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Jack P. Bell Second World War correspondence

CAWL Archives: Second World War

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11-25-1943

## 1943-11-25, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

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## Subject Terms

Evabel Bell; November 25, 1943; World War 1939 1945 United States. Regimental histories 78th Signal Company; Elyria, OH; World War 1939 1945 United States. Regimental histories 78th Infantry Division; World War 1939 1945 United States. Camp Butner (N.C.); Women - History - 20th Century; World War, 1939 1945 - Women; War and civilization – History – 20th century. United States; Nineteen Forties;

## Keywords

U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; training; women at home; marriage; romance; wife; husband; Henderson, N.C.; holiday; food; comradery; cold weather; recreation and entertainment; post-war hopes; brother; bombardment; family; motion pictures; Baltimore, MD;

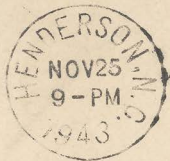
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Mr. P. Bell  
215 - 2nd St  
Henderson, N.C.



Pvt John P. Bell  
78th Sig Co. A.P.O. 78  
Camp Butner,  
N.C.



Dearest Sweetheart

See it is Thanksgiving day. Arthur  
and Betty Lou have gone to a football  
game, Genevieve is taking a bath and  
I'm sitting here writing 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. 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 95 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.

But anyway I hope we can be to-gether  
for three 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  
our Christmas list and boy oh boy do I  
even have a list. I don't know how I  
ever going to get every one <sup>and</sup> ~~it~~ beyond  
me ~~and~~ how I ever always get  
such a big list. and I only put  
down our immediate families  
too.

Last night I <sup>was</sup> over to Norwich (as usual)  
and they had some relatives there.  
from Baltimore and also they had  
their son's (the norwich's) girl friend 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, Papa, 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, cran 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

4  
weekends that I miss you most of  
all. Of course, I miss during the  
week too but my time goes by  
much quicker then.

Hi! 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 — yours own,  
Frank.

P.S. Gneveve sends her best.



[[Nick Dante 5/6/16]]

[[Bell Correspondence #37]]

[[Page 1- Envelope Front]]

Mrs. J.P. Bell  
215 Horner St.  
Henderson, N.C.

[[image- purple three cents U.S. postage stamp]]

[[image- black circle stamp: HENDERSON, N.C. 1943  
NOV 25 9-PM]]

Pvt. John P. Bell

78<sup>th</sup>. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78

Camp Butner,

N.C.

[[Page 2- Envelope Back]]

[[Three Christmas themed postage stamps evenly spaced across the back of the envelope]]

[[Page 3- Letter]]

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 together 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.

[[Page 4- Letter]]

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 ~~and so~~ 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

[[Page 5- Letter]]

3/

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

[[Page 6- Letter]]

4/

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 wont 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.