

10-5-1944

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

Edith Speert

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LETTER TWENTY FOUR-EDITH TO VIC

10/5/44

My sweetheart,

No doubt this letter will be written very hurriedly as it is now 11:15 p.m. & I'm anxious to go to bed. I think I shall have to start writing your letters in the a.m. on the Rapid Transit. It seems I'm always busy with something in the evenings.

Mort called for me at work today. The kids "ate him up" & vice versa. He spent 1/2 hr. with me at the school. Then, I went downtown & got tickets to see Don Cossack Chorus Monday night at the Music Hall. I'm taking Mort & Ukie out.

Mort & I called for Sanf & we drove out on the 3-C highway & had dinner at Bonoglia (Italian place) in Cuyahaga Falls. It was grand food & the place is very cozy. Mort took us out & Sanf "burned"-but Mort wouldn't have it any other way. That's how I discovered how much Sanf makes. With his raise & everything Sanf's salary more than doubles Mort's. Sanf now "knocks off" about \$500. a month. Pretty good sledding, eh what? No wonder GI get mad. Well, we thought we'd go the show, but we talked & talked & talked.

Sanf and Mort both feel we will eventually go into my Dad's business, because wanting a family & security after the war that'll be the easiest way to have both. They "shattered" most of my arguments about starting from the "ground up", but they still haven't altered my desire to get out of Cleveland. Definitely, I'd love to

hell to get out of this town. However, whatever you decide will be exactly what I want.

I love you, my darling & above all else I want to make you as happy as it is in my power to do. Bubs-I adore you so much that I get all "pent up" just thinking about you.

Sanf saw my room all finished tonite & he was very impressed. I'm sure I've "won" Sanf & your Dad over, but as for your Mother-well!'. .

I've got one of my migraine headaches tonight & my eye is starting to tear-so, maybe I'd better get some sleep.

My dearest-believe me, I've never loved like I love you. My life seems empty, - drab, without you. Take care of yourself, Bubs and we'll see each other soon-I hope.

I'm waiting very patiently for your mail, altho I can't wait to hear from you!

Oh-doggone-we have to work 2 wks. & then, wait 2 wks. before we draw a pay check. Nuts!.-But that's the way it is.

It's raining again-maybe that's why my head hurts. This lousy climate. I dan do without it!

Good-night my beloved.

Ever your

Edith

Did you get the camera I sent you?