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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #121

Jack P. Bell

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POW J. P. Bell
78th Signal Co., 78th
Camp Butner, N. C.
A. P. O. 78

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Good Morning Sweetheart,

7:55 Friday morning. We've just finished Police Detail. In English that means cleaning up the grounds. Here I go again. Man said, "All O.K."  

12:45 noon.

I think I have about fifteen minutes so I'll jot a few more lines. This sure is a race. I'll try and write a little every time I get a chance, and that way I'll send you a letter as near to every day as I can.

We had some more marching drill this morning. That's an everyday occurrence. We also had some practice in wire splicing and knot tying, that stuff comes under the heading of construction. I
Hudson sedan, and waiting against
the rear window.

In about 25 minutes you'll be getting
out of work. Gee, I wish I could be
waiting outside the shop for you. You
wouldn't mind having me try to pick
you up? Would you, sweetie?

Some of my letters may be kind of
short, darling, but I figure I'll just
write what I can in the time I have,
and get them mailed. It'll be better to get
a short letter every day than a long
one every 2 or 3 days.

When you get around to it, honey,
will you send me six or eight clothes
hangers? Here I have a foot locker,

imagine that they'll give us a little
bit of everything. Then they'll give us tests
on all of it, and whatever we make out
best one, that's what will be put on.

It's two minutes to one. Time to get
book on the ball. We'll be called out at one
o'clock. It sure will be nice when I can
to finish. Outside of being pressed for
time the I feel swell.

2:30 P.M.

I'm standing outside the infirmary.
We just had 2 shots, my second typhoid
shot, and the first tetanus. There were
four platoon of us. We file in in alphabet
ical order so I was one of the first
ones in and out. It's a beautiful day, just
clouding over. We'll probably have rain
tonite. I'm cleaning up against a '41
and I can hang some of my clothes up. It sure beats living out of a barracks bag all the time.

Tonight is a big clean up night around the barracks. The brass hats come around and inspect every Saturday. Along with radio school it looks like we'll be kept pretty busy this evening.

How's our automobile running, dear? Do you get a chance to drive much? I'd like to bring one of these jeeps home with me. Have it for a town car. They sure are slick. I'm just about to the bottom of the page so I'll say so long, sweetie. I'll try and do better next time. Your lover, Jack
Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Mar. 26, ’43
Camp Butner, N.C.

Good Morning Sweetheart,

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12:45 noon.

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