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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #058

Evabel Bell

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Mr. Jack Bell
31 Groveland St.
Oberlin, Ohio
Darling,

Even though I got no letter from you I'm still going to write to you. You see I love you so much I've got to write to you every day.

You know, darling, I was just thinking wouldn't it be better if you would go to Toledo instead of Detroit. Because things are so bad around here and in Toledo you could stay with your Uncle Jack. Your mother said that he and your aunt always want you kids to come out there. And it wouldn't be so far away from Detroit and you know Toledo a lot better than you do Detroit and just as soon as you get a decent job I'll come out there. Honest dear, I'm getting so fed up on Detroit. I'm just waiting until you get a decent job so I can join you and
we can always be together. So I want you to write and tell me what you think about that. I wish you would consider it. I know you like Toledo best and I'm sure I would too, you could come into Detroit on week-ends or maybe I could go into Toledo. Darling I wish you would go there instead. It would be much cheaper too. Because after we are married I don't want to live in Detroit. So tell me dear, what you think.

I didn't go out job-hunting today because it really doesn't pay me at all. you see there is nothing doing anyway. I told him to dress clean and blue. If I could see you at least once a week it wouldn't be so bad, would it, sweet? When I get home I got a letter from Esther and from Joe. Esther wanted to know why I hadn't answered her and Joe is still ballyhooing about
comming here to Detroit. I'm she won't find any thing here. But she has high hopes anyway.

Those kids are so bad it's getting on my nerves. Floydie is 8.5, but Sandy he is kind of bad. But now he kissed me and told me he was going to be a good boy. Right now Floydie is following he wants a penny to buy a new pencil. He wants a red pencil. There is a yellow pencil and an orange pencil but he insist on a red pencil. There is a short red one but he wants a long one. Wotta guy Swatta guy.

Well honey It's about time I close now. I hope I get a letter to morrow from you.

your own

Evabel.
Mr. Jack Bell
51 Groveland St.
Oberlin,
Ohio
12739 Linwood Ave.
Detroit, Mich
Darling,

Even though I got no letter from you I’m still going to write to you. You see I love you so much I’ve got to write to you every day.

You know, darling, I was just thinking wouldn’t it be better if you would go to Toledo instead of Detroit. Because things are so bad around here and in Toledo you could stay with your Uncle Jack. Your Mother said that he and your Aunt always want you kids to come out there. And it wouldn’t be so far away from Detroit and you know Toledo a lot better then you do Detroit and just as soon as you got a decent job I’ll come out there. Honest dear! I’m getting so fed up on Detroit. I’m just waiting until you get a decent job so I can join you and
2. we can always be to-gether. So I want you to write and tell me what you think about that. I wish you would consider it. I know you like Toledo best and I’m sure I would too. You could come into Detroit on week-ends or maybe I could go into Toledo. Oh darling I wish you would go there instead. It would be much cheaper too. Because after we are married I don’t want to live in Detroit. So tell me, dear, what you think.

I didn’t go out job-hunting to-day because it really doesn’t pay me at all. You see there is nothing doing any way. Gosh I’m so lonesome and blue. If I could see you at least once a week it wouldn’t be so bad. Would it, sweet? When I got home I got a letter from Esther and from Ida. Esther wanted to know why I hadn’t answered her. And Ida is still ballyhooing[?] about
coming here to Detroit. I’m sure she won’t find anything here. But she has high hopes anyway.

Those kids are so bad it’s getting on my nerves. Floydie is O.K. but Sandy he is kind of bad. But now he kissed me and told me he was going to be a good boy. Right now Floydie is hollering he wants a penny to buy a new pencil. He wants a red pencil. There is a yellow pencil and an orange pencil but he insist on a red pencil. There is a short red one but he wants a long red one. Wotta guy wotta guy.

Well, honey. It’s about time I close now. I hope I get a letter to-morrow from you.

your own,

Evabel.