

BERNICE MINKER  
BRINDLEY ROAD  
WILMINGTON, 99, DEL.

Tuesday nite  
[March 7, 1944]

Dear Lu,

Well, a week from today  
you ought to be pretty near  
home, huh, with yer wings.

Boy, I don't think I'll know  
how to act with a second  
Louie around the house!

This afternoon the  
J. V. boys got licked by the  
men's faculty. Some game!

Shirley called up last  
nite and I was in at  
Crahm's Requiem practice. It  
was raining buckets and  
I had to walk home from  
the bus. That put me in  
a bad humor and when

2 heard she had called, 2 just  
sat down and howled, well,  
anyway 2 felt pretty low.

Saturday night was  
Charlie Chaplin night at Tower  
Hill. First they showed three  
old-time silent movies of  
his, and were they rugged!  
Then we went into the gym  
and sat at tables spread  
with checked clothes and  
with fat candles in the  
middle. Some of the kids  
gave a floor show and then  
we danced! It was really  
neat! Waiters kept running  
around with trays of  
ice cream, popcorn, peanuts,  
cokes and stuff, so that  
everyone was chock full by

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the time it was over.

I've been home from school  
some more this week with  
a bad cold which this  
horrible weather brought on.

First we had a long, heavy  
snow that was just superb,  
but then, curse it, came the  
rain! And what a rain, not  
a heavy, blowing squall, but a  
long, steady drizzle that  
chills you to the bone.

Ygh!

Well, there doesn't seem much  
more to say, so, until next  
week,

Love,

Bernice.