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1945-10-20, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Bell, Jack P., "1945-10-20, Jack to Evabel" (1945). *Jack P. Bell Second World War Correspondence Collection*. 598.
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1945-10-20, Jack to Evabel

Keywords

October, 1945; 1945; United States; New York, N.Y.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; quartermasters; correspondence; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; Lich, Germany; Germany; typewriter; company; military unit; boredom; periodical; post-war hopes

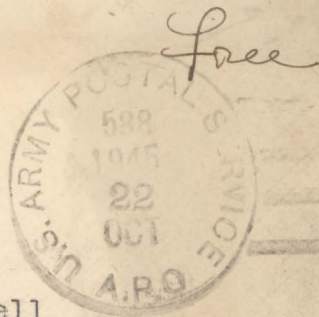
Identifier

2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1945-10-20_012

Off. John P. Bell 35852495

279th. QM Ref. Co. APO 758

% PM New York, N.Y.



Mrs. Jack Bell

345 W. River Street

Elyria, Ohio

Lich
October 20

Darling Fink,

Two days without mail from my sweetie, but I got three on Thursday so I'm not doing too bad. Maybe in a week or so I'll be getting mail direct to this company.

This hasn't been too eventful a day around here. Saturday is generally a pretty easy day. This morning we were going to charge a unit with refrigerant, but there was oil all thru' the system so we have to wait till it all drains back down. This is the job I've been waiting for. I read all about charging a unit, but you can't learn too much out of a book. I got an Oberlin Times this afternoon. It makes about five minutes reading.

Darling what fun we're going to have on Saturday nites when I come home. I always used to enjoy Saturday nites and Sunday so much. That time was all our own. Remember how I used to come home on Saturday evening, and you'd have all our bills figured up, and what things you wanted to get that evening, and then we'd go downtown, and do a little shopping. No matter what we did honey it was fun because we were together.

Sweetheart I love you so. You're the dearest sweetest most precious little wife in all the world. I'm just existing till that happy day when we can be enjoying that good way of life together. We always did appreciate all the good things we had, but I believe we'll appreciate every thing just a little more when we're together again.

I'm always thinking of how sweet you are, and some of the cute things you do darling. Likethe time we had the little chocolate bunnies, and you got to looking at it, and then looked up at me real seriously, and said, "But the bunny has no cunny honey." Or how sometimes you'd start a real serious conversation, and say, "Honey I have something real important to ask you." Then you'd start singing that little song, Do your balls hang low. Wealways seem to enjoy the same moods at the same time. Sometimes we like to be serious, and other times we like to be light and gay. Then sometimes we like to just sit quietly, and enjoy each others nearness. Oh lover I always marvel at what a lucky fellow I am to have you for my own dear sweet wife. Darling you're so wonderful, and I never tire oftelling you how much I love you so I hope you never tire of hearing it.

I can close my eyes, and just see how everything in our little home looks. How wonderful it's going to be enjoying all that again with you sweetie. Sometimes when I was home I used to have to pinch myself to see if it was all real. It can't be too much longer now lover.

I'm enclosing millions of hugs and kisses and all my love.

Your lover,

Jack