3-1944

1944-03-05, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1944-03-05, Jack to Evabel

Keywords
March, 1944; 1944; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; Elyria, Ohio; letterhead; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; infantry; wife; husband; family; women at home; women; love; romance; brother; sister; gifts; gifts from home; celebration; fidelity; automobiles; swearing; economy; daughter; youth; friendship; recreation and entertainment; leisure; boredom; health and sickness

Disciplines
Cultural History | History of Science, Technology, and Medicine | Military History | Other History | Political History | Public History | Social History | United States History

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Pat. J.P. Bell 35052495
78th. Sig. Co. A.P. O. 78
9% Pat. Matri. Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Dear Darlin',

Here I am sitting by the fire writing to my sweetie. What a forgetful guy I am. Honey, please excuse me for not mentioning the swell card you sent me. It seems like I just go around like the proverbial button.

The mailsman sure has treated me good the last few days. I've gotten letters from Chuck, Lis, Bill, and Dolly, and my faithful sweetie. Kind of helps me keep tab on what's going on in the world. Genevieve misses you. She always mentions it when she writes.

I hope too, that the car is going to be all right for a while, sweetie. I recall those days when it didn't do right by me, and I'd have to do a little tail cussing at it, but how I love the little jalop when she's purring along on all eight like a well oiled little peanut vendor.

How is Edith making out these days? Have they kept their home? I hope so, it's tough to have to give up when they had such a nice start. Say hello to her when you see her. I'll bet their daughter is getting to be quite a young lady, isn't she?

Honey, haven't I always wanted to take your places? Of course I'll want to go out to nice clubs and shows. It's just that when you're out here in the woods home is such a pleasant place to think of.

Baby, it seems like my letters get worn and worn. There just isn't any news out here. I like
to write you, and tell you I love you just as often as I can. I'm feeling fine, and hope everyone at home is too.

Good night, darling. I love you very, very much, and I'm enclosing bushels of hugs and kisses.

Your own

Jack
Pvt. J. P. Bell 3505249[5]
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78 Free

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Dearest Darling,

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The mailman sure has treated me good the last few days. I've gotten letters from Chuck, Sis, Bill and Dolly, and my faithful sweetie. Kind of helps me keep tab on what's going on in the world. Genevieve misses you. She allways [sic] mentions it when she writes.

I hope too, that the car is going to be allright [sic] for a while, sweetie. I recall those days when it didn't do right by me, and I'd have to do a little tall cussing at it, but how I love the little jalop [sic] when she's purring along on all eight like a well oiled little peanut vendor.

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as I can tho’. I’m feeling fine, and hope everyone
at home is too.

Good nite, darling. I love you very very much,
and I’m enclosing bushels of hugs and kisses.

Your Own,

[[underscore]] Jack [[/underscore]]