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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #173

Jack P. Bell

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Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Camp Butner, NORTHERN CAROLINA  
May 4, 1943

Dear Sweetheart,

The mail service must be getting temperamental again. No mail today, I suppose I'll get some again tomorrow.

Today was payday. You won't get a check this month, honey as the copy of our marriage license hasn't come thru from Penny yet. They're going to get it straightened out tho'. I drew $43.30. All they took out for was insurance. Forgot about the laundry, I guess. If I can get into Henderson Saturday I'll send you a money order for $30.00. I can't send it from here 'cause I can't get the money order, and I don't want to take a chance on sending the cash in a letter. Then maybe by next month you'll start getting your checks.

You know, honey this old army life is a funny thing. It's all pretty much the same, and it seems there's never anything new to write about but the time really flies. The weeks come and go in a hurry. Of course that suits me fine 'cause it won't be long till I'm back home, and in my honey's arms. In the meantime I'll just have to stumble around with my fountain pen, and try to tell you how much I love you, and how I told you, within the last twenty four hours that I think you are the cutest, and the sweetest, and laziest and bestest...
little wife in the whole wide world. Well you are, lover
and lots more that I can't tell you because there aren't enough
words to really tell you how much I love you.

Are you having any spring weather, darling? We had
a real nice day here today. Did you know that this part of the
country is lower than Elyria? The city of Durham is 478 feet
above sea level, Elyria is around 550. I always thought that it
was a little higher here.

The army was just like a rich uncle today. I have no one
pay and ice cream for supper all in the same day. Old Sam
is a pretty good boss, I really am gaining weight. I weighed myself
on a good scale this evening, and I tipped 157 pounds. So I
guess it's not exactly losing me down.

School is coming along fine. We just about ready to go onto
the fifth and last group. I tried my hand at the Key this afternoon
sending a letter. Honey, I believe I might be a radio operator
some day. The more time I spend on this stuff the better I like it.
But after you get the swing of it there's no strain, it's a sort of
rhythm, and the more time I spend on it the easier it gets.
How is your job coming along, sweetie? I can hardly wait for the
day when I come home, and see you. Will you ever be angry.

This is a sort of a short one today, baby, but I'll try and
do better tomorrow. It's easier for me to write when I get a
letter from you. You know how it is honey, it starts a train
of thought, and gives me some ideas. Lots of hugs and kisses,

sweetheart,

Your lover,

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
May 4, 1943

Dearest sweetheart,

The mail service must be getting temperamental again. No mail today. I suppose I’ll get some again tomorrow tho’.

Today was payday you won’t get a check this month, honey as the copy of our marriage license hasn’t come thru’ from Perry yet. They’re going to get it straightened out tho’. I drew $43.30. All they took out for was insurance. Forgot about the laundry, I guess. If I can get into Henderson Saturday I’ll send you a money order for $30.⁰⁰. I can’t send it from here ‘cause I can’t get the money order, and I don’t want to take a chance on sending the cash in a letter. Then maybe by next month you’ll start getting your checks.

You know, honey this old army life is a funny thing. It’s all pretty much the same. And it seems there’s never anything new to write about, but the time really flies. The weeks come and go in a hurry. Of course that suits me fine ‘cause it won’t be long till I’m back home, and in my honey’s arms. In the meantime I’ll just have to stumble around with my fountain pen, and try to tell you how much I love you, and how wonderful it will be when I come home to you, Darling, have I told you, within the last twenty four hours that I think you are the cutest, and the sweetest, and lovingest and bestest
little wife in the whole wide world. Well you are, lover
and lots more that I can’t tell you because there aren’t enough
words to really tell you how much I love you.

Are you having any spring weather. Darling? We had
a real nice day here today. Did you know that this part of the
country is lower than Elyria? The city of Durham is 478 feet
above sea level, Elyria is around 550. I always thought that it
was a little higher here.

The army was just like a rich uncle today. Gave us our
pay and ice cream for supper all in the same day. Old Sam
is a pretty good boss. I really am gaining weight. I weighed myself
on a good scale this evening, and I tipped 157 pounds. So I
guess it’s not exactly tearing me down.

School is coming along fine. I’m just about ready to go onto
the fifth and last group. I tried my hand at the key this afternoon
sending a little. Honey, I believe I might be a radio operator
some day. The more time I spend on this stuff the better I like it.
The first few days I was on it, I thought it would drive me nuts.
But after you get the swing of it there’s no strain, it’s a sort of
a rhythm, and the more time I spend on the easier it gets.
I’m really glad I asked for radio. There I go rambling about me.
How is your coming along, sweetie? I can hardly wait for the
day when I come home, and fire you. Will you ever be angry.

This is a sort of a short one today, baby, but I’ll try and
do better tomorrow. It’s easier for me to write when I get a
letter from you. You know how it is, honey, it starts a train
of thought, and gives me some ideas. Lots of hugs and kisses,
sweetheart.

Your lover

[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]