

6-2-1945

## 1945-06-02, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Darling Fink,

Saturday nite. again. This is the nite I hate most to be away from home too, honey. Of course there isn't any day that I enjoy being away but Saturday nites were made for us, weren't they darling? Remember how I'd bring my pay home, and while we were eating supper you'd figure out how much to allow for this payment or that one, and then later we'd go downtown, and do a bit of shopping, and sometimes some grocery shopping too. Those good old times. Hope we see them again soon.

No letter from you tonite, sweetie, but I guess my mail is just getting straightened around, and soon it will be coming along right in order. I got one from Mom which was postmarked April 6th.

Darling, I have a confession to make to you. You remember our little discussion a couple months back about your black and yellow satin pajamas? I said I didn't remember what they started. I was just teasing you. How could I forget it? I just thought I'd get you to give me a little better description of it. Sneaky little rascal, aren't I? You were such a tan' talizing darling in that first little outfit you wore. You had the yellow top on and long sheer hose, and I believe you wore those little black and gold slippers, didn't you, sweetie? I don't remember if you wore panties or not. Do you remember? I enjoyed reading the little clues you sent me. That was when I finally broke down, and confessed I remembered it. You said you'd like another pair of pajamas just like them, honey, and you bet we'll get them for you. Darling, you're just going to have everything you want when I come home.

Sure would like to be back in Elyria now. It's nice this time of year. For that matter it's nice there anytime. Or anywhere with you, sweetheart. Darling, I guess my letters must all sound pretty much alike to you. 'I know I repeat myself often, but when I start writing I just seem to ramble on as if I were talking to you. I hope you like them anyway, sweetie.

Have you heard from Lillian Coleman lately? I owe Coleman a letter which I hope to write him sometime in the near future. We had some good times with them. Hope Coleman's back in shape again.

It's ten o'clock now, and still light out. In less than three weeks we'll hit the longest day of the year. I suppose you're having lots of daylight now too. Last nite I was standing out on the porch at eleven, and it was dark on the ground, but there was still a little light in the sky.

Darling do you ever get tired of hearing me say I love you? I hope not honey, for I never tire of saying it, and I never will because you see baby dear, I love you more every day, and I simply have to keep telling you. I allways like to kiss and hug you. Maybe I'll look funny when I'm old and grey, and still such a romantic guy. You're such a darling little wife. I must be the luckiest fellow in the whole wide world to have you for my very own. Honey, I'm still afraid you're going to have to warn me to be careful of your ribs when I first get back 'cause I'm just going to hold you so tight you wont be able to breathe.

Remember our little kissing contests, honey? That was allways such sweet torment to have your lips from mine, and see how long I could keep from kissing you, or you from kissing me. And our little game of follow the leader. You're such a sweet smoothie. Oh darling Fink we have so much to look forward to. Remember how I allways ~~used~~ to think you were so slow getting dressed when we were going someplace so I'd just sort of loaf around, and then the first thing I knew you were all ready to go, and there I was with something I'd forgotten to do, and we'd end up by you waiting for me. We live such a happy life together, don't we, sweetie?

I wrote Maddie a letter last nite. Meantime, say hello to Ben and Lena, and Shelly for me. Two or at the most three letters is the most I can ever get written in an evening, and it takes time to catch them all.



Bendix seems to treat their employees pretty good, don't they, sweetie? Giving you milk at noon hour etc. I never saw a factory that gave the employees anything. What kind of work are you doing now, honey? Do you sit or stand?

I saw in the paper where some Chinese general predicted that if it's worked right Japan can be defeated in from six months to a year. I'd like to see somebody get one of those predictions right sometime. They sure did enough guessing on this one without coming close.

I had to laugh about how Bennie saunters out of work real slow while everyone else is running like mad. I can just picture him with that grin on his face. I miss those long drawn out stories of his. He sure can tell them.

I'm wrapping up millions of hugs and kisses, and all my love.

Your own,

*Jack*