4-10-1944

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #390

Evabel Bell

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Mrs. J. P. Bell
340 W. River St.
Elyria, O.

Put John P. Bell
78th Sig Co. A.P.O. 76
Camp Pickett,
Va.
Dearest Sweetheart,

I received the swellest letter from you today. Baby, don't ever say you don't write good letters. This one is really a masterpiece. I must have read it over 10 times. Of course I read all your letters over and over. They are all wonderful just like you. You seemed to get just about everything and everybody in it.

First of all let me tell you about Chuck. I didn't want you to worry about because by the time you would know it would be all over with and you would think it was worse than it was. I thought I would wait and tell you when you came home. But seeing you know this much I'll finish it up and tell you all. Chuck was hit by some shrapnel on the arm. The wound was very slight and he was only in the
hospital a few days as you know it wasn't bad. It happened on the
night to the last mission and he
went ahead and made the last mission
with the boys so if he had been hurt
bad they wouldn't let him do it.
anyway he is safe and sound now.
and from all reports I guess he's
pretty happy. I have his address
here so I'll write it down.
S/Sgt Chas. C. Bell 365/6732
92nd Bomb Gp 332 Sgd.
A.P.O. 559 - C/o Postmaster New York.

I didn't get a chance to see
Gibby when he was home. He only
had 7 days and two of them were
spent in traveling. So he really
only had 5 days home and you know
you don't get much of a chance
to do any visiting. But Jean
said that he has lost some weight.

I was over to Bill & Dolly for
supper to-night. She had baked
some ribs with dressing. Dolly's
mother butchered a great big
fat hog so Dolly is saving a
lot of her meat points. To-night I taught Dally how to play Cassino and she beat me every game. Doggone it, I'm not going to teach her any more. She always beats me.

I got a letter from Genevieve to-day and I answered her already. She sure is glad you are so close to her again.

Darling, I hope you find a room for me so I can go back with you. I will be so disappointed if I can't go back with you. I'm really planning on it. Dearie, I love you so much, I want to be with you as much as I possibly can. I'm so happy when I'm in your arms, my whole world revolves around you. When I'm with you, I can take anything, nothing bothers me too much as long as you are near. Even my
face takes on a different look. It just seems to glow with happiness. Darling do you suppose it because I love you?

Well, Baby, it looks like my eyelids are getting heavy again. So I had better draw this to a close.

I'm sending you lots of hugs and kisses and all my love.

your lover

First

P.S. your description of the house was almost perfect. Only there it is a square minus over my vanity and I have your picture on the chest instead of mine. But your memory is very good. You got a minus. The minus is for the mistake. I couldn't give you plus for it, could I?

Tree.

F.
Mrs. J. P. Bell  
345 W. River St.  
Elyria, O.

Pvt. John P. Bell  
78th Sig. Co.  A.P.O. 78  
Camp Pickett,  
Va.
Apr 10, ‘44

Darling Sweetheart,

I received the swellest letter from you to-day. Baby, don’t you ever say you don’t write good letters. This one is really a masterpiece. I must have read it over 10 times. Of course I read all your letters over and over. They are all wonderful. Just like you. You seemed to get just about every thing and every body in it?

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2/
Hospital a few days so you know it wasn’t bad. It happened on the next to the last mission and he went ahead and made the last mission with the boys so if he had been hurt bad they wouldn’t let him do it. Anyway he is safe and sound now and from all reports I guess he’s pretty happy. I have his address here so I’ll write it down

s/sgt Chas. B. Bell 35516432
98th Bomb Grp 332 Sqd.
A.P.P. 559- C/O Postmaster New York.

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Faces take son a different look. It just seems to glow with happiness.
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   Well, Baby, it looks like my eyelids are getting heavy again.
So I had better draw this to a close.
   I’m sending you lots of hugs and kisses and all my love.
   Your Own,
       Fink.

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   Love,
       F.