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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #143

Jack P. Bell

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Post, J. R. Bell
Camp Butner, N.C.
A. P. O. 78

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
April 9, 1943

Darling,

To Friday noon, and I have a few minutes before we fall in for the afternoon so I'll write a few lines. I won't get a chance to write Friday night as barracks cleanup. Big inspection Saturday.

Harry had my interview yet, but should have it pretty soon. There's talk going on of a hike this afternoon. It's a nice day for it. Just warm enough, not hot.

Your sitting down job makes your shoulders sore, huh, baby? Can't you get a cushion to sit on? That usually helps. You spend a lot of your time working so you might as well be comfortable.

Saturday afternoon,

Back again, darling. I didn't have as much time yesterday as I thought I would have. The barracks is empty now except for about four of us. We're room ordnines for today. Everyone else is out for games (compulsory). Like we played football last Saturday. I'd rather be in here doing what I want to do.

I got your letter today, darling. The one you write at Lena's. I haven't written to them yet, but I guess everyone understands that rookies don't have much time for themselves. Say hello for me.
Thursday is graduation day. That day we become full fledged buck privates, assigned to a section. I win, I win, I win, I win.

It may be quite a while before I pull KP again. A lot of fellows are getting gixed for failing to pass inspection. Knock wood. I haven't had any gix yet.

I was over at the PX last Sunday nite. I kind of wanted to get something for your birthday. Anything there is pure shamata. Did I spell it right? So here's what I figure. When I come home will celebrate your birthday, sake and everything. How about it, darling? O.K. It's a date. Figure out where you want to go, and what you want to do.

I got a swell letter from Chuck today. I sure wish we could get furloughs at the same time. It would be swell if we were all home at the same time. Just like old times.

Fortune Jim Kurtz, Coley (another colonel) and I are going to have a little fun. First since we've been in the army. Write you about it next time I write. I haven't seen any U.S.O. bands. Couldn't when we were quarantined, and haven't had time since, but I might go some time when they have one. A couple of fellows in our barracks, both married too, decided that they weren't going to wait till quarantine was up to go to the dance. They got caught, and they're still getting extra duty every day. That was over two weeks ago.
Today is April 10, and do you realize, honey, that this is the first time in over two years that we didn't have something to make a payment on? It sure seems good, doesn't it?

I guess we got paid here between the 15th and 20th. I'll have $9 or $10 coming, I figure. It's a half-month's pay. I'm still fairly well healed and guess I'll survive, and if I ever run short I'll let you know as you told me to.

How is the grocery situation, honey? Do you folks back home always get enough to eat? From the mail I get at newspapers it seems as if everything is rationed.

Does our little shower still work good? It may seem sort of silly writing things like this, but I like to know how things are in our little home. I can see the whole place in my mind's eye just as if I were right there. Do you use the salt look at nite? Boy, it will sure be nice when I come home, and we start living our domestic life again! The way things are going now I don't think it will last too long. How are our good neighbors? Are Skippy and H. still thinking of moving? We'll miss them if they do. Bill and Helen seemed like awfully nice folks too. I didn't have much chance to get acquainted with them.

I'm all wound down again, honey, so I'll quit. All my love, baby.

Your own,

Jack
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
April 9, 1943

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Haven’t had my interview yet, but should have it pretty soon. There’s talk going on of a hike this afternoon. It’s a nice day for it. Just warm enough. Not hot.

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It may be quite a while before I pull KP again. A lot of fellows are getting gigged for failing to pass inspection. Knock wood. I haven’t had any gigs yet.

I was over at the big PX last Sunday nite. I kind of of wanted to get something for your birthday. Anything there decent costs around $25.00. The stuff they have for five or six is pure shmatay. Did I spell it right? So here’s what I figure. When I come home we’ll celebrate your birthday together no matter what time of year it is. Birthday cake and everything. How about it, darling? O.K. It’s a date. Figure where you want to go, and what you want to do.

I got a swell letter from Chuck today. I sure wish we could get furloughs at the same time. It would be swell if we were all home at the same time. Just like old times.

Tonite Jim Kurts, Coley, (Trenton Coleman) and I are going to have a little fun. First since we’ve been in the army. We’re going to the service club for supper, and then to the show. I’ll tell you about it next time I write. I haven’t been to any U.S.O dances. Couldn’t when we were quarantined, and haven’t had time since, but I might go some nite when they have one. A couple of fellows in our barracks, both married too, decided that they weren’t going to wait till quarantine was up to go to the dance. They got caught, and they’re still getting extra duty every day. That was over two weeks ago.
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Your own,

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