
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

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4-1-1943

1943-04-01, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

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Subject Terms

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Identifier

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Post. John P. Bell
78th Signal Co. 78th Div.
Camp Butner,
N.C.

A.P.O. 78

Mrs. J. R. Bell
345 W. River St.
Clyria, O.

April 1, 1943.

Darling,

Here I am at your mother's again using her stationery and eating her meals. Ain't I an awful chicker, but really I'm not because I brought over a three pound can of Crisco (which she said she needed) and a can of pumpkin (which I promised her).

Didn't I write you and awful letter yesterday. But when I was writing it I had a headache and could not think very straight. But I shall try to make up for it to-day. You know I get the sweetest letters from a certain soldier. I just love them, I read them so much I'll bet I practically know them by heart. And, Darling don't you dare say you don't write nice letters. Why you write the grandest letters, I just feel as though you were sitting right next to me talking to me. It's the next best thing to hearing your

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voice + seeing you.

Tell me, Sweetie, do you get good meals? How is chow? are the Army cooks as good as me? Oh, of course not, They have only had years of experience, Well anyway I hope you enjoy your meals because I know you always did love to eat.

Your Aunt Violet came in just now with Marion and she says to be sure to be remembered to you.

Oh yes, your mother wrote and told Genevieve about our ride to the lake that Sat. before you left and then Arthur told her to elaborate on the scene so she wrote back two pages on the scene and then you should read the answer Art wrote her. We wrote all about the scenery around there in the most elaborate wording and then he ended by saying the only appropriate place for ice is in the golden yellow generated

by the mixture of ³ fruit juice, carbonated water
and other ingredients, and he ended by saying
"ask Dad" — he knows," you know Art's
broad sense of humor.

Yesterday when we went for a ride down
to the lake, it certainly was beautiful.
The lake and the sky were almost the same
color and they blended beautifully and then
the sky was all golden from the rays of
the sun too. It was about 7:30 and it
was still broad daylight.

To-morrow is Jim's birthday so I must
remember to send him a card.

Your mother hasn't heard from Chuck yet.
Unless she gets a call from him to-night.
But I shall write you the first thing.

Now, Darling, I know you can't call on
any thing else so don't fret about it, as
long as I get your sweet letters every
day I'm happy.

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Please tell me about your buddies, are they married, and do they have any children. Are there many married men in your barracks? How do you get along with the men? your name was in the paper the night. It was in the news of the Service men. It just gave a list of the Service men sent to the various camps from Camp Perry, and yours was one of those sent to Camp Butner. Now don't forget just as soon as you get out of quarantine and get your gear let I want you to take a picture of your self. I don't even have a good picture of you, I mean a big one. And I want one of you smiling because that's the way you always were at home (at least most of the time)

Well, Darling, I guess I'm at the ^{bottom of the} page so I had better say so long to the dearest husband in the whole wide world and send you a great big kiss. your own
Fink.

[[Nick Dante 6/16/16]]

[[Bell Correspondence #14]]

[[Page 1- Envelope - Front]]

[[image- purple three cents U.S. postage stamp]]

[[image- black circle stamp: ELYRIA, OHIO 1943
APR 1 10³⁰ PM]]

Pvt. John P. Bell
78th Signal Co. 78th Div.

Camp Butner,

N. C.

A.P.O. 78

[[Nick Dante 6/16/16]]

[[Page 2 - Envelope - Back]]

Mrs J. P. Bell
345 W. River St
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[[Page 3 – Letter]]

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[[Page 4 – Letter]]

2/

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[[Page 5 – Letter]]

3/

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[[Page 6 – Letter]]

4/

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