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### 1945-06-16, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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## 1945-06-16, 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

Widdungen, June 16, 1945

Dearest darling,

Here it is Saturday once again. Another week is ending. I got two letters at mail call this evening. One from Irene, and one from Maudie. They tell me that they've had some drastic cuts in syrup this year. It's too bad too with all the taxes and expenses these days.

Well darling, I finally got your package off this afternoon. It's really not much, honey, but I hope you like the stuff. There's a grand day coming, lover when I'll get you everything I've been wanting too. Gee, wont it be swell when things are no longer rationed, and we can just walk into a store, and buy whatever we want? I enclosed my watch, and you'll also notice in the little envelope the bracelet is in I put in a little note telling you not to wear it to work if you work around machinery. Things like that catch too easily, and I wouldn't want my baby to get hurt.

I had another flat on my truck today. I guess it never rains but what it pours. This time I'm getting a new tire. It's completely shot. I'm getting pretty slick at changing those big rascals.

You know darling, the mail was censored for so long that I sometimes forget there are some things I can tell you now which I couldn't before. I was just thinking maybe you'd be interested in knowing what kind of place I'm living in. This used to be a sort of motel, where tourists stayed. The place is built like a square U. Underneath our rooms there are garages which is the motor pool at present. This is a very pleasant little room about sixteen feet long, and twelve feet wide. We have a washbowl right in the room with cold water only, but that's a minor inconvenience. Purse dug up a neat little typing lamp so everything is strictly handy. I have a mattress to sleep on, and I also have a sleeping bag which is another thing I couldn't tell you about before as it was supposed to be valuable information concerning supply. When I think about it now there were very few things a person could write about. I guess it was all for good reason tho' so who am I to complain. As long as I can tell you I love you I'll allways have something to write about, sweetie.

I was sorry to learn that Irene's father had died. He and Gabriel Bathory were old buddies. Incidentally, do you ever see Margie or Mrs. Bathory these days?

I learned today what all these towns in Germany with the prefix Bad stand for. That indicates that they have health baths like this town with it's mineral baths. I suppose it has about the same significance as towns at home ending in spa.

Darling, I told you when I got any information I'd let you know so here goes. Don't let it affect you too optimistically or pestimistically, but just take it for what it's worth, and you know the army well enough to know that anything is subject to change. First off, it's a pretty good bet that we'll come back to the states before going to the Pacific. This is likely to take place anytime between August 1st. and January 1st. That is exactly the setup as our officers gave it to us. At first glance it might seem a long time till next January provided we stayed here till then, but that might not be too bad either as it would be that much less time to spend away from home if I do go to the Pacific. At any rate however it works out that's the way it will be so we'll just wait, and see what happen.

I think tomorrow I'll sleep till noon, and spend the afternoon getting caught up on my letter writing. It will take a whole afternnon too, I believe.

Sweetie, I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Promise not to tell? O K. I love you, darling. You're such a dear sweet little lover there's not a moment that your sweet little heart shaped face is not before me. I love to remember your soft petal like complexion. Not bicycle, honey, rose petals, and your sweet lips are so tender. Think of all the kisses we must catch up on, lover. We're just going to be two busy kids the rest of our lives making love. I can't possibly think of a better way to spend my life than making love to you, darling. Can you? I keep try- to tell you what a grand and wonderful wife you are, but I can't even begin to do you justice with words, sweetheart. That's something I'll have to show you. Oh honey, you are just the best and sweetest and most precious darling that ever was or ever will be, and I love you with all my heart.

I'm going to hit the hay now, sweetie. See you in my dreams. All my love and millions of hugs and kisses.

Your own,

Jack