Dear Lee,

Today school let out at 12:30 and Shirley and I just loafed around until 4:00 when we went to choir. The Young People's Choir is singing a cantata Sunday in Sunday school time and we really have been practicing like wildfire. We sang at Wednesday night service and practiced afterwards until around ten. The whole family, plus the Baykins, attended prayer communion last night. It was lovely.

Doctor Johns had the first stable held for all the soldiers. Clyde Galbraith.
who sang in the choir broke down. We learned later that she had received news that her brother had been wounded in action in North Africa. He was a staff sergeant. (Is that how you spell it?) Mr. Boykin showed me your letter, of which he was very proud.

Granny Jones is at Aunt Grace's house for Easter. She has doubt joy on Sunday, because in addition to its being Easter, it is also her birthday. Granny Minter is coming here for Easter dinner.

Allan Cavender and Ed Carly were both home on leave this weekend. Ed looks fine in his navy blue, and Allan is still the same old lily. Every time Shirley and I went down town we'd see them leaning on the building next to Reynolds waiting for the Robert E. Lee to come chugging by.

Miracle! Shirley and I bought Hershey bars with almonds down town yesterday! They are almost inedible, and whenever we see one we grab it.
Mother and Daddy are going out and Shirley had a date, so I'm home all alone tonight. I'm going to get to bed early because I'm going to work in Bradley's tomorrow. I really don't want to, but it's an easy way to make $2 dollars.

Ringer is standing here asking for you with her big, liquid eyes and thumping tail. She smells awful, as usual, but I love her just the same.

Happy Easter,

Love,

Bernice

P.S. Ruby, what about the modest moron who went in the closet to change his mind?