

6-1-1943

1943-06-01, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

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Identifier

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Mrs. J. P. Bell
345 W. River St
Elyria O.



Put John P. Bell

78th Sig Co A.P.D. 78

Camp Butner,
N.C.

June 1, 1943.

Dearest Sweetheart

Still here it is June already. This makes the third month since you have left. Gosh, Honey, sometimes the time has flown and other times it seems as though it can't go fast enough. Of course the time never can go fast enough to suit me. I just wish it would jump and be time for you to go home. Then I wouldn't care how slow the time crept along.

Gosh is it muggy outside. Every thing just sticks to you. It feels just like before a rain. And as if it hasn't rained enough. Boy we sure had enough rain over the weekend.

Say, Sweetie, I didn't tell you what I did Sun night, did I?
Still Phil + I + Rose all went to the copy corner and then Phil said he would like to go for a drive. He had his Packard and it was full of gas. So he asked me if I'd like to drive

it. So you know me. I always like to drive a big car. So we drove out to Dover and boy, that car sure does handle nice. You know its heavy and it holds the road swell.

Only I still feel more comfortable in our little car. One thing, we have better light than he has. But he is so proud of his packard Im the only one he let drive it. Will probably let you too.

Well, Baby dear, I've got to get back to work. Ill be back lunch time

Back again, Sweetie. I've finished my lunch and now Im back again with my sweetheart graham cracker boy.

The western Round-ups came out this afternoon or I should say this morning. Next time I send you a package Ill put it in. Im going to send you another one very shortly so please tell me if there is any thing you want.

I'm back again to the holy punk
stationary. But I was in a hurry
this morning and I forgot the
stationary so I always have this to
fall back on anyway. The fellow that
gave me this paper said to say hello
to you. He remembers you when you
were the Coca Cola man here. He
is Mr Riggs brother, you know,
the fellow that used to be our
insurance man. This guy's name
is Jeremy Riggs, he is a job setter
in our department, and now he
has another 6 months deferment. This
makes his 5th deferment. Boy, don't
some guys have all the luck?

I'm not sure but I think Edith
is going to drop out of our club.
She thinks we drink too much. She
said every time we went some place
we always ended up by drinking.
and you know how much we
drink. When we went to Cleveland

4

We stopped at a few different places and we each had a drink. do you think that's so terrible? Well, we thought if she wants to die, out on account of that, its alright with us. after this is 1943 and everyone drinks once in a while..

Boych boy, is it ever hot - my clothes are just sticking to me. You always said you loved hot weather, while you sure would be happy here to-day. The weather is actually June weather.

Its fifteen minutes to four and usually by this time I'm home and reading your letter. now I have to wait till almost six. That's the only thing that makes me mad. Otherwise I don't mind it till 5:30. you see we have one day a week off extra.

Say, sweetie, here's some news that will in all probability

6

If you do come home home unex-
pectedly, you can get the key
from Diola. you know her front
door key fits ours and I always
leave the car keys on your dresser
and if I have any idea when
you are coming I'll have the
tank full. So in case you get in
early in the day you could go
to your folks or lay down or
do just what you want. But I
hope you let me know, so I can
meet you in Cleveland. Look at
me talking just like you were
here and we were sure you are
coming. Oh well I can dream
can't I?

Enough nonsense for now.
all my love to my sweetheart.
your own
Frank

[[Nick Dante 3/4/16]]

[[Bell Correspondence #1]]

[[Page 1- Envelope]]

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, O.

[[image- purple 3 cent U.S. postage stamp]]

[[image- black circle stamp: ELYRIA, OHIO 1943
JUN 2 6³⁰ AM]]

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

Camp Butner,
N.C.

[[Page 2- Letter]]

June 1, 1943

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[[Page 3- Letter]]

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[[Page 4- Letter]]

3/

I'm back again to the lovely pink stationary. But I was in a hurry this morning and I forgot the stationary so I always have this to fall back on anyway. The fellow that gave me this paper said to say hello to you. He remembers you when you were the Coca Cola man here. He is Mr. Rigo's brother. You know, the fellows that used to be our insurance man. This guy's name is Jimmy Rigo. He is a job setter in out department. And now he has another 6 months deferment. This makes his 5th deferment. Boy, don't some guys have all the luck?

I'm not sure but I think Edith is going to drop out of our club. She thinks we drink too much. She said every time we went some place we always ended up by drinking. And you know how much we drink. When we went to Cleveland

[[Page 5- Letter]]

4/

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Say, sweetie, here's some news that will in all probability

[[Page 6- Letter]]

5/

interest you. Lloyd gave Bessee
an engagement ring. And now he
wants to marry her on his
next furlough. Boy we can
write that on the wall if they
do get married. He gave her
a beautiful diamond.

You know, Darling, you said
maybe in June you would get
your furlough so I'm just
counting the days. I hope you
can get off for our anniversary.
You know we have spent every
one of them together. I hope we
don't have to be separated on this
one. Oh Darling, I love you so
much, if you were standing right
here I'd squeeze you so hard
you'd have to yell to let you go.

I want to hold you so close.

[[Page 7- Letter]]

6/

If you do come home home unex-
pectedly, you can get the key
from Viola. You know her front
door key fits ours and I always
leave the car keys on your dresser
and if I have any idea when
you are coming I'll have the
tank full. So in case you get in
early in the day you could go
to your folks or lay down or
do just what you want. But I
hope you let me know, so I can
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me talking just like you were
here and we were sure you are
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can't I?

Enough nonsense for now.
All my love to my sweetheart.

Your own,
Fink