

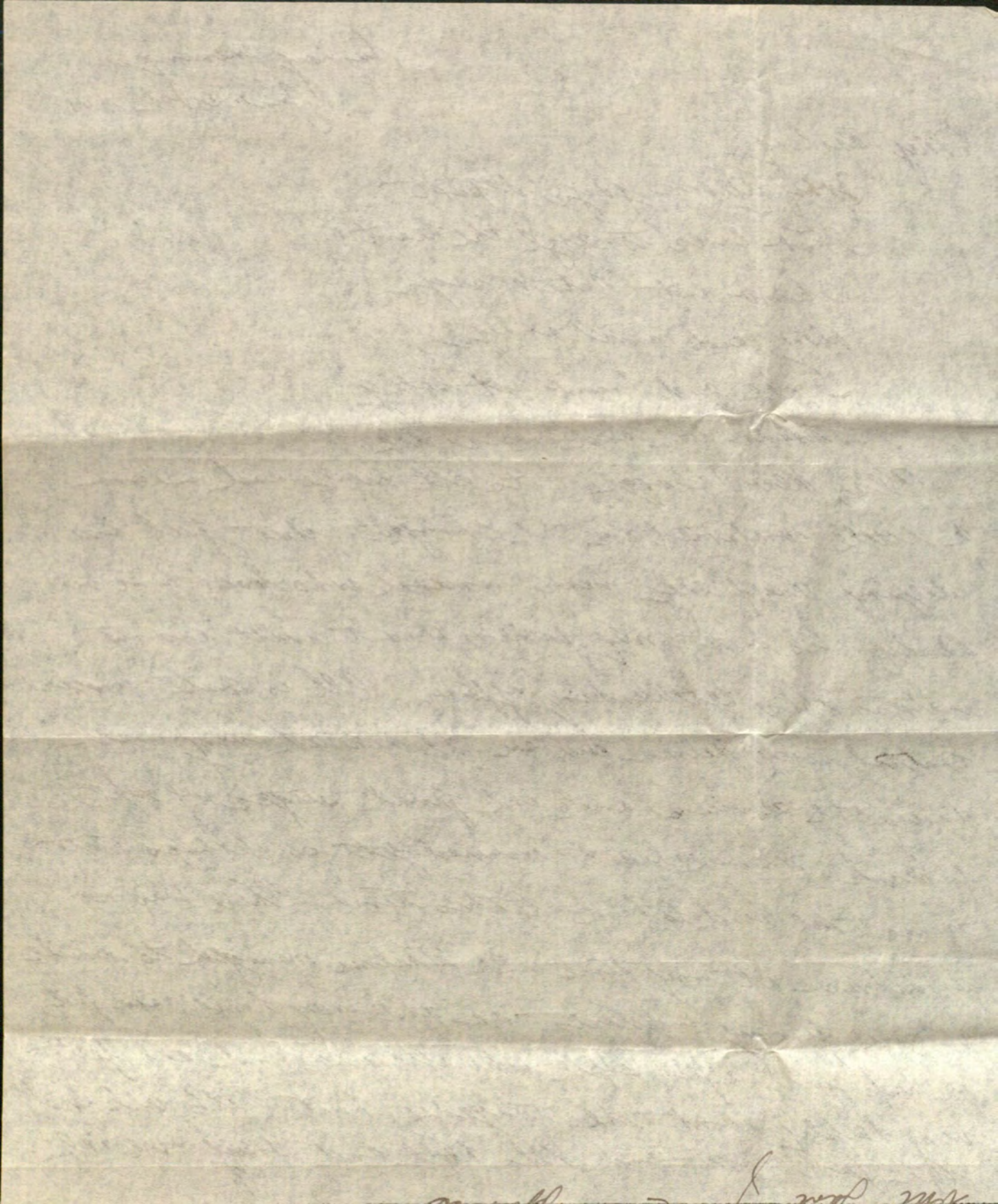
Sunday evening,
Jan. 21st 1895.

My darling,

Why do our joys depart
For cares to seize the heart?

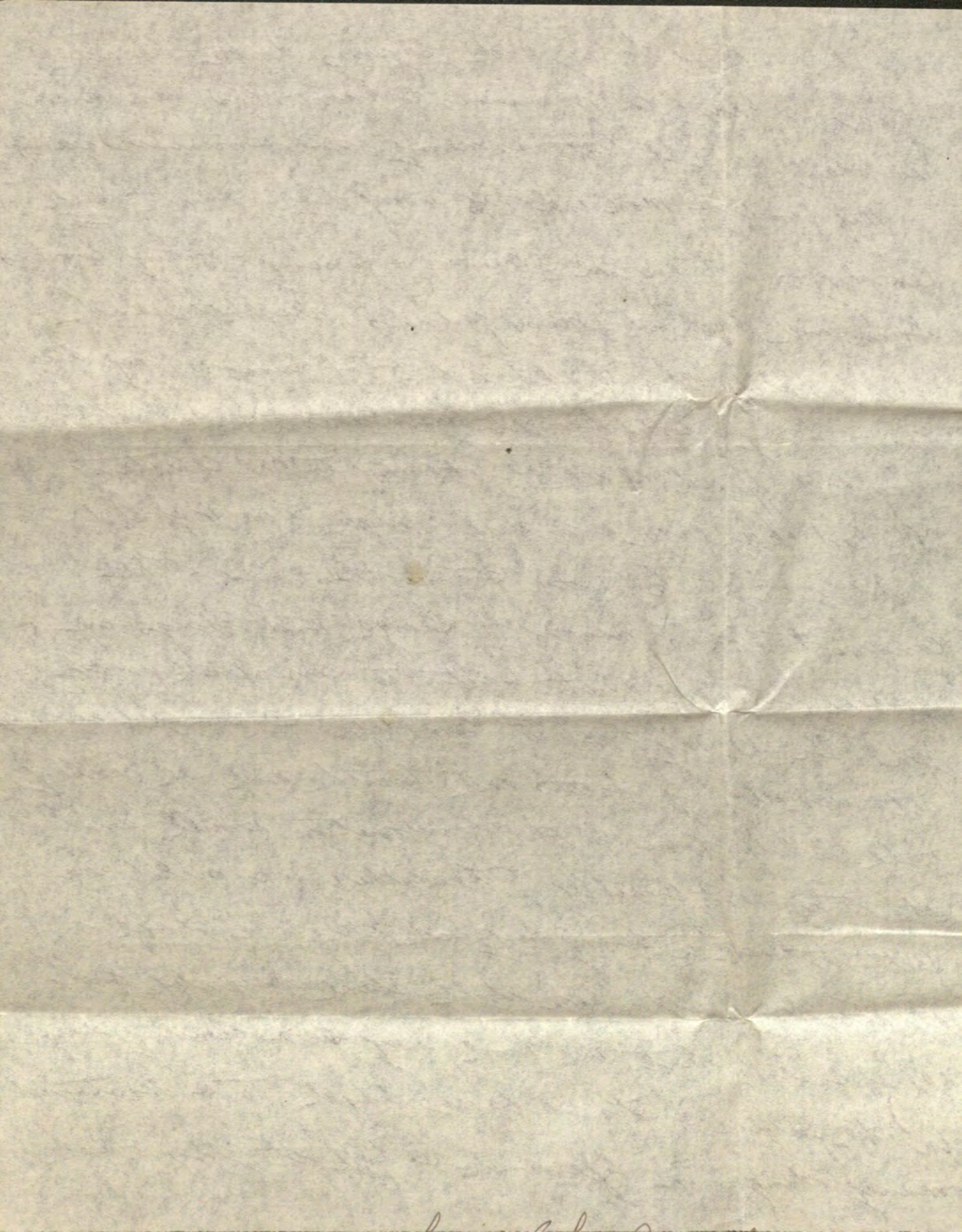
I know not. Nature says,
Obey; and man obeys,
I see, and know not why
Thorns live and roses die.

Yes, dear George, it's all over and I am
a little comforted in the thought that Jack is
sleeping peacefully near someone who loved him so
dearly. It's better my father wasn't with us to
witness this heart-breaking affair. All is quite under
control with Thelma and we all behaved very well
during the services and the final stages of the
funeral. Maurice hasn't arrived yet so perhaps that
means to be kind to him at this time. There was no
sordidness at any time and Thelma managed to smile
at some funny incidents on the way home. In fact,
we had quite a few people who attended and all felt
very deeply about the tragedy. But, it's all in
the past now and let's hope and pray we'll



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all have only happy and joyous days ahead
of us. I know you're anxious to know who was with
us today so I'll list as many as I remember seeing.
My family - mom and pop - my dear aunts and
Beverly - Bert and Joe - Maurice's family - many cousins
Grand and husband, many friends, neighbors and
Lucille Halop. Now to add a bit of humor, my dear
Aunt Fanny really brought sandwiches in a knitting
bag, and offered me one on the way to the cemetery.
We had three cars and sure enough mom, Pop and I
had to get "stuck" with Fanny & Beverly. The
conversation was mostly of George and things in
general and my aunt wants to correspond with
you. On the way home to Brookline, I changed cars,
sat with all my sisters and Lucille and we really
made Thelma join in the conversation, smile, and
the time went quickly. The weather was mild, in
fact it was a spring day, and the sun shone in
all its glory. Let's hope it'll shine brightly for
all of us and that we have very few cloudy days
in the future. It's so damn hard to understand
many things in life and I hope it gets more



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simple as we go on in this eternal struggle.

Now back to Jimmie and the sweeter things in life. I awake at 8 a.m., dressed quickly, had breakfast and had to wake up Jim at 8.45 - to feed and dress him. We didn't forget our "Shed" morning, Sunday, and missed you so much all day long. Pop and Mom arrived here at 9 a.m. and immediately brought Jim up to our good neighbors, Ben and Betty. They had a cab waiting for me, at my suggestion last night and we went directly to the Chapel on Eastern Parkway and Putnam Ave. At 2 o'clock we came back to Bredley's, thence to my Mom's home and there at least 20 of us assembled and all hungry. Bess, Eleanor, my Mom and a few others and myself pitched in, brought out all the food and set the tables in 7 minutes flat. Helma managed to eat a little food and seemed to be more like herself for days the first time in days. There was a steady flow of cheerful conversation and after an hour, Mom and Pop and I decided to leave. The Jacks had a meeting near Utica Avenue and went on by bus while I took the train home to Jim and you. Jimmie is fine

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was well taken care of during the day and was
very happy to see his mommy. Ben took both
Jim and Lawrence outdoors in the morning and in
the afternoon, gave them a sleigh ride and Jim
had an enjoyable day. Lawrence and Jim then came
down in our apartment to stay for the balance
of the afternoon and it sure was a change to
see Jim "sucking" Lawrence around in fun. Then
we had supper, listened to the news which is
just too wonderful and Jim fell asleep by 7:15.
Just had a call from Bess and Helma is getting
stronger by the minute. Bess will return to New
York on the morrow and will keep in constant
touch with us.

It's really swell being here alone tonight with
thoughts of you and all our happiness. I expect
to go to bed early, dream of my jin-up boy and
don't's hoping to get a batch of mail from you in
the morning. I'm fine so don't worry your head off
about me. The folks are well and hope the war
ends very soon. Their love to you, as usual.

As always, I love you with all my heart and
Gimmie sends his love and kisses to you, too.
Sincerely,
Florence

Mrs. Clarence Stoff
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1/21



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