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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #268

Evabel Bell

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To: John P. Bell
78th Sig Co. A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner, N.C.
Mrs. J. C. Bill
345 St. River St.
Elyria, O.
July 9.

Darling,

Honey, you do write the cutest letters. I had to laugh when I read the letter from you yesterday. You had said it was raining and I could see the smudges on the paper where the water came off your hair. I could just imagine you sitting on your bed with your knees propped up and your shoes off with a cigarette in your mouth writing to me. You are such an old cutie. I could just love you to pieces when you are like that. Did you know you are my sweetie? I will not tell anyone, because I don’t think a soul would know it if you didn’t say something. Darling you sure can say just what I’m thinking. I’m nice and always express everything so sweetly. When you say I love you, you say it in so much better a way than I can. You’re a little honey. It’s no wonder I love you so much.
loving anyone as sweet as you are. You are my little lover boy. And you bet, we will make up for lost time, Darling. We love each other every night that you are home. I hope you asked for a weekend home. For one thing traveling during the middle of the week is much easier than over the weekend. And another thing I would kind of like to go out with you on the Sat night you are home. I haven't had a date in so long I almost forgot what it is like. So I would love to go out with my best boy friend. We could go downtown on Sat night just like we used to. Would you like that, honey? Well any way we will do just what you want to do. Its a real nice day to-day. Not real hot but just nice. I want to go home to-night and go to bed early. I'm powersfully sleepy. I didn't get to bed last night till after 11 O'Clock. I went to bed
last night, I didn't win anything. We had a real good time. We played pinocle and Jean served stuffed green peppers and lady locks.
your mother and Dad came over for a while last night. Your dad didn't want to climb the steps, but he sat out in front and I went out there and talked to him for a while. I had to go to club so they left about 8:30. I don't think they would have stayed any longer because your dad likes to get home before it gets too dark. They were over to Bill & Dolley's for supper.

Well, Baby Dear, I guess I have written all the news for the past 24 hours so I'll draw this to a close.

Lots of hugs & juicy kisses and all my love to my own sweet graham cracker boy.

your own

Fink
Pvt. John P. Bell

78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner, N.C.
Mrs. J. P. Bell
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Elyria, O.
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Fink.