

4-9-C

Poston, Arizona

January 14, 1943

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Dear Mrs. Whitney

Your kind letter came today. Thank you very much. I like the beautiful prints you sent, too. You do the nicest things and I believe you are the most thoughtful person on earth. Really.

I understand more clearly about meditations now since you have explained it for me. I'm ashamed to admit it, but all this is pretty new to me and sometimes it's pretty hard for me to quite grasp it all. I'm ever so grateful for all the help you are giving me, Mrs. Whitney.

The news about Primmy makes me very happy. I'll bet she is a beauty now, but I can imagine what a difficult time you have combing her hair. - You have written about your love for her. I can understand this for she is such a lovable little old pussy-cat. I want you to have her as long as you will. - I'd give just anything for one little peek at her,

399 but I know she couldn't survive Poston,  
come summer. I can't picture her, the little  
aristocrat, gingerly picking her way across  
the dusty fields! (Sometimes I wonder  
if she even remembers me at all?)

I have fully recovered from the flu. Thank  
you. However, I still have a nasty old  
cough. Every time I start whooping, all  
my sisters (and even the girls who  
visit us frequently) point their fingers  
at me and shout, "See? We told you  
not to wash your hair!" which I insisted  
on doing one day. Goodness, I get no  
sympathy in this house!

Ever lovingly,  
Louise

Fumiko and I wrote you yesterday. We  
were worried since it had been some time  
since we last heard from you. The delay  
must have been due to some delay in the mail  
service. We're thankful it was that! -  
We are all fine. And hope you both are, too.