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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #218

Jack P. Bell
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Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Dearest Darling,

Sunday night, and my weekend is just about over. It's been a nice one, only I wish I could have talked to you on the phone. I called this morning, but you weren't there. Then I called Mom and Dad. I sort of thought you might be over there. Maybe I can catch you home the next time, sweetie.

Last night we made some chocolate ice cream. It was good too. I got treated so swell when I came over here. It makes me feel like a solid citizen again. Have you cooked swell meals for me. It's so nice and peaceful here.

We just finished supper. Almost a midnight lunch. It's a quint to ten. There's a bus at 11:30 that gets me back to camp at a quarter to one. We had cold roast pork left from dinner so we had pork and cheese sandwiches, iced tea, jellies and home made cake.

Sweetie, have I told you lately how much I love you? Oh, baby, I love you so very much. You are always in my heart and thoughts. You're such a darling sweetheart. I have your picture in front of me, you're smiling, and I can almost hear you say, "Hello, darling."

Next week we're going out on the range, that's June 14th. I don't know if we'll camp out there or hike out and back every day. If we stay out there I may not get a chance to write letters to you.
If I shouldn't, don't worry 'cause you'll probably get there or four
the same day. I don't know for sure just how they'll work it so I
thought I'd tell you just in case we get stuck out there.

Chuck's picture is sure a swell one. He certainly looks
good. Genevieve also has a nice picture of Ricky. He's a
cute kid. I wonder if he'll remember me when I come home.

Well, lover I guess I'm as well as ever. I'll drop down so I'll
send you a great big bear hug and lots of kisses. I love you
sweetheart.

Your Graham cracker boy,

[Signature]
Free

Pvt. J. P. Bell
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner, N. C.

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
June 6, 1943

Dearest Darling,

    Sunday nite, and my weekend is just about over. It’s been a nice one, only I wish I could have talked to you on the phone. I called this morning, but you weren’t there. Then I called Mom and Dad. I sort of thought you might be over there. Maybe I can catch you home the next time, sweetie.

    Last nite we made some chocolate ice cream. It was good too. I get treated so swell when I come over here it makes me feel like a solid citizen again. Genevieve cooks swell meals for me. It’s so nice and restful here.

    We just finished supper. Allmost a midnite lunch. It’s a quarter to ten. There’s bus at 11:30 that gets me back to camp at a quarter to one. We had cold roast pork left from dinner so we had pork and cheese sandwiches, iced tea, jello and home made cake.

    Sweetie, have I told you lately how much I love you? Oh, baby I love you so very much. You are allways in my heart and thoughts. You’re such a darling sweetheart. I have your picture in front of me. You’re smiling, and I can almost hear you say, “Hello darling.”

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If I shouldn’t, don’t worry ‘cause you’ll probably get three or four the same day. I don’t know for sure just how they’ll work it so I thought I’d tell you just in case we get stuck out there.

Chuck’s picture is sure a swell one. He certainly looks good. Genevieve also has a nice picture of Ricky. He’s a cute kid. I wonder if he’ll remember me when I come home.

Well, lover I guess I’m as dull as ever. I’ve run down so I’ll send you a great big bear hug and lots of kisses. I love you sweetheart.

Your graham cracker boy,

[underline]Jack[/underline]