

Oct. 12, 1962

Dear Vi -

How've you been since our last letter to you? The dress materials arrived in good shape Saturday, and we want to thank you. Really, you're about the grandest "Big Sis" anyone could ask for, and to think we could claim you as ours; the more we are separated from you, the more, we appreciate you and all that you stand for.

There was no bill in the package so we can't mail you the check to cover everything. If a letter comes from you in this morning's mail, you'll know a check

will follow.

I asked you to look around for a portable machine, but on inquiring around, I've come to the conclusion that perhaps it would be wiser to keep my old Eldredge. I am told by several people that the portable does not hold up under constant use, which I suppose is only common-sense.

It only means a lot of trouble for someone to crate my machine.

We are notified that free service is given us if such freight matter in private storage could be sent to any government warehouse. From there,

they will be forwarded on government expense to the respective destinations. Isn't the Federal Warehouse located somewhere in Long Beach? We left before the general L. B. evacuation, so you would know more about those things.

Yesterday morning, we had our first communion service. The Y. P. ~~worship~~ chapel was filled to capacity and we are told that about 40 were standing toward the back of the room.

We have the grandest Y. P. Choir. Their singing just seemed to fill in where all else would be bare and empty.

A Methodist missionary and his wife - Mr. & Mrs. Stewart from Japan were present. Mr. S. delivered the morning's sermon.

Our grape-juice was served in tiny paper cups which we thought was a very clever idea — under the circumstances. I was told they were ^{sugar} cups used in restaurants now.

All of us are very much pleased with your selection of our dress materials. We knew you would know our taste than anyone else. Each woman visitor we have, Mama pulls out the box to show them. Then she tells them all about your history and your relations with us and the Church.

You were very thoughtful in sending us those buttons. They're going to come in handy on some of those wash dresses. The gabardines are really nice — and I was tickled to think that such good quality Chambray was still available. Please let us know how the yardage situation looks. If quality is going to become inferior, we may have to do some "hoarding," because our clothes last us only about $\frac{1}{3}$ of their normal life since we perspire so much.

Is Dad still having his spells?

Papa had his, and it really came to a head one

day. We discovered he was moping over a tiny incident. Mama, Martha and I — we gave him a "verbal dog-piling". He's so positive he is right! Well — lo and behold — the next morning, he was back to normal.

Lately he's been going out into the desert looking around for ancient tree stumps. You see it gives evidence of this waste-land once being a fertile well-watered area. These roots he excavates are semi-petrified. Our ^(room) house — inside and out is cluttered with these grotesque-ly gnarled and blackened ^{root}-branches.

I've thought making buttons might be attractive,

but they are so hard,
I doubt very much of ever
attempting such carvings.
Besides the coloring is not
attractive.

The last three or four
mornings have been over-
cast. It acts like rain -
but nary a drop falls upon
us. Nevertheless, it's good to
have a curtain drawn over
'ole Sol' once in a while. It
Everyone is thankful for this
bit of cool weather.

Could you talk to Florence
about my machine to see
what arrangements can be
made? And be sure you
let us know the amount of
the purchases.

Please tell Ruth we appreciate her S.D. material for we still have nothing as yet from the Pilgrims Press, and even Rev. Susu-Magd is using the Oct. Teacher's Quarterly which you sent me.

Even tho' it's trying to you Violet, be good to Dad, 'cause I know these aged Papas suffer perhaps more than we do whenever they are under these Spring and Autumnal Sulks.

Thank you for everything Violet. Remember us all to Dad. Sometimes I wish he could come out here to hike around the desert with Papa. Might do him some good.

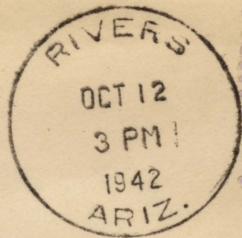
With love,

P.S. -

Yoroshikas from Mom.
(regards)

Amy

61-2-B
Gila Reloc. Ct.
Rivers, Ariz.



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