

Dear Lee,

Sunday  
Apr 16, 1944

Happy Birthday! How does it feel to be all of 20 yrs. old? Not very different I expect. When I turned 16 I expected to feel old and very grown up but I'm not either and am very disappointed.

Friday night Walt and I went to Lower Hill Prom. We really had a super time. Manny Kline from C.I. was the orchestra and party good, too. They had the place all pretty'd up like a Mardi Gras and it really was very effective. No corsages were allowed but we had flowers for our hair. Afterwards we went to breakfast at one of the girls' houses and saw movies we took on



By the way, I've been offered a scholarship to Zouwen Hill. Don't faint, please. Mr. Guernsey seems to have taken quite a shine to me so he popped up and offered me that.

It'll be hard if I change in my senior year but the good effects on my lessons would make up for it. No one knows but the family, yet, but when and if I get and accept it, you'll probably hear me yellin'!

By the way, Jesse Annan is in Brandywine with Shirley and me and has been asking for you. She's studying with someone in Philly now and seems to like her. She looks swell and is still as nice as she ever was.

the Junior Senior picnic at Stewart's. They were really good!

Shirley has arrived home from Mass. and Fred called about as soon as he popped his head in the door and said he had a 10-day furlough. So he's coming over from N.J. tomorrow for a couple of days stay. What a gal!

Today was Youth Sunday at Church and Fr. Hornell Hart, from Duke, spoke to us. He was very good. Maybe you remember him, he was here a couple of years ago.

Have you gotten an Echo yet? They were sent the last week of school and yours ought to be there by now.



at the beginning of the  
week I had an awful  
case of poison ivy on my  
face and looked like  
a fugitive from a beehive.  
It's about all cleared  
up now, though and  
doesn't look quite so  
queer.

Gotta go as Shiley's  
callin'.

Lots of love,

Bernice

June 16<sup>th</sup>  
[1944]

Lovie Dear

You may be lazy, Lovie dear,  
you may be dead in bed,  
you may be sound asleep  
with snores emitting from  
your head.

You may be crazy, Lovie dear,  
and never learn to spell  
Your "i's" are always  
mixed "i's" (eases)  
I'll all your words don't  
jill.

You may be all these things  
combined

But still we love you plenty.  
So greetings to you, Lovie dear  
today when you are twenty.

The Soldier's Mom

1944..Bernice Minker

She hasn't changed a bit  
Since she kissed him and said "Goodbye"  
You couldn't know to see her face  
How much she longs to cry.

She goes about her household chores  
With that same sunny smile  
You'd never know how much she longs  
To sit with him awhile.

But every now and then she'll go  
Into his attic room  
And dust each corner carefully  
With mop and cloth and broom

Then turning to his picture,  
She'll whisper soft "Hello"

You wouldn't guess to look at her...  
But she's my mom...I know.