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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #256

Evabel Bell

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Post John P. Bell
78th Sig Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner
N.C.
Darling Sweetie,

I'm sitting in the rear room of the Western and looking out of the window. I can see Johnny Dugan with the little Coca-Cola truck and he is strapping a vending machine on to one of those little trucks and I selpose he is going to bring it into the shop. It is not a very big vending machine. Maybe they are letting them have more coke and so that's the reason for the extra machine. It looks very familiar. I mean the Coca-Cola. Did you ever hear of Coca-Cola, Sweetie? It's a drink that sells an occasional bottle, kind of a green curved bottle. Of course it's not very well known but they you might just happened to hear of it.

Last night I was going to stay home when she called me the minute I got home from work and begged me to go.
a wiener roast with her. It seems to some loan company that Advance motors deals with was giving it and invited some of their customers and so she was to bring along a friend and so she asked me to go. I had a pretty nice time. I ate 4 hot dogs and two bottles of pop along with all the potatoe salad, tomatoes and all the other stuff that goes with picnics. And later in the evening we went swimming. It was kind of cool but you know how I love the water. Grab it sure was swell. So I had a pretty decent time.

I got your letter yesterday that you were so tired. Darling, when you get that tired you don't have to write me a letter, I'll understand. I love to get your letters every single day but I don't want you to feel that you have to do it. After all you come first. I can live one day without your letters.
Of course, I live better with them but I would manage to survive till the next day. So the next time you get real tired like that you just lay your little head on the pillow and tell me good night and I'll hear you and then I appreciate your next letter that much more. You're such a sweetie anyway, that I appreciate every single little thing about you.

Did you notice that I'm using pencil now? Well, I ran out of ink. As any fool can plainly see (I can see) so maybe it will be alright with you. Will it? You are such a dear. Any way, maybe you will forgive me.

Really truly tonight I'm going to stay home like a good girl. I have some thing I have to work out and a few thing that I must do. Well, Darling, I guess I've all run down on my line of subject.
I shall say so long till tomorrow
all my love to my Darling Husband
Yours truly
Frak
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.
July 2,

Darling Sweetie,

I’m sitting in the rest room of the Western and looking out of the window I can see Johnny Siniga with the little Coca Cola truck and he is strapping a vending machine on to one of those little trucks and I suppose he is going to bring it into the shop. It’s not a very big vending machine. Maybe they are letting them have more coke and so maybe that’s the reason for the extra machine. It looks very familiar. I mean the Coca Cola. Did you ever hear of Coca Cola, Sweetie? It’s a drink that sells an occasional bottle. Kind of a green curved bottle. Of course it’s not very well known but then you might just happened to hear of it.

Last night I was going to stay home, when Ida called me the minute I got home from work and begged me to go
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A wiener roast with her. It seems to some loan company that advance motors deals with was giving it and invited some of their customers and so Ida was to bring along a friend and so she asked me to go. I had a pretty nice time. I ate 4 hot dogs and two bottles of pop along with all the potatoe salad, tomatoes and all the other stuff that goes with picnics. And later in the evening we went swimming. It was kind of cool but you know how I love the water. Gosh it sure was swell. So I had a pretty decent time.

I got your letter yesterday that you were so tired. Darling, when you get that tired you don’t have to write me a letter, I’ll understand. I love to get your letters every single day but I don’t want you to feel that you have to do it. After all you come first. I can live one day with out your letters.
Of course, I live better with them but I would manage to survive till the next day. So the next time you get real tired like that you just lay your little head on the pillow and tell me good nite and I’ll hear you and then I appreciate your next letter that much more. Your such a sweetie anyway, that I appreciate every single little thing about you.

Did you notice that I’m using pencil now? Well, I ran out of ink. As any fool can plainly see (I can see) So maybe it will be allright with you, will it? You are such a dearie. Anyway maybe you will forgive me.

Really + truly to-night I’m going to stay home like a good girl. I have some thing I have to wash out and a few things that I must do.

Well, darling, I guess I’ve all run down on my line of [[gab?]] so
I shall say so long till to-morrow.
All my love to my darling Husband
Your own,
Fink.