10-7-1944

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #401

Jack P. Bell

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Mrs. Jack Bell
508 West Street
Elyria, Ohio
C/o A. Golechen
Sat. October 7

Darling Wife,

Here I sit on Park Ave. writing to my sweetheart. I'm going to put a stamp on this, and mail it instead of screwing around with the censor.

Now, here are some things which I'm not supposed to tell you, and don't even mention them in any letters you write to me. I'm at Camp Kilmer, N.J., about thirty five miles from New York City. Above all, don't address my mail to this camp. Use the New York, A. P. O. Otherwise I might get blamed. I just wanted to tell you where I am, which of course I think you have a perfect right to know. Don't tell anyone the name of this camp tho'. Just say I'm at a New York P.O. You don't know where
It will just be a week tomorrow since I saw your father. I love you so, sweetheart. Keep your chin up, darling. It may not be as long as we think. And this mess will be all over, and we can go back to our good way of living again.

I imagine by this time you are either home or just about ready to start so I'll address this to P J's place. Say hello to them for me. I hope you had a nice trip with no trouble, honey. Write and tell me about it.

Did Florence go down to Sa. to be with Frank? I wonder if he is heading for overseas?

I got a 12 hour pass. Probably won't be able to see much but this seems just like any other town, only bigger. They aren't much different, I guess. Home is where you and I are together, darling. That's all any place means to me. You are such a wonderful wife. What a wonderful day it will be when we know that all this is history, and from then on it will be
just you and me with no interruptions. When you write to me, honey tell me all about everything and everybody. Of course you always do. You write such swell letters, darling. Almost like having you right beside me, talking to me. Only, of course, it's so much nicer to have you talking to me so I can hear your sweet voice, and maybe pester you once in a while - just a little bit. Do you realize, sweetheart, that we've only been married three years six months and seven days, and you know that a husband still on his honeymoon should be able to pester his wife just a little bit - aren't I right? Darling, I guess it will always be a honeymoon for us, won't it? How could it be different with such a sweet and charming wife as you.
Well, baby dear, I guess there's no news I haven't already told you so I'll quit for now. Keep mum about what I've told you as this stuff affects the fortunes maybe even the lives of thousands of Joes including yours truly. I love you; baby. All my love, and lots of juicy kisses.

Yours always,

Jack

Mrs. Jack Bell
508 West Street
Elyria, Ohio
C/O A. Golechen
[[written in blue crayon at bottom of envelope in another's hand:]]

46582
Sat. October 7

Darling Wife,

Here I sit on Park Ave. writing
to my sweetheart. I’m going to put a
stamp on this, and mail it instead of
screwing around with the censor.

Now, here are some things which
I’m not supposed to tell you, and [[underscore]] don’t [[/underscore]]
ever mention them in any letters you
write to me. I’m at Camp Kilmer, N.J.
about thirty five miles from New York
City. [[Underscore]] Above all don’t [[/underscore]] address my mail
to this camp. Use the New York, A.P.O.
Otherwise I [[strikethrough]] might [[/strikethrough]] [[underscored superscript]] would
[[/underscored superscript]] get reamed. I just
wanted to tell you where I am, which
of course I think you have a perfect
right to know. Don’t tell anyone the
name of this camp tho’. Just say I’m at
a New York P.O.E. You don’t know where.
It will just be a week tomorrow since I saw you, lover, but it seems like ages ago. I love you so, sweetheart. Keep your chin up, darling. It may not be as long as we think, and this mess will be all over, and we can go back to our good way of living again.

I imagine by this time you are either home or just about ready to start so I'll address this to Pa's place. Say hello to them for me. I hope you had a nice trip with no trouble, honey. Write and tell me about it.

Did Florence go down to Ga. to be with Frank? I wonder if he is heading for overseas?

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Yours allways [sic],

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

[[Written inside a hand-drawn box:]]
Pvt. J.P. Bell 35052445
78th. Signal Co. A.P.O. 78
C/O Pst. Mstr. New York City