10-31-1945

Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #604

Jack P. Bell

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

Recommended Citation
Bell, Jack P., "Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #604" (1945). Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence Collection. 606.
https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection/606

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 World War Two Correspondence Collection by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.
Subject Terms
Jack P. Bell; Evabel Bell; October 31, 1945; World War, 1939 - 1945; World War II; World War Two; United States; War and Civilization -- History -- 20th Century; United States. Army; United States. Army. 279th Quartermaster Refrigeration Company; United States. Regimental histories 279th Quartermaster Refrigeration Company; Elyria (Ohio) -- History -- 20th Century; Women - History - 20th Century; Nineteen Forties; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Soldiers; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Women; Germany; World War, 1939 -- 1945 -- Military Discharge

Keywords
October, 1945; 1945; United States; New York, N.Y.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; quartermasters; correspondence; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; Lich, Germany; Germany; friendship; travel; post-war hopes; duty; assignment; employment; war work; brother; family; recreation and entertainment; V-mail; microfilm; music; songs; rules and regulations; holiday; Christmas; gifts; money

Identifier
2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1945-10-31_020

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/606
Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio
Darling Fink,

The mail is really coming in good. I had one from you last nite, and three to-day. Also one from Bill. I just hope my mail to you is coming better now sweety.

I certainly enjoyed our little trip to Tom darling. Hope to real soon that we'll really be making those trips, and not just writing about them.

Please forgive me for not writing last nite honey. I was on guard. I've just finished my last relief so that's out for another four days.

I'm glad to hear that you're helping Chuck on his dancing. I'll bet he looks plenty good on the dance floor. That's swell news about Jim coming home. He had eighteen months overseas didn't he?

Darling I love you so very much, and I miss you more every day. Every day gets closer to that good this separation, and when it come we'll forget all about together again.

They're not messin' with mail any more. The letter I got from Bill to-day came thru' just as it was written. You asked me in one of your letters today to send you the words to, "McNamara's Band." Sweetie, so I'll see if I can remember them all, and jot them down for you.
My name is McNamara, the leader of the band.
And the six men in muskets were the finest in the land.
Of course I am conductor, and we very often play before
the best musicians that you hear of every day.
Oh the drums go bang, and the cymbals clang, and the
horns they blaze away. McCarty pumps the big bassoon,
and I the pipes to play. O’Hennessey Hennessey toots the flute,
the music is something grand. A credit to old Ireland
is McNamara’s Band.

Remember the middle part honey?
Da da da da - de da de da - da da da de da de de de

When General Grant to Ireland came, he took me
by the hand, and said he’d never heard the likes
of McNamara’s Band.

There it is sweetie. Remember how we used to sing
it together?

Tomorrow is the first of November, and the point
score drops to 60. Soon darling they’ll drop it right
down into my point group, and then we can really start
Counting the days. I suppose the closer we get to that
good day the slower time will seem to move, but that
good day we’re waiting for will come, and how wonderful
it will be.

I got some air mail envelopes so we’ll see if
it makes any difference in the time it takes to get a
letter to you. Let me know sweetie.
Darling, it doesn't look as if I'm going to be able to get you anything for Christmas as there just isn't anything to buy over here. I'm not going to give up right away this, but if I can't will it be OK with you if I just send you a money order? You can get anything you want with it. I know it's a poor excuse of a present, but it may be the only thing I can do.

Well Sweetie I think we hit the hay, and dream of the dearest and darlings and best wife in all the world. I'm enclosing millions of hugs and kisses, and all my love.

Yours ever

Jack
Pfc. John P. Bell 35052495  
279th. QM Ref. Co. APO 758  
C/O PM New York, N.Y.  

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

The mail is really coming in good. I had one from you last nite, and three tonite. Also one from Bill. I just hope my mail to you is coming better now sweetie.

I certainly enjoyed our little trip to Lima darling. Hope it’s real soon that we’ll really be making these trips, and not just writing about them.

Please forgive me for not writing last nite honey. I was on guard. I’ve just finished my last relief so that’s thru’ for another four days.

I’m glad to hear that you’re helping Chuck on his dancing. I’ll bet he looks plenty good on the dance floor.

That’s swell news about Jim coming home. He had eighteen months overseas, didn’t he?

Darling I love you so very much, and I miss you more every day. Every day gets closer to that good one tho’ lover, and when it comes we’ll forget all about this separation, and begin to enjoy our good way of life together again.

They’re not micro filming Vmail any more. The letter I got from Bill tonite came thru’ just as it was written.

You asked me in one of your letters today to send you the words to, “McNamara’s Band” sweetie so I’ll see if I can remember them all, and jot them down for you.
“Mc Namara’s Band”

My name is McNamara, I’m the leader of the band. And tho’ we’re few in numbers we’re the finest in the land. Of course I am conductor, and we very often play, before the best musicians that you hear of every day. Oh the drums go bang, and the cymbals clang, and the horns they blaze away. Mc Carthy pumps the big bassoon, and I the pipes do play. O’Hennessy Hennesy tootles the flute the music is something grand. A credit to Old Ireland is McNamara’s Band. Remember the middle part honey?


etc.

When General Grant to Ireland came, he took me by the hand, and said he’d never heard the likes o’ McNamara’s Band.

There it is sweetie. Remember how we used to sing it together?

Tomorrow is the first of November, and the point score drops to 60. Soon darling they’ll drop it right down into my point group, and then we can really start counting the days. I suppose the closer we get to that good day the slower time will seem to move, but that day we’re waiting for will come, and how wonderful it will be.

I got some air mail envelopes so we’ll see if it makes any difference in the time it takes to get a letter to you. Let me know sweetie.
Darling, it doesn’t look as if I’m going to be able to get you anything for Christmas as there just isn’t anything to buy over here. I’m not going to give up right away tho’, but if I can’t will be OK with you lover if I just send you a money order? You can get anything you want with it. I know it’s a poor excuse of a present, but it may be the only thing I can do.

Well sweetie I think I’ll hit the hay, and dream of the dearest and darlingest and best wife in all the world. I’m enclosing millions of hugs and kisses, and all my love.

Your lover,

[[underscore]] Jack [[/underscore]]