

4-9-c

Poston, Arizona

December 25, 1942

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

Merry Christmas to you all! The day is here, and it's such a nice one. I was thinking of the Whitneys and so decided to write to you. —

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Last night, Dorothy, Fumiko, and I attended Mass which started about 12:00.0'clock. It was surprising how packed the Chapel was with people, among them many Caucasians. The Church was very nicely decorated with red and green crepe paper streamers and cellophane and desert holly wreaths. In one corner was a small trimmed tree. Towards the front was a setting depicting the birth of the Christ-Child. — Father Clement was loaned a small organ which was played to accompany the singing we all took part in. I don't think Christmas ever meant so much to me as it does this year.

Since Father was so busy last night, we didn't ask him to bless our Rosaries. Sunday he probably will not be quite so busy. I am so very proud of my Rosary. —

After services we walked home thro' the wet wind and reached home about 1:30.

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This morning I stayed in bed until 11:00, and after reluctantly getting up, just couldn't shake the sleepy feeling that hovered over me. - But when the dinner-gong rang, and I saw the wonderful turkey feast awaiting us on the table, my eyes opened up and I've remained wide awake ever since!

The wind is quite a fierce, whipping one today, but, because of the rain we had last night, there is no dust, thank goodness. In spite of the cold, all the little kiddies are outside (I can hear them shouting) playing with their new games. I guess 'Santa' found them and remembered them, even so far from home!

I am about one-third thro' "My Friends, the Apes", and am certainly enjoying it. I allow myself only a couple of chapters a day (to make it last longer!) Probably when I get out of here, the first shopping-hunt I go on will be for a little pet monkey!

With all good wishes and

Much love,

"Little old Louise"