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V-Mail

To: Lieut. Ralph L. Minker, Jr. 0-770722

709th Sq., 447th Bom. Grp.

APO 559

Postmaster New York, N.Y.

From: Mrs. Ralph L. Minker

Box 230, Wilm. 99, Del.

May 1, 1945

Dearest Lee:

This is the first day of May - rainy and cold here, but with the sun trying to break through. We hope that it may be a day to be remembered all over the world for years to come, for from radio reports this morning it sounded as if good news might break at any moment.

Bill Ulrich's father called daddy yesterday to say that Bill had seen you in London; and this morning your letter written only April 25th - less than a week ago, arrived. I hope you are not kidding us when you say you are alright now. I am glad that the air corps keeps check on its men and when there are signs of fatigue you are allowed time out to get hold of yourself. You have done a grand job, Lee, and we are hoping you will have a let-up soon. Rumors are here that many men will be shipped direct to the Pacific area without coming home. In some cases I expect this is best, for some men and families would not stand up very well under the strain of another parting.

Have you and Irving Carpenter been able to get together yet? Conference starts here in Wilmington on May 16. He is usually on hand for that. I remember last year he and Mrs. Carpenter had dinner at the school with us, they having arrived in Wilmington on the day we were having our dress-up dinner during Spring Festival.

The girls are becoming interested in tennis. Of course Shirley began last year at school and now Bernice is playing some at Tower Hill, daddy having presented her with a fine racket for an advance commencement present. Daddy is thinking of having a court laid out between us and Lincoln cottage if he can without too much work and expense. I don't know whether it will be ready by the time you arrive or not.

Bernice is staying at home today with a cold and sore throat. When the girls were here they took a long walk Saturday afternoon, ending up at the pool, where they took off shoes and stockings and waded, in spite of the coldness of the day; so I imagine that accounts for Bernice's cold.

Well, take good care of yourself, dear and be sure you are in good trim before tackling anything. With all our love,

Mother