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### 1945-06-07, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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## 1945-06-07, 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; hot weather; food; tobacco; soldier slang; sex;

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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  
June 7, 1945

Darling Fink,

I've just finished reading your very swell V letter of May 28th. I love to get your letters, sweetie. It's the next best thing to having you here talking to me.

It's so hot here I can't help but wish that we could give you a few degrees. I was reading in the S & S that it's been unseasonably cool at home. I had two flats on my truck today so I've been working like mad, and still have a tube to patch in the morning. I'm keeping my fingers crossed so it won't be two. I just took off my T shirt, and it feels much better.

Your two new summer dresses sound plenty nice, honey. Tell me all about them, what color they are, how they're cut, and all about them. I love to hear what you're wearing, sweetie. Those ankle strap shoes are keen looking, honey. Sure would love to see you in them. My little sweetheart must be as thin now as when she was my bride, aren't you baby?

Darling, have I reminded you lately what a dear sweet precious lover you are? I miss you more every day, sweetie, but just to think about you makes me happy. I think of all the wonderful times we've had together, and how grand our future is going to be, and I just feel happy all over. You and I were meant for each other, lover, and no amount of distance can separate us in our hearts. Every little thing we did together was fun, honey. I was just thinking how sometimes on hot summer nites how we'd walk down Lake Avenue to Elyria Dairies, and get our beloved chocolate sundaes. We'd walk down the street hand in hand just as if we had started going together two weeks before. We'll always be that way, won't we sweetie? I don't think we'll ever act our age, and who ever said we wanted to.

We have a PX here once a week. I went over tonite, and picked up ~~matie~~ rations for Purse and I. He said he wanted everything they had so I came back with a box full. Just like coming home from the grocery store on pay day. I also got my OD's back from the laundry, and they look good. Now I'll have something clean to put on in the evening. This business of wearing wools in this climate isn't so good.

It's 9:25 now 3:25 at home, and I suppose you're just getting ready to go to work, honey. Some fine day my darling things will be the way they should be again, and we'll be spending our evenings together, and I'll be going to work, and you can stay at home, and see that Wolf, and Cynthia stay out of the jam jar.

I love this picture of you so, darling. It looks just like you, and you're such a beautiful girl. I love to just sit here, and look at you. I always marvel at how lucky I am to have you for my very own darling wife. When I'm with you, sweetheart it's always such a thrill to wake up in the morning, and find you there beside me. You're so cute, and so warm. How can anyone look so beautiful early in the morning? You're wonderful, darling.

I just dug out a Hershey bar. Do you want one, honey? OK, here you are. Good, aren't they? Gee, you're slow. Mine's almost gone. There's the last bite. Now in a minute I'll probably be helping you eat yours. Piggy, aren't I? No, I think I'll have a cigarette instead so your candy's safe from this locust.

Do they still light up the fountain in the park, honey? I'd love to take a walk down there with you tonite, and see it. You would too? OK sweetie wait till I put my shirt on. I could hardly go walking down Broad Street without a shirt.

The sunset is beautiful tonite. There's a sort of pink glow on top of the hill where old Sol is ducking down out of sight. I imagine at home now he's real bright on the back of the foundry buildings.

As a letter writer I get worser, and worser, but there's one thing I never get tired of telling you sweetie, and I never will. That's how much I love you, and what a dear sweet darling you are. Words don't seem to be good enough to do that, but they'll have to do until I can tell you, and show you in person, sweetheart, and then with all the love we have saved up for each other we can really show each other what is in our hearts.

I'm going to bed now and dream of the dearest and darlingest and best wife in all the world. I'm enclosing millions of hugs, and kisses and all my love.

Your own,

Jack