

4-24-1943

1943-04-24, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Subject Terms

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Keywords

April, 1943; 1943; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; letterheads; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; holiday; Easter; health and sickness; illness; medical treatment; medicine; hospital; quarantine; assignment; job; duty; aviation; communications; telephone; friendship; food; weather; spring weather; barracks; leisure; camaraderie; family; mother; father; brother; navy; songs; music; parade; recreation and entertainment; Morse code

Identifier

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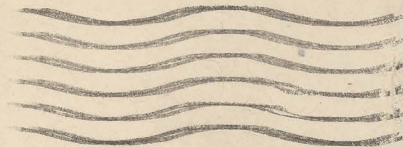
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Priv. J. P. Bell
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner, N.C.



Free



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

I love you, Fink.

you are a sweetie



(2)

Camp Butner, NORTH CAROLINA

April 24, 1943

Dearest darling,

Saturday afternoon, and I have a little time to start a letter to my baby. No letter today, but I suppose the mail is very heavy now on account of Easter.

As it's turned out I wouldn't have been able to go to Genevieve's anyway. One of the men in the signal co. is in the hospital with spinal meningitis so we're all under quarantine again. All passes were revoked. I was stuck for the next two weeks, being on this air raid alert team, but I was planning on calling you tomorrow. A person should never plan anything around here. There are more disappointments in a day here than there are most places in a week. You mentioned in the letter I got yesterday that you planned on staying home tomorrow, and I thought I'd wake you up in the morning with a phone call, but I'll do that after quarantine is over, if something else hasn't come along by that time.

I got a streak of ambition last night, and after I finished your letter I wrote one to Ralph and Edith. I was really ashamed for not writing sooner, but I'm not kidding when I say we don't have much time to ourselves around here. When the army says, on the ball - they mean it. They can think up more chump things to cheat you out of an evening to yourself.

You are a cutie.

-2-

you are a darling.

Back again. I've just had supper so maybe I'll enjoy a little undisturbed conversation with my baby.

This has been a beautiful spring day. It's swell in the morning about six o'clock. It's still dark, but the sky in the east is real pink. Then shortly after, old sol comes out and starts to pitch.

I'm glad you manage to get around and visit. Time goes faster that way. Since I've been in this barracks I've met another good guy, Bob Ball from Mt. Clemens, Mich. He has a brother in the army in Iceland, and his Dad is in the navy overseas. His wife and mother are still in Michigan. The original four musketeers are sort of scattered now. Jim is in Message Center, Bob got motor pool, and Coley is in radio, but we're all in different barracks.

Let me know how the letters are coming, dear. I still can't figure how it happened that you didn't get any for two days. I've been writing every day. I don't believe I've missed a day in the last two weeks. I'll take that back, I believe I've missed just one.

This is just the kind of a Saturday nite we always enjoyed so much. It would be swell to walk down town tonight, do a little shopping. Then we'd bring our stuff home, and get the car, and go out someplace for something to eat, and a couple drinks. Boy oh boy. We've had such swell times together, lover. It won't be very long, and we'll be doing all those things together again.

"The Easter Parade" is just as popular this year as it was when it was first written. It is a pretty tune.

Our parade came off pretty good this afternoon. I don't go much for that stuff myself. You know what the colored boy said - They ran march those bands up and down in front of my house all day, I still won't join the army.

Did Bibby get his store teeth yet? Or is he still going fithin'? How are they, and Sheila?

I'm going to quit now, dearest. I'm all run down for tonight. Will try to write a better one tomorrow, your puzzle for
your lover,
Jack today.

.. - - - - -
- - - - -

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE MARCH 1943 – APRIL 1943 #20]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Pvt. J.P. [Be]ll

Free

78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner, N.C.

[[Image: Military post-mark

stamp, double-stamped, with print text

“[CAMP BUTNER] / [N.C.]”

encircling date:

“[APR 25] / [1 PM] / [1943]”]]

Mrs. Jack Bell

345 W. River St.

Elyria, Ohio

[Page 2 – Letter]

I love you, Fink

You are a sweetie.

[[Image: Grayscale image of a group of soldiers fighting/training with jeeps, artillery, rifles.

Situated above text: “Camp Butner, NORTH CAROLINA”]]

[[Written AROUND the letterhead:]] You are my sweetheart. / You are a sweet cutie. / Who do you love, honey?

[[Image: a large number “2,” circled – next to letterhead image.]]

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