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1945-06-22, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1945-06-22, Jack to Evabel

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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; coming home; automobile; sex;

Identifier

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Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
Signal Co. APO 78
% PM New York, N.Y.



Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River Street
Elyria, Ohio

Wildungen, June 22, 1945

Darling wife,

To tell the truth, I don't have a single thing of interest to write tonite sweetie, but I like to say hello anyway so if this is a Shorty Bell letter please forgive it, honey. I guess I wrote myself out on that long one last nite.

I got the letter you wrote the 13th. today. That really is a pain in the neck to have your sleep interrupted by people calling wrong numbers in the morning, sweetie. It's bad enough when the call is really for you.

You know how you have your picture signed, "Fink" honey? I have it sitting here on the desk. Last nite I had to laugh at Purse. He was sitting here at the typewriter, and I was lying on my bed. He says, "How do you address your wife's letters?" I answered, "Mrs. Jack Bell" He said, "You ought to address them, Mrs Fink Bell" That does sound sort of cute, doesn't it, honey?

I didn't have a trip today so I just puttered around. This morning I greased the truck. Days go by pretty much the same, one after the other, and every day is one closer to that good one, sweetie.

You said you took your underwear over to Lena's. Does she do a little washing for you, honey? Now I wouldn't mind a bit washing those cute little panties of yours, darling. In fact I'm getting to be quite a good laundryman.

There was a big storm here last nite. It woke everybody in the place up but me. I believe I could sleep thru' an earthquake if it didn't throw me out of bed.

A fellow gave me some fish hooks, and now if I can dig up some twine I'm going to do a little fishing. There's a good stream right near here, and the fellows have been catching some pretty trout.

I got a little information via the old grapevine that we'll move out of this place about the first of July. Don't know exactly what it's going to mean, but as soon as I do I'll let you know, honey.

That's about the works for this trip, sweetie. All my love, and millions of hugs and kisses. See you in my dreams, lover.

Your own,

Jack

P.S. Here's my battle star. I threw the spam ribbon away the day I got it so I have nothing to pin it on.

Your lover,

Jack

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[[Written at bottom of typed letter:]]

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

P.S. Here's my battle star. I threw the spam ribbon away
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Your lover,

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