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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #499

Jack P. Bell

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Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
78th. Signal Co. APO 78
C/O PM New York, N.Y.

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio

Passed by

R. Ashton
2d Lt., USA
Dearest Sweetheart,

It's a real summer evening here. Just the kind of night you and I would be looking around for some of our beloved chocolate ice cream. Remember the night Ben said that? I'm always thinking of those good times we used to have.

I'm still at this depot, but I'll be plenty glad when I get back to the company and start getting your letters again. You write such swell ones, sweetie. I always like to know how you're getting along, and then too, I like to hear you tell me you love me. You're such a wonderful lovely girl. I'll always marvel at what a lucky fellow I am to have you for my own sweet wife. Darling, do you have any faults? I don't believe you do. It's been nearly nine years since we met, and I've never discovered any. You're my dream girl, honey only better because you're real. Every day it seems that I love you...
as much as it's possible to love anyone, and yet the next day I love you more, and the next, and the next, and every day more and more.

How is everything at home, sweetie? You're doing a wonderful job of keeping things going, but it won't make either of us angry when I can take over some of those responsibilities again, will it, baby? You know, it's going to be so nice to come home from work, and have you waiting for me, neat and sweet, and give you a big hug and kiss just like I used to do.

I'm going to bed now, and dream of the dearest, sweetest and best wife in all the world. All my love, and millions of hugs and kisses.

Your Own,

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

VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio

Robt. Ashton
2nd Lt. Inf.
Dearest Sweetheart,

It’s a real summer evening here. Just the kind of nite you and I would be looking around for some of our beloved chocolate ice cream. Remember the nite Ben said that? I’m allways thinking of those good times we used to have.

I’m still at this depot, but I’ll be plenty glad when I get back to the company, and start getting your letters again. You write such swell ones, sweetie. I allways like to know how you’re getting along, and then too I like to hear you tell me you love me. You’re such a wonderful lover girl. I’ll allways marvel at what a lucky fellow I am to have you for my own sweet wife.

Darling, do you have any faults? I don’t believe you do. It’s been nearly nine years since we met, and I’ve never discovered any. You’re my dream girl, honey only better because you’re real. Every day it seems that I love you
as much as it’s possible to love anyone, and yet the next day I love you more, and the next, and the next, and every day more and more.

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Your Own,

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