

11-12-1944

Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert Dated November 12, 1944

Edith Speert

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[Transcription begins]

Sunday, 11/12/44, 10:30 P.M.

My dearest darling,

I think today I missed you more than any other day since we have parted. When I got up this morning, the weather was really miserable looking, so I thought about how nice it would be if you were here and we could just cuddle in bed. However, about 2 p.m. it got very nice out—sun came out and it was rather warm and I thought about how nice it would be if we could go walking or bike riding out to one of the parks in Warrensville. But instead, all I did the whole day long was think of you.

I did get my room cleaned, and that is all. It seems by the time I did that, plus take UK to a luncheon, plus take UK to a luncheon [sic], plus help Mon with her dinner, the day was gone. Nuts!!!! Honey, I swear I don't waste time, but where does my time go to?

This evening UK and I served for the dinner Mon made for the cousins. My cousin David got married several months ago, so Mon made it really in his honor. He's that cousin about 45 yrs. old. Anyhow, UK and I got \$5. or, \$.50 each, but believe me, it was worth it. My cousin, Ann Fuhr must be really angry with UK and myself, cause she brought over a jello mold and cake, after Mon told her she didn't want her to bring anything, so UK and I didn't serve it. Finally, towards the last, she asked for some of her cake, so we brought it out. Nuts, too!

My cousin Millie and Carl (do you remember them?) Anyhow, Carl sold his restaurant-liquor business and they are planning to take their two kids (8 and 4) and mover [sic] to California where they are originally from. Good for them! They wanted to take me out, and I tried not to be rude, but I pleaded "busy," cause I don't think I would like to go out and be a third party.

The funniest thing happened last night and I forgot to write you about it. About 5 p.m. UK and I were sitting on a couch in Lindners dress Dep't and Mon had tried on a dress and came out with the saleslady to show it to us. At this moment, a very young girl (about 10) walked up with another girl about 17, and just stood staring at UK and I—they were about 3 inches from us. They didn't say "hello" or anything. All of a sudden I recognized the little girl and said "hello Sonia," and she didn't answer. The other girl just smiled and said nothing. I said "how are you," and then, the girl said "Let's go Sonia," so I said "Tell the folks hello for me." After they left, I remembered that the girl must be Zeniz's neice [sic], but honey, the incident was so funny that UK, Mom and I just looked at each other after they left. Sonia looked so utterly disgusting, it wasn't even funny—she still has those long curls, and her hair is very "kinky." The other girl seemed very, very self-conscious and unpoised [sic]. I can't get over the whole incident. It was so very queer!

Enclosed find a picture of Cap't Davis. That is the girl Amy Embry lives with. You might show the picture to Earl Embry unless Amy sent it to him. I meant to call Amy and forgot. Oh nuts! Remember I told you that the first time I met Amy we also went to dinner with Cap't Davis?

I do hope you got some of my mail. I've been very, very faithful about writing darling! I'm sure that if there was a mail delivery, you did all right my [sic] yourself. Righto? I'm hoping that in tomorrow's mail I hear from you. Gosh, that's the best tonice [sic] I can get right now!

Have you made any new post-war plans that you haven't written me about? Do you still like the idea of going to Texas, or, should I forget about it? Do you still want to go back to college?

Sweetheart, I love to recall our days in Lawton, our darling little ap't and our heavenly week-ends wrapped up in each other. I can still see the sun peaking in the east window over the white table with our clock on it, and our grow[ing] cause we have to get up and get ready to go on a picnic. And remember the night that it rained and we used to scurry around and close the windows, and remember the Saturday nights when you had to go for the crushed ice, and remember our swell 2 yr. anniversary party, and the box of cotton from the Altmans. I still have some of that cotton left after stuffing two pillows for chairs with it. Honey, I'm sure we will have more of those "times" together, and we just must try and hold tight! Never forget that I love you madly and always will. You are the only man in the world for me. You are all I want!

All yours forever,
Edith
[Transcription ends]