Subject Terms

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To: Mrs. Jack Bell
345 E. River St.
Elgin, Ohio
June 21, 1943

Dearest truck,

Here it is, first day of summer, and three months since I came to Butner. It's really been summer here for over a month as far as the heat is concerned. The climate here is damper than Ohio, and that tends to make it feel hotter.

Mail call did all right by me today. A letter from my sweetheart, one from Dad, one from Chuck, and a package from the gang at Coca-Cola. I haven't had a chance to open it yet. It's nearly ten o'clock now. We had a class on first aid this evening. I'll have to write them one of these days. I haven't even got around to thanking them for the last package I received.

Today was a bit of a change from the usual routine. The fellows who failed (I didn't qualify) on the range had to go out there again today and shoot over in the morning. I helped carry some radio sets from the division radio school to the radio building here at the company. We found we never do a dull moment. I don't know what our next phase of training will be like. I imagine it will mainly be interested in my furlough. It will be a swell weekend too, sweetheart. I can't tell for sure whether it will come out that way or not, but getting home is the main thing.

78th Division
Camp Butner, North Carolina
Darling, you said in one of your letters that you are doing a small part to help win the war. Don't be so modest; you're doing a big part. Without people producing materials, the soldiers wouldn't have anything to fight with, so your job is plenty important.

Well, darling seemin' as how I can hardly hold my eyes open I'll say good night sweetheart. All my love, 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
June 21, 1943

Dearest Fink,

Here it is, first day of summer, and three months since I came to Butner. It’s really been summer here for over a month, as far as the heat is concerned. The climate here is damper than Ohio, and that tends to make it feel hotter.

Mail call did all right by me today. A letter from my sweetie, one from Dad, one from Chuck, and a package from the gang at Coca Cola. I haven’t had a chance to open it yet. It’s nearly ten o’clock now. We had a class on first aid this evening. I’ll have to write them one of these days. I haven’t even got around to thanking them for the last package I received.

Today was a bit of a change from the usual routine. The fellows who boloed (didn’t qualify) on the range had to go out there again today and shoot over. In the morning I helped carry some radio sets from the division radio school to the radio building here at the company. Then this afternoon they had some of us cutting weeds, and class tonite – never a dull moment. I don’t know what our second phase of training will be like. I imagine we’ll get some practice on what we’ve learned in the class room. Mainly I’m interested in my furlough. It will be so swell to be home with you, darling. I hope I can be home over a weekend too, sweetie. I can’t tell for sure whether it will come out that way or not, but getting home is the main thing.
Darling, you said in one of your letters that you are doing a small part to help win the war. Don’t be so modest. You’re doing a big part. Without people producing materials the soldiers wouldn’t have anything to fight with so your job is plenty important.

Well, darling seein’ as how I can hardly hold my eyes open I’ll say good nite sweetheart. All my love, a big hug and lots of kisses,

Your Own,

[underline] Jack [underline]