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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #258

Jack P. Bell

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Henderson, N.C. A.P.O. 78

JUL 4
7-PM

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.

Celina, Ohio

28th Inf. C.A. A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner, N.C.
Darling Fink,

It's two o'clock Sunday morning. What an hour to write a letter. Genevieve and Art and I were sitting here this evening just chatting when Gene and Betty came in with two soldier boys. One from Toledo, and one from Boston. Later one of their buddies called up, and they invited him over too. His boy was from Cleveland, and as we got to talking I discovered that he used to work at the Shaw-Baltic Floral Co. Remember that place where Bing worked? He must have worked there shortly after Bing left. It's really fun to meet somebody like that who knows somebody you've met.

Honey, please excuse me for not writing last night. (I'm.) By the time we got thru cleaning up the terraces it was 8:30 so I had my Oklahoma barber cut my hair. Then I took a shower, and went to bed. I was tired as the devil – guess I'm getting old, but with hours from 6 a.m. till you get done, you'll forgive the old man, won't you, baby?

They're giving a few of us a one week streamlined course in driving which started yesterday. Not with the idea of making truck drivers out of us, but they want as many men as possible to know how to drive the G.I. way for emergencies. It's a pleasant change. We went out in a 1½ ton truck yesterday afternoon. This morning we had a
2½ tons 6 by 6. Even trucks are different in the army. They're much harder to shift smoothly.

Baby, don't let my Dad bother you with what he thinks about you staying home. He's a swell Pop, but sometimes he does get some odd ideas. Our married life isn't one where you had to stay at home every minute when we were together so you shouldn't have to do it now that I am gone. Darling, when you write and tell me you went somewhere and had a good time, I'm glad. I share it with you, in spirit even tho I can't be with you. We trust each other so completely that there's no need for petty jealousy. You're the only woman in the world for me, sweetie forever and ever. I love you, darling.

Sweeheart, I think I should be good for four or five rookies the first time I'm home. How about you, darling? That's what I'd like that? Oh, darling what a big throbbing dickie you'll have to take care of, it's going to be such a tiger in the bedroom, darling. You asked me if I thought I could get a hand on with you wearing a little black lace outfit you described. Oh, sweeheart you know me. It will make me so hot I won't be able to sit still. Don't worry about being able to walk the first couple of days, sweetie cause me it will be to hold your case, and tell you how very much I love you. Give such a sweet lover. When I hold you in my arms and to such sweet paradise, baby, I'm such a lucky guy to have you for my wife, dearest.

Darling, seeing as how it's Sunday already I think instead of sealing this letter up and writing another one this afternoon I'll afternoon. That way I'll be able to write a longer letter for a change. How will you like that, baby? O.K. Good night sweet.
Hi darling, I'm back again. It's afternoon. I'm sitting on the front porch. It's a beautiful holiday, just the right temperature.

Honey, would you do me a big favor? My chances for getting my furlough the first week in August are slim, but I would like to come home so I thought I'd loan you $25.00. My pays have been small, and I don't have enough for my train fare, but it won't take in the price of a ticket home. Any time will be soon enough within the next couple of weeks. Baby, let's keep our fingers crossed 'cause if everything goes right, I'll be home in four and a half weeks. I've got to get that furlough.

How's everything at home, darling? I can always picture our little home. It's a grand place to think of coming home to with you there. We've always been till this is all over, and we'll be together again forever and ever.

How'd you send you a great big bear hug, and lots of kisses. Of course I expect them back by return mail. So long till tomorrow darling. Tink.

Your love,

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

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

July 4, 1943

It’s two o’clock Sunday morning. What an hour to write a letter. Genevieve, Art and I were sitting here this evening just chatting when Gene and Betty came in with two soldier boys. One from Toledo, and one from Boston. Later one of their buddies called up, and they invited him over too. This boy was from Cleveland, and as we got to talking I discovered that he used to work at the Shaw-Balthis Floral co. Remember that place where Bing worked? He must have worked there shortly after Bing left. It’s really fun to meet somebody like that who knows somebody you’ve met.

Honey, please excuse me for not writing last nite. (Fri.) By the time we got thru’ cleaning up the barracks it was 8:30 so I had my Oklahoma barber cut my hair. Then I took a shower, and went to bed. I was tired as the devil – guess I’m getting old, but with hours from 6 A.M. till you get done, you’ll forgive the old man, wont you, baby?

They’re giving a few of us a one week streamlined course in driving which started yesterday. Not with the idea of making truck drivers out of us, but they want as many men as possible to know how to drive the G. J. way for emergencies. It’s a pleasant change. We were out in a 1 ½ ton truck yesterday afternoon. This morning we had a
2 ½ tons 6 by 6. Even trucks are different in the army. They’re much harder to shift smoothly.

Baby, don’t let my Dad bother you with what he thinks about you staying home. He’s a swell Pop, but sometimes he does get some odd ideas. Our married life wasn’t one where you had to stay at home every minute when we were together so you shouldn’t have to do it now that I am gone. Darling, when you write and tell me you went someplace and had a good time, I’m glad. I share it with you, in spirit even tho’ I can’t be with you. we trust each other so completely that there’s no need for petty jealousy. You’re the only woman in the world for me, sweetie forever and ever, I love you, darling.

Lover, I think I should be good for four or five nookies the first nite I’m home. How about you, darling. Think you’ll like that? Oh, darling what a big throbbing dickie you’ll have to take care of. I’m going to be such a tiger in the boudoir, darling. You asked me if I thought I could get a hard on with you wearing a little black lace outfit you described. Oh, sweetie you know me. It will make so hard I won’t be able to sit still. Don’t worry about being able to walk the first couple of days, sweetie ‘cause we probably won’t even worry about walking. Oh, sweetie how wonderful it will be to hold you close, and tell you how very much I love you. You’re such a sweet lover. When I hold you in my arms and caress and kiss you I’m in seventh heaven. Being married to you is such a paradise, baby. I’m such a lucky guy to have you for my wife, dearest.

Darling, seeing as how it’s Sunday already I think instead of sealing this letter up and writing another one this afternoon I’ll just stop writing now, and add to it tomorrow or rather this afternoon. That way I’ll be able to write a longer letter for a change. How will you like that, baby? O.K.? Good nite sweet-heart, see you in a few hours.
Hi darling, I’m back again. It’s afternoon. I’m sitting on the front porch. It’s a beautiful holiday, just the right temperature.

Honey, would you do me a big favor? My chances for getting my furlough the first week in August are pretty good so will you send a money order for $50.00? I’ll need about $25.00 and Genevieve would like to come home so I thought I’d loan her $25.00. My pays have been small, and I don’t have enough for my train fare. Yesterday I drew $7.63. I’m not complaining ‘cause I can get along on it, but it won’t take in the price of a ticket home. Anytime will be soon enough within the next couple of weeks. Baby, let’s keep our fingers crossed ‘cause if everything goes right I’ll be home in hour and half weeks. I’ve got to get that furlough.

How’s everything at home, darling? I can always picture our little home. It’s a grand place to think of coming home to with you there. We’ve always been so happy, haven’t we sweetie? Keep your chin up, lover. It won’t be long till this is all over, and we’ll be together again forever and ever.

Now I’ll send you a great big bear hug, and lots of kisses. Of course I expect them back by return mail. So long till tomorrow darling Fink.

Your lover,

Jack