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2-13-1945

### 1945-02-13, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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## 1945-02-13, Jack to Evabel

### Keywords

U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; romance; wife; husband; women at home; homesickness; hospital; Britain; injured; medical treatment; Christmas; Holiday; brother; family; money; gift; celebration; post-war hopes; sex; humor;

### Identifier

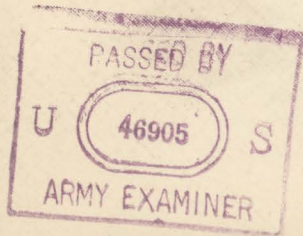
2014.160.w.r\_Bell\_worldwartwo\_1945-02-13\_010

Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495  
Co. D Det. of Patients Hosp. Plant-4167  
APO 514-A C/O PM New York, N.Y.



VIA AIR MAIL

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



*Requid*

England - Feb. 13, 1945

Darling Fink,

Here's your air mail letter as I promised in the V letter I just wrote. I thought you might get it sooner, and I wanted you to know that my mail had caught up with me, and also to let you know what I thought about having your teeth taken care of. I wish I could be there with you, honey, it might help to make it a little easier for you.

I sure feel as if I'm back, "in the know" again. Twenty nine letters from you darling. The other 26 were from Mom and Dad, Bill and Dolly, Sis, Madelyn, and of course Christmas cards from a lot of the rest. Ralph Hamlin wrote me a swell letter. I really appreciated it as I know he likes to write about as well as I do, and you know me. Mr. Williamson wrote me a dandy letter too, and enclosed a money order for \$25.00 He sure is a top flight boss.

You asked me if I remembered those black and yellow satin pajamas you used to have. Of course I do, sweetie, and I will get you another pair just like them. You have me sort of puzzled tho'. You said, "they started something else too." and asked me if I could remember what it was. Guess you'll have to tell me, honey. I can't remember. I know you looked very yummy in them.



Bill told me he thought he'd be reclassified. Has he heard any more about it? Sure hope he doesn't have to come in. I think our family has contributed its share.

I got a dandy letter from Audrey. She sure writes a peppy letter. Swell sense of humor, and always cheerful. Also got one from Coleman. He and Lillian were cooking their Christmas dinner as he wrote it, and he wished we were there to help them eat it. They're a fine couple.

I'm glad you got all the money orders I sent, honey. Don't do without anything. I made out pretty well on barbering, and over there you can't spend it. If you don't need it right at present we'll use it when I come home, but I want you to be comfortable now too. So if you need it don't worry about a bank book cause I'll build that up when I come home.

I got a flock of new clothes tonite. Have to change the trousers tho'. They gave me a pair with 29 inch ~~waist~~ <sup>waist</sup>. Just a little small for a fat kid like me. Jim told me I looked like a barrel. As long as you love me I don't care tho'. What was it you allowed me, honey - about 400 pounds wasn't it? I had to laugh about that. Do you realize that's pretty heavy?

I'll bet our place really looks keen with new wall paper all around. Sure would like to be parked in my big chair with you on my lap, lover. That is when I'm happiest, with you in my arms nothing can go wrong.



-3-

I love you so, darling. You understand me so well. We always seem to share the same moods. You're such a wonderful person to live with, honey. Life is so complete together. I guess I'm like you are, darling. I'm so inarticulate when it comes to putting my thoughts and feelings into a letter, but when we're together again I'll be able to tell you and show you how very much I love you, and how wonderful you are. And what a lot of love making we're going to have to catch upon. I'll just have to lock you in my arms, and never let you go. Before I go back to work we'll have a months vacation, and do all those things we've always wanted to do. You know, sweetie we've only had one weeks vacation in the last four years outside of the furloughs I've had since I've been in the army, and those were always pretty much of a mad whirl just racing against time. We'll really enjoy ourselves on that post war vacation.

You know, Burley's middle initial is T. It stands for Thomas, but he and I got to calling each other B. Throckmorton, and J. Pierpont. Well when Chuck visited me when I was here before he got quite a kick out of it so today I caught three letters from him - one addressed to Pvt. J. Pierpont Bell. I had to laugh at that one. Burley's wife was expecting a baby when we left the states, and I believe she's probably had it by now. I hope everything came out alright 'cause he was really

sweating it out. Pardon the change in paper, but I just had three sheets of the other.

The reason I quit writing air mail for a while is because only about 50% of it is flown in the winter. The rest goes by boat (now boat, I guess, by the length of time it takes.) But tonight I had more to write than I could have put in a Vmail. It's so much easier for me to write when I get a few letters 'cause it helps to start the old train of thought. It's funny, darling the time goes quite fast, but there's seldom anything to write about.

We've been having beautiful weather here. I wish you could have a bit of it at home too. You've really had a rough winter. Spring can't be too far away now tho'. February is half gone already. Tomorrow is Valentine Day. Know who my Valentine is this year? I'll give you a little clue. She's the same girl who's been my valentine for the last eight years. See, it doesn't seem that long, does it, darling? And yet in some ways



-5-

it seems there's never been a time when I didn't know you. We were meant for each other, darling. Always and forever.

I have a little pair of tennis oxfords they issue for taking exercises in the gym. They sure are nice to wear in the evening as slippers. This place here is to get you back in shape, and limber up the sleepy muscles.

Well little sweetheart I guess I've run down for now so I'll put this in the envelope, then put myself in bed and dream of my darling. All my love.

Yours always,  
Jack



[[Nick Dante 11/24/15]]

[[Bell Correspondence #10]]

[[Page 1- Envelope]]

Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495  
Co. D Det. of Patients Hosp. Plant 4149  
A.P.O. 514-A c/o P.M. New York, N.Y.

[[image- red six cents U.S. Postage Stamp]]

Via Air Mail

[[image- black stamp: U.S. ARMY 514 POSTAL  
SERVICE FEB 15 1945]]

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

[[image- purple stamp: PASSED BY U S ARMY EXAMINER]]

[[illegible signature]]

[[Page 2- Letter]]

England - Feb. 13, 1945

Dearest Fink,

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[[Page 3- Letter]]

-2-

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[[Page 4- Letter]]

-3-

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[[Page 5- Letter]]

-4-

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-5-

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Well little sweetheart I guess I've  
run down for now so I'll put this  
in the envelope, then put myself  
in bed and dream of my darling.  
All my love.

Yours Allways,  
[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]