

January 21, 1943

Dear Vi -

Another few lines again to tell you that I am still alive and going about my duties. I've lost a lot of the gusto that used to keep me going. I've developed another throat condition and renewed the sniffles again. It's really disgusting that I can't shake off this pesky thing called the common cold. If this inert feeling in me isn't ^{caused by} ~~the cause of~~ the so called Valley-Flu, maybe, I'm just becoming plain lazy, but I put myself on the back, for I've been working every day for the last two weeks regardless.

Martha and I decided we'd like to send you a year's subscription to the Pacific Citizen. Hope you've received or are receiving them weekly. (Really my spelling is becoming quite hazy - sometimes I even wonder how my English is.) If I start sounding as tho' I'd been away in Japan for about four years, just let me know. (as a favor). WLA and the Churches

are encouraging Resettlement for us now. We're having discussions at our Y.P. meetings, speakers etc. on this current topic, so I've still got to maintain my Yankee identity in speech at any rate.

Perhaps by now, Miss Smith has told you of my change of work. I waded into a tidal wave of work and I mean it. My employer, Head of the Social Service Dept. was afraid to requisition me for fear of arousing misunderstanding with my former Division head, so I had to ask for a transfer, taking everything into my own hands. That was shortly before Christmas that I talked to the Soc. Serv. head. Then for two weeks I was home. All those weeks, that office waited for me for they could not keep abreast with their daily work. I've been assigned "intake interviewer", but if I can't maintain my professional rating of \$1900 a month, Mr. Tuttle promises he will give me a title of "private secretary." My — how high sounding! But the work is just what I like. It will take a week or two more until our files and records can be straightened out, for they've

been neglected ~~to~~ from lack of workers. In this 10,000 pop. Camp, we now have three case workers, another secretary and myself and Mr. Tuttle. My day's work consists of dictation, typing, filing, interviewing, assigning cases to the case workers (all Univ. graduates), so they are very capable. Incidentally, do you remember that book written by Louis Adamic (?) on Americans from other lands, or something to that effect? Do you remember a Charles Kikuchi he writes about? This boy is a former S. I. Bay Region fellow - a Social Worker. He is one of our workers.

Charley wears dirty blue jeans, a green plaid lumber-jack jacket and shuffles about on his daily rounds. One would never dream that his name graced the much read book of some years back. We also have a Robert Spencer, Anthropologist, (observer from Univ. of Calif.) here on the project, mingling with this rather odd population. His purpose, as he states, is not military, but purely scientific. He is observing the effect of evacuation and life under such living upon the Japanese.

Rev. Nicholas & Friends' Service Committee is bringing my old Singer machine out to me next week. I guess I'll have to tuck down to some spring sewing 'tween times.

The Nisei, Kibei, Issai relationships. etc.
He is also studying the Japanese language, so all in all, this "Bob" Spencer has, I should say, an interesting assignment. He's a huge fellow about six feet tall, so well padded that I'd say, weighed about 240 lbs. Thick lensed-glasses - he really looks and talks every bit a professor. We see him at our Y. P. Fellowships on Sunday nights escorting a Japanese girl each time. It's quite interesting even for us to "observe" him.

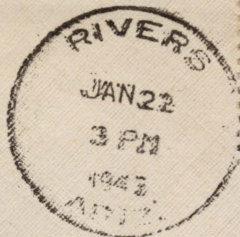
Let I forget, I want to compliment whoever selected the lamp shade, that they certainly made a good selection. Each time I gaze at it, the colour of the stripes blend into the color of the ~~of~~ stand that Dad fashioned for us. I do wish you could come once, even for a day to visit with us and do your own observing.

Martha's all hepped-up on getting out to school. I'm also interested in securing some form of employment East of the Rockies so I could call my folk out there providing conditions are encouraging.

Please remember us all to Dad - and to the Polings, Ruth Slocum & the rest.

With love,
Amy

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