

MISS ROSE ANDERSON
110 John St
Pittsfield, Me

Wednesday 7:30 P.M.
March 8, 1944

Dear Frankie:

Hi stranger, received your letter of March 4 and I was more than pleased to hear from you. Of course I was a little surprised too. Mentioning surprises, you said that you were surprised to see me at the station. Well gee! I could hardly believe that it was you. I hadn't seen you in such a long time, I almost forgot who ^{you} were. By the way thanks for the lovely compliment, remind me that I owe you a quarter when you come home. (Ha-Ha. yourself.)

yes Frankie, I do remember the floor we use to have. The way we use to play cards out in the back yard. (and how you use to cheat (Ha Ha again.) Well anyway, those were the good old days weren't they. Come to think of it, that wasn't so very long ago and yet it seems as though ages have passed since then. Does it seem that long to you too?

Getting back to your letter. I am fine thank you, and

right now I am ^{II} working at the
Boston Auto Stage making gages
for airplanes! See! I'm not so
lazy after all. (no wise cracks now.)

Boy it sure is dead around
here with all the fellows gone but
I guess we should be thankful
instead of complaining. Right?

You asked about Jay. Well
he has been pretty lucky. He is
stationed out in Boston as a
stenographer. Not bad huh. I'm
going to write to him as soon
as I finish this letter so I'll
tell him you were asking for
him, okay - okay?

Well Frankie I guess I have
just about come to the end. I
hope you will enjoy reading this.
There really isn't very much to
talk about. I'll try to do better
the next time but until then
I remain,

As Always
Dave