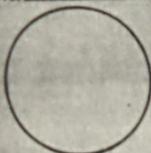


Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. _____



CENSOR'S MARK

To Lt. Ralph L. Minker - 0770722
709th Em. Gr. 447th Squ
A.P.O. 559
c/o Postmaster
New York City

From

Miss Bernice Minker
(Sender's name)

Box 230

(Sender's address)

Wilmington, Del.

April 9, 1944 179457

(Date)

Dear Lee,

Boy, did I put in a hectic week last week. We had Monday off but on Tuesday school commenced with lovely Co-op Examinations, lasting until Friday. For all school except the senior that completed a gruesome four days, but we had to spend all of Saturday there again taking College Entrance Exams. What Pips! Three hours in the morning on nothing but Scholastic Aptitude, then a two hour intermission, in which we ate a light lunch and went out for some fresh air. The afternoon session held three one hour tests, English, History and French for me. After completing these, conferences were held with teachers. Then, finally, at five-thirty, dismissal. Quite a week, huh? I spent all of Sunday trying to sandwich a weekend into twenty-four hours.

Friday evening Walt attended the Dickinson Dinner at the Hotel and had a super time. He heard Dean Swift speak and Gilbert Malcolm sing, which must be some treat from the reports. Mr. Guemsey, our headmaster, went as an invited guest and told me the next day in school that he had never attended a nicer college banquet. And that's some complaint coming from him.

Did Shirley tell you that she has been elected maid-of-honor to the May Queen at school? It seems that it alternates every year with a day student getting the queenship, then a boarder the next. In the year that the day student reigns the boarder is her chief attendant, so that's a pretty great honor.

The Seniors are continually getting busier and busier as graduation draws nigh. We're in the midst of our year-book right now. It has to be at the printers Friday and the last minut rush of whipping articles into shape is tremendous.

Granny Minker came out this weekend and deposited the remains of an Easter egg that Uncle Marion picked up in his wanderings. It's the only one I saw, as places around here don't make them. No jelly beans were available at all, but we muddled through with two pounds of Reynolds that will suffice me any time. By the way, did you relieve our Easter box with candy and stuff?

Well, I have a nine-paragraph theme to write for English so I'd better get settled.

Lots of Love

Bernice

V. - MAIL