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To Lieut. Ralph L. Minker, Jr. 0-770722

709th Sq., 447th Ben.Gr.

A.P.O. 539

Postmaster New York City

From Mrs. R.L. Minker

Box 230, Wilm. 99, Del.

Nov. 11, 1944

Dearest Lee:-

This is a bright, sunshiny day. Even if the rain were pouring down I suppose it would seem bright to me for your first letter came this morning and it has given us all a real boost, even though the news in it may be stale by this time. I hope our letters to you have come through more quickly, although the change in address may mean some delay.

This is Armistice Day, and in a few minutes we here at the school will be joining in with thousands of others in two minutes of silence, remembering those who served in the last war and those of you who are serving in this war and praying earnestly that we may be endowed with wisdom and understanding so that we may so plan that this will be the last of such.

Tower Hill beat Friends yesterday in their 25th football game, and last night they celebrated with a Victory dance at Tower. Thursday Bernice came home limping and all taped up, having been hit on the foot during a hockey game. It is still quite swollen and black and blue, but she went to work at Crosby & Hill's. A.I. meets Brown Vocational today. The big game will be Army - Notre Dame in N.Y. The Drs. Millers and Wagner are going to see it and afterwards take in a show.

We were saddened this week by the announcement that Sgt. Wallace Wroton was killed in action in France. He is the first of any Grace Church boys to die and I pray God he will be the last. He was 19 and a fine chap.

Grandmother Jones is going up to Aunt Grace's to spend the weekend. She will be with us for Thanksgiving but up there for Christmas.

Our very best to you, dear. With all my love.

Mother