
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

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5-18-1943

1943-05-18, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

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Subject Terms

Jack P. Bell; Evabel Bell; May 18, 1943; World War, 1939 - 1945; World War II; World War Two; United States; War and Civilization – History – 20th Century; United States. Army; United States. Army. 78th Infantry Division; United States. Regimental histories 78th Signal Company; United States. Regimental histories 78th Infantry Division; Elyria (Ohio) – History – 20th Century; Women - History - 20th Century; Nineteen Forties; World War, 1939 – 1945 – Soldiers; World War, 1939 – 1945 – Women; Camp Butner (N.C.) - History - 20th Century; World War, 1939 – 1945 – Camp Butner (N.C.)

Keywords

May, 1943; 1943; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; recreation and entertainment; celebration; Cleveland, Ohio; travel; leisure; weather; rainy weather; automobiles; medicine; medical services; swear words; swearing; societies and organizations; humour; humor

Identifier

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Miss P. Bell
345 - W. River St
Elyria, O.



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

Dearest Darling,

May 18

What an experience we had last night. I must tell you all about it.

You know in yesterdays letter I told you I was going into Cleveland with Ida. Well we went in and it was raining cats + dogs and every thing was fine. I drove her car. You know she is afraid to drive in Cleveland and any way she gave a pint of blood that day and she was still weak. So I said I would drive, and then when we got on to 105th something happened to the gear shift it wanted to go every which way. But I managed to get to Bob's and Ida asked Bob to go down and see what he could do. Well, Bob didn't know anything about it but he said he would fix it as best he could. He thought perhaps we could get home on it

3,
Otherwise I guess we would still
be there. And we had to drive
home in high gear. We couldn't
shift. What a mess. It was
20 minutes to 3 when I got home.
But anyway it was some experience.
Darling, have I told you in the
last 24 how very much I love you.
I love you so much that the sun
and the moon are such temporary
companions to how long my love
for you is, my heart beat just for
you Sweetheart, Can't you hear
clear down there? In other words
you are the light of my life, the sun
the moon + stars to me. My whole
earth revolves around you.

Well, Baby dear, I must get back to
work. To-night when I get home
I'm going to write my love a

that way. Well we started out for home
about a quarter to 11 and I went one
block and I couldn't shift gears I couldn't
get it to go into any gear it would
rattle like hell and that's all. So we
parked on 105th right off Superior and
Ida went to a drug store and she called
a 3A garage. You know she belongs
to the Automobile club. And he came
down right away and we got towed.
Did you ever sit in a car that is
being towed? We had the rear end
of it up in the air and we were
going backwards. I thought we'd
split a gut laughing. It's so funny
to sit there and watch everything
go past backwards, anyway we
got to the garage and the guy looked
at it and he said that a pin was
missing out of the gear shift, and
he didn't have any. Well he finally
found something but we wanted
to get home so he had to hurry

a real letter. ⁴ Just the kind you
like. So you have something to
look forward to.

Love & Kisses to my sweet
little graham cracker boy

Your own
Fish.

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE - EVABEL COLLECTION APRIL 1943 – MAY 1943 #27]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Mrs. J. P. Bell

345 W. River St.

Elyria, O.

[[Image: Post-mark
stamp, with print text

“ELYRIA / OHIO / 1943”

encircling date:

“MAY 18 / 6 – PM”]]

[[Image: 3-Cent Purple
postage stamp with image
of Thomas Jefferson.]]

Pvt John P. Bell

78 th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner,

N.C.

[Page 2 – Letter]

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[Page 3 – Letter continued]

3/

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2/

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[Page 4 – Letter continued]

4/

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look forward to.

Love [&] Kisses to my sweet
little graham cracker boy

Your own

Fink.