11-26-1944

Letter Written by Edith Speert to Victor A. Speert Dated November 26, 1944

Edith Speert

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bryant.edu/edith

Part of the Arts and Humanities Commons

Recommended Citation

https://digitalcommons.bryant.edu/edith/32

This Personal Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Letters by Women During World War II at DigitalCommons@Bryant University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Speert, Edith and Victor A. by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Bryant University. For more information, please contact dcommons@bryant.edu.
LETTER ONE HUNDRED SEVEN—EDITH TO VIC

Sunday, 11/26/44, In Bed 9:20 p.m.

Sweetheart,

It seems an eternity since I saw you—altho' actually, it's only a little over 2 mos. since we've parted. But my loneliness seems to increase as time goes by.

Sanf didn't come over today, after all. I called him, but he didn't have any reason. Guess I'll go over there one night this week. Altho' honestly, darling, when I work 1-6 I'm more exhausted than working 7:30-3:30, or any of those early hrs.

Am reading "Get More Out of Life" by Catherine Groves, but, so far, she offers nothing startling, or even anything I didn't know.

Uk & I had dinner at Clarks & then, we went to see "Hail the Conquering Hero" at the Colony. It was entertaining & I enjoyed it.

You know, darling, some times (especially on Sundays) I feel like a "heel"—I feel I'm not contributing enough to the war effort. But, during the week, when I come home exhausted, I can't think of anything but you & sleep. And on Sundays, I get a chance to hate civilians—some of them are really doing little or nothing for the war effort. I guess I feel especially that way after seeing a film like "V.I. Robot Bombs"—released by U.S. War Inf. etc & shows the bombing & destruction of London. Again, I must say—Am. don't know what war is!

Dad thinks the European War will be over by Xmas '44. I bet
him $100.00 bond that the war won't be over before next Aug. or Sep't., but I certainly hope he wins the bet.

Darling—I love you so very much—Bubsie, dear, my thoughts are ever of you. I plan and re-plan our future, but as long as we'll be together, I know the future will be both pleasant & interesting.

All my love always—

Edith