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1945-06-18, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1945-06-18, 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; warm weather; education; money; funds; celebration; sex; coming home;

Identifier

2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1945-06-18_027

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 18, 1945

Darling lover,

This wasn't exactly a red letter day for mail call, but I got my July issue of Esquire so I wasn't completely forgotten. Anyway I got that letter yesterday in such a short time that maybe that's the reason I didn't get one today.

It warmed up beautifully here today. Sure seems nice to get a summer day for a change. Didn't have a trip today so I just took it easy, and worked on the truck a bit.

I think we'll be leaving here within the next few days. Rumors are flying thick and fast to the effect that it will be a staging area and that means a boat ride. Still just rumors tho' so we'll take it all with a big grain of salt.

They're finally getting the ball rolling on this education program so I signed up for a course in German language. They can't obtain text books right away for some of the subjects. I had wanted to take a course in refrigeration so I marked that as a second choice, and if the books come thru' I'll swing right into it. Learning this language might prove to be a good deal.

Purse is nuts about these big two page Varga girl Pinups. He cuts them out, and slaps them on the wall as soon as the magazine come. Personally, I prefer you for my pinup girl, sweetie. If it gets warm enough at home for swimming how about a nice picture of you in a bathing suit, honey? That will be my billfold pinup. Just for me. Wear those nice black patent leather ankle strap shoes with it, will you, darling? I'd love to see how they look.

Darling, in just five days we have an anniversary. Sure doesn't seem like nine years, does it? It all seems like just a few days ago, and yet it seems there's never been a time when we didn't know each other. We had so much fun that summer, darling, and all the rest of the time we've been together as well. Remember how Bing used to take the truck, and we'd go all over in it. Remember one winter nite we went out and it was pretty slick, and Isabel kept saying, "Take it easy, it's greasy." Sort of ironical that then I was allways broke, and now I could be making some money I can't be around to do it. Such is life, I guess. I'm not bitter about it tho'. We'll see some plenty good times, honey. With such a wonderful wife to come home to, darling how could I feel bitter about anything. Everything we do together we'll have just a little keener appreciation for. Sweetie we'll just keep our fingers crossed real tight, and maybe next year we'll be able to celebrate our anniversary together, and all the rest of them too.

Guess that's all I know for now, darling. All my love, and millions of hugs and kisses.

Your own,

Jack

P.S. After I started to read this over I thought the first paragraph might sound a little like I was griping. I know you're writing regularly, sweetie. Guess I'm just a pig, huh? After all those letters have to travel a long way, and you can't always get perfect service. All my love.

Yours always,

Jack

[[Bell Correspondence #27]]

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[[Written at bottom of typed letter:]]

[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]

P.S. After I started to read this over I thought the first paragraph might sound a little like I was griping. I know you're writing regularly, sweetie. Guess I'm just a pig, huh? After all those letters have to travel a long way, and you can't always get perfect service. All my love,

Yours Allways,

[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]