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Wednesday, October 11

[1944]

Dear Lee,

I'm taking a chance and writing you air-mail instead of that blasted V-mail. Sometimes the guys get it just as quickly so tell me which reaches you best and fastest.

There has been an air of anxious expectancy around the Minker house this week. - We're afraid Santa will drop in and we haven't a tree. Honestly this house is red ribbon and Christmas wrappings from tip to toe. Don't be surprised, by the way, at any-thing you get for Christmas. If there is anything you can think of you want, write and tell us 'cause we really don't feel like we're sending you a thing.

Shirley phoned home Sunday night as soon as she got our letters about you. She is coming home Friday night for the week-end and Fred may get up Saturday night 'till Sunday. We're planning on going to Philly to shop Saturday in the afternoon, that is, as Shirley has to take her voice lesson in the morning.

Friday night the Athletic Association of Tower Hill is sponsering [sic] a clash dance. The object is to wear an outfit which looks simply horrible, such as red socks, a pink sweater,

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a purple shirt and orange blouse. There are going to be prizes for the clashiest couple. I haven't decided what to wear. Cokes and doughnuts for all!

Tower Hill played St. Andrews last Friday and tied them 7-7. Walt threw our touchdown pass. Alexis T. plays New Castle this Friday, home, and I'm going to see it.

Remember Raymond Harding? Well, he turned up at school today, just back from a German prison camp. He looks swell in uniform, and though he lost forty pounds while in Germany, has gained thirty pounds since he got back.

Tonight I had a two hundred word theme to write on Chaucer. I loved that but when it comes to grammar, I quit!

Pilot has Ginger's old habit of chewing up shoes and we always keep one downstairs in the wood box for him. He's growing beautifully and his manners are definitely better than his ma's.

Well,

Lots of Love luck,

Bernice