10-25-1945

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #599

Jack P. Bell

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Pfc. John P. Bell 35052495
279th [M] Regt. Co. A PO 758
C/o PM New York, N.Y.

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
October 25

Darling Fink,

I got your sweet letter of the 12th. Tonite sweetie. The mail is really doing alright by me considering it's being forwarded from my old address.

Darling Din keeping my fingers crossed as hopes that we'll be together for our fifth wedding anniversary. I never like to get too hopeful or optimistic tho' as this old army is something you can't figure out. Will keep on hoping the sweetie.

I'm glad to hear that Wil Krueger is a civilian again. He spent a lot of time overseas. I still think I'll take a full month before going back to work.
Oh lover we have so much to look forward to. You're such a dear, sweet precious darling to come home to. I want want to let you out of my sight for a minute. In fact I won't even want to let you out of my arms.

It was just a year ago today that we docked at Southampton, and got off the boat about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. I'm glad this year is behind us, and now we're looking forward to seeing each other again. Since the war ended the time seems to go so slow, but that good day will come darling. It's so hard to put into words what a won- derful feeling that will be, but it will be paradise to be with you.

The six pair of hose from Florence certainly makes a nice gift. I'll love to see them on your beautiful legs honey. Hope they wear well for you darling.

Darling I miss you so too, and how I'd love to see some of the cute little things you do. Like seeing you asleep with your dark hair fanned out over the pillow, and a sweet smile on your little elfin face or hearing your cute little chuckles when you're reading comic books.

I have the picture of you standing on the dock, right in front of me lover. That's a swell picture of you. I can almost hear you say, "Hi honey." That's such a pretty dress you're wearing sweetie. You always make such a wonderful app-
Again sweetie enjoying our good way of life together.

Frances Beller's husband was overseas for three years. I guess we have a lot to be thankful for darling. I was pretty lucky to stay in the states as long as I did, and now it's just a matter of a few months till I'll be coming home for good.

I'm enclosing a little poem for you sweetie. It's not near as nice as the one you wrote me, but I hope you like it.

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

Your own,
Jack
I've been away for one short year, it seems like nine or ten, but keep on getting home dear, I'll soon be home again.

We always loved our home so much and all the joys we knew, but the future will even better be sweetheart for me and you.

We'll love and laugh, and do the things we've wanted to so long. The places we'll go and the things we'll do. Our life will be a song.

But best of all, and most of all together we will be, and no more letters we will write to send across the sea.

I'll make you in the morning with a kiss or two or three, and
Then the afternoon's the best time
when my day's work is done. I'll
come running up the stairs whistling
on each one.
My sweetie will be standing there
with her sweet little smile, and
then we'll have to kiss and hug for
just a tender while.
Then after supper I will shower, and
scrub my B.B.'s, and put on those
sharp civilian clothes that fit me
to a T.
To a show or visiting at someone
else's house, or maybe we'll sit
home and read as quiet as a
mouse.
It doesn't really matter for every-
thing is grand. Everything is lots
that will start a happy day sweet-
heart for you and me.
You'll start to cook my breakfast,
and bathroom bound I'll be, to wash
and comb, and brush my teeth, take
a dreary reverie.
Now here is where I count on you
sweetheart. I must confess, without
you then to prod me on my life
would be a mess.
The chances are I'd lose my job,
and I mean real soon, if you
weren't there to wake me up I'd
probably sleep till noon.
Then I'll eat my breakfast and
Miss your fond adieu. I must go
out, and earn some dough sweet-
heart for me and you.
Of fun when we go hand in hand. I've always loved you darling night from the very start, but every day I love you more, and you're deeper in my heart.

Your moods are mine, and mine are yours. We always stick together. We always seem to click just right in fair or stormy weather.

When it comes to poetry, I'm not so good you see, but what she tried to tell you is how dear you are to me.

The bottom of the paper is coming up quite fast so I'll squeeze in a nice big kiss, and make this line the last.

I love you, darling.

Jack
Pfc. John P. Bell 35052495  
279th. QM Ref. Co. APO 758  
C/O PM New York, N.Y.  
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The places we'll go and the things we'll do. Our life will be a song.
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You’ll start to cook my breakfast, and bathroom bound I’ll be, to wash and comb, and brush my teeth,
[[strikethrough]] on [[/strikethrough]] in a dreamy reverie.
Now here is where I count on you sweetheart I must confess, Without you then to prod me on my life would be a mess. The chances are I’d lose my job, and I mean real soon, if you weren’t there to wake me up I’d probably sleep till noon. Then I’ll eat my breakfast and kiss you fond adieu. I must go out, and earn some dough sweet—heart for me and you.
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