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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #306

Jack P. Bell

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Postcard from J. P. Bell to Mr. Jack Bell, 215 Harner St., Henderson, N.C.

C/o Mrs. Turner

Date: Oct 21, 1943

From: Commander J. P. Bell

Dear Sweetheart,

The mail man treated me better today. Two letters from my baby, and one from Mom and Dad. That was the first mail I had since Sunday, except the O'Brien Times which came Monday.

I don't know what to say about taking a girl out aside, honey. If you wanted to it would be alright with me. If you'd rather not, that's O.K. too. If you don't have to decide right away maybe we could talk it over on the weekend, huh?

We had a good orchestra out here last nite, and some of the fellows put on a show. One of the MPs is a magician and he's plenty good. There's lots of talent in this division. From now on how it will be tactical blackout at nite so we won't even be able to have a fire. All in all tho' it's been pretty nice out here so I can't squawk.
So you love your little man even if he does pester you, huh, honey? That's the way we like to hear it, you see, sweetie. If I didn't love you so very much I wouldn't be pestering you all the time - then you wouldn't like that at all, would you, dearie? I like it better just the way it is, darling.

Two more days, baby, and I'll be with you again. How wonderful that will be. Oh, sweetie, you're going to be loved and hugged and kissed until you'll think it's been two months since you've seen me instead of two weeks. Seems like it, anyway.

You'll be getting a letter from Mom. She said she put one in with Genevieve as she didn't know our address.

Well, sweet one, this will be the last letter I'll write out here as I'd probably beat the next one there anyway. All my love to my sweet cutie and my cute sweetie, and my cuddly lover and my lovely cuddler,

Your lover,

Jack
Free

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

Mrs. Jack Bell
215 Horner St.
Henderson, N.C.
c/o Mrs. Turner
Oct. 21, 1943

Dearest Sweetheart,

The mail man treated me better today. Two letters from my baby, and one from Mom and dad. That was the first mail I’d had since Sunday, except the Oberlin Times which came Monday.

I don’t know what to say about taking a job at Efird’s, honey. If you wanted to it would be allright with me. If you’d rather not, that’s O.K. too. If you don’t have to decide right away maybe we could talk it over on the weekend, huh?

We had a good orchestra out here last nite, and some of the fellows put on a show. One of the MP’s is a magician, and he’s plenty good. There’s lots of talent in this division. From now on thru it will be tactical—blackout at nite so we won’t even be able to have a fire. All in all tho’ it’s been pretty nice out here so I can’t squawk.
So you love your little man even if he does pester you, huh honey? That’s the way we like to hear it. You see, sweetie if I didn’t love you so very much I wouldn’t be pestering you all the time—then you wouldn’t like that at all—would you, dearie? I like it better just the way it is too, darling.

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Well, sweet one this will be the last letter I’ll write out here as I’d probably beat the next one there anyway. All my love to my sweet cutie and my cute sweetie, and my cuddly lover and my lovely cuddler,

Your Own,

[underline]Jack[/underline]