Dear Isabel,

I suppose you will think this is rather strange writing you wrote when I see you all the time, but I had to put my feelings out somehow or I'll go crazy. Sometimes I feel so happy and gay and then when I think about it, I get so old. I would just like to sit down and cry. Oh, I know you say Jack Bell isn't worth it, but you don't see the people by their value or by what other people think of them. at least I don't. I suppose you think I'm dumb and silly, but, listen, Isabel, I'm going to tell you something I've never told anyone else, not even Jack. I've never liked anyone half as well as I do Jack. Sometimes I wonder if I don't love him. I can't eat, sleep or study or do anything without seeing him or thinking about him. I've never felt like this about any boy before and you know I love him. I'll go with them and forget—maybe except Isabel, but he never affected me like this. You have no idea how my feelings were hurt when I heard Jack talking the way he did and then he got mad. He should have been the one to apologize. If he got tired of me why did he even have to come around, and the way that guy acted you would think
he was crazy about me. Why do they do that?
Isabel, I would just like to see him once,
and have an out-and-out talk with him. Do
they come back? Do you think Jack will?
Old Isabel, I hope she does. I know you
think I'm dumb and haven't got a backbone,
but hasn't anyone affected you that way?
I'm just stating now that I can hardly write.
I didn't know how I'm going to finish the
rest of the day. Oh, God! I hope
he come back. I wish I had more
backbone or something. Somebody ought to
churn me over the head or something, maybe
I'd wake up. Please don't show this to
anyone, except maybe Bing, because after
all he is almost part of you.

Eveline.

Samuel—

Why Samuel.
Dear Isabel,

I suppose you will think this is rather dumb writing you a note when I see you all the time, but I had to put my feelings out somehow or I'll go crazy. Sometimes I feel so happy and gay and then when I think about it, I get so blue I would just like to sit down and cry. Oh I know you say Jack Bell isn’t worth it, but you don’t rate people by their [sic] value or by what other people think of them, at least I don’t. I suppose you think I’m dumb and silly but, listen, Isabel, I’m going to tell you something I’ve never told anyone else, not even Jack, I’ve never liked anyone half so well as I do Jack, sometime I wonder if I don’t love him. I can’t eat, sleep or study or do anything without seeing him or thinking about him. I’ve never felt like this about any boy before and you know I haven’t. I’d go with them and forget – maybe except Red, but he never affected me like this. You have no idea how my feelings were hurt when I heard Jack talking the way he did and then he got mad. He should have been the one to apologize. If he got tired of me why did he even have to come down, and the way that guy acted you would think
he was crazy about me. Why do they do that
Isabel? I would just like to see him once.
and have an out to out talk with him. Do
they come back? Do you think Jack will?
Oh Isabel I hope he does – I know you
think I’m dumb and haven’t got a backbone,
but hasn’t anyone affected you that way?
I’m just shaking now that I can hardly write.
I don’t know how I’m going to finish the
rest of the day. Oh God — I hope
he comes back. I wish I had more
backbone or something. Somebody ought to
clunk me over the head or something, maybe
I’d wake up. Please don’t show this to
anyone, except maybe Bing, because after
all he is almost part of you ——

Evabel.

[[At a right angle (inside creases)]]
Isabel ——
Very personal