

BERNICE MINKER
BRINDLEY ROAD
WILMINGTON, 99, DEL.

11:00 Saturday morning
[Feb. 26, 1944]

Dear Lee,

I've just gotten out of bed
and am pretty nearly dead.
Last night I went to the
Lower Quind's game and a
dance afterwards from which
I arrived home at 1:15. Boy,
was Mom mad!

Last week we went to
New York as you now know.
I took a voice lesson from
Dr. Starley, who is the
originator of the method Mr.
Wyatt teaches. He lived in
a suite of rooms in an
apartment house on Riverside
Drive on the 14th floor!
He himself was a typical New

York juv. Short and stubby, with
kinky red hair, he taught all
his lessons in a short-sleeved
shirt with green and orange
striped suspenders holding
up his mammoth pants. His
tie could walk by itself. But
he really knows his stuff.
I found out lots of things I
didn't know among them that
I'm a contralto. I also found
that the cord underneath
my tongue has to be cut to
allow more leeway in the
flexibility of my voice. All in
all I had a good lesson and
it certainly was a thrilling
experience. - After my lesson we
tried to get into the music
hall to see "Jane Eyre" but
the crowd was enormous,
the stores were all closed

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so we packed up and came home.

Adie Gregg is home on a 10-day furlough. She flew. Ray, does she look super! Johnny Cuslett was home last week. Dick Battwell came home yesterday. More fun!

The conference at Temple was a flop. We listened to a damn Republican senator from W. Va. blab off for an hour and a half or more. How much he hated the New Deal. He was the most one-sided person I have ever heard.

Doesn't seem much else to tell, so I guess I'll go make some fudge. Love
Bernice