
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

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6-5-1945

1945-06-05, 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.



VIA AIR MAIL

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

Bad Wildungen, Germany
June 5, 1945

Darling wife,

This has been a big day around here. We moved away from Wuthering Heights. That's what I called the old castle up on the bluff. This is a better setup by far. Purse, and I have a nice room, a sink with running water right here. Up at the old place the water didn't run half the time.

It's ten after seven, and Burley hasn't come back with the mail yet. I'll bet the post office has moved today too. I'll get started on this letter, and drop back to see him later.

It's been grand out today. Nice and warm. I heard part of a news broadcast the other nite, and caught something about some parts of the states getting some very cold weather. How has it been at home?

We've run out of typing paper so please excuse this paper, sweetie. I'll pick some up tomorrow.

I have your picture before me, darling, and I can allmost hear you say, "Hi honey." You're smiling such a sweet Fink smile, and you're beautiful eyes are smiling too. It makes me so happy when I look at you, lover. You're my dearest darling, and my darling dearest, and I love you more than mere words can say. Even if I were a very good letter writer, which I'm not, I could never put in words how very much you mean to me, and how much I love you.

The land is flat in this spot, but I can look right out my window, and see a great big hill. There's a man coming down from way up near the top, and he's just a speck,

I'm sitting here with my shoes and sox off. Sure feels good. I'm tired tonite. I've done more work in the last week than I did in a whole month before. I have a straw mattress under my sleeping bag so I should sleep pretty well tonite.

I guess the bottom of page one is coming up so I'll quit for a while, and see if Burley is back. See you in a few minutes, sweetie.

Over

I didn't make out so good at mail call tonite. Just a letter from Esquire telling me to notify them of any change of address I might make in the near future.

Darling ? I guess this will be one of those Short Bell letters. I'm going to bed early, and dream of my little sweetheart whom I love so very much. I'm enclosing millions of hugs and kisses, and all my love

Your own,

Jack