

5-25-1943

1943-05-25, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

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Subject Terms

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Keywords

May, 1943; 1943; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; weather; rainy weather; friendship; food; mother; death; war work; employment; job

Identifier

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Col John P. Bell
78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner,
N.C.

Mrs J. P. Bell
34 St. 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 spirit just seem to match. I don't mean I'm gloomy, but you just can't get as happy as 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.

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 rattle I always beat you up. 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 Texas 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.

Honestlay, 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.

2,
Do you know what, Sweetie, to-day 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'm pressed for time, anyway you will get more than one letter to-day so it's alright if they aren't so long is it?

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.

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE - EVABEL COLLECTION APRIL 1943 – MAY 1943 #33]

[Page 1 – Front of Envelope]

[[Image: Post-mark
stamp, with print text
“ELYRIA, OHIO / 1943”
encircling date:
“MAY 25 / 630 PM”]]

[[Image: 3-Cent Purple
postage stamp with image
of Thomas Jefferson.]]

Pvt John P. Bell

78 th 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.

[Page 3 – Letter]

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 shinning [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.

[Page 4 – Letter continued]

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