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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #254

Jack P. Bell

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Dearest darling,

It's a grey, rainy morning so, for lack
of something else to do, they have us up in
the code room practicing transmitting. It
sure has cooled off a lot. Carolina weather
is certainly uncertain. Bake one day, and
shiver the next.

Sunday is the Fourth, just another day
around here. But how we would celebrate if
I were home. Well, baby, when I do come
home we'll make up for all we've missed,
and more besides.

What do you hear from Jim these days,
honey? Is Madelyn with him again?

It's now afternoon, and still gray with a
fine, cold mist. Ugh, Good day to sleep. Wish
I could.

I got a swell letter from you this noon,
darling. I'm glad you like my letters. Some-
times I think they're awfully poor, but I'll
keep right on trying anyway. This classroom
seems to be a popular place for writing this
afternoon. Everybody looks real studious with
earphones on, but about half of us are writing letters.

Last night one of the fellows introduced me to his wife who is visiting him. Their home is in Massillon, she has an aunt who lives in Toronto so we had a good chat about that end of Ohio.

That's right, today is the day for a new sticker for the car, isn't it? How is our little Ford running these days? It sure will be fun to drive it again.

Evening.

This really turned out to be an in-
stallment letter, darling.

This evening I went to a show. I saw Betty Grable in "Coney Island." If you get a chance to see it, go. I think you'll like it.

Well, darling I guess that just about covers everything so I'll take a shower and go to bed. I'll dream of my darling Tink whom I love very very much,

Your lover,

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
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