



The Parker Hotel
Rochester, Minn.
May 1, 1966

Dear Violet -

I have finally weighed anchor and left camp with my sails filled with the breeze of expectation. My mind is so packed with things I want to write, I don't know how to begin.

I climbed into our project bus - the last passenger - amidst a noisy send-off, a shower of rice and confetti and a discordant "Here Comes the Bride". As I looked out from the window upon the sea of up-turned faces, I was overwhelmed with the thought that only two of those faces were people I knew before entering these camps. The rest

were new-found friends. As I plumped myself into a seat, a huge talisman rose corsage on my shoulder, rice & paper falling from my hair — I had no time nor composure to think of crying. I expected the trip to be crowded, but enjoyed every bit of it. Friends and family loaded me with fruits & food, I didn't get to the diner once and landed in Rochester with fruits left over for Martha. It was so good to see water as we crossed the Mississippi at Fort Madison, Ill., then again in Minnesota, ~~enroute~~ ~~enroute~~ to Rochester.

Am leaving here tomorrow morning for Chicago, to spend a nite with family friends then on to N. Y. by the 3rd, I hope. I will be with Rev. David O. Kendall, The South Presbyterian Church, In Greenburgh, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

My wedding is in the offing, but still indefinite. You'll be hearing from me again. Regards to Hazel & Claude.
With love, Amy



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