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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #614

Jack P. Bell

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Mrs. Jack Bell

345 W. River Street

Elyria, Ohio
Dearest darling,

Mail call really treated me swell tonite. I got four letters from you sweetie. All in sequence too. October 29th thru November 1st. It was the first in about six days.

They're playing Flight of the Bumblebee on the radio. This radio sure brightens things up around here.

I made the team again last nite. Had the ten till two shift, and Les and I went to the show before I went on. We saw "Over 21" with Irene Dunne. Not a bad show.

In this week's Yank there's a story and some pictures of the reconversion in Detroit. There's one beautiful shot taken at nite from the top of the Penobscot building. It's looking toward Grand River, and you can see the Griswold hotel. Remember when we stayed there darling? I guess when we think about hotels we'll always remember the Fort Hayes as the nicest won't we honey? We have so many wonderful memories darling. I often think of the grand times we've had together, and how wonderful the future is going to be. We have so many places we want to go, and things we want to do. But whatever we do or where ever we go the best part of it is that we'll be together. You're such a wonderful darling to go places with sweetie. I always feel so proud when I'm with my darling wife. Every day gets closer to that good one lower. November is half gone now. I'm keeping my fingers crossed so tight honey that we'll be together on our fifth anniversary.

You asked in one of your letters why I hadn't sent any snapshots lately sweetie. Les and I took some snapshots several weeks ago, and he took them down to be developed, but the guy doesn't have any paper to print them on right now. When he gets them I'll be sending you some darling.

Darling I love you so very much. Every day I try to find words good enough to tell you how sweet and precious you are, but no words seem to be able to do that. When I come home I'll show you that lover. You're going to have to remind me to take it easy on your ribs sweetie 'cause I'm going to hold you so tight.

Well lover I think I'll hit the hay, and dream of my cute, sweetie and my sweet cutie. I'm enclosing millions of hugs and kisses and all my love.

Your own,

Jack