Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #008

Evabel Bell

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Dear Jack,

Life sitting here in study hall with nothing to do. We have had our test in
short hand. I think so rather I hope I passed
it and nothing to do in Spanish so the
next most important thing to do in write
to you.

When I think about it now I have
to laugh how you were wandering around
up on the second floor of the Student building
with all those kids pushing you around. I
and with that perpetual grin on your
face. Oh but your darling and I love
you just the same, sweetie.

Last night I do slept over (as usual) and
she asked me if I missed you tonight and I
said "not much" oh no - Oh darling I know
I shouldn't say this but I always want you
near me and I always want to be with you
because I guess I love you so awfully much.
Oh I know I must not encourage you but
I knew you want me to give the Lистat
by keeping it inside until the time.
I don't really care where we go to night
just as long as Im with you. You know
I've come to the conclusion that I can
write things so much easier than I
can say these, and I guess you are the opposite. You say things so much more than you write them & but you do write very smart things too.

I wonder what happened between Ben & Israel? Did you see Ben? What did he say? Personally speaking, I think his getting tired, the way he throws up the clothes, etc. It's too close as his own medicine. It's too nice of a kid to be treated like that.

I mean his too good to her. He's such a swell kid. He don't ever wanna be hurt. Israel is as swell kid too. He's the best pal I ever had, but sometimes she does things that even irritate me.

The teacher has been watching me here and he if she should ever get the word, my fate ever get me and don't let anyone fool you & I'd would too. Remind me to show you the cutest joke with matches.

Adios, my sweet, until to-morow.

I love you truly with all my heart.

Your own, Evalle.
Dearest Jack,

I’m sitting here in study hall with nothing to do. We have had our test in shorthand I think or rather I hope I passed it and nothing to do in Spanish so the next most important thing to do is write to you.

When I think about it now I have to laugh how you were wondering [sic] around up on the second floor of the Lincoln building with all those kids pushing you around and with that perpetual grin on your face. Oh but your [sic] darling and I love you just the same, sweetheart.

Last night Ida slept over (as usual) and she asked me if I missed you tonight and I said “not much” oh no – Oh darling, I know I shouldn’t say this, but, I always want you near me and I always want to be with you because I guess I love you so awfully much. Oh I know I must not encourage you but I know you want me to you this instead of keeping it inside me all the time.

I don’t really care where we go to-night just as long as I’m with you. You know I’ve come to the conclusion that I can write things so much nicer than I
can say them. And I guess you are the opposite. You say things so much nicer than you write them. Oh but you do write very sweet things too.

I wonder what's happened between Bing [&] Isabel? Did you see Bing, what did he say? Personally speaking I think he's getting tired of the way she throws up those other fellows to him. He ought to give her a dose of her own medicine. Bing's too nice of a kid to be treated like that. I mean he's too good to her. He's such a swell kid. He don't ever deserve to be hurt. Isabel is a swell kid too. She's the best pal I ever had, but sometimes she does things that even irritate [sic] me.

The teacher has been watching me here and boy if she should ever get this would my face ever get red and don't let anyone fool you, her's [sic] would too. Remind me to show you the cutest joke with matches.

Adios, my sweet, until to-night

I love you truly with all
my heart,
Your own, Evabel.