



Hello, darlings! Today's episode brings you the next three love letters between Adele and her fella with more clues to discovering both their identities. I suppose it's not considered doxxing by today's standards since they were written 75 years ago. Golly, I feel like a little detective in piecing together the clues – and there are many of them – that I could not ignore in tracking down our mysterious lovebirds.

Why, you may be asking, do I personally want to know them? Well, for starters we are sharing in their very, very personal relationship. After all this time, it is important to me that I know who Adele and mystery man were in order to carry on their legacy. Tell the world who they were and how loved one another. Her letters, above all the others I'll be reading in this project, tell of a wonderful relationship and I suppose the romantic in me needs to know that they had a happy every after. The words she penned are filled with humor and emotion, a special closeness – and in one letter we'll hear today – eludes to even a dear bond between her mother and her sweetheart (there is a clue there in that.) One thing, that really stands out both sentimentally and logically, is that these five letters were sent to HIM and he saved them for a very long

time. Had he died in the war or they broke it off, their correspondence would probably have been destroyed.

Now, confession time. After typing out the first two letters on Saturday, I spent the entire evening dissecting little things that ended up being big things in the key to discovering more about our couple and confirming each uncovered fact. Guess what? I know who they were and I couldn't be happier about their outcome! I suppose my nosiness coupled with being the daughter of any NYPD Detective paid off! What I will do in the show notes/transcripts is highlight all the things in her letters that pointed the way to discovery. Our *Chicago* couple has a lovely background! And yes, I will share it with you. By listening to their letters, you have become part of their story, and maybe you'll share it. Maybe this kind of love will resonate with you as we go about our modern lives filled with technology and a bazillion distractions that veer us from the simple and pure things with our partner.

Adele and Her Sweetheart

Letter 99

Saturday

5-29-43

Goodmorning Darlin':

Happy? Me too. Such a beautiful day and above all received two of the most wonderful letters (Wed and Fri) today and I am sitting on top of the world.

Gen gave me a bouquet of Lily of the Valley last nite, which she picked from her yard and I have them right in front of me. They smell so sweetly, I have to stop and take a sniff every so often. I am enclosing one of them. They are such a sweet flower. I love them. The only trouble is they don't last long enough.

Since I wrote you last, quite a bit has happened.

I brought Georgina gifts down yesterday and while she was at lunch I decorated her desk with crepe paper and such, with the aid of her supervisor (Ha! Ha.) Everything looked so pretty. Arlene and I gave her a purse and hankies and the office, the tablecloth.

She was very surprised and so happy. She didn't know I was coming down either.

The girls and supervisor just kidded the daylights out of me because I was down to work on my vacation.

They even went as far as to offer me time and a half if I'd stay for the afternoon. Such fun!

Georgina's corsage, that I ordered, was very pretty. It consisted of two gardenias and sweetheart roses and went very well with the blue dress she wore.

Oh, it's such fun, darling, doing things like this. It makes life really worthwhile.

I got home around 3 o'clock and had my lunch, did some needlepoint and then had supper at North & Central.

After supper we went to Gen's and spent the evening. I had a very nice time.

Guess what, darling. My mother quit her job yesterday, Friday and is starting a new job one week from Monday.

I can't tell you any news than this though 'cause I promised my mother. She wants to tell you all about it, so I'll let her tell you in detail. We are all so happy about it and I know she is going to like it.

Gee, I thought I'd never see the day but I did and I am so glad. When I finish writing you & I am going to have breakfast, clean house and sew on my dress.

Gee, darling, you're right up in society these days what with song fests with Tony Martin and seeing Barney Ross. I bet that was a thrill indeed. I know I have read a lot about him in the papers. Nice going, snooks!

So your schedule might be changed to the A shift. I sure have fun trying to keep up with you. It will be nice, though, if you could have Sunday off. I'm a thinkin'!

Norm came through alright with his exam at Northwestern as far as he knows. We will know, definitely, Tuesday.

He went to Plymouth, Indiana for the weekend. He really deserves a little recreation after all the studying he has done this week.

I'll have to see the picture "The Human Comedy" you were telling me about. I really haven't been to any shows lately, but I hope to go sometime over the weekend.

I had to laugh a little when I heard you got 3 gigs. Well, at least, darling, you didn't have as many as some of the other boys. They certainly are strict, aren't they? I imagine they really have to be 'cause there are always some fellows that would take advantage of them otherwise.

Just 1 month and 1/2 from my darling. What a wonderful thought. Time sure is flying and I am so glad.

You were wondering what a kiss is like, well, I am wondering too. I know it is something wonderful and use to love them and cherish every one so much, my love.

I get the funniest feeling every time I think of kissing you again and to be in your arms, close to your heart, ah me!

You ask me, do I love you as much as ever? Oh, my darling, don't you ever think for one minute that I don't I love you more and more every day and wonder how I can possibly have any more love left.

My heart, body and soul years for you so much, too and don't ever forget it, darling.

I love you so.

All my love, Adele

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Letter 106  
Late Fri. Nite  
6-4-43

*My Darling Sweetheart:*

*I hope you won't mind my writing you when I feel a little blue 'cause it is such a comfort to talk to you this way.*

*I only wish you were here so I could snuggle in your arms to cry a little. I'd feel so much better I know, darling.*

*I always could tell you little things that bother me and you'd be so understanding. That's why I come to you tonite.*

*I love you so very much and hope sometimes you'll talk little troubles over with me too 'cause I am a good listener, darling. I would love to help you as much as I can.*

*My mother worked her last day Wednesday at Rappaport and she was suppose to start her new job Monday, but she isn't going to be able to work there or any other place for a few weeks.*

*When she came home at noon Wednesday, she had a small rash on her hands but she had been ironing all morning so she figured it was the heat from the iron.*

*Well, she didn't work yesterday but by this morning the rash had spread now, so we figured the best thing to do was to go to Dr. Lawless (the \_?\_ doctor) and find out what it was because you remember the trouble she had with her face.*

*We got to the doctors at 6:15 and waiting until 9:30 before my mother got to see him. She has what you call "Dendritis" caused from her nerves again.*

*She can't put her hands in hot water and has a special formula to take salve to put on twice a day.*

*I have to wash her face for her so it won't spread. However, the doctor says it isn't catching.*

*She will have to go every Friday for awhile, but she must stay home from work.*

*Her nerves are pretty well shot so the rest will do her good anyway.*

*She feels awfully bad about it but I tried to tell her that there's a definite reason for everything.*

*This probably came up just so she would take a rest before it was too late.*

*I know she will be fine in a short while because she caught it before it spread too far.*

*It is really quite late but I just couldn't go to bed before talking to you first. I hope you won't mind.*

*I feel so much better already, darling. In fact, I feel very happy so until tomorrow I'll say goodnite and pleasant dreams.*

*I love you ever so much and miss you as much too.*

*Al my love,*

*Adele*

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Letter 115

Sunday

6-13-43

Hello My Sweetheart:

How are you this beautiful Sunday?

It has been such a grand weekend, darling, hope your weekend was as pleasant.

Haven't done much but the weather has been so nice and it seems when the weather is nice one feels so full of cheer and happy, too.

Missed you so much as I always do, darling, but time is going quite fast, so I am hoping we'll be together in July and these thoughts continually are on my mind and keep me ever happy.

Went to church this morning and also Sunday School. My little girl, Janice Housendot was very put out 'cause her soldier, you, haven't been answering her letters. Ha! Ha!

I explained how busy you are, so she is contented again

The Girls' Chorus sang this morning.

Gus and Bernie Eklund both attended services this morning. Gus gets in quite often, but Bernie, who is stationed in California, was only in for a few hours. I think he had to leave 11:30 tonite.

I have included a list of the boys from our church in service. You will probably note, darling, that your address will have to be changed. I intend to tell Pastor tomorrow so he can change the records.

Marcus Larnelle is leaving on Tuesday to be married. He will be going back to school in the fall, so I don't imagine we will be seeing him for quite awhile.

Had dinner at North & Central today and then went to the Manor to see Alice Faye in "[Hello, Frisco, Hello](#)." You recommended it, darling and it certainly was a wonderful picture. All the pretty costumes in Technicolor and Alice Faye sure was beautiful.

After the show we walked up to the delicatessen on [Division Street](#). Remember where we used to stop on Sunday nites?

Arrived home a 6 p.m. Made supper, seven, washed my mother's hair and here I am talking to my darling again.

I am listening to the life story of "Helen Keller" right now. A very sad story but a very interesting one indeed.

Tomorrow, I am going to model at work so I am going to get a good nite sleep tonight, I hope. I am rather anxious to see what I am going to wear.

Well, my darling, I am sorry I haven't more news, but tomorrow I'll hear from you again so I'll have more to write.

I love you so much my darling.

All my Love

Adele

P.S. Found this poem, I thought fits you, darling and these are my reasons for loving and wanting you so, too.

*The kind of a fellow I have
Is a fellow who's shooting squares
Who plays his part with a steady hand
Are always will play it fair
The chap who never will trust to luck
Nor whines that he has no show
The fellow with sand and with girt and puck
He's the kind of a man I know.*

*The kind of a fellow I know
Is a fellow whose nerve is keen,
Who stand his ground tho the strife be strong
The fellow who's always clean;
Who never murmurs if things go wrong
And knows how to take each blow
Who makes real friends as he goes along
He's the kind of a man I know*

*The kind of a fellow I know
I care not what be his name (it's Stu)*

*He may not share in the world's applause
Nor plans on the roll of fame;
But if he is firm in the hardest test
Tho firm be the gales that blow;
If always he's doing his level best
He's the fellow I know.*

Thank you Adele and Stuart for leaving tangible evidence of your love story for us!

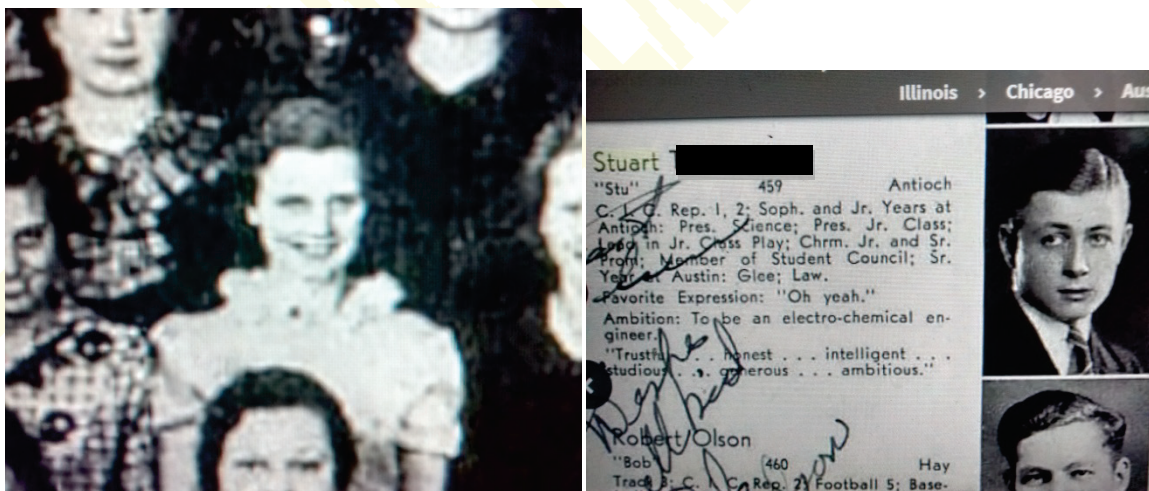
Yes, his name is Stuart and written in tiny letters within that poem, (only discovered this morning when typing the poem out) did I discover her giving us that most important information.

Would you like to know about our lovebirds? Well ... her name was Adele from the Austin section of Chicago where she lived in a small house with a porch along with her younger brother, Norm, and her widowed mother – a Swedish immigrant who, according to the 1940 Census worked as a seamstress at Rappaport a neckwear designer. Our 24 year old girl had graduated from the Class of 1935 ½ from Austin High School where she met the dashing Stuart - Class of 35! Oh yes, they were most likely high school sweethearts. Both were studious and he was a member of the glee club!

Stuart, the 25 year old son of a Norwegian immigrant father, lived in the Near West Side area of Chicago. Since high school, he had dreams of becoming an electro-chemical engineer – and did indeed go on to Junior College and study four years at technical college until joining the Army Air Corps in November of 1942.

They married in Chicago on January 6, 1944 and stayed married for 56 years.

High School Yearbook Images



So, now comes the question to you dear listeners – and I must have your input. Do I research further? Do I try to locate children, grandchildren and give them these beautiful letters?

Our next couple, whose names I will be changing for the project, come with such a story of a letter that I purchased and gifted to the family. The results were not what I expected and that gives me pause about giving the letters from Adele and Stuart. What say you?

Until Saturday friends, when we'll meet Louise and Andy through HIS letters.



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