

4-9-C
Poston, Arizona
December 15, 1942

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Dear Mrs. Whitney,

Thank you very much for the nice letter. I was very sorry, tho', to hear that Mr. Whitney isn't as well as he might be. I do hope he is better now and that you are in good health.

Conditions on the outside must be pretty terrible. I guess we are better off in camp than we realize. At least we are able to eat which is, I imagine, more than some free families are able to do. It isn't quite so cold any more, either. I think Humicho has told you about our "hi-ba-chi." It certainly makes a big difference in the temperature of the room. We have been given our stoves but they haven't been installed as yet. And since we can't keep warm by just "looking" at them, all the families are keeping warm with their buckets of glowing embers which are quite satisfactory. - The first night we had our "hi-ba-chi" my enthusiasm got the best of me and I kept backing closer to it until finally -!

I think I set a new² record in high jumping that night!

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Probably Furnick has told you how our instruction in the Church is coming along. I am still as eager about it as I was before, altho we haven't actually started which I hope we will do soon.

I'm terribly sorry about Mrs. Beattie's poor kitty. I guess animals all over the world are suffering, too, and are wondering what it's all about. - Poor dear little spoiled Primmy. I can just see her pout! - He tried to think of some things she might eat in place of meat. The girls and I thought of Pablum Baby Food which she used to eat sometimes. Perhaps she would like some vegetables cooked with meat scraps. Will she eat eggs uncooked? She used to like tomatoes pretty well, so maybe some mixed with her fish, as you mentioned, might please her. It's pretty hard trying to think of things she likes, because her likes are so few. But please do not worry over her. You have

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enough worries of your own. Besides
I'll bet Priny is just the luckiest
little cat ever - especially in these
times. I can't thank you enough,
Mrs. Whitney. ~

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"Mr. Engle" just came home (he
finally learned which is his home)
which reminds me ~ My first
friend, who is now living near
St. Bliss where her husband is
stationed, sent me a darling little
Christmas card which had a cello-
phane bag of catnip attached to it.
She asked me to send it to Princess
"with her respects". I was all
ready to do it when I looked
down at "Mr. Engle" and thought,
"You poor, funny looking little
country-bumpkin of a cat, I'll bet
you'd love to have this - but you
probably wouldn't even know
what it is." So I opened the
bag & tied the catnip in a
piece of cloth for him. (I'm
sure Princess won't mind my
having done this as she probably

still has some⁴. It will be her
Christmas present to her "cousin"!)

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Well, anyway—the little "country
bumpkin" certainly didn't know
what it was. He wasn't at all interested.
I wet it, then held it to his nose,
but still no results. — If I keep this
up I hope he will some day learn
to like it. After all, I did get
into Prunip's present and if only
Mr. Engle would appreciate the
catnip, it would help my conscience
some! — Right now he is
running around the room, making
more noise, and making a
general fool of himself. — Oh,
he's so ugly that he's cute!

Fumiko just told me that she told
you that if Princess is too big a worry
(and I know she is) to send her to
Boston. — I'm sure she'd get along here
fine, so if you see fit, please do. — I
thought of this, too, but since you
always write that she keeps you
company I didn't know whether
to mention it or not. But, really,
Mrs. Whitney, I don't want you to
worry about Princess and her

fussy likes and dislikes. So any
time she presents too great a
problem, please send her to me,
won't you?

I had better prepare for bed
now as it is growing late. —

My goodness, I almost wrote
a manuscript this time, didn't I?

With much love,

Louise

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