I have to insert here a story, not told yet, interesting to my children and grandchildren. I had in my room on the Malecon in Havana for a long time a pet, a white mouse, which I kept in a bird I needed a companion, being alone in my room for two years. It was a very special mouse, somewhat larger than other white mice and quite friendly. I could keep it in my hand and stroke it with one finger and it seemed to like it. Once it bit me and I punished it immediately with a snap with my middle finger against its head and it never did that again. For food it got seeds and it seemed

and almonds.

If went up high behind the opposing slightly from behind to-ve till it re-appeared at the other hand. It like that game and I did it quite often. It was a very lean mouse, cleaning itself almost constantly. There was no smell from it in the room and it never made any noise. The cage was in the back of my room on top of a trunk. This little mouse was a good medicine for me, calming my nerves like a tranquilizer, when I was no despair.

Shortly before Hedy and Johanna arrived in Havana from New York, and the laboratory of Vieta-Plasencia, where I had worked almost to Johanna would have liked to play with that animal. I took it he laboratory of Vieta-Plasencia, where I had worked almost to there mice, when they all came from all sides to admir almost twice as big as they were. There seem.

They surrounded it and smelled it corwhen I see how my grandchild.