4-25-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #166

Evabel Bell

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Put John P. Bell
78th Sig Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner,
N.C.
Mrs. J. P. Bell
340 W. River St.
Elgin, Ill.
Dear Darling Sweetheart,

Easter Sunday morning, I am at Bill and Dolly's taking care of the baby while they are going to church. As I was going through town this morning I saw everyone in their new Easter finery. I gave me kind of a funny feeling. I've got a good looking Easter outfit but I didn't have anyone to wear it for. So I'm not even getting dressed today. When you come home I shall get all dressed up in all my glory and you can sit and admire me. Do I will you? Anyway we shall make up for lost time. That a time we shall love, eh. Darling? I don't mind now knowing that I stay home because we always had such swell times together and we shall have such swell times when you come home. Hope, Darling, that next Easter we can spend together in a peaceful world.
Yesterday, as you know, I was over to your
brother, I also asked myself, I
don't know where I've been so long, it was over
a week. But they always make me so
welcome.

I don't suppose your mother would like
to have me write this, but I think you
would like to know. You know Betty
O'Brien's husband, Eddie, Usherkin and
Well, he died last week. You know
she was always bad T.B. Well, I guess
he got a hemmorhage and died very suddenly.
I thought perhaps you would like
to have known about it. Do didn't
like to have me tell you things like that. If I
got my electric bill the other day and
it was $72. I still think that is too
much. I don't wear iron or anything and
I'm never home in the evenings. But I
shall just have to go up there and

kicked at it again.

Ricky is sleeping now and the house is so
quiet. All you can hear is the wind whistling
around the door. Dolly looked so nice this
morning and I did. Bell cocked they went
off to Church to gather this morning.

This morning about 9:15 I was in
bed yet and there came a tapping at my
doors. And so I got up, I couldn't sleep
any more anyway. Now, Marjorie, Betty
and Betty was to come to show and
their new Excels outfits. They both looked
so cute, they're going to play in the choir
this morning in Church. They had been
to a church breakfast at 6. So that
morning.

Then Bill and Dolly came home this afternoon
in going home and cleaned up my little house.
I'm just debating as to whether I should
put drapes up or leave my curtains up
for the summer. If I can find some real
nice looking drape material I might
"I shall just put my marigold curtains back up again. The Venetian blinds look so nice. Everyone that comes in remarks about them. I wish you were here a little longer to enjoy them. And then I have your star hanging in the living room window. It shows up so nice from the outside. Every time I look at the star in my window, I always think about that song: "Your only star in my blue heaven and you are shining just for me." That's right too, isn't it, sweetheart? We are just shining just for each other. Everytime I see a couple together, I always look at the fellow and compare him to you and for some reason or another, you always seem to win. But I always did think you were the best of the best. I would like to write a poem for you too, telling how much your love means to me and all the things I would like to be with you all the time and all that stuff, but..."
I'm afraid I'm not very at poetry so I shall just have to tell you of my love in prose.

Will that be all right with you, Sweetie? Will my prose abilities

Darling Sweetheart Baby, my love for you is as undying as the stars above as big as the love of God for man as sweet as the flowers in May. We shall have the happiest future life together when the world has rid itself of the madmen who tear us from each other's loving arms. And may the prayer on every American's lips come true as soon as possible so we can enjoy our love for each other with out further interruption. In other words, Baby, the sooner we are back to gether the happier the both of us shall be. and

Darling if the war ended tomorrow that wouldn't be too soon for us, would it. Sweetie? you asked me where Milton Gary is, he is in Camp Folk Ric, he is in the tank division. I guess that's what it is.
anyway he drives trucks, trucks and all that sort of stuff. I guess he likes it pretty well. I think maybe I shall have some of the girls over for supper tonight. I want to have baked lima beans. I think I'll have them but it depends on if Ralph has to work that night. I was going to have Jeanie Cook over.

I was going to wash the car today but it is such a gray old dreary day I don't think I shall. Every time I plan to wash the car it turns out to be a terrible day. If it's dinner is ready, sweetheart, so let's go eat. May I take your arm Sir?

all my love, sweetheart, to the closest, sweetest, boy in the world

your own

Fink
Pvt John. P. Bell

78 [[underscore]] th [[/underscore]] Sig Co. A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner,

N.C.
[Page 2 – Back of Envelope]

Mrs J. P. Bell
345 W. River St
Elyria, O.
Apr 25.

Dearest Darling Sweetheart,

   Easter Sunday morning, I am at Bill and Dolly’s taking care of the baby while they are going to Church. As I was going through town this morning I saw everyone in their new Easter finery. I gave me kind of a funny feeling. I’ve got a good looking Easter outfit but I didn’t have anyone to wear it for. So I’m not even getting dressed to-day. When you come home I shall get all dressed up in all my glory and you can sit and admire me. Or will you? Anyway we shall make up for lost time. What a time we shall have, eh, Darling? I don’t mind now knowing that I stay home, because we always had such swell times to-gether and we shall have such swell times when you come home. I hope, Darling, that next Easter we can spend to-gether in a peaceful world.
Yesterday, as you know, I was over to your mothers, I was so ashamed of myself, I hadn’t been there for so long, it was over a week. But they always make me so welcome.

I don’t suppose your mother would like to have me write this, but I think you would like to know. You know Betty O’Brien’s husband, Eddie Urbanski? Well, he died last week. You know he was always had T.B. Well I guess he got a hemmorage [sic] and died very suddenly.

I though perhaps you would like to have known about it. Or don’t you like to have me tell you things like that? I got my electric bill the other day and it was $2.72. I still think that is too much. I don’t wash or iron or anything and I’m never home in the evenings. But I shall just have to go up there and
put drapes up if not I shall just put my marquisette curtains back up again. The venitian [sic] blinds look so nice. Everyone that comes in remarks about them. Only trouble I wish you were here a little longer to enjoy them. And then I have your star hanging in the living room window. It shows up so nice from the outside. Every time I look at the stars in my window I always think about that song “your the only star in my blue heaven and you are shining just for me.” That’s right too isn’t it, Sweetheart, we are just shining just for each other. Every time I see a couple to-gether, I always look at the fellow and I compare him to you and for some reason or another you alway [sic] seem to win. But I always did think you were the bestest of the best. I would like to write a poem for you too, telling you how much your love means to me and all the things I would like to be with you all the time and all that stuff, but
I'm afraid I'm not very [superscript] good [/superscript] at poetry so I shall just have to tell you of my love in prose. Will that be alright with you, Sweetie? Well here goes my prosaic abilities,

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Your own

Fink