

4-9-C

Poston, Arizona

November 10, 1942

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

314

The most wonderful thing happened Sunday night - I was given a kitty! One of our bachelors brought him home for me from somewhere. Of course, it can't begin to compare with my little Prunoy, but it "meows" and is a cat even if in name only! He isn't quite full grown, is sort of reddish-orange in color. We all laugh because with the markings and coloring on his body, he matches almost perfectly with the boards that make up our walls. - The poor little thing had been struck by a car and so he has a rather difficult time getting around.

This morning Sue's girl friend brought over a pure-white cat that she found. But since I had "Mr. Enyle," I had to refuse him. - All these months

I've been yearning for a cat and suddenly I'm deluged with them!

315  
How's Princess behaving? My goodness, if she isn't worrying you with <sup>her</sup> illness, she is being a little scamp. — Do you think she remembers me?

I must close now since it is growing pretty late. I hope Mr. Whitney and you are both well. We haven't heard from you for quite some time — I hope all is well.

With much love,  
Louise