

4-9-C

Poston, Arizona
January 13, 1943

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

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It's been quite some time since we last heard from you. I hope all is going well. Mine all fine and wish the same for you.

As yet we haven't started our instruction. Father Clement is always so busy. I've been reading The New Testament nightly. I now know Hail Mary, Our Father, The Apostles Creed, Glory Be, and St. Michael. Is there any other I should know?

I just discovered Fumiko's letter to you sealed. So I shall send this one separately.

Have I been having my troubles! "Mr. Engle" has grown up! And now he wants to fight every cat he sees. The other night he and a white tom-cat almost finished me. ~ They were making the most awful sounds around about midnight. I was afraid that they would awaken the entire block and I didn't want all the neighbors on my neck the next day, so

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several times I jumped out of bed to break
it up, each time unsuccessful. Then I
hit upon a bright idea. The next time I
took along a bucketful of water. I threw
the water in the direction of old whitey -
but missed my mark. So I ran home
and filled my bucket again. This time
I sneaked up on him and slung the
water with all my might - missed again!

Then from out towards the trees by
the creek, the most unearthly cry filled
the air. (I might say the stillness out here
is about ten times more silent than the
most quiet nights back home) - My knees
turned to water, and I walked as fast
as my feet would go back into the house,
all the while saying my prayer to St.
Michael. And, you know, I think my
repeating that prayer was the only
thing that kept me from toppling
over then and there.

I can't imagine what that awful
cry was. I can't even describe it.

Well, anyway, I've decided that I don't care if old 'Engle' does get beat up. He would have to pick on cats larger than himself!

I finished Mrs. Benchley's "My Friends, the Apes," that you so kindly sent me. I've been thinking that I would write such a book on all my cats. And wouldn't I have a book full!

How is pretty Princess? I hope she is behaving.

Sue and Dorothy have asked me to send you and Mr. Whitney their regards. They are going to the post office now to mail this, so I must close.

With lots of love,

Louise