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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #199

Evabel Bell

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Pvt. John T. Bell
78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner
N.C.
Dear Darling,

What a gloomy day. I wish it would brighten up a bit. It just seems as though when the weather is gloomy your spirit just seems to match. I don't mean I'm gloomy, but you just can't get as happy by when the sun is shining. But, Sweetie, when you will be home I won't mind what the weather, I'll be so happy I'll just be bursting with joy.

Do you went on an definite hike. Boy I'll bet you will be plenty rugged when you come home. Remember when we used to rassle I always beat you nesp. I'll bet you will beat me up now. Of course I'm no weakling, but I don't think I'll be able to match your strength.

Right after work I'm going to Lea's for Suppers. I never have to worry too much about meals. I could go out and eat every night if I wanted to, but some times I just prefer my own little house. Honestly, Honey, nothing new ever happens around here. Everything goes on its same old way. Only now it's a manless town, just old men and young kids.

But of course, I can always say I love you do you ever get tired of me writing that? I never tire of you writing it. As a matter of fact if you don't say it in a letter I think the letter is in complete.
Do you know what, Sweetie, today would have been my mother's birthday. She would have been 66 years young. I sure wish she could have met you. She would have liked you and you'd have loved her. She was such a wonderful person.

Baby, I'm at work now and for some reason or another I can't think of a thing to write you. It seems as though when I'm home I've got so much to say to you but I suppose it's because I've pressed you for time, anyway you will get more than one letter today so it's all right if they aren't so long, isn't it?

Did you know you are my secret lover? You can't tell anyone because if my husband finds out he will beat you up.

Well, Baby, I suppose I'd better quit this nonsense and say something sensible. I love you, Darling. Love, Boy, and dream of you every night with my eyes closed and during the day with my eyes open.

Yours own,
Fink.
Pvt John P. Bell

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

Camp Butner,

N.C.
Mrs J. P. Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, O.
May 25,

Dearest Darling,

What a gloomy day. I wish it would brighten up a bit. It just seems as though when the weather is gloomy your spirits just seem to match. I don’t mean I’m gloomy, but you just cant [sic] get as happy as when the sun is shining [sic]. But Sweetie, when you will be home I wont [sic] mind what the weather, I’ll be so happy I’ll just be bursting with joy.

So you went on an overnite hike. Boy I’ll bet you will be plenty rugged when you come home. Remember when we used to rassle I always beat you up. I’ll bet you will beat me up now. Of course I’m no weakling, but I dont [sic] think I’ll be able to match your strength.

Right after work I’m going to Lena’s for supper. I never have to worry too much about meals. I could go out and eat every night if I wanted to. but some times I just prefer my own little house.

Honestly, Honey, nothing new ever happens around here. Everything goes on its same old way. Only now it’s a manless town, just old men and young kids.

But of course, I can always say I love you do you ever get tired of me writing that? I never tire of you writing it. As a matter of fact if you don’t say it in a letter I think the letter is incomplete.
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Did you know you are my secret lover? You mustn’t tell anyone because if my husband finds out he will beat you up.

Well, Baby, I suppose I’d better quit this nonsense and say something sensible. I love you, Darling Lover Boy, and dream of you every night with my eyes closed and during the day with my eyes open.

Your own

Fink.