

BERNICE MINKER
BRINDLEY ROAD
WILMINGTON, 99, DEL.

[Dec. 26, 1943]

Sunday

Dear Lee,

Well, Christmas is over and all the presents have been opened and ad-ed and oh-ed over. Really I got everything I wanted and so did Shirley. Dranny gave us writing paper, not this, and Uncle Marion gave us bandannas. I could name the long list, but I won't cause it would probably bore you stiff. I will say that Shirley gave me a darling pair of bedroom slippers, black velvet with little yarn dolls on them. I

happen to be reclining in
them now.

Dad gave mom two 3-light
lamps. I mean that the bulb
has 3 different strengths, and
we really look snazzy with
the new furniture and all.

Boy, the weather today is
really mid-winter. Today it
is really sleeting. There was
hardly anybody in church
today and those who
came had tales of slips
and falls and skids. Mrs.
Spanning started in but
turned around twice so
went home. Everything is
covered with a thin coat
of ice and cracks as you
go by. Does it ever snow
where you are?

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Aunt Flossie was supposed to come to dinner but cancelled it when it got so bad. Dad had to drive to Delaware City for Mrs. Abrams' mother's funeral and we're all keeping our fingers crossed.

Since the dance at Four Thursday night I haven't been able to say a word cause I came down with laryngitis. (Is that how you spell it?) I croak along and keep everyone laughing at my changing voice.

Judy, who was supposed to sing tonight at the carol

service, is home sick. He
and May were supposed to
take an early morning train
back to Berlin tomorrow
but it doesn't look now
like she'll be able to go.

Buster Sidale is home for
Christmas. He looks well and
promises to write if he gets
time.

Well, guess I better quit
now as I'm almost faint
from hunger.

Did you get our box ?!!?

Love,

Bernice