

February 10, 1943

Dear Vi -

I'm just wondering why we haven't heard from you. I only hope that you are well, and that goes for you Dad too. I certainly wish I could say that we are fine. We've been well, but what it is in such concentrated living does something to our general constitution I guess. For one thing, there is such a scarcity of capable workers. You see, the best - the ambitious leave for further education and eventual employment outside, hence the crumbs that are left are pathetically willing-hearted but just as much untrained.

Bldg. hall has been cluttered with Army officers of varying ranks here to prepare a volunteer recruiting program. Their presence is stirring a good deal of restlessness among the reckless young men as well as the deeply concerned parents -- all in a different way.

Dear Vi -- how I wish we could awake one morning to find that all the soldiers the world-over had laid down their guns and that from that day forward, each man regardless of race, would work shoulder to shoulder to reconstruct and to mend over this terribly mutilated world. That all their efforts would be constructive, not destructive.

Take Martha. She finds herself and another Nurse's Aide the only two caring for a ward of 30 to 40 patients over an 8 hour shift. The girls, (workers) would have fared better had we been given understanding and sympathetic Caucasian supervisors, but so far we've had some terribly narrow-minded, prejudiced, highly suspicious supervisors supervise these untrained and frightened Nurse's Aides. To date, two of our top-notch lab. technicians - (Nisii), a surgeon and two student nurses have left our regular hospital staff for the camouflage net factory to earn their fare out of this center.

Since Monday our Adm.

But this is all plain day-dreaming just now. What of our tomorrow? They are urging resettlement on our own. If I had no parents, I'd gladly risk a jaunt into strange lands to face strange people. We are still filled with misgivings. We want assurances. Not much comes our way. We've lost so much could you blame us for being in such doubt?

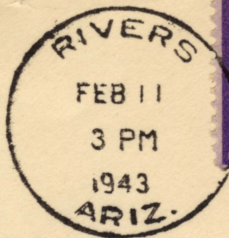
I guess I'm in a place where all that I've taught and spoke on faith isn't much help. Pardon this rather melancholy note.

Marta and the folk send you their love.

As ever,

Amy

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