



MRS. GEORGE STOFF
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BROOKLYN, N. Y.
NAVARRE 8-1376

Saturday aft.

George, my darling,

In a few moments baby and I are going out and I thought I'd write this letter before I left the house.

The weather doesn't look too good, the sun came out early this morning but now it looks like snow. We're both well, eating plenty and getting a good amount of rest. As usual though, for the last 10 1/2 weeks, we do miss our dearest Daddy and still love you ever so much. Je t'aime — Yo te amo. I can only write those words in three languages.

The difference in the writing is because I just filled the pen. Baby is around my feet and I don't like to "imprison" him in his play pen although I do when I have to get things done quickly. He may get his haircut today if the barber is not too busy. What a thrill it's going to be for me and baby. He had a lot of fun with my sister El this morning and likes her very much. I'll

stayed with me overnight after spending the week with me. While here, she helped me cut and make a pair of corduroy overalls for Jimmie and we kept ourselves amused talking about all the family and Neg. We also listened to some phonograph records and the radio programs. Then to bed.

With the morning mail, I got these snaps which I'm enclosing and I'll send you the rest of these other candid shots in to-morrow's letter. Your folks and maybe others will be here to-morrow and I'd like them to see the pictures. How wonderful and grand you are, dearest. That letter ^{of commendation} makes me swell with pride and it's something far over value when he understands the facts of life. The Best family is going to have it read to them real soon - by me. Their kind has to be shown what some folks are doing besides complaining and crying all the time. When you started on that mission I had an idea you were doing either the work you stated or work connected with prison camps. I'm glad it wasn't the latter. Those papers you sent me were quite clear to me as soon as I looked at them. And finally my love, I don't care if you stay a private as long as you're well and I know that I can hear your voice once in a while. Polly and I will always be proud of you, darling, and I'll never stop loving you now. Until to-morrow, your
Yours always,
Flora

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