

4-9-C

Poston, Arizona

November 23, 1942

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

We are having a lot of excitement ³²⁷ this week. I guess Furricks is writing you all about it — All I can say is I do wish it would all come to an end. There are four M.P.s that are on guard on the road that runs one barrack away from us. It gives you a queer feeling, seeing them pace back and forth with guns on their shoulders. Now it does seem like a concentration camp. Besides, no food has been coming in to the canteens; and how I miss my ice cream! Maybe this week I'll lose my much-needed-to-be-lost extra pounds!

I heard about Princess today from your letter, and, as always, it made me feel close to home. — (It's a wicked thing to say, but I miss Princess more than I ever missed any of my sisters who were away from home!) I hope she is well and behaving like a little lady.

Our cat-for-the-duration is still
with us. The little monkey seems to
like Dorothy better than she does me.

33 x He evidently doesn't appreciate the
fact that Jim the one who brings
his food home from the mess hall
and who takes him outside
whenever he cries at the door!

Last night he wanted out at 11:15
so I got out of bed and took him
out to the fire-break. Well, he just
stood there sniffing the air, while
all the time the M.P. kept straining
his eyes to see what was going on. I
know I didn't have any reason to be
afraid, but I was certainly glad
when kitty decided to come back
into the house finally. Then what
does he do, but to go snuggling up
to Dorothy! - That cat will give
me some sort of a complex yet!

With love,
Louise