

3-1944

1944-03-05, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Subject Terms

Jack P. Bell; 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

March, 1944; 1944; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; Elyria, Ohio; letterhead; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; infantry; wife; husband; family; women at home; women; love; romance; brother; sister; gifts; gifts from home; celebration; fidelity; automobiles; swearing; economy; daughter; youth; friendship; recreation and entertainment; leisure; boredom; health and sickness

Identifier

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Port. J. P. Bell 35052495
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
c/o Post. Master, Nashville, Tenn.



Free

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

Tennessee Maneuvers

"Somewhere in Tennessee"

Sun. March 5, 1944

Dearest Darling,

Here I am sitting by the fire writing to my sweetie. What a forgetful guy I am. Honey, please excuse me for not mentioning the swell card you sent me. It seems like I just go around like the proverbial button.

The mailman sure has treated me good the last few days. I've gotten letters from Chuck, Sis, Bill and Dolly, and my faithful sweetie. Kind of helps me keep tabs on what's going on in the world. Genevieve misses you. She always mentions it when she writes.

I hope too, that the car is going to be allright for a while, sweetie. I recall those days when it didn't do right by me, and I'd have to do a little tall cussing at it, but now I love the little jalop when she's purring along on all eight like a well oiled little peanut vendor.

How is Edith making out these days? Have they kept their home? I hope so, it's tough to have to give up when they had such a nice start. Say hello to her when you see her. I'll bet their daughter is getting to be quite a young lady, isn't she?

Honey, haven't I always wanted to take you places? Of course I'll want to go out to nice clubs and shows. It's just that when you're out here in the woods home is such a pleasant place to think of.

Baby, it seems like my letters get worse and worse. There just isn't any news out here. I like

to write you, and tell you I love you just as often
as I can tho'. I'm feeling fine, and hope everyone
at home is too.

Good nite, darling. I love you very very much,
and I'm enclosing bushels of hugs and kisses.

Your own,
Jack

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE JAN 1944 – MAR 1944 #19]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Pvt. J. P. Bell 3505249[5]

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

C/O Pst. Mstr. Nashville, Tenn.

Free

[[Image: Postmark stamp with printed text:
“NASHVILLE / TENN.” encircling date:
MAR 7 / 1230 PM / 1944”]]

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

[Page 2 – Letter]

[[Print Text: “Tennessee Maneuvers”

‘Somewhere in Tennessee’ ”]]

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The mailman sure has treated me good the last few days. I’ve gotten letters from Chuck, Sis, Bill and Dolly, and my faithful sweetie. Kind of helps me keep tab on what’s going on in the world. Genevieve misses you. She allways [sic] mentions it when she writes.

I hope too, that the car is going to be alright [sic] for a while, sweetie. I recall those days when it didn’t do right by me, and I’d have to do a little tall cussing at it, but how I love the little jalop [sic] when she’s purring along on all eight like a well oiled little peanut vendor.

How is Edith making out these days? Have they kept their home? I hope so, it’s tough to have to give up when they had such a nice start. Say hello to her when you see her. I’ll bet their daughter is getting to be quite a young lady, isn’t she?

Honey, haven’t I allways [sic] wanted to take your places? Of course I’ll want to go out to nite clubs and shows. It’s just that when you’re out here in the woods home is such a pleasant place to think of.

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[Page 3 – Letter continued]

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