



Dear Molly:

Here is a long awaited pleasure. This has been my first chance to write in a long, long time, and there is so much I want to tell you that I don't know where to begin. I'll begin by saying thanks, thanks a million for a four page paper, and thank the man who thought of the idea of starting the "Y" Recorder. My first copy came last week, my first piece of mail in two and a half months, and believe me when I say, it was more than welcome. I enjoyed very much the letters written from the boys in camp. The best one, I think came from Lt. Joe First, and the best gag of the week goes to Lou Simon. Harry, I too will bet that your uniform won't fit, and to my friend Dave Glazar, goes this little message. You're lucky you received a letter from Georgie Mittleman; and about our handwriting, it gets the same places as yours does, and with the same results. That's the first time I ever knew Davie to say he had nothing more to say.

And to my brother-in-law Sam, tell him to stay in the U.S. I can hear him yelling now because he is so far from home. I can't forget my friend Mendel. Every time it gets gloomy around here, I think of "Machine Gun Mendel". It is always good for a smile. No offense Mendel, but I still think it's funny. My regards to Leon, Lou, Davie and Max Simon and the gang all over the country. So much for that.

We had a quiet sea voyage over, and we made one stop before coming here. It was a short stay of four or five hours and I met a friend of ours in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. I ran right into the 198th. Lot's of the boys came out in native canoes, and in one of them was Morty Sklut. We spent about an hour talking, and

I keep thinking of the "Y" Basketball team of a few years ago. The same team that came out of retirement to beat the boy's in a post season game. I often think of the basketball games we used to have. Jake Fried throwing a pass that hit the wall of the gym, and left it shaking; Alec Goldberg coming down the side lines and sounding like a team of horses; Sonny Levy trying to keep the boy's calm and Sid Jacoby sinking one from the middle of the floor; and Blatman running around like a chicken with his head cut off. There is one thing that both teams are getting, and that is Gus Reissman in the stands, and Abe Lewis making his next years predictions for the "Y" team--- "Hello Boys."

Well, Mollye, that's about all from New Caladonia. Enjoying good health, etc. My best to everyone around the "Y" from the "Boss" to the janitor, and please extend my best wishes and best of luck to all the boys in camp including Davie Glazar, and please let me know when Abe Lewis joins the service. I'll know we're in pretty bad shape then. The battle cry, around here is, "Home for Christmas--'42."

Love,

"Artie" Blatman

P.S. My Van Dyke is coming along nicely, thank you.

Dear Mollye:

We are still awaiting word from Artie, but as yet we haven't heard a thing.

Last Saturday nite they had a very nice birthday party for me. Sam gave me a Defense Bond, and as an extra surprise had a beautiful cake made with candles and all.

This was a real hectic weekend here on the Pacific. I'm sure we are safe. Nobody, not even the Japs would be interested in this town. We received mail from Irv. Sigmund and Max Simon, last week and they are both fine.



Dear Molly:

Here is a long awaited pleasure. This has been my first chance to write in a long, long time, and there is much to write about. There is so much I want to tell you that I don't know where to begin. I'll begin by saying thanks, thanks a million for a four page paper, and thank the man who thought of the idea of starting the "Y" Recorder. My first copy came last week, my first piece of mail in two and a half months, and believe me when I say, it was more than welcome. I enjoyed very much the letters written from the boys in camp. The best one, I think came from Lt. Joe First, and the best gag of the week goes to Lou Simon. Harry, I too will bet that your uniform won't fit, and to my friend Dave Glazar, goes this little message. You're lucky you received a letter from Georgie Mittleman; and about our handwriting, it gets the same places as yours does, and with the same results. That's the first time I ever knew Davie to say he had nothing more to say.

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I keep thinking of the "Y" Basketball team of a few years ago. The same team that came out of retirement to beat the boy's in a post season game. I often think of the basketball games we used to have. Jake Fried throwing a pass that hit the wall of the gym, and left it shaking; Alec Goldberg coming down the side lines and sounding like a team of horses; Sonny Levy trying to keep the boy's calm and Sid Jacoby sinking one from the middle of the floor; and Blatman running around like a chicken with his head cut off. There is one thing that both teams are getting, and that is Gus Reissman in the stands, and Abe Lewis making his next years predictions for the "Y" team--- "Hello Boys."

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Give our regards to Mr. Sollo and the gang at the "Y".

Sincerely,

Hike & Sam Geller

Dear Mollye:

I'm taking a long vacation here in Miami---Oh-Yeah! I don't know how long I'll be around---not long, I hope.

Sincerely,
(Lt) Bob Coleman

Dear Mollye:

Received your letter this week and was very glad to hear from you. I will write Dave Weiner and if he gets over to Texas, I will try to meet him some place near here.

As far as cross-country hops are concerned I guess I won't be making as many as I used to. I have been promoted or rather demoted. I now am an Assistant Element Commander or in simple terms an Elementary "Check Rider". When everybody else gives up, I fly with them on their final opportunity and it is usually their last nite. As to that new field near home, I sure wish you could dig up some details for it it would be possible I would love to be stationed near home. The next time Mr. Sollod is out there, I wish he would make a few inquiries about Navigators and if they intend to have them. They shipped some officers from here to a Bombardment School this week, so if there is to be an assignment of that kind, I could possibly land it.

Give my regards to Mr. Sollod, Sonny, and all the gang.

Sincerely,

(Lt.) Seymour Berman

Dear Mollye:

Today is Sunday and I'm stuck on the Post because I'm a table waiter. It is only for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. at each meal, but I'm stuck. A good many of us were asleep on our feet the last few days. To get all the firing done they got us up at 3:30 & 4:30 A.M. We broiled in the sun, drank quarts of water and fried when our respective turns came.

Since, returning, most of the time has been spent washing equipment, cleaning rifles, and sleeping. After stepping into the hole of a Y.M.C.A. here, the U.S.O. is a place of sparkle & glitter, I am convinced that our "Y" is one of the best of its kind in existence. I know its going to be difficult, but keep it going at high gear. I am sure that every soldier who has ever been there looks forward to again enjoying its gracious and friendly atmosphere. My best regards to your folks & Mr. Sollod.

Love,

Nate Goldstein

Dear Mollye:

I wish to thank you and Mr. Sollod in behalf of the Battery for the wonderful time that you pres-

Things are very quiet at the present time. However, I am developing a nice sun-tan.

Well, Mollye, thanks again, & until I hear from you, I remain,

Sincerely,

(Sgt) Charlie Lewis

Dear Mollye:

Better late than never. Really though, I am so busy I haven't time for any correspondence. I had been writing to quite a few people while in training, but I have had to cut it down since arriving here. This is a Paradise compared to-----. The University is situated in the small town of----- catering only to the college students, & the campus is beautiful.

The food is so good that the Officers eat in the same dining hall with us. This Saturday Eve, I intend going to the dance that the town is giving us at town hall. Quite a few of the Co-eds will be there and I will have a chance to turn on the old personality and line up a date for future weekends. There is a Municipal swimming pool here that will also claim a great portion of my free time.

I am supposed to be studying now, and the instructor watching the class is looking my way, so will have to close with regards to Mr. Sollod.

Your sailor friend,
Bertie Braunstein

Dear Mollye:

I was so busy I couldn't see you before I left. I saw Mr. Sollod Friday afternoon eating lunch at Rubins and bid farewell to him.

I really got a surprise when I got back to Camp. I found out I was a P.F.C., so I'll wear one stripe on each sleeve, and also a little more pay monthly. Maybe I should take another furlough and they will promote me still higher. Give my regards to Mr. Sollod and everyone else down there, and I hope I will be seeing you all very soon.

Your friend,
Bob Lisansky

Dear Mollye:

Well, I've moved again. This time for real. Before, it was a little closer to home, now a whole Continent separates me from home.

The weather here is very cool. Wish it were as it is in Wilmington. Hoping to hear from you soon.

an Elementary "Check Rider". When everybody else gives up, I fly with them on their final opportunity and it is usually their last nite. As to that new field near home, I sure wish you could dig up some details for it it would be possible I would love to be stationed near home. The next time Mr. Solloed is out there, I wish he would make a few inquiries about Navigators and if they intend to have them. They shipped some officers from here to a Bombardment School this week, so if there is to be an assignment of that kind, I could possibly land it.

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Love,
Nate Goldstein

Dear Mollye:

I wish to thank you and Mr. Solloed in behalf of the Battery for the wonderful time that you presented down here at Fort-----

Mollye, without a doubt, those kids were the most sociable, and entertaining group of girls that have visited our Fort. The boys keep asking when are the "Y" girls coming down again, they are certainly great kids, and please thank them all for myself and the Battery.

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The weather here is very cool. Wish it were as it is in Wilmington. Hoping to hear from you real soon.

Sincerely,
Milton Honey

Dear Mollye:

Here it is a beautiful day in--- and in the mood of writing letters, so here it goes. The good news just hit me that the fifty buck pay roll is coming this way. It sure will feel good to lay my hands on that

much dough with my gal coming this way. It could never have come at a better time. I am waiting patiently to find out if and when I will be transferred.

From the latest information my brother "Chakie" was put in 1-A. Well, when they take him I won't be able to say much for the Army. It just seems like they don't stop at anything. I hear that all the Doctors are pulling out. I suppose Wilmington will be a Ghost City, in about two more months. All they have to do is take the duPonts and then it will be complete.

Well, Mollye, I still have two more letters to write. Don't forget, regards to everyone that is left in Wilmington.

Sincerely,
Leon Flanzer

Dear Mollye:

It was swell hearing from you and am looking forward to the answer to this letter. I guess Ernie Reiver and I have not had a real chance to meet, as we aren't getting off as much as I did before. Ernie is stationed right near the Fort. The next time that I get in, I will try to get in touch with him.

I read about Joe Tannen being promoted to a Captain. I'm glad to hear that he is doing nicely. Is he still stationed at the Ordinance Plant. I am looking forward to receiving the next issue of the Recorder. It certainly does have a lot of local news in it. Though I do get the Journal and the Star, the Recorder does give me pleasant moments in reading. I would like to get the address of Max Podolsky and Bernard Muderick. I went to school with both and would like to drop them a line. Would also appreciate the address of Carl Bleiberg.

I'll close now with regards to you, Mr. Sollod, and the rest of our old gang that is still left.

Sincerely,
(Lt) Bernie Greenberg

Dear Mollye:

Do you remember how wonderful life was, for me, in Wil.? I always thought there was no place in the world like Wilmington. It's Scott Field---it's a pretty wonderful place. I'm mad about it! I'm mad (Period).

We just lie around in bed every morning until 5 o'clock. This

darkness to the Mess hall. We have a hearty breakfast consisting of some nice, muddy, unidentifiable liquid, and a choice of beans--either red or white.

The breakfasts are delicious, and while eating we think of the jolly good times we are going to have during the day. After breakfast at 5:39, we loaf around on the way back to the barracks. We have nothing to do until 5:40, so we just sit around, scrub the toilets, mop up the floors, wash the windows and pick up all the cigarette stubs and match sticks within a radius of 150 ft.

Around six, with a quarter of the day loafed away, the Sgt. comes in and says: "Come on out in the sun, kids", so we go out and just bask in the sunshine. Just like Miami Beach. Of course, its been raining here for the last 3 days, but from the way the Sgt. talks, it might clear up today. To limber up, we do a few simple calisthenics. Not like the hard ones Danny used to give us--I should say not. Ours consist of simple ones, such as touching ones toes with both feet off the ground and grabbing ones self by the hand and holding ones self out at arms length.

Well, Mollye, that's all I have to write now. Please send me a copy of the Recorder. Give my regards to Mr. Sollod and all the boys.

Sincerely,
Emil Cohen

Dear Mollye:

I received your letter and the Recorder, I am most grateful for both--believe me. My only regret is that, it isn't published more than twice a month. I am feeling very well. Things are rather quiet on the Island. I gather from the radio & the newspaper, that the Japs are planning an attack in the----. In the event the "slit-eyes" ever get here, they'll find a warm reception awaiting them.

Quoting one of the boys in a letter, it's the parents who are suffering most in this conflict. I quite agree with him. They are to be admired for their courage. One letter from my Mother and Dad, and I could lick the whole Jap army. You'll agree that there aren't two finer and more loveable people than my folks.

It's getting dark, I hope this letter finds you well. Regards

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We just lie around in bed every morning until 5 o'clock. This, of course, gives us plenty of time to get washed, dressed, make up our bunks, brush our teeth, by 5:10 AM. At 5:15 we stand outside and shiver as we enjoy the nice freezing air.

We do this because the Captain likes to call out every man's name, and say "Good-morning" to him personally. After we are reasonably chilled, we grope our way through the

the way back to the barracks. We have nothing to do until 5:40, so we just sit around, scrub the toilets, mop up the floors, wash the windows and pick up all the cigarette stubs and match sticks within a radius of 150 ft.

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It's getting dark, I hope this letter finds you well. Regards to Mr. Sollod and the gang.

Write soon.

Sincerely,
Davie Berger

Dear Mollye:

Thanks for the Recorder and your letters. I just received the issue of May 15th and it sure looks good. Dr. Selinkoff was over on this side and dropped in to see

me yesterday. I haven't looked up Bernard Greenberg yet. He's about a block from me.

I'm an uncle now! I heard from my brother and they have a boy! Jules expects to be called into active duty soon.

Mendel's letter was pretty good. Guess the army won't change him. I wrote to Jack Redless but haven't heard as yet. Regards to Mr. Sollod.

Sincerely,
Ernie Reiver

Dear Mollye:

You can bet your last sugar lump that my desire to be there helping you with the children in the Home Camp is much greater than your desire to have me, (mostly for selfish reasons). Here's a poem that describes the Island fairly well. (My apologies for calling it a poem).

A sky of brass, the sun a flame,
A place no man should dwell.
A spot of earth so dan'ed hot
It still belongs to hell.
The only spot that God forgot,
Forgetful, yes, was he,
If Col. Foulk had done the same,
How happy I would be.

On this hell that's Matagorda
On a wilderness of sand
Sure! God meant only rattlesnakes
To habitate this land.
We begin a dreadful exile
On this God-forsaken spot.
The outer world forgotten,
And by the World forgot.

I have looked through Noah Webster
To find a fitting name,
I have scanned a book of synonyms,
But it seems a losing game.
No adjectives were written
To describe this life we lead
To turn this to a first class hell
Brinstone's all we need!

The flies are armed with corkscrews
The mosquitos all wear spurs,
The rocks are nests of scorpions,
The grass is pointed burrs,
The winds are always blowing,
And the air is biting sand,
Centipedes ten inches long
Are strewn on every hand.
Around us desolation lies,
Our throats are parched & dry
And a flood of molten fire flows
From out a cloudless sky,
Mosquitoes, flies and crawling
things,

Whose names I cannot tell---
God! Keep that ton of brinstone

and swimming, but someday the powers that be will give me a gun and say "Nah! Shiness!" whereupon the earth will split, the clouds divide, thunder emanate from the heavens, and as I slowly advance upon a panic stricken foe, Armstice will be declared and everybody will go home. Goody! Goody!

Love,
Joe Kirshner

P.S. Regards to Mr. Sollod.

Dear Mollye:

I want to extend to you my belated thanks for sending that swell letter and a copy of the Recorder, sometime ago. It's nice to read about the folks back home. I think your column is a most appropriate one; I've enjoyed reading the letters from the boys in the service a great deal.

Will finish my basic training in four weeks and expect to get a three day leave. This will be the first I will have to go home, and am looking forward to it, and will drop in to see you.

The people in the neighboring towns do all they can for us, but there is no place like home and old friends. So, I am eagerly looking forward to being in Wilmington in the near future.

Write whenever you have time and don't fail to include the Recorder. Best of luck and regards to the boys and girls back home.

Sincerely,
Eddie Spiller

Dear Mollye:

After all these months in the army and receiving the Recorder, kind of made me ashamed of myself for not writing to you. Here goes.

I am now on an Island-what a place--mountains, coconut trees, orange trees and people who speak a different language. At first I saw "Arty" everyday, but now I haven't seen him because we have been separated, but we are on the same Island.

Today I am taking it easy, just lying in my tent reading old mail and Recorders. It sure is good to receive them, I got two since I have been here and I thank you for them. Mail doesn't get here as it did in the good old U.S.A.---so, we have to read the old mail.

Nothing more to say, only remember me to Mr. Sollod and the friends around the "Y".

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I have looked through Noah Webster
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I have scanned a book of synonyms,
But it seems a losing game.
No adjectives were written
To describe this life we lead
To turn this to a first class hell
Brimstone's all we need!

The flies are armed with corkscrews
The mosquitos all wear spurs,
The rocks are nests of scorpions,
The grass is pointed burrs,
The winds are always blowing,
And the air is biting sand,
Centipedes ten inches long
Are strewn on every hand.
Around us desolation lies,
Our throats are parched & dry
And a flood of molten fire flows
From out a cloudless sky,
Mosquitoes, flies and crawling
things,

Whose names I cannot tell---
God! Keep that ton of brimstone
We're in a first-class hell!

Naturally there is a bit of ex-
aggeration, but after all the ver-
ses were written just for the fun
of it and not as a complaint which
makes anything allowable in my case.
Life here is extremely dull, there
being no recreation except fishing

Joe Kirshner

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letter and a copy of the Recorder,
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Nothing more to say, only re-
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friends around the "Y".

Sincerely yours,
Syd. Greenstine.

P.S. Say hello to my sister.

Dear Mollye:

Just to let you know I am still
here, and taking it very easy.
Hope you and all around the "Y"
are well.

I was disappointed last week. I had written to Mendel and Davy arranging a meeting in---on Sat, at the last minute I was unable to go. I received a card from them telling me of the swell time they had. Well, I hope Fate will give me a break soon and I will get to see Mendel. I'm really waiting for that meeting.

My brother Lou is pretty lucky in getting home so often, I had a letter from him. Guess all the boys at home are in the Armed Service. I have a friend in the service whom I notice is not listed, Walter Waretnick. That's about all for now--Keep writing and regards to all at the "Y".

Sincerely,
Max Simon

Dear Mollye:

As you know, by now, my leave was cut short so I didn't have time to say goodbye to anybody. I'm sorry that I didn't get back to see you again, I wanted to very much. My outfit were betting whether I was coming back on time. I didn't want to go back but duty called and I didn't think a court-martial would be so pleasant.

We are stationed in a big Arena once used for Stock Shows. Its too bad there aren't any shows there, they are really good seats. Sitting out here makes me feel free again. The only thing is we have to go back, but someday when this is all over we will all be free again, and I hope, never to return.

But for the present, we, and thousand of boys like myself have a job to do. Only this one is more important than any you'll ever find so that in the future you can find happiness, and contentment, in FREEDOM. I don't know why I ramble on like this, but my heart is so elated that I can't help it. I'm sure all the boys in the service feel the same as I do; ready and willing to "Set the Rising Sun."

Give my regards to Mr. Sollod and take an extra portion for yourself.

Sincerely,
"Haps" Goberman

Dear Mollye:

Your letter arrived as promptly as all others--for which I thank you. I'm glad my last letter was so amusing but don't think that the schedule I presented was com-

Thanks for the addresses you sent me, and thanks for the gossip. That's what I want to hear--and war or no war, I know there'll be a generous supply. I claim Al Priority on all local items. Once again, my regards to every one--but, especially to you.

Yours in great haste,
Henry Winston

Dear Mollye:

Received a copy of the Recorder and it felt swell to read the experiences of other boys in the service. As you know, Eddy Rosbrow, Melvin Humber and Dick Hochstein are also down here. All but Eddy are in the same School Sqd. We are permitted to fly anytime a Lt. goes up by himself. These trips are usually local hops.

If you could forward the addresses of Dave Weiner, Jake Balick, I would appreciate it very much. They were both drafted at the same time as myself and would like to write to them. Regards to all and "KEEP 'EM FLYING."

Sincerely,
Matt Hirshout

Dear Mollye:

I have been in the Army for 4 weeks and this is my first letter to you, I hope that I am forgiven. At present I am enrolled in the Physical Ed. Trn. School. Upon completion of my training my job will be to instruct exercises and recreational games to the soldiers.

Dan Ehrenfeld is here and is enrolled in the same training school. Emil Cohen was here for about a week and then was shipped to Radio School.

The other day Lt. Arthur Krause came over to see me and we went out together. He looks very good in his uniform. Don't forget to send me the Recorder.

Sincerely,
"Hymie" Swartz

Dear Mollye:

I just got back from the best weekend I ever spent. I met Mendel in--and had a h---of a lot of fun. Sure did appreciate getting the Recorder; it made me feel like I got a letter from each fellow. I showed my Captain the issue and he got a big kick out of it; said you were doing a swell job. I finally got a letter from Sonny today. Max Simon was to have met us, but didn't

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Sincerely,
"Haps" Goberman

Dear Mollye:

Your letter arrived as promptly as all others--for which I thank you. I'm glad my last letter was so amusing but don't think that the schedule I presented was complete farce. Farcical--yes--but factual to. As we say in the army, that's no "Malarky". I'm not complaining, I don't mind working hard, it's appreciated. Winston Churchill said, "Never before have so many owed so much to so few." He was talking about the Hqts.Co., non-coms who stand CQ duty!

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Do me a favor, even if I owe you ten letters, if you hear from Artie even if you send me a postcard, let me know. I will appreciate it. I am sending you these wings, but you are to wear them. After all, every soldier has a girl--so you are it.

Well that's all for now. Regards to Mr. Sollod, Jack Sklut and Grace.

Yours,

Davie L. Weiner

P.S. Say hellow to Gus, tell him to tell Dotty Smith I could stand seeing her again.

Dear Mollye:

It finally happened! We left Camp--Monday nite, and after traveling for----we arrived at Camp. It is a new camp which is situated about 25 miles from--and 2 miles to---. The heat here is terrific. I can see now, after being here a couple of days, why the people here are so lazy. We have to be on the alert here all the time.

How are things coming along at the "Y". Did anything new happen. How is Mr. Spollod and yourself? I haven't seen a newspaper since I left----, and I feel so lost. I don't even know how the war is progressing. I would appreciate your sending me the "Y" Recorder.

Regards to all,
Nate Balick

Dear Mollye:

I received your note, Mr. Sollod's letter and a note from Capt. Weinstock stating that you had written him to contact me. He invited me to come and have a chat with him at anytime that I could get a free moment.

Chaplain Nadich also called me by telephone in response to Mr. Sollod's letter. I stopped in to see him last week. It was a genuine pleasure to meet him. I am quite surprised at the high morale here. Everyone realizes that we have a war to fight and we will not win it by being half trained.

Many thanks to you and Mr. Sollod for writing to those people; they help a lot. If any of the boys who have been drafted reach this camp please let me know and I will do all I can to help them become acclimated to crmy life. Regards to all, and I hope this finds you in good health.

Sincerely,
Melvin Berg

Dear Mollye:

Thanks a million for the copy of the Recorder. That's quite a

more of them get down here have them get in touch with me.

Give my regards to everybody who is still around and tell the folks not to worry. With a bunch of people like we have in this country we can't lose.

Keep 'em smiling.

(Capt) Jos. Tannen

Dear Mollye:

Thanks again for the Recorder. I understand my brother Harry passed his Air Corps Exams with flying colors. I'm glad and hope that he gets to Cadet School soon.

I've been keeping up with news per short wave radio and I think that it's promising if the Russians can keep up their offensive. By the way, the radio was a gift from the U.S.O. By golly, it is a real pleasure to hear some programs from home. My folks sent me 5 lbs of cheese, and boy did I feast--and so did the boys. Cheese and beer was a big treat for one who hasn't had any real cheese for a long time. Now I'm gorged with cheese, I don't think I can face it again for awhile. The boys enjoyed it as much as I did and sent their thanks to my folks.

Well, Mollye, that's about all that I can tell you in this letter so I'll close with regards to Mr. Sollod and all the boys. Until I hear from you again,

Sincerely,

(Lt.) Joe. First

Dear Mollye:

Back in shape but still waiting. The place is getting bigger and it is very pretty. I saw Siggy Lipstein and he looks fine and sure likes it. He is going to be a Navigator and a good one if I know him.

Please send me the Recorder. I miss it. Give my regards to Mr. Sollod and the gang and Mollye you don't have to write to me as I know how busy you are, but I will write to you after each Recorder.

Love to all,

Maurice Jacobs

Dear Mollye:

Once again we are back in the sunny South. I am looking forward to the next issue of the Recorder. Dave Weiner certainly has changed. I see where he has changed from "girls" to the "Synagogue". Never

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Sincerely,
Melvin Berg

Dear Mollye:

Thanks a million for the copy of the Recorder. That's quite a long list of names of fellows in the Armed Forces. It makes me feel just a little proud to know that the Jewish boys I knew from the time I started to recognize people are so well represented.

From time to time I have learned that some of the fellows have been sent to Fort---. I haven't seen any of them, but that's just the way things go. In case any

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Love to all,
Maurice Jacobs

Dear Mollye:

Once again we are back in the sunny South. I am looking forward to the next issue of the Recorder. Dave Weiner certainly has changed. I see where he has changed from "girls" to the "Synagogue". Never will I forget the letter from Mendel Fine. It was a riot and was enjoyed by the fellows in my Co.

Providing nothing occurs to cancel furloughs, I will make a long visit to the "Y". Regards to Mr. Solloed, Jean, David and the baby. Hope you have a nice summer.

Sincerely,
Billy Jacoby

Dear Mollye:

My address, as you see, is changed
The life and training here is
strange.

With gas mask drills, most everyday
And lectures pass the time away.

A tent with other boys I share--
The only boy from Delaware.

Surrounded on the left & right
By Bronx, & Flatbush Brooklynites
I'm hungry for a normal word,
A pleasant sound like third or
bird.

But all the accents that are hoid,
Grate on my ears as Thoidor Boid.

Of outside news, I don't get much,
So please, Dear Mollye, keep in
touch

With me, and the Recorder send
For reading it cheers me no end.
The weather's fine, the food su-
preme;

Our officers, a soldiers dream.
They praise us and they bawl us
out

But they know what the War's
about.

From Florida a card was sent,
For that's where Emil went.
My best regards to all, I send
And bring this letter to its end.

Dear Mollye:

I can now really appreciate the
exquisite feeling that comes when
the "Recorder" is delivered to
someone in an Army Camp. Why, I
opened your letter and read it &
the Recorder and there was Wilming-
tonright before my eyes. Don't tell
me you didn't see George Weiner at
Rubins--I saw you next to him there.
I'm not ~~homesome~~ or homesick--just
reliving a memory that I've sudden-
ly found to be very beautiful.

Saw Moishe Jacobs once, after I
got your first letter and since
then I've tried to guess where he
is. The news about Mollye Sklut's
version of the Recorder (summer is-
sue) is heartening. Just so there
is regular news. My regards and
love and kisses to all around the
"Y" who might be interested.

Till we meet again,

"Siggie" Lipstein

P.S. I just read this letter and
it smacks of Henry Winston.

Dear Mollye:

Another Lipstein has joined the
ranks of the Armed forces. This
one is in the Anti-Aircraft de-
fending the vitals of Uncle Sam's
naval production.

But I'm more interested in
things back home than writing back
what goes on here. I would appre-

all the Sigma Tau Phi and Sigma
Phi boys, Mr. Sollod and all the
rest.

Until VICTORY,
(Lt) Lenny Lipstein

Dear Mollye:

Sorry I didn't see you before I
left. Everything here is fine. I
took and passed an examination
for Glider Pilot School, yesterday.
We expect to leave in a day or so.
When I find out where I am going
I will let you know.

Regards,

Harry Lubin

P.S. I may be able to add a set of
Flying Wings to your collection if
I pass the course.

Dear Mollye:

I'm really scorry I haven't writ-
ten to you sooner, but honestly,
Mollye, I've been so busy I never
could get around to it.

I'm stationed in the deep South,
and when I say deep, I really mean
it. It's something you would have
to see for yourself to believe.
The big town is about 6 miles from
camp. What a burg! It's starting
to become civilized now--about
50% of the people are wearing shoes.
There's also a rumor that they in-
tend to introduce electricity.
They have a grand total of two Jew-
ish families. So you see, Mollye,
we don't have much of a social
life here.

As far as the camp goes it's sw-
ell. You couldn't find a nicer
bunch of officers anywhere. They
realize what we're up against &
try to make things easier for us
by bringing in a lot of swell wh
shows. I'll end this letter and go
back to bed.

Mollye, please say hello to
everyone for me. Also give Marion
a kiss. Regards to Mr. Sollod and
Abu Lewis.

Sincerely yours,
Eddie Rosbrow

"Y" RECORDER

Published by the
Y. M. & Y. W. H. A.
515 French Street
Wilmington, Delaware

STAFF

A pleasant sound like third or bird.

But all the accents that are hold,
Grate on my ears as Thoidor Boid.
Of outside news, I don't get much,
So please, Dear Mollye, keep in touch

With me, and the Recorder send
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