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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #150

Jack P. Bell

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Pvt. J. P. Bell
78th. Sig Co. 18th. Div.
Camp Butner, N.C.
A.P.O. 78

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
April 13, 1943

Dearest Sweetheart,

I got your letter with our insignia on it today. That's a wonderful insignia, darling. Did you know that someone is missing on it? Do you mean to tell me you deliberately forgot Wolf?

Speaking of insignias, they ruined me on the stationery. The first dozen or so sheets had the buttons on them, but the rest of them are like this. I just noticed it tonight. The box only costs a quarter so you can see that it's cheaper for me to buy it here than it would be for you to buy and send me some.

My wife is certainly a little sicker, aren't you, sweetheart? I mean winning first prize playing Liberty Flag. It seems like both you and I are always lucky at these contests, doesn't it dear? Remember the halloween party? We had a swell time that night, didn't we lover?

The wind is blowing like mad tonight. Looks like a storm coming. It was nice out all day. We had another hike this morning. I think there are going to be regular daily features from now on.

The last couple days we've had several tests on some of the work covered. I feel sure that I've caught on to everything so far. About all a person has to do is pay attention, and it's a cinch.

Don't worry, darling we won't live on West River St. very long after I come home. We're going to have our little lake home just as soon as I can get it started, and the ash trays
won't stay clean all the time either. Life together will
be so grand. I think this separation will just make our
enjoyment and appreciation so much more. Meanwhile I'm
glad you like your work, and have a good bunch to work with.
That always makes the job easier, and the time goes faster. Time
doesn't drag too much around here for which I am grateful.
They keep us busy all day long which is better than loafing
around, and having every day seem like a week.

This is too funny to keep so I'll tell you what happened
at inspection today, honey. We stand at ease every minute except
Saturday and Sunday, and our lieutenant inspects the platoon.
Well anyhow, when we came into the barracks today after
classes I had a lot of mud on the soles of my shoes around the
edges. I didn't bother to wash it off because they don't take a
good shine when they're wet so I just went ahead and polished
them, but I still had a problem, the sole edges were still caked
with mud. Jerry Kurtz has some liquid ox blood shoe polish so I
slapped it on, and I was afraid to brush it fearing I'd knock
the polish off, and the mud would show again. Now when you
leave it on it's a cross between a purple and a red. The man
of the few army men I've seen who can smile (He's one
kind of shoe polish do you use?) I sort of grinned back (not too
much tho') and said, "Liquid shoe polish, sir." (That damn nit!)
He grins a little more and says, "It's red isn't it?" I said, "OX
blood." (holding back a little more of a grin). That's all there was
to it. That makes a long drawn out story on paper, and maybe
it doesn't sound so funny, but if you'd been standing in my
red solo shoes you'd have gotten a laugh out of it too. They sure did look hoarser, this Lieutenant Hoelke, I believe is from out of O.C.S. and he's plenty blunt. If it had been some of the other officers I wouldn't have grinned if I'd been busting. Yours for the most part are pretty good eggs tho'.

Well, beautiful, did you go to Cleveland last nite like you said you might? Now I would like nothing better than to go into Cleveland with you next Monday nite, but I'm afraid I just can't make it, but it won't be too long till we'll be going everywhere. Oh boy, we'll have fun, Sweetie. I've got you dated up every nite for the rest of our lives. Do you have any objections to that, my love?

You asked in one of your letters if I'd been to any dances. They tell me there's one at the service club tonight, but you know, honey so far I haven't had the slightest desire to go to any. I'd much rather sit here on my little brick and write to you. I guess I'll just save my dancing till I get home to the sweetest little dancing partner in the world. Maybe Jim and Madelyn and Ban will feel like stepping a little too so we'll swing out to do, darling.

Is Elizabeth going out of the chicken business? Or just selling out so she can start another batch? Once again I've covered a lot of paper without paying much, but I'll end with some very important news. I love you, baby. In fact I love you very very much. With all my love and kisses - your sweetheart,

Jack

P.S. I love you, honey.
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
Dearest Sweetheart,

I got your letter with our insignia on it today. That’s a wonderful insignia, darling. Did you know that someone is missing on it? Do you mean to tell me you deliberately forgot Wolf?

Speaking of insignias, they rimmed me on this stationery. The first dozen or so sheets had the business on them, but the rest of them are like this. I just noticed it tonite. The box only costs a quarter so you can see that it’s cheaper for me to buy it here than it would be for you to buy and send me some.

My wife is certainly a little slicker, aren’t you, Sweetie? I mean winning first prize playing Liberty Flag. It seems like both you and I are always lucky at those contests, doesn’t it dear? Remember the halloween party? We had a swell time that nite, didn’t we lover?

The wind is blowing like mad tonite. Looks like a storm coming. It was nice out all day. We had another hike this morn – ing. I think those are going to be regular daily features from now on.

The last couple days we’ve had several tests on some of the work covered. I feel sure that I’ve caught on to every – thing so far. About all a person has to do is pay attention, and it’s a cinch.

Don’t worry, darling, we wont [sic] live on West River St. very long after I come home. We’re going to have our little tile home just as soon as I can get it started, and the ash trays
wont [sic] stay clean all the time either. Life together will be so grand. I think this separation will just make our enjoyment and appreciation so much keener. Meantime I’m glad you like your work, and have a good bunch to work with. That always makes the job easier, and the time go faster. Time doesn’t drag too much around here for which I am greatful [sic]. They keep us busy all day long which is better than loafing around, and having every day seem like a week.

This is too funny to keep so I’ll tell you what happened at inspection tonite, honey. We stand retreat every nite except Saturday and Sunday, and our lieutenant inspects the platoon. Well anyhow, when we came into the barracks tonite after classes I had a lot of mud on the soles of my shoes around the edges. I didn’t bother to wash it off, ‘cause they don’t take a good shine when they’re wet so I just went ahead and polished them, but I still had a problem, the sole edges were still caked with mud. Jim Kurtz has some liquid ox blood shoe polish so I slapped it on, and I was afraid to brush it fearing I’d knock the polish off, and the mud would show again. Now when you brush that stuff it turns a nice dark color, but when you just leave it on it’s a cross between a purple and a red. The man got up to me, and looked at my shoes and sort of grinned. (He’s one of the few army men I’ve seen who can smile) and asked, “What kind of show polish do you use?” I sort of grinned back (not too much tho’) and said, “Liquid shoe polish, sir.” (That damn sir!) He grins a little more and says, “It’s red, isn’t it?” I said, “Ox blood.” (holding back a little more of a grin). That’s all there was to it. That makes a long drawn out story on paper, and maybe it doesn’t sound as funny, but if you’d been standing in my
red shoes you’d have gotten a laugh out of it too. They sure did look hoomeruss. This Lieutenant Hoelke, I believe is fresh out of O.C.S., and he’s plenty lenient. If it had been some of the other officers I wouldn’t have grinned if I’d been busting. Looeys for the most part are pretty good eggs tho’.

Well, beautiful, did you go to Cleveland last nite like you said you might? Now I would like nothing better than to go into Cleveland with you next Monday nite, but I’m afraid I just can’t make it, but it wont [sic] be too long till we’ll be going everywhere together, darling. Boy oh boy will we have fun, sweetie. I’ve got you dated up every nite for the rest of our lives. Do you have any objections to that my lover?

You asked in one of your letters if I’d been to any dances. They tell me there’s one at the service club tonite, but you know, honey so far I haven’t had the slightest desire to go to any. I’d much rather sit here on my little bunk, and write to you. I guess I’ll just save my dancing till I get home to the sweetest little dancing partner in the world. Maybe Jim and Madylyn and Ben and Lena will feel like stepping a little too so we’ll swing out a bit. Gee, I feel good tonite thinking of all the things we’re going to do, darling.

Is Elizabeth going out of the chicken business? Or just sell – ing out so she can start another batch?

Once again I’ve covered a lot of paper without saying much, but I’ll end with some very important news. I love you, baby. In fact I love very very much. With all my love and kisses – Your Sweetheart,

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

P.S. I love you, honey.