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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #349

Evabel Bell

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Put

John P. Bell
78th Sig Co. A.P.O. 78
C/O Postmaster
Nashville, Tenn.
Dear Darling,

What a night Dick! I'm getting to be. Now it is 12 O'Clock and I'm just starting a letter to you. What a gal you have.

I went to the hospital to-night to see the people downstairs' little boy, you remember. I told you he was in the hospital because he had fallen down the cellar steps and broke his arm. Well, they couldn't get it set right and so to-morrow they have to operate on his arm to have the bone put in the right place. But he sure is a cheerful little guy about it all. Well, when we got home from the hospital we decided to play a little poker and in the end I won $1.80.

To-morrow night I'm going to see that picture "Dust to Dust." Dally, Lena, and Edith Fitts are going. I hope it is as good as they say it is. You know that's the picture they tell all about child birth and all that stuff. At 7 O'Clock
it's for women and at 9 O'clock it's for men. They don't allow men and women in together. Some picture, hey what?

Yeah, honey, you should hear that wind, it's just blowing up a storm. It almost seems to shake the house down.

My cold is much better today. I took a real hot shower last night before I went to bed and it must have loosened my cold up. Any way I feel a lot better.

Yeah, sweetheart, I do wish the time would hurry and pass so it would be time for you to come home. I love you so much. Darling, I hate to be away from you one moment more than is necessary. You are such a sweet lover boy and such a wonderful person to have to come home.

I always dream about the days when all will be peaceful again and you can come whistling up the steps just like you used to. Aren't they wonderful
Dang. Sweetheart.

Well, Baby Dear, The little old doggie are once again drooping so I had better sign off.

all my love and a million kisses

your own,

Frank
Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, O.

Pvt. John P. Bell
78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
c/o Postmaster,
Nashville,
Tenn.
Dearest Darling,

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3/

days, sweetheart?

    Well, Baby Dear, the little old eyelids are once again drooping so I had better sign off.

    All my love and a million kisses.

    Your Own,
    Fink.