

11-16-1944

## Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert Dated November 16, 1944

Edith Speert

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## LETTER EIGHTY SEVEN-EDITH TO VIC

Thursday night--11/16/44

Dearest darling,

This letter will probably be quite lengthy as I have alot to tell you since I merely wrote you a V-mail last night. Boy, if all I wrote you was a V-mail, I must have been really sick. Well, truthfully, I was!

I got the "curse" yesterday afternoon. I was through at work about 5:15 and I stopped and got Sanf's birthday cake. It was really a very different looking cake, cause the trimming looked as if real roses surrounded the cake. I got to your folks' house about 6:00. When Sanf got home, he was really and truly surprised and pleased with the cake. Gosh, it sounded almost as if he never had a cake on his birthday before. Then, of course, I gave him the ring, and dammit, it was too large and Sanf will have to send it back and have it made smaller. I don't know how they "screwed me" up but they did. Well, anyhow, everyone was real excited about the ring (including Sanf), but I felt kind of funny, since ours was the only present there.

Your Mom served; tomatoe juice, tuna fish salad,

veg, soup, roast tongue and peas, and pineapple. Well, I didn't say a word about anything, even though my diet doesn't allow me to eat half the stuff she served. But to top it off I never heard of tund fish and meat in the same meal. Still I ate and kept still. A couple of hours after dinner I started to feel sick, and by the time I got home, I was really ill and threw up everything I ate. Of course, I would never tell your folks, but that settles it--that is the last time I eat there.

I told the folks about the incident with Sonia at Lindners, and Sanf and the folks admitted that that's the way Sonia is. If you don't make a "fuss" over her (which I didn't) she doesn't bother to speak to you.

After dinner your Mom went to a shower for the Spitalany girl. Gosh, I'm glad I missed having all that "crap"!

My folks came up after dinner and Sanf was really thrilled with the pajamas they bought him. Al P and a friend of his came up and we all sat around and "gabbed". I had expected to stay until your Mom got back from the shower, but about 9:30 I began to feel so lousy, I knew I had to get home, so I left. I felt

badly leaving, but I sure didn't want to get sick at your house!

Our social worker (connected with the nursery) and myself got into a talk yesterday after teachers' meeting and I found out that her name is Holdstein, and she is a cousin (by marriage) to Bart. Bart had mentioned your name and she asked me if I was a relation. Bart is still not in the army. he has some kind of defense job!

Teachers' meeting yesterday was excellent, even though we didn't delve into personalities! I like most of our staff--all except that Mrs. Cox--the old hag! The colored teacher we have is a honey and seems to be respected by everyone concerned!

Had a letter from Kitty Speert yesterday--that is, besides your letter. Today, I heard from Rhoda Mensche--poor Rhoda--neither Mort or Sanf has written her!

Enclosed find two articles I thought you would enjoy.

Send me my suded brush if you get the chance. I can't seem to find a decent one--even to buy!

Today Mom surprised me and bought me a beautiful tan, cashmere sweater, and darn, it is too small! I think she is too damm sweet to me!

It rained, rained and rained all day today. The kids, of course, were more noisy than ever since they had no chance to run off their energy outside. Boy, they really seemed to get on my nerves to day. However, the thing I love most about my work is how quickly the time passes. I want every day to fly by until I'm with you once more. Than time can stand still!

According to a bulletin that came out on the 15th-- all nursery school teachers will get an "increase in living wage"-- that is, a \$10. raise each pay period (every 4 wks) for 6 mos. If I see the am't on my pay check, than I'll believe it!

Not another damm thing new!

I adore you like mad. You know, darling, it seems like ages since I've seen you. I miss you so very much. Take care of yourself, sweetheart, and keep your pen moving!

Ever yours,

Edith

P.S.

Was asked to join the Cleve. Assoc. for Nursery Education---I had to fill out card---then, I'll know whether I can be an active or associate member. Also- was asked to one of their lectures Mon. nite. 11/20.

Heard from Mont--he's still around.

THE JONES BOYS

It seems there were two brothers by the name of Jones. The married one was John, the single one was Joe. Joe was the owner of a dilapidated old row boat. Strangely enough, on the day John's wife died, Joe's row boat filled with water and sank. A few days later a kindly old lady met Joe on the street and mistaking him for John said: "Oh, Mr. Jones, I was terribly sorry to hear of your great loss; you must feel terrible, I'm sure".

"Well, I'm not a bit sorry", replied Joe. She was a rotten old thing unfit from the start. Her bottom was all chewed up. She smelled of old dead fish and the first time I got into her, she made water faster than anything I ever saw. She had a crack in her back and a hole in her front, and the hold kept getting bigger every time I used her. It got so I could hardly handle her at all; and when everyone else used her, she would leak like anything. But this is what finished her: Four guys from town came down looking for a good time. They asked me if I would rent her to them. I warned them what she was like, but they said that they didn't care,

that they would like to take a crack at her anyhow. The result was, the crazy fools all tried to get into her at once and it was too much for her--She cracked right in the middle."

The kindly old lady fainted!

Kitty sent this--I gave the other copy to Sanf!