

9-25-1944

Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert Dated September 25, 1944

Victor A. Speert

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LETTER EIGHT-VIC TO EDITH

At Camp

25 September 1944

My precious "lambkin",

How do you like my new name for you? The weather has continued cold and is pretty snappy around here.

We're still sweating out leaving herein, and we should leave Wednesday, the latest-although anything can happen. Just think, who would have thought that we'd be around here this long?

Did I tell you the story about Jean Chrisman? We pulled in here last Thursday night, and unknowingly Jean Chrisman got a pullman reservation for that day and returned home. She was supposed to leave tomorrow. The one consolation is that at least you left last Sunday.

I hope Morton gets a leave and gets a chance to get hom. He deserves a break.

Thus far I have still retained the \$20.00 check, and I'll try to spend as little of that as possible.

Sweetheart, expect to receive a little something from me to my "luscious little girl". No special occasion is necessary. Bah! I'm no sentimental guy, either.

Don't be envious of your girl friend and her twins-Once we get started we'll be knocking kids out a'la Ford technique. I'll have you walking around with a swollen tummy all the time-no lay offs!!.

Darling, the outline of your (our) bedroom set up sounds okey doke. Please don't knock yourself out being too creative.

How are the folks getting along these days? Give them my best, will you?

How's this Rhoda Menshel- a pretty smooth keed? What does Sanford think about her?

About the addresses, merely write to all the officers using the same address as mine-Shaw, Shelton, Luddecke, etc.

Darling, don't worry about a job with American Airlines for the future. Your job of the future will be the mother of my children. Boobsie, darling sweetheart, I'm crazy about you.

How's your diet coming along, sweetheart? Have you dropped up to Sidney Hill? Butzie, you can take weight off the t highs and hips, but don't reduce your tushie.

It's tough about Bobby, Agnes' child. That's the game, I suppose.

Sweetheart, you can always send me things at my present address. Any change in address will be forwarded to you.

Are you getting me the Coronet subscription?

Bye for now. I love you madly.

Vic

I shall continue to write you daily, my precious.