5-27-1943

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #202

Jack P. Bell

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Darling Fink,

I got two letters from my sweetie today. One was the typewriter one. You can still dood it, can't you sweetie? I was fooling around with a typewriter the other day myself. This one has all capitals. It's used for taking down messages. I guess no matter how long you stay away from a typewriter, you never forget the positions.

So the newlyweds were rather tired? I guess everyone is that way on their wedding night. The sad part of it was I really was tired.

If the man wants to give five dollars for the washing machine you might as well take it, honey. We'll get a new one when I come home.

I didn't have to go to school today. In past ten words per minute, and the way things are now I won't have to go miles anymore. What a relief. We're having our hike tomorrow night. It was postponed last night.

Yes, darling I've often thought it would have been somethin' if I could have met your mother, but I know she was a wonderful woman because you're her daughter, and you are a daughter to be proud of just as I am proud of you as my wife.
Ill bet Ogurie is plenty quiet these days with so many young men gone, but what a grand celebration will all have on that great day which isn't far off. You said in yesterday's letter that I must promise to take you dancing often. It's a promise, sweetheart. How swell it will be to swing out with my sweet cate. Will we ever paint the town red? Mostly tho' it's going to be nice to just spend my evenings in our little home. Won't it be fun just to sit around and read or talk or make love like we used to? We have such a comfortable little place, home with you is paradise, sweetheart.

Sweetheart, I love you. I always think of the little things we used to do. Like sometimes on Saturday night we'd say, well we'll get up early tomorrow morning. Sunday morning would roll around, and then we'd usually get up around noon. We always have such swell times together, lover.

It's nearly eleven so I guess I'd better get ready to hit the hay. Good nite my sweet lover,

all my love,

Yours forever,

[Signature]

Jack
Free

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

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
May 27, 1943
Darling Fink,

I got two letters from my sweetie today. One was the type writer one. You can still dood it, can’t you sweetie? I was fooling around with a typewriter the other day myself. This one has all capitals. It’s used for taking down messages. I guess no matter how long you stay away from a typewriter you never forget the positions.

So the newlyweds were rather tired? I guess everyone is that way on their wedding nite. The sad part of it was I really was tired.

If the man wants to give five dollars for the washing machine you might as well take it, honey. We’ll get a nice new one when I come home.

I didn’t have to go to school tonite. I’m past ten words per minute, and the way things are now I wont have to go nites anymore. What a relief. We’re having our hike tomorrow nite. It was postponed last nite.

Yes, darling I’ve often thought it would have been so nice if I could have met your Mother, but I know she was a wonderful woman because you’re her daughter, and you are a daughter to be proud of just as I am proud of you as my wife.
I’ll bet Elyria is plenty quiet these days with so many young men gone, but what a grand celebration we’ll all have on that great day which isn’t far off. You said in yesterday’s letter that I must promise to take you dancing often. It’s a promise, sweetie. How swell it will be to swing out with my sweet cutie. Will we ever paint the town red! Mostly tho’ it’s going to be nice to just spend my evenings in our little home. Won’t it be fun just to sit around and read or talk or make love like we used to? We have such a comfortable little place, home with you is paradise, sweetheart.

Sweetheart, I love you. I allways think of the little things we used to do. Like sometimes on Saturday nite we’d say, well we’ll get up early tomorrow morning. Sunday morning would roll around, and then we’d usually get up around noon. We allways have such swell times together, lover.

It’s nearly eleven so I guess I’d better get ready to hit the hay. Good nite my sweet lover,

All my love,

Yours forever,

[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]