
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

CAWL Archives: Second World War

11-21-1945

1945-11-21, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Subject Terms

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Identifier

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T/5 John P. Bell 35052495
279th. QM Ref. Co. APO 758
C/o PM New York, N.Y.



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

Sick
November 21

Dearest darling,

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving day, and tho' we won't be together we have lots to be thankful for sweetie. In our hearts we'll be together as we always are, and this year we know it won't be too long, and I'll be home for keeps.

I got a big promotion today. I'm now a model T corporal. There's only one promotion I want out of this army, and that's the little diploma that will promote me back to Mr. Bell.

It's been cold and rainy again today. I'm beginning to hope it gets real cold so it will stop raining.

Darling remember Thanksgiving nite nine years ago. It was the 26th. of November. Our secret anniversary. Oh darling I love you so very much. It seems like only yesterday. The time has gone so fast, and yet it seems like there's never been a time when we haven't known and loved each other. You're the dearest sweetie - most precious darling in all the world, and I'm such a lucky fellow to have you for my very own darling wife. I'm always trying to think of a real elegant way to tell you how very much you mean to me lover, but the more I ~~know~~ ^{write} the more I know that I can't really do a good job of putting it into words. When I come home I'll show you tho' sweetie.

Last nite I saw Lee Tracy in, "I'll tell the world." It was a pretty good comedy. I hadn't seen him in a picture for a long time.

I imagine will get a fine dinner here tomorrow as they always put out good food, and they'll probably outdo themselves for Thanksgiving. That's one thing as long as I'm over here I'm thankful that I'm in this company. There's no comparison with the 78th. in the way they treat you here.

We have a Russian fellow here who works in the motor pool as a civilian employee. Every nite he comes racing down here to hear the news from Moscow on the radio. Last nite Les and I were sitting here drinking some coffee, and eating rolls. Old George says I'll bring some bacon. We said no, we'd

have to cook it. We don't want any. He says no, you don't have to cook it. We thought he probably had some salami, or something so he comes back, and darned if he didn't have a little chunk of bacon. He cuts off a strip and chaws it up. What a guy.

I'm enclosing millions of hugs and kisses and all my love.

Your lover,

Jack

[[Nick Dante 1/15/16]]

[[Bell Correspondence #15]]

[[Page 1- Envelope]]

T/5 John P. Bell 35052495
279th QM Ref. Co. APO758
c/o PM New York, N.Y.

[[image- orange U.S. Postage Via Air Mail Stamp]]

[[image- black stamp: U.S. ARMY 63 POSTAL
SERVICE A.P.O. 1945 NOV 23 169]]

Mrs. Jack Bell
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Elyria, Ohio

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Your Own,
[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]