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4-14-1944

1944-04-14, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

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Subject Terms

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345 St. River St. Elyria. C. Pot John P. Bell 78 th Sig Co. APO. 78 Camp Pickett,

apo 14, Dailing sweetheast, Soll, it sure ded turn cold. It was pretty warm to day. But this evening it turned kind of chilly. I was talking to Jean Geban and she said whe thought pechaps her mother would like to rentamplace. That would be real nice. The only trouble is that she doesn't know how long she will stay. She may only be here for two or three mucho. of course I may only be there with you for that legath of line too but then it night be longer and I would hate to have some one more out while I was still there. Well anyway, when you come home we can talk it all over you will know as much about it as I do. any way I always like to have you here with me when I do

compthing I feel better when you ore with me to make descrimes. Darling, I always have so much empidence in what your like. you salm to be so wise. It like pro little me, Im always such a duminy, I do everything wrong. That's long I'm glad I murried some one with brains. Sweetheart, I have a little some thing to confess to you, I'm in love with a certain soldier. The is a real cutie buy. not as very tall, but he has to pain of shoulders on him that need no padding. De has an advable smile civil the most beautiful teeth I have leser seen and pretty brown eyes gils would lenvay and can, he ever hiss, warree, te sure can put henself accross w a vig way. and he is my sweet little graham cracker bry.

Deviest, I love you so you mean so much to me . Ithen I get a gay happy letter from you than I fell happy. But you most always write cheerful letters. you are such a grand person. Sweetheast, I'm afraid this is going to be a Shorty Bell again. Perhaps to morning I can write you'd nicelong long letter. In enclosing a bushel of huge and hisses and all my love, your Olon. Find.

[[Bell Correspondence #31]]

[[Page 1- Envelope]]

Mrs. J. P. Bell 345 W. River St. Elyria, O. [[image- purple 3 cent U.S. postage stamp w/ President Jefferson]]

[[image- black circle stamp: ELYRIA, OHIO 1944 APR 15 1³⁰ PM]]

Pvt. John P. Bell 78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78 Camp Pickett, Va. [[Page 2- Letter]]

[[image- Printed American Flag]]

Apr 14.

Darling Sweetheart, Gosh, it sure did turn cold. It was pretty warm to-day. But this evening it turned kind of chilly. I was talking to Jean Gibson and she said she thought perhaps her mother would like to rent our place. That would be real nice. The only trouble is that she doesn't know how long she will stay. She may only be here for two or three months. Of course I may only be there with you for that length of time too but then it might be longer and I would hate to have some one move out while I was still there. Well anyway, when you come home we can talk it all over. You will know as much about it as I do. Any way I always like to have you here with me when I do

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anything. I feel better when you are with me to make descisions.

Darling, I always have so much confidence in what you think.

You seem to be so wise. While poor little me, I'm always such a dummy. I do everything wrong.

That's why I'm glad I married some one with brains.

Sweetheart, I have a little some thing to confess to you, I'm in love [[strikethrough]] with [[/strikethrough]] a certain soldier. He is a real cutie boy. Not a very tall, but he has a pair of shoulders on him that need no padding. He has an adorable smile with the most beautiful teeth I have ever seen and pretty brown eyes with real long lashes that most girls would envy and can he ever kiss, wawee ---, he sure can put himself accross in a big way. And he is my sweet little graham cracker boy.

[[Page 4- Letter]]

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Dearest, I love you so. You mean so much to me. When I get a gay happy letter from you than I feel happy. But you most always write cheerful letters. You are such a grand person.

Sweetheart, I'm afraid this is going to be a Shorty Bell again. Perhaps to-morrow I can write you a nice long long letter. I'm enclosing a bushel of hugs and kisses and all my love,

Your Own,

Fink.