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Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

CAWL Archives: Second World War

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4-3-1943

## 1943-04-03, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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## Subject Terms

Jack P. Bell; Evabel Bell; April 3, 1943; World War, 1939 - 1945; World War II; World War Two; United States; War and Civilization -- History -- 20th Century; United States. Army; United States. Army. 78th Infantry Division; United States. Regimental histories 78th Signal Company; United States. Regimental histories 78th Infantry Division; Elyria (Ohio) -- History -- 20th Century; Women - History - 20th Century; Nineteen Forties; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Soldiers; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Women; Camp Butner (N.C.) - History - 20th Century; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Camp Butner (N.C.); World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Equipment and Supplies

## Keywords

April, 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; rules and regulations; quarantine; kitchen police; K.P.; military kit; uniform; clothing; gifts; gifts from home; food; recreation and entertainment; leisure; friendship; camaraderie; weather; cool weather; hot weather; sports; marching and drill; training; song; music; cavalry; artillery; reveille; periodical; draft; military draft; military leaders

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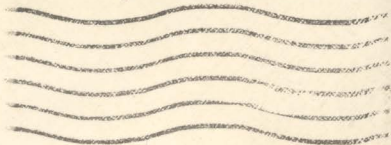
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Pvt. J. P. Bell  
78th. Sig. Co. 78th. Div  
Camp Butner, N. C.  
A. P. O. 78



Free



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

~~Aspen~~

April 3, 1943

Camp Butner, N.C.

Dearest Wife,

Saturday nite, and I haven't been able to write you for the last two days. So here goes. I won't have any chance tomorrow as I go on K.P. Our quarantine is lifted, and K.P. goes in alphabetical order. Why couldn't my name be Zakowski? The good part tho' is I'll have it over with for a while. I'd rather have it on a weekday, but I can't say no.

I got my box yesterday afternoon. It got here Thursday, but I didn't get a chance to go to the day room while the post master was there till yesterday. I had to sign for it.

I got my overseas cap back today.



We played touch football this afternoon. A lot of fun. Much better than drilling on a Saturday afternoon like we did last ~~week~~. Marching back we sang "our songs" like to hear them?

This one goes to the tune of, Old Gray Mare.

"We don't have to march like the infantry. Ride like the cavalry. Shoot like the <sup>artillery</sup> ~~infantry~~. We don't have to get up for reveille. We're in the Signal Corp."

This goes to the tune of "Ramblin' Wreck"

"The Signal Corp. The Signal Corp with dirt behind its ears. You'll never find its equal in a hundred million years.

The infantry. The cavalry. The corps of engineers will never beat the Signal Corp in a hundred million years."

They put the orange and white braid ~~on~~ it. ~~That~~ distinguishes me as a signal corp man.

Everything in the box is in good shape and very much appreciated. I feel right at home now with my crackers and sardines. Honey, have I told you lately that you are the sweetest little wife that ever was?

The next time you see Jean or Gibby tell them I'd like to be going "fithin'" with him. He sure is a good egg.

It's been real cool here today. Quite a change from the past few days. It has been hot.

You asked if I had ink, honey. I borrowed this from a fellow. I'll try and buy some at the P.X. If I can't get any there I'll let you know.

'Excuse the mud, honey. This is the last sheet, and it must have gotten against some muddy shoes or something. I have a ruled note book here that I use in classes, so you'll probably get some letters on that. At least I'll be able to write straight.

I'll be two weeks tomorrow that I came to Butner, and I feel like a solid citizen now.

A corporal just came in, and told me to hang a towel over the end of my bed so he'll know to wake me in the morning. Ordinarily I'd sleep till seven on Sunday, but K. Pers get up an hour earlier.

Well, darling I guess I'm ungrabbed for tonite so I'll say good nite. Lots and lots of love and kisses.

Your own,  
Jack

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE MARCH 1943 – APRIL 1943 #9]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Pvt. J.P. Bell

Free

78th. Sig. Co. 78th. Div.

[[Image: Military post-mark

Camp Butner, N.C.

stamp, with print text

A.P.O. 78

“CAMP BUTNER / N.C”

encircling date:

“APR 4 / 1 PM / 1943”]]

Mrs. Jack Bell

345 W. River St.

Elyria, Ohio

[Page 2 – Letter]

~~Arpril~~

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[Page 3 – Letter continued]

- 3 -

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“We don’t have to march like the  
infantry. Ride like the cavalry. Shoot  
like ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ the infantry  
~~[[/strikethrough]]~~ artillery.  
We don’t have to get up  
for reveille [*sic*]. We’re in the Signal Corp.”

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“The Signal Corp. The Signal Corp  
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dirt behind it’s [*sic*] ears. You’ll never find  
it’s [*sic*] equal in a hundred million years.  
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- 2 -

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[Page 4 – Letter continued]

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Silly but it makes the walking easier.

I haven't read the papers that were in the package, but I'm glad you sent them.

I put them in my foot locker. I'll get a chance to read them one of these evenings. Gee, honey you didn't have to buy me new towels. You could have sent me a couple of ours. They're plenty nice tho'. I used one last nite. I've been lucky. The water has been hot every time I've taken a shower. I've been able to take one every nite lately. I sleep like a top.

How are our friends coming with their draft boards? I hope none of them with children will have to go. Bill should stand a pretty good chance of staying on his job. He's been there quite a while, and he's a good man.

[Page 5 – Letter continued]

- 5 -

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