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7-16-1943

1943-07-16, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Put J. P. Bell 78th. Sig. Co. A.P. 0.78 Camp Butner, N.C.



Mrs. Jack Bell 345 W. River St.

Elyria, Ohio

July 16, 1943 Dearest darling, What a lucky guy I am today. a letter from my sweetie, one from mom and Dad and the cake and cookies. The cake is all gove. Stiff like that never lasts long around here, but it sure was delicions. Its one for all, and all for one when it comes to a package from home. I don't know if I can do anything about getting my furlough sometime next week so I can be home when Chuck is, but Ill Try. I try not to count too strongly on anything in the army 'cause there are lots of disappointments for anyone who does. Last nite when I wrote I didn't know I had a letter from you I found it on my bunk when I got back to the barracks. Now baby, I don't want you saying things about yourself like that. you're the sweetest and most beautiful and bestest darling in the whole wide world, and I doit want you

to be tearing into yourself like that, now, do you feel properly reprimandedor do I have to spank that sweet little luscious buttocks of yours? yes, I think Ill have to do that when I come home - in a gentle loving manner. Il pule down those sancy little pink panties you wear, and give you some caressing spanks in The right places. you wont like that very well, will you, swellie? Yes, darling, \$ 50.00 will be plenty. My expenses are fairly low. I haven't had much money since five been in the army, but five never been broke, and haven't wanted for anything. Boy it's hot. My shirt is soaking wet. I don't believe there's a dry stitch on it, and I Just put it on about an hour ago after the second shower I took this evening. We got the borracks all cleaned up, and I shined up all my shoes so I'm all set for the usual Saturday inspection. Well, darling I guess Die Said it all Stonite so Ill wrap up a big king and lots of Risses for my darling wife - I love you Fink, your Own,

[[Bell Correspondence #11]]

[[Page 1-Envelope]]

Free

Pvt. J. P. Bell 78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78 Camp Butner, N. C. [[image- black stamp: CAMP BUTNER N. C. JUL 17 1 PM 1943]]

Mrs. Jack Bell 345 W. River St. Elyria, Ohio [[Page 2-Letter]]

July 16, 1943

Dearest darling,

What a lucky guy I am today. A letter from my sweetie, one from Mom and Dad and the cake and cookies. The cake is all gone. Stuff like that never lasts long around here, but it sure was delicious. It's one for all, and all for one when it comes to a package from home.

I don't know if I can do anything about getting my furlough sometime next week so I can be home when Chuck is, but I'll try. I try not to count too strongly on anything in the army 'cause there are lots of dissappointments for anyone who does.

Last nite when I wrote I didn't know I had a letter from you I found it on my bunk when I got back to the barracks. Now baby, I don't want you saying things about yourself like that. You're the sweetest and most beautiful and bestest darling in the whole wide world, and I don't want you [[Page 3-Letter]]

to be tearing into yourself like that. Now, do you feel properly reprimanded do I have to spank that sweet little luscious buttocks of yours? Yes, I think I'll have to do that when I come home – in a gentle loving manner. I'll pull down those saucy little pink panties you wear, and give you some caressing spanks in the right places. You wont like that very well, will you, sweetie?

Yes, darling, \$50.⁰⁰ will be plenty. My expenses are fairly low. I haven't had much money since I've been in the army, but I've never been broke, and haven't wanted for anything.

Boy its hot. My shirt is soaking wet. I don't believe there's a dry stitch on it, and I just put it on about an hour ago after the second shower I took this evening. We got the barracks all cleaned up, and I shined up all my shoes so I'm all set for the usual Saturday inspection.

Well, darling I guess I've said it all for tonite so I'll wrap up a big hug and lots of kisses for my darling wife- I love you Fink, Your Own, [[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]