

11-23-1944

Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert Dated November 23, 1944

Edith Speert

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Recommended Citation

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LETTER ONE HUNDRED ONE-EDITH TO VIC

Thanksgiving Day

11/23/44, 3:30 p.m.

Dearest darling sweetheart,

I'll start this letter now and finish it this evening before I go to bed. You'll certainly get a complete picture of what I did all day.

When I awoke this morning and looked outdoors it was a blank picture, for everything was stark white. It snowed all of last night and I don't mean maybe. The snow is about to the middle of the calf of my leg--yep, it is really old man Winter's best showing thus far, and plenty good it is, too! Personally, I think the snow looks lovely, but I'm positive that after I see it for three to five months, I shall be horribly sick of it. Also, it is very nice to look at, but gosh, I hate to be out walking and in the hurry to get some place. But then, snow has its advantages, too. You know, Thanksgiving and Xmas just don't seem correct without snow!

This morning I addressed all the Xmas cards that go overseas. I sent one to all the officers you mentioned, plus, one to Earl Embry and to yourself. As I told you before, our Xmas cards this year came out terrible, but at least, it is a picture of us together. The latter is very important!

Remember this conscientious objector (a soldier) we picked up on our way home from La. He sent our family a Bible, and also, he sent Dad a very nice letter. Well, I wrote him a few lines today, be-

cause Dad is enclosing a small check to him for Xmas. I'll send you the letter he sent to Dad--I'm sure you'll enjoy reading it.

Last night I finished reading "Porgy" by De Bose Heyward, and to say I enjoyed it immensely would be putting it mildly. Heyward's style of writing is almost sheer poetry, and Porgy, a crippled Negro, is wonderfully characterized and makes you feel as if you almost know all his sorrows and joy, and yet, can't quite feel them, because Heyward says and brings out that you can't ever know all the Negroes emotions, due to the fact that we are of different color. I finished the book being puzzled, sympathetic and sorrowful--all at the same time!

After I addressed the Xmas cards, I straightened my notes and extra material on "Child Care and Training". In reading them over, I re-learned some necessary techniques. I want to learn these techniques so well that I can practice them with our children without making these techniques conscious efforts. However, in reading these notes, I was able to catalog in my mind what could and could not be used in an emergency set-up such as the one I work in. Also, I felt rather badly thinking how many teachers we have in our system who are given nursery school jobs only because we're so hard up for help. No wonder we can't have our children make the progress in our school as they would in an ordinary, peace time nursery--my gosh, we haven't got a good physical set-up and mainly, we lack good teachers plus parents who aren't so busy with war work that they can give the teacher proper consideration.

I think I'll go take a bath now and spruce up in my black cocktail

dress. I so rarely (in fact, never) get a chance to wear it that I'm glad of the occasion to go to the Playhouse with a man even if he is my brother-in-law.

I love you, darling, and I know I ought not to complain about anything, as I'm sure you're having a tougher time than I am! Remember always that I adore you--you are all the world and more to me!

Forever yours,

Edith