

11-14-1944

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

Victor A. Speert

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## LETTER-EIGHTY ONE-VIC TO EDITH

14 November 1944

Somewhere in Holland

My beloved,

This stationery has been wet and dry so many times that I'm surprised I can even use it. Sweetheart, today I'm going to try and answer some of the quires you raised in your letters. Actually dear, I was a bit in doubt regarding those reducing pills but since you are suffering no ill effect I suppose it's O.K. Bubs, don't take off any fullness in any of my special areas.--- you know what I mean.

I'm happy to hear that my back mail is catching up with you, darling. It merely goes to prove that you are and always will be in my verbal or written expression.

You see, when we landed in England I was there but 5 days before we shoved off to France as a member of the "Red Ball Trucking outfit. That accounts for the tie up in mail since we moved constantly and had a tough time getting mail out.

For me mail has been coming in regularly the past 3 days a just like the old times- However things happen around here and mail can't always be regular. I'll tell you later all about it.

The only reason I wanted you to read "Hostages" was because Stephan Heym describes so adequately, in a way which I can't, the

way I feel when I and you love completely of course, the book is fine as a novel too.

So Mort wants to be a H.P. does he? More power to him! I hope he makes it.

I'm very interested in your Dramatic group and your productions. It's a tough job producing a play when you have to improvise so many things isn't it.? Is Sanford taking part in producing plays too?

Sweets, don't send me bita fluff. In the first place, the jar would probably be broken by the time I got it and in the second place, I would stand for anyone giving me a shampoo. but you. However, if you prescribe that I use Vita fluff, my darling send it.

Just as a reminder I'm writing this letter by lamp light. Everything 's blacked out. It's going to be swell getting back to a place where they have neon signs flashing in the night.

Sweetheart, I am glad that I am here. I feel that I have attained a purpose for being in the army. No rationalizing either! It will be my little bit to hit at the Nazis for the untold cruelty which they have thrust upon little peoples and for taking me away from an adorable wife and allaying our plans to raise a family. Nuff said!

I got a kick out of your letter in which you break out in red in to emphasize a point--rather cute. Please don't be angry with me,

but I'm always forgetting to mail your suede brush. One of these days I'll send it to you. I assure you.

Just to show off my ability to speak German I'd like to have you know that the Man of the House (Dutch) and myself discussed such questions as the colored question. What to do with Germany after the war, and post war Holland. Strange as it may seem, the people want Queen Wilhelmina to rule Holland again. These people with whom we stayed had relations living in Germany. Yet they wanted these relatives to be slaughtered as well as all the other Germans. They claim that Germany has no right to be a nation among nations. They have sacrificed their privilege to live as men and women and must be slaughtered as beasts. From some of the stories they told me I agree with them.

I get a kick about the petty gossip at home when you inject it into the international picture. I mean such items as divorces, and successes in business in terms of the stuff I mentioned in the last paragraph. Yet, I want to receive it since it keeps me in touch with home. (No, I'm not getting homesick, my only yearning is for you!) With you. I could travel the world over and over.

Gee, sweets, time flies by. It's late and I've got to get up early. Good night my darling. Sweet dreams

Always,

Vic