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1945-11-11, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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Pfc. John P. Bell 35052495
279th. QM Ref. Co. APO 758
% PM New York, N.Y.



Mrs. Jack Bell

345 W. River Street

Elyria, Ohio

Lich
November 11

Darling Fink,

I'm sitting here snug as a bug in a rug. The stove is popping, and it's beginning to get nice and warm. Went to the show tonite, and saw, Lana Turner in, "Keep your powder dry." Not bad for a show about army life.

We're getting two Sundays in a row. Today is Armistice Day, but we celebrate it tomorrow so that gives us another day off.

The radio is putting out some nice music. Oh darling how nice it would be to be spending Sunday evening with you. Remember how we used to go for a ride in the afternoon, and then in the evening we'd sometimes go to Lorain, and take in a show. Soon lover we'll be doing all those things again.

For some reason they cut out mail service on Sunday. Oh well if there was any we'll get it on Monday so I guess it doesn't make much difference. The mail has been pretty slow the past week.

Sweetie have I reminded you lately how much I love you. You are my first thought in the morning, and my last thought at nite, and all the thoughts in between, and at nite I dream of you. I'm just existing till the happy day when I can take you in my arms, and never let you go. We have so much to look forward to darling, and so much lovemaking to catch up on. We'll just be busy as bees the rest of our lives. You're such a sweet sweetheart, and every day I fall more deeply in love with you.

I can just close my eyes, and see our little place so well sweetie. It's going to be paradise to be there again with you. It seems like such a long time since we enjoyed that good civilian life together, but now we have a lot to look forward to, and it doesn't look like it will be too long, and we'll be enjoying that good way of life together once more.

Every nite when I sit down to write you I think now tonite I'm going to write my little sweetie a real good letter, but it seems as if I just can't write a good one anymore. They always seem to come out the same, but I still like to write, and tell you how sweet you are, and how much I love you darling. I hope you never tire of hearing it lover 'cause I never get tired of telling you.

Well sweetheart I think I'll hit the hay, and dream of the the dearest and darlingest and sweetest and best wife in all the world.

Your own,

Jack