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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #487

Jack P. Bell

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Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
Co. D Det. of Patients H.P. 4167
APO 118 c/o PM New York

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Darling Wife,

I really had a mail call today, honey. Three air mail letters from you. Two postmarked the second, and one the third. Pretty speedy service, wasn't it? I also got an air mail letter from Mom also dated the third, and a little V-mail Easter greeting from Maddie, Lena, Ben and Shelly.

Today I volunteered for a farm detail as four of us spent the day in the country. It was real foggy this morning, but the sun came out this afternoon, and it was nice and warm. Seemed pretty good to get away from the old one-two for a day.

Isn't that the same license number we had last year, honey? Do you know that in England a license for our car would cost over $120.00? A pound per horsepower is the rate charged. That's the reason they like small cars here.

I'm glad you like your work, sweety. We'll both be happier tho' when I can come back, and fire you, won't we?
Sorry to hear the Casey's aren't getting along. I know you don't see much of them anymore, but if they should ever try to tell you their troubles, don't take sides or even encourage them to tell you.

Those new realt 'beams really sound like the McCoy. Let me know how they work when you get them, honey. I hope you don't have any more trouble with the old clunker, and some fine day we'll get that sleek convertible!

Yes, baby dear, we'll have an Easter parade all on our own, no matter what time of year it is when I come home. Sure will be a nice feeling to wear a good pair of trousers again with a real pleat—but the best part of it all will be having my slick chick beside me always and forever.

That dinner you served when Maddie came over sure sounded good to me, honey. Steak and french fries all the way has been my favorite treat.

I guess I was mixed up a little on Sam. Sure am glad to hear his stationed
at Perry now.

Yes, sweetheart, my ring is a perfect fit. I wear it all the time, and it doesn't seem to get in my way or catch on anything. That's why I never cared to wear a ring while I was working. Always afraid I'd catch it, and break my finger.

I'll be leaving here in a couple of days so I'll probably write another letter from here yet. He's hoping I have some nice weather for my leave.

My little buddy, Denny must be talking up a storm these days. Mom told me that when they tell him he's sharp as a tack. He says, "No, I'm sharp as a needle. My Momma's gonna sew me up." He's a great little nephew. Shelly must be quite a little man now. Lena tells me he's doing fine in school. He'll be eight this summer. Seems like only yesterday.

Things are looking pretty good now. The Jerries are advancing to the rear according to plan—ours! Maybe it won't be too
long now before this mess is over. Everyone hopes so anyway.

In every letter I like to tell you what a sweet, wonderful darling you are, and yet it seems I can't really express my feelings in just a little old beat-up letter, but Sweetheart the day I can tell you in person, and give you a great big bear hug and some Kisses I think I'll be able to do a better job of it.

All my Love, and lots of hugs and Kisses.

Yours Always,

Jack
Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
Co. D. Det. of Patients H.P. 4167
A.P.O. 118 c/o P.M. New York

VIA AIR MAIL

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I’m glad you like your work, sweetie. We’ll both be happier tho’ when I can come back, and fire you won’t we?
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All my love, and lots of hugs and kisses.

Yours Allways,

[underline] Jack [/underline]