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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #097

Evabel Bell

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Mr. Jack Bell
190 E. College St.
Oberlin
Ohio
Darlingest,

Well darling I'm answering this letter that I got from you this morning, I went to work this morning. Posh honey. I'm so tired I don't mean physical tiredness. I mean mentally. Oh honey I'm so tired of thinking, thinking, thinking. Darling, I want someone to help me do my thinking when you come out. I look so young to talk to you about. When I'm with you I'm so happy. All my cares and troubles just drop away. But when I'm away from you the trouble of the whole world seem to come right on me. Honey why do I write you such dreary letters. I really don't mean to but my heart is so heavy. I wish I could cry.

But to get to a lighter subject those hide s Ire went for that jelly. It's all gone. Zella thought it was marvelous and she
told me to tell your mother, thanx very much, that it was very delicious. Rubie went down and he bought Floydie and me a jelly roll so right now that's what I'm eating. I just finished it and I didn't even give you a bite. Aren't I a big pig? But I knew you wouldn't take it any way.

Andre Holstenetz and his orchestra are playing tiger rag and boy can they play it. I wish they would play Stardust. Gosh that was pretty last night when Sunny Ross and a whole chorus sang it.

Darling, you asked me what would I rather be first lady of the land or first and only lady of your heart. Well dear, I don't think I have to tell you. You see, darling, I love you so much I'd give up anything.
in the world for you. You see, you are my whole world to me.

Do you used your stamps that you found? They looked 0.15 to me.

Yes, darling, we had such a wonderful time when I was in Oberlin. But darling, we always have a good time don't we? I mean when we are together.

Here it is, ten o'clock and Flossie is still pestering me. He is the pestiest kid. Honest, sometimes I feel just like packing my things and getting the h— out of here. Yesterday morning I got up, Zella said she was so sick and asked me if I would please clean up the house and then she went up town and then she came home about 6 and after supper she said she was very sick again and then she asked me if I wouldn't mind doing all the dishes (as if she helps me) and then she & Babies went to the show. And
tonite when I came home from work she asked me if I would do all the dishes and straighten the house. She said she didn't feel good and then she and Ruby went visiting. By taking care of those kids is a job in itself. Then I go complaining again. Why do I always write you letters like that? I don't mean to. God honey, maybe I'd better not write anymore. Honey, please don't plan on staying here. I think I might have some good news for you. I might go back again with you. I'm going to hunt for a job back there. I don't seem to be able to do much here. So I might try there. How would you like that. Tell your mother that I miss her an awful lot and tell your dad. I'm still waiting for him to teach me to play mummy.

I love you—dear boy—your Finke
Mr. Jack Bell
190 E College St.
Oberlin,
Ohio.
12739 Linwood
Detroit,
Mich.
Darlingest,

Well darling I’m answering this letter that I got from you this morning. I went to work this morning. Gosh honey. I’m so tired, I don’t mean physical tiredness. I mean mentally. Oh, honey I’m so tired of thinking, thinking thinking, Darling, I want some one to help me do my thinking, when you come out. I have so much to talk to you about. When I’m with you I’m so happy. All my cares and troubles just drop away. But when I’m away from you the trouble of the whole world seems to come right on me. Honey why do I write you such dreary letters. I really don’t mean to but my heart is so heavy. I wish I could cry.

But to get to a lighter subject Those kids sure went for that jelly. It’s all gone. Zella thought it was marvellous and she
2. told me to tell your Mother, thanx very much, that it was very delicious. Rubie went down and he bought Floydie and me up a jelly roll so right now that’s what I’m eating. I just finished it and I didn’t even give you a bite. Aren’t I a big pig? But I knew you wouldn’t take it any way.

André Kostelnetz and his orchestra are playing “tiger Rag.” And boy can they play it. I wish they would play “Stardust.” Gosh that was pretty last night when Lanny Ross and a whole chorus sang it.

Darling, you asked me what would I rather be first lady of the land or first and only lady of your heart. Well dear, I don’t think I have to tell you. You see, darling, I love you so much I’d give up anything
3. in the world for you. You see you are my whole world to me.

So you used your stamps that you found? They worked O.K. to me.

Yes, darling, we had such a wonderful time when I was in Oberlin. But darling we always have a good time don’t we? I mean when we are to-gether.

Here it is ten O’clock and Floydie is still pestering me. He is the pestiest kid. Honest, sometimes I feel juts like packing my things and getting the h--- out of here. Yesterday morning I got up Zella said she was so sick and asked me if I would please clean up the house and then she went up to town and then she came home about 5 and after supper she said she was very sick again and then she asked me if I wouldn’t mind doing all the dishes (as if she helps me) and then she + Rubie went to the show. And
tonite when I came home from work she asked me if I would do all the dishes and straighten the house. She said she didn’t feel good and then she + Rubie went visiting. And boy taking care of those kids is a job in itself. There I go complaining again. Why do I always write you letters like that? I don’t mean to. Gosh, honey, maybe I’d better not write any more. 

Honey, please don’t plan on staying here. I think I might have some good news for you. I might go back again with you. I’m going to hunt for a job back there. I don’t seem to be able to do much here. So I might try there. How would you like that. Tell your Mother that I miss her and awful lot and tell your dad I’m still waiting for him to teach me to play rummy.

I love-you – dear – boy -- your Fink.