11-16-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #310

Jack P. Bell

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Mrs. Jack Bell
215 Horner St.
Henderson, N. C.

C/O Mrs. Turner
Nov. 16, 1943

Dearest Darling,

Got down here all in one piece and so far it's OK. It's a beautiful morning—sun's out and it's nice and warm.

Honey, it may not be too easy for me to get letters written and mailed out here as if you don't hear from me real often don't worry. You see, we have to be careful about carrying any identification on us. That is—our camp address. When you write to the folks and Chuck tell them I'm OK and will write if I get a chance.

We had a lot of fun coming down here. We were right behind the radio truck, and we had to pull in and out of convoy to snag messages from radio to the general. We slip the message in a groove on a stick, and poke it in sight in the window of his car.
Hi!

Today, we're right near Winnsboro. If you get a map of S.C. you can see where it is. Just North and West from Columbia. This is really a rustic state. The shacks here don't have windows—just holes with little wooden doors they close at night or when it rains.

Well sweetie, that's all I know for now. I'll write as often as circumstances will permit. Take care of yourself sweetheart. All my love to the sweetest and bestest little wife in the whole wide world.

Your own, [signature]
Pvt. J. P. Bell 35540340
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner, N. C.

Mrs. Jack Bell
215 Horner St.
Henderson, N.C.
c/o Mrs. Turner
Nov. 16, 1943

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We had a lot of fun coming down here. We were right behind the radio truck, and we had to pull in and out of convoy to snag messages from radio to the general. We slip the message in a groove on a stick, and poke ’em right in the window of his car. What a
joke!

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Your Own,

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