4-5-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #138

Evabel Bell

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Recommended Citation
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 Pvt. John T. Bell  
78th Sig. Co. 78th Div.  
Camp Butner,  
A.P.O. 78  N.C.
Mrs J. P. Bell
346 W. River St
Elyria, O.
April 6, 1943.

Dearest Darling,

no letter from my sweetheart today so I suppose you are pretty busy. But that's all right, Darling. If you find you are too busy to write, I'll be a dutiful wife and understand. Isn't that sweet of me? (ha! ha!)

It's a beautiful day today, only trouble is that it is a little chilly. I just had to go out and fix that C.D. window on the back porch. It kept coming open and then slamming up against the side. I couldn't make it stay shut so I tied a rag to the hole and on to a nail on the porch so now it's staying shut. You know I don't have any man around to do things for me so I have to do it myself in my own little dumb way.

Did I tell you, I got a birthday card from your Aunt Violet? It was about a week late. But she didn't have any street
number one just the street so it took about a week to get here. I thought it was very thought of her.

I got a letter from Chuck today, he wrote the swellest letters. He certainly does think an awful lot of you. He told me that I should feel very proud because I'm married to the greatest guy in this world and that you really will go places. As if I didn't know that. He seems to like it at Pyote. I don't suppose he will like it as well as Denver, but I guess he likes it better than Ft. Myers. We sure is seeing the country. I'm so glad. I'll bet this brings Chuck out of his little shell.

We have more fun at work. I got one of my famous silly streaks on this afternoon. They passed around a paper and it had a bunch of moon jokes and riddles. For instance: Did you ever hear of the moon, who took a pint to bed every night because his mother said to sleep tight.
On the one who climbed on the roof because they said that "on the house."
Do you know what a virgin is? It's one who makes an issue about a tissue.
Do you know what a metallurgist is? One who can tell the difference between a real platinum blond and common one.
A Prostitute? - a busy-body.
I can't think of anyone, but if I can get a hold of a copy I shall send one to you.

Last night I went to the show with Bill and Dolly. We saw "When Johnny comes marching home." It wasn't so hot, and when I came home by myself I was so lonesome for you. I just wished you were there so I could put my arms around you and you would hold me so close that I could hardly breathe and then you could kiss all my dimples just like you used to. Darling, does it make
I feel bad when I write like that. I just want you to know how much you are loved and missed. I want you to know that there is someone back home who is rooting for you and that someone is waiting with open arms when you come home to stay.

It would be a terrible feeling for a soldier to know that no one gave a damn whether he made good or not. But, darling, you have so many people who are so interested in you.

I saw Johnny Sefigen at the Western today. I guess the old man wasn't there. He was filling coolers all day. He asked about you. I guess they still have them Whiz off.

Enclosed is a clipping which might interest you. I shall send you any clipping I think might interest you from time to time.

All my love, darling, and heaps and heaps of kisses.

Your own,

Fink.
Pvt. John P. Bell

78th Signal Co.  78th Div.
Camp Butner,
N. C.

A.P.O. 78
Mrs J.P. Bell
345 W. River St
Elyria, O.
April 5, 1943.

Dearest Darling,

No letter from my sweetie to-day so I suppose you are pretty busy. But that’s all right, darling, if you find you are too busy to write, I’ll be a dutiful wife and understand. Isn’t that sweet of me. (ha! ha!)

It’s a beautiful day to-day. Only trouble is that it is a little chilly.

I just had to go out and fix that G. D. window on the back porch. It kept coming open and then skimming up against the side. I couldn’t make it stay shut so I tied a rag thru the hole and on to a nail on the porch so now it’s staying shut. You know I don’t have any man around to do things for me so I have to do it my self in my own little dumb way.

Did I tell you, I got a birthday card from your aunt Violet? It was about a week late. But she didn’t have a street
number on. Just the street so it took about a week to get here. I thought it was very thoughtful of her.

I got a letter from Chuck to-day, he writes the swellest letters. He certainly does think an awful lot of you. He told me that I should feel very proud because I’m married to the greatest guy in the world and that you really will go places. As if I didn’t know what. He seems to like it at Pyote. I don’t suppose he will like it as well as Denver, but I guess he likes it better than Ft. Myers. He sure is seeing the country. I’m so glad. I’ll bet this brings Chuck out of his little shell.

We have more fun at work. I got one of my famous silly streaks on this after noon. They passed around a paper and it had a bunch of moron jokes and riddles.

For instance: did you ever hear of the moron, who took a pint to bed with him every night because his mother said to sleep tight.
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Or the one who climbed on the roof because they said that one was “on the house.”

Do you know what a virgin is?
It’s one who makes an issue about a tissue.

Do you know what a metallurgist is?
One who can tell the difference between a real platinum blond and common one.

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Fink.