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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #326

Jack P. Bell

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Pvt. J. P. Bell 35540370
78th Sig. Co. 21, P.O. 78
Camp Butner, N.C.

Mrs. J. Bell
215 Turner St.
Henderson, N.C.
c/o Mrs. Turner

COLUMBIA
DEC 4
3 PM
1943
S. C.

Free
Dear Finck,

I guess the mail has really messes up this time. I haven't heard from you for three days, but maybe Sweetie, in a poor one to talk about tomorrow. I'm a poor one to talk about not getting letters this, huh, Sweetie? It's not that—I haven't wanted to write. It's just that I have so little time. You'll forgive me, won't you, darling? Not much new to write except that I'm feeling good, and the weather is beautiful. Sure doesn't seem like December. How has it been in Henderson—pretty chilly?

I love you, darling, and can hardly wait till I can get back, and tell you in person.

We're about twenty miles from Columbia tonight. It's the state capital.

We've sure moved over quite a portion of this state since we've been here. We've moved every day except three or four when we've spent two days in the same spot.

I got a letter from Mom and Dad today. Mom said that Dad sent me...
A true Detective magazine with a story of an Elyria case in it. I haven't received the magazine yet, but when I do I'll send it so you can read it too.

Well, darling I guess that's all I know for now so I'll snuggle down in my sleeping bag and dream of my beautiful wife. About four days in the field. I won't be a farmer when it's over, and I can't stand it when it's over, and I can't wait to be with my cute sweetie, and my sweet cutie. Good night lover. 

Yours always,

Jack

LEFT FACE! RIGHT FACE! I WISH THE SARGE WOULD MAKE UP HIS MIND!
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 Fink,

I guess the mail has really messed up this time. I haven’t heard from my sweetie for three days, but maybe tomorrow. I’m a poor one to talk about not getting letters tho’, huh sweetie? It’s not that I haven’t wanted to write. It’s just that I have so little time. You’ll fo’give me, won’t you, darling?

Not much new to write except that I’m feeling good, and the weather is beautiful. Sure doesn’t seem like December. How has it been in Henderson- pretty chilly?

I love you, darling, and can hardly wait till I can get back, and tell you in person.

We’re about twenty miles from Columbia tonite. It’s the state capitol. We’ve sure moved over quite a portion of this state since we’ve been here. We’ve moved every day except three or four when we’ve spent two nites in the same spot.

I got a letter from mom and Dad today, Mom said that Dad sent me
a true Detective magazine with a story of an Elyria case in it. I haven’t received the magazine yet, but when I do I’ll save it so you can read it too.

Well, darling I guess that’s all I know for now so I’ll snuggle down in my sleeping bag, and dream of my beautiful wife. About four more days in the field. I wont be a bit sorry when it’s over, and I can be with my cute sweetie, and my sweet cutie. Good nite lover,

Yours allways,

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