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Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert Dated November 5, 1944

Edith Speert

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LETTER SEVENTY-EDITH TO VIC

Sunday, 9:30 p.m., 11/5/44

Dearest Sweetheart,

Why do little things get me cross and make me more emotional than big things? This morning I went out and cleaned the garage so that I could drive in the car. I had planned on doing just that today before the heavy cold comes. Well, Nature beat me to it—we had a violent rainstorm last night and snow flurries today. I started to drive the car into the garage and the "G, D, * ##-- !! ++ !!" wouldn't start. I pushed the starter and exactly nothing happened--not a sound issued forth. I called the garage man who had the "nerve" to charge Dad \$104. for fixing up the car and told him exactly what I thought about "his fixing"; but he put me in my place, I guess, by telling me that he didn't do anything to the battery and that perhaps a cell was dead. I had the car recharged (I mean the battery) right after he started it for me Wednesday night. He wasn't equipped to do that. To make a long story short, I guess I'll have to haul it into a garage around here for another seige. I'm so mad at that damm car, I feel like "splitting a gut"!!

Since the weather was damm louse as only Cleveland Weather can be, I thought I would stay at home and accomplish a few things I had been putting off; but Doris Shapiro called to tell me that Gussie Allenick had told her, (because a neighbor lady had called Gussie to tell her the news,) that Alice Pevsner's mother passed away

Saturday morning, and Alice arrived from Dayton late Saturday night. It was an extreme shock to everyone concerned since Mrs. had rallied from her operation (a year ago) very, very successfully. Well, I went over to see Alice and her father in the late afternoon. Thank goodness that they made no display of emotion, although I can certainly vouch for the fact that they ~~were~~ both very badly upset! By the way, did you know that Gussie Allenicks's mother is slowly dying of cancer. Pretty tragic, huh? Darling, if you have a minute to spare, drop Alice a line. Her address in Shaker Hts. is 2949 S. Moreland Blvd. They have a suite in the new ap't that is on S. Moreland between Shaker Sq. and S. Woodland. It is a lovely ap't and her father intends to keep it regardless of what Alice does. As yet, Alice is undecided whether to stay in Dayton or come home and be with her father. Gussie and Alice seemed very, very close. Oh yes, I think I'll buy a fruit cake or something and bring it over some night this week when I go over there.

Also, I plan to buy a card and send it to Nanny, since she lost a daughter—a Mrs. Shapiro. However, I don't know if it is proper to send her a card, and not send a card to Ann & Dick and also, a card to Lolly, although the latter members mentioned don't seem to be too upset by the death.

As soon as I finish this letter to you, I plan to drop an air mail letter to Lt. Amster, 909th F. A. Bn. and to Cap't Shaw,

327th F. A. Bn. Hope they reach the boys.

I brought Grandmother over to the house and she plans to stay overnight. You should see the fuss she made when Sadie told her she could stay over here for awhile. She has simply made up her mind to die in Sadie's house and that is all there's too it, and of course, she is forever dying.

Outside of that everything is running as usual--I'm typing my daily letter to you, UK is first starting to take a shower, so, as usual will get into bed about 11 p.m., and Mom and Dad just had a "fuss" because Dad went to play pinhole. My love for you still burns madly on--I adore you my darling. You're the finest man I could ask for!

Hope that tomorrow brings me a stack of mail from you. That's the only reason I'll be glad to see Monday.

I hope that you are taking good care of yourself and keeping up your weight. Honey, today when I weighed myself with my clothes on, I found I weigh 132 lbs. Before I started on the diet (it'll be two weeks this Friday) I weighed 138 lbs. with clothes on, so I think I'm doing darn good and I may have a streamline figure when you get home. However, it still doesn't look as if I'm taking it off where I need it most.

Well, if I want to write to Shaw and Amster, I better say "good-night". I love you muchly!

Edith