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1945-05-22, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1945-05-22, Jack to Evabel

Keywords

U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; envelope; wife; husband; women at home; romance; homesickness; post-war hopes; Wolfenbuttel, Germany; Luftwaffe; money; invasion; censorship; sex;

Identifier

2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1945-05-22_009

Pvt. John P. B. el 35052495
78th. Signal Co. APO 78
C/O P.M. New York, N.Y.

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



Wolffenbuttle, Germany
May 22, 1945

Dearest darling,

I've moved again, sweetie so you can see by the letterhead. What a name, huh? I spent another day and a night 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's 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, honey. 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 $37\frac{1}{2}$ 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 heart-beat, 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 - hmmm.' Ha ha, and our Bawcely 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.

I allways think of how sweet you look in bed with your dark hair all fanned out on the white pillow, and how cold your feet allways 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 own,
Jack

[[Nick Dante 12/8/15]]

[[Bell Correspondence #9]]

[[Page 1-Envelope]]

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

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

[[image- black stamp: U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE
MAY 24 1945]]

VIA AIR MAIL

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

[[Page 2-Letter]]

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[[Page 3-Letter]]

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[[Page 4-Letter]]

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Your Own,
[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]