

10-5-1944

## Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert Dated October 5, 1944

Victor A. Speert

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## LETTER TWENTY THREE-VIC TO EDITH

At Sea

5 October 1943

1948?

My adorable darling,

Sweetheart, did you get those flowers I sent you before I left camp? I hope you liked them.

I'm getting "itchy" for your letters. You probably feel the same way I do and there isn't a darned thing we can do about it but grin and bear it.

Contrary to general belief the weather is very pleasant. We go around in our woolen OD shirts and feel comfortable. The sea is calm so all in all we are having a very pleasant journey.

There are some very interesting personalities working on the ship. Some old "salts" have been in the navy as much as 50 yrs. Imagine going to sea at the tender age of 14 and spending all that time? -wow!

Il' tell you one thing. The British are getting completely fed up with maintaining their so called "traditions". One man put it this way. He said, "the government tells us that they will build for us new modern homes (pre-fabricated) which are worth about 1/4 of the original value yet plan to spend millions of dollars to restore some of the old architecture to its original condition. As for Churchill- he's a Tory! - the leopard never changes his spots.

One of the things that peturbed the men was getting the world series scores. You'd be surprised to learn how important they felt

it was to their well being.

Today I got a haircut from the ships barber. A quaint old gentleman who operates the ships store (PX for officers) and alternates as barber. In the lush days of 1st class travel, he was the ship's hairdresser and worked on the coiffures of rich old dames traveling around the world. Now, he cuts the hair of the officers. I had another close trim and a shampoo all for the price of 50¢. Very very inexpensive.

Sweetheart, do you have any trouble sleeping during the night. You should! Every night I crush you in my arms and make violent love to you (in my dreams). Before we know it, it will be the real thing again. Mumm!

Darling, did you get in touch with Mrs. (Lt) Embry?

I have a room-mate who shares my room. Lt. Amster—a very comic fellow who hails from Los Angeles. He is in another battalion and makes things very pleasant without becoming obnoxious.

Capt. Shaw & Shelton send you their regards. Shaw mentioned that he wouldn't mind eating some rolled cabbage right now. I would love some too. I'm enclosing a menu in one of these letters.

I love you,

Vic