

4-9-C
Preston, Arizona
July 9, 1942

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Dear Mrs. Whitney,

Here I am again, hoping you are all fine and that Princess is still behaving.

I'm afraid there's not much that has happened since I last wrote you. I've been teaching acrobatics for almost two weeks now, and I'm enjoying my work immensely. I have twenty-two students at present and more are enrolling. Their ages range from four to fifteen. The young ones are so limber, tho', it puts me to shame, so I must start practicing again!

Last Sunday after Mass Father Cavery gave me a booklet called

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was certainly an uncomfortable night.

123 Everyone hereabouts is digging "cellars". They say there is a marked difference in the temperature. At our house everyone crawls under the beds and sleeps. When I come home from teaching in the afternoon, the room looks deserted, but upon closer investigation, I can see all these heads under the beds. It's quite funny!

I must close now and get ready for lunch. I hope it's not beans!

With love,
Louise.

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"A Catalogue of Plays". There are all sorts of plays in it, and altho' the plays are in the briefest form, it is very interesting reading.

- Fumiko gave me one of the medals you sent her. Thank you very much, Mrs. Whitney.

The past few days have been scorchers. It doesn't cool off until morning, and by then it starts all over again. This morning when I awoke I remembered dimly an awful wind storm and a lot of choking dust flying into the room. I passed it off with, "It must have been a nightmare." It was only when everyone else started talking about it that I realized it was true. My, it