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1945-11-18, Sister Bell to Jack

Sister Bell

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1945-11-18, Sister Bell to Jack

Keywords

November, 1945; 1945; United States; New York, N.Y.; Alexander City, Ala.; army; soldiers; troops; quartermasters; correspondence; postal service; sister; brother; family; women at home; women; love; motion pictures; recreation and entertainment; cinema; racial slur; African Americans; signal corps; infantry; going home; weather; rainy weather; automobiles; leisure; husband; theatre; alcohol; friendship; navy; religion; prayer; food; youth; romance; holiday; Thanksgiving; pictures; photography; aunt; nephew; niece; personal stories; government; commerce

Identifier

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Surprise
Alexander City Ala.



Pfc John P. Bell 35052495
279 G. M. Ry. Co APO 758
c/o P.M. New York
N. Y.

Alexander City Ala

Nov 18, 1945

Dear Jack:

Santa neglected you last week. Arthur painted practically all weekend and this weekend too. So our living room is now Avalon blue, the breakfast nook is also blue, the kitchen is ivory, the top half of the bathroom is ivory and he has done the top half of the hall. I'll do the bottom to-morrow. Monday night we went to the movies to see "The Dolly Sisters" which Arthur and Betty enjoyed and I didn't. Tuesday night Betty had a party here, (Arthur had a dinner meeting). Wednesday we spent the day in Montgomery. Thursday school was closed and Betty and I worked like niggers cleaning the house.

Are you still in the 78th Division or is that a military secret? Been reading about the 78th and it sounds like the division is coming home.

Wednesday was such a day! It was raining when we got up and I almost didn't want to go. Then the car got stuck. The battery is worn out and we are waiting until someone gets some new ones in. So we've been parking the car out in the street, [This is now Monday. I got sidetracked], where it can roll down the grade to start. Well there's a ditch there because of a temporary water line running to the house being built next door, and you know what happened. Ups - up to the axles front and rear wheels on the right side. So we had to get someone to pull the car out. Arthur in his anger tracked red mud all through the house. I didn't say anything cause I'd rolled up the works by oversleeping. We had a perfectly grand time in spite of the bad start. Did a mess of shopping and got some window shades which I'd been trying to get ever since I came. On the evening Betty and I went to see the stage play "Angel Street" and it was swell. Betty had seen the movie "Gaslight" which was made from the play but I hadn't

Our reason for going to Montgomery was an all day meeting of the State Co-Operatives. Betty and I attended the informal reception and each had a highball. Met some old friends and some new ones.

Do you remember Bill Jones who lived next door to us in Hudson asst mgr of the Penny store? Bill has been in the Navy for the past 2 years and we had a letter from him the other day saying he hopes to be Mr Civilian soon. He's now a full lieutenant.

I finished the hall this morning and the lrs said the letter!! For same reason the hall had never been painted and it really needs coats to make it look like anything.

Yesterday I put up the ~~new~~ shade fixtures in our bedroom. It is one of the meanest jobs I ever tackled. The hammer is too large for one thing and half the blows land on the fixture instead of the nail. Later when I was telling Betty about it I said "well I got it done but I was talkin' to the Lord". Betty said "what did you say?" Arthur said "Well I dont know what all she said but he didn't answer back and it was a good thing he didn't." Now what does that make me?

Betty has a boy friend who is at a POC somewhere in or near N. Y. The other day he sent her 7 cartons of chewing gum. He's just 18 and the cutest little thing. He has written her faithfully every day since he left. He writes the nicest letters, B. reads them to me, and they are not mushy just nice. I think B. is to be his "girl-back-home" while he's overseas.

Thanksgiving is Thursday and this year we'll really be away and alone. We had thought the Bloch Packham's might come down but Helen says they cant make it. And no Jack & Erabel this year.

Betty and I have been pasting all the loose pictures in the photo album. Had read of them here, there and the other place and I was always gonna get at them. So the other night we started rounding them up and finally got them all in — until we find another bunch.

Had a letter from Aunt Cornelia the other day and she sent a story. How else would you know it was Aunt Cornelia? A woman called the grocer and said "Have you got Aunt Jerimiah by the box?" The grocer answered yes. The woman said "Well go wash your hands I want a pound of cookies."

I've been doing some crocheting in the evening. I've finished 3 doilies and a prof baby booties - no, the twins aren't on the way and I'm not 40 yet either! I made them for a cousin of Al's who is expecting an arrival next month.

What a dull letter. The only bright thought is that it will be an extra piece of mail at ~~the~~ mail call. All my love Hailing and kin's as it's Thanksgiving already, it can't be too much longer before you and Erabel come drivin' down to Alabam!

Betty just came in and said "tell Jack I said hello and I still love him."

Guess I'll quit and get at a mess of ironing. Love
Sis.

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE NOVEMBER 1945 #1]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Surprise
Alexander City Ala.

[[Image: Military post-
mark stamp, print text
“ALEXANDER CITY, ALA. /
1945” encircling date:
“NOV / 20 / 830 AM”]]

[[Image: Original 3-cent
blue post stamp with a
group of sailors, text:
“UNITED STATES
POSTAGE”; “U.S. / NAVY”]]

Pfc. John P. Bell 35052495
279 Q. M. Ref. Co Apo 758
c/o P.M. New York
N.Y.

[Page 2 – Letter]

Alexander City Ala
Nov 18, 1945

Dear Jack:

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Are you still in the 78th Division or is that a military secret? Been reading about the 78th and it sounds like the division is coming home.

Wednesday was such a day! It was raining when we got up and I almost didn't want to go. Then the car got stuck. The battery is worn out and we are waiting until someone gets some new ones in. So we've been packing the car out in the street, [This is now Monday. I got sidetracked], where it can roll down the grade to start. Well there's a ditch there because of a temporary water line running to the house being built next door, and you know what happened. Yes – up to the axles front and rear wheels on the right side. So we had to get someone to pull the car out. Arthur in his anger tracked red mud all through the house. I didn't say anything cause I'd balled up the works by oversleeping. We had a perfectly grand time in spite of the bad start. Did a mess of shopping and got some window shades which I'd been trying to get ever since I came. In the evening Betty had seen the movie "Gaslight" which was made from the play but I hadn't

[Page 3 – Letter continued]

II

Our reason for going to Montgomery was an all day meeting of the State C of C secretaries. Betty and I attended the informal reception and each had a highball. Met some old friends and some new ones.

Do you remember Bill Jones who lived next door to us in Henderson ass't mgr of the Penney store? Bill has been in the Navy for the past 2 years and we had a letter from him the other day saying he hopes to be Mr Civilian soon. He's now a full lieutenant.

I finished the hall this morning and the less said the letter!! For some reason the hall had never been painted and it really needs 2 coats to make it look like anything.

Yesterday I put ~~cu~~ shade fixtures in our bedroom. It is one of the meanest jobs I ever tackled. The hammer is too large for one thing and half the blows land on the fixture instead of the nail. Later when I was telling Betty about it I said "well I got it done but I was talkin' to the Lord." Betty said "what did you say?" Arthur said "Well I don't know what all she said but He didn't answer back and it was a good thing He didn't." Now what does that make me?

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Thanksgiving is Thursday and this year we'll really be away and alone. We had thought the Doc Packam's might come down but Helen says they cant *[sic]* make it. And no Jack or Evabel this year.

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[Page 4 – Letter continued]

III

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I’ve been doing some crocheting in the evening. I’ve finished 3 doilies and a pr of baby booties – no, the twins aren’t on the way and I’m not 40 yet either! I made them for a cousin of Al’s who is expecting an arrival next month.

What a dull letter. The only bright thought is that it will be an extra piece of mail at ~~roll~~ mail call. All my love

Darling

and feeing *[sic]* as it’s Thanksgiving already, it cant *[sic]* be too much longer before you and Evabel come drivin’ down to Alabam!

Betty just came in and said “tell Jack I said hello and I still love him.”

Guess I’ll quit and get at a mess of ironing. Love

Sis.