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1945-01-03, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1945-01-03, Jack to Evabel

Keywords

U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; romance; wife; husband; women at home; homesickness; holiday; hospital; Germany; souvenirs; money; France; Belgium; Holland; Britain; injured; wounded; medical treatment; tobacco; post-war hopes;

Identifier

2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1945-01-03_001

Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495

Det. of Patients Hosp. Plant 4149

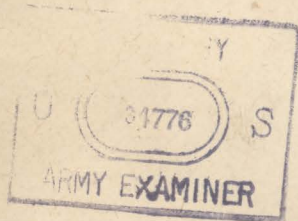
A.P.O. 63 c/o Post. Moti. New York, N.Y.



Mrs. Jack Bell

352 $\frac{1}{2}$ West Street

Elyria, Ohio



Paul Bell
200

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 souvenirs 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 alright 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 thru'. 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 nite before I left the hospital in Paris there was a UAC corporal from Elyria 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

[[Nick Dante 11/18/15]]

[[Bell Correspondence #1]]

[[Page 1- Envelope]]

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

[[image- orange U.S. Postage Via Air Mail Stamp]]

Air Mail

[[image- black stamp: U.S. ARMY 63 POSTAL
SERVICE JAN 5 1945]]

Mrs. Jack Bell
352 ½ West Street
Elyria, Ohio

[[image- faded stamp: ARMY EXAMINER]]

[[Page 2- Letter]]

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-2-

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[[Page 5- Letter]]

-4-

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