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1945-06-25, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1945-06-25, 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; solider slang; automobile; Marburg, Germany; Dillenburg, Germany; food; funds; money;

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Pvt. John P. Bell 35052493
78th. Signal Co. APO 78
% PM New York, N.Y



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

Wildungen, June 25, 1945

Darling wife,

Today was really a big one for me. I drove to Marburg, and to Dillenburg. Got back at ten after eight. There were four letters forme. Two from my sweetie, and two from Mom and Dad. I read them, and went over for my shower, and just got back so I'll see if I can beat out a bit of a letter.

Your one letter answered my last nites question, honey. About that overseas business. If I were to stay over here it would be wonderful, darling. It wouldn't be the easiest life in the world for you sweetie, and you'd get mighty lonely at times, but I know you better than to think that would scare you out of it. You're such a grand wife, darling. Whether the going is good or not so good you always want to be with me, and I love you for it. Here's the setup at present. The division is in the category which is slated for CBI via the states. The move may come sooner than we think, however you never can tell about the army. Plans sometimes change, and the whole outfit or maybe individuals will be left here as occupation forces. That's why I signed for this course in German language. If I had a chance for a job over here it would come in handy. All we can do for now is wait and see what happens. Incidentally, they haven't started the courses yet. Same old Snafu.

You told me about your little chicken in your V letter, sweetie. It sure sounded good. Would I love to join you at dinner. You know it, darling. I'd even help with the dishes, honey. But how long would it take us to do the dishes with me kissing you and hugging you all the time, darling? Better we should use paper plates, huh?

I was sorry to hear you had to shell out for a generator, honey. That's the second one in a year. We'll retire that little rascal when I get back, and we can get a new one.

Guess that's all I know for now, honey. I'm enclosing all my love and millions of hugs and kisses.

Your own,

Jack

P.S. Here's a picture Purse took of me in the motor pool one afternoon. I wasn't going to send it as I look rough as a cob. I'd been working on my truck, and was dirty. That's not my truck in the picture. Anyway I hope you like it.

Your own,
Jack

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[[Written at bottom of typed letter:]]

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

P.S. Here's a picture Purse took of me in the motor pool one afternoon. I wasn't going to send it as I look rough as a cob. I'd been working on my truck, and was dirty. That's not my truck in the picture. Anyway I hope you like it.

Your Own,

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