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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #134

Jack P. Bell

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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
Dearest Wife,

Saturday night, 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 Jakowski? The good part this 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?

"We don't have to march like the infantry. Ride like the cavalry. Shoot you revellers. We're in the Signal Corp."

"The Signal Corp. The Signal Corp with its equal in a hundred million years. You'll never find 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 Gibs tell them I'd like to be going "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 PX. 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 I'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 Rpers get up an hour earlier.

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

Your own,

Jack.
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
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 [strikethrough] nite [strikethrough] 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 [strikethrough] the infantry [strikethrough] artillery. We don’t have to get up for revelle [sic]. We’re in the Signal Corp.”

This goes to the tune of “Ramblin’ Wreck”

“The Signal Corp. The Signal Corp with dirt behind it’s [sic] ears. You’ll never find it’s [sic] 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.
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.
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.

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Your own,

[underscore] Jack [[/underscore]]