11-27-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #323

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 #323" (1943). Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence Collection. 325. https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection/325

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.
Mrs. Jack Bell
215 Horner St.
Henderson, N.C.
C/o Mrs. Turner
Dearest Lover,

It's Saturday nite about 9:00, clock, and believe it or not I have a little time to myself so I'll just write my sweet little wife and tell her how much I love her. I'm lying on rather sitting here in my sleeping bag with my back against a tree writing on my mess kit by the light of my flashlight. Here it is nearly December, but it doesn't seem like it.

I really hit the jackpot at mail call today. Two letters from you, darling and a V-Letter from Chuck. It was the first mail I've received since Wednesday so I was really starved for conversation with my baby. How I feel swell.

I wish I could get you some rayon hose, honey, but even if the stores down here had them I couldn't
buy any, as one of the rules concerning these maneuvers is that we can’t go into stores to make purchases of any kind. There was a T-5 in Signal who’s a private now for that one little mistake.

Thanks for your offer of cigarettes, sweetie! I have a pack yet of the ones I brought with me, and one of those days when we have a non-tactical spell I’ll see about getting some at a PX here in the field.

It’s weeks out so far, darling. About mine more days, and will be heading back. How wonderful it’s going to be to have you in my arms again.

The Norwicks are certainly grand people, honey. I’m glad we’ve made such fine friends.

Well, sweetone, here comes the bottom of the page so I’ll say so long for this trip. I’ll see you in my dreams, darling. A big bear hug and lots of juicy kisses.

Your loved, Jack
Free

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 Lover,

   It’s Saturday nite about 9 o’clock, and believe it or not I have a little time to myself so I’ll just write my sweet little wife, and tell her how much I love her. I’m lying or rather sitting here in my sleeping bag with my back against a tree writing on my mess kit by the light of my flashlight. Here it is nearly December but it doesn’t seem like it.

   I really hit the jack pot at mail call today. Two letters from you, darling and a V letter from Chuck. It was the first mail I’d received since Wednesday so I was really starved for conversation with my baby. Now I feel swell.

   I wish I could get you some nylon hose, honey, but even if the stores down here had them I couldn’t
Buy any, as one of the rules concerning these maneuvers is that we can’t go into stores to make purchases of any kind. There was a T5 in Signal who’s a private now for that one little mistake.

Thanks for your offer of cigarettes sweetie. I have a pack yet of the ones I brought with me, and one of these days when we have a non-tactical spell I’ll see about getting some at a PX here in the field.

Two weeks out so far, darling. About nine more days, and will be heading back. How wonderful it’s going to be to have you in my arms again.

The Norwich’s are certainly grand people, honey. I’m glad we’ve made such fine friends.

Well, sweet one here comes the bottom of the page so I’ll say so long for this trip. I’ll see you in my dreams, darling. A big bear hug and lots of juicy kisses

Your lover, Jack