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11-27-1944

1944-11-27, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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# **Subject Terms**

Jack P. Bell; November 27, 1944; World War, 1939 - 1945; World War II; World War Two; United States; War and Civilization -- History -- 20th Century; United States. Army; United States. Army. 78th Infantry Division; United States. Regimental histories 78th Signal Company; United States. Regimental histories 78th Infantry Division; Elyria (Ohio) -- History -- 20th Century; Women -- History -- 20th Century; Nineteen Forties; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Soldiers; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Women

# **Keywords**

November, 1944; 1944; United States; New York, N.Y.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; signal corps; correspondence; postal service; infantry; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; censorship; Belgium; France; French; Belgians; Americans; pictures; photography; personal stories; camaraderie; post-war hopes

#### Identifier

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Pot. John P. Bell 35052495 78th Signal a. A.P.O.78 Nopot. Math. New york, P. y.





Mrs. Jack Bell 508 West Street Elyria, Ohio

PASSED BY

U 45753 S

ARMY EXAMINER

Lt. RD Hobdy

Pleasest Sweetheart,

Looks like Sel have a few minutes to talk to my baby so Del see if I can catch you up on some of the recent happenings.

The people in France were very nice, and it appears that these folks here are the same. They all seem glad to see Americans, and are quite obliging when it comes to furnishing straw for mattresses. Boy! how you can sleep on a bed of hay. Just like Simmons beauty rest.

I'm keeping my fingers crossed in the hope that we'll have a mail call here shortly. It's been over two weeks now since die hit. In wondering how you're getting along, and what you're been doing. The last letters I received from you was prostmarked nov. I in Detroit. I suppose you are home mow.

This afternoon I met a nice young couple, and visited their home for a few minutes. They could speak a few words of English, and I'm getting so I can usually make a person understand what I want to say so I was showing them pictures of you. And the fellow pipes up, "A movie star! So you see, sweetheart the Belgians appreciate beauty too.

.2-

Please excuse the pencil, honey, but old man Scheaffer is running out of ink so I'll just save what's left to address this. Darling, when I come home remind me to be careful, and not break your riss cause you are going to be hugged as you've never been hugged before. you've such as sweetheast I never the of telling you how much I love you, and I hope you never tire of hearing me Say it What good times will have again when See this mess is first a memory. Just like before only better if that's possible, and I guess it could be at that cause it seems I love you so very much that I just couldn't love you anymore, and yet every day I love you more and more. What is this strange power you have over me? I'm going to catch a little sleep now See you in my dreams, honey all my love, and lots of Risses, yours always,

# [JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE APR 1944 – Dec 1944 #26]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495

78th. Signal Co. A.P.O. 78

C/O Pst. Mstr. New York, N.Y.

[[Image: Military post-

mark stamp, print text

"U.S. ARMY / POSTAL

SERVICE" encircling date:

"430 PM / NOV 29 / 1944"]]

Mrs. Jack Bell

508 West Street

Elyria, Ohio

[[Image: Censor's Stamp with print text:

"PASSED BY

U [[circled]] 45756 [[/circled]] S

ARMY EXAMINER" ]]

[[Censor's hand:]] Lt. RD Hobdy

[[Image: Embossed

6-cent orange post stamp

with a prop plane in flight,

with text: "U.S. POSTAGE /

VIA AIR MAIL"]]

[Page 2 - Letter]

Nov. 27, 1944

In Belgium

Dearest Sweetheart,

Looks like I'll have a few minutes to talk to my baby so I'll see if I can catch you up on some of the recent happenings.

The people in France were very nice, and it appears that these folks here are the same. They all seem glad to see Americans, and are quite obliging when it comes to furn – ishing straw for mattresses. Boy! how you can sleep on a bed of hay. Just like Simmons beauty rest.

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This afternoon I met a nice young couple, and visited their home for a few minutes. They could speak a few words of English, and I'm getting so I can usually make a person understand what I want to say so I was showing them [[medium switch to pencil]] pictures of you. And the fellow pipes up, "A movie star!"

So you see, sweetheart the Belgians appreciate beauty too.

# [Page 3 – Letter continued]

- 2 -

Please excuse the pencil, honey, but old man Scheaffer [sic] is running out of ink so I'll just save what's left to address this.

Darling, when I come home remind me to be careful, and not break your ribs 'cause you are going to be hugged as you've never been hugged before. You're such a sweetheart I never tire of telling you how much I love you, and I hope you never tire of hearing me say it. What good times we'll have again when all this mess is just a memory. Just like before only better if that's possible, and I guess it could be at that 'cause it seems I love you so very much that I couldn't love you anymore, and yet every day I love you more and more. What is this strange power you have over me?

I'm going to catch a little sleep now. See you in my dreams, honey. All my love, and lots of kisses,

Yours allways [sic],
[[underscore]] Jack [[/underscore]]