

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
Judgy 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