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### 1945-06-14, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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## 1945-06-14, Jack to Evabel

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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 14

Darling wife,

I got your cute little card in today's mail, sweetie. It was the first mail the company had gotten in four days so I didn't get lots of letters as I thought I would when I got back.

It was a longer ride coming back from Brussels. The routes coming this way weren't as well marked, and we missed them several times so we travelled over 350 miles, and didn't get back till 4:30 this morning. I slept till noon today tho' so it wasn't too tough.

I made an eighty five mile trip this afternoon. I'm glad I'm driving. It gives me a good chance to see a little of this country.

I'm still thinking of Brussels. I hope I can see that town again sometime. It reminds me more of an American city than any place I've seen over here. There are more American made cars on the street than other kinds, and the people really look sharp. They have good clothes, and they they know how to wear them. You don't realize how beat up Germany is until you see the Belgian cities, and then come back into Germany. There sure is a difference. It rained some part of every day while we were on pass, but I guess that's just the usual thing for that part of the country. Coming back we were on a different route part of the time, and we came thru' Liege I was in the hospital there for a couple of hours when they were evacuating me, but of course I didn't get to see much of it then. It's a pretty nice city. We rode all the way thru' it.

You asked me in one of your letters, honey if the Germans were still pretty arrogant. We're not allowed to talk to them, but I figure they're pretty much like any other people. Some of them probably hate our guts, and others figure to live and let live. Last nite we were rolling down an autobahn, and there was a big rough spot in the road where they'd filled a crater. I saw the sign, and started to slow down. Approaching us was a guy on a bicycle. He was waving like mad, pointing at this spot so I'd slow down. I guess he didn't know I had seen the sign, which was very considerate of him.

It's real cool out today. I don't think it ever gets as warm here in the summer as it does at home, but it should be a little warmer than this. If this keeps up I'll have to dig my sweater out of the bag.

Darling, I'm looking at your picture, and you're smiling at me so sweetly. How I love to look at my little sweetheart. Every day I marvel at being such a lucky guy to have you for my own precious wife. I love you so, baby Fink. Every day that passes brings us one closer to the day we'll be together again, and what a grand future it will be, sweetie. We always did have such wonderful times together, and they will be even better if that's possible.

Yesterday we stopped at an ordnance depot where we gassed the truck Sunday. For some reason they started to get ornery, and they only gave me fifteen gallons. As we started to get near Wildungen I was a little afraid we couldn't make it so I saw a jeep coming, and I stopped, and flagged him down. I asked him if he had a five gallon can he could give me. Some captain was riding in the jeep, and as usually happens he asked me a bunch of chump questions. He said where are you from in the states. When I said Ohio, he asked what part. I told him Elyria. He pipes up, "Hell, give the man ten gallons." He was from Cleveland. I have to laugh every time I think about it. He was a humorous devil.

Well, darling I think I will hit the hay, and catch up on some of the sleep I didn't get last nite. I'm enclosing millions of hugs and kisses, and all my love.

Your own,

*Jack*