

BERNICE MINKER
BRINDLEY ROAD
WILMINGTON, 99, DEL.

Wednesday
[May 17, 1944]

Dear Dee,

No, you are not being ignored!
I'm so busy these last few weeks of
school that I don't really know
what ends up. Our proms Friday
night, you know and as usual
I'm in the thick of just about
all the committees. It's at
the du Pont Country Club and
were decorating with a picket
fence around the orchestra and
trellises all around. Then, of
course, flowers, millions of
them. I'm up to my ears in
paint and wood and daisies!
Then tomorrow night I
have to go to a dinner at

the hotel, a meeting of education
and industry, to which students
from ten city schools are invited.
I'm getting a \$1.50 dinner on
the school, so why complain?

This week is spring festival
and the boys put on a play
called, "I Am An American" a
musical, really, written and
directed by Mr. Arthur. It
really was good and a little
7 yr. old orphan steals the
show singing "Say a Prayer
For the Boys Over There".
Tonight the choir from A.S.
is coming out to give
excerpts from "Lutèce".

You know the other night
before you called Shirley
called, we really had a

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red letter day, or night.

The seniors are now in the throes of examinations and brothers, they really suffer.

Blade Brendle is home on a 10 day furlough and looks neat.

Shirley will be home the twenty-eighth for good. See if you can't come, too.

Aw revoir,
Love,
Bernice