
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

CAWL Archives: Second World War

7-8-1943

1943-07-08, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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



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

July 8, 1943

Darling Frank,

I got your postcard this noon, and the letter on the second mail call today. Please excuse me for not writing last nite, as we went out in a radio truck on a map problem. That was really the best break I've had in a long time as the rest of the company had an eleven mile hike. So I guess this course is good for something anyway. It rained last nite too, which makes hiking mean.

Ida sure has tough luck with her car, doesn't she? Jim glad no one was hurt. She'll get a settlement of that guy alright.

I don't know any more about the furlough than I did last time I wrote so all we can do is wait and hope. As soon as I hear the sweetie, I'll let you know.

Honey, did you get your allotment check yet this month? Always let me know when you get them 'Cause I want to be sure you're getting them.

Yps, Bob Pile and I are good friends. I still like all my buddies. They're all good guys. All willing to lend each other a helping hand with anything they can. I've met some damn swell guys, and also some shlemells in the company.

I get a letter from Chuck every week or ten days. He's pretty busy now, doing a lot of flying.

Sweetie, guess who I love. She's a sweet cutie and a cute sweetie with dark brown hair, and real pretty large brown eyes, and when they look into mine I just melt. She has a sweet hair to

-2-
with a sweet little nose, even if she tries to say different
I love it, and tender lips like rose petals, and how
she can kiss - mmm - and a real swell shape, my
two sweet handfulls of breasts, and beautifully shaped
legs. What a wonderful lover she is. Bet you can't guess,
can you sweetie? Her's just a little hint - her name
is Flunk. Do you know her?

Oh, darling it will be so wonderful to be with you.
We always have such swell times together. You are
such a sweet wife. I miss you very much darling just
as you miss me. Always try and look at it this way,
sweetie, it makes things easier. Every day Jim in here
brings me one day closer to the time when I'll be
coming home to you for good. And, lover we have such
a lot to look forward to, such a wonderful life together.
It helps me plenty to keep those thoughts in mind.

You're doing a wonderful job, keeping our little
home together, honey, but be prepared to get fired when
I come home. The Western will just have to get
along without you. It won't ~~make~~ us too angry
tho' will it sweetie? The first thing we're going to
do is have a grand vacation together. After that I'll
get back to the old routine.

You, my little sweetheart I'll say as long till
tomorrow. All my love, and bundles of kisses. I love

you, baby
your own,

Jack

[[Nick Dante 10/29/15]]

[[Bell Correspondence #5]]

[[Page 1-Envelope]]

[[top corner ripped]]

Free

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

[[image- black stamp: CAMP BUTLER N. C.
JUL 9 10³⁰AM 1943]]

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

[[Page 2-Letter- water marks on the paper]]

July 8, 1943

Darling Fink,

I got your postcard this noon, and the letter on the second mail call today. Please excuse me for not writing last nite, as we went out in a radio truck on a map problem. That was really the nest break I've had in a long time as the rest of the company had an eleven mile hike. so I guess this course is good for something anyway. It rained last nite too, which makes hiking mean.

Ida sure has tough luck with her car, doesn't she? I'm glad no one was hurt. She'll get a settlement [[^]] out [[/^]]of that guy allright.

I don't know any more about the furlough than I did last time I wrote so all we can do is wait and hope. As soon as I hear tho' sweetie, I'll let you know.

Honey did you get your allotment check yet this month? Allways let me know when you get them 'cause I want to be sure you're getting them.

Yes, Bob Ball and I are good friends. I still like all my buddies. They're all good guys. All willing to lend each other a helping hand with anything they can. I've met some darn swell guys, and also some shlameels[[?]] in the company.

I get a letter from Chuck every week or ten days. He's pretty busy now, doing a lot of flying.

Sweetie, guess who I love. She's a sweet cutie and a cute sweetie with dark brown hair, and real pretty large brown eyes, and when they look into mine I just melt. She has a sweet heart shaped face

[[Page 3-Letter]]

-2-

With a sweet little nose, even if she tries to say different I love it, and tender lips like rose petals, and how she can kiss- mmm- and a real swell shape, my two sweet handfuls of breasts, and beautifully shaped legs. What a wonderful lover she is. Bet you can't guess, can you sweetie? Here's just a little hint- her name is Fink. Do you know her?

Oh, darling it will be so wonderful to be with you. We always have such swell times together. You are such a sweet wife I miss you very much darling just as you miss me. Always try and look at it this way, sweetie, it makes things easier. Every day I'm in here brings me one day closer to the time when I'll be coming home to you for good. And, lover we have such a lot to look forward to, such a wonderful life together. It helps me plenty to keep those thoughts in mind.

You're doing a wonderful job, keeping out little home together, honey, but be prepared to get fired when I come home. The Western will just have to get along without you. it wont make us too angry tho' will it sweetie? The first thing we're going to do is have a grand vacation together. After that I'll get back to the old routine.

Now, my little sweetheart I'll say so long till tomorrow. All my love, and bundles of kisses. I love you, baby.

Your Own,
[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]