

Sept. 30, 1942

Dear Vi -

You don't know how good it was to get your letter.

Martha - John and I have read and re-read it. It made me feel as tho' we had actually visited with you and all the eccentricities of the typewriter didn't bother me a bit.

I have just received the package of S. I. material you and Miss Smith have so kindly contributed. I have just yesterday received an unexpected letter from Ruth Slocum of her sending me some fresh supplies. I never expected such speedy response.

After listening to radio

they prefer the soft job of using a shovel for a leaning-post, draw \$9.00 and over a day to picking cotton at 5¢ per lb. Whereas growers will pay us Japanese only 3¢ for long staple cotton. The flowers are considerably smaller and incredibly light. I can see why it is suitable for parachutes.

The workers are under the vigilant eyes of armed guards from the moment they board the truck to the moment they return to Camp proper in the evening. We realize Arizona is still in the 'Combat Zone', but unless proper and favorable conditions can be assured, how can we realize a good response to this appeal.

I was so worked up after listening to yesterday's broadcast that last night I wrote a letter

Commentators mention the lumber thieves in the Japanese Camps - then of a daily broadcast from a Phoenix station recruiting volunteer cotton-pickers - using us as a scape-goat by referring to the poor response from the 11,000 in the Isle Reloc. Ctr. out of which to-date only 170 have gone out to work.

That Japanese cannot be depended upon for work necessary to the defense of our country. Some mornings, I am told this commentator describes us as saboteurs etc. just to fire up the feeling of listeners to see if he cannot drive them out into the cotton fields.

Construction workers and ditch-diggers working in our Camp today are former cotton-pickers. They tell us themselves

which I am sending to the Phoenix Paper. I'm in a quandary whether to send a copy to the broadcasting station.

Really, Violet, I'm so worked up about the unfavorable policies that govern these Concentration Camps, I can't even rest at night.

Perhaps I am faced with a 50-50 chance by finding some form of employment outside the Military Zone and see if I can't call my folk outside of this sort of environment. To face the wrath of an irate American public may be about as harmful as staying in such confinement.

The ministers in this Center happen to be Congregational. They have made an appeal to the Pilgrims' Press for free contributions of S.S. material, so after we have used up the Presby. supplies I guess we must go Congregational.

Those supplies are not yet

forthcoming, so your contributions are really appreciated. The ministers seem to prefer drawing supplies from one source, which may be wisest.

So poor Dad is feeling his autumnal spells. I'm sorry that you don't have some one else to share them, and yet it's so good to hear what wonderful people the Murrays have been to you. It even makes us feel good to know you are in good hands, and I'm sure Dad's autumnal ailment will wear off gradually for he couldn't stay puffed up forever. When I read your letter to Mauna especially about the "autumnal spells," she nearly laughed her sides out to think that you should remember those bits of wisdom of hers.

By the looks of things, I'm afraid Soc. Welf. will not be operating for some time, so I might as well do some hand-sewing which means I must ask you to do some shopping for us women. The other nite, the Japanese head of the Dept. of education came asking if I wouldn't consider teaching the 4th grade class. I had a talk with Mrs. Susan - Mags - (formerly Charlotte

Douglas whose father was ^a professor in the School of Religion at USC) for her counsel. She hated to see me leave the welfare work, and once I became a teacher, I would naturally be tied to the class for the entire semester, which only made sense, so I came home resolved to bide my time.

In the meantime, I guess I stay home and do some sewing. I've already made a ser-sucker dress for Mom and two wash dresses for a neighbor lady; so time does not lag for me — in fact the day is not long enough for me.

I'm going to write out the list for each of us, so you can take it when you go shopping for us. Let me know what the total came to, plus sending fee, and I'll mail you a check to cover everything. Thank you for ordering the astronomy book. Now that rites are longer, I shall enjoy the stars just to forget these drab earthy problems that drag us down.

Our love to Dad.

Thank you for everything.

As ever,
Amy

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