11-20-1944

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #422

Jack P. Bell

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Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
78th Signal Co. A.P.O. 78
C/o Pvt. Mater. New York, N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
N.Y. NOV 25
1944
6 5
POSTAL SERVICE

Mrs. Jack Bell
508 West Street
Elyria, Ohio

At R.D. Hoban
Nov. 20, 1944

Dearest Sweetheart,

It's been impossible to write you the past few days, and I don't know when I'll be able to mail this but here goes anyway.

Chuck told me that the pictures we took came out fine so you'll be getting some of them one of these days.

It's been about ten days since I've had a letter from you, darling but it seems like a month. Sue will be swell to have a mail call.

I taught one of the boys how to play Russian Bank tonight. Seemed kind of good to be able to whip someone at that game for a change. You used to take me to the cleaners pretty regularly at that, remember?
I love you so very much, darling. It would be so nice to just drop in on you one of these days, sneak up behind you, put my hands over your eyes, and say, "Guess who?" No, maybe that would be too much of a shock. Better I should let you know in advance. Anyway it would be swell to be home pestering you again. Well, baby dear this is a poor excuse for a letter, but I'll try to do better on the next one. All my love to the dearest and sweetest and best wife in all the world,

Your Own,

Jack
Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
78th. Signal Co. A.P.O. [78]
C/O Pst. Mstr. New York, N.Y.

508 West Street
Elyria, Ohio

Mrs. Jack Bell

Lt. RD Hobdy
Nov. 20, 1944

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Chuck told me that the pictures we took came out fine so you’ll be getting some of them one of these days.

It’s been about ten days since I’ve had a letter from you, darling but it seems like a month. Sure will be swell to have a mail call.

I taught one of the boys how to play Russian Bank tonite. Seemed kind of good to be able to whip someone at that game for a change. You used to take me to the cleaners pretty regularly at that, remember?
I love you so very much, darling. It would be so nice to just drop in on you one of these days, sneak up behind you, put my hands over your eyes, and say, “Guess who?” No, maybe that would be too much of a shock. Better I should let you know I’m coming. anyway it would be swell to be home pestering you again.

Well, baby dear this is a poor excuse for a letter, but I’ll try to do better on the next one. All my love to the dearest and sweetest and best wife in all the world,

Your Own,

[[underscore]] Jack [[/underscore]]