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Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert
Dated October 10, 1944

Edith Speert

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LETTER THIRTY ONE-EDITH TO VIC

Tuesday
10/10/44

Dearest darling-

Although I've had only 5 hrs. sleep, I'm none the worst for it this morning (6:45 a.m.). However, since it has rained for 2 continuous days (this may make the third) I can honestly say the weather gets me down more than the hours I keep.

The nursery school (Emanual) has turned out almost the way I expected. There is a little too much routine & discipline—it does go against “my grain”; but it is a convenient place to work (relatively easy to get to & in the heart of a shopping district) & Mrs. Bennett, head teacher, seems to want to cooperate with hrs. & stuff. Mrs. B. is quite a remarkable woman since she has a husband who has long sieges in the hospital & is slowing fading away & she manages him, plus a home, plus a job & plus 3 kids, ages 16, 13 & 10. I definitely admire her.

They have several good volunteers at the Center among which there is a refuge Fr. woman married to an Am. man. Interesting—uh? I haven’t gotten to really talk to her as yet.

However, all the pd. help is part time except Bennett & myself, which puts me 2nd in command. There is: Mrs. Cox, very old, who has no patience & makes me sick. She has no reason to work except her own morale. Mrs. Kubak, who is middle-aged, & quite good. Miss Haas—(cousin to Jean Haas-OSU-1938-42) who goes to Reserve part-
time—she only works 4 hrs. per day.

We have about 35 children & several colored kids. Mrs. Cox is definitely prejudiced which maybe another reason why I dislike her.

Riding a Rapid & writing is no joy—but I love you enough to attempt it.

Mort had a marvelous time in Columbus—and how! However, he is no longer interested in Eunice Perelman, but is interested in an old g.f.—"Pookie" Weinstein, A.E. Phi.

By the way, Arline Bellin just got married to her Lt. (j.g.) Nat Pritcher.

Met Mort & Uk in town last night & I took them out to the Hickory Grill for dinner. Then, we shopped & Uk bought a dress. At 9 we went to hear the Don Cossack Chorus. We sat in about the middle of the last balcony. Just as the program commenced a man in the last row of the last balcony either fainted or had a heart attack. It "kind of" ruined the program—but I doubt if anything could ruin the program. I hate a Chorus, but this one is not a Chorus—it is a full orchestra. They produce every sound found in an orchestra—Mort, Uk & I both thought it amazing. They, also, had 2 marvelous Russian dancers who were extremely lumber & did beautifully in the Rosataka & other dances.

Honey, I'm finishing this at work, so must get one. I love you madly, as usual.

Ever yours—
Edith

P.S. The human organism is funny—huh?—I'm thinking of what happened
to "that man" last night.

Wilkie's death is, also, a great loss—he could have been a great man—& his ideas would have been sound enough to win him the post war election—anyhow, my vote.