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Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert
Dated December 25, 1944

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25 December 1944
Christmas Day in Belgium

My dearest, I love you and miss you like mad on this Christmas Day. We had a really elegant Christmas dinner-drum and corned beef and all the trimmings. Despite the fact that we had moved so rapidly, it's truly fantastic that we have the chance to have such a good dinner.

Well, since the long letter that I promised you, by now you have had the headlines in all the papers, and have learned of the great enemy counteroffensive which I'm sure will be crushed completely in a few days.

I had heard on the radio, etc. that they were making gains in Belgium, but I never noticed that they had gained the actual proportions that they did, so I fear we have it wrong on our way to Belgium to stop the panic of our people. But I'll tell you that never in all my life did I ever need a concentration of 250,000 armed men and material coming to help the threatened area. It was amazing and thrilling all at the same time.

We arrived in this Belgian town and I got most of the outfit set up in homes of civilians. I was almost amazed when these Belgian people-they were some stricken. They were under the impression that we were retreating American troops and so they immediately started to pack their bundles and evacuate the town. They told me that the Nazis warned them that if any Belgian stayed or man was found within 24 hours after they returned, they would cut off their heads if all civilians found.
It was absolutely tragic to see the young kids taking off with the coats and their mother crying and waving goodbye. I recall it when I said the United States doesn’t know what it means to despise and hate the Germans.

This letter may be unkind but you’ll have to forgive the resemblance. Darling,

yes, we had all kinds of experience. Here and there, we’d get a phone call that something was burning. We’d make our way to the nearest shelter and wait there for an announcement. The columns were burning, and we were saved.

Sometimes, we’d be alerted to a burning home. We’d rush there, sometimes even when it was already too late. We had to rally and save what we could.

One time, I remember, there was a fire in a nearby home. We rushed there immediately and found the house blazing. We managed to save some of the equipment and the belongings. And the furniture had been removed.

Using my very commanding voice, I got all the civilians to form a line to help extinguish the fire. The house was still burning, but the people were doing their best. It’s tough, being a soldier.

I had to get some compensation for these from the army.

Imagine the moral integrity of the people around him, who steal, and the looting and destruction of a civilian person. How could he tell me that many of his possessions which were carried out of the burning home were stolen.
by some f civilians or soldiers. The Nazi occupation truly disturbed the morale and existence of people. We got a G5 vehicle and moved the furnishings to a nearby town. It was money to save this incident to the woman. The event took her away to find me place to put off the news. One old couple was afraid I0 something—any kind. When they said that they would not room—right answered. They then left the books away. They immediately produced two rooms.

Truly dear, I've had a chance to get a short of peoples and peoples thought, but I never had before. Probably, I say, only that my French is approaching a state of fluency.

So being turned out of one room we got rooms in the same that we started. Swagman everything went fine until the evening when the who told that there was a lot of people huddled in the cold. Cells among them being a sick little boy. I went down to the cellar and found a much people huddled together. We slept right, and who was planning to spend the night there. These people knew we already fear of terror and these people knew almost approach of psychic. Those people made up their minds that they were going to remain in the cellar and kept a high water would not budge them. Well, if they didn't want to move, we decided to give up a shelter for them and hook up an electric light. We fixed up a light, but we couldn't get the place to work, in fact. It wouldn't stand and failed the tiny cellar room with smoke. The sick lady coughed and moaned and we had to take him up at the roof. Poor lad was came down later looked at the baby and said get him sufficient to a examination.
They are sick. "We're afraid of the bombs, etc."

I told them very sternly, "You'll have to get up!

The baby in the room, the baby to look in a warm room, but I dispatched the other to their room. They probably bitched at me, but I admitted that had to light them in the cellar, for the night are coming and it was all the next morning.

The next morning I stepped in across the hall where the sick baby lived. The baby was introduced to Joseph, aged 4, and Max, aged 2, who was remaining with their mother and grandmother when their father left to join the Belgian underground. 

I was the Belgian agent to get underground. By the way barefoot, Joseph is the boy of the left. Max is the girl of the right. Joseph is older. He doesn't have any one blond to Cuba. Max is one of the most attractive babies I have ever seen. She has reddish blond hair and blue eye. Max used to tell me that I was going to take Max with me when I left.

Joseph and Max improved when I went in the next day and scanning from the facts of pneumonia which he had. It was a difficult time giving Joseph his medicine and Joseph would only accept the medicine when I gave it to him. Yet, I had to give him his medicines. So, I mixed it into grapefruit juice. As long as we're around the kids get grapefruit juice regularly.

I got the mother to write a letter to Elaine in French. Which I think Elaine should enjoy as well as get an insight on the struggle of the people. I think it is a very kind letter.

I knew that you would fall in love with these kids too. They were so adorable. They fought quite a bit and their mother referred to them as the "German and the American."
The terrible weather had cleared up lately, and our air combat had been pounding the heck out of them. Sadly, I never thought I'd see so many planes that have been flying around. They make a thrilling sight.

The men and women were very well, and treated the civilians beautifully. I called them together and gave them a talking to, and they thereupon well.

Today I notice that the pain among the people has seemed. They feel more content with the American's arms.

I was meeting here, yesterday, when a truck pulled up and asked the driver said, "Where do you want this tank point?" It seems that the tank pilot was shot down by one of our planes and when the news spread out, the people wanted to see the tank. They wanted once, standing, have developed such an intense hatred for the Nazis. I rejoice with them and more. They are becoming very soldiers in American uniforms and American tanks try to penetrate our lines. They are pulling across, striking the red lines of war. — the closest type. I am very glad since they are revealing what the tank and trenches will know now to handle the occupation properly — with machine guns.

I'm not bitter, sweetheart, just a reality!

Yesterday, I was called to meet some was correspondent from France in Brazil. The Col. gave the correspondent from Brazil the situation, and I refused the correspondent from France. She was correspondent with me, I was very happy when she said in French: The people of France want to know..."
When we concluded the interview, he literally
bust into both chucks.
I have really enjoyed my expenses
so far and time passes quickly when you're
busy but still not too busy to indulge my
pilgrims darling. Oh, I want to crush
you in my arms and kiss your
fingers.
I got a laugh out of her today too.
All the other kids having a bit, the
son came to him while they were and
they were having fun talking about it.

Sweetheart, I'm getting sleepy now, I'll
ever good night, sweet dreams and a
very happy birthday, dearest. 

I love you

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