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Jack P. Bell World War Two Correspondence #321

Evabel Bell

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PO Box 111
216 2nd Ave.
Henderson, N.C.

Henderson, N.C.

NOV 25 1943
9 PM

Post Office Box
7th Sig Co. A.P.O. 76
Camp Butler,
N.C.
Dearest Sweetheart

Dear it is Thanksgiving day. Another
and Betty Sue have gone to a football
game, Genevieve is taking a bath and
I'm sitting here witting to my love.
It is so nice out to day (wonderful
football weather). The only thing wrong
is that you can't be here with us
to-day. Tell, Darling, perhaps next
Thanksgiving we can all be home
together for good and in a peaceful
world too. Let's hope so.

Gosh. Honey, you say that Norwood
has completed his 25 bombing mission
and is home already, maybe it won't
be too long before Chuck will be
home too. Norwood went over only
about a month before Chuck did?

Gosh, Sweetie wouldn't it be wonderfur
if we could all go home for Christmas
or better yet New Year.
But anyway I hope we can be to-gether for three days as long as I'm with you I'm happy Bill just let the rest of the world go-by.

Genevieve and I have started our Christmas list and boy oh boy do I ever have a list. I don't know how in ever going to get everyone and beyond me and how I ever always get such a big list. And I will put down our immediate families too.

Last night I went to Norwich (as usual) and they had some relatives there from Baltimore and also they had their son's (their Norwich) girlfriend and her mother and so we sat around and talked and I had a very nice time. I'm just like one
of the family

Well, Daddy, we have just finished eating and boy was that ever a swell meal. We had roast chicken with dressing, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, candied, cream gravy, peas, a tossed salad, hot home-made rolls, pecan pie, mince pie, apple pie and fruit. And boy oh boy am I ever full. I ate like a pig. But there was one thing lacking, and that was you.

I think I shall go to the show to-night. I don't want to stay home. Genevieve is going out and I don't want go, with her, so I believe I shall go to the show all by myself. It's on holidays and
weekends that I miss you most of all. Of course, I miss it during the week too but my time goes by much quicker then.

Well, sweetheart, I guess I had better let you in on my little secret. Promise you won't tell. Ok here goes— I love you, Darling. I love you so much that I carry you around with me all the time night in my heart all—my love and bucket of kisses— yours own

PS. Graveree sends her best.
Mrs. J.P. Bell
215 Horner St.
Henderson, N.C.

Pvt. John P. Bell
78th Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner,
N.C.
[Three Christmas themed postage stamps evenly spaced across the back of the envelope]
Dearest Sweetheart,

Here it is Thanksgiving Day. Aurthur and Betty Lou have gone to a football game, Genevieve is taking a bath and I’m sitting here writing to my lover. It is so nice out to-day. (wonderful football weather). The only thing wrong is that you can’t be here with us to-day. Well, Darling, perhaps next Thanksgiving we can all be home to-gether for good. And in a peaceful world too. Let’s hope so.

Gosh, honey, you say that Norwood has completed his 25 bombing missions and is home already, maybe it won’t be too long before Chuck will be home too. Norwood went over only about a month before Chuck did. Gosh, Sweetie wouldn’t it be wonderful if we could all go home for Christmas or better yet New Years.
2.
But anyway I hope we can be to-gether for those days. As long as I’m with you I’m happy. I’ll just let the rest of the world go by.
   Genevieve and I have started out Christmas list and boy oh boy do I ever have a list. I don’t know how I’m ever going to get every one and beyond me [[strikethrough]]and so[[strikethrough]] how I ever always get such a big list. And I only put down out immediate families too.
   Last night I was over to Norwich’s (as usual) and they had some relatives there. From Baltimore and also they had their son’s (the Norwich’s) girlfriend and her Mother and so we sat around and talked and I had a very nice time. I’m just like one
of the family.

Well, Baby, we have just finished eating and boy was that ever a swell meal. We had roast chicken with dressing, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes candied, cream gravy, peas, a tossed salad, hot home made rolls, pecan pie, mince pie + apple pie, and fruit. And boy oh boy am I ever full. I ate like a pig. But there was one thing lacking. And that was you.

I think I shall go to the show to-night, I don’t want to stay home. Genevieve is going out and I don’t want to go with her so I believe I shall go to the show all by myself. It’s on holidays and
weekends that I miss you most of all. Of course, I miss during the week too but my time goes by much quicker then.

Well, Sweetheart, I guess I had better let you in on my little secret. Promise you won't tell. OK here goes – I love you, Darling, I love you so much that, I carry you around with me all the time right in my heart.

All my love and bushels of
Kisses -- Your own,
Fink.

P.S. Genevieve sends her best.