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

Edith Speert

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[Transcription begins]
Saturday night
10/14/44

Precious One—

Amy Embrey is lying in bed enjoying the Bedside Esquire, & I'm writing to you to the strains of Guy Lombardo's Orchestra. He finished playing his "song of tomorrow," "Love Lives in Louisiana"—& since love is supposedly blind, I guess that's all that could live in La.

The letter I wrote this morning at work I gave to Billy's Mom to mail. Hope you get it okay!

Stopped by for the car this aft. at the store—the big car, & as I was getting off at E. 140, I "bumped into" Aunt Zena & Sonia. They were on the same car but getting off at E. 142. Luckily I did (had to) get off the stop before them cause as I came up to them Zena said "You heard from Vic?" & before I could say "yes" or "no" she said "don't worry, so it'll be another week." Then, very loudly, "you look bad—don't worry dolly—he'll be all right, etc., etc." If I hadn't been so utterly exhausted, I think I would have "spit in her eye."

Picked up Amy up at the Rapid stop & was awfully glad to hear she was tired & wanted to spend the evening in. She echoed my sentiments! So, I fixed dinner for Uk, Amy & self:

Shrimp cocktail
filet mignon
fr. fries—tossed salad, tea, cake

We all enjoyed it. Then, Ukie, looking very cute, left on her date & Amy & I came up here to relax. My ap't is very relaxing; but honey, I still can't help but wish I had a place for myself—really myself!

Amy & I thought we'd go on a hike & weiner roast by ourselves tomorrow; but I haven't a car; so instead Amy hasn't seen or read "My Sister Eileen" in any form, so I'm taking her to see it as [*sic*] the Playhouse tomorrow.

It's really cold in these parts & I hate it; but could love it if I could cuddle with you. With a little imagination I can feel the warmth of your body next to mine right now—but I really want you—not imagination.

I adore you,
Edith
[Transcription ends]