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Sunday

[June 16, 1944] [actually Sunday was June 15]

Dear Lee,

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 dissapointed [sic].

Friday night Walt and I went to Tower Hill Prom. We really had a super time. Manny Kline from P. I. was the orchestra and purty good, too. They had the place all pretteyed 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

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the Junior Senior picnic at Stiewar'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 the Church and Mr. 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.

By the way, I've been offered a scholarship to Tower 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 familly [sic], yet, but when and if I get and accept it, you'll probably hear me yellin'!

By the way, Jesse Onnan is in Brandywiners 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.

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

Gotta go as Shirley's callin'.

Lots of Love,

Bernice

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June 16th

[1944]

Looie Dear

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

You may be crazy, looie dear, And never learn to spell Your "i's" are always
mixed "e's" (ease) 'Til all your words don't jill.

You may be all these things combined But still we love you plenty. So greetings
to you, looie dear Today when you are twenty.

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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.