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1944-02-21, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Subject Terms

Jack P. Bell; February 21, 1944; World War, 1939 - 1945; World War II; World War Two; United States; War and Civilization -- History -- 20th Century; United States. Army; United States. Army. 78th Infantry Division; United States. Regimental histories 78th Signal Company; United States. Regimental histories 78th Infantry Division; Camp Butner, (N.C.) -- History -- 20th Century; Nashville (Tenn.) -- History -- 20th -- Century; Elyria (Ohio) -- History -- 20th Century; Women -- History -- 20th Century; Nineteen Forties; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Soldiers; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Women; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Post-War Planning

Keywords

February, 1944; 1944; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; letterhead; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; infantry; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; post-war hopes; boredom; automobiles; trust; marriage; fidelity; infidelity; recreation and entertainment; leisure; reading; books; radio; music; sex

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Put. J. P. Bell 35052495 78 W. Sig. Co. A.RO.78 40 BT.MSTR. Nashville, Jenn.



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



78TH DIVISION, CAMP BUTNER, N. C.

Mon. Feb. 21, 1944

Dearest Sweetheart,

another day is gone which brings us onde one day closer to the end of the manerwers, and of course one day nearer to that happy one when I'll come home to you, and stay.

I felt ashamed to mail that last letter to you, honey. It certainly was a poor one, but I geres you understand how hard it is for me to think of anything

to write out here.

Honey, that spare isn't much good, but it might not hurt to save it. you never can tell when it would come in handy you could leave it in the basement.

The, honey I don't mind if you go to the party. I love you and trust you, sweetie.

I can just see our little home, honey. What good times well have in it together. Some evenings we'll pit and read or listen to the radio. Then other evenings we can make love. It's going to be such a beautiful future, darling. We've allways been so happy together, and after this separation our enjoyment of Everything will be even keener. Remember how it was in Henderson? Just going to as show or sitting around in the evening was paradise, wasn't it honey?

I love you so, Baby 7 ink yours my cute sweetie

and my sweet cutte. How long a furlough does Jim have? Is he still figuring on going to California? Well, sweetest Guess I'll catch some shuteye, and dream of you, sweetheart. your lover, Jack

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE JAN 1944 – MAR 1944 #13]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Pvt. J. P. Bell 35052495

78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

C/O PST. MSTR. Nashville, Tenn.

Free

[[Image: Postmark stamp with printed text: "NASHVILLE / TENN." encircling date:

FEB 23 / 1230 PM / 1944"]]

Mrs. Jack Bell

345 W. River St.

Elyria, Ohio

[Page 2 - Letter]

[[Image: Green Lemming wearing a military helmet and throwing a lightning bolt, with a quiver of more bolts at his side, standing before a setting red sun.]]

[[Print text: "78TH DIVISION. CAMP BUTNER. N. C."]]

Mon. Feb. 21, 1944

Dearest Sweetheart,

Another day is gone which brings us [[strikethrough]] onde [[/strikethrough]] one day closer to the end of the maneuvers, and of course one day nearer to that happy one when I'll come home to you, and stay.

I felt ashamed to mail that last letter to you, honey. It certainly was a poor one, but I guess you understand how hard it is for me to think of anything to write out here.

Honey, that spare isn't much good, but it might not hurt to save it. You never can tell when it would come in handy. You could leave it in the basement.

No, honey I don't mind if you go to the party. I love you and trust you, sweetie.

I can just see our little home, honey. What good times we'll have in it together. Some evenings we'll sit and read or listen to the radio. Then other evenings we can make love. It's going to be such a beautiful future, darling. We've allways [sic] been so happy together, and after this separation our enjoyment of everything will be even keener. Remember how it was in Henderson? Just going to a show or sitting around in the evening was paradise, wasn't it honey?

I love you so, Baby Fink. You're my cute sweetie

[Page 3 – Letter continued] and my sweet cutie.

How long a furlough does Jim have? Is he still figuring on going to California?

Well, sweetest Guess I'll catch some shuteye, and dream of you, sweetheart.

Your lover,

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