

July 12 [1944] Thursday

Dear Lee,

Just a note to keep you posted! That sure was a super letter from Mississippi! Just please don't do too much of that or you'll develop writer's cramp and not be able to fly.

Yes, Singer had her pups, on Monday, 14 wiggling, black, squealing infants. Only three have survived. The doctor said there was too much acid in her milk. It's all happened

so suddenly I can't realize  
it. I hope at least these  
trees live.

Bronny Minker left  
Monday and is home  
now, trying to appear  
busy, I expect. She  
was quite upset, though,  
when she left, because  
Carolyn announced  
her engagement to a  
boy she's been going  
with a long time, who  
is a Catholic. Carolyn  
isn't going to change,  
but Bronny seems to  
think she's done a  
capital sin and will

we punished in hell. The  
boy, man really, is  
awfully nice, 27, and  
has a lot of sense.

Cordyn's twenty and old  
enough to make up  
her own mind, I should  
say, though Dranny said  
she ought to wait till  
she was thirty! My  
God! I ain't not at least  
engaged at twenty, I'll  
give up!

Yes, mom gave  
Judy her present.

I'm working full-  
time now at Cordyn's

in the cash office,  
filling the little boat  
with change and  
sending them back.  
More fun!

We certainly have  
been busy, working,  
and with brandy urns  
3 nights a week! I  
wish you could come  
to see it, though in  
its present state it  
seems a little hopeless.

Lots of love,

Bernice