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1945-05-30, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1945-05-30, Jack to Evabel

Keywords

U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; envelope; wife; husband; women at home; romance; homesickness; post-war hopes; typed letter; Bad Wildungen, Germany; death; funeral; money; England; gifts; sex; leave; celebration; holiday; recreation and entertainment; France; censorship; food; automobile;

Identifier

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Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
79th Signal Co. APO 78
C/O New York N.Y.



VIA AIR MAIL

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

Bad Wildungen, Germany.
May 30, 1945

Dearest darling,

My old pal, Purse picked up a typewriter in his travels so I thought I'd see if I can still bang away on one of these things. It's just like an American keyboard except the positions of the Y and Z are reversed.

We had a Memorial service this morning. I guess I allready told you that, didn't I? I have two hours guard tonite so it makes rather a full schedule for a holiday.

When I was at the replacement depot in England I sent you a money order for seventy five dollars. Did you get it, sweetie? I suppose you did and I just haven't received the letter in which you told me about it.

You will need some clothes now that youre so much slimmer, honey. I'd love to be going shopping with you. I probably wouldn't be much help, but I could carry the packages for you, and then too we'd be together, and it doesn't make much difference what we do as long as were together, does it sweetie? I'd prob^lably pick you out some cute little panties or something like that. Do you think my taste would suit you, darling? Your'e such a good dresser, sweetie. I'm allways so proud when we go places together.

Did you have a good time at the Bendix dance, honey? That must be a pretty good company to work for. Was Pat Baumann home on a furlough? The last I had heard he was in the army. Those Baumann boys were all nice fellows.

I had to laugh when you reminded me how I used to act when you didn't feel like having a nooky, and how you could allways read me like a book. I guess we understand each other better than any couple, Don't we honey? Like when you wanted to buy something. You'd allways ask me, and I guess I allways said yes, didn't I baby? But then you'd allways tell me what a good buy it was or how badly we needed it. You sort of gave me the sale talk after you'd allready closed the deal. Your'e such a wonderful darling. Life with you is so beautiful, honey. Every day is happier than the day before, and every day, even tho' it seems I love youas much as it's possible to love I find myself loving you more and more.

I was only in France about a week. Couldn't get out of the camp tho'. This place was just outside LeHavre, and that's really a worthwhile place to see.

The paper started to slip so I thought I'd better turn it over. This little typewriter really clicks them off. Wouldn't mind looting one of these myself.

Phil really got a long way from home, Didn't he? I wonder if he still loves the army as much as he used to. Probably just the way I do.

It seems pretty good to be able to write on both sides of the paper again. That censorship is not only a pain in the neck it's a big waste of paper, and then too, it's nice to be able to tell my sweetie how much I love her, and know that some smart shavetail is not going to read it.

Yes, sweetie I'll hold You to that promise to buy me a new pair of shoes, and a pair of shoes to go with them. In the first sentence I meant shoe laces. I guess you knew what I meant tho' didn't you, honey?

Darling, do you remember the time we got lost down in Mill Hollow? We wer'e allways getting lost when I'd start making turns on one of my hunches. Then I'd finally have to listen to you, and we'd find our way back. Your'e the navigator of the family sweetie My amazing sense of direction. Ha Ha! Remember the time we had the chocolate bunnies, and you piped up, "But the bunny has no cunnie honey." How we laughed about that. I guess we'll never forget those little things, will we, darling?

I've been trying to remember our last year's license number. Was it YX940 or 840? It runs in my mind that it was quite a bit like the new one.

Genevieve told me that she is keeping books in Norwich's store now. Wonder if Frankie will have to go overseas. I hope not. I, personally think Florence would be better off if she'd go down, and stay with him, at least a few weeks at a stretch if she's needed badly in the store. She's such a screwball, but a swell kid, nevertheless. Theyve certainly been nice to us. Remember how Mrs. Norwich used to keep us in stitches with her cute sayings? She's a honey.

Have any of the fellows from Coca Cola been inducted lately? In Maudies last letter she said that three of them had taken their screenings. Maynard was one of them. I wish this damn thing would get over with so nobody would have to get sucked in anymore. If everybody gets in this army when we get together after the war, and the guys get to telling their experiences the first liar wont have a chance.

I've been meaning to write to Jerry Wilson, but my good intentions to write people letters are paving me a smooth road to hell. Are Olive and Pat around Elyria yet? If so say hello to them for me, and tell her to give Jerry my best regards. He's been overseas more than a year now, hasn't he? It will be a great day when we wont have to write so many letters. When all our friends are home and we can do our visiting in person, and not via the U.S. Post Office. I often think of the good pinochle games we used to have with Jerry and Olive. At the last repple depple I was in three of us used to play single deck cut throat. Most of the time we'd bid like mad for the widow, and end up going set. Lots of fun.

Bill was telling me that Lloyd Richmond is now a civilian. I wonder if he got out on a medical or what, have You heard? It's kind of nice to hear about this one or that one getting out. Makes you kind of think, "Well, some day it could happen to me." That will be the day, lover when we can start to enjoy our good way of life together. That's the one wer'e looking for, Isn't it, sweetie

Well, baby dear, I guess I've run down for the time being so I'll wrap up about a millinn hugs, and juicy kisses, and all my love.

Your own,

Jack

[[Nick Dante 12/9/15]]

[[Bell Correspondence #12]]

[[Page 1-Envelope]]

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

Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
78th. Signal Co. APO 78
C/o P.M. New York, N.Y.

[[image- black stamp: U.S.A. POSTAL
SERVICE MAY 31 1945 78]]

VIA AIR MAIL

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

[[Note: Because the letter is typed and not handwritten no transcription was needed.]]

[[Bottom of Letter-Page 4; underlined signature:]] Jack