

4-9-C

Poston, Arizona

September 13, 1945

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

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I'm learning to crochet! (I just laid aside my work for a while to write to you) It's a dolly, and I'm pretty proud of it. I do wish I could show it to you. And I must tell you, I now know how to do the cable stitch and a lot of other fancy knitting stitches! Sice's friend has a book on such things, and I have more fun figuring out what to do and trying to do them. — Has Fumiko told you Papa is taking up artificial flower making. He is the only man in the class which he attends twice a week. Then he comes home and spends all his spare time making paper flowers. He's very good, too, altho I suppose he'd rather work with real flowers.

We're learning quite a few new things here in camp — among them Japanese songs, more Japanese words — and, oh, jitterbugging, too.

I hope you and Mr. Whitney are well, and little Princess, too. I can imagine how nasty she acted towards the new kitten. As you said, she certainly does hate cats. I wonder what she

234 thinks she is! - We're all fine. Last Wednesday  
we were all pretty sick, tho', from our typhoid  
shots. I thought that I, being so health-  
wouldn't feel the effects at all, but I  
surely was fooled. - I never had such a  
terrific headache in all my life; I felt  
as tho' I were going to vomit any minute and  
anywhere; my legs turned to water, it  
seemed. It was awful. It was so  
funny that day when we looked around  
the mess hall and saw everyone  
looking so swollen-faced and lifeless,  
Dorothy and I laughed in spite of ourselves.  
Well Wednesday we get our second shots.  
They are supposed to be a lot worse.  
It sounds foolish, but I can hardly  
wait to see how I take this one.  
Well, at least, I hope I live to tell  
about it! -

Lovingly,  
Louise