3-29-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #126

Jack P. Bell

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Pvt. J. P. Bell
78th. Sig. Co. 78th. Div.
Camp Butner, N. C.
A. P. O. 78

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
March 29, 1943
Camp Butner, N.C.

Dearest Fink,

Darling I got my first mail today, and did I ever hit the jackpot. Seven letters from you, and one from the folks at noon mail call, and one letter from you at this evening's mail call.

I'm so sorry that everyone knew where I was before you did, darling. I can't understand the same time Monday night. One to you, one to Genevieve. Also you probably knew by this time that I was just as disappointed as you were that I couldn't call on your birthday. You see we only got a
We started out this morning by running an obstacle course, Commando stuff. Lots of climbing and jumping. Most of our day was spent in classes. Camouflage, chemical warfare, fire, military courtesy, and military sanitation. As far as physical exertion is concerned, it was the easiest day I've had since I've been at Butner.

I miss you a lot, darling, and I'd like nothing more than to be back home again, but I don't feel morbid or desperately homesick, and I hope I don't get to feeling that way, because there wouldn't be much I could do about it. I feel cheerful and healthy. The life is clean and rugged. The discipline is rigid, but not oppressive. So far I've had little time

Our basic training started today.

Chance to go to the PX when a man can takes us. It's never for a period of more than a half hour. It's a small incomplete PX. I don't know whether they have phones or not, and you can see that I probably wouldn't have time to place a call. I'm not complaining because I know that things will probably be better after we get over. They won't be able to go to the big PX. It's not because I didn't want to, but it's just that I can't do everything I like to do.

Enough of that. It was so sweet to read your letters, darling. It seemed as if you were right here talking to me. I wish I could write like that. Maybe you will like my letters anyway. Do you sweeetie?
to call my own; but as long as I can cop a few minutes here and there to write you I'm satisfied. After basic I'm sure things will run along better with a little more leisure time.

I'm certainly glad you're getting around with your friends, darling. Say hello to all of them for me. They're a good bunch. We've all had lots of good times together. This is just an interruption. I'm certain that the axis is tottering on its last legs now, and that it's just a matter of a short time until it's over.

Mom told me in her letter that Chuck is going to be in Salt Lake City for a short while. He sure has seen a lot
of country. Haven't he? I sure do hope he gets stationed somewhere close to home soon. It would be swell if he could get home once in a while or on a weekend.

You sure must be keeping busy these days, darling. Holding down a job, taking care of the house, and the car, and all the things that go with them. It's a lot of responsibility, honey, but one of these days I'll be coming home, and we can make it a cooperative affair again. We have a lot to look forward to, sweetheart. Our first two years of marriage were paradise, and it will be the same again, only better and sweeter because of the separation.

In one of your letters you asked if I could think of anything else I want. I believe the bath towel and clothes hangers are the only things I need, sweetie—
need anything from time to time that I can't get around here will let you know. As for money I'm pretty well set yet. I have 13 or 14 dollars left. I don't need much. A pack of cigarettes now and then is all. They're only 13¢ here. I get plenty to eat, and I can't buy any sport clothes so you see money is one of the least of my worries.

I can see right now that I made a slight mistake. This extra sheet of paper was folded right inside. So I just started to write on it. Oh well, just so

The barracks is fairly quiet right now. Most of the fellows in this end are writing letters. The only interruption we've had so far this evening was a trip to
People of barracks down the street to see a movie on military courtesy.

Well darling, it's 8:30 one hour before lights out. I have a pair of shoes to wash and shine, and by the time I do some washing it'll be time to call it a day. So I'll say so long darling; all my love to the sweetest lover in the whole wide world.

Your sweetheart,

Jack

P.S. She got all date with a dream. Her name is Fink.
[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE MARCH 1943 – APRIL 1943 #6]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Pvt. J.P. Bell
78th. Sig. Co. 78th. Div.
Camp Butner, N.C.
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Free

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
March 29, 1943
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[[underscore]] Jack [[/underscore]]

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Her name is Fink.