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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #190

Jack P. Bell

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Pvt. J. P. Bell
18TH. SIG. C. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner, N.C.

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 E. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Camp Butner, North Carolina
May 19, 1943

Dearest sweetheart,

I'm going to try and write most of this in the rest of my free time. There's some rumor floating around here that our hike to Natchez may be an overnight camping trip so I may not get much chance to write this evening.

You've probably got the card I sent from Durham last night. We had a swell time. Five of us went in together. Two fellows from Wisconsin, two from Missouri, and I. We bowled some duck pins, and then we went swimming at the Y. They have a swell setup for service men. It only costs a nickel for a towel and locker. They have a nice little pool, about forty-five feet long, and twenty feet wide. The depth is deep around the deep end. Then we walked around, and saw a bit of Durham. It seems like a pretty nice town, but they say it's a first class mess over the weekend. It's really not big enough to accommodate all the soldiers that pour in.

I hope you had a good time in Cleveland Sunday. It's too bad you've been having such lousy weather. So far this week we've had perfect weather. I don't know whether it's my imagination or not, but it seems like my hair is getting darker in this climate. It must be agreeing with me the. I weighed 151 pounds on the scales at the Y last night.

I got a letter from Mom today. She and Dad sure do brag about you, honey. They really think you're tops. So, see you, honey. I'm not the only one who knows what a sweetheart you are.
You are such a sweet darling. I never tire of telling you how much I love you, and what a wonderful wife you are. You are the best of the best, my love.

I'm glad Chuck's pictures turned out good. I'll see the one Genevieve has when I get over there. I've put in for a pass over this weekend. So, I'm hoping. I also got a card from his today, and she said she expected to get our snapshots this week, so you'll be getting them before long. Maybe one of these times we'll be able to get Melick to take some large ones.

That place you went to with Bill and Dolly is where Frank Deely used to tend bar on Saturday nites. It is a sort of a dive, but she used to get good crowds. I wonder if Fiew will stay in Elgin if Buddy goes to the army. Does she even call you anymore?

AFTERNOON

It's time for supper now, and we're starting at 6 o'clock so I'll have to say so long now, honey. I'm sending you a big hug and lots 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
May 19, 1943

Dearest Sweetheart,

I’m going to try and write most of this in the rest of my noon hour. There’s some rumor floating around here that out hike tonite may be an overnite camping trip so I may not get much chance to write this evening.

You’ve probably got the card I sent from Durham last nite. Gee, I had a swell time. Five of us went in together. Two fellows from Wisconsin, two from Missouri, and I. We bowled some duck pins, and then we went swimming at the Y. They have a swell set up for service men. It only costs a nickel for a towel and locker. They have a nice little pool, about forty five feet long, and twenty feet wide. It’s eight feet deep on the deep end. Then we walked around, and saw a bit of Durham. It seems like a pretty nice town, but they say it’s a first class mess over the weekend. It’s really not big enough to accommodate all the soldiers that pour in.

I hope you had a good time in Cleveland Sunday. It’s too bad you’ve been having such lousy weather. So far this week we’ve had perfect summer weather. I don’t know whether it’s my imagination or not, but it seems like my hair is getting darker in this climate. It must be agreeing with me tho’. I weighed 151 pounds on the scales at the Y last nite.

I got a letter from Mom today. She and dad sure do brag about you honey, They really think you’re tops. So you see, honey I’m not the only one who knows what a sweetheart you are.
You are such a sweet darling. I never tire of telling you how much I love you, and what a wonderful wife you are. You are the bestest of the best my lover.

I’m glad Chuck’s pictures turned out good. I’ll see the one Genevieve has when I get over there. I’ve put in for a pass over this weekend. So here’s hoping. I also got a card from Sis today, and she said she expected to get our snapshots this week, so you’ll be getting them before long. Maybe one of these times we’ll be able to get Mel Finch to take some large ones.

That place you went to with Bill and Dolly is where Frank Seely used to tend bar on Saturday nites. It is a sort of a dive, but he used to get good crowds. I wonder if Fern will stay in Elyria if Buddy goes to the army. Does she ever call you anymore?

**AFTERNOON**

It’s time for supper now, and we’re starting at 6 O’Clock so I’ll have to say so long now, honey. I’m sending you a big hug and lots of kisses,

Your Own,

[underline] Jack [/underline]