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1944-11-27, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1944-11-27, Jack to Evabel

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

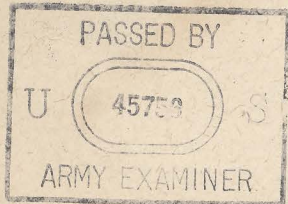
Identifier

2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1944-11-27_026

Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
78th Signal Co. A.P.O. 78
1st Lt. Mch. New York, N.Y.



Mrs. Jack Bell
508 West Street
Elyria, Ohio



Lt. R.D. Hobdy

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 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 I've hit. I'm wondering how you're getting along, and what you've been doing. The last letter I received from you was postmarked Nov. 2 in Detroit. I suppose you are home now.

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.

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 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 will 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 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 kisses,

Yours always,
Jack

[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”]]

[[Image: Embossed

6-cent orange post stamp

with a prop plane in flight,

with text: “U.S. POSTAGE /

VIA AIR MAIL”]]

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

[Page 2 – Letter]

Nov. 27, 1944

In Belgium

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[Page 3 – Letter continued]

- 2 -

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Yours allways [*sic*],

[[underscore]] Jack [[/underscore]]