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6-19-1945

### 1945-06-19, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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## 1945-06-19, 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; automobile; coming home;

### Identifier

2014.160.w.r\_Bell\_worldwartwo\_1945-06-19\_028

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 19, 1945

Dearest darling,

It's been a grand summer day here. Sure hope you're getting some of this good weather at home, sweetie.

No mail tonite. It's probably starting to come in bunches again. It comes like that every once in a while. I've noticed from your letters that my mail to you sometimes comes that way too. I'd just as soon have them spread out a little, but no matter how they come I love to get them.

One of the fellows took a snapshot of me when we were over at Wuthering Heights. It's not too good, but I thought you might like it so I'll enclose one for you. When my hair gets to looking decent again I'm going to have some photographs taken.

I did some washing this afternoon so everything is clean again. My stuff dried like mad, lots of sun, and a little breeze too. Pretty domestic little rascal aren't I, honey? I like these jockey shorts you sent me, sweetie. I'm wearing a pair now. They feel so good.

I put my new tire on today, and switched some of the others. Our little car will be a snap after fooling around with these ten wheeled trucks. This is just the kind of day I'd like to be washing it. Remember when I used to drive it back in the lumber yard in the evening after everyone had left. and wash it?

Darling, I miss you more every day. I wish all this damn mess were over, and I could come home to my little sweetie, and never have to leave again. We'll be the two happiest kids in the world when that wonderful day comes, wont we, honey?

Has Jim got home yet? I'm sweating both him and Chuck out. I hope they get a chance to see each other. We could never get together when the three of us were in England. Sure would be swell if they could both get discharges. They've both seen enough service.

Sweetie, it looks like this is going to be one of those Shorty Bell letters. Maybe one of these days I can write a real good one. Every day is so much like the day before that there's not a whole lot to write about, but I'm feeling fine, and getting along good, and I love you very, very much. I'm enclosing millions of hugs and kisses, and all my love.

Your own,

Jack