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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #273

Evabel Bell

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

In yesterday letter you described a certain someone with whom I have never had the pleasure to meet. You called her by my name. First, if you thought you ever describing me you were wrong. In short and fat with a big nose and sunken eyes with black circles under them! The time and a big bust that makes me look top heavy and a hollow chin. In other words - I'm a mess. But let me describe someone that really is worth describing. He is about 5'7" and has nice broad shoulders and real slim hips. He has kind of brownish hair and big brown eyes with nice long lashes and a kindly turned up nose (Anyway it don't turn down) and the nicest smile and the most beautiful teeth I have ever seen. And by can he kiss. Just ask the women he is.
married to. And he is the most wonderful
lover in the world. Do you know
who that is? It's my little Graham
cracker boy. And he sure is a little
lovey, and do I ever love him, you
ain't just saying it either.

Well, Baby, last night I went to
sleep at 9:00. Boy was I tired
and to-night I'm going to bed
early too. That is if some one
comes around bothering me. But
I suppose Ida will. By she
can't stay away from me very long.
Darling, please don't mind me
if I keep pestering you about
your furlough. Just disregard it
'ren't you hear distinctly one way
or another.

God it sure is nice out to-day.
I hope no one calls though because
I would just a soon go to bed early
you know how it is to cook ten
hours a day. It's no picnic.
and when you come home I shall be tickled to death to be freed from this job. I love to keep house. I would rather do that and take care of you than anything else in the world. Gosh, Honey, as a letter writer I sure am getting terrible. I get a little worse every day don’t I?

Well, Sweetie, I’m afraid I’ll have to say so long to my sweet little graham crackers boy.

Lots of hugs and bushels of kisses and all my love to the sweetest, bestest, dearest husband that ever was.

your own,

Fink
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.
Darling,

In yesterday’s letter you described a certain someone with whom I have never had the pleasure to meet. You called her by my name -- Fink, if you thought you were describing me you were wrong. I’m short and fat with a big nose and sunken eyes with black circles under them all the time and a big bust that makes me look top heavy and a sallow skin. In other words – I’m a mess. But let me describe someone that really is worth describing. He is about 5’7’ and has nice broad shoulders and real slim hips. He has kind of brownish hair and big brown eyes with nice long lashes and a kindly turned up nose (anyway it don’t turn down) and the nicest smile sand the most beautiful teeth I have ever seen. And boy can he kiss. Just ask the woman he is
married to. And he is the most wonderful lover in the world. Do you know who that is? It’s my little graham cracker boy. And he sure is a little honey. And do I ever love him. You aint just saying it either.

Well, Baby, last night I went to sleep at 9:00. Boy was I tired and to-night I’m going to bed early too. That is if no one comes around bothering me. But I suppose Ida will. Boy she can’t stay away from me very long. Darling, please don’t mind me if I keep pestering you about your furlough. Just disregard it till you hear definitely one way of another.

Gosh it sure is nice out to-day. I hope no one calls though because I would just a soon go to bed early. You know how it is to work ten hours a day. It’s no picnic.
And when you come home I shall be tickled to death to be fired from this job. I love to keep house. I would rather do that and take care of you than any thing else in the world.

Gosh, Honey, as a letter writer I sure am getting terrible. I get a little worser every day don’t I?

Well, Sweetie, I’m afraid I’ll have to say so long to my sweet little graham cracker boy.

Lots of hugs and bushels of kisses and all my love to the sweetest bestest + dearest husband that ever was.

Your own,
Fink.