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Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert Dated November 1, 1944

Victor A. Speert

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LETTER SIXTY TWO-VIC TO EDITH

1 November 1944

In France

My beloved,

The sun came out of the clouds today and warmed the damp atmosphere. It was most welcome. Well, we're still hop, skip and jumping around with the expectations of meeting up with the outfit shortly.

The days are passing uneventfully particularly since I have received no letters from you yet. The last one I received was dated Oct. 2. Don't you worry your pretty little head since I expect to get loads and loads of mail when I do get mail. I know the temptation will be hard but I'm going to sort the mail chronologically and read the oldest mail first.

I had my first hot water shower since I've been in France. It was one of the portable shower units that the engineers set up and operated better than anticipated. You are allowed 7 minutes under the shower, a whistle blows, and then you've got to scram. It was a real treat!

My laundry, done by yours truly, has not been too bad since I don't wait for clothes to accumulate, but wash often. Some of the men have had the French natives do their clothing but I don't like the way they dip the clothes in a stagnant pool and beat the clothes with paddles. This process seems to get the clothes clean somehow. The food continues to be good-so far so good. I got some French breac (looks like Swedish rye) from a store and it tasted excellent as well as being a change

from the regular Army bread. The military are not permitted to purchase things from French stores since it cuts down on civilian purchases & bread is rationed, however, I spoke to the woman (in French) and she gave me two large ends of the bread. Their breads are 2 feet long- really monstrous breads compared to ours.

One observation I've noticed between the English and the French. In England the people's faces reflect the hardships that they have gone through. They are pale, few of them with smiles. The French, on the other hand, despite the destruction & ruin of their villages, still smile, wave their arms in salutation and use lipstick & rouge generously. These people are very much concerned with their personal appearance and I think they deserve a lot of credit.

It seems that I'm starting to bump into a lot of old acquaintances. Yesterday, I bumped into Lt. Max Friedman (Sanford knows him) whose father is in the Fruit Commission business & who attended Ohio State. I think he lives on 146th St. Kinsman Ave. & is engaged to a girl, Sylvia Jacobs, who lives on 163 St. Kinsman. Do you know the girl? If you know her tell her I saw him.

Sweetheart, I looking forward to receiving pictures of you periodically. Darling, you might also be interested to know that I am cultivating a mustache. Yes, sweets, I shall have it thoroughly removed before I see you.

Your husband whose deliriously in love with you,

Vic