
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

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5-24-1943

1943-05-24, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

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Pvt. John P. Bell

78th Signal Co. A. P. O. 78

Camp Butner,

N. C.

Mrs. J. P. Bell
345 W. River St./
Elyria, Ohio

Dearest Sweetie,

Well, Baby, I am going to try to type you a letter, do you think I am still able to type?

I am typing this at Ida's.

Well, we just came from our apartment and we left the newlyweds. It was so funny, we hadn't been there more than ten minutes when Izzy decided that he was very tired so we took the hint and left them alone. Remember when we got married how you decided that you were very tired you were very tired too. But the funny part of it was that you were really tired and you didn't make any bones about it.

Oh, Darling, we so much happiness, crammed into two years that sometimes I wonder if it really was only two years that we were married. We always enjoyed ourselves together. I love you so that I always get a glow when I think of when you come home and what happiness we are going to have.

Darling, I think I am going to sell our washing machine, that fellow that wanted to buy it offered me five dollars for it. I don't think that is too bad for that old refuge from a scrap pile. I think we've had two dollars worth out of it.

We have just finished listening to the Lux Radio Theatre. The play was "Hitler's Children" it was very good. I went to see it with Edith Fitts before you left you were going to go with Ralph the night before but instead you saw some double feature.

Gosh Honey it seems as if I have been writing so much and yet there doesn't seem to be any thing on the page. But there is something I can always say to fill up the page and you know what that is. I love you so much that you are always so close to me in my heart. I carry you about all the time. You are so sweet and lovable. I always love the way you #### looked at me when you kissed me and the way you would laugh so heartily when something struck you funny. Oh, Baby, I always think of those little things that are so precious to the both of us. Don't you often think of the funny little ways we used to have and the funny little things we used to do. How about our little language that we had. We used to have everyone laughing at us when we would start that.

Well, Baby, I'm getting very sleepy so I guess I'd better ##### be getting to sleep so I can dream of my darling soldier Husband whom I love so dearly.

Good night Sweetheart,

Your Own
Fink