

12-8-1936

1936-12-08, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

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Subject Terms

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December, 1936; 1936; United States; Oberlin, Ohio; correspondence; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; weather; cold weather; employment; job; money; finances; kindness; charity; health and sickness; illness; recreation and entertainment; leisure; travel; automobiles; Cleveland (Ohio)

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Tues, Dec. 8, 1936 7:PM

Darling,

I'm sitting here in front of the register (in my usual place) with the big chair facing it, wishing you were sitting here beside me instead of me having to write to you.

But that is beyond the point. How is my Toots this fine evening? It sure was beautiful to-day. Of course it was rather chilly, but I guess that is expected this time of the year. Were you working outside? Do you dress warm? I don't want you to catch a cold on me. I don't seem to catch colds but I always manage to have a cold sore. Yes I have another one, and boy, do I love them.

Listen, Jack, when you said in your letter that you appreciated what I did for you when you weren't working, well, I don't have much use for people that turn you down when you haven't any money. nor do I have any use for people that try to high hat you just because they do have some money. I like real honest-to-goodness people with a backbone to them. It doesn't make any difference to me whether somebody has money or not. If I like them, I like them, and if I don't like them, they soon know about it. So don't say you appreciate what I have done for you, I'm just made that way that I hate fair weather friends. and you can tell them so easy.

Well, enough of that. I guess I could rattle on a whole day about that. I think that schedule for the weekend is just swell I only hope it turns out as good as it sounds. And, Jack dear, you try to get your car out in. so Bing can get his for Sun or vice-versa. Because wouldn't it be terrible if neither of you could get the car. And then how would we get to Cleveland? Or maybe we couldn't even go. Because you see, Cleveland is kind of far to walk.

you know how those '28 Chevrolts make noise, well

everytime one of them goes past the house, maybe it's my imagination,
but they always seem to slow down on something, and I always jump
because I think it's you.

Darling, I'm very happy that you like your job so well,
because if you like your job you will work that much harder.
So such stick to it, sweets, because there are so many depending
on you to make good.

Well Toots, don't you think I have written enough for
one letter? And please, dearest, try not to come out until Fri.
because won't it be nice when we see each other again?

With all my love,
your own, Ewabel.

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE – EVABEL COLLECTION SEPT 1936 – AUG 1937 #8]

[Page 1 – Letter]

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[Page 2 – Letter continued]

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