
Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

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1945-06-15, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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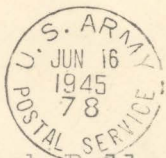
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Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
78th. Signal Co. APO 78
% PM New York, N.Y.



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



Wildungen, June 15, 1945

Dearest sweetheart,

I got your sweet letter of June 7th. sweetie, along with one from Mom and Dad, and my June issue of Esquire so that makes a pretty good mail call for today.

You asked me to remind you not to eat me up when we see each other again darling. You'll have to remind me that too, lover. You're such a sweet sweetheart that you'd be very good to eat, but then you can't have your cake and eat it so I'll keep my sweet little cake.

I'm glad you were able to get some nice sheer hose, honey. Some fine day we'll be able to get my baby nylons again, and we'll just buy you oodles of them, darling. In fact we're just going to get you lots of everything nice, lover.

I've been sweating Jime out on his trip home. Sure hope he gets there real soon. He'll probably never have to leave the country again.

Darling, you and I both have that terrible disease, Lackanookie. I hope it wont be too much longer, and I can come home so we can start our cure. I've been writing you some pretty passionate letters since censorship ceased. Honey, if they bother you too much, you just tell me, and I'll try not to make them so warm. It's a rotten deal when two people love each other so much, and have to be separated, darling, but we have such a wonderful future ahead that it makes everything easier. I allways keep figuring, one more day is gone, one day closer to that good one when we'll be back together for keeps, sweetie. Meantime, as the song goes, "My dreams are getting wetter all the time."

Sweetie, I think I have a little box all lined up so maybe I can get that stuff together, and send it tomorrow. It seems hard as hell to get hold of anything to ship stuff in.

They sent me up to the dispensary this morning for the annual physical checkup, and I dropped into the dental clinic while I was there. The dentist said there was a very small pit in one molar. He said I had excellent teeth, and might as well get it filled while it's small. It was noon by then so I'll have to wait a couple days for an appointment.

This truck driving sure is a good deal, honey. Keeps me out of a lot of these chump formations, and the time goes a lot faster when I'm rolling around. I've seen a lot of this country around here I'd never have seen otherwise. Guess I'll never get tired of driving.

You're just going to bed about the time I'm starting to think about dinner, sweetie. Are you able to sleep pretty well, and get rested in the daytime?

Darling, every day it seems as tho' I love you so much I couldn't possibly love you any more, and yet every day I love you more and more. I love everything about you, sweetie. The way your eyes crinkle up so cute when you close them, and how beautiful they are when they're open. I love the way you hold my hand when we go to a movie. I love it when you tell me the heater's putting out cold heat. Oh, darling I even love your cold feet on my legs. I think of you all day, and dream of you at nite. You're my darling Pink, and I'm just existing till that happy day when we can walk into each others arms, and stay there.

Boy, I wish it would warm up around here. I just put my jacket on, and it feels good. Is it getting decent out at home now, Honey?

Purse and I were just reminiscing about the days around Crewe. Do you remember the morning Baker started out early, and I waited for him till the last minute, and then I woke you up to take me into camp, and we picked Purse up at the edge of town? He's mentioned that quite often since we've been overseas. It was really a mad scramble that morning, wasn't it honey? We got there just as they'd finished standing revellie.

Well sweetie, I guess I'm just about wound up for this trip so I'll go to bed, and dream of my darling wife who I love so very very much. I'm enclosing millions of hugs and kisses, and all my love.

Your own,

Jack