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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #317

Jack P. Bell

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Dearest sweetheart,

Have been receiving your sweet letters, and sure do love to get them. I haven't been writing as often as I'd like to, but I just haven't had the time. I'm feeling good, and making out OK. So don't worry on that score.

I'm sorry I hadn't mentioned before, but everything was all right that Sunday. I got back to camp about 2 o'clock, and nothing was said.

We've moved every nite so far on these maneuvers. It looks like we'll stay in this spot tonight.

I managed to write a letter to Chuck last week, also one to the folks. I received letters from them too.

I'm sorry to hear that Chocolate is getting the army get him down that
way, it's no picnic, but everybody is in the same boat. That makes it a lot easier.

Say, honey, what kind of a postmark do they put on these letters? I've been sort of curious. Fort Jackson is near here, also Columbia which is a fairly large town.

I'm getting on and feel right at home living outdoors like this. We've had beautiful weather so far, and if it keeps up this way I'll have nothing to holler about.

Don't worry about a job, sweetie. If there's nothing decent available we're doing O.K. and if you ever need any cash you know we can get it in a hurry.

I've seen a newspaper once since I've been out here, and that was just the headline of that story about the big raid on Berlin. Doesn't seem like they can last much longer, does it? Let's hope not.

Well, darling, looks like I'll have to get
back at it again. I love you darling, tink. I think of you all my waking hours, dream of you when I sleep. Just a couple more weeks, honey, and I'll be back. All my love, and lots of hugs and kisses.

Your Sweetheart,

Jack
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
Dearest Sweetheart,

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