

10-16-1943

1943-10-16, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Subject Terms

Jack P. Bell; October 16, 1943; World War 1939 1945 United States. Regimental histories 78th Signal Company; World War 1939 1945 United States. Regimental histories 78th Infantry Division; 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 United States. Description and travel North Carolina;

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U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; training; barracks; romance; wife; husband; women at home; homesickness; Ohio; warm weather; military police; racial stereotype; post-war hopes; camaraderie; motion pictures;

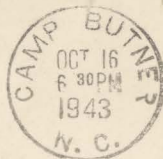
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Pvt. J. P. Bell 35546
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butler, N.C.



Free

Mrs. Jack Bell
215 Horner St.
Henderson, N.C.
C/o Mrs. Turner

Oct. 16, 1943

Darling Fink,

Saturday morning, and I've just finished reading your letter - the third one I've received from you. You probably have received one of mine by now. I hope so. I don't like to have my baby go without letters even if I'm not a very good letter writer.

It's beautiful out here in the woods today. I guess we're going to move sometime today again. Oh well, it doesn't make much difference so long as it doesn't rain. Have you had any rain in Henderson yet? You sure need it over there.

I met a corporal in the M.P.'s this morning whose name is Bell - he's from Massachusetts. That's the first time I heard of a Bell being a cop.

It sure is nice, getting your letters, sweetie. Of course I'd rather be with you, but when I can't, your letters bring you so close to me. You're the bestest little letter writer ever, darling.

I'm glad your little trouble is all over, honey. Take care of yourself, sweetie cause when you don't feel good I don't either. My cold is much better now. I don't cough at all. I guess it's this good outdoor life. My ankle isn't bothering me anymore either. I've been eating like a horse, and sleeping good so I feel fine.

We had a movie last nite. A sort of an oldie, but good. Boris Karloff in, "Mr. Wong of Chinatown." A real hoodunit.

I got a card from Dan Jay the other day. A regular form card giving me his address at Camp Crowder. I dropped him a postcard. He's a swell kid. Maybe someday after the war we'll visit him and his wife.

I saw in the paper this morning that the boys back in camp put on their O.D.'s. It will probably be warm for a while now. That's the way it usually goes. It also said that we'll be getting up a half

hour later in the morning. That wont be too hard to take. Although I haven't been getting up till 7:30 out here. Just like a banker.

That will help a lot to have a damper on the stove. Maybe we can hold a fire all winter. Have you had to have a fire much lately, honey? Have you had to buy any more coal oil since I left?

Sweetheart, have I told you lately how much I love you? When I squeeze my thumb and finger together that's how much I don't love you - all the rest I love you. You're a sweet cutie and a cute love you - all the rest I love you. You're a sweet cutie and a cute love you - all the rest I love you. You're a cuddly lover and a lovely cuddler, and I love you very, very, very much. Now, give me a big Fink smile, and I will give you a great big bear hug, and some juicy kisses. There, wasn't that wonderful? mmm.

Well, sweetie, I guess I've said it all for this time. I love you, baby. So long for now,
Yours Truly,
Jack

[[Nick Dante 11/12/15]]

[[Bell Correspondence #21]]

[[Page 1-Envelope]]

Free

Pvt. J. P. Bell 35540340
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner, N. C.

[[image- black stamp: CAMP BUTNER N. C.
OCT 16 6³⁰ PM 1943]]

Mrs. Jack Bell
215 Horner St.
Henderson, N.C.
c/o Mrs. Turner

[[Page 2-Letter]]

Oct. 16, 1943

Dearest Fink,

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[[Page 3-Letter]]

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Your Own,

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