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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #132

Evabel Bell

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Pat. John O. Bill
78th Signal Co. 78th Div.
Camp Butner,
N.C.
A.P.O. 78
Mrs. J. B. Bell
3 45 St. River St.
Elyria, O.
Darling,

Here I am at your mother's again using her stationery and eating her meals. Ain't I an awful chicer, 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 couldn't think very straight. But I shall try to make up for it to-day. You know I get the nicest 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 you
voice & seeing you.
Tell Sweetie do you get good meals? How is she? Are her creamy looks as good as me?
Oh, of course not. They have only had years of experience. Well any way I hope you enjoy your meals because I know you always did love to eat.

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

Oh yes, your mother wrote and told Genieve 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 fruit juice, carbonated water and other ingredients, and he ended by saying "Ask Dad—he knows." You know Art's
droll 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 bright daylight.

Tomorrow is Jim's birthday and I must remember to send him a card.

Your mother hasn't heard from Check yet. Unless she gets a call from him to-night.

But I shall write you the first thing, Narley. 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.
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 tonight. 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 garbage let I want you to take a picture of yourself. 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 days.)

Well, Darling, I guess I'm at the edge so I had better say so long to the dearest husband in the whole wide world and send you a great big kiss. Your soon Fido.
Pvt. John P. Bell  
78th Signal Co.  78th Div.  
Camp Butner,  
N. C.  
A.P.O. 78
Mrs J. P. Bell
345 W. River St
Elyria, O.
April 1, 1943.

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