6-22-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #241

Jack P. Bell

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection

Recommended Citation
Bell, Jack P., "Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #241" (1943). Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence Collection. 241. https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection/241

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the CAWL Archives: Second World War at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence Collection by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.
Subject Terms

Keywords
U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; Elyria, OH; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; training; women at home; marriage; barracks; romance; wife; husband; gift; food; comradery; rest; soldier slang; rainy weather;

Identifier
2014.160.wr_Bell_worldwartwo_1943-06-22_026

Copyright
The Center for American War Letters Archives promotes open access to its collections for “private study, scholarship, or research” subject to the intellectual property rights of others. Chapman University may not hold copyright or intellectual property rights to all items in the collections, and contents may be subject to restricted access or use. As a condition of accessing and using material from the Archives, you agree that you are responsible for obtaining all required consents of any copyright holder and to indemnify and hold the University harmless from and against any and all claims, losses, liabilities, and expenses, including reasonable attorney fees, that may arise from any third party claims for copyright infringement, torts, or invasion of publicity or privacy rights. You further acknowledge and agree that photocopies or other reproductions may only be made with the University’s prior approval. Requests will be considered on a case by case basis and approval will be in the University’s sole discretion.

This letter is available at Chapman University Digital Commons: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection/241
June 22, 1943

Dearest love,

For the first time in a week it looks like I have
the whole evening to myself so I'll try and write you a
real good letter to make up for the ones I couldn't write
when I was on the range.

I opened the package I got from the gang yesterday, this
afternoon, and it turned out to be a pound box of Gilbert's
chocolates. They're very good. I'm sure nice that they think of
me. They sure are a nice touch.

Today was a good gold-breaking day for me, and I
don't feel one bit ashamed of it. It was a good rest, and
light of us were cleaning the stoves they used out on the
range for cooking. None of us strained ourselves.

We had a little shower this afternoon just before our
retreat parade, but not enough to postpone it. There's a
little thunder now. A good rain would be welcome, might
cool things off a little.

The last time I called you it only took about an hour to
get through. I'll be calling you from time to time. I always feel
standing at the telephone in our bedroom, with a sweet face
of you. Life is so wonderful being married to you, sweetheart, that
all the time. You are always in my heart, love.

Do you know who I got a postcard from the other day, honey?
Howie Richel. He sure is a dandy kid. He told me about Ray
going to the Navy. He says he keeps pretty busy on his job these
days. I was glad to hear from him. I've always thought a lot
of Home.

I'm glad you do some cooking for yourself, honey. It's the best cooking you can get anywhere. I know. I always thrive on it. It's a good idea to eat cooked meals in preference to sandwiches even in the summer time.

I got real ambitions this evening, and washed out a pair of fatigues. I'm pretty handy like that now, but I'll be glad to give up my handiwork when I come home, as you will be to quit your job. What a happy day, darling. We'll really swing out—high, wild, and handsome. We always have such sweet times together, and enjoy each other company so. Tomorrow will be seven years since we met, lover, and it seems like only yesterday, but in another way it seems like there's never been a time we didn't know, and love each other. You're so beautiful, darling and so sweet that every day I love you more. I'm so proud of you, lover. All the fellows who have seen your picture agree that you are a queen so you can see it's not that I'm prejudiced.

It's real comfortable sitting on my bunk here with my slippers on, and no shirt. It's quiet in the day room, but I have to put my shirt on so I can stand a little noise. It sure seems nice just to sit and rest. We had five busy days and four miles when we could have used more sleep. Each man has a shelter half—That's half of a tent. Chuck, Lloyd, and I pitched tent together, and put down long needled pine boughs for a mattress. It was pretty comfortable. We'll be having another because one of these days, but that will probably be better because we'll probably have more time to rest and maybe even get enough day light to write letters.

It's raining now, and getting nice and cool. I'll sleep like a log tonight.

Well comes the bottom of the page so I'll say so long for now, lover. All my love to my darling wife whom I love so dearly.

Your sweetheart.

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

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
June 22, 1943

Dearest Lover,

For the first time in a week it looks like I have the whole evening to myself so I’ll try and write you a real good letter to make up for the ones I couldn’t write when I was on the range.

I opened the package I got from the gang yesterday, this afternoon, and it turned out to be a pound box of Gilbert’s chocolates. They’re very good. It’s sure nice that they think of me. They sure are a nice bunch.

Today was a good goldbucking day for me, and I don’t feel one bit ashamed of it. It was a good rest, about eight of us were cleaning the stoves they used out on the range for cooking. None of us strained ourselves.

We had a little shower this afternoon just before our retreat parade, but not enough to postpone it. There’s a little thunder now. A good rain would be welcome, might cool things off a little.

The last time I called it only took about an hour to get thru’. I’ll be calling you from time to time. I always feel so happy when I talk to you, darling. I can just picture you standing at the telephone in our bedroom, with a sweet Fink smile on your lovely face. Oh, darling you’re such a sweet little elf. Life is so wonderful being married to you, sweetie that even tho’ we’re apart I have you right with me in my thoughts all the time. You are allways in my heart, lover.

Do you know who I got a postcard from the other day, honey? Howie Bickel. He sure is a dandy kid. He told me about Ray going to the Navy. He says he keeps pretty busy on his job these days. I was glad to hear from him. I’ve allways thought a lot
of Howie.

I’m glad you do some cooking for yourself, honey. It’s the best cooking you can get anywhere. I know. I always thrived on it. It’s a good idea to eat cooked meals in preference to sandwiches even in the summertime.

I got real ambitious this evening, and washed out a pair of fatigues. I’m pretty handy like that now, but I’ll be just as glad to give up my handiwork when I come home, as you will be to quit your job. What a happy day, darling. We’ll really swing out – high, wide, and handsome. We always have such sweet times together, and enjoy each other’s company so. Tomorrow will be seven years since we met, lover, and it seems like only yesterday, but in another way it seems like there’s never been a time we didn’t know, and love each other. You’re so beautiful, darling and so sweet that each day I love you more. I’m so proud of you, lover. All the fellows who have seen your picture agree that you are a queen so you can see it’s not that I’m prejudiced.

It’s real comfortable sitting on my bunk here with my slippers on, and no shirt. It’s quieter in the day room, but I’d have to put my shirt on so I can stand a little noise. It sure seems nice just to sit and rest. We had five busy days and four nites when we could have used more sleep. Each man has a shelter half- that’s half of a tent. Chuck Lloyd, a kid from Brooklyn, and I pitched tent together, and put down long needled pine boughs for a mattress. It was pretty comfortable. We’ll be having another bivouac one of these days, but that will probably be better because we’ll probably have more time to rest and maybe even get enough daylight to write letters.

It’s raining now, and getting nice and cool. I’ll sleep like a log tonight.

Here comes the bottom of the page so I’ll say so long for now, lover. All my love to my darling wife whom I love so dearly,

Your sweetheart,

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