

BERNICE MINKER
BRINDLEY ROAD
WILMINGTON, 99, DEL.

Jan. 31, 1943
[1944]

Dear Lee,

I'm in pretty drooly mood tonight so don't mind me. I've got a real whopper of a cold which has my head stuffed up and makes me feel like an old fard. The horrible thing about it is that tomorrow there are tryouts for "Patience" the operetta, and I want to try for the lead. Of course, my vocal chords are floppy and I can't sing a note which makes everything fine and dandy. I've been counting on this all year and it's really a jolt when something like this happens. *nest-ee pas?*
The basketball team hasn't

been doing badly lately, won Friday night at Newark 39-35 in a swell, fast game. It was the foggiest night in years and when I got home, after walking from the bus, I was as wet as if it had rained, hence, a cold. Tomorrow we play Ferris and will undoubtedly win as all the first team has either been paroled, joined the Navy or run away.

The Richard Millars were presented with a baby girl over the weekend and so were the Rodney Warrens. Quite a boom!

We got our report cards Friday. Besides the same old 3 in Geometry, I got 2's and 1's. Really not a bad card at all.

Say, our dog really gets away with murder! I got settled on the sofa with a book tonight while absently watching

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finger behind the ear. Well, I must have stopped for half a second cause she flops herself plump in the middle of the sofa with her head on my knee and waits for me to scratch again. I was laughing so hard I couldn't beat her so prepare to meet another spoiled brat in the house when you get home.

Shirley seems to be falling in love with a new cadet every weekend! More fun!

Jack Elliot is home on leave and sang in the choir Sunday. Ralph Jones and Bill Brooks, a paratrooper, are also home.

To the boy or girl who asks the most war bonds at Q. 2. a German mess kit

will be fine. It was actually
captured from a dead German
and has his initials scratched
on the cover. Quite a prize!

I guess I better stop now.

Mom bought in some rough
syrup and is trying to kill
me off young. But perhaps
I'll survive.

Be good,

Love,

Bernice