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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #165

Jack P. Bell

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Mrs. Jack Bell
345 E. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Dear sweetie,

Saturday afternoon and I have a little time to start a letter to my baby. No letter today, but I suppose the mail is very heavy now on account of Easter.

As it turned out, I wouldn't have been able to go to Lemons anyway. One of the men in the Signal Co. is in the hospital with a shot in the leg. Again, all passes were revoked. I was stuck for the next two weeks, being on the air raid alert team, but I was planning on calling you tomorrow. A person should never plan anything around war. There are more disappointments in a day than there are most places in a week. You mentioned I'd wake you up in the morning with a phone call, but I'll do that after quarantine is over.

I got a streak of ambition last night and after I finished writing some, but I'm not kidding when I say we don't have much time to ourselves around here. When the Army says, on the ball, they mean it. They can think up more chump things to cheat you out of an evening.
Back again. I've just had supper so maybe I'll enjoy a little undisturbed conversation with my baby.

This has been a beautiful spring day. It's warm in the morning about six o'clock. It's still dark, but the sky in the east is red pink. Then shortly after, old sol comes out and starts to pitch.

I'm glad you made to get around and visit. June goes faster that way. Since we've been in this barracks I've met another good guy, Bob Ball from Mr. Clemens, Mich. He has a brother in the army in Iceland, and his Dad is in the navy. His wife and mother are still in Michigan. The original Bob got motor pool, and Coley is in radio, but we're all in different barracks.

Let me know how the letters are coming, dear. I still can't figure how it happened that you didn't get any for two days. I've been writing every day. I don't believe I've missed a day in the last two weeks. I'll take that back. I believe I've missed just one.

This is just the kind of a Saturday night we always enjoyed so much. It would be swell to walk down town tonight, do a little shopping, then we'd bring some stuff home, and get the car, and Weis had such swell times together, loves. It won't be very long.

"The Easter Parade" is just as popular this year as it was when it was first written. It is a pretty time.

Our parade came off pretty good this afternoon. I don't go much for that stuff myself, you know what the colored boy said all day, I still won't join the army.

Did Bobby get his stove teeth yet? Or is he still going fishin'? How are they, and Sheila?

I'm going to quit now, dearest. I'm all run down tonight. Will try to write a letter one tomorrow. Your love, today.

Yours always,
April 24, 1943

Dearest darling,

Saturday afternoon, and I have a little time to start a letter to my baby. No letter today, but I suppose the mail is very heavy now on account of Easter.

As it's turned out I wouldn't have been able to go to Genevieve's anyway. One of the men in the signal co. is in the hospital with spinal meningitis so we're all under quarantine again. All passes were revoked. I was stuck for the next two weeks, being on this air raid alert team, but I was planning on calling you tomorrow. A person should never plan anything around here. There are more disappointments in a day here than there are most places in a week. You mentioned in the letter I got yesterday that you planned on staying home tomorrow, and I thought I'd wake you up in the morning with a phone call, but I'll do that after quarantine is over, if something else hasn't come along by that time.

I got a streak of ambition last night, and after I finished your letter I wrote one to Ralph and Edith. I was really ashamed for not writing sooner, but I'm not kidding when I say we don't have much time to ourselves around here. When the army says, on the ball – they mean it. They can think up more chump things to cheat you out of an evening to yourself.
You are a cutie. - 2 - You are a darling.

Back again. I've just had supper so mabe I'll enjoy a little undisturbed conversation with my baby.

This has been a beautiful spring day. It's swell in the morening about six o'clock. It's still dark, but the sky in the east is real pink. Then shortly after, old sol comes out and starts to pitch.

I'm glad you manage to get around and visit. Time goes faster that way. Since I've been in this barracks I've met another good guy. Bob Ball from Mt. Clemens, Mich. He has a brother in the army in Iceland, and his Dad is in the navy overseas. His wife and mother are still in Michigan. The original four musketeers are sort of scattered now. Jim is in Message Center, Bob got motor pool, and Coley is in radio, but we're all in different barracks.

Let me know how the letters are coming, dear. I still can't figure how it happened that you didn't get any for two days. I've been writing every day. I don't believe I've missed a day in the last two weeks. I'll take that back, I believe I've missed just one.

This is just the kind of Saturday nite we allways [sic] enjoyed so much. It would be swell to walk downtown tonite, do a little shopping. Then we'd bring our stuff home, and get the car, and go out someplace for something to eat, and a couple drinks. Boy oh boy. We've had such swell times together, lover. It wont [sic] be very long, and we'll be doing all those things together again.

“The Easter Parade” is just as popular this year as it was when it was first written. It is a pretty tune.

Our parade came off pretty good this afternoon. I don't go mush for that stuff myself. You know what the colored boy said – They can march those bands up and down in front of my house all day, I still wont [sic] join the army.

Did Gibby get his store teeth yet? Or is he still going fithin'? How are they, and Shiela?

I'm going to quit now, dearest. I'm all run down for tonite. Will try to write a better one tomorrow.

Your lover, 

Your puzzle for today.

[[Image: Two lines of Morse code.]]

[[Image: arrow drawn from above to Morse code.]]