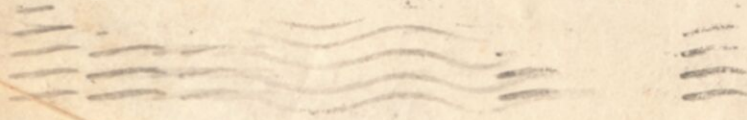


804 So. Myrtle St.
McComb, Miss.



Miss Christine Smith
~~Littlesboro, Miss~~ c/o New Southern Hotel
Jackson, Tennessee.

Mother, Please forward
this to chris. Will write
you tonight.



Sunday Morning

Dear Child,

I don't know where you are now, so I guess I'll just have to send this letter home. I did enjoy your interesting letter. I can't imagine how you must have felt when Bernard came. I guess that must have been your thrill in a life time. I would have loved seeing him and talking to him. How does he look? Have you heard from him since ~~you~~ left?

I have been taking in the fair this week. I had quite a gay time. Vera was riding in the "Big Apple" and she fell down and cut her elbow. The man had to stop the thing, and there was no little excitement. We went last night and wound in and out among all the negroes. Vera's sister is visiting us for the week end. She's married and is real cute and lot of fun. She's just 20, but has been married two years. We went with Vera and her beau. Clara (the sister) spent most of her time and money hitting on the mouse. Vera won $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon.

I went possum hunting Friday night and came in with two skinned skins. Had a date and two other couples went along - one a married couple. The man finished at State and his home is originally Columbus. He told me some wild tales about slipping Kala Cordy and some other gals out at night when

They were in school. That was before he married. I'll bet we walked at least four miles before it was over, and we didn't even so much as see one o' passum. The dogs thought they had treed one, but when it came to a showdown, there wasn't any passum up there. The boy I was with asked me for a date tonight, but I told him I had something else to do - which I haven't - so far; but he wasn't the appealing type. I've dated Clifford Lawrence twice. He goes to L.S.U., and much to my surprise, I got a letter from him yesterday - telling me that he didn't want me to think of him as the land lady's offspring but as an "ardent admirer". He told me to write him my sentiments. He is not as old as I am, and really seems to me younger than he is. So he's frank, I'm afraid I have thought of him only as the land lady's offspring. I don't know how I'm going to answer his letter. Looks as if I'm going to get myself in a mess yet.

Friday, we got a half holiday for the fair. We had to march with the school kids to town, and I'm telling you the truth - I think a drove of cattle would have been more manageable. It was all over at 11:00 o'clock. I went to the show Friday afternoon to see "Having a Wonderful Time" which was rather shallow and enlightening. I've only been to the show twice since I've been here.

I bought me a pretty gray pair of shoes and a gray purse. That's all the

Clothes I've bought since I've been here, but my money has gotten away from me some way. I'm going home next week end, I hope. Thursday afternoon, we get off for the State fair, and I'm going to get a train to Jackson Thur. afternoon. I'll probably go to the fair with May that night. Friday morning, I'll try to shop some. I want to get me a coat. If possible, I'll leave Jackson Friday afternoon and go on home. I'll really be glad to see the "folks". Of course, it won't seem natural without you and Bernice being there.

Sometimes, I get rather discouraged with school teaching. The students are so bad. I don't think they respect me as they should. The other teachers seem to have trouble, too. One of the 9th grade boys asked me for a date. He's the only pupil in school that I intensely dislike. He's the most insolent thing I have ever seen. Last week was test week so I got some pretty flowers from various ones.

Mama bought a cute little radio last week; so we have been enjoying the music and the World's Series. I must write to Bernice, so before I get tired writing I had better call it quits for this time. Write me -

Love,

M -