

Gila Relocation Center

61-2-B

Rivers, Arizona

May 14, 1943

Dear Miss Sell,

Forgive me for my neglectance. You probably wonder what sort of an ungratefull girl I have turned into for all the trouble I have put you through.

We were informed through Miss Smith about your illness and we were indeed sorry to hear about it. You must be terribly worried when your father is also ill. Was your father's operation a success? I do hope so. We are praying that your operation will be a success, so that you will regain your complete health. You certainly must have gone through some fighting and worrying when your tumor had been ailing you.

Our life here in camp has been quiet and we are gratefully healthy except for the heat which seems to be squeezing our energy away. Mother and Dad are surprisingly healthy for which we are very thankful.

Maybe you have heard, but some few days before Easter, Mrs. F. D. Rowell visited our camp. Her ~~camp~~<sup>visit</sup> was a big surprise to all of us, but she certainly charmed this resident with her graciousness. She first visited our hospital. I encountered her in our hospital mess just as I was about to leave. She seemed to be leading the party on her rounds. She walked up and down the mess hall aisle observing the menus the workers were eating and occasionally chatting with them. She seemed to notice small details whereas I'm sure men investigators would overlook such details. Before she left this center she advised all of us to relocate as soon as possible because the life we lead here was so artificial although we do keep ~~our~~ surroundings looking clean.

Our Easter Day was full of activities, that is for the choir of which I'm a member. We sang on top of one our Buttes for sunrise service at 6:30 A.M. After breakfast from 9:00 we came to the hospital and sang for the patients. We then rushed over to our Church service at 10:00 and sang there. At 8:00 that evening the choir

gave a concert which turned out to be a great success.

By the way, I am now working in the clinic of this hospital and at present am writing this letter to you on government time and paper. I was getting fed up with ward work, frankly, I would be ashamed to broadcast such a thing when I am planning to become a nurse. I requested to be put in here as I wanted experience and believe me I am getting a wonderful experience even though the work is less strenuous than the wards. I have given hypodermic and injections, and also have been assisting the doctors. This work here is entirely different from the wards.

Since I am talking about myself I might just as well tell you of my plans or what I have in mind. Sis and I have the opportunity of entering the summer session at the Arizona Teachers College in Tempe, Arizona. Sis wants to study up on sociology and I've been thinking of taking up my chemistry so that I won't have to worry about it in nursing school as I do despise that subject.

We have to pay for our rooms and board plus the tuition, but we have an offer to work in the school cafeteria for \$35<sup>00</sup> a mo. We were very eager to go at first, but now sis has an offer or thinks she will have one in Cincinnati, Ohio in some small girls' school or college as secretary to the dean. # She thinks maybe if she works there she may have an opportunity to continue her education. At Impe, the psychology head is Mr. Carrier and has been so nice as to come and meet us and is making arrangements for us. It surely is difficult to make decisions now when we do not know anything about the outer world and of the future. Frankly, I'm completely fed up with this camp life!

We are worried about our parents. It really is up to Bud to look after them, but he's become so distant from us, seldom visits us and has very little to say to us. We all love him and when he changed so undesirably we are indeed sad. We hate to mention his name or his in-laws since he's become so kept up about the subject and agonize each other. What he

has in mind is certainly puzzling. At times I want to be harsh with him, but whenever we see him we are so happy we forget ourselves, but ~~behind~~ whenever we discuss him among ourselves I have lots of harsh things I want to tell him. All I can say is that he certainly is influenced by his wife & his mother-in-law.

For mother's day I crocheted a rug for mother, finished in 2 days. Can you believe me doing anything like that? My first crocheting.

There are quite a few leaving camp for employment. Last Tues. and Thursday 25 on each day left this center. I do hope that very soon we can all relocate to a suitable place. Any suggestion?

I had better close now. Do take care of yourself and don't worry too much, I'm sure God will take care of you for you surely deserve a good rest to regain your health.

My best regards to your father.

P.S. If you feel this letter hazy it's because of the dust storm. We've been having them frequently.   
 Yours problem sis,  
 Martha

GILA RIVER RELOCATION CENTER

BUTTE CAMP

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RIVERS, ARIZONA



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