6-7-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #219

Evabel Bell

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Recommended Citation
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Miss J. Bell
373rd St. River St
Elvira, O.

To: John F. Bell
78th Sig Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner,
N.C.
Darling lover Boy,

June 7.

Gosh, it's turning cold. One day it's hot and the next day it's freezing. Oh well, that's Ohio for you.

I meant to tell you in that postcard for a letter I wrote yesterday, that when I was on the bus in Cleveland going out to Stellar's, some fellow got on the bus that had the same insignia as yours. I was so tempted to go up and talk to him. But I thought I had better not.

He was a sergeant. Is all the 78th division stationed at Camp Butler?

Dorcy, you said some thing in one of your letters about the income tax being cancelled. Well, it hasn't been. But Stella said that you can get some kind of a form and have it signed by your commenting officer and then it cancels your tax.

I suppose you would have to get it from the collector of internal revenue. I asked her if I could do it and she said if I had the power of attorney for you I could. But I don't so I guess you will have to do it yourself. It has to be done before June 15.

Darling would you like to hear a sweet love story? O.K. then, I tell it to you.

Well, one evening on June 23rd, 1936, a little girl thought she would like to
go to a dance. So her and her sister and her cousin went, after she got there she saw a real cute little boy that she liked and he was sitting on a railing and he wasn't paying any attention to anyone but just minding his own business, she thought she would like to make his business, her business, so she gave him a shove (on a dare) and he went spurning and he sure did give her a dirty look. But she knew he wasn't really angry and so he went out to a night club with them after the dance and then he started to come over to see the little girl and before very long the little girl and the little boy were in love. What a hectic romance they had. They would fight and make up and fight some and make up some more and then they got married and were two of the happiest people there ever and how they would love, how beautiful and then the little boy went away to the army and now the little girl is waiting patiently for her lover to come home, in the meantime she is keeping the home fires burning and saving the money and when the little boy comes home to the little girl what a happy day that will be. So until then we shall have to wait for the rest of the story. Now, Darling, how do you like that
love story. I love it. Only I want the part where the little boy comes back to the little girl to hug up and be here.

Oh, Darling, you are such a wonderful lover. I love to lay in your arms and have you kiss me with kisses. You know just how to find my nipples. Darling, don’t ever get tired of telling me how much you love me. I want to hear it over and over. And the way you say it makes it something extra special.

You know what, sweetheart, I got my extra shoe stamp. So now I can get me a pair of work shoes. Isn’t that something?

Well, Darling, I must close now as I want to mail this.

all my love and kisses.

Your own

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

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

Gosh, it’s turning cold. One day it’s hot and the next day it’s freezing. Oh well, that’s Ohio for you.

I meant to tell you in that poor excuse for a letter I wrote yesterday. That when I was on the bust in Cleveland going out to Stella’s, some fellow got on the bus that had the same insignia as yours. I was so tempted to go up and talk to him. But I thought I had better not. He was a sergeant. Is all the 78th division stationed at Camp Butner?

Honey, you said something in one of your letters about the income tax being cancelled. Well, it hasn’t been. But Stella, said that you can get some kind of a form and have it signed by your Commanding officer and then it cancels your tax. I suppose you would have to get it from the collector of internal revenue. I asked her if I could do it and she said if I had the power of attorney for you I could. But I don’t so I guess you will have to do it yourself. It has to be done before June 15.

Darling would you like to hear a sweet love story? O.K. then. I tell it to you. Well, one evening on June 23rd 1936, a little girl thought she would like to
go to a dance. So her and her sister and her cousin went. After she got there she saw a real cute boy that she liked and he was sitting on a railing and he wasn’t paying any attention to anyone but just minding his own business, she thought she would like to make his business, her business, so she gave him a shove (on a dare) and he went spinning and he sure did give her a dirty look. But she knew he wasn’t really angry. And so he went out to a night club with them after the dance and then he started to come over to see the little girl and before very long the little girl and the little boy were in love. But what a hectic romance they had. They would fight and make up and fight some and make up some more and then they got married and were two of the happiest people there were. And how they could love. Wowee. And then the little boy went away to the army and now the little girl is waiting patiently for her lover to come home, in the meantime she is keeping the home fries burning and saving the money and when the little boy comes home to the little girl what a happy day that will be. So until then we shall have to wait for the rest of the story.

Now, Darling, how do you like that
love story? I love it. Only I want the part where the little boy comes back to the little girl to hurry up and be here.

Oh, darling, you are such a wonderful lover. I love to lay in your arms and have you cover me with kisses. You know just how to find my dimples. Darling, don’t ever get tired of telling me how much you love me. I want to hear it over and over. And the way you say it makes it something extra special.

You know what, sweetie, I got my extra shoe stamp. So now I can get get my self a pair of work shoes. Ain’t that something?

Well, darling, I must close now as I want to mail this.

All my love and kisses,

Your own

Fink