
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

CAWL Archives: Second World War

3-14-1944

1944-03-14, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Subject Terms

Jack P. Bell; March 14, 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 -- Casualties

Keywords

March, 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; weather; nice weather; automobiles; recreation and entertainment; leisure; marching and drill; training; family; mother; father; post-war hopes; Camp Pickett, Va.; education; casualties; death; periodical

Identifier

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Priv. J. P. Bell 35052495

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

9/0 Post. Mstr. Nashville, Tenn.

Free



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

Tennessee Maneuvers

"Somewhere in Tennessee"

Tues. March 14, '44

Dearest darling,

It looks like I might have a few minutes to myself so I'll get a letter started anyway. It sure is a beautiful afternoon, just the kind we love. It would be grand to be home on a day like this. We could hop in the car, and take a ride. I sure hope spring is here to stay.

All our moving has been done at nite lately. That's the reason I've been falling down on my letter writing. If you happen to get over to see Mom and Dad or call them you can tell them why I've slipped up on the letters too.

Sweetie, I love you. I'm always thinking of you, and the good times we have together. Just being with you makes me so happy. Remember when we used to go on picnics in the spring and summer? Today just reminds me of it. Maybe it won't be so very long now till this foolishness is all over, and we'll be living the way we used to again. Everything we do then will appreciate just a little more, and our enjoyment will be keener after this separation. Not that we didn't appreciate and enjoy life before.

About two weeks from now I suppose we'll be at Pickett. I wonder how it will seem to sleep under a roof again. It will be light weeks, Thursday, since we came into the field.

Yes, I know Richard Dudley. He was in my class at school. I read in the Oberlin Times that he'd been killed in action. He was a nice fellow. Quite brilliant in school.

I hope the car is still running good for you, honey. After the war we'll trade her in on a slick little cabriolet. We'll buy lots of stuff for the house too, to make your work easier.

Back again, honey. It's evening. No mail today. This mail service is funny. Day before yesterday I got a letter from you postmarked March 8 at 2 P.M. Took four days to get here. Yesterday I got one from you postmarked March 11 at 2 P.M. That's the way they usually come - in two days.

Guess that's all I know for now, darling. All my love to my sweet little wife whom I love so very, very much. Good night sweetheart,

Your lover,
Jack

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE JAN 1944 – MAR 1944 #23]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Pvt. J. P. Bell 35052495

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

Free

C/O Pst. Mstr. Nashville, Tenn.

[[Image: Postmark stamp with printed text:
“NASHVILLE / TENN.” encircling date:
MAR 16 / 430 PM / [19]44”]]

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

[Page 2 – Letter]

[[Print Text: “Tennessee Maneuvers”
‘Somewhere in Tennessee’ ”]]

Tuesday March 14, ‘44

Dearest darling,

It looks like I might have a few minutes to myself so I’ll get a letter started anyway. It sure is a beautiful afternoon, just the kind we love. It would be grand to be home on a day like this. We could hop in the car, and take a ride. I sure hope spring is here to stay.

All our moving has been done at nite lately. That’s the reason I’ve been falling down on my letter writing. If you happen to get over to see Mom and Dad or call them you can tell them why I’ve slipped up on the letters too.

Sweetie, I love you. I’m always [*sic*] thinking of you, and the good times we have together. Just being with you makes me so happy. Remember when we used to go on picnics in the spring and the summer? Today just reminds me of it. Maybe it wont [*sic*] be so very long now till this foolishness is all over, and we’ll be living the way we used to again. Everything we do then we’ll appreciate just a little more, and our enjoyment will be keener after this separation. Not that we didn’t apprec –
iate and enjoy life before.

About two weeks from now I suppose we’ll be at Pickett. I wonder how it will seem to sleep under a roof again. It will be eight wee[k]s, Thursday, since we came into the field.

Yes, I knew Richard Dudley. He was in my class at school. I read in the Oberlin Times that he’d been killed in action. He was a nice fellow. Quite brilliant in school.

[Page 3 – Letter continued]

I hope the car is still running good for you, honey. After the war we'll trade her in on a sleek little cabriolet. We'll buy lots of stuff for the house too, to make your work easier.

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Guess that's all I know for now, darling. All my love to my sweet little wife whom I love so very, very much. Good nite Sweetheart,

Your lover,

Jack