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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #137

Evabel Bell

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Air Mail

 Pvt. John P. Bell
 78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

 Camp Butner,
 N.C.
Dearest Sweetheart,

What a sweet letter I got from you today. Your sweet little hubby. I love you so much.

Ida was over to night for supper we had filet mignon steak, french fried potatoes, corn, coffee, and we were too full to eat any dessert.

It was such a funny day today part of the time it was nice and partly it was cloudy.

Darling, I just want to tell you that in case you do get your leave and you want to call me I'll be at your folks. I'm going over there Sat. night to spend the night and I'll be there all day Sun. So we won't be on shit mad if you do call. Of course if you can't get off, then we
shall understand. you know she
is mother's day. I don't know
yet what I'm going to get your mother
but whatever it is will be from
you and I. you know darling
everything is you and I. it's never
me alone. I always think in
terms of us. isn't that the way
with you too?

Dolly told me that George
Barclay is going to take my
car to-morrow and relive the brake
and then I'm going to have him
look at my clutch. It has that chatter
in it that I don't like. I might as
well keep the car in good condition
Don't you think so? Sweetie.

You, darling, last night when
I was coming home from Berlin
I noticed that the truck was
gone from the field. Remember
how we always wondered when they were going to move that truck of the mud. Well, I guess they decided it would be of more use out of the field than in it—maybe it's making bullets for the natives.

The drive home last night was so nice. You know that big pond just the other side of route 10 toward Berlin? Well it's all covered with some green stuff and the frogs were croaking and the crickets were cricketing and the radiator was rading and and the spark plugs were sparking and the transmission was transmitting and the pistons were anyway it was a lovely drive home.

I got a swell letter from Chuck today. He write awfully nice letters. I'm going to answer him to-morrow.
night. I guess he is going to have some pictures taken. And he said he was going send me one, which will make me very happy.

Well, Sweetie, we are going to try to get this letter down to the Post office so it will get to you before Sat. I might even send it Air mail. I don't understand why you didn't get a letter for two days. I write every single day. I haven't missed one day for a long time.

Well, Sweetie. I'm coming to the end of the line so I shall say good until to-morrow.

Good night, my darling. I'll dream your arms are around me as in days of gone and days to come.

your own
Fish
Pvt. John P. Bell
78th Signal Co.  A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner,
N. C.

Air Mail
Mrs J.P. Bell
345 W. River St
Elyria, O.
April 5,

Dearest Sweetheart,

What a sweet letter I got from my sweetie, your such a sweet little hubby. I love you so much.

Ida was over to-night for supper we had T-bone steak, French fried potatoes, corn, coffee, and we were too full to eat any dessert.

It was such a funny day to-day part of the time it was nice and partly it was cloudy.

Darling, I just want to tell you that in case you do get your leave and you want to call me I’ll be at your folks. I’m going over there Sat. night to spend the night and I’ll be there all day Sun. So we wont be one bit mad if you do call. Of course if you can’t get off, then we
shall understand. You know Sun is mothers day. I don’t know yet what I’m going to get your Mother but whatever it is will be from you and I. you know Darling everything is you + I, it’s never me alone. I always think in terms of us. Isn’t that the way with you too.

Dolly told me that George Banres is going to take my car to-morrow and relieve the brakes and then I’m going to have him look at my clutch. It has that chatter in it that I don’t like. I might as well keep the car in good condition Don’t you think so, Sweetie.

You know, darling, last night when I was coming home from Oberlin I noticed that the truck was gone from the field. Remember
how we always wondered when they were going to move that truck of of the mud. Well, I guess they decided it would be of more use out of the field than in it. Maybe it’s making bullets for the Natzie’s.

The drive home last night was so nice. You know that big pond just the other side of route 10 toward Oberlin? Well it’s all covered with some green stuff and the frogs were croaking and the crickets were cricketing and the radiotor was rading and and the spark plugs were sparking and the transmission was transmitting and the pistons were anyway it was a lovely drive home.

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Good nite, my darling, I’ll dream your arms are around me as in days gone by and days to come.

Your own,  
Fink