

11-18-1944

## Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert Dated November 18, 1944

Edith Speert

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## LETTER NINETY THREE-EDITH TO VIC

Saturday night 10:00

p.m. 11/18/44

My most precious sweetheart,

It is funny the way your letters come to me. They are all mixed up and never seem to come in chronological order. Today I received your letter written the 30th of Oct. and one written Nov. 5th. Gee honey, I do hope that by this time your have rec'd my batches of letters. I really don't say so much, but I know how miserable it is to go without mail. Remember honey, that even if you don't hear from me for a little while, as soon as my letters do start coming again, you'll hear the same old phrase over and over---"I love you, I love you, I love you," And I guess I always will.

You are a very precious husband and I miss you more than I could ever put into words. Yes darling, part of me seems to have gone right with you. I'm always trying to imagine where you are and what you are doing. Do take care of yourself, my darling, and write just as often as you can. I'll do likewise!



Don't worry about getting me Chanel #5. Remember the small bottle I got in Denver. Well, honey, I have hardly used it. I don't seem to have any occasion to use the tantalizing stuff, and anyhow, it reminds me too much of you!

You know, darling, I still haven't quite adjusted to living with the folks. I still hate hearing their petty arguments and listening to their troubles that they haven't solved from years' back. I guess you can never quite get away from "families", but I'd certainly hate to live with any of them when you get back, or near them. I want our own life, and I want to live it just the way we, two, want it!

Worked a half day today and then, met my hi-school chum, Gertie Cermak Patchin in town. Her mother-in-law crotches bag, and I got a lovely small, black bag for Mom from her for \$5. Mom bought it to go with a dressy dress she bought! It is a very small cocktail bag!

Then, I got my hair cut short again. When Sally saw me, (it's been 3 weeks since I've had my hair done), she couldn't get over how wonderful I look. Well, no wonder---3 weeks ago I weighed about 137lbs., and now



I weigh about 127 lbs. Quite a difference, eh what?

I got a beautiful pale pink cashmere, slip over sweater in exchange for the one Mom got me that was too small. Of course, the cashmere isn't what you used to get, but it is a lovely sweater.

Tonight I wrote 7 letters. And so, I'm sending you a bunch of the letters I have already answered. Throw them away when you are through reading them.

December issue of Reader's Scope is excellent--especially, one article entitled "Dear Sailor Walsh" which really gives Labor a "plug". I can't decide whether to send you the entire magazine (but I think I need a request for that), or send you just the one article. Well, I'll see, and you'll know what I did when you receive what I send.

Today was the Ohio State--Ill. game and gosh, the town was really "jammed". They claim it is the biggest football crowd to pack the stadium in history. OSU won--I believe the score was 26-0. Not bad, eh what?

I got a copy of a new magazine that just came out--"Pageant". I'd like to start reading it tonight--if I'm not too tired!



The days seem so long--I feel as if we've been separated for ages! We can't be separated much longer, darling, or, can we? Isn't it funny--it's rarely that I think of you from a sexual standpoint, although when you're near, it is over in my mind? But now, I miss your companionship, and just your actual presence more than anything else in the world.

Forever & ever,

Edith