

My grandfather, Robert Clayton Kitchell, born 1909 in North Fork, California, in the Sierra Nevada's and attended the Sherman Institute. He is from the Mono Indian tribe. My great grandmother saved his letters when he attended the school. I've acquired the letters from my mother who kept them. When I found those letters in her belongings my heart ached for him. He never told me about this time in his life. My mother had told me years before I found the letters. I've read them over and over. It's heart breaking.

I find it to be a critical time in my grandfather's life being separated from his family. His letters begged to come home over and over. My great great grandmother had an apple orchard as he mentioned in the letters and begged his mother to send him her apples and the need for money to buy shoes.

How traumatic it had to be for him and others that came from all over. How unfair it was that he and others endured the suffering and trauma of the separation from their families. I can't understand why the government allowed this to take place under their watchful eye. Why was this okay?

My name is:

Kathleen Snyder

