1-3-1945

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #441

Jack P. Bell

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Mrs. Jack Bell
352½ West Street
Elyria, Ohio
Jan. 3, 1945
In England

Dearest darling,

I've been wanting to write you a decent letter for quite a while. Haven't had a chance as I've been on the move almost continually since Christmas Day when I was evacuated.

Hadn't intended to tell you for a while that I'd been in Germany. Of course a lot of places and dates will have to wait awhile, but I did see that brick yard which used to be Aachen. Yes, darling I have souveniers for you. Money from France, Belgium, Holland, and Britain.

At present I'm sort of isolated as far as news from home is concerned. I hadn't
received a letter from you for a week before I was hurt, and now it will probably be some time until my mail catches up with me. I trust you are all well tho', and hope you had a nice holiday. I'm receiving good care so don't be worrying about me.

How is Mr. Norwich? Sure hope he's feeling better.

I've been doing all right on cigarettes lately. I guess that severe shortage was mainly a problem of transportation.

I met a fellow from home named Bud Wiseman. He's a medic, and works in the clearing station I went there. I'd never met him
before, but I knew his Dad. He used to be a foreman in the punch press room at Colson when I worked there. Then the minute before I left the hospital in Paris there was a Wac corporal from Elgin who was trying to find some fellows from home. Unfortunately she didn't come into my ward. Fellows told me about her the next day. Wonder who she was.

I just had a Coca Cola. First I'd had since I was in Bournemouth.

Baby dear, I miss you more every day, but the longer we're apart the grander it will be when we are reunited. Meantime the memories
of all those wonderful times we've had together make the days bright, and hold a promise of a bright and happy future. How I've rambled, honey. Seems like I have so much to tell you. Oh well, I'll get it all out in the next few letters. So often I had things to tell you, but no time to write.

So long for this trip, lover. All my love to the sweetest and dearest and best wife in all the world.

Your Own,

Jack
Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
Det. of Patients Hosp. Plant 4149
A.P.O. 63 c/o Pst. Mstr. New York, N.Y.

Air Mail

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