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1945-06-17, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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



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

Wildungen, June 17, 1945

Darling Fink,

I've just finished reading your sweet letter of June 12th. You write such grand ones, darling. I just live from mail call to mail call. That blue stationery is kind of neat, honey.

Yes, that's allways the way it's been. Everyone knows exactly what the division is going to do. I wish we did, don't you, honey? I understand that we are now in the seventh army. We were in the first. Then after the war ended we went into the ninth. Whether the seventh is to be occupational, I don't know, and then you never can tell if we'll stay in it so I don't even try to figure the deal.

Say, isn't it swell about Chuck coming home. Sure hope it's for discharge, and not just a furlough. He's really earned one of those white pieces of paper.

No, darling I don't weigh 200 pounds. I've been 165 for quite some time now, That is plenty heavy for me. I wont keep it long once I get back to work, tho'. I feel good tho' so I guess that's the most important thing.

Baby dear, your new suit is really yummy sounding. I would like a twin suit of yours too, sweetie. It doesn't surprise me to hear that Olive has let herself go badly. I'm glad you're prideful of your appearance, darling. It muât be terrible to be married to someone who would make you feel ashamed to be seen with, huh? We'll allways make the best appearance we can, wont we, lover. I allways feel so proud when we go places, darling. Oh honey, in all ways you are just wonderful.

This mail service sure is good at times. Your letter was postmarked June 12th. and the one I got from Mom and Dad. was postmarked the 13th. at 2 in the afternoon. Wish it would all go that fast. For the terrific volume of mail they're handling they do a darn good job. Notice the envelopes they're using now. Two cent stamps, but they stamp them over, and sell them for air mail. Probably had a lot of them they might never use otherwise.

I had good intentions of writing a lot of letters this afternoon, but when I came from dinner I started reading my Esquire, and then I decided I'd have a little nap so the next thing I knew it was time for supper, and another afternoon is gone. What a lazy radical I'm getting to be.

Purse just boiled a can of coffee. It sure is hot, and strong enough to walk. No coffee ever tastes as good as the kind we make with our drip-olator, but this would taste pretty good if I had one of your nicé big pumpkin pies to go with it. Darling, when I come home it's going to be a big job getting me filled up on home cooking again. We've been getting good chow, but there's nothing like your cooking, sweetie.

Well, darling, I'm just about run down, and Purse wants to write to his little heartbeat so I'll wrap up millions of hugs and kisses, and all my love to the sweetest and dearest and best wife in all the world.

Your own,

Jack