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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #168

Jack P. Bell

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

I'm writing you an outdoor letter this beautiful spring evening. That is, I'm sitting on the back porch of the barracks. The sun swells out. I guess winter's over for sure now.

Mail call treated me good today. A letter from my boy this moon, and one from Lena tonite. So I think I'll get real ambitious, and answer Lena's tonite too. She writes a swell letter, and I thought it was very nice of her to write to me. All I sent was a post card.

You said you were going to do a little walking for reducing purposes. You aren't worrying about a little weight, are you darling? The more there is of you, the more I'll have to love. I'll weight between loves? Just as we both have good health. That's the most valuable possession anyone can have.

Lena told me about Shellys' having Aunt Celena's dog down now? I'm really getting anxious for this quarantine to end, and hoping I pass and get off the post for a few hours. Everything is getting kind of stale and monotonous. I haven't been off this damn post since the day the bus hauled me into Camp Perry six weeks ago.

I imagine Genevieve was pretty disappointed that I couldn't make it
yesterday. Thirty three miles away, and it's going to take me two months to get there. I guess I ought to be ashamed of myself, squawking like this. The boys in Africa aren't getting any time off these days, and they're a heck of a lot farther away from home than I am. Oh well. If I didn't gripe a little I'd be a poor soldier, so don't mind me. We have mostly pine trees around here, but the few other kinds there are are all leaved out. They just seemed to spring out the last few days.

Everything's going along pretty well in school these days. I took a test on a radio the other day, and got 90% on it. I could have made a 100, but I marked one of the ten answers wrong. I knew the correct answer, it was a yes or no, but I got twisted up, and zigged when I should have zagged. (No excuses, Bell) Well anyhow. I'm really swinging on Code Group no. 3. That's 1-2-3 and 1 all together. I'll know the whole alphabet by the end of the week.

Learned all the numbers too. That's funny stuff. You get a group all thrown in. For a while you all screwed up, and forgot all they start coming to you, and you have another batch learned. It's a damn sight better than infinity. They walk about twenty miles away, and don't get a chance to learn anything like this.

Sweetheart, I guess Dad told you everything I know, but the most important which I've saved for last. I love you, dearer. So long till tomorrow, all my love and millions of kisses,

Your own,

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

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
April 26, 1943

Darling Wife,

I’m writing you an outdoor letter this beautiful spring evening. That is, I’m sitting on the back porch of the barracks. It’s sure swell out. I guess winter’s over for sure now.

Mail call treated me good today. A letter from my baby this noon, and one from Lena tonite. So I think I’ll get real ambitious, and answer Lena’s tonite too. She writes a swell letter, and I thought it was very nice of her to write to me. All I sent was a post card.

You said you were going to do a little walking for reducing purposes. You aren’t worrying about a little weight, are you darling? I told you the more there is of you, the more I’ll have to love. I’ll probably be a little heftier too when I come home. What’s a little weight between lovers? Just so we both have good health. That’s the most valuable possession anyone can have.

Lena told me about Shelly throwing Aunt Celia’s dog down the stairs. He sure must be a ripsnorter. How is the dog now?

I’m really getting anxious for this quarantine to end, and hoping I don’t get any more detail for a while after that so I can get a pass, and get off the post for a few hours. Everything is getting kind of stale and monotonous. I haven’t been off the damn ball since the day the bus hauled me into Camp Perry six weeks ago today. I imagine Genevieve was pretty disappointed that I couldn’t make it
yesterday. Thirty three miles away, and it’s going to take me two months to get there. I guess I ought to be ashamed of myself, squawking like this. The boys in Africa aren’t getting any time off these days, and they’re a heck of a lot further away from home than I am. Oh well, if I didn’t gripe a little I’d be a poor soldier, so don’t mind me.

We have mostly pine trees around here, but the few other kinds there are, are all leafed out. They just seemed to spring out the last few days.

Everything’s going along pretty well in school these days. I took a test on a radio the other day, and got 90% on it. I could have made a 100, but I marked one of the ten answers wrong. I knew the correct answer, it was a yes or no question, but I got twisted up, and zigged when I should have zagged. (No excuses, Bell.) Well anyhow. –

I’m really swinging on code group no. 3. That’s 1 – 2 and 3 all together. I’ll know the whole alphabet by the end of the week. Maybe all the numbers too. That’s funny stuff. You get a group all learned, then start the next with all those you’ve already learned thrown in. For a while you’re all screwed up, and forget all those you’ve learned too. Then as you keep on listening, all of a sudden they start coming to you, and you have another batch learned. It’s a darn sight better than infantry. They walk about twenty miles away, and don’t get a chance to learn anything like this.

Sweetheart, I guess I’ve told you everything I know, but the most important which I’ve saved for last. I love you, dearest one. So long till tomorrow, all my love and millions of kisses,

Your own,

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