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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #502

Jack P. Bell

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Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Dearest darling,

I've moved again, sweetie as you can see by the letterhead. What a name, huh? I spent another day and a half on the forty and eight to get here. That's what they call these small box cars. They're good for either forty men or eight horses.

Here's the best news in a long time tho' honey. They're not censoring the mail anymore. It sure seems good to sit down and write, knowing it won't be read by anyone but you sweetie.

This place is a former Luftwaffe garrison. It's real comfortable with showers and toilets just down the hall. There are seven of us here in this room.

I'm still not back to the Company. This is the fifth reinforcement center I've been in. The first was in Birmingham, England. Then Le Havre, France - Bonn - Munster and this place.
All in Germany.

I'm going to enclose these samples of money I've been promising you. Money. Couldn't do it before. The French franc is worth an even two cents. Belgian francs are worth two and a quarter. The guilder is worth 37 ½ cents. A mark is worth a dime. You'll notice it has American Bank Note Co. stamped on it. They must print all their currency. The two five franc notes and the half mark are regular invasion currency. I've always tried to save you some English coins but every time I lose them out of my pockets. I'll get you some before I come home tho!

Darling, I love you so, you're my sweet little heartbeart, and I think of you all day long, and dream of you at nite. I remember all the fun we have together like our little language. You know how we'd get to pointing around, and say humm - yumm - humm? Ha ha, and our Bawdy talk. There are so many little things like that I often think about, but that damn censorship business you hate to write little personal stuff like that.
I always think of how sweet you look in bed with your dark hair all fanned out on the white pillow, and how cold your feet always are in the winter. Sure will be glad when I can feel those cold little feet on my legs again honey, and have you burrowing into me. I sure hope it's not too much longer till all this mess is over, and I can be back with you for ever and ever, darling.

I'm enclosing millions of hugs and kisses, and all my love to the the dearest and sweetest and best wife in all the world.

Your Son,

Jack
Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
78th. Signal Co. APO 78
C/o P.M. New York, N.Y.

VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
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Darling, I love you so. You’re my sweet little heartbeat, and I think of you all day long, and dream of you at nite. I remember all the fun we have together like our little language. You know how we’d get to pointing around, and say hmm-ymm-hmm. Ha ha, and our Baucely[?] talk. There are so many little things like that I often think about, but with that damn censorship business you hate to write little personal stuff like that.
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Your Own,

[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]