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12-21-1944

Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert Dated December 21, 1944

Edith Speert

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Thursday, 12/21/44, 9:15 p.m.

Sweetheart

The Germans seem to be advancing on all fronts & the newspapers seem to have reversed their policies, and we get the "brutal facts". If it shocks the Am. complacent public, it serves them right. It's high time we get "out of the rut" & realize we're fighting a war & it's not all concerned with no nylons, no radios, etc.

My darling, I am rather anxious about you, but a voice within me keeps reassuring me that you are all right! Do take care of yourself, my sweets — anyhow, the best you can do in your present situation!

I received your air mail letter of the 7th. Your letters certainly do give me a lift! I do love you, my darling!

So far, I haven't received any packages from you, but I imagine they'll show up after this Xmas rush!

I shall try & find you a toilet kit — if I can! However, don't expect too much.

I tried to send you another A.F.F. message, but the rule on them is — wait until after Xmas — so I'll send one the 26th or 27th.

I can't get you Mrs. Anthony's "relatives" address. Mrs. A. moved — don't know where!

This afternoon I had a meeting — all head teachers are asked to attend to discuss administrative problems. It was interesting & I noticed that there were 4 other teachers who were below 30 (I'm sure). However according to Mr. Bryan, I'm the youngest.

After the meeting I went to a Xmas party at my ex-school. Gosh! was I glad to see the children & vice versa. I had a lovely time & didn't leave until 6:30. Mrs. Sevaime (her hubby is an F.B.I. agent) — the girl Amy & I went out with one Sunday — her husband was there & honestly, they reminded me of us — the way we always have to keep touching each other!

Spoke to Sam & your mom today. Your pop is feeling lots better. Otherwise,

my darling, with you at
my side, I know I'll be
able to assume any role
in life the fates have in
store for us! I love
you so very much. you
are my life!

your roses are so
lovely! as each petal
falls from the dying
flower, I imagine you
are one step nearer to
coming home to me. I
adore you, loved!

When I write to you,
I'm oblivious to everything
except the fact that I'm
nearer to you — you're
putting your arms
around me; you're kissing
me — I'm yours —
Edith.