1-3-1945

1945-01-03, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection

Recommended Citation

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the CAWL Archives: Second World War at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.
Subject Terms

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

Copyright
The Center for American War Letters Archives promotes open access to its collections for “private study, scholarship, or research” subject to the intellectual property rights of others. Chapman University may not hold copyright or intellectual property rights to all items in the collections, and contents may be subject to restricted access or use. As a condition of accessing and using material from the Archives, you agree that you are responsible for obtaining all required consents of any copyright holder and to indemnify and hold the University harmless from and against any and all claims, losses, liabilities, and expenses, including reasonable attorney fees, that may arise from any third party claims for copyright infringement, torts, or invasion of publicity or privacy rights. You further acknowledge and agree that photocopies or other reproductions may only be made with the University's prior approval. Requests will be considered on a case by case basis and approval will be in the University's sole discretion.

This letter is available at Chapman University Digital Commons: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection/443
Mrs. Jack Bell
352 1/2 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 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 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 nite 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 dreary rambling, 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.

Mrs. Jack Bell
352 ½ 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 allmost continually since Christmas day when I was evacuated.

Hadin’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 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 Wac 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 re-united. 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,
[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]