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Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

CAWL Archives: Second World War

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4-13-1943

## 1943-04-13, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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## Subject Terms

Jack P. Bell; Evabel Bell; April 13, 1943; World War, 1939 - 1945; World War II; World War Two; United States; War and Civilization – History – 20th Century; United States. Army; United States. Army. 78th Infantry Division; United States. Regimental histories 78th Signal Company; United States. Regimental histories 78th Infantry Division; Elyria (Ohio) – History – 20th Century; Women - History - 20th Century; Nineteen Forties; World War, 1939 – 1945 – Soldiers; World War, 1939 – 1945 – Women; Camp Butner (N.C.) - History - 20th Century; World War, 1939 – 1945 – Camp Butner (N.C.); World War, 1939 – 1945 – Dogs

## Keywords

April, 1943; 1943; United States; Camp Butner, N.C.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; animals; weather; stormy weather; personal stories; examination; education; post-war hopes; housing; war work; employment; job; camaraderie; inspection; uniform; clothing; kit; humour; humor; swearing; swear words; military leaders; soldiers' slang; travel; leisure; recreation and entertainment; servicemen club

## Identifier

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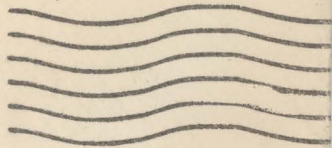
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Pvt. J. P. Bell  
78th. Sig. Co. 78th. Div.  
Camp Butner, N. C.  
A. P. O. 78



Free



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

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 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 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 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 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 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 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 tile home just as soon as I can get it started, and the ash trays

wont 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 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 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 or 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 shoe polish do you use?" I sort of grinned back (not too much tho') and said, "Liquid shoe polish, sir." (That damn sir!) He gives a little more and says, "It's red, isn't it?" I said, "Or 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 soled 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. Soveys 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 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 Madelyn 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 selling 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 you very very much. With all my love and kisses - your sweetheart,

Jack

P.S. I love you, honey.

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE MARCH 1943 – APRIL 1943 #14]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

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 14 / 3 PM / 194[3]”]]

Mrs. Jack Bell

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Elyria, Ohio

[Page 2 – Letter]

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[Page 3 – Letter continued]

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[Page 4 – Letter continued]

- 3 -

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