

**1**

June 13 [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, Ginger 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

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

Granny 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 Granny seems to think she's done a capital sin and will

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be punished in hell. The boy, man really, is awfully nice, 27, and has a lot of sense. Carolyn's twenty and old enough to make up her own mind, I should say, though Granny said she ought to wait 'till she was thirty! My god! I' I'm not at least engaged at twenty, I'll give up!

Yes, mom gave Judy her present.

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

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

We certainly have been busy, working and with brandywiners 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