

Thursday eve.
March 9th 1954

Dearest,

It's still quite cold in these parts so indoors we remain until the weather gets milder. Last night I did decide to go to the movies but saw a war picture which I had no desire to see "Cry Havoc" plus a silly second feature with Kay Kyser. That was the first war picture I've seen to-date and it just couldn't be helped - Eleanor insisted that I go.

Baby and I are feeling swell and have some great conversations, mostly one sided. When I mention an object he points to the correct one so I guess he

knows a little something. Believe it or not,
 he needs another hair-cut. It's true that
 the hair comes in thicker when it's cut,
 at least it's true with Jimmie's hair. If
 the army cured Bob maybe they can
 make some of your hair grow back - could be.
 Everything and anything happens in the army.

Hope with Pop and all's well on the
 home front. They'll be here either to-
 morrow night or Saturday night. No
 mail from you to day so I hope you're
 in good health. That safety razor sent
 from N.D. is sure a heck tawse tabloid.

Did you read the "sweep" column. It's
 a riot. People trading anything for whiskey.

I'll try to get some of that fine water this week if I get around to it.

While I was out last night, my Mom called from the country and Sam also called. Eleanor took the messages.

She's the only one who really gives me a chance to get out once in a while and I appreciate it so much. Of course, going anyplace without you has very little significance but I'll try to bear it until we can do things together again.

A notice came from the Post Office in reference to that missing letter. They've had no luck as yet in tracing it.

Shirley Michaels wrote another

letter and all is well with her family.
From what I gather, she wishes she were
back in Bliss in a decent place to live.

She got another pair of shoes for me - high
heeled patent leather - very feminine - I'm
sure spending your hard earned money,
darling.

All is serene in C 2 and precious is
asleep now. Expect to knit, read Life and
think of you and how much I love you,
sweetheart.

Until to-morrow, all my love and
devotion to you and a kiss from Jimmie.

Always,

Florence

S.S. Had a scare at 4.30 in the morning. The
phone rang it was the wrong number.



Port. Charge Staff (4205-0100)
Co. A. 735 Rwy Opn Bn
Camp Hauke
New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Florence Stoff

3021 Kennebec

B'lyon, N.H.