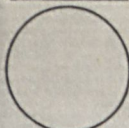


No. \_\_\_\_\_



(CIBSON'S STAMP)

To

LT RALPH L. MINNER - 0-770722  
 A.P.O. 16635 A.S. - 7  
 % POSTMASTER  
 New York  
 New York

From

SHIRLEY MINNER  
 (Sender's name)  
 DICKINSON NR COLLEGE  
 (Sender's address)  
 WILLIAMSBURG, DENVA  
 OCTOBER 22, 1945  
 (Date)

SUNDAY '22, 1945

Dear Louis:  
 I want to say I'm going to be an experimenter  
 thing. I can see just look - three 3¢  
 stamps all in one night. In how much  
 I love you still, let's not go into that now!  
 Last week we had exams, so we'll probably  
 get the lousy news this week. I always did  
 want to stay at home this year. I've work  
 also began Truman Dick. It seems so funny  
 to put someone else through their paces  
 and the poor kids are scared to death.  
 But, aren't we all!  
 Last Friday night the Dramatic Club gave  
 a Mardi Gras in the gym. He had to  
 have something to make money so we could  
 put on plays. He had all kinds of booths  
 and a melodrama, a musical show (in which  
 I was a very black cod-man) and a guess  
 of the whole affair. Almost everyone came in  
 costume so it was really very grand and  
 we made loads of money. He were up  
 until about two the night before decorating  
 and then the next night cleaning it was  
 the same hour. So this week-end I have  
 some little sleep but sleep. Can you blame  
 me! This coming week-end we have a very  
 stiff and formal President's Reception to go to.  
 That's the next big thing. I really must  
 stop, now he, but will try to write you  
 about all of my doings. Be good now and  
 take care of yourself - Love and luck -  
 Shirley.

V--MAIL

No. \_\_\_\_\_



[SENDER'S STAMP]

To

L. RALPH L. MUMER - 0-770722  
 A. P. O. 16635 A. J. - 7  
 % POST MASTER  
 New York  
 New York

From

SHIRLEY MUMER  
 (Sender's name)  
 THUNDERBOLT CAMP  
 (Sender's address)  
 WILLIAMSPORT, PENN.

OCTOBER 22, 1948

(Date)

SUNDAY 22, 1948

Dear Louis: —  
 Here's the crowd page coming up! Last Tuesday we had the day to go on our annual Chestnut Hunt. It was a beautiful afternoon day and we all went up to Mountain Brook. There is a lake there and several boats of course, I had to go out in a boat. I, Chapel and I got in with the other boys and went for a ride. Kate, on though, Chapel, Ken, Gene, three boys, and yours truly all got into a little row boat meant for no more than four. We kept slipping water in on both sides but that didn't worry us one of the guys called us over to the shore so we could get a picture of all of us in the boat. We had just about gotten out to the middle of the lake again, when the prow of the boat went under and the whole thing began to sink. I just couldn't believe it as I stood and watched. Then, my fellow jumped over board and I soon followed behind him. You can imagine trying to survive unaided down by wooden slabs and a wool sweater with one of your boy shirts on. We all looked really sad coming out of the water and the prof came and got our pictures as we came out of water. He got to laughing so hard that we hardly realized we were soaking wet. Everyone on shore was roaring with laughter and screaming. How long gave me his car to seek back and get some dry clothes on. It was so much fun that we didn't realize how serious it was. One fellow lost his glasses and my watch is missing, but as we was hurt. More soon.

Love - Shirley