4-3-1944

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #379

Jack P. Bell

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FROM
Pvt. J. P. Bell 35052495
78th. Sig. C. A.P.O. 78

U. S. ARMY
CAMP PICKETT, VIRGINIA

APR 4
130 PM
1944

Free

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Monday April 3

Dearest Darling,

Not much new to write about today. Days go by pretty much the same. I'm glad you're doing so well on gas, honey. We'll have some swell times when I come home. Everything is going to come out all right on this furlough business, I believe. My name isn't on the list for this week anyway, so I guess I'll have my house back in time. I'd like to be home for Easter too, sweetie, but just so I get home I won't worry too much when it is.

I'm getting my equipment pretty well cleaned up. It sure gets dirty out in the field. I traded my old one to a buddy when we were in Tennessee, and it looks pretty decent. This one wasn't new, but it's in good shape. I washed it, and it looks pretty decent.

I'll bet Sibby was plenty disappointed, only getting seven days. That's why it's not so good to bank too much on a furlough.
I had two more shots tonite. Smallpox and typhoid. My arms will look like pin cushions. Every time you turn around, they try some fancy needlework on you.

This service club is a better place to write a letter than the barracks. More light, and much more comfortable.

Honey, I'm going to try to get out next weekend, and see if I can find a place to rent. If I see something fairly decent I'll take it, and if I see something fairly decent I'll take it, and maybe we can arrange it so you can come with me after the furlough. What do you think of that idea, honey? Let me know if you think it's a good one. From what I hear, I don't believe there are any rooms left in Blackstone. It's only three miles from camp. There's a town named Crewe about nine miles away, and maybe I can do some good there.

Sweetie, have I reminded you lately how much I love you? You're such a wonderful wife, and such a sweet lover. What a lucky guy I am to be married to you. You understand all my moods. It's always a beautiful day when I'm with you. We always click darling. Seems like we
Share the same things at the same time always. When you feel good, I feel good. When you feel like laughing, so do I. When you're in a serious frame of mind - that's me too. When you feel bad I feel bad. It's always we ain't it honey? I love you so very much, darling. You're my everything. And my sweet, sweetie. I think of you all cutie and my cute sweetie. I think of you all through the day, and dream of you at night. Some day, maybe not so far away we won't have to dream about each other, sweetheart. What a dream about each other, sweetheart. What a happy day that will be when this mess is all over, and I can come home to you, and you can come home to me, and I can throw back your little memories for everything we need.

Just hold up on all my stuff, honey. My shaving and shoes. I'll have them when I come. Well, sweetie I can't think of a thing more to say. Of course there are lots of things I
want to say, but I want to say them to you in person. All my love to the sweetest and darlings and beautillest and bestest little wife in the whole wide world. I'm enclosing bushels of hugs and kisses. Of course I want you to return them right away. I love you baby chick.

Your Sweetheart,

Jack
Free
Pvt. J. P. Bell 35052495
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
CAMP PICKETT, VIRGINIA.

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

Not much to write about tonite. Days go by pretty much the same.

I’m glad you’re doing so well on gas, honey. We’ll have some swell times when I come home. Everything is going to come out allright [sic] on this furlough business, I believe. My name isn’t on the list for this week anyway so I guess I’ll have my blouse back in time.

I’d like to be home for Easter too, sweetie, but just so I get home I wont [sic] worry too much when it is.

I’m getting my equipment pretty well cleaned up. It sure gets dirty out in the field. I have a field jacket that fits me now. I traded my old one to supply when we were in Tennessee. This one wasn’t new, but it’s in good shape. I washed it, and it looks pretty decent.

I’ll bet Gibby was plenty disappointed, only getting seven days. That’s why it’s not so good to bank too much on a furlough.
I had two more shots tonite. Small pox, and typhoid. My arms will look like pin cushions when I get out of this army. Every time you turn around they try some fancy needlework on you.

This service club is a better place to write a letter than the barracks. More light, and much more comfortable.

Honey, I’m going to try to get out next weekend, and see if I can find a place to rent. If I see something fairly decent I’ll take it, and maybe we can arrange it so you can come back with me after the furlough. What do you think of that idea, honey? Let me know if you think it’s a good one. From what I hear I don’t believe there are any rooms left in Blackstone. It’s only three miles from camp. There’s a town named Crewe about nine miles away, and maybe I can do some good there.

Sweetie, have I reminded you lately how much I love you? You’re such a wonderful wife, and such a sweet lover. What a lucky guy I am to be married to you. You understand all my moods. It’s allways [sic] a beautiful day when I’m with you. We allways [sic] click darling. Seems like we
share the same things at the same time allways [sic].
When you feel good, I feel good. When you
feel like laughing, so do I. When you’re in a
serious frame of mind – that’s me too. When
you feel bad I feel bad. It’s allways [sic] [[underscore]] we [[/underscore]] isn’t
it honey? I love you so very very much,
darling. You’re my everything. You’re my sweet
cutie, and my cute sweetie. I think of you all
thru’ the day, and dream of you at nite. Some –
day, maybe not so far away we wont [sic] have to
dream about each other, sweetheart. What a
happy day that will be when this mess is all
over, and I can come home to you, and
we’ll be together forever. What a wonderful life
together, darling – just like it was before. You can
have that job back you like so well, honey,
and I’ll see about the do re mi for everything
we need.

Just hold up on all my stuff, honey. My
shaver and shoes. I’ll have them when I come
home, and then I can bring them back with
me. I can do without them for the time being.

Well, sweetie I can’t think of a thing more
to say. Of course there are lots of things I
want to say, but I want to say them to you in person. All my love to the sweetest and darlingest and beautifullest and bestest little wife in the whole wide world. I'm enclosing bushels of hugs and kisses. Of course I want you to return them right away. I love you baby Fink,

Your sweetheart,

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