

61-2-13

Rivers, Ariz.

July 25, 1943

Dear Violet -

It was really good to hear from you. We were wondering how you were progressing following an operation of that nature. And then it's too bad Mama couldn't be on hand to walk the kinks out of your back, but then it sounds to me like you have quite a loving and efficient retinue of nurses. That little "orderly" Linford steals the whole show tho' - I think he's a wonder! It's reassuring to know that you've come to a place where you'd decided to do something about your hair. It shows you are coming along fine.

The details of your operation do reveal the seriousness of that annoying fistula you had lanced some years back. And isn't it grand - this chemical world in which we live now. I'm glad that the sulfamide is going to finish the job that the surgeon's knife could not complete. Of course you couldn't get back on your feet very soon. I still can't see you going back to work even next month, but I'm not there to see for myself and you ought to know yourself better. But you know Violet - you're about as bad and impatient a patient as I am.

You see Violet - I was struck down with a recurrence of the kidney attack I had in L.B. the year we left for Japan - remember? So all outward appearances, I was taken suddenly ill, but I knew it was coming. I dragged myself thru' my daily work thinking it was the heat mostly that was to blame. But no, come to think, I was actually working for several days with fever and I couldn't figure out why my eyes were so terribly sensitive to sunlight.

Martha came dashing home 2nd day I was in bed saying that the Dr. who examined me the previous day at the clinic, on hearing of my condition ordered her to call for me with the ambulance. So I was duly hospitalized amid whispered exclamations thru' out the length of the hospital "Miss Maroska is sick!" You see, I had been handling all the medical welfare cases for the last several months and it must have seemed strange to see me being wheeled into the women's ward when even a few days previous, I was nosing into the welfare of numerous patients confined therein. I was smothered in ice bags the 1st night and was annoyed with a splitting headache for three sleepless days + nites. If I could describe to you the terrible nightmares that haunted me the moment I would close my eyes regardless of the time of day or nite. I was normal enough to guzzle down the liquids that made up my diet for five days - but I just could not rest.

The second my eye-lid fluttered shut, I would be overwhelmed with a breath-taking kaleidoscopic show of all the familiar war scenes I must have run-across in the magazines and papers and must have imagined. Agonizing faces of women and children in the war areas, dizzying split-second of a silver bomb falling earthward, submarines and their wake on the peaceful ocean surface, fox-hole scenes, snatches of decaying human cadavers in every imaginable tormenting degree and shape. Over and over they would continue to rotate before my already tired eyes. Really, Childs - I thought when this became unbearable that perhaps I was losing my mind. In the black of the night, I would keep telling myself, "these things that keep haunting me would make Dalí's surrealist nightmares look anemic." I wasn't afraid nor alarmed, but I did pray that God would take those awful scenes from me. Several days later when my temperature was normal, I would do some introspecting thinking that perhaps I didn't realize just how deeply these daily news I read and hear have been shocking my subconscious senses because otherwise - I couldn't have memorized all those war news scenes that clung to me those 3 days. As I think back, it seems a wonder that I ~~wasn't~~ didn't show outwardly how delirious a state I was in.

I was starved for 24 hours prior to a thorough X-ray examination. After an agonizing two hours on the X-ray table I was returned to the ward a really sick girl again, but my temperature continued normal so on the 10th day of hospitalization I came home. That was last Sunday. It's been a long week convalescing at home. Any over-exertion brings on that same head-ache, so even tho' I feel I have gained sufficient strength, I don't feel that I can survive the many interviews that make up our day's work. Especially now, since I've been sick, our dept. has been conducting individual interviews for applicants for Repatriation — then those who answered negatively to the loyalty questions during our spring military registration. These are only extra side issues to our routine welfare work. You see, this is only a prelude to Segregation in the relocation centers.

Saturday I just received a hurried note from Cliff Nakadegawa who is in the smaller camp that Annabelle's father is in the Poston Hospital, critically ill. Yosh had asked Chizuko Nakadegawa — student nurse there to relay that message to me, so I wrote a letter immediately to Annabelle offering to go to help her if I could be of any use and to notify me of any drastic change in her father's condition. Holly & Al have left you know and are outside somewhere.

There is so much I want to tell you and I don't know how to compose this letter without tiring you out.

I have been seriously thinking of going out to school, but there has been another development that is annoying me. Romance? Yes I suppose so. But tell me your opinion when the man is 5 years younger than the girl. It does sound impossible doesn't it?

It all started last summer in Tulare. He's a Kibei - a graduate of the Waseda University Law School who had come here in 1940 and was attending U.S.C. with a view to ~~see~~ obtaining an American degree. Really Violet, you never saw such a height or depth of frustration. Well - anyhow - he lived with his family right next to our room. His folk were flower growers in the Dominguez Hills and we didn't know them all the years we lived in Compton! He was the most unsociable person I ever saw, so out of pity, Martha and I would drag him out to Church programs and any other affair that we attended. It wasn't long before he was over daily confiding in our family more than he did his own. You see - - had been away from his parents for 16 years and still hadn't adjusted himself to his family. They had branded him as "ungrateful" and "queer." He was eyed with suspicion as being anti-American by the Tulare administrative staff. As far as I know, he never attempted agitation. About a year after his arrival in the U.S., us - it was in early spring 1942 -

He was drafted - then immediately rejected because they had ceased taking Nisei soldiers. He was teaching in Japanese Language Schools for spending money - hence was detained twice by FBI but released 'cause of his citizenship, which means he has a record with the FBI but no evidence is there against him. He has tried so hard to get release from the center to attend some Eastern University, but no - he had records with FBI, therefore the administration nor the Leave Officer would clear him, but if he would offer to go as instructor to any of the Intelligence Schools, they would clear him in a few hours.

If I could write in detail, the verbal clashes we've had over differences of ideology, it would make a volume. Martha and I would smother him into silence just because of 2 against 1, and then Mama & Papa would have to come to his rescue. How often we've insulted and embarrassed him, yet he always came back for more.

Since coming to Isila he was serving as official translator in the Public Relations Office - then on the side temporary editor of Japanese Section of our Isila News. Translations dropped considerably and he began to fret because he was always idle. Then he began haunting our welfare counselor asking to be put on as a caseworker. People must have thought that I was responsible for getting him placed, but it wasn't so. Seeing him at home, then daily at work, I thought was too much, so I discouraged the counselor, but he was put on trial and has continued to this day.

Changes in him have been gradual, but so noticeable, his father used to thank me, each time

he would see me because he felt I was responsible for his son's improvements. It's rather interesting - one example is when he was handling a triangle affair, two Buddhist priests fighting over one man's wife. Tomio would suggest to them that they needed to study a little of American psychology then they would see how like fools they'd been acting. That it was impossible to live in harmony if they tried transplanting antiquated Japanese customs here tho' the subjects might be all Japanese. That was why Buddhism could not hold the intelligent young people here.

He suffered thru' the several weeks of the military registration this spring because of conflicting ideas, yet I wouldn't dare counsel him. It was too dangerous. And all that time they were putting pressure on him to go out as instructor to the Intelligence School. Well - toward the close of the registration, he had changed his negative answers to affirmative and I certainly was not responsible.

Since working for the administration here, he must have learned and tasted something of democracy (what little there is here in Bida). He even began commenting on his preferring Nisei Y.P. to Kibei and that he couldn't seem to get along with them. His friends and acquaintances seem to be the Issei community leaders here. Learned men - Americanized and American educated. He seems to prefer the company of people far

beyond his years.

Friends have tried as hard to arrange matches for me here with men more in my age range. From my personal observations, I've gleaned the following. I was never satisfied with their intellectual level tho' their age might have been ideal. Their interests and mine were never the same and at their age, there might be less chance of developing similar interests. Well, finally the problem is this. Tom's Sugar has proposed marriage to me for the 3rd time and I'm still stalling. The issue at stake is the fact that I'm 5 years his senior. And what do you know. Last week, recruiting officers from the Army Intelligence School came. He took their rigid language test and passed, so he will be leaving for either Camp Savage or Univ. of Michigan next month I believe and he wants me to go with him. His parents seem to have no objection - my parents don't consider him ideal, but they like him for what he is, and I feel whatever and I could give him would be a bigger investment for the future world than an education for myself. Incidentally, he taught Peking Chinese here during the winter. I don't know where he learned it, but he uses text books from U.S.C.

Big Sister - please tell me frankly your opinion before I succumb. He's been terribly patient and nice about it.

Well don't hurry - but let nature take its course in healing your wounds from the operation and hells to the Van Martens! With love, Army

A. Monaska

61-2-B

Rivers, Ariz.



Miss Violet G. Sell
1709 Cedar Avenue
Long Beach (6), Calif.

45
30
225'0

- 18.75 bond.
- 25.- tax income
- 25.- taxes, etc.
- 15.- light, etc.
- 22.50 bus fare.
- 2.- church.
- 50.- savings.
- 20.- lots.
- 10.- clothes.

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188.25'