

**CRAFT GROUP ON LIGHTS**

Opportunity is afforded those who are interested in Stage Lighting to assist in the work being done under the direction of Morton Tenner and his staff who have undertaken to rewire, rearrange and re-equip the entire lighting facilities on the stage. This project will include the installation of new equipment, flood lights, and shadow eliminators. It is a splendid opportunity for those interested in electrical work to place their interests to use. Those desiring to assist are urged to call the office of the "Y" so that notice of the next gathering may be given to them.

**PONG AND BILLIARD TOURNAMENTS TO BE HELD**

Because of the extreme weather conditions prevailed on New Years Day and the lack of activity which had been scheduled for that time was announced. Announcement of the Pong and Billiard tournaments will be made at a later date. Entries for these tournaments will be received by the "Y" through Mr. Levenberg. Entries for these programs which will be held in the very near future.

**HOUSE FOR THE YOUTH CIRCLE**

on Saturday Night

- 10—Swimming Carnival
- 17—Dancing Contest
- 23—Debate - Fraternities vs Sororities
- 10—Valentine Dance . . . Sigma Pi Sigma
- 17—Boxing Matches
- 24—Monte Carlo Party Purim Celebration
- Basketball Game
- Dance of the Month
- Brother Goose - "Y" Players
- Bingo Party
- Model Seder . . . Youth Council and Invited Groups

Youth Council Play Contest

Youth Council Play Contest

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**YOUTH COUNCIL OFFERS SAT. NITE ATTRACTIONS**

The Youth Council of the Y. M. and Y. W. H. A. has undertaken an ambitious and elaborate program of Saturday night activities covering every aspect of programing in the field of recreation and educational interest. In addition to the monthly dances with an orchestra and refreshments, the schedule calls for the following: January 20th, Eleventh Annual Annual Swimming Carnival; January 27th, Waltz and Jitterbug contest; February 3, Debate between a Fraternity and Sorority; February 10th, Dance of the Month; February 17th, Boxing matches; February 24th, Monte-Carlo-Purim Celebration; March 3rd, Basketball game between representative "Y" League team and outside competition; March 10th, Dance of the Month; March 17th, the "Y" Players in "Brother Goose" a three act play; March 24th, Bingo Party; March 31st Model Seder with non-Jewish groups as guests of the Youth Council; April 7th, Annual One-Act Play Contest. Saturday evenings at the "Y" are known as "Youth House" and with the organizing of several additional new groups, is rapidly becoming the important date in the interests of our teensters.

**"Y" HOUSE LEAGUE IN CLOSE RACE**

The "Y" House League comprising teams of clubs and fraternities of the community is now engaged in one of the most spirited competitions in its history. At this writing three teams are in tie for first place. Games are played each Sunday afternoon beginning at 2:00 P. M. More than 50 boys are registered for active competitions. Sigma Pi, Mu Sigma, A. Z. A. and "Y" Boys are providing the bulk of competition. It is anticipated that several rounds of play will be necessary to decide the ultimate champions who will be presented with the "Y" House League Trophy. Mr. Morris Levenberg, director of Youth Activities is in charge of the league assisted by the Physical Training Department.

**BALL ROOM DANCING CLASSES CONTINUE**

Mrs. Anita Cohen, instructress of the Ballroom Dancing Class for boys and girls, 11 to 14 years of age invites parents to register

**DEAR MOLLYE**

The former "Word From The Front" is now "Dear Mollye. It has its reasons. Miss Sklut has undertaken a one-man correspondence with virtually every Wilmington boy who has left for service. Even the stranger in our midst writes "Dear Mollye." . . . . .

The weather here is grand . . . a great change from the snow and cold of the North. After getting all my formalities of reporting to the great white fathers over with . . . I got in touch with Haps Goberman who seems to be living a peaceful life here. Yesterday, Harold Freedman came over to visit me and already we've made plans to go together next weekend. I've been assigned to the First Trng. Group, a company which gives basic training to men who've served overseas and returned under the rotation policy. My fellow officers are a swell bunch and I was lucky enough to share my room and be assigned to the same company with my pal from Philadelphia.

Last night I was in uniform on the Post basketball team which played Memphis Naval Trng. Base . . . but, Stats didn't see action. I imagine I'm somewhat out of shape for stiff competition, but I was disappointed at not seeing action. However, I'll probably practice a lot this week . . . and with games in Pensacola, Florida; Alabama and other interesting places, I guarantee you I'll be a beaver on that squad from now on. After the game, Haps and I and two officers visited Jackson, Miss. and had a real nice time. Never saw so many nice looking girls . . . and without men. My conservative ways may be shattered but I guarantee to keep my dignity and pride, if you know what I mean. Best regards to Mr. Sollod, the ladies gym instructor, Johnny and all the rest. It was certainly nice being home and seeing all of you.

Lt. Hetzie Statnekoo.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Mollye:

I've been down to the Jewish Community Center both in Oakland and San Francisco. They really have a beautiful one in San Francisco, and last night they had

their children for the sessions which are held each Tuesday afternoon at 4:00 P. M. in the "Y" auditorium. Emphasis is placed upon the development of graceful posture and personality. All of the latest dance steps enjoyed by young people are taught. This activity is offered free of charge. Parents and young people are invited to register immediately.

a big dance. I'll say this for the Wilmington girls, they are much nicer both in looks and personality. I mean the girls out here are really awful. They all have a pretty mouth on them, if you know what I mean.

The Center may be beautiful but when I walked in there I didn't have the warm feeling that I was welcome like you have in Wilmington. I felt that I was a stranger who wasn't welcome. I had to go there three or four times before I was able to enjoy the dancing.

What have you heard from Lenzy Abrams. I had two letters waiting for me when I got to Camp but so far I haven't heard a thing from him and its been nearly a month since I wrote. I've just written Joe Garber a letter asking him where we can meet. You see he is stationed about 150 miles from here and I thought we'd get together on a weekend and kinda have a good time together. Are there any other fellows stationed near Oakland or Frisco. If so, I'd like to have their addresses so that I could look them up.

Moishe Jacobs, SC 3/C.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Mollye:

Received the Recorder and to say the least I was surprised . . . naturally I should have written to you first but my time has been fairly well occupied since my arrival . . . I've been informed by mail that both Byron Samonisky and Herb Rubenstein are over here too, but so far all my efforts to contact them have gone for naught . . . It would be nice seeing them again.

Has Jack Lisansky gotten back to the States yet? Guess it's about time he got back. Thanks again for remembering me . . . Good luck and my regards to all. (Censored)

Lt. Morty Schulman

**YOU NEED THE "Y" THE "Y" NEEDS YOU**

**RUBE KELRICK**

GENERAL INSURANCE

1 East Fourth Street (2nd floor)  
Phone 3-5365—Res. 4-8344  
REAL ESTATE — NOTARY PUBLIC

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All the fellows in the front lines ask is that you at home and in the non-combatant arms of the service, admit that you haven't the faintest inkling what this war is really like, and appreciate the fact that they know. I don't want this printed, Mollye, because it's a bit too shocking, a little to calous, too brutal for mothers and fathers to read, but, if you ever see someone forgetting for an instant that there is death and pain connected with this war, or forgetting in the course of their daily lives that this war isn't just something to talk about . . . show this to them. The guys up there, can't forget for the slightest fraction of a second that there is death and crippling injuries in untold numbers being inflicted on the same everyday acquaintances as themselves. It isn't fair to those boys, for others to be unaffected.

We all owe you, Mollye a vote of thanks, for if there is anything as cheering as its incongruity, it's the sight of the Recorder in the stack of mail the mail-orderly carries from foxhole to foxhole. The only bit of news I have to tell you, is that on a forty-eight hours pass on Rosh Hashanah, I went to a Synagogue. That's all for now. See you soon, I hope.

(Censored)

Pvt. Saul Galperin

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Dear Mollye:

I was sorry as all hell to read the last issue of the Recorder. It's almost impossible to believe that we'll not see some of the faces again. Nothing that we can do to the Germans will begin to pay back for the loss of a single one of them. I hope that future issues have better news. As for me, I'm fine. I got tired of chasing

Joe Weiner across France and Belgium, so I looked him up one day. Found his outfit, they said he wasn't working, and should be around. But they couldn't find him. However, I left word where I was and he came to see me. He hasn't changed a bit, really looks good.

My life is fairly uneventful. We get a mission to provide anti-aircraft defences of so and so . . . I'm assigned a sector, take a few picked men, and go on reconnaissance for a new position. The battery comes up to the new position we fire for a couple of nights, (until the Germans learn where we are, after which they stay away) and get a plane or two. We don't have many nights like one of the nights Ernie Pyle was with us, when we got seven planes. The boys were out to show Ernie what we can do, because they had talked his ear off (he's a patient listener) and we got exactly Zero planes (don't mean Jap Zero's either) that night. One day, however, we had a little excitement. I was out on reconnaissance and got mixed up in a German counterattack, their one real one. We went down a road in plain sight of their artillery, unknown to us, of course. They opened up on us, and we took off. I mean that Jeep of mine really flew. The shells (88's) followed or led us along. One piece of shrapnell landed on my Jeep, tearing the windshield cover. But we made out fine, except that nobody was hungry that night. That same day we were fired on by German Infantry. We finally found a quiet spot, and went to bed, only to find ourselves between American and German artillery fire. We were still plenty nervous, and decided to head for the rear, which we did, only to be caught right in the middle of one of their few big bombing raids. We lay in a ditch, and saw flares and heard bombs drop on all four sides of us. One bomb tore up the road about 250 yards away. What a day . . . thank goodness there are not many like it.

The only other excitement we had was in Paris. We tried to enter but turned around when we met some French tanks coming the wrong way, and saying they had just run into some German tanks. We tried again, and made it, arriving around noon. We spent a lovely afternoon, kissing girls, old ladies, babies, and even men. It was the most wonderful reception I have ever seen, even

in the movies. We were photographed, brought fruit, sandwiches (which I knew they couldn't spare, but which they insisted they, could) champagne, coffee, wine, and took dozens of pictures of us, and kept asking for autographs. We crossed the Seine, and were returning at about 5:00 when we saw the American recon party entering the city, with a huge American flag flying from the lead vehicle. The people greeted us warmly when they found out we were Americans.

I guess I've talked your ear off. Give my regards to all, and I hope you get plenty of good news to write about.

(Censored)

Capt. Julius Reiver

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Dear Mollye:—

I'm back again and right now wishing I was still in Tel-Aviv. I had a wonderful week there, one that I will never forget. I saw all the sights of the Holy Land, and had the good fortune of witnessing a wedding. Tel-Aviv was a grand city and what little Jewish I did speak certainly did help me along. I ate about all the varieties of Jewish food that I miss so much since leaving home. I also ate to my hearts' content of pumpernickle, something which was a real treat.

I met an old friend and he had an aunt in Jerusalem. He went there and located her, then came back for me and I spent three days there. Friday afternoon his cousin was married. We had a real Jewish meal, Gafilta fish, chicken soup and rice, white bread and of course plenty of good Palestinian wine. The next day we went to the old City of Jerusalem with a nice girl, who showed us all over the place. We visited the Wailing Wall, and she made me pray and kiss the wall, as all good Jews must. We then visited the Prison of Christ, went on to visit a beautiful Cathedral, which took all morning. That nite we went out to a local nite club, really made me feel I was home. We danced to a modern band and spent a really grand evening. Sunday we got back to Tel-Aviv for our last fling. Tuesday we started out on our long journeyback. The trip is about 1000 miles one way, and I visited Bagdad, which is quite a city.

(censored)

Sgt. Maxie Simon

Dear Mollye:—

A couple of days ago, I got a batch of mail that had been chasing me back and forth across the Channel and over half of England. Among the letters, was the always welcome Recorder . . . an August issue. I read it completely several times and really enjoyed the touch of home it brought to me. Since I last wrote you, I've gotten around. I've collected a Purple Heart, a couple stars on my campaign ribbon, loafed away six weeks in a hospital, been in more Repl. Pools that Carter has Liver Pills and finally ended up here in England, behind a typewriter, reclassified into limited service.

Yes, my fighting days are over, but even though I am now a "Chairborne Commando," I got an idea as I read the letters from boys still in France and Germany. These boys are going through Hell that no one will have any idea of except those who have the extreme good fortune of coming back alive. Maybe those boys will like it if I try to tell for them what they're going through, so you people back there will get some idea of the appreciation they deserve. I know that when I was "over there" I wouldn't have minded the hardships if I thought they would be recognized and appreciated. People forget too easily that the job our boys are doing is so great as to make it impossible to repay them. There is nothing, no sum of money, that can be put on the service the men in the lines are rendering. It's ridiculous to try to name the fee you would charge for lying in a hole in the ground, day after day, through snow, mud and chilling rain, while someone tries to hit you with high explosive shells. It's not at all dashing, but it takes something money can't buy for a man to lie helpless, scared and trembling under the scream of the dive bomber . . . listening to the string of bombs explode closer and closer, with panicky swiftness, toward your much too shallow slit-trench.

The boys we used to see in the gym and at the dances at the "Y" are living a life unimaginable to you people back in the States. These same boys, whose doings were concerned with the "Y" and it's functions, have forgotten about the meetings and dances. Every thought and action concerns the matter of living . . . or dying. You people back home, sit much too nonchalantly through a newsreel demonstration of a tank battle,

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(censored)

Sgt. Maxie

Mollye:

books like it took a trip across the Atlantic to England to make me come to you. I hope you will write to me for not writing sooner, and give me the honor of putting me on your mailing list.

I was overjoyed the other day when I received a copy of the "Y" Recorder. I certainly hope they will continue to come regularly.

Ben Sloan, Ben Cohen and Ben Levin are here also. They are doing O. K. Please send me the addresses of any Wilmington stations over here.

I managed to contact quite a few of my relatives that are living in England, and now I'm sweating to get a pass so I can go visit them in Wilmington? It sure would be swell to see it again.

At present I'm waiting to find out if my wife gave birth to a boy or a girl, and when I do find out, I'll let you know. Mollye, I'm going to get some "writing" that they'll think I'm writing in a pub. Regards to Mr. and the Sigma Phi boys.

David Paikin

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Mollye:

I took us five days to get to England, and at that we were in Iceland three days and nights, then to a replacement in England, and on July 22 we reached our outfit somewhat tired and expectant. On July 23 we began flying with the squad-just three weeks later I had lost my taste of combat. One does not acquire much of an appetite for that sort of thing.

The first one was on August 1st. Only one ship was hit and casualties. I got the idea then, though it may seem, it was almost a picnic. But on the 17th later on September 17th we went to Holland on a little trip with paratroopers. That was to see a graceful plane suddenly plunge earthward in flames something you forget easily. It was worse, usually one only has to see those hit who are sent away out because immediately after getting rid of your own ship it's a mad scramble to get away in a hurry. The next day was worse. We were slower targets and easier targets. I was pretty scared and I'm not proud to admit it. The Jerries had everything they had at us that day . . . flak, machine-gun fire, and probably stones. Well, we fly very, very low and the fire is quite affective at

low altitudes. To make it worse we're entirely unarmed . . . no arms, no armor-plate, nothing but flak-suits, parachutes and fire-extinguishers. And it kept on for the next two days. You know the rest . . . the results, the loss, and the casualties.

Mollye, I'm not ashamed to say that if I never see another combat mission I'll be very, very happy. I'll take all these-called milk-runs that Troop Carrier can dish out without a gripe.

I've flown over Paris a half-dozen times and each time I'm amazed. The only American city to approach it is Washington (in beauty) and New York (in its cosmopolitan aspects). The people here are extremely friendly.

Are any of the lads coming home yet? I've been a little out of touch with what cooks in Wilmington. I haven't been getting the "Recorder" over here but I suppose they'll reach me eventually.

Regards to your family and Mr. Solod and the rest.

(Censored)

Lt. Jules ("Punchy") Goldstein

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Dear Mollye:

The outstanding parallel between the last war and this one is the weather. Just as the rain and mud was a menace to the doughboy in '17, so it is with the Yanks in '44. I've never seen so much rain and such unconquerable mud in all my life. Even during the year that I spent in the South Pacific I never experienced such adverse conditions. That is one of the major factors that must be considered when you at home might be tempted to say "Gosh, the war seems to be moving slow." It must be remembered that tanks and mobile equipment need hard dry surfaces to roll on and lately here, that hasn't been the case. But with it all, rain or no rain, mud or no mud, our spirit and effort is the same and we know that each yard that we move forward brings us closer to Berlin and to Victory. Nothing can stop these boys, Mollye, neither the physical beating of every shell nor the normal beating of the rainy weather in their determined drive to beat the Germans back. It's just a question of time now, and the boys say that they have plenty of that. It is we, who can sit back and afford to wait, not the Germans. But we are not willing to wait, they say, and despite the rain, despite the mud, despite

everything, they go out and really do a bang up job. Yep, Mollye, those are the kind of boys fighting today and the people at home can be mighty proud of them, believe me. They've gone through more than anyone at home can understand and have come out just as eager, just as willing and just as ready as ever to carry on the cause for which they are fighting. We've got a great team over here and officers are mighty proud to be the coaches.

Last Sunday I attended services in a Synagogue in a nearby town. There was quite a crowd there and the service was especially enjoyable. After the services the Rabbi, a Jewish Army Chaplain, made the announcement that some of the Jews, who had been hiding out in the hills until the Germans left, were now beginning to come back to the town and since they were unable to work, due to lack of food and proper medical care during their hideout, he thought it would be nice if all donated a dollar or two from each one of us, and that he would take up the collection on the following Sunday after payday. Apparently the spirit of the occasion made waiting until next week impossible for one Jewish Infantryman. He arose, walked up to the pulpit, and handed the Rabbi \$50.00 in 500 franc notes, at the same time saying "Rabbi, I present this contribution with the compliments of the Wehrmacht!" It seems that he acquired the money from a German, by one means or another, and couldn't think of a better way of spending it than by giving it for such a worthy cause. So you can see that we Jews also, are taking part in this drive for freedom. We more than anyone else, have a score to settle in this business and thank God each day brings us closer to balancing the scales.

Send the Recorder along and give my best to Mr. Solod and my old friends. My fondest to you. (Censored)

Lt. Bernie Goldman

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Dear Mollye:—

It was certainly good to hear from you. I can't understand why my mother hasn't received any mail from me as I have been writing to her regularly. I guess Mom will really be excited to see Sam. By now she must have seen him. I would give anything to see him, but I will have to wait until the war is over.

How does my brother Marty look? Yesterday I received a newspaper from his Post with a

picture and a write-up about him. I see that he is doing o. k. as acting first Sergeant. So Mendel is finally home along with Peeny. I know their parents will really enjoy this coming holiday season. I hope Yoisel Swartz don't go to sea yet as I would like to see him get a good break. Dave Paiken received a telegram from his wife saying he has a son and Mollye you never saw a happier man than he. He was jumping around and passing out the cigars and also got a four day pass to see his relatives over here. I wish I could be at the "Y" for basketball this year but maybe I'll be there next year. Say hello to the gang and send me the Recorder.

(Censored)

Pvt. Aaron Sloan.

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Dear Mollye:

I received the D.F.C. in a ceremony today for nothing exceptional, just line of duty, and I am very proud to have it. I am already deeply established in my work of being an instructor. Somehow a desk seems so very quiet, no buzz, no roar, no nothing, but I'll sweat it out. We had a squadron party yesterday, and for the first time since I left the States I danced with a girl. All it did was to show how much more our girls are on the beam than these. Regards to all.

T|Sgt. Sidney Feldman

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Dear Mollye:—

I played a full basketball game Sunday. Even though I haven't played in five years, I did pretty fine. It seems as if every bad habit I have had is out of my system. To brag a little, everyone complimented me on my playing. We got beat, but everyone was on the edge of their seats until the final whistle. Condition beat us old men. It was the officers vs the G. I's. We just have added a new officer by the name of Geyer . . . he used to play with Allentown Y. M. H. A. We played against each other.

Put on a G. I. show that was considered as good a show as any the spectators have seen. There's a good possibility that the show will tour, if the men who have key positions can be replaced on this base. Everything in the show is original.

Happy New Year. Maybe we will get home in 1945.

(Censored)

Lt. Jake Fried

Dear Mollye:

It looks like it took a trip across the ocean to England to make me write to you. I hope you will forgive me for not writing sooner, and do me the honor of putting me on your mailing list.

I was overjoyed the other day to receive a copy of the "Y" Recorder. I certainly hope they will be forthcoming regularly.

Aaron Sloan, Ben Cohen and Henry Levin are here also. They are all doing O. K. Please send me the addresses of any Wilingtonians stationed over here.

I've managed to contact quite a few of my relatives that are living over here, and now I'm sweating out a pass so I can go visit them.

How's Wilmington? It sure would be swell to see it again.

Right now I'm waiting to find if my wife gave birth to a boy or girl, and when I do find out, well Mollye, I'm going to get so "stinking" that they'll think I'm a walking pub. Regards to Mr. Sollod and the Sigma Phi boys.

David Paikin

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Dear Mollye:

It only took us five days to get across . . . and at that we were stuck in Iceland three days and four nights, then to a replacement depot in England, and on July 22 we reached our outfit somewhat bewildered and expectant. On July 25, I began flying with the squadron. Just three weeks later I had my first taste of combat. One does not acquire much of an appetite for that sort of thing.

The first one was on August 14th. Only one ship was hit and no casualties. I got the idea then, fantastic though it may seem, that it was almost a picnic. But a month later on September 17th we went to Holland on a little trip with paratroopers. That was hell. To see a graceful plane suddenly plunge earthward in flames isn't something you forget easily. To make it worse, usually one only has time to see those hit who are on their way out because immediately after getting rid of your own stick, it's a mad scramble to get out and a hurry. The next day it was worse. We were slower with gliders and easier targets. I was plenty scared and I'm not ashamed to admit it. The Jerries threw everything they had at us that day . . . flak, machine-gun fire, rifle-fire, and probably stones. You see, we fly very, very low and rifle fire is quite affective at

low altitudes. To make it worse we're entirely unarmed . . . no arms, no armor-plate, nothing but flak-suits, parachutes and fire-extinguishers. And it kept on for the next two days. You know the rest . . . the results, the loss, and the casualties.

Mollye, I'm not ashamed to say that if I never see another combat mission I'll be very, very happy. I'll take all these-called milk-runs that Troop Carrier can dish out without a gripe.

I've flown over Paris a half-dozen times and each time I'm amazed. The only American city to approach it is Washington (in beauty) and New York (in its cosmopolitan aspects). The people here are extremely friendly.

Are any of the lads coming home yet? I've been a little out of touch with what cooks in Wilmington. I haven't been getting the "Recorder" over here but I suppose they'll reach me eventually.

Regards to your family and Mr. Sollod and the rest.

(Censored)

Lt. Jules ("Punchy") Goldstein

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Dear Mollye:

The outstanding parallel between the last war and this one is the weather. Just as the rain and mud was a menace to the doughboy in '17, so it is with the Yanks in '44. I've never seen so much rain and such unconquerable mud in all my life. Even during the year that I spent in the South Pacific I never experienced such adverse conditions. That is one of the major factors that must be considered when you at home might be tempted to say "Gosh, the war seems to be moving slow." It must be remembered that tanks and mobile equipment need hard dry surfaces to roll on and lately here, that hasn't been the case. But with it all, rain or no rain, mud or no mud, our spirit and effort is the same and we know that each yard that we move forward brings us closer to Berlin and to Victory. Nothing can stop these boys, Mollye, neither the physical beating of every shell nor the normal beating of the rainy weather in their determined drive to beat the Germans back. It's just a question of time now, and the boys say that they have plenty of that. It is we, who can sit back and afford to wait, not the Germans. But we are not willing to wait, they say, and despite the rain, despite the mud, despite

everything, they go out and really do a bang up job. Yep, Mollye, those are the kind of boys fighting today and the people at home can be mighty proud of them, believe me. They've gone through more than anyone at home can understand and have come out just as eager, just as willing and just as ready as ever to carry on the cause for which they are fighting. We've got a great team over here and officers are mighty proud to be the coaches.

Last Sunday I attended services in a Synagogue in a nearby town. There was quite a crowd there and the service was especially enjoyable. After the services the Rabbi, a Jewish Army Chaplain, made the announcement that some of Jews, who had been hiding out in the hills until the Germans left, were now beginning to come back to the town and since they were unable to work, due to lack of food and proper medical care during their hideout, he thought it would be nice if all donated a dollar or two from each one of us, and that he would take up the collection on the following Sunday after payday. Apparently the spirit of the occasion made waiting until next week impossible for one Jewish Infantryman. He arose, walked up to the pulpit, and handed the Rabbi \$50.00 in 500 franc notes, at the same time saying "Rabbi, I present this contribution with the compliments of the Wehrmacht!" It seems that he acquired the money from a German, by one means or another, and couldn't think of a better way of spending it than by giving it for such a worthy cause. So you can see that we Jews also, are taking part in this drive for freedom. We more than anyone else, have a score to settle in this business and thank God each day brings us closer to balancing the scales.

Send the Recorder along and give my best to Mr. Sollod and my old friends. My fondest to you. (Censored)

Lt. Bernie Goldman

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Dear Mollye:—

It was certainly good to hear from you. I can't understand why my mother hasn't received any mail from me as I have been writing to her regularly. I guess Mom will really be excited to see Sam. By now she must have seen him. I would give anything to see him, but I will have to wait until the war is over.

How does my brother Marty look? Yesterday I received a newspaper from his Post with a

picture and a write-up about I see that he is doing o acting first Sergeant. So I is finally home along with I know their parents will enjoy this coming holiday I hope Yoisel Swartz don't sea yet as I would like to s get a good break. Dave received a telegram from n saying he has a son and you never saw a happier m he. He was jumping arou passing out the cigars a got a four day pass to see relatives over here. I wish be at the "Y" for basketb year but maybe I'll be the year. Say hello to the ga send me the Recorder.

(Censored)

Pvt. Aaron S

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Dear Mollye:

I received the D.F.C. in money today for nothing ex al, just line of duty, and very proud to have it. I read deeply established in m of being an instructor. So a desk seems so very qu buzz, no roar, no nothing, sweat it out. We had a so party yesterday, and for t time since I left the St danced with a girl. All it o to show how much more ou are on the beam than the gards to all.

T|Sgt. Sidney Fel

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Dear Mollye:—

I played a full basketball Sunday. Even though I played in five years, I did fine. It seems as if ever habit I have had is out system. To bragg a little, one complimented me on m ing. We got beat, but e was on the edge of their until the final whistle. Co beat us old men. It was ficers vs the G. I's. We jus added a new officer by the of Geyer . . . he used to pla Allentown Y. M. H. A. We against each other.

Put on a G. I. show th considered as good a show the spectators have seen. T a good possibility that the will tour, if the men who key positions can be repla this base. Everything in th is original.

Happy New Year. May will get home in 1945.

(Censored)

Lt. Jake Fr

ollye:

v I'd get around to drop-  
a line sooner or later.  
you a V-Mail the second  
we landed in "Jolly Old  
" Can't report much from  
cause I haven't been any-  
s yet. But judging from  
ve seen, it's very nice if  
d only stop raining long  
to really enjoy the local  
side. I'm just getting used  
English money setup. I can  
my old pal D. L. Weiner  
s setup of "shillings" and  
I could say the only time  
ey left his "pence" is when  
it in the bank. . . Corn,

about sending me address-  
some of the boys that are  
land. If Fanny Walsh is  
re I'd like to have his ad-  
Also include that of B. B.  
n . . . Thank you. Stopped  
see "Reds" Drayman yes-  
. . . he's only a quarter of  
from here. Spent an hour  
chewing the fat and than re-  
to camp for our Turkey  
and a mighty fine one it

night I payed a visit to  
the "pubs" just to find out  
self if the English beer is  
as they say. Well . . . it's  
ing to drink and its not  
l. However, I did manage  
of scotch before the bottle  
ry and that was something.  
e the delay . . . I was just  
around). I'm sitting fac-  
und the stove and the front  
is warm and the back is  
. . . so, I had to turn around  
m the "after" part of me.  
about all there is for to-  
Yours truly has to take  
weekly bath, if the water  
do cold. "Hello" to every-  
ound the "Y".

red)

Lt. Artie Blatman.

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Mollye:

moved forward twice since  
Elliott Waxman and its  
e quite busy. I don't know  
his setup calls for, but I  
e that we'll be doing the  
ype of work as before, for  
situated on another river  
Burma. We are also situ-  
a town or you can say,  
left of it. What was the  
t one time is now nothing  
rched earth. All the build-  
re razed to the ground, and  
y remnants are hugh bomb  
which are now filled with  
but which were filled with  
as.

Extraordinary as it may seem,  
there is one, and only one, build-  
ing which managed to remain un-  
scathed during the entire bombing  
campaign. If you could see this  
place, you would remark that it  
doesn't seem possible.

At the present time we are  
staying in a hospital area, with  
only our jungle hammocks to sleep  
in . . . we are "sweated out" a  
bivouac area, and until then we  
are messing with the Medics. In-  
cidental, the chow is excellent. I  
think that they are given choice  
rations because all of it has to be  
flown in.

I met two more fellowmen from  
Wilmington. They are with this  
hospital unit which I mentioned  
above. Both of 'em have longer  
overseas service than I . . . twenty-  
one months to my meager four-  
teen. I hope that the Recorder is  
on its way here, for I am anxious  
to read of my "Y" friends. I hope  
that no others are placed in the  
casualty list. Regards to all the  
gang at the "Y".

(Censored)

Pvt. Danny Fisher.

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Dear Mollye:

Well here I am at last. Just  
finally getting settled so I will  
just drop you a short not giving  
you my address and let you know  
that I am o. k. and feeling fine.  
There is a pretty nice kosher res-  
taurant here and I eat there quite  
often. Good chopped liver and  
chopped herring. Had some begal  
there too so it helps our feelings  
toward this big friendly town. So  
far I have met a lot of my old  
friends from Kelly Field and Hon-  
do. There are two classmates  
that graduated from Kelly here  
with me. This place is just loaded  
with men who have never been  
overseas so I might be here for a  
pretty long time. I believe that  
they will go before I have to go  
again. I tried to get out into  
tactical combat training but in-  
stead I got into training cadets.

Don't know Tommy Poland's ad-  
dress but I will try to locate him  
and at least talk to him on the  
phone. In case you have any lo-  
cal people around here send my  
address and I will try to see them.  
Also if you know of any of the  
natives I will try to look them  
up. We went to Friday night ser-  
vices last week and I thought that  
I was in Mass. where Lodges talk  
only to the Cabots and the Cabots  
talk only to God. Give my regards  
to all including Sonny and Mr.  
Sollod.

Capt. Seymour Berman

Dear Mollye:—

This letter will consist of good  
old griping. What have I to gripe  
about? Well it's about the ammo  
shortage. The folks back home  
don't realize how much a few ex-  
tra rounds count in the winning  
of this war. Some of them sit  
in their nice warm homes and  
"gripe" about not making enough.  
When I say them, I mean strikers.  
While on the other hand we boys  
of the Infantry sit in a cold-un-  
godly foxhole listening to 88's and  
150's fall around wondering if the  
next one has your label on it.  
When you sit in a foxhole and  
take a beating from enemy ar-  
tillery and watch your buddies,  
while attacking, get killed and  
maimed for life, it's hard to take,  
knowing that a few extra rounds  
could knock out that artillery or  
keep the guns quiet while the  
boys advance.

To cite an example how much  
ammo we can use. On one occa-  
sion we fired over 5000 rounds on  
a days firing. Figure out how  
much is used by the entire army.  
We are only one Company. There  
are battalions and many battalions  
in a Regiment; Regiments in a Di-  
vision; Divisions in an Army and  
many Armes. Yes, we not only  
used a few extra rounds, but many.  
This means lots of hard work.

I received a letter from Dave  
Cohen. He is in good health. As  
yet I haven't received any "Y" Re-  
corders. However, I'll probably  
get two or three together. Well,  
Mollye, here's hoping a speedy  
war's end.

(Censored)

Pfc. Francis Hirshout

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Dear Mollye:

I am now somewhere in the Phil-  
ippine Islands. I met Millard Keil  
and a fellow named Gus Tingle.  
This is to let you know that Jerry  
Balick, Jack Schenkman and I  
have finally gotten together. We  
are all on the same Island and we  
are feeling fine. Jack presented  
Jerry and I with a highly pre-  
cious can of beans and we really  
threw them down the old hatch.  
Irv Sigmund is somewhere on this  
mud hole, but we haven't seen  
him yet. This Sunday, Jerry and  
I are going down to see Jack and  
I am taking a bottle of rum with  
me so we can celebrate, before  
we separate again. I hope to get  
back to Hawaii shortly and then  
maybe the States.

The Philipinos are very happy  
at our arrival and I can't blame  
them one bit. They all want food

and clothes and we do our best  
to help them. I have always heard  
of children suffering from malnu-  
trition, but this is the first place  
I have ever seen them. It is pret-  
ty sickening to watch the children  
scoop the remains of your meal  
out of the G. I. can.

The natives have been trading  
with Jap invasion money so I am  
sending you some as a souvenir.

(Censored)

"Smoke" Smookler, ACM 2/C

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Dear Mollye:

Received your letter today, the  
only letter I've received today, and  
incidentally the most recent of any  
written from the States. My trip  
was uneventful. Today we were  
told that we could state that we  
are in Southern France. So Dr.  
Barsky went back again? I  
thought he'd stay put for the du-  
ration, but there is still a short-  
age of Doctors. Some of them  
over here whom I've met have  
been here from 20 to 32 months  
with no immediate prospect of  
going home. They are quite dis-  
gusted as one might expect. Con-  
cerning anyone who might be near  
me, all I can say now is "Southern  
France", but if you send their ad-  
resses maybe I'll be able to con-  
tact them. I'm afraid this letter  
is poorly organized, but I'm writ-  
ing it in my CP tent under ad-  
verse conditions of lighting, etc.  
Give my best to Sonny, Johnny  
Mr. Sollod, et al.

(Censored)

Lt. Col. Lou Schinfeld

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Dear Mollye:

Pardon the late answer, as since  
I last wrote you, I made another  
move across water into the "big  
leaguers". Had arrangements  
made to see Sam Sloan in Eng-  
land, but they were cancelled as  
we were on the move. This part  
of the country is pretty rough and  
war is very evident, towns leveled  
and prisoners and the like. We've  
made several moves but now we  
do have a little civilization here.  
I saw Seymour Waxman's name  
in a Red Cross Roster of States.  
I wonder if he is stationed any  
place around here.

I suppose things down at the  
"Y" are really humming around  
this time of the year and how I  
long to be there with you all. Not  
much now to say. Give my best  
to Mr. Sollod, Sonny and Johnny  
and the rest.

(Censored)

Cpl. Bobby Lewis

Dear Mollye:

I knew I'd get around to dropping you a line sooner or later. I sent you a V-Mail the second day that we landed in "Jolly Old England." Can't report much from here because I haven't been anywhere as yet. But judging from what I've seen, it's very nice if it would only stop raining long enough to really enjoy the local countryside. I'm just getting used to the English money setup. I can picture my old pal D. L. Weiner with this setup of "shillings" and pence. I could say the only time any money left his "pence" is when he put it in the bank. . . Corn, huh?

How about sending me addresses of some of the boys that are in England. If Fanny Walsh is still here I'd like to have his address. Also include that of B. B. Backston. . . Thank you. Stopped over to see "Reds" Drayman yesterday. . . he's only a quarter of a mile from here. Spent an hour or so chewing the fat and then returned to camp for our Turkey dinner and a mighty fine one it was.

Last night I payed a visit to one of the "pubs" just to find out for myself if the English beer is as bad as they say. Well. . . it's something to drink and its not too bad. However, I did manage a drink of scotch before the bottle went dry and that was something. (Excuse the delay. . . I was just turning around). I'm sitting facing around the stove and the front of me is warm and the back is cold. . . so, I had to turn around to warm the "after" part of me. That's about all there is for tonight. Yours truly has to take his bi-weekly bath, if the water isn't too cold. "Hello" to everyone around the "Y".

(Censored)

Lt. Artie Blatman.

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Dear Mollye:

I've moved forward twice since seeing Elliott Waxman and its kept me quite busy. I don't know what this setup calls for, but I imagine that we'll be doing the same type of work as before, for we are situated on another river here in Burma. We are also situated in a town or you can say, whats left of it. What was the town at one time is now nothing but scorched earth. All the buildings were razed to the ground, and the only remnants are hugh bomb craters which are now filled with water but which were filled with skeletons.

Extraordinary as it may seem, there is one, and only one, building which managed to remain unscathed during the entire bombing campaign. If you could see this place, you would remark that it doesn't seem possible.

At the present time we are staying in a hospital area, with only our jungle hammocks to sleep in. . . we are "sweated out" a bivouac area, and until then we are messing with the Medics. Incidentally, the chow is excellent. I think that they are given choice rations because all of it has to be flown in.

I met two more fellowmen from Wilmington. They are with this hospital unit which I mentioned above. Both of 'em have longer overseas service than I. . . twenty-one months to my meager fourteen. I hope that the Recorder is on its way here, for I am anxious to read of my "Y" friends. I hope that no others are placed in the casualty list. Regards to all the gang at the "Y".

(Censored)

Pvt. Danny Fisher.

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Dear Mollye:

Well here I am at last. Just finally getting settled so I will just drop you a short not giving you my address and let you know that I am o. k. and feeling fine. There is a pretty nice kosher restaurant here and I eat there quite often. Good chopped liver and chopped herring. Had some begal there too so it helps our feelings toward this big friendly town. So far I have met a lot of my old friends from Kelly Field and Hondo. There are two classmates that graduated from Kelly here with me. This place is just loaded with men who have never been overseas so I might be here for a pretty long time. I believe that they will go before I have to go again. I tried to get out into tactical combat training but instead I got into training cadets.

Don't know Tommy Poland's address but I will try to locate him and at least talk to him on the phone. In case you have any local people around here send my address and I will try to see them. Also if you know of any of the natives I will try to look them up. We went to Friday night services last week and I thought that I was in Mass. where Lodges talk only to the Cabots and the Cabots talk only to God. Give my regards to all including Sonny and Mr. Sollod.

Capt. Seymour Berman

Dear Mollye:—

This letter will consist of good old griping. What have I to gripe about? Well it's about the ammo shortage. The folks back home don't realize how much a few extra rounds count in the winning of this war. Some of them sit in their nice warm homes and "gripe" about not making enough. When I say them, I mean strikers. While on the other hand we boys of the Infantry sit in a cold-ungodly foxhole listening to 88's and 150's fall around wondering if the next one has your label on it. When you sit in a foxhole and take a beating from enemy artillery and watch your buddies, while attacking, get killed and maimed for life, it's hard to take, knowing that a few extra rounds could knock out that artillery or keep the guns quiet while the boys advance.

To cite an example how much ammo we can use. On one occasion we fired over 5000 rounds on a days firing. Figure out how much is used by the entire army. We are only one Company. There are battalions and many battalions in a Regiment; Regiments in a Division; Divisions in an Army and many Armes. Yes, we not only used a few extra rounds, but many. This means lots of hard work.

I received a letter from Dave Cohen. He is in good health. As yet I haven't received any "Y" Records. However, I'll probably get two or three together. Well, Mollye, here's hoping a speedy war's end.

(Censored)

Pfc. Francis Hirshout

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I am now somewhere in the Philippine Islands. I met Millard Keil and a fellow named Gus Tingle. This is to let you know that Jerry Balick, Jack Schenkman and I have finally gotten together. We are all on the same Island and we are feeling fine. Jack presented Jerry and I with a highly precious can of beans and we really threw them down the old hatch. Irv Sigmund is somewhere on this mud hole, but we haven't seen him yet. This Sunday, Jerry and I are going down to see Jack and I am taking a bottle of rum with me so we can celebrate, before we separate again. I hope to get back to Hawaii shortly and then maybe the States.

The Philipinos are very happy at our arrival and I can't blame them one bit. They all want food

and clothes and we do our best to help them. I have always heard of children suffering from malnutrition, but this is the first I have ever seen them. It is pretty sickening to watch the doctor scoop the remains of you out of the G. I. can.

The natives have been suffering with Jap invasion money sending you some as a souvenir. (Censored)

"Smoke" Smookler, A

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Dear Mollye:

Received your letter today. Only letter I've received today. Incidentally the most recent letter written from the States. I was uneventful. Today was told that we could state that we are in Southern France. Barsky went back again. I thought he'd stay put for a while, but there is still a shortage of Doctors. Some of the boys over here whom I've met have been here from 20 to 32 months with no immediate prospect of going home. They are disgusted as one might expect concerning anyone who might be sent home, all I can say now is "Southern France", but if you send them dresses maybe I'll be able to contact them. I'm afraid this is poorly organized, but I'm doing it in my CP tent under the worst conditions of light. Give my best to Sonny, Mr. Sollod, et al.

(Censored)

Lt. Col. Lou Sch

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Dear Mollye:

Pardon the late answer, I last wrote you, I made a move across water into the "leaguers". Had arrangements made to see Sam Sloan in England, but they were cancelled. We were on the move. The situation of the country is pretty rough. War is very evident, towns are being destroyed and prisoners and the like. I made several moves but really do have a little civilization. I saw Seymour Waxman's name in a Red Cross Roster of names in a place around here. I wonder if he is stationing himself in this place around here.

I suppose things down here "Y" are really humming. This time of the year and I long to be there with you. I can't say much now to say. Give my regards to Mr. Sollod, Sonny and the rest.

(Censored)

Cpl. Bobby Lew

Mollye:

e's little a fellow can write, one can say from the B-29 is a mere feeble gripe to approval of the weather, dust, food, etc., but these seem to fade into insignificance when, here in the compass of a big Air Base, I've loved the Recorder. Those on the "Roster" that are punished by the asterics seem to be the air in one's sails.

I thought that came to mind when that casualty list was published . . . him and him and him on a furlough, a pass, or may-be on the "Y" basketball game. And it dawned on me . . . I'll never see faces again! . . . those will be empty at the games. The grim reality of the situation is striking, and we must remember those names in something more than a bronze plaque in the hall. Those names must represent an ideal, to be held forward into the future, as something substantial. Let's leave it at that . . . words are too inadequate for the occasion.

I ran into two Phi Chapter members and I'm hot on Bob Brodick. I flew into Calcutta for an "out-of-town" Sigma Phi. He was a regular visitor at the base. If any of the other boys are in this theatre, send them a post-haste, and I'll try to see them. Remember me on "Y" Day.

Pfc. Jake Coonin.

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Mollye:—

While riding the ocean waves on a transport ship for days, I hit the States at Charlestown, S. C. When transferred to Lawson Hospital. This will be a relief for some time and my health and welfare is being improved considerably by the Chaplain's organizations of Atlanta. On Tuesday and Thursday girls and boys and I have enjoyed some interesting conversations. I insist on taking care of anyone I need and at present I am up on cake, candy and a radio for my room. Every afternoon after services, at the hospital someone brings me a corned beef sandwich and cookies, so you see I am being well taken care of from this angle.

For Medical attention, there is a shortage of nurses and doctors. I guess the same situation exists in other hospitals. I want to go into my injuries and page of explaining words,

but I will say I have improved considerably since leaving England. It's too bad I am so far from home, but I am sure the weather conditions are more favorable here. I am out on the porch in the good healing sunshine every day and Mollye I can really use plenty of it. I'm coming along very well and if improvement continues it won't be long before I'll be in a wheelchair. How is Peeny Berger getting along? I understand he is home on a furlough. That instrument which is called a telephone does great things. When I heard the gang's voices it sure gave me a thrill.

My brother Louis will probably tell you all about his visit here when he sees you. It was really great seeing him and my mother again but I was sorry that Aaron had to get shipped before I returned as I wanted to speak to him.

My ward reminded me of Grand Central Station over X-mas with all the excitement going on and now I am preparing to put up with the New Years celebration. My brother Marty had the baker at his camp make me a big cake and it was sure a honey. There is so much I want to write you that I don't know just what to continue with. Suppose I hold over until another letter as I am getting a bit tired. Before closing I want to say how sorry I was to hear of the recent casualties. Two of those boys were close friends of mine and words couldn't express my feelings. Regards to Mr. Sollod, Sonny, Johnny and the rest of the gang.

Pfc. Sammy Sloan

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Dear Mollye:

Well, I guess its about time I start writing to you. The reason I never wrote before was that I am home quite regularly. But, I don't think I'll be home again for awhile now, so you might as well make room for one more on your list. Mollye, believe me, I think you are doing a swell job, as many others have told you that before. I am really proud to say that I had the privilege of working with you at the "Y" and I also mean Mr. Sollod, Johnny and Sonny. No one can ask for a better group of people to work with and I really mean that.

When I was home I was glad to see the progress the "Y" Boys have been making. I feel very proud of starting this club and I know in the future it will really have a name for itself. I had my physical examination for over-seas

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Yoisel Swartz, S 2[C

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Tuesday I found myself here in Kentucky. What a place! Beautiful country, delicious food, beautiful women, wonderful quarters, hard work, long hours and a man power shortage. It's really terrific. I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. 1300 college girls plus untold town girls and only 400 men, half civies and the rest ASTP. We had all last week off (at night) and believe it or not . . . I had had nine dates with seven different girls in six days. Honest to goodness . . . what a furlough. Compare that with three dates in three months at Blanding. But, that too has to come to an end and we started classes today.

Pvt. Norman Berman

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came out of hiding and gave us frequent bombings and strafing. The weather was the greatest thing that hampered us. Rain, rain, rain and more rain.

The thing that got me down the most was the loss of my best buddy. A fellow who I palled around with ever since I came into the army. He was a swell kid and his death seemed so untimely. I know the story about "this is war" and you have to expect the worse, but it seems so unfair for a fellow as young as he was to have his life taken from him, just when a fellow of his age is beginning to live. So now I have a personal grudge against those so called supermen, and I promise you I'll never forget it.

Rabbi Tavel and I finally met up with each other this past week, after almost a year. We spent two hours together mostly chewing the fat and having a sort of picnic lunch together on salami and goodies that his wife had sent him. He got a great kick out of driving his Jeep around which is quite a sight to see. I also went to see Leon Levy at his hospital and he too is looking fine.

Here's wishing you, Mr. Sollod and the gang at the "Y" a Healthy and Prosperous New Year.

(Censored)

Pvt. Burt Mittleman

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Dear Mollye:—

Things here in Puerto Rico have not been too exciting. They are keeping us busier than a cat on a tier roof and I love that. In addition to receiving your letter, I got the September copy of the Recorder. Keep it coming as it is one way that I can keep in touch with the boys at home. One letter in that issue of the Recorder that struck home was the letter written by Chaplain Silver. Personally I think that that was a real tribute to the boys who have given their lives for our great cause. We here feel that we would like to get out in the front and avenge their deaths, but I am afraid that the boys that we train will have to do avenging for us.

We have a great group of officers here. All of them want to get out and fight. By the way, do you have any addresses of Jewish people that we could look up in Puerto Rico, particularly San Juan. We are starting to have Friday night services here and I hope to attend them each week. Regards to all.

(Censored)

Major Bernie Greenberg



Dear Mollye:

There's little a fellow can write, for all one can say from the B-29 Bases is a mere feeble gripe to air disapproval of the weather, heat, dust, food, etc., but these things seem to fade into insignificance when, here in the comparative safety of a big Air Base, I received the Recorder. Those names on the "Roster" that are distinguished by the asterics seem to thin the air in one's sails.

First thought that came to mind on reading that casualty list was . . . Golly . . . him and him and him on a furlough, a pass, or maybe at a "Y" basketball game. And then it dawns on me . . . I'll never see those faces again! . . . those seats will be empty at the games. The stern reality of the situation is shocking, and we must remember those names in something more than a bronze plaque in the foyer. Those names must represent an ideal, to be held forward to the future, as something substantial. Let's leave it at that . . . my words are too inadequate for my emotions.

I've run into two Phi Chapter men here and I'm hot on Bob Brodie's tail. I flew into Calcutta with an "out-of-town" Sigma Phi man, who was a regular visitor at the "Y". If any of the other boys wind up in this theatre, send the addresses poste-haste, and I'll try to find him. Remember me on "Recorder" Day.

(Censored)

Pfc. Jake Coonin.

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Dear Mollye:--

After riding the ocean waves on a hospital ship for days, I hit the good ole States at Charlestown, S. C. and then transferred to Lawson General Hospital. This will be my home for some time and my comfort and welfare is being helped considerably by the Chaplain and organizations of Atlanta. Every Tuesday and Thursday girls visit the boys and I have enjoyed their interesting conversations. They insist on taking care of anything I need and at present I am stocked up on cake, candy and even a radio for my room. Every Friday after services, at the hospital, someone brings me a corn-beef sandwich and cookies, so you can see I am being well taken care of on this angle.

As for Medical attention, there is a shortage of nurses and doctors, but I guess the same situation exists in other hospitals. I don't want to go into my injuries with a page of explaining words,

but I will say I have improved considerably since leaving England. It's too bad I am so far from home, but I am sure the weather conditions are more favorable here. I am out on the porch in the good healing sunshine every day and Mollye I can really use plenty of it. I'm coming along very well and if improvement continues it won't be long before I'll be in a wheelchair. How is Peeny Berger getting along? I understand he is home on a furlough. That instrument which is called a telephone does great things. When I heard the gang's voices it sure gave me a thrill.

My brother Louis will probably tell you all about his visit here when he sees you. It was really great seeing him and my mother again but I was sorry that Aaron had to get shipped before I returned as I wanted to speak to him.

My ward reminded me of Grand Central Station over X-mas with all the excitement going on and now I am preparing to put up with the New Years celebration. My brother Marty had the baker at his camp make me a big cake and it was sure a honey. There is so much I want to write you that I don't know just what to continue with. Suppose I hold over until another letter as I am getting a bit tired. Before closing I want to say how sorry I was to hear of the recent casualties. Two of those boys were close friends of mine and words couldn't express my feelings. Regards to Mr. Sollod, Sonny, Johnny and the rest of the gang.

Pfc. Sammy Sloan

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(Censored)

Major Bernie Green

## GOD KEEP THEM

## SAFE AND WELL

Ableman, S. Bernard	Chaiken, Frank	Geller, David	Hirschman, Paul	Lockyitch, Howard	Rubin, Milton	Spiller, Benj. H.
Abrams, Lenny	Cheitlin, Daniel	Geller, Samuel	Jablou, Milton	Loeb, Adrian N.	x Rubenstein, Herbert	Spiller, Edward
Adler, Franklin	Chesler, Paul	Gershman, Benj. H.	Jacobs, Alby	Lobel, Larry	Rossin, Benj.	Spiller, Samuel
Allman, Leonard	Cohen, Benjamm D.	Glazer, David H.	:: Jacobs, Bertram	London, Samuel	Rudnick, Milton	Spring, Isadore
Ariff, Morris	Cohen, Bernard	Glazar, Charles	Jacobs, Fred	Lubin, Betty, WAC	Sachs, Benj.	Stape, Jack
Astrin, Harry	Cohen, David	Glazar, Max	Jacobs, Harry "Reds"	Lubin, Harry	:: Satzman, Lt. Steve	Stat, Capt. Sidney
Bachston, Capt. Bonney	Cohen, Emil	Glick, Harry A.	Jacobs, Jack	Lubin, Irvin	Saltzman, Stanley	Statneko, Lt. Harry
Bachston, Lt. Louis	Cohen, Capt. Jerome	Glick, Samuel	* Lt. Maurice Jacobs	Lundy, David	Salus, Israel I.	Statneko, Lt. Lewis
Bachston, Capt. Philip	Cohen, Herbert	Gluck, Charles	Jacobs, Maurice N.	Lundy, Jacob	Salus, Leon	* Sidney Steelman
Balick, David	* Cohen, Herman	Gluckman, Capt. A. G.	Jacoby, Lt. Mark	:: Maisel, Morton	Salus, Norman S.	Stein, Morris
Balick, Jacob	Cohen, Herman	Goberman, Charles A.	Jacoby, William	Maisel, Rubin	Samonisky, Lt. Byron	Steinback, Benj.
:: Balick, Jacob	Cohen, Milton	Goberman, A. Leighton	Jacoby, Capt. Willis	Mann, Gilbert	Samuel, David	Steinberg, Reuben
Balick, Jerry J.	Cohen, Morris	Goberman, Lt. N. L.	Jaffe, Isadore	Marbey, Irving	Samuels, Lt. George	Stiftel, Capt. Albert J.
Balick, Martin	Cohen, Morris M.	Goldberg, Albert Z.	Jasper, Lt. Sol.	Margolin, Barney	Samuels, Lewis	Stone, Leslie
Balick, Milferd	Cohen, Lt. Irwin B.	Goldberg, Julius	Kammer, Capt. Hy.	Markowitz, Herman	Sandler, Lt. Pincus	Strauss, Charles
* Balick, Nathan	Cohen, Nathan	Goldberg, Lt. Maurice	Katz, Daniel	Marienberg, Joseph	Sapowith, Alan D.	Strauss, Freda (WAVE)
Balick, Sol.	Cohen, Samuel	Goldberg, Melvin	Kaufman, Elmer S.	Mattusoff, Lt. Seymour B.	Sayer, Alvin	Strauss, Louis
Barab, Arthur S.	Cohen, Seymour	Goldberg, Lt. Mildred	Keil, Millard B.	Mazer, Benj.	Sayer, Coleman	Strauss, Nathan
Barshay, Marvin	Cohen, Sydney	Goldberger, Earle	Kelrick, Pinky	Miller, Aaron	Schaffer, Bernard	Stutman, George
Barsky, Abraham	Coonin, Jacob	Golder, Donald	Kerbel, Lt. William	Miller, W. O. Howard	Schenkman, Jack	Stutman, Harry
Barsky, Lt. Col. J. M.	Cooper, Leonard	Golden, Martin	Kessler, Paul E.	Mazer, Herbert	Schenkman, Seymour	Swartz, Hyman
Belfer, Ralph	Cooperstein, N. (WAVE)	Goldman, David E.	Keyser, Morton	Miller, Irv.	Schinfeld, Lt. Col. Louis	Swartz, Joseph
Bellak, Seymour	Cramer, Franklin	Goldman, Lt. Bernard	J. Keyser, Sidney	Miller, Leon	Schlesinger, George	Swinger, Isadore
Bell, Bernard	Danberg, Irv. L.	* Goldstein, Gordon	Kety, Jack H.	* Miller, Lt. Seymour	Schlesinger, Herbert	Switko, Emanuel
Bell, Harold	Decker, Herman	Goldstein, Jacob	Kety, Sam	Miller, William	Schreiber, Harold M.	Tannen, Lt. Bernard M.
Bell, Stanley	Diamond, Lt. Sidney	Goldstein, Lt. Jules M.	Kety, Capt. S. S.	:: Mittleman, Burton	Schagrin, David	Tannen, C. W. O. Jerry
Berdit, Willard	DuBois, Theo. H.	x Goldstein, Kenneth	Kirsch, Richard V.	Mittleman, George	Schneider, Edward	Tannen, Capt. Joseph S.
Berg, Lt. Melvin	Dworkis, Walter	Goldstein Louis	Kirshner, Joseph M.	Morris, David	Schoenberg, Lt. Harold	Tannen, Capt. Martin R.
Berger, Bernard	Edelberg, Charles	Goldstein, W/O Nathan	Kirshner, Morris	Morris, Harold	Schoenberg, Itzie N.	Tanzer, Leon
Berger, David R.	Elias, Edward	Goldstein, Maurice D.	Kirshner, Samuel, S.	Morris, Irving	* Schoenberg, Norman	Tappman, Jack
Berger, Irvin	Elias, Marvin G.	Goldstein, Stanford	Klein, Charles	Morris, Melvyn	Schulman, Lt. M. H.	Tavel, Ch. Henry
:: Berger, Martin	Ehrenfeld, Lt. Daniel	Goldwein, Manfred	Klein, Maurice	Muderick, Bernard	Schulson, Hyman A.	Taylor, Lt. Harry
Berger, Capt. Simon M.	Eisenman, Martin	Goldberg, Samuel	Kline, Lt. Col. Mannie	Nathans, Lt. Abe	Schulman, Sidney	Teder, Isadore
Berkowitz, Lt. S. I.	Epstein, Jerry	Golin, Edward	Klatsky, Samuel	Nathans, Lt. David	Schutzman, Lt. Noah N.	Terman, Fred
Berlin, Capt. Irvin I.	Euster, W. O. Edgar	Goodvege, Bunny	Klawansky, Daniel B.	Nathans, Robert	Schutzman, Nathan	Thompson, George
Berman, Joseph	Faber, Louis O.	Gordon, Herman	:: Kleinabrt, Leon	Neiman, Phil	x Schwitzgold, Max	x Tomasses, Capt. Ralph
Berman, Norman	Faller, Rudolph	Gordon, Joe	Klevan, Joseph	Neumann, Joseph	Segal, Lt. Sol C.	Tonik, Robert
Berman, Samuel	Faller, Warner	Green, Major Alfred	Koerner, Alfred	Newber, Robert	Seidel, Benjamin	Tokpis, Perry
Berman, Capt. Seymour	Feldman, Edw. L.	Green, Harold N.	Knopf, Ensign Grace	Nozinsky, Jules	Selinkoff, Lt. J. J.	Tucker, Benjamin
Berman, Stuart	Feldman, Herman	Green, Marvin	Knopf, Aaron	:: Newstadt Benjamin	Shames, Norman A.	Tucker, Samuel
Berman, Theo. W.	Feldman, Louis	Green, Major Samuel	Kovner, Jacob	Newstadt, Flor'ce, WAC	Shapiro, Daniel	Tuckerman, Arthur
Binder, Stanley	Feldman, Max	Greenberg, Major B. J.	Kozak, Gilbert	Newstadt, Lt. Joseph	Shapiro, Hillard	Tupp, Beryl
Bernstein, Lt. Paul	Feldman, Sidney	Greenberg, Albert	Kramer, Seymour B.	Odin, Harry	Shapiro, Richard	Twer, Charles
Blatt, Eli A.	Fine, Ch. Alvin I.	Greenberg, Melvin	Kraft, Ch. Jacob	o Opis, Benjamin	Shapiro, William	Wachtel, Edwin
Bierman, Lt. Harry	Fine, Jerry	Greenblatt, Harry	Krasnowitz, Louis B.	Opis, Fred	Sherman, Gert WAC	Wagner, Leon
Biloon, Lt. Arthur	Fine, Mendel	Greenfield, Eli	Krause, Capt. Arthur	Opis, Leon	Shore, Joseph	Wasserman, David
Biloon, Ralph	Fineman, Albert	Greenstein, David	Kravitz, Arthur	Oxford, Albert	Shpeen, Sidney	Waretnick, Walter
Bicow, Irving	* Fineman, Harry	Greenstone, Herman	Kravitz, Morris	Paiken, David	Sigmund, Howard	Wax, Emanuel K.
Blatman, Lt. Arthur M.	Fineman, Samuel	Greenstein, Louis	Kreshtool, Lt. jg Bern.	Paris, Isaac	Sigmond, Lt. Irving	Waxman, Lt. David A.
Bleiberg, Lt. Carl	o Finesmith, Lt. Max	Greenstein, Sydney	Kreshtool, Lt. Jacob	Pinckney, Edward	Sigmund, Eugene	Waxman, Seymour
Bleiberg, Bernie	Finger, Judah	Greenwald, Betty, WAC	Kreshtool, Capt. Louis	Plafker, Jacob S.	* Silver, Jacob Israel	Waxman, Elliott
Bloom, Lt. Harry	Finger, Lt. Louis	Greenwald, Herbert	Krigstein, David J.	Plafker, Lt. Nathan V.	Silver, Robert T.	Weiman, Irvin F.
Bloom, Joseph	Finkle, Irving	Gross, Major B. A.	Krinsky, Herman	Platt, Capt. David	Silver, Ch. Samuel	Weinberger, Emanuel
Bloom, Leon	Finkle, Stanley	Groll, Robert	Kruger, Harold	Podolsky, Hyman	Silverstein, Aaron	Weiner, David L.
Blume, Nathan	* First, Lt. Harry M.	Grossman, Joseph	Kurland, Capt. A. B.	Podolsky, Lt. Leahman	Silverstein, Sidney	Weiner, George J.
Bowman, Isaac	First, Capt. Joseph	Grossman, Martin	Laub, Arthur	Poland, Lt. Thomas L.	Silverman, Lawrence	Weiner, Louis
Bowman, Lt. Lou	Fischer, Bernard	Haber, Ernest	Laub, Sidney	Polish, Irving	Silverman, Lt. Sidney	Weiman, Willard
Boys, Lt. Arthur E.	Fisher, Danny	Haber, Gerd	:: Lazarus, Myron	Pottock, Louis G.	Simon, Benjamin M.	Weiner, Joseph E.
Braunstein, Bertram W.	Fisher, Richard	Haber, Milton	Lee, Lt. Bernard	Protigal, Bernard	Simon, Louis	* Weiner, Lt. Marvin
Brenner, Harry	Fields, Sarah (WAC)	Hendler, Sidney	Levin, Henry	Rapkin, Joseph	Simon, Max	Weinstock, Capt. Leon.
Braxman, Samuel M.	Flanzer, Leon	Hankin, Lt. Leah M.	Levin, Robert H.	Raphael, Ernest	Simon, Morris M.	Weinstock, Capt. Nathan
Briskin, Albert	Forman, Leonard	Harris, Capt. Lewis	Levin, William	Raphaelson, Ensign B.	Simon, Nathan	Weinstock, Jacques
Brodie, Robert	Forman, Sidney	Harwitz, Sidney	Levine, Abe P.	Rappaport, Joseph	Sklar, Albert	Weiss, Harold
Brofsky, Louis	Frankel, Arthur	Harwitz, Major Morris	Levine, Herman	Rappaport, Samuel	Sklut, Aaron	Weiss, Edward
Brown, Harvey B.	Frankel, Edw. E.	Heisler, Albert	Levine, Martin	Redless, Isadore	Sklut, David	Weller, Harry
Brown, Irving N.	:: Frankel, George	Henochstein, Maurice	Levithan, Leonard	Redless, Jacob	Sklut, Jack	* Winston, Lt. Henry
Brown, Leonard E.	Frankel, Samuel	Herrmann, Capt. Daniel	Levy, Janice, WAC	Redless, Jack	Sklut, Morton	Wishnow, Edward M.
Brown, Louis	Frankfurt, Bernard R.	Himber, Melvin	Levy, Capt. Leon	Reiver, Ernest	Skvsky, Manuel	Wolson, Morton
Bucholtz, Max I.	Freedman, Louis	Hirsch, Leo	Levy, Lt. Richard	Reiver, Capt. Julius	Slesinger, Major. M. L.	Wintner, Martin
Budin, Edward	Fried, Benj. S.	Hirshout, Lt. David	Lewis, Charles	Reitzes, Samuel	Sloan, Aaron	* Wolson, Morton T.
Bunin, Norman	Freid, Lt. Jacob	Hirshout, Lt. sig H. M.	Lewis, Irving	Resnick, Capt. Elton	Sloan, Martin	Yarowsky, Morris
Bunin, Tevis	Fried, Nathan	Hirshout, Francis	Lewis, Robert	Rofel, Harry	:: Sloan, Sam	:: Zelcowitz, Alfred
Cahan, Louis	Friedlander, Jack	Hirshout, Lt. Matt	Lichtenbaum, Joseph	Rosbrow, Joseph	Slovin, Capt. I.	Zeirinsky, Milton
Cane, Anna (WAC)	Friedman, Harold	Hochstein, Eugene R.	Lincoln, Morris	Rosenblum, Samuel	Slovin, Milton	Zinman, David
Caney, Norman	:: Galperin, Saul	Hochstein, Irving	Lincoln, Sidney	Rosenblatt, Horace	Small, Bernard	Zinman, Manuel
Cannon, Capt Norman	Garber, Joseph	Hoffman, Abe	Lipstein, Lt. Eugene J.	Rosenblum, Raymond	Smith, Capt. Alex	Zogott, Louis
Caplan, Benj. Morris	Garfinkel, Irving H.	Hoffstein, Jules	Lipstein, Lt. L. L.	Rosbrow, Edward	Smookler, Morton	
Carlis, Alfred	Garfinkle, Martin	Hoffstein, Stanley	Lipstein, Roy	Rosbrow, Nathan	Sokoloff, Sidney	
Carlis, Morton	Garfinkle, Milton	Honey, Edward	Lipstein, Lt. Sig. M.	Rosen, Isidore	Solomon, Seymour C.	
Chaby, Robert	Gelof, Lt. Marvin	Honey, Milton	Lisakoff, Samuel	* Rosen, Simon G.	:: Sortman, Capt. Harold	
Chambers, Leon	Gelb, Louis	Horwitz, Lt. (jg) Harry	Lisansky, Jack	Rosevitch, Joseph D.	Spain, Clara (WAC)	
Chudnofsky, Morris	Gellens, Paul	Hirschman, Jack	* Lisansky, Robert	Ross, Irving	Spiegel, Gilbert	

:: Wounded in Action

o Prisoner of War

\* Killed In Action

x Missing In Action

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