

November 26, 1942

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

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Today being Thanksgiving Day, I thought of all the things I'm grateful for, and my first thoughts were of the Whitneys. And I know all the rest of the family feel the same. —

We had quite a wonderful feast this noon — turkey and all the trimmings! I'm so contented right now I think I could purr!

The strike is over, thanks to Mr. Head's diplomacy; the military police have been removed, and all seems to be well. I certainly hope the people here think twice before starting any such riot again. I'm afraid I'll never live it down. — Mr. Head could have made it very tough for us. — He's a wonderful man, and he surely knows how to handle people.

I hope Mr. Whitney and you are as well as we are. How is Princess? I'll bet she's a beauty!

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In the middle of every night "Mr. Engle" crawls into our bed and manages to squeeze into the warmest spot - right between Dorothy and me. (We have our beds pushed together to make one double bed) Then, as the cold air sneaks in, I move closer to Dorothy, "Mr. Engle" moves over, too, and so does Dorothy so as to not smother the cat. Then I move over again, etc. Every morning without fail, I awake in the middle of Dorothy's mattress, "Mr. Engle" is comfortably sprawled next to me, and poor Dorothy is hanging on for dear life to the couple of remaining inches!

With best wishes for a nice
day and Lots of love,

Louise

Sunday - November 29

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

I wanted to tell you that our Father Clement helped to smooth over the "mess" we had last week, I learned today.

I also want to thank you for the picture
you sent and which came yesterday.

Fumiko and I have talked about ³³⁷
joining the Church. I am seriously
thinking of it. As yet, however, I
don't feel quite worthy of it. In the
meantime I shall continue to attend
Mass and try to be a good Catholic.

Ever lovingly,
Louise