

10-10-1944

## Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert Dated October 10, 1944

Edith Speert

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## LETTER THIRTY TWO-EDITH TO VIC

Tuesday night

10/10/44

Sweetheart,

For the third continuous day it is raining & believe me, it is miserable. Also, it makes my work twice as hard because the children get very restless & tired of staying indoors. Work was, also, particularly hard today because we got two new children-Douglas & Dennis. Douglas' father is in the Navy. He (D-) is 4 1/2-acts 5 1/2- & probably has an I.Q. of a 7 yr. old child, but he has never played with children before & cries most of the day for loneliness. His Mom spent hrs. teaching him songs, stories, etc. Dennis is approximately 2 1/2, has the same home background as Douglas, except for a doting grandma. Now Dennis wants plenty attention from everyone & tried to be the exception to all rules & regulations. Sooo-I did work hard today.

Then, the pay-off-Danny, aged 2 1/2, had a BM in his pants-bed, etc. Well, I started to clean him & I went "green"-I did clean him finally minus my entire dinner-& unless his mother can train him better, he will have to withdraw. Right now I'm still ill, & can barely write about it!

I meant to write you that we heard from Sol Al Lame yesterday. He's in Holy now. His unit was just transferred there. He sent a "snap" of himself & his wife & as soon as I hear from you I'll send it to you; but I definitely don't want it to get lost!

Honey-My Xmas present to you is rotten-I tried to think of an original idea & couldn't. Nuts! But darling-just remember that all

my love goes with each individual package.

At teacher's meeting today, we discussed our jobs in post-war. Personally, I think there is a trend towards more nurseries, but there's 2 schools of thought on that subject! Anyhow-in the post-war period I hope I merely have to worry about my own kids!

Sweetheart, many times I feel I can reach out my hand and touch you! You are always with me! There's something about you I love-adore-& that is all of you!

Goodnight my love,

Edith