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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #300

Jack P. Bell

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Subject Terms

Keywords
U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; training; barracks; romance; wife; husband; women at home; homesickness; Ohio; warm weather; military police; racial stereotype; post-war hopes; camaraderie; motion pictures;

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Pvt. J. P. Bell 35546
78th. Leg. Co. A. P. O. 78
Camp Butner, N. C.

Mrs. Jack Bell
215 Homer St.
Henderson, N. C.
C/O Mrs. Turner
Darling Turke,

Saturday morning, and we just finished reading your letter—the third one we’ve received from you. You probably have received one of mine by now. I hope so. I don’t like to have my baby go without letters even if I’m not a very good letter writer.

It’s beautiful out here in the woods today. I guess we’re going to move sometime today again. Oh well, it doesn’t make much difference as long as it doesn’t rain. Have you had any rain in Henderson yet? You sure need it over there.

I met a corporal in the M. P.’s this morning whose name is Bell—he’s from Massachusetts. That’s the first time I’ve heard of a Bell being a cop.

It sure is nice, getting your letters, sweetie. Of course I’d rather be with you, but when I can’t, your letters bring you so close to me. You’re the bestest little letter writer ever, darling.

I’m glad your little trouble is all over, honey. Take care of yourself, sweetie cause when you don’t feel good I don’t either. My cold is much better now. I don’t cough at all. I guess it’s this good outdoor life. My ankle isn’t bothering me anymore either. I’ve been eating like a horse and sleeping good so I feel fine.

We had a movie last night. A sort of an oldie, but good.

Doris Karloff in “Mr. Wong of Chinatown.” A real hoot.

I got a card from Dan Jay the other day. A regular form card giving me his address at Camp Crowder. I dropped him a postcard. He’s a swell kid. Maybe someday after the war we’ll visit him and his wife.

I saw in the paper this morning that the boys back in camp put on their C.P.'s. It will probably be warm for a while now. That's the way it usually goes. It also said that we'll be getting up a half
How later in the morning. That won't be too hard to take. Although I haven't been getting up till 7:30 out here. Just like a banker. That will help a lot to have a damper on the stove. Maybe we can build a fire all night. Have you had to have a fire much lately, honey? Have you had to buy any more coal oil since I left?

Sweetheart, have I told you lately how much I love you? When I squeeze my thumb and fingers together that's how much I don't love you - all the rest I love you. You're a sweet cutie and a cute sweetie, you're a cuddly lover and a lovely cuddler, and I love you very, very, very much. Now, give me a big flaky smile, and I would give you a great big bear hug, and some juicy kisses. There, wasn't that wonderful? mmm.

Well, sweetie, I guess she said it all for this time. I love you, baby. So long for now. Your Own,

Jack
Dearest Fink,

Saturday morning, and I’ve just finished reading your letter—the third one I’ve received from you. You probably have received one of mine by now. I hope so. I don’t like to have my baby go without letters even if I’m not a very good letter writer.

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hour later in the morning. That won't be too hard to take. Although I haven't been getting up till 7:30 out here. Just like a banker.

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Your Own,

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