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Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert Dated December 7, 1944

Victor A. Speert

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LETTER ONE HUNDRED TWENTY SEVEN-VIC TO EDITH

Friday 7 December 1944

Somewheres in Germany

Beloved one,

Today the mailman past me by-no letters. In fact no letters for any of the battery-just one of those days. Doc, on the other hand received 3 packages. Some of the packages were mailed in late September. I suppose those mailed to me will show up soon, too. Darling, nothing new or eventful is happening these days. I suppose one of the most difficult things about war & the army in general, is the monotony of doing nothing. But as long as I have a precious honey-girl to think about I keep myself occupied.

Just to point out the rigors of war I might exhibit my house-slippers which have been getting a lot of use during the evenings. If I get anymore comfortable the enemy may resent it.

Of late, I got into the habit of smoking more than the usual 2 cigarettes a day so to remedy the condition I am going back to a pipe. There's something about a pipe that cuts down my desire for smoking.

One thing we've been getting a lot of is fruit juices and tomatoe juice. Everytime I saunter into the kitchen, and I make it my business to frequent the place often, I am offered a cup of juice-So you see, darling, I'm keeping up with my vitamins.

Shelton got a paper today (Abilene, Texas) which carried the above article. No doubt, it was carried in the Press and you may have read it. If you have not already read the article you will find that it brings out points which we discussed many many times. Accept it for

what it's worth.

Imagine, honey, reading material is becoming so limited that I'm even having to resort to detective stories these days. I never took to them before but Doc "sold" me on the odea of reading Ellery Queen stories and I find them rather interesting. Gee, you've got to have something exciting around here.

Eadie, darling, I'm enclosing, too, a one (1) mark bill (German invasion money) which has the value of 10¢. All the Nazi money is worthless and some of the men have found millions of dollars worth of Reichsmarks (pre-Hitler) money.

For a while we were permitting the men to send home souvenirs but when some made up packages which included everything but a baby-grand piano we decided enough is enough and put a stop to all packages. Another example of giving the men a finger and they'll take a hand. However, they feel justified since they feel it belonged to the enemy and he should never get possession of it again. I can't say as I blame them for adopting this attitude.

In one of the later issues of Yank (which I shall send you presently) you will find a story of the military government in Aachen. Dog-gone it, I wish I got a job doing such work. (No, not that I am not completely satisfied at the present) but such work would be right down my alley. The article goes on to disclose the fact that some of the natives felt rather abashed when they found that they had to subject themselves to the Americans (most all of them are Jewish personnel)

to get food and other rations. No soldiers are permitted to speak to the German civilians and if any are found they are fined \$64.00. The Military Government deals fairly but firmly with the civilians. In fact I don't see why they even bother to treat them fairly but that's the American way of doing things, I guess.

We have gotten into bad habits around here. For the past 3 nights Doc & I have played "Casino" against Shelton and Haygood. The games have ended so dramatically that they are now becoming very "ruthless and cut throat" in character.

Doc & I were kibitzing just now when he said "Listen, why don't we go in for some of these Army correspondence courses?" So we both decided that this would be an excellent opportunity to learn Russian as I expect Russian to be an "up & coming: language after the war. Don't you think so, dear?

Bubsie pie, I'm afraid I've run out of ramblings except to tell you that were I stranded alone on an island and could have my selection of mate my immediate answer would be in a loud "holler" - "I want my 'pukie-pie' Eadie to be with me".

I love you, Bubs,

Vic