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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #230

Evabel Bell

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Put John D. Hall
78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

Camp Bratton
N.C.
Mrs. J. H. Bell
345 N. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Dearest Sweetheart,

It's a beautiful Sunday. Very warm, and the sun has been shining brightly all day.

Last evening Dolly and I went out. We first went to the Green Ball and watched them dance for a little while and then we went to the Sinai Country Club and ended up at the Ducker Club. I saw Frank & Fern out there but they didn't see us. We had a good time. Then I went over to Bill & Dolly's and slept there and then today we were all invited over to your folks for dinner. I came over with them and this afternoon we went over to Bickel's. You know Raymond is leaving for the Navy next Fri. and so they are kind of holding open house. Everyone there asked about you and I passed your picture around and everyone said how swell you look and of course I agreed with them very much. I just wish you could have been there. All the big women were there, and they look just like indians. So big and brown and their hair is so straight like this. The little marks are where they put baby pins. Don't you think I'm quite an artist?

And now we are going for a ride. Only Bill has to hear Drew Pearson first.

Ricky is running around in his little cart
and be talking a blue streak about what no one knows.

Darling, whenever I go someplace I'm always wishing you were with me. Then even I go into a night club or any place I always look around and I think, "If Jack were here he'd be the best looking fellow here." and it's true, the more I see of other fellows the more I appreciate you. Only one thing I hope you can let your hair get a little longer. I look like your hair longer. I suppose you can after you are there a little while anyway I'd lose you if you were bald headed. Only don't even do it.

God, just imagine I don't have to go to work till Tuesday. Say it feels swell.

I won't make this very long because when I go home to-night I'll write you a nice long letter, and I'll write you just what you want to hear. You know what I mean.

I love you, Baby. Dear, you are such a sweetheart. Give me a real sweet kiss, Darling and then I'll be happy.

Your own
Friss
Pvt. John P. Bell
78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner,
N.C.
Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, O.
Dearest Sweetheart,

It’s a beautiful Sunday. Very warm.
And the sun has been shining brightly
all day.

Last evening Dolly and I went out. We
just went to the Grange Hall and watched
the dance for a little while and then
we went to the Lorain Country Club and
ended up at the Sucker Club. I saw
Frank + Fern out there but they didn’t see
us. We had a good time. Then I went over
to Bill + Dolly’s and slept there and
then to-day we were all invited over to
your folks for chicken dinner. I come over
with them and this afternoon we went
over to Bickel’s. You know Raymond is
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Every one there asked about you and I
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And now we are going for a ride. Only
Bill has to hear Drew Pearson first.
Ricky is running around in his little cart
and he is talking a blue streak. About what no one knows.

Darling, when ever I go someplace I’m always wishing you were with me, when ever I go into a night club or any place I always look around and I think. “If Jack were here he’d be the best looking fellow here.” And it’s true, the more I see of other fellows the more I appreciate you. Only one thing I hope you can let your hair get a little longer. I [[strikethrough]look[[/strikethrough]] like your hair longer. I suppose you can after you are there a little while. Anyway I’d love you if you were bald headed. Only don’t ever do it.

Gosh, just imagine I don’t have to go to work till Tuesday. Boy it feels swell.

I won’t make this very long because when I go home to-night I’ll write you a nice long letter. And I’ll write you just what you want to hear. You know what I mean.

I love you, Baby Dear, you are such a sweetheart. Give me a real sweet kiss, Darling and then I’ll be happy.

Your own,

Fink