Buddhist and 10% Christians." He thought all Japanese were Buddhists. According to Luen Mago's he was surprised when told that half or over of the Tulare people were Christians. "So what" seems to be the attitude that these people seem to have. You should see and hear the fight that the Nisei are putting up against these people. Nothing seems to be organized, no definite department has yet been established.

You should see how these labour work in this camp. It's simply disgusting.

Just this morning, about 3 "Blackies" have started digging another row of trenches between our barrack and the rest.

When I questioned them "We's layin' watah 'in gas pipes in heayah Mām" was the drawling reply. The sun is so hot in the afternoon, the old folk snooze, and we young uns find handwork or reading indoors. Around 4:00, it became unbearably hot inside, and the East side of our barrack was casting quite a shadow, so Martha & I decided we'd take our work outside into the shade.

'Lo and behold, if those Darkies weren't as it still, four of them to dig a 3' deep trench the length of which is about 25' long! Our neighbor boys around 6 yrs. old - 2 of them were playing around these men. Playfully they jumped in and out of the trenches. In the meantime, the other three men

decided they were due for some refreshment at the canteen and disappeared leaving only one. The youngsters in the meantime were in the trench wielding the shovels that leaned against the ditch.

"See! Where the other lazy guys go anyhow!" they exclaimed to the lone dorkie who stood watching.

"You lazy guys play all day and maybe all night. Look at us - we have to work for you!" said the leader of the two as clouds of dust showed they were actually moving their shovels.

There was no reply to these candid remarks. The dorkie fidgeted and cooed some bribing words. He then came towards us and inquired whether we had change for a quarter. We did. He immediately took a nickel to each boy and told them to buy an ice cream with it. It must

have been one way of easing his conscience. By then, the clock had turned 5:00 o'clock and he began to gather his tools. Martha and I looked up from our work a moment later - he had disappeared.

I had said write this anecdote since I would not have been able to give you the real picture. That's exactly how all these laborers work. Either they lean on the shovels or the shovels lean on the trenches most of the day. How would anyone expect construction to progress at this rate?

Maybe it's my imagination, but we can't seem to feel the warm feeling that we had in Mexico. This I conclude is because none of these administrators have any Christian background - at least from my experience and imagination.

The social welfare department should be one of the first departments to be established because human problems is always arising and is

unceasing. One of the main things the Social Welfare Department should launch is social and family conduct. The way some of the young people as well as old conduct themselves in the mess halls are a disgrace. No manner or sign of bringing up. Unless some one emphasizes such things the camp life will surely distract their morals. We need Christian leaders in this camp to notice these small details. The children are running wild. You'd think we were simple animals.

We are going to have the first Sunday School classes tomorrow since arriving here. Last Sunday we had a rally. Sid is in charge of the young children 6 blocks. I plan to help by teaching a group - if I can. Since Camp No. 1 is without a music minister they are trying to take away are one and only Rev. Susan Mays. We just heard that Revs. John Sr. & Jr. Yamaguchi and group may come to Hilo - I surely hope so. We are waiting. Hoping L.B. group will come also.

Id better close now. Give my regards to your father. Sincerely yours
Mauna Koroaka

P.S. I forgot to tell you about myself. The Student Relocation Council asked me to send your address to them. They must not have received any answer when they wrote you first since you were on your vacation. Thank you ever so much for writing to them. I have not heard about any results as yet.

Since there's no chance in entering school this semester, I have made my decision that I will try to obtain a job as a nurse's aid at the infirmary of this center and in addition take a correspondence course on nursing from the Univ. of Nebraska, which I had preference for. I applied for a nurse's aid job at the personnel office, and I'm almost afraid that I may not get in. In keeping my fingers crossed. I've just got to get that position! I went to talk^{to} the

head at the infirmary, she told me I had to take the nurse's aid training first, and for that I have to wait another month. I'm getting impatient. If I can't go to school, I might just as well attempt at a practical education here.

Fis has applied for the same position she had at Tulare.

Bud has already received a position in the Property Control Department as Sr. Clerk.

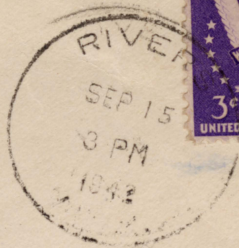
Father is the janitor of the men's latrine.

Mother is just getting over a diarrhea case. It seems all gets that one in order to adjust themselves to this new environment.

That's about all.

Mattie

From -
61-2-B
Rivers, Arizona



Miss Violet Sell
1709 Cedar Ave.
Long Beach, California

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