
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

CAWL Archives: Second World War

2-28-1944

1944-02-28, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Subject Terms

: Jack P. Bell; February 28, 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

Keywords

February, 1944; 1944; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; Elyria, Ohio; letterhead; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; infantry; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; sex; automobiles; marching and drill; training; R & R; leisure; recreation and entertainment; travel; friendship; boredom

Identifier

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Mrs. J. P. Bell 35052495

78th. Sq. Co. A.P.O. 78

c/o Post. Matr. Nashville, Tenn.



Free

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



78TH DIVISION. CAMP BUTNER. N. C.

Mon. Feb. 28, '44

Darling Fink,

I wasn't sure if I could write tonight or not. I just had one envelope left, and it was sealed tight, but I steamed it open by breathing on it so here goes.

I got three letters from you today, darling, and do I love to get letters from my sweetie.

I sure do wish I was home with you darling. You said you could show me how much you love me. I would show you too, lover. I often think of the wonderful little love sessions we used to have, and the wonderful ones we're going to have. Mmmmm! Baby. I love you so. You said you could picture me sitting on theavenport looking at your legs and smiling to myself. I'll always love to look at your legs, honey. They're so beautiful.

You're certainly taking good care of our little car, darling. I'll bet it sure runs good.

I don't know if I'll get a furlough at the end of maneuvers, honey. I guess we'll just have to wait and see. It sure would be swell to get home.

Did Florence say anything about getting a letter from me? I wrote them several

weeks ago.

By the way, sweetie - what kind of spark plugs did Shorty put in the car? What make, I mean.

Phil made swell time on his trip to Baltimore. He must have really travelled to make it in nine hours.

Darling, what do you mean by calling yourself a meanie? I don't like anyone to say that - not even you. You're the dearest sweetheart in the whole wide world, and you're my everything.

I wish I could write you longer, more interesting letters, honey, but there just isn't much to write about. Remind me never to come to Tennessee again.

Goodnite sweetheart. I'll dream you're in my arms - your graham cracker boy,

Jack

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE JAN 1944 – MAR 1944 #17]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

[P]vt. 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 28 / 230 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.”]]

Tues. Feb. 22, 1944

Darling Fink,

I wasn't sure if I could write tonite or not.
I just had one envelope left, and it was sealed
[t]ight, but I steamed it open by breathing
on it so here goes.

I got three letters from you today, darling,
and do I love to get letters from my sweetie.

I sure do wish I was home with you darling
You said you could show me how much you
love me. I would show you too, lover. I often
think of the wonderful little love sessions we're
going to have. Mmmm! Baby. I love you so.
You said you could picture me sitting on the
davenport looking at your legs and smiling to
myself. I'll allways [sic] love to look at your legs,
honey. They're so beautiful.

You're certainly taking good care of our
little car, darling. I'll bet it sure runs good.

I don't know if I'll get a furlough at the
end of maneuvers, honey. I guess we'll just
have to wait and see. I[t] sure would be
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[Page 3 – Letters continued]

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I wish I could write you longer, more interesting letters, honey, but there just isn't much to write about. Remind me never to come to Tennessee [sic] again.

Good nite sweetheart. I'll dream you're in my arms.

Your graham cracker boy.

Jack