

Dear Mallye,

Air
mail

Received your letter (V-mail) and Recorder and was very glad to receive both. I am ~~feeling fine and am glad to hear everybody in Wilmington is fine too.~~

Well today was pay day and everybody is sitting around the tent smoking cigars and listening to Bob Hope. They call our tent the camp U. S. D. because everybody assembles here at night and shoot the breeze. What characters we have in our outfit, you don't have much time to get home. We have fellows who would make Abbott & Costello look like a pair of amateurs.

Today I made it into Honolulu and guess who I bumped ~~into~~ into, well it was Itzie Shoenberg, we were really surprised to see each other. Every day I come to the realization that it is a very small world after all. We are going to meet Saturday and spend a liberty together. Notice I say spend a liberty together, not the customary petting as there isn't much you can do over here. It is nice to talk over old times again. It makes you feel like a civilian (halfway). I hear Milt Cohen

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is over here and I'll look him up when I get a chance.

Air
Mail

I hear Red Jacobs is an air cadet now. If I know Red he'll make a good pilot.

Give him my regards when you write him. I received a couple of promotions since I've been over here and am now a petty officer and that extra pay is what I care about although you don't have much chance to spend it, but I guess I can save for my old age.

I was glad to hear that Arter was home again, boy when I get back to the states you can just call me "The furlough kid".

Yesterday I went to a show in the camp and they had a community song for a short and they had parts for the boys & girls to sing, so the boys had to sing the girls part and we really went to town with high pitched voices, it was really comical.

The fellows are always making up verses about this place, not that they don't love it here, oh no, it couldn't be that, but we do have a few poets around here. Here are a few verses.

" On a South Sea tropic island,
where our mail is always late,
and a Christmas Card in April, is

Considered up to date,
Where we always have a payday, yet
seldom draw a ~~few~~ cent

Air
mail

But we never miss the money, because
we'd never get it spent.

②
On a South Pacific Island, 5 thousand
miles from home,
Where beards grow long and stubby,
and your hair is too short to comb,
Where you're sure of going to heaven
for anyone can tell!

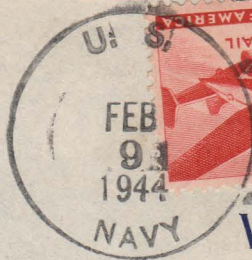
This god-forsaken outpost is a sub-
stitute for hell.

Well, maybe that's enough for Shakes-
peare now and I'll end now as this
cigar is getting the best of me and I am
getting a little drowsy.

Yours of Love
J. S. Steelman

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copied

VIA AIR MAIL

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2/14/44