

MRS. RALPH L. MINKER
BRINDLEY ROAD
WILMINGTON, 99, DEL.

January 20, 1944

Dearest Lee:

Were you in Wilmington today you certainly would be "grounded". We have had a terrible fog since yesterday evening. I can't even see our house from the office window. There is still snow on the ground and the thermometer has climbed considerably, which accounts for the condition I guess. Last night Dr. Elizabeth called and wanted to know if we would like to go with her and Dr. Edgar to see the picture "Madame Curie". We drove over to pick up Dr. Elizabeth and met Dr. Edgar in town. It is a wonderful picture and I hope you have a chance to see it. I doubt, however, whether it will appeal to the general run of folks, for you would have to have some kind of an educational background to get the most out of it. After the show we went to get something to eat, so that it was 12:45 by the time we reached home.

Daddy surprised me by bringing home two tickets to the Playhouse this evening, - a new show making its first appearance here before going to New York, - "Decision".

A.I. plays Brown Vocation at A.I. tonight and of course Bernice will want to go and cheer. I do hope the fog lifts before then, for I hate to think of her driving around in it. I think she plans to bring six of eight home after the game for a little "feed" and good time. Charlotte Dunlap, who has turned out to be a fine basketball player, did something to her kneecap on Monday and is out of school not able to walk. I doubt if she will be able to play any more this year.

I notice your letter to daddy, written Sunday, was postmarked El Paso. Did you get in, or did someone mail it for you?

Shirley is going to Bucknell this weekend, to visit the sister of one of the girls in the dorm and go to a formal dance. Her foot is still swollen, she writes, so I don't know how much dancing she can do. She is going to try to get voice lessons in her schedule next semester. I hope the teacher there is a good one and does not do any harm to her voice. Her midyears begin next week, so she will have plenty to do.

Grandmother Minker is coming out tomorrow to spend the weekend, and maybe make us some rolls.

The 4th War Loan Drive opened up on Tuesday. Admiral Halsey spoke at the Playhouse, together with Demaree Bess, correspondent for the Saturday Evening Post. Admiral Halsey is visiting his daughter who lives here at Greenville, and that is why we were honored with his presence. Daddy had to speak in Smyrna that night and I went to Minquadale, so neither of us heard him.

It would be fine if you could come up by automobile, but as you say one can hardly plan on it. We were puzzled by the request for "pink" pants. Last night when we were in the Presto restaurant eating there were some flyers from the air base, so daddy went to them and asked them if they were wearing "pink" pants. They laughed and said "yes" but they did not know why they were called pink.

Now I must stop for lunch. I know these are busy days for you, but write when you can. Lots of love.

Mother