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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #141

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
April 7, 1943
Camp Butner, N.C.

Dearest Sweetheart,

Hite falls on North Carolina again, and here I am at the same old stand, saying hello to the light of my life. I just bought some new stationery tonite. Like it? That's our insignia on top. You're getting a cloth one in a few days. Or would you like more? Say the word, Honey, I'll get them for you.

I'm propped up on my bunk with my new slippers on. Very comfortable. One of the radios is going as usual. They're playing "Keep me mine my lady."

Darling, you told me in your letter you wished that I could be home to hold you close and kiss you, and then you asked if I didn't want you to write like that. Of course I don't mind, Sweetie. You are. When people love each other like we do, darling, we're bound to miss each other. Keep your chin up, sweetie, it won't be long. I'll be home again, pestering you for a kiss every five minutes. Will you be angry?

I'm beginning to believe they had good reason for naming this state North Carolina. It's been real chilly here the last couple of days. The barracks are warm, tho. I imagine in about another month it will be plenty hot down here.

I forgot to mention in last note's letter that I appreciate the Western Round-up you sent. I'm glad you enjoy your work,
Darling. Don't like it too well, and don't get too independent because one of these days I want to come back, and pay the bills for the Belle of W River St.

I wrote a letter to Chuck last nite. I haven't written to Ralph and Edith or the folks yet. Here's hoping I get this Sunday to myself. I've got a lot of catching up to do. Isot a letter today from Aunt Connel. She writes a humorous letter. I was glad to hear that Pater's leg is better. He really had a siege with that. Did you see the write up about Chuck in the Oberlin Times? There was also a letter from Russ Bell in the same edition.

I got a kick out of the batch of jokes in your letter today, baby. They were really funny. Surprising, but we don't hear many jokes around here. I guess we're on the ball too much of the time to think of any.

I guess I'll have to apologize for such a short letter. Funny, but I guess this is all I know for today so I'll crawl into bed, and dream of you. Good nite, darling,

Your Sweetheart,

Jack

P.S. Say hello to everybody for me. Tell them I think of them often even tho I don't write.
Pvt. J.P. Bell          Free
78th. Sig. Co. 78th. Div.       
Camp Butner, N.C.             
    A.P.O. 78             

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
April 6, 1943
Camp Butner, N.C.

Dearest Sweetheart,

Nite falls on North Carolina again, and here I am at the same old stand saying hello to the light of my life.

I just bought some new stationery tonite. Like it? That’s our insignia on top. You’ll be getting a cloth one in a few days. Or would you like more? Say the word, honey. I’ll get them for you.

I’m propped up on my bunk with my new slippers on. Very comfortable. One of the radios is going as usual. They’re playing, “Weep no more my Lady.”

Darling, you told me in your letter you wished that I could be home to hold you close and kiss you, and then you asked if I didn’t want you to write like that. Of course I don’t mind, Sweetheart. I wish I was home to hold you, but I’ll be a good soldier. we’re bound to miss each other. Keep your chin up, sweetie, it wont [sic] be very long. I’ll be home again, pestering you for a kiss every five minutes. Will you be angry!

I’m beginning to believe they had good reason for naming this state [underline] North [[/underline]] Carolina. It’s been really chilly here the last couple of days. The barracks are warm, tho’. I imagine in about another month it will be plenty hot down here.

I forgot to mention in last nite’s letter that I appreciate the Western Round up you sent. I’m glad you enjoy your work,
darling. Don’t like it too well, and don’t get too independent be – cause one of these days I want to come back, and pay the bills for the Bells of W. River St.

I wrote a letter to Chuck last nite. I haven’t written to Ralph and Edith or the folks yet. Here’s hoping I get this Sunday to myself. I’ve got a lot of catching up to do. Got a letter today from Aunt Corneal. She writes a humorous letter. I was glad to hear that Matt’s leg is better. He really had a siege with that. Did you see the write up about Chuck in the Oberlin Times? There was also a letter from Russ Bell in the same edition.

I got a kick out of the batch of jokes in your letter, today, baby. They were really funny. Surprising, but we don’t hear many jokes around here. I guess we’re on the ball too much of the time to think of any.

I guess I’ll have to apologize for such a short letter, honey, but I guess this is all I know for today so I’ll crawl into bed, and dream of you. Good nite, darling,

Your Sweetheart,

[underscore]Jack[/underscore]

P.S. Say hello to everybody for me. Tell them I think of them often even tho’ I don’t write.