11-29-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #324

Jack P. Bell

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Recommended Citation
Bell, Jack P., "Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #324" (1943). Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence Collection. 326. https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection/326

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Mrs. Jack Bell
215 Horner St.
Henderson, N.C.
C/O Mrs. Turner
Dear Wife,

How's my little sweetie this evening? First-rate I hope.

Last night our good weather ran out. Strained. I woke up about three o'clock this morning slightly damp. I think I have the elements whipped. I'm bunking with a fellow named Shin Knauss. He has three shelter halves so we have a tent pitched. Seven blankets, and a shelter half over and under our blankets. I'm sitting here snug as a bug. It's not raining right now, but it doesn't make any difference. I'll sleep dry and warm.

The mail comes in spurts out here. Yesterday I didn't get any. Today made up for it tho. I got two swell letters from my baby. How I love to get your
letters, honey. You asked in one of them if I was doing OK. Sure I am, sweetie. The only reason I don't write much is because there's not much to write. These maneuvers are just like everything else the army does. Same old crap, only more of it. I've been doing better than a lot of the fellows have. I haven't missed too much sleep, and I'm not losing weight from missing meals.

I'll bet your Christmas gift list is a lulu, sweetie. It allways is, December 25th isn't too far away now, is it? How time flies. Tomorrow is the last day of November. A week from tomorrow we'll be heading back. Happy day! I'll see my little honey again.
I'm glad you're enjoying your work, sweetie. It makes the time go faster. That's one reason I'm glad I'm so busy out here. These two weeks have shot by.

It looks like I've written a lot of words, and haven't said a thing, darling, but here's what I've been leading up to. I have a little secret I'd like to tell you—shh. I love you, honey. You're my little heartbeat, and I just live for the times we can be together, and for the day which is coming soon, I hope, when we can be together always.

So long for this time, love.

Your sweetheart

Jack
P.S. Say hello to sis and her family, and all our friends.
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
Mon. Nov. 29

Dearest Wife,

   How’s my little sweetie this evening? First rate I hope.
   Last nite our good weather ran out. It rained. I woke up about three o’clock this morning slightly damp. Tonite I think I have the elements whipped. I’m bunking with a fellow named Slim Krauss- he has three shelter halves so we have a tent pitched. Seven blankets, and a shelter half over and under our blankets. I’m sitting here snug as a bug. It’s not raining right now, but it doesn’t make any difference. I’ll sleep dry and warm.

   The mail comes in spurts out here. Yesterday I didn’t get any, Today made up for it tho’. I got two swell letters from my baby. How I love to get your
letters, honey. You asked in one of them if was doing O.K. Sure I am sweetie. The only reason I don’t write much is because there’s not much to write. These maneuvers are just like everything else the army does. Same old crap. Only more of it. I’ve been doing better than a lot of the fellows have. I haven’t missed too much sleep, and I’m not losing weight from missing meals.

I’ll bet your Christmas gift lost is a lulu, sweetie. It allways is. December 25th isn’t too far away now, is it? How time flies. Tomorrow is the last day of November. A week from tomorrow we’ll be heading back. Happy day! I’ll see my little honey again.
I’m glad you’re enjoying your work, sweetie. It makes the time go faster. That’s one reason I’m glad I’m so busy out here. These two weeks have shot by.

Looks like I’ve written a lot of words, and haven’t said a thing, darling, but here’s what I’ve been leading up to. I have a little secret I’d like to tell you –shh- I love you, honey. You’re my little heart beat, and I just live for the times we can be together, and for the day, which is coming soon, I hope, when we can be together allwus[?].

So long for this time, lover,

Your sweetheart

[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]
P.S. Say hello to Sis and her family, and all our friends.