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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #333

Jack P. Bell

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

I got your first letter from Elyria yesterday, and I'm glad you got home safe and sound. Sounds like everything's about the same. Wish I were there to help you straighten up the house.

Honey, after the nice letter I got from you yesterday, I really should write a good one, but I can't think of anything. I haven't already told you these mannerisms are monotonous at best, and after two weeks in the woods it's the same old story.

Would you do me a favor, sweetie? I bought a box of Baby Ruth's to send Chuck, but I can't seem to find any paper to wrap it with. The box is kind of beat up now as I'm going to start working on them. If you could get some (you probably won't be able to get a whole box), and whatever you can, his birthday is around the 20th. or 21st. of this month.

Is our little car is in tip top shape, huh, baby? I'm glad she's running good.

Tell Bill and Dolly I'll get around to their letter one of these days. I started one to them, but can't think of much to say. How did Bill make out on his screening test?
Can he get any objections?

I'm going to let you in on a big secret, honey. I love you. I think of you all day, and dream of you at night. You're my cuddly lover, and my lovely snuggler. You're my cute sweetie and my sweet cutie. I often see your sweet elfin face before me.

I just finished reading your other letter honey the one you wrote from my folks. It seems nice to hear all about home again. Of course I miss you, but I'm happy to know you're in our little place, and are comfortable.

It's now tactical Comito so we have a little fire. Not too good for light, but at least I can write a little. We're supposed to make a 75 mile move Comito (starting at 11) so I imagine we'll be riding just about all night.

Say honey, do you suppose that gas leak might have been that the pilot valve was turned on, and when the gas was turned on it just kept coming out? I just happened to think that's what it might have been.

Well, sweetie I'll get this mailed, and on its way to you, all my love to the dearest, and sweetest and bestest little wife in the whole wide world.

'Your lover,'

Jack

P.S. I found a candle. Wax all over everything.
Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Dearest Fink,

I got your first letter from Elyria yesterday, and I’m glad you got home safe and sound. Sounds like everything’s about the same. Wish I were there to help you straighten up the house.

Honey, after the nice letter I got from you yesterday, I really should write a good one, but I can’t think of any – thing I haven’t already told you. These maneuvers are monotonous at best, and after two weeks in the woods it’s the same old story.

Would you do me a favor, sweetie? I bought a box of Baby Ruth’s to send Chuck, but I can’t seem to find any paper to wrap it with. The box is kind of beat up now so I’m going to start working on them. If you could get some (you probably won’t [sic] be able to get a whole box) but whatever you can. His birthday is around the 20th. or 22d. of this month.

So our little car is in tip top shape, huh baby? I’m glad she’s running good.

Tell Bill and Dolly I’ll get around to their letter one of these days. I started one to them, but can’t think of much to say. How did Bill make out on his screening test?
Can he get any deferments?

I’m going to let you in on a big secret, honey. I love you. I think of you all day, and dream of you at nite. You’re my cuddly lover, and my lovely cuddler. and my cute sweetie and my sweet cutie. I can always see your sweet elfin face before me.

I just finished reading your other letter, honey. The one you wrote from my folks. It seems nice to hear all about home again. Of course I miss you, but I’m happy to know you’re in our little place, and are comfortable.

It’s non-tactical tonite so we have a little fire. Not too good for light, but at least I can write a little. We’re suppose to make a 75 mile move tonite (starting at 11) so I imagine we’ll be riding just about all nite.

Say honey, do you suppose that gas leak might have been that the pilot valve was turned on, and when the gas was turned on it just kept coming out? I just happened to think that’s what it might have been.

Well, sweetie I’ll get this mailed, and on its’ [sic] way to you. All my love to the dearest, And sweetest and bestest little wife in the whole wide world,

Your lover,

[[underscore]] Jack [[/underscore]]

P.S. I found a candle. Wax all over everything