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Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert Dated November 16, 1944

Victor A. Speert

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LETTER EIGHTY SIX-VIC TO EDITH

16 November 1944

Somewhere in Holland

My beloved,

Today was the first day in 5 consecutive days that I missed receiving a letter and already I "chewed out" the mail clerk. Just goes to show you how easy it is to fall back into civilian ways again.

Nothing new or eventful happening about which I can tell you. Being censor I'm even now conscious about what I can write about and what I must avoid writing.

You remember the galoshes I purchased back at Fort Sam? They have more than paid for themselves a thousand fold in this muck and mire.

At the present time we are listening to Bing Crosby's program rebroadcast to the European theatre of operations. The music is emanating from the Col. room which is situated next to ours. Truly dear, our quarters are excellent and something which they didn't tell you to expect at Fort Sill. That's the advantage of being in Headquarters--you usually get a good spot to set-up.

Lt. Wittman, Lt. Haygood, Capt. Shelton and myself room occupy a large room which is nicely furnished. We have a good time every night. Since everything is completely blacked out here we add an extra convenience by installing a urinal pot. Each night we flip a coin to determine who will be the pot empty-outer.

I'm interrupting the letter to tell you that Bing is now singing "I'll get by" Very good, yesiree. To get back now to the original "pissy" subject. Well, I mentioned the fact that I was going to write about it which reminded the fellows that we had yet to flip for tonight selection. As luck should have it, I lost, so I'm tonight's "piss pot" empty outer. Oh well, C'est la guerre!

According to "Stars and Stripes" cigarettes are being black-marketed at home. What a stinkin shame when it's as tough as hell to get cigarettes to the front line troops.

Whittman's & I took some snapshots today with Wittman's camera. If they come out O.K I'll send them to you.

I'm set up well as far as woolens are concerned but I lost my good woolen scarf, you know, the one I got at Idaho. I purchased a small one but it is inadequate for the kind of weather I'm expecting around here.

We had a PX distribution today & received no cigarettes at all. Fortunately I have a carton which should last me for awhile. Some of the men are not so fortunate, darn it.

We've seen a few things now and then which I shall describe later on. My pistol has become my closest friend and I baby it ardously-nothing unusual however.

That's a good idea about that night school class which Dad & you plan to attend. It should do Dad a lot of good to get some academic stimulation.

Bye for now my sweets. My loving thoughts are with you constantly. I'm ever so in love with you.

Forever and Ever,

Vic