Bryant University Bryant Digital Repository

Speert, Edith and Victor A.

Letters by Women During World War II

12-3-1944

Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert Dated December 3, 1944

Victor A. Speert

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

Part of the Arts and Humanities Commons

Recommended Citation

Speert, Victor A., "Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert Dated December 3, 1944" (1944). *Speert, Edith and Victor A.*. Paper 18. https://digitalcommons.bryant.edu/edith/18

This Personal Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Letters by Women During World War II at Bryant Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Speert, Edith and Victor A. by an authorized administrator of Bryant Digital Repository. For more information, please contact dcommons@bryant.edu.

LETTER ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-VIC TO EDITH 3 December 1944 Somewheres in Germany

Sweets,

Today I considered myself most forunate receiving your letters dated the 18th & 19th of November. Looking at the whole situation I have come to the conclusion that it takes about 2 weeks for my letters to reach you and a similar period for your letters to reach me. However, since we write every day to each other the 2 weeks time log doesn't matter very much.

Last night I dispatched the last of my Xmas cards to all our friends so they can't say that I've forgotten them. Fortunately we've stayed long enough in one place so that I was able to get all my cards sent in due time.

Families are O.K. to visit but living with them is a different proposition. Don't you worry your pretty little head about any family troubles. I'm more sure than ever now that they won't be a problem with us. Both of us are interested in the same goal "Our Happiness".

I'm getting real jealous. Doc Luddecke got pictures (snapshots) of his wife and baby and shows them off whereas I've got to show off "old" pictures of my "baby". I'm waiting on "pins and needles" to see how my darling looks. Honey, I hope you've stream-lined along the places where you've had excesses and not "reduced any of the areas that shouldn't be "reduced". You know, sweets, you do possess those kind of areas. (Am I clear?)

Darling, the cartoon on the Post-War Planning Commission is clever. I, too, consider the subject matter as No. 1 on my post-war plans program. You too?

Sweetheart, there are many young women in Cleveland with husband serving overseas. The booklet "Hello Again" is full of names. Offhand, I remember Eleanor Klein Rosenberg (Aaron Rosenberg's wife) and no doubt there are numerous other ones. Of course, some have babies and that does alter the situation somewhat as far as reaching a common ground is concerned.

Well, the outfit has hit the "Stars & Stripes" and I'm sending you the article enclosed. The outfit hit one of the hardest defended points on the Siegfried line and performed in an excellent manner. By now, I presume you have read quite a bit about the outfit.

How is the little car running these days? Gee, we got pretty good service when we ran it, didn't we?

As far as I'm concerned, I'm getting along swell and feel in excellent health. This evening we had an elegant meal. Fried chicken, peas & carrots (fresh) stuffing, potatoes and fruits for salad. Not bad at all, I'd say.

I'll bet I haven't spent \$10.00 for the whole month of November. You simply have no place to spend your money here so you can expect me to either send the money home and have you purchase bonds or I'll purchase the bonds here and send them home. Darling, I too feel as though we've been separated for ages. For that metter I felt that way the first week that I left the States. As to the period of separation-there's no definite answer-until we are together again and I hope it won't be too long away.

I'm afraid those German films I sent you won't fit the camera. Nevertheless, if you have one spool you can take snapshots and then you'll have to get into a dark room and roll the exposed film back on to its roll. (Simple isn't it).

Good-night for now, dear. Our generator which supplies the lights went on the blink so I guess I'll go to bed.

I love you with all my life,

Vic