3-28-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #124

Jack P. Bell

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Keywords
March, 1943; 1943; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; infantry; correspondence; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; recreation and entertainment; weather; cool weather; sunny weather; clothing; uniform; friendship; camaraderie; military unit; assignment; examination; money; finances; budget; war bonds; homesickness; employment; war work; job; marching and drill; training

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PVT. J. P. BELL
78TH. SIG. CO. 78TH. DIV.
CAMP BUTNER, N. C.
A. P. O. 78

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
March 28, '43
Camp Butner, N.C.

Good Morning Sweetheart,

9 o'clock Sunday morning. Bet you're still sleeping. We get to sleep late on Sunday morning. Till 7 o'clock. Aint that sompin',?

This has certainly been a busy week. You could probably tell that by my letters. I wrote them on the fly. A little here and a little there. Today I believe is all mine.

I haven't had any mail yet. I suppose I'll be getting one from you tomorrow. Will that be nice. I'm going to try and write one every day even if it's just a short one.

There's a crap game going on in here already. Has been for about a half hour. That's sucker stuff. I don't see where any of us fellows making the money we're making.
a truck driver from Tiffin, Ohio, and Bob
Morgan a shop worker from Toledo. We all
bunk together and site with each other. We all
feel very lucky that we didn't get stuck with infantry.
In fact, the way they pick a few men out of big
bunkers for signal corps—we feel sort of exclusive.
Maybe in another couple weeks I'll be able
to tell you exactly what Jim doing. You see
we keep taking tests and instructions in lots
of different things. Then wherever a fellow has
least that's what they say.

We just had a mail call. They have one on
Sunday. I suppose it's stuff that comes in late
Saturday. I missed the boat twice. Oh, well, I
could hardly expect any mail so soon. I guess.
About the first of the week I'll probably start
getting letters.

Honey, do you have enough money?

Can afford it. I'll write to you as soon as
parole. Strictly for the fun of it.

I'm going to try and write to Bill and
Dolly today also the boys at Coca Cola. I've
received a card and a letter from Genevieve
so I'll have to try and write her today too.

It's cool today, but the sun is shining
brightly. It rained all night long. Real Carolina
weather. The ground is all sandy around here
most spots.

I put on my summer underwear last
nite. Tomorrow I'll take my woolies to the
laundry. They take $1.50 out of every pay for
laundry anyway so I might as well get some-
thing out of it.

I have three good Ohio buddies here in
the barracks. Jim Kurtz from Cleveland, a
If you need any don't forget that's what it's in the bank for, and if that isn't enough cash in some bonds.

I keep thinking of our little place, and how nice it will be when I can come home and enjoy it again with you. I think I've always appreciated my home, but I guess now I really realize how swell it is. Tell me when you write how you're making out on your job. I'll probably be able to write more interesting letters after I really get to doing some thing. Now it's all drill, classes etc.

Well, darling I'll be staying so long now, with a big hug and lots of kisses for the sweetest little wife in the world.

Your Sweetheart,

Jack
Pvt. J.P. Bell

78th. Sig. Co. 78th. Div.
Camp Butner, N.C.
A.P.O. 78

Free

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
March 28, ‘43  
Camp Butner, N.C.

Good Morning Sweetheart,

9 o’clock Sunday morning. Bet you’re still sleeping. We get to sleep late on Sunday morning. Till 7 o’clock. Aint [sic] that sompin’?

This has certainly been a busy week. You could probably tell that by my letters. I wrote them on the fly. A little here, and a little there. Today I believe is all mine.

I haven’t had any mail yet. I suppose I’ll be getting one from you tomorrow. Will that be nice. I’m going to try and write one every day even if it’s just a short one. [Image: scratched-out word]

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a truck driver from Tiffin, Ohio, and Bob Morgan a shop worker from Toledo. We all bunk adjacent to each other. We all feel very lucky that we didn’t get stuck with infantry. In fact the way they pick a few men out of big bunches for Signal Corp we feel sort of exclusive. Maybe in another couple weeks I’ll be able to tell you exactly what I’m doing. You see we keep taking tests and instruction in lots of different things. Then whatever a fellow has the most aptitude for that’s what he gets. At least that’s what they say.

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Well, darling I’ll be saying So Long now, with a big hug and lots of kisses for the sweetest little wife in the world.

Your Sweetheart,

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