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1945-06-24, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Pvt. John P. Bell 35652-95.
78th. Signal Co. APO 78
% PM New York, N.Y.



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

Wildungen, June 24, 1945

Darling Fink,

I've just finished reading your letter which was postmarked June 20th. You'd written it the 18th. The last letter I'd gotten had been postmarked the 14th. so you can see how the mail jumps around sometimes.

You have me very curious about something, honey. You probably wrote more about it in a previous ^{letter}, and I just haven't gotten it yet, but you said something about going to the Red Cross to see about making application to go overseas. What goes, some idea to have servicemen's wives join their husbands over here? I'll skip any more questions now 'cause I'll probably get the other letter in a day or two, and find out all about it.

I had a trip to Kassel yesterday. The town is beat up like the rest of them over here. We picked up a big radio transmitter that had been used as an air raid warning station for all the ack ack installations in Germany. I have to haul it to Marburg tomorrow.

Please excuse me for not writing last nite, sweetie, but I just couldn't think of anything to write. Seems like I keep writing the same thing every day. I was thinking about you extra hard tho' darling it being our anniversary.

That must be a pistol of a car Ida is driving these days. It's a darn good car for the shape it's in, huh? Does that horn ever work when she really wants it to?

Your new shoes sound kind of cute even if they do have low heels, honey. Are the straps springy or don't they use elastic any more? I know the stuff is hard to get anymore. Boy, wont it be swell when you can walk into a store, and be able to buy exactly what you want, and not even have to worry about a coupon?

This morning I got up early as I had heard last nite that we were supposed to take that set to Marburg today. I wasn't overjoyed at the idea of working on Sunday, but thought if I had to I might as well have breakfast. We didn't so Purse, and I spent the morning out on the roof getting some sun. Then this afternoon I rounded up my dirty clothes, and washed them. Every thing is dry, but a pair of Limey sox. That's the kind they issued in England. They're heavy blue grey ones. Probably wear a hundred years.

You know honey, I just got to thinking that was darned good service on this letter today. Postmarked the 20th. at 7 P.M. About 96 hours. Sure wish they all went that fast. It used to be that they only flew them as far as the coast, but now they must be flying them right into Germany. They'd never get them here that fast on those damn trains.

I got a letter from Maddie last nite, and for a change I was ambitious, and answered it right away. She wrote a good letter. She's certainly excited about Jim coming home, for which I can't blame her a bit. They'll be two happy kids.

Here's a little package of cookies I got at the PX. Two for you, and two for me Sweetie. Good aren't they? I'll never get rid of this waist line if I don't cut out this continual eating, will I lover? I don't worry about it tho' because once I get back to work I know I wont keep it long.

Darling, I love you so very very much. I'm just existing till that wonderful day when we can be together again. We were allways so happy, and life together will be even more wonderful if that's possible. Oh sweetheart I hope it's not too long till that happy day comes. I miss you so, honey. You are my life and my all darling.

I was looking at the pictures I have of you, darling. You're such a cute sweet lover. I'll be the proudest, happiest guy in the world when I can be with you again, honey.

All my love and millions of hugs and kisses to the dearest and sweetest and darlingest and best wife in all the world.

Your own,

Jack