

Gila Reloc. Ctr.

Sept. 3, 1942

Dear Violet-

I'm assuming that you are now home from your vacation. I'm sure you've had an enjoyable time and after a few days' "let-down", you'll be ready to take on more than you can possibly manage again. It's like you to go thru' life in just that manner.

Here we are at last. It's been a week since coming here, but we feel as though we've been here several weeks.

All that we've been thru' in the last two weeks, we're quite well, body & in spirit. The same goes for Mother & Dad for which we are grateful.

We left Tulare the 25th arriving here the 26th. The people - 3 contingents that have followed us tell us of the cold mornings and evenings in Tulare and are surprised at the uniform temperature here in Gila. During the day - the heat is a penetrating heat. The night is just as hot; the only relief being that the sunlight is not present. We sleep with only a sheet or a thin blanket at the most.

We have neither flies nor mosquitoes, but the ants here, red and black, small and large are so numerous and really vicious. We also have scorpions to avoid tho' they are not common. Then after sun-downs we have

the rattle snake to avoid for they come out from under the barracks. They too, like the scorpion are not so numerous, but with a lack of lights around here, we can't walk about very comfortably.

I've just finished writing a detailed letter to Miss Smith about the lack of facilities here. You may read her letter for I'm getting "writer's Cramp."

Just as I write, a wind has started; with it has come a cloud of fine dust. Papal was just outside sawing some wood, but as we ran around closing the windows and the door he too came running into the room. This soil is red clay, so the dust is fine red powder that enters from every fissure crack & crevice. The room is already so dusty, Martha & I have covered our heads with turban and are wearing a handkerchief mask over our noses. We have no ventilation, so it will become suffocating after about 15 minutes. The outside is like a dirty grey fog.

I am not working - neither is Martha. We're enjoying this leisure just now and are looking forward to John's arrival here on the 5th. I promise to write again.

Remember us all to Dad.

As ever,
Amy