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Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert Dated November 14, 1944

Edith Speert

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LETTER-EIGHTY TWO-EDITH TO VIC

Tuesday night 11/14/44

My beloved,

This afternoon it started to rain, and honestly, I couldn't see a nice thing about the darn drizzle. But this evening when I got home, and went to the 3rd floor to sew about 20 buttons on my yellow dress (one I got in San Antonio) which just came back from the cleaners, the pitter patter of the rain drops on the roof was very pleasant. As a matter of fact, I used to love to hear the pitter-patter of the rain drops on our roof in Lawton, cause I would wake up and feel so safe and secure under the roof and besides you. But, you know, dear, the pitter-patter on a roof that isn't leaking, is always a rather secure feeling to me.

I don't understand why you haven't met up with the outfit, as yet, but I guess I'm not suppose to understand. Is the outfit in France?

Gosh honey, I sure hope you got mail by now. And you should get just gobs and gobs of mail. I hope you also get the mail I sent you to APO 17064. However, I do feel terrible that you haven't been getting mail. Makes me feel like a stinker when I miss getting mail, (maybe for 2 or 3 days) and I go around with a sour puss. Gosh, I'll never complain again! So I hope !!!!!

Glad to hear you are meeting up with old friends. Was Mac

Friedman a MEP at OSU? I think I know Sylvia Jacobs, but I'm not sure, as I believe there are two girls by that name. If he is engaged to a rather tall girl (5' 4-5"), very dark, than I know her-- I went to school with her. --By the way, Max Friedman's mother was in the store to tell my Dad about this meeting in France.

Please, please, don't cultivate a mustach -- I can even hate it on you though separated by thousands of miles. You look positively horrible in one of those things under your nose, and although I still say you can do as you please, for your own personal vanity, please shave it off!

Although I left work at 4:30 today, for a change, I didn't get home until 5:30, and still, I won't get to bed before midnight. It seems that I always have so darn much to do. It took me over an hour to sew the darn buttons in my dress. Also, Amy Embry called me and I spoke to her for quite a while. It seems they are de-centralizing WAC recruiting-- in other words, instead of having one centralized office in Cleveland, they are having small independent offices in such places as Lakewood, Euclid, Bedford, Lorain, Willobee, etc. Amy is now in charge of the one in Lakewood. She has really been kept busy, but we expect to get together rather shortly.

Spoke to Sanford this afternoon for just a minute, and this evening, I called your folks to make sure that they remember that I will be over tomorrow night. Everything seems to be okay dokey!

Enclosed is a rather interesting article. Jap-Am. will be a minority group in the USA after this war as they are now, and I believe, we will have to practice tolerance, even though we may have practiced hate during the war against their ancestors. It seems to me that when "outer things" are visible such as skin, eyes, color, etc., those peoples are more persecuted in Am. than the Jews, Germans or Ltalians. I think you know what I'm trying to bring out! And what is particularly revolting about the article, is the fact that the Jap-Am. was in an Am. service uniform.

Your comments on the foreign countries are very interesting. Keep them coming!

Today I got a short letter from the Reubens. They want me to come up for Thanksgiving, but frankly, I don't see how I can make it. So, I think they will have to wait for April when I get my vacation.

I keep sending you under separate cover articles and letters that you might enjoy reading. Write when you have received them. Oh yes, write me when and if you receive the camera I sent you. We have a new teacher-- a colored girl, who is working and going to Reserve for Masters in education. So far there has been no notice--

able prejudice on the part of the teachers, children or parents. However, I do think certain things may show up in teachers meeting--such as how her ideas are accepted--whether she is "bullied" into working certain hrs., or gets her choice, etc. And tomorrow, we are having a teachers meeting!!

Guess I'm all "writ" out for tonight, as I, also, sent a letter to the War Bond Dep't to find out what happened to our Bond for Nov., and I wrote to Bulova Watch to see if they have traced your watch. As soon as I go to the bank and check once more on our acc't --if the money isn't in (the extra \$25. for Oct.) I will write to this office which sent you a receipt which you have on this allotment business.

As I was going home tonight I wonder why I even bother to go home--I really have nothing to come home to in the evenings, except your letters. However, I don't usually get that morbid--I think the rain made me feel that way.

I miss you, long for you, adore you, love you, always think of you, my darling. Take good care of yourself, sweetheart!

Yours,

Edith