Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert  
Dated December 28, 1944

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28 December 1944
Somewhere in Belgium

My dearest love,

Today I received an airmail letter dated the 11th, and a V-mail letter from the 8th; both dated the same day. Capt. Stout told me that he received an air mail letter from you, too.

We are feeling very good today as the situation is turning in our favor. It does good to see the Belgians moving back to the town where they had heard that the train was from. The Boche had been stopped. Yes, even Joseph's father came home. He is about 28-30 years old, and is the school-teacher of the town. He had many interesting stories to tell about the activities in the rear areas of Belgium. The children were very happy to see their father and imagine he was happy to see them. My wife told him that the weather was bad, but I said that they had stood up in the present. She said "When you come to visit me in the United States, you can have as much good food as you like". All these people seem to know the good treatment the Americans give the captured prisoners. It told them it was because we are still an entire free peoples and will take our responsibilities later.

Darling, I'm glad that you and Miss Engellin "hit it off". It makes it so much more pleasant to work with an assistant who is cooperative and cheerful.

I'm sorry to hear that were married
And I sincerely hope that she is well at this time.

By the way, I haven't heard from Mother and Dad for a while. Dad is expected; she just doesn't write, but I'm a little bit disappointed in Mother.

I really like to hear from her and she writes excellent letters.

You know sweetheart, there was a time when I was indifferent to babies in the same way I was indifferent to marriage, etc. But now I know that the reason I don't like babies is because I love you so intensely and now love has reached a point where it is capable of attaining new horizons. Do you know what I mean? No problem in our relationship sustenance, our marriage has a foundation of solid granite and now we are ready to build upon that foundation.

Ladie honey, I'd like to please but you have three letters in Atlanta that the Red Cross woman wrote to her. I'd like to keep them among our memories if it's OK with you.

Don't you worry your pretty head about that 25 books for next month. I understand all the books were mailed after Aug 3 and my new one didn't go into effect until Oct 1. I'll check up any way and see if the above is correct, sweet.

I'm glad to see that you're coming along with the other stories. Yes, I agree with you Karl is a nice name. According to what they wanted a girl for the first one but he was ready to accept a boy too.
Dear June, please take care of your health and be sure that you get sufficient recreation. Every month I do take a visit to a friend in another city. (I said farewell to him and you're not denying it.)

I've read and re-read the poem that Alma sent you entitled "On the Road" and feel that the first few lines ("The wind on the head") show how he expresses himself and the feeling of the American poet, Whitman:

Although on my violet hands in blood
In my mind's eye a garden of beauty,

I think you have gathered the same theme in my letters when you find me speaking touchingly about the plaza and in the heart's breath extolling the charm of men and places (The Belgian hotel). The American poet has not lost his perspective and will not present any lofty romantic picture when he returns home to his loved one. Idaho there may be some exceptions, but I am speaking for the majority.

Darling, you won't have any problem, I know you.

This morning we had a brief glimpse of snow flakes, but they did not stick for very long.

Julia, dear, how has Lenford spoken to you about any prospects of marriage? I'm speaking like my beloved poetry books, but seriously. I wish he had a sweet wife like I have and get himself married.

So you ever hear about the rest of the bridal party?

Yours from a distant source.

Barrie Hall. I'll close this letter by saying your name, your eyes, and... "O.K., if you want me to... A real passion in your life..."