1943-05-17, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell
Subject Terms
Jack P. Bell; May 17, 1943; World War 1939 1945 United States. Regimental histories 78th Signal Company; Elyria, OH; World War 1939 1945 United States. Regimental histories 78th Infantry Division; World War 1939 1945 United States. Camp Butner (N.C.); World War 1939 1945 United States. Army—Barracks and quarters; War and civilization -- History -- 20th century. United States.; Nineteen Forties; World War 1939 1945 United States. Soldiers; World War 1939 1945 Letterhead; World War 1939 1945 United States. Camp Davis (N.C.);

Keywords
U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; Elyria, OH; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; training; women at home; marriage; barracks; romance; wife; husband; homesickness; education; recreation and entertainment; war bonds; post-war hopes; rank; leave; money; funds; Oberlin, OH;

Identifier
2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1943-05-17_005

Copyright
The Center for American War Letters Archives promotes open access to its collections for “private study, scholarship, or research” subject to the intellectual property rights of others. Chapman University may not hold copyright or intellectual property rights to all items in the collections, and contents may be subject to restricted access or use. As a condition of accessing and using material from the Archives, you agree that you are responsible for obtaining all required consents of any copyright holder and to indemnify and hold the University harmless from and against any and all claims, losses, liabilities, and expenses, including reasonable attorney fees, that may arise from any third party claims for copyright infringement, torts, or invasion of publicity or privacy rights. You further acknowledge and agree that photocopies or other reproductions may only be made with the University's prior approval. Requests will be considered on a case by case basis and approval will be in the University's sole discretion.

This letter is available at Chapman University Digital Commons: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection/187
Dear Darlin',

I have a few minutes left of my moon hour so I'll start a letter to my baby now. I got three letters from you this moon, sweetie, and the pictures were in one of them. Gee, I'm glad you sent them. I've been wanting a picture of you. I have two of them. Just some face shots. This one is swell, honey. Mom and Dad and Bill, Dolly and Ricky look swell too.

I'm glad you're feeling better. I mean about not throwing everything up to come down here, honey. Not that it wouldn't be wonderful to see you, and I miss you like the dickens too, but it isn't all that pleasant for a woman to live around these army camps. Darling, I may be getting a furlough sooner than I thought. They're speeding these courses up, and the furloughs may be starting in June.

Thanks for banking the money, sweetie. Are you a mind reader? I just wrote the other day about putting some money in the Ogelthorpe bank to keep our account active there, and you must have been writing the same thing at just about the same time. Even when we're apart our thoughts sort of travel the same channels, don't they, sweetie?

That's too bad about Georgiana. Both she and Freddie wanted that baby so very much. She's not in any-danger-now is she? Old Frank's sure beat the draft for a long time, but I guess ever expedite foreman or expediter as Buddy called himself...
Have to go when Miss Sammy calls.

It's nice and sunny here today. I hope you're getting better weather now.

Monday night supper,

Here I am back again, honey. I have some time left before we go to school.

That was a wonderful talk we had with you on my lap in the big chair, darling. Yes, sweetie. I think I'd rather always have you sit on my lap. It's so nice and cozy that way with your lips on mine.

Sweetie, you asked if I ever felt like gripping. Well I guess I grip on her just as much as the next guy, but when I write to you I always feel so happy that I can't think of anything to, and to plan our whole lives together. This is just one of those things we have to put up with, but when I come home well together forever and ever. Oh, darling we have so much to look forward to.

I didn't know that Jerry and Margaret got married. That was really a long time since then, wasn't it? I hope they get along good.

I got my Oberlin Times today and read about Bob Behri's medical discharge. They never tell the reason. The papers said he was in Camp Davis N.C.

Don't worry about me gambling, sweetie. That stuff is strictly for the champs. I don't want any part of it. These are the guys who always want to make a tough 'ill pay day. I'm sort of hard now. You know, I just got started on the after supper part of my letter, and I had to go out to sign my clothing form. I guess that's to get to school, but I'm back now. I just write a bit here and there when I can.

It's just about time for lights out, sweetie, so I'll get ready to turn in and dream of you, honey. Tell me if I squeeze you too tight. All my love to the sweetest and bestest — Yours forever, Jack.
Free

Pvt. J. P. Bell
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner, N. C.

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
May 17, 1943

Dearest darling lover,

I have a few minutes left of my noon hour so I’ll start a letter to my baby now. I got three letters from you this noon sweetie, and the pictures were in one of them. Gee, I’m glad you sent them. I’ve been wanting a picture of you. I have two of them. Just small face shots. This one is swell honey. Mom and Dad and Bill, Dolly and Ricky look swell too.

I’m glad you’re feeling better. I mean about not throwing everything up to rome down here, honey. Not that it wouldn’t be wonderful to see you, and I miss you like the dickens too, but it isn’t always so pleasant for a woman to live around these army camps. Darling, I may be getting a furlough sooner than I thought. They’re speeding these courses up, and the furlough may be starting in June.

Thanks for banking the money, sweetie. Are you a mind reader? I just wrote the other day about putting some money in the Oberlin bank to keep our account active there, and you must have been writing the same thing at just about the same time. Even when we’re apart our thoughts sort of travel the same channels don’t they sweetie?

That’s too bad about Georgianne. Both she and Freddie wanted that baby so very much. She’s not in any danger now is she? Old Franks sure beat the draft for a long time, but I guess even expedite foreman or expiditers as Buddy called himself
-2-

have to go when Uncle Sammy calls.

It’s nice and sunny here today. I hope you’re getting better weather now.

Monday after supper,

Here I am back again, honey. I have some time left before we go to school.

That was a wonderful talk we had with you on my lap in the big chair, darling. Yes, sweetie I think I’d rather allways have you sit on my lap. It’s so nice and cozy that was with your lips on mine. Sweetie, you asked if I ever felt like griping. Well I guess I gripe around here just about as much as the next guy, but when I write to you I allways feel so happy that I can’t think of anything, but how lucky I am to have a darling wife like you to write to, and to plan our whole lives together. This is just one of those interruptions we have to put up with, but when I come home we’ll forget all about it in the joy of our reunion, and then we’ll be together forever and ever. Oh, darling we have so much to look forward to.

I didn’t know that Jerry and Margaret got married. That was really a long time elopement, wasn’t it? I hope they get along good. They’re good kids.

I got my Oberlin Times today and read about Bob Behr’s medical discharge. They never tell the reason. The paper said he was in Camp Davis N.C.

Don’t worry about me gambling, sweetie. That stuff is strictly for the chumps. I don’t want any part of it. Those are the guys who allways want to make a touch till pay day. I’m sort of hard hearted on a deal like that. I don’t lend.

You know, I just got started on the after supper part of my letter, and I had to go out to sign my clothing form. I guess that’s about the fourth time I’ve signed it. By that time it was time to go to school, but I’m back now. I just write a bit here and there when I can.

It’s just about time for lights out, sweetie, so I’ll get ready to turn in and dream of you, lover. Tell me if I squeeze you too tight.

All my love to the sweetest and bestest --

Yours forever,

[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]