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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #350

Jack P. Bell

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Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Darling Finke,

Only two more problems to go on the maneuvers now. We've just finished the sixth one. Here's what I know so far that's authentic, of course anything in the army is subject to change, but here goes. When the maneuvers are over we're supposed to go to Camp Forrest, Tenn. for a few days then we'll go to Camp Pickett, Virginia. Seems like we can't get away from the South. I'd been hoping we'd go to some camp up north. I don't believe there will be any furloughs granted from the field, but chances are pretty good for getting one from Pickett. I've heard that this camp is somewhere near Richmond.

I'm glad to hear your cold is better, honey. Take good care of yourself, sweetie. Sure wish I were home so I could look after you. That sure will be the happy day, sweetie. I won't have to be putting a little fire up so I can see to write a letter then. I'll be able to tell you in person, and show you just how much I love you.

I hope the little boy downstairs comes along OK. on the operation. It's bad enough breaking an arm without all that trouble on top of it.

I managed to do a little clipping again today. I'm sort of hanging onto my money now so if I get a furlough I'll be all set. I have enough to do. I hadn't sent you a money order as I had planned a while back.
I sure do like this watch you got me for Christmas, honey. Never gives any trouble, and it keeps perfect time. I wonder now how I ever got along without it before.

Baby, I miss you too. Life just doesn't amount to much when we're apart. Try and keep cheerful, the sweetie. It may not be so very long, and all this mess will be over, and we'll be back in the groove again.

I guess I'll be hitting the hay now, darling. I'll dream of the sweetest and darluest and beetest little wife in the whole wide world. Good night, Sweetheart.

Your own,

Jack.
Pvt. J. P. Bell 35052495
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Darling Fink,

Only two more problems to go on the maneuvers now. We’ve just finished the sixth one. Here’s what I know so far that’s authentic, of course anything in the army is subject to change, but here goes. When the maneuvers are over we’re supposed to go to Camp Forrest, Tenn. for a few days then we’ll go to Camp Pickett, Virginia. Seems like we can’t get away from the South. I’d been hoping we’d go to some camp up North. I don’t believe there will be any furloughs granted from the field, but chances are pretty good for getting one from Pickett. I’ve heard that this camp is somewhere near Richmond.

I’m glad to hear your cold is better, honey. Take good care of yourself, sweetie. Sure wish I were home so I could look after you. That sure will be the happy day, sweetie. I wont [sic] have to be poking a little fire up so I can see to write a letter then. I’ll be able to tell you in person, and show you just how much I love you.

I hope the little boy downstairs comes along O.K. on the operation. It’s bad enough breaking an arm without all that trouble on top of it.

I managed to do a little clipping again today. I’m sort of hanging onto my money now so if I get a furlough I’ll be all set. I have enough too so don’t worry about that angle, honey. That’s the reason I hadn’t sent you a money order as I had planned a while back.
I sure do like this watch you got me for Christmas, honey. Never gives any trouble, and it keeps perfect time. I wonder now how I ever got along without it before.

Baby, I miss you too. Life just doesn’t amount to much when we’re apart. Try and keep cheerful tho’ sweetie. It may not be so very long, and all this mess will be over, and we’ll be back in the groove again.

I guess I’ll be hitting the hay now, darling. I’ll dream of the sweetest and darlingest and bestest little wife in the whole wide world. Good Nite Sweetheart,

Your Own,

[[underscore]] Jack [[/underscore]]