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5-31-1945

### 1945-05-31, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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## 1945-05-31, 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; Bad Wildungen, Germany; typed letter; comradery; training; inspection; money; food;

### Identifier

2014.160.w.r\_Bell\_worldwartwo\_1945-05-31\_013

Priv. John P. Bell 35052495  
78th Signal Co. A.P.O. 78  
C/O P.M. New York, N.Y.



VIA AIR MAIL

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

4/15/55-5/5/55/81

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Bad Wildungen, Germany  
May 31, 1945

Darling Fink,

I received the V mail today that you'd written May 18th. In most cases it seems like the air mail is going faster now.

The last two letters I've written I guess I mostly answered questions that you'd asked in your letters, and I kind of forgot to tell you much about where I'm at. This town is about 25 miles from Kassel. It's mountainous, and sort of reminds me of W. Virginia. Our building sits on top of a high bluff, and around the back is a little path from which you can see for miles. Down in the valley there's a mineral water bath house. I was down there tonite. It's a pleasant bath allright, but I guess I'll always prefer my shower. This looks like it was one of those very few towns that the war forgot. I haven't seen any destruction at all. Probably because it's not a manufacturing town. All the buildings are very old. I was told this place we're in is 166 years old, and I don't doubt it a bit.

I'm glad you're getting nice weather at last. Yes I remember the beautiful weather we had in Victoria. That was perfect, and do you remember no matter how hot it got in the day time we usually had a nice breeze at nite? We had good times there just as we always do when we're together.

The company is operating just like we did back in the states. Regular training schedule, and lots of spit and polish. I still don't know what our future is to be, but I'll let you know as soon as I do.

I'm going to slip in some of this old time money that was inflated so high it forgot to come back to earth. At one time a bushel basket full of it might have bought a loaf of bread, but it's not even worth that anymore.

If you eat your lunch at 1 or 1:30 that would be 7:30 in the morning here, and I've already eaten breakfast. I'm always figuring what time it is at home, and kind of try to imagine what you're doing. At seven in the evening it's one in the afternoon there, and I think, well my little sweetie is just about getting up now. The only advantage I can see in this difference in time is that when I come home I'll be six hours younger. Ha. Ha!

Darling, have I reminded you lately what a sweet, precious lover you are. You're everything that's good and sweet. You're my heartbeat, and my very life, and I'm just living till the day I can hold you close in my arms, and never have to leave you again. I love you so very much, sweetie. I'm enclosing lots of hugs and kisses, and all my love to the dearest and darlingest and bestest wife in all the world.

Your own,

Jack

[[Bell Correspondence #13]]

[[Page 1-Envelope Front]]

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

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

[[image- black stamp: U.S.A. POSTAL  
SERVICE JUNE 1 1945 78]]

VIA AIR MAIL

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

[[Page 2-Envelope Back]]

[[written vertically from left side as top]]

	41
	15
	5
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33	5
5	5
5	<u>5</u>
5	81
5	

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

[[Bottom of Letter-Page 1; underlined signature:]] Jack