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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #247

Evabel Bell

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Put John P. Bell
78th Sig Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner
N.C.
June 26,

Darling Lover,

I got the sweetest letter from my love boy yesterday. I guess I read it about 16 times. You are the sweetest letter writer that ever was. I just love to get your letters. Last night right after work I went over to Billy Dally's with them. We had some of the chicken that was left over and then Dally watered her garden and Bill shined up the car a little and then they took me home about 9:30. And while I was gone I missed some excitement, some man about 4 horses away tangled himself and they found his body about 9:00. So when I came home Helen told me all about it, and then she came up and sat my hair for me. And after that I just plucked myself in bed, it seems as though
when night comes I can't seem to get my self to sleep and in the morning I can't seem to wake my self up. So that the way you are too? Boy I sure will be glad when you come home and I can live a decent human life. I suppose factory work isn't so bad but give me my house to take care of any time.

Now they went me to wear those jeep suits and I can't wear one to inspect in. I'll quit and learn to weld and make my self some real money. I guess they make about $5.00 a week for 5 days, and at least then if I have to wear a jeep suit I'll be making some money wearing one. Would you mind if I become a welder? Do you think I can do it and the shop is right across the street of our place by the old location of the Radiant Mill.

Skinny went home for lunch and he brought me back a letter from
you and you said you were all
glow from the phone call, well
so was I. Darling,
I'm going to watch Helen's kids
 tonight so maybe I can write
you a real nice letter.
In the meantime I'll get this
one mailed out to-day.
I love you so much. Baby
Dar, you are my sweetheart.
all my love and lots of kisses.
Your own
Jim.
Pvt. John P. Bell
78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner,
N.C.
Mrs. J. P. Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, O.
June 26,

Darling Lover,

I got the sweetest letter from my lover boy yesterday I guess I read it about 100 times. You are the swellest letter writer that ever was. I just love to get your letters. Last night right after work I went over to Bill + Dolly’s with them. We had some of the chicken that was left over and then Dolly watered her garden and Bill shined up the car a little and then they took me home about 9:30. And while I was gone I missed some excitement, some man about 4 houses away hanged himself. And they found his body about 8:00 So when I came home Helen told me all about it. And then she came up and set my hair for me.

And after that. I just plopped myself in bed, it seems as though
when night comes I can’t seem to get my self to sleep and in the morning I can’t seem to wake myself up. Is that the way you are too? Boy I sure will be glad when you come home and I can live a decent human life. I suppose factory work isn’t so bad but give me my house to take care of any time.

Now they went up to wear those jeep suits and I won’t wear one to inspect in. I’ll quit and learn to weld and make my self some real money. I guess they make about $50 a week for 5 days. And at least there if I have to wear a jeep suit I’ll be making some money wearing one. Would you mind if I become a welder? Do you think I can do it? And the shop is right across the street of our place by the old location of the Radiant Mill.

Skinny went home for lunch and he brought me back a letter from
you and you said you were all aglow from the phone call, well so was I, Darling.
I’m going to watch Helen’s kids to-night so maybe I can write you a real nice letter.
In the meantime I’ll get this one mailed out to-day.
I love you so much, Baby Dear. You are my sweetheart sweetie.

All my love and lots of kisses.

Your own,
Fink.