

February 26, 1944

Dear Violet:

I've meant to write to you several times, but it's strange how time is one of the most precious elements these hectic days----yes, even in this isolated community. In spite of the fact that I've discontinued my church work, it's amazing how very little I can get accomplished, and I don't think I have been twiddling my minutes away.

How have you been? I do hope that you aren't over-exerting yourself now, simply because you feel a little more like yourself. I've also meant to acknowledge the Christmas greetings sent by Claude and Hazel and also of the interest in their next expected member sometime in the near future.

I wrote you about a possibility of a June wedding here in Gila, but things aren't quite so positive now. I've been warned by administration members that there might be a possibility of Tomio's being detained here and that he may not be able to leave the project on schedule. More strange things can happen to our records over-night, one never knows how much to depend upon our own project records and even Washington records. Tomio is definitely out on indefinite clearance, but we have had several cases of such people come in for a short visit preparatory to calling out their family out to the new resettlement area and find that they have been placed on the "stop list" and cannot leave the project indefinitely. One gets so discouraged, but there's not much we can do about these conditions, it's about as bad as the house that was built on shifting sand. Tomio wrote today saying how much he was looking forward to the end of the spring term so he can come here for the wedding, but I will have to write him not to try, that I may have to go out and have out wedding out there in the great metropolis.

Martha writes of how much they must work, but she seems to enjoy all the new techniques and fascinating aspects of her practical work in the wards. At times she sounds so bedraggled, physically and mentally, I wonder if she could stand the 3 years training under those conditions, but I think she will manage somehow.

Incidentally, before I forget, it sounds like a part of Jerome Center is coming here sometime in June, but one never knows who to expect. I'm not even counting on former L. B. people being able to come in the some 2,000 or more who are scheduled to come. We do know now, however that Marian Sugiyama's folk are asking to come to join their

mother, Mrs. Kawai who lived in Pasadena.

Mama is feeling so much more like herself, but her arms are still stiff and she cannot dress herself nor take baths alone. John has received his notice for his physical examination for the Army, so I guess we won't have him for long. He's recovered from the hectic time he has had for the last two years. He's been advising the Phalanx group for this camp, is serving on the Junior Church Council and in general is behaving a little more like the John we once knew back in the old home town. Papa is as spry and active as ever, busying himself with nick-nacks made from his many trips into the desert wastes---possibly tucking the articles away into his hope chest for the coming Christmas.

I'm actually leaving the office to devote more time and energy caring for the house and to try to get some sewing done. Really, one never realizes how hard it is to give up the work I had been wrapped in for the last two years in the centers, doing welfare work, working on other peoples' problems and forgetting one's own. The time has actually come for me to do some thinking for myself and I can't be wasting time for things seem to change so rapidly and without notice.

I've put in a whole day today, Saturday and will sign off until the next time. Please remember us all to our friends at the 1st Church. I suppose you miss Miss Smith don't you? Good bye.

With love,

Amy

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