

DEAR MOLLYE

The former "Word From The Front" is now "Dear Mollye. It has 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."

This letter comes to you from the boys in the Aleutians who not only must suffer by being up here, but must live with David Glazar. This is written with a view to sending the almost bald head of Dave's 1st Sgt. The facts stated in the case are corroborated by the witnesses whose signatures follow that of the defendant. You understand from Dave's last letter to you that he writes I am suffering from alopecia areata (Bald head). It was suggested by Danny Walsh's last letter which he said that Dave's 1st Sgt. must be getting a little gray-headed. Both statements are true. I may be minus a few hairs, but I do not think I am qualified to sit in bald-headed row. We Straubs come from a long line who are known to bear a striking resemblance to a billiard ball. This statement could be verified by my good friend Sgt. Gerard Hynes, who has never since a certain night in Tacoma, his fear of writing to or mingling with me is second only to his fear of missing a meal. Now that we have the matter straightened out, we hope you will have been convinced and will continue in a more friendly manner. All of us enjoy reading the Recorder which Dave receives. He is forever singing the praises of the paper, and while we agree with him as to the paper, we most heartily disagree with his singing. If you have ever had the misfortune to attend a hog-raising contest, you will understand what we mean. The writer of this letter believes that he is taking unfair advantage of the rest of the boys. So far, I have not even a dig at all the boys, but haven't mentioned my name. I come from Ohio and when I was drafted they were at loss as to what classification to give me. None could fit me so they made one of their own, 5F which means "not good even in

case of invasion."

Just a few words about our home life. Five soldiers and two dogs surrounded by one tent. The tent is very dry, except when it rains. The occupants are Dave, Clarence, John, Gerard, Murgytoid, and Matilda. It is becoming quite a problem to decide who is going to sleep in the beds, we or the dogs. As time passes, and the dogs get bigger and sharper teeth, I think the problem will be solved. So far Matilda shares the better half of Daves' and John's bed, while Murgy sleeps with Andy. The dogs were born at sea within a mile of the front lines, so I suppose you could call them "battle babies." The battle has ceased, but the dogs haven't heard about it yet. As to eating, I have yet to see anyone enjoy a meal of coal, socks, handkerchiefs and old newspapers as they do. Sometimes though, I think they serve us the same thing at mess, only under the name of hash patties. Our evenings are spent in telling stories, and some of them would shame any champion of the Burlington's Liar's Club. We don't waste our time by going out on a pass, but that is probably because there is no place to go. We enjoy seeing pictures of women and beer, because it's been a long time since we've had our hands on either one of them. Even Eleanor would be an accepted possibility.

And now, when the crash of gunfire ends with the clash of cymbals is the Victory Parade, we expect to come home to our folks, home to our girls, home to the land that was built by and for men who thought, planned and acted on their own. (Reference: Newsweek, Oct. 4, 1943 see Nash Kelvinator).

Signed by: John Straub

Written by: Andy Jaeck

Witnesses:

Gerard Hynes

Dave Glazar

(Censored)

BUTTON YOUR LIP

Watch your conversation at times. Think before you talk. Do not discuss movements of any members of our armed forces. Do not discuss anything which might disclose the sailing of a ship. Do not discuss anything related to:

War production

Character of Equipment

Shipment of war supplies.

Warn others who are careless.

Dear Mollye:—

I can't thank you enough for the swell letter I received last night. The news from home was just what the Doctor ordered and enough to keep me up to date with the latest escapades in good ole Wilmington, even if the boys in my barracks never heard of such a town. Of course they now have the letter and are up to their usual scrutiny in scanning up something with which to black-mail me.

Have you received the letter from my 1st Sergeant yet? I did my darndest to stop them but it was four to one, stripes and all. And did they let their everything out on me. To even things they made the letter inclusive and are impatiently awaiting an answer. Let them have it Mollye for me.

The Sgt. had a good laugh when he read your treatment for growing hair, then he started to give me a complete resume of our hardships out here somewhere in the Aleutians and it took eight hours to quiet him. Anyway, you can write Franny that his (the Sgt.) hair is getting thinner and thinner with mirrors on the wall broken everyday. I caught him once addressing the mirror with "Mirror, mirror on the wall, whose's the baldest of them all" He hasn't lived that one down yet.

I see Joe Lichtenbaum almost everyday, now that I have to pick up supplies there. We always sit down, have a cup of coffee and talk about the good times we had at Allied Kid and the "Y". He really is a swell guy. Give Mr. Sollod, Johnny and "one paragraph Sonny" my regards.

(Censored)

Davie Glazar

P. S. The Recorders are received months apart. And oh yes, Artie will probably be a "shave-tail" by now, so please convey to him my heartiest congratulations.

Dear Mollye:—

I just received your New Years card, and was very glad to hear from you. I know I've been off the beam for not writing before, but I'm one of those selfish guys that loves to receive mail and yet it's one of the greatest burdens in the world for me to write.

Sol Balick is only 18 miles from where I am. Yesterday, Sol called from town and tonight, we'll step out together. I'm quartered in what was once a University, and it's very nice. Still in the Ordnance Department, and still up in an office. Last week, I went to London on a 2-day pass, and saw quite a bit of the big city.

How is everything at the "Y", and don't forget to give regards to Mr. Sollod, and all the rest. We have a basketball team, and I've been playing quite a lot of ball, first getting in shape, for the time when I can play down at the "Y" gym again. I'll tell Sol that you were asking for him.

"One of the Rover boys"

Irv Polish

(Censored)

P. S. I'll try and get in touch with Major Gross; he is only 16 miles from where I am.

Dear Mollye:

Listen, Kid, it's not your business to apologize for not writing sooner. That's our Dep't. I believe we've developed into expert alibi makers. Some of the fellows must stay up all night thinking of them. We know how busy you are, so just write when you can.

Never have I seen such atrocious weather as we are having now. It's been snowing, raining and hailing all day. I was going out but when those hailstones hit me in the face, I really changed my mind. How is it up there?

I finally got around to looking for Abe Nathans. Friday night, I went to the Chapel to say Kaddish and met a fellow who was in his outfit. He told me Abe has been up in Md. for about 2 months now going to school. I thought it strange I hadn't seen him because I followed his outfit, and was around the corner from me.

That's about all from Texas, except I wish it were Delaware.

Regards to everyone.

Joe Weiner

P. S. I hear the Scout troop is getting along great now. Had a letter from Lou Goldstein and he seems to be pitching in.

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How is everything at the gym and don't forget to give my love to Mr. Sollod, and all the rest. We have a basketball team, and I've been playing quite a lot of it. I'm first getting in shape, for the first time when I can play down at the gym again. I'll tell Sol that you were asking for him.

"One of the Rover boys"

Irv P.

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Regards to everyone.

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Mollye:—
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 Sol Balick is in Ireland. I that Irv Polish was over way too. I got a card from s Jacobs letting me know his e of address, but I think he I up in Alaska, but may have d to another base up here. In st letter I got from him, he say anything about moving to the South Pacific only going into another island up e Aleutians. Morty said that knew where he was, so if you ny kid sister at the "Y" let now, so she can tell the folks. at's new around the "Y"? . . ss things are about the same. getting tougher and tougher here, but I knew I wasn't to a picnic when we left the s. Give my regards to Mr. d, Sonny, Johnny, and the of the gang.
 (Censored)

Lenny Abrams

Dear Mollye:—
 When I received the "Recorder", today, I remembered that I haven't written to you for ages. This was the first "Recorder" that I received, and I enjoyed it thoroughly.

I have been enjoying myself immensely the last couple of weeks. It seems that I have a lot better time when I'm away than when I am home. I'm having a helluva time keepin awake around the place. The studies are easy, and all in all, its a pretty easy life. I'm disgusted, it's so easy here I guess it will get tougher later on in my training. I can't say that I am looking forward to it, because I'm not. I'd rather rest than work.

There isn't much more to write about, so lets hear from you soon. Don't forget the next "Recorder."

Roy Lipstein

Dear Mollye:—
 Two weeks have passed since arriving, and my conscience has been bothering me for a letter off to Mollye, so here it goes. The trip was interesting with the exception of having to leave my outfit heading further up the chain. Finally arrived at the destination, and the best location I can give is somewhere along the Aleutian chain. In the States, it's not hard to see what a fella is fighting for, but out in this God-forsaken country- keeps me wondering. Viewing this place scared the hell out of me, but once on it, you take it and like it. The life is rugged, but has its good points considering the circumstances. Take a 90-Degree hill, put some ice on it, add a 40 mile downwind with the mess hall on top, and its a matter of time getting used to the life. The clothes the army provides is sufficient to keep any man dry and warm . . . if they could manufacture weather. Out huts are plenty warm with oil-heat, and electricity. Movies in our mess hall twice a week, also a large recreation hall. All the latest radio programs come over our radio station through the facilities of Special service. The huts are so darn comfortable that at times I hate to leave for work. Usually put a couple of socks in my pocket for balast. For all I know, one of these days I may drop in to see you. Summing things up, things are better than expected, and the little I put up with is nothing in comparison to what other boys are going through.

The best break up here is my

present job which is altogether different from Jockeying a typewriter. Working in operations, learning how to dispatch planes, coding and decoding messages from the teletype. In time, hope to learn about weather and a little air navigation. One of the boys received a mimeographed sheet from his home town similar to our "Recorder", only on a smaller basis. He sure got a big thrill reading it, but told him to hold on to his raving until I received my "Recorder", so don't let me down "Mollye . . . Thanx.

Regards to Mr. Sollod, Johnny, Sonny, plus anyone in Wilmington. "Kid Longdrawers"

(Censored)

Irv Finkle

Dear Mollye:—

I received the "Recorder" last week, and I want to thank you, and all who contribute their effort in seeing that the "Recorder" reaches the servicemen, from the bottom of my heart. Words can't describe the way I feel when I get news from home. Out here, where there is no recreation, except throwing a few rounds at the "sons-of-heaven," when they come over to disturb our sleep, anything that takes our mind off this place is a God-send. "Keep em coming."

Give regards to everyone.
 (Censored)

Jack Lisansky

Dear Mollye:—

Received your letter yesterday and was glad to hear from the old home town and especially the old "Y". So the "Y" has been completely renovated; well I imagine it really looks sharp or "Aw-Rite", as the "boys" would say.

I went into Wilmington, N. C., the nearest town to camp, again, and as usual spent a miserable week-end. It has no Jewish population at all and no provisions for Jewish service men. They do have a synagogue which is very small and offers nothing. There is a USO but isn't large enough to accommodate all the camps in the vicinity. We are still instructing the O.C.S. boys and the work is very boring. I am glad to hear that all those fellows got home together. It really makes it swell. I am now trying to arrange to see "Waxy" but it is impossible to make it on a week-end pass. Give my best to Mr. Sollod, John-

ny and the rest of the gang.
 Aaron Miller

Dear Mollye:—

Yesterday I received your very welcome and interesting letter. I read it over and over, and enjoyed more each time. I am very glad to know that Arty made the grade and also that he was able to get home again. From the looks of things, maybe some of us boys will be home by the Spring. At least the rumor is red hot. If I am lucky, I may be one of the first fortunate ones. You are right, I have been in the Tropics too long. I am beginning to feel like a native. Speaking of natives, the ones here are much smaller and darker than the ones I have seen in my travels. Some of them speak a little pig English, they understand us fairly well.

Since being here, we have had quite a few real raids, but here of late, they have quieted down.

I haven't heard from Mendel lately. You know the old saying, no news is good news, never the less, I would like hearing from him. If you know where he is, let me know.

I will close this letter with my best wishes for a pleasant Pass-over for you, and all the folk back home.

(Censored)

Syd. Greenstine

Dear Mollye:—

I received your letter and was glad to hear that everything is the same. Thanks a million for the addresses. They were just the ones I wanted most. Glad to hear that the House League would carry on, and I am certain that Sigma Phi will take the cup once again this year, and will remain champions.

The last I heard from my brother Albert, was that he was being shipped from Nevada. Where to, I haven't heard yet. Bertram is still in Alabama. I am still up in "Nobody's" country. As far as I am concerned, they can take these Islands, and sink them in the Pacific if it were possible. I've seen all I want to see of them, and I am now ready to go back to the States for good, but I do want to see the end of the war first, and I will, if I have anything to say about it.

Well, Mollye, I guess that's about all for now.

Moishe Jacobs

(Censored)

Dear Mollye:—

I got your letter last night and was really glad to hear from you once again. I guess in your next letter, you'll let me know some of the fellows who are on the Canal, but since then I have moved again. We moved to another island further up the line. The trip up was a pretty hectic one. We hit a storm the second night out and almost all the boys got seasick. Lucky me, I made the trip O. K., but as I said, I was pretty lucky.

We had to start from scratch here, and build our camp. The boys really did a good job in clearing the place. This island, like the rest, is jungle, and it rains about everyday. The only difference here is that rain isn't the only thing that falls from the sky. The first thing we did when we hit here was build foxholes, and they are good things to have here. The 4th of July fireworks are only child's play, and fireworks only go up. Since I landed here, I have already met somebody from home. I also met some of the other 198th fellows from Delaware, and a few of them I knew. Morty Sklut was here for about an hour last night, and said he'd stop again. He's only about one mile from my camp, so I guess I'll see him a lot while I'm here. I haven't heard from Aaron Sklut for over a month now. I guess I'll be hearing from him soon. I did get a letter from Ted Dubois right before I left the Canal and he told me he was coming home on furlough. I guess he's home right now. Mom wrote and told me that Harry Rofel was home. Well, maybe my turn will come soon, I hope.

So Sol Balick is in Ireland. I heard that Irv Polish was over that way too. I got a card from Morris Jacobs letting me know his change of address, but I think he is still up in Alaska, but may have moved to another base up here. In the last letter I got from him, he didn't say anything about moving down to the South Pacific only about going into another island up in the Aleutians. Morty said that you knew where he was, so if you see my kid sister at the "Y" let her know, so she can tell the folks.

What's new around the "Y"? . . . I guess things are about the same. It's getting tougher and tougher down here, but I knew I wasn't going to a picnic when we left the states. Give my regards to Mr. Sollod, Sonny, Johnny, and the rest of the gang.
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Burt Mittleman

* * * * *

Mollye:—

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py, but I now weigh 150 lbs.
l my clothes are tight. All
all day long is eat. As a
of fact I've just finished
quarters of a chicken. We
out ten chickens all cut in
rs from the galley today at
Tonight I was a little hun-
nd the doctor said he was
y too, so I cooked one and
alf chicken, and the doctor
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milk and two apples a
plus sliced peaches. The
is a Lt.Commander, which
ivalent to a Major in the
But the way he fools
with us you would think
s a boy scout, because we
joke and fool around. We
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chance to see the country at the
Government expense because I
traveled Pullman both ways.

Out of all the men stationed
here there is one fellow that I
know from Wilmington and believe
it or not, he works in the same
dispensary as I do. How is that
for coincidence? Regards to all
at the "Y".

Eddie Honey

* * * * *

Dear Mollye:—

Received the Recorder this week
and it sure is a pleasure reading
about the "Y". My only complaint
is that I don't receive the Recor-
der as often as I used to.

At the present time I am on an
Island in the South Pacific, coming
here from the Fiji Islands. I have
seen my first volcano, which is
quite a sight. The Fiji's are quite
nice. Every time we saw one he
would say "Bula" meaning "Good
Morning, Good Evening, Hello or
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our washing, which suited me fine.
At present I am back to doing my
own laundering again. The na-
tives came around with peanuts,
bananas, and fresh eggs. The eggs
were swell and quite a change
from dehydrated eggs we were get-
ting. In the city there were nu-
merous taprooms and bars, which
served very good Australian beer.
There were a few restaurants
where we could get a meal and a
milk bar which served very good
milk shakes. The white girls, or
should I say nearly white girls,
are very good dancers, although I
dance very poorly myself. There
was a very large swimming pool
similar to Price's Run, excepting
they use salt water.

Enough for now. Give my re-
gards to all and don't forget to
send the Recorder as soon as pos-
sible.

(Censored)

Bernie Mudrick

* * * * *

Dear Mollye:—

At present I am somewhere in
England. This country is very
beautiful and the people appear to
be very friendly. Our camp is out-
side of a little town where they
have one Cinema, and quite a few
pubs. (Cinema - movies, pub - beer
garden). The Cinema has all the
latest American pictures of 1929,
and the pubs are quaint little ga-
thering plac's for the towns men-
folk. The ale looks like our

bock beer and is very weak. All
of the Ale is served warm, but
it's better than no ale at all.

The other night I went on a
pass and went pubbing, then took
in a show and saw Buck Jones in
"South of the Great Divide" which
was about 8 years old. They also
had a co-feature which was about
the same age. They had a very
good Pathe News which was even
more explained and in detail than
our own Pathe News. They
had a few local advertisements
shot across the screen. In English
movies, the cheaper seats are
found downstairs and the expen-
sive one upstairs. The entire town
is blacked out all the food is ra-
tioned. There are very few res-
taurants and the common dish for
after a show is fish and chips
which in our language is Codfish
and French fried potatoes.

I am trying to get in touch with
Sol Balick through the Red Cross,
also Stan Tannen.

Regards to Mr. Sollod and all
the gang . . . left.

(Censored)

Dave A. Balick

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Dear Mollye:

Received your V-Mail. I was
away on seven days leave in Lon-
don so I couldn't answer your let-
ter as I've just received it. I guess
I am still what you called me, if
I can have the girls crying when
I take the train back to camp.
There's really one swell English
girl I met and I really had a nice
time with her, seeing all the sights
in London and better still, eating
all day long. I don't get tired of
that. It's really one swell place
to visit, the more you see, the
more there is. The town seems
to grow while you go around. I
hope I can get back some time to
see it again and the girl. I've
been promoted to a Pfc. again,
and another raise in pay; more
money to spend.

I am really lost in this town
near camp, after being in London.
I can't get used to being in camp
anymore.

How are things in Wilmington
these days, I guess its still the
same old town as when I was
there last.

Give everyone my best regards
and I hope the Snack Lounge looks
nice when you get it enlarged.
Send me a sample of the good
things to eat in there (joke).

Write soon and regards to Mr.
Sollod.

(Censored)

Bob Lisansky

Dear Mollye:—

I wish to thank you from the
bottom of my heart for sending
me the "Recorder". Makes me
feel as though I have seen some
of the correspondents only yester-
day when I come across some of
the names. I konw everyone must
be pitching in to do his or her
best to win this war. May God
be with them always.

At the present time, I am sta-
tioned at the Fort Mommoth Sta-
tion Hospital and like it very much.
Being an Army Nurse makes me
feel very proud when I can help
these boys who have given up so
very much to win the war for
their loved ones and everyone else
concerned. This is really a very
large post and I'll never forget
the first few days when I found
I was lost after wandering into
the male barracks quarters . . .
purely accidental-honestly.

What takes the cake, Mollye is
when the soldiers salute me and
call me "Sir". It has taken me
almost 2 months to get used to
this Military custom; however, I'm
slowly but surely adhering to
these rules. Now I can salute
with a straight face, but can I
let you in on a little secret. I some-
times give a little smile; especially
after the soldiers wink. I must
tell you that now I feel like a
real soldier, as I have already had
my basic training and last but not
least, I have gone thru the infil-
tration course at Fort Dix. This
made me feel as though I was un-
der actual firing conditions and I
was just a wee bit frightened
when I heard the firing overhead.

I wish to thank you for the "Re-
corder." Extend my regards to all
at home.

(Lt.) Mildred Goldberg, A. N. C.

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Dear Mollye:—

Received your newsy letter and
delighted to hear from you.

I am now somewhere in Eng-
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haps I will be able to get in touch
with those officers. I wish to ex-
tend to you a very belated, but
none the less sincere greetings for
a happy, prosperous and healthy,
1944.

(Censored)

(Capt.) Harold Sortman

Dear Mollye:

I just received your New Years card. Many thanks. It took exactly a month and 5 days to catch up with me. That is some traveling. After those many times thinking of leaving the States, I finally did. I am in the Northern part of the dark and beautiful continent of Africa. Since I have been here, I have visited Casablanca in French Morocco, and Oran in Algeria. They are very nice, but I prefer the good old U. S. cities much more. When I first hit North Africa, it looked like I stepped from the modern times to Biblical times. Men, women and children dressed in white wrap-around gowns, with the women and children dressed in white, wearing veils over their faces. It is really customary for the women to do all the work, so if you see a couple coming down the street, the man will be riding either a burro, camel, or donkey, and the women will always follow in the rear. I really don't have much time to write, but I will write a letter the next time, instead of V-Mail, and I will be able to describe the country much better. So will close now with regards to everyone and don't forget the "Recorder, as I am looking forward to reading it.

Burt Mittleman

* * * * *

Dear Mollye:—

You may remember me as a thin boy, but I now weigh 150 lbs. and all my clothes are tight. All I do all day long is eat. As a matter of fact I've just finished three quarters of a chicken. We got about ten chickens all cut in quarters from the galley today at noon. Tonight I was a little hungry and the doctor said he was hungry too, so I cooked one and one half chicken, and the doctor and I ate boiled chicken, bread and butter, milk and two apples a piece, plus sliced peaches. The doctor is a Lt. Commander, which is equivalent to a Major in the Army. But the way he fools around with us you would think he was a boy scout, because we always joke and fool around. We went to a show in the drill hall tonight and on the way he galloped like a horse and shot imaginary Indians, What a guy! I have been out to the West coast twice as a Medical Aid to various drafts of men that are shipped out. In case of sickness, accident or other emergency I am supposed to take care of them en-route or un-

til they can be gotten to a hospital. So far, I have had no serious trouble and I have had a chance to see the country at the Government expense because I traveled Pullman both ways.

Out of all the men stationed here there is one fellow that I know from Wilmington and believe it or not, he works in the same dispensary as I do. How is that for coincidence? Regards to all at the "Y".

Eddie Honey

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At the present time I am on an Island in the South Pacific, coming here from the Fiji Islands. I have seen my first volcano, which is quite a sight. The Fiji's are quite nice. Every time we saw one he would say "Bula" meaning "Good Morning, Good Evening, Hello or some greeting." The natives did our washing, which suited me fine. At present I am back to doing my own laundering again. The natives came around with peanuts, bananas, and fresh eggs. The eggs were swell and quite a change from dehydrated eggs we were getting. In the city there were numerous taprooms and bars, which served very good Australian beer. There were a few restaurants where we could get a meal and a milk bar which served very good milk shakes. The white girls, or should I say nearly white girls, are very good dancers, although I dance very poorly myself. There was a very large swimming pool similar to Price's Run, excepting they use salt water.

Enough for now. Give my regards to all and don't forget to send the Recorder as soon as possible.

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At present I am somewhere in England. This country is very beautiful and the people appear to be very friendly. Our camp is outside of a little town where they have one Cinema, and quite a few pubs. (Cinema - movies, pub - beer garden). The Cinema has all the latest American pictures of 1929, and the pubs are quaint little gathering places for the towns men-folk. The ale looks like our

bock beer and is very weak. All of the Ale is served warm, but it's better than no ale at all.

The other night I went on a pass and went pubbing, then took in a show and saw Buck Jones in "South of the Great Divide" which was about 8 years old. They also had a co-feature which was about the same age. They had a very good Pathe News which was even more explained and in detail than our own Pathe News. They had a few local advertisements shot across the screen. In English movies, the cheaper seats are found downstairs and the expensive one upstairs. The entire town is blacked out all the food is rationed. There are very few restaurants and the common dish for after a show is fish and chips which in our language is Codfish and French fried potatoes.

I am trying to get in touch with Sol Balick through the Red Cross, also Stan Tannen.

Regards to Mr. Sollod and all the gang . . . left.

(Censored)

Dave A. Balick

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Dear Mollye:

Received your V-Mail. I was away on seven days leave in London so I couldn't answer your letter as I've just received it. I guess I am still what you called me, if I can have the girls crying when I take the train back to camp. There's really one swell English girl I met and I really had a nice time with her, seeing all the sights in London and better still, eating all day long. I don't get tired of that. It's really one swell place to visit, the more you see, the more there is. The town seems to grow while you go around. I hope I can get back some time to see it again and the girl. I've been promoted to a Pfc. again, and another raise in pay; more money to spend.

I am really lost in this town near camp, after being in London. I can't get used to being in camp anymore.

How are things in Wilmington these days, I guess its still the same old town as when I was there last.

Give everyone my best regards and I hope the Snack Lounge looks nice when you get it enlarged. Send me a sample of the good things to eat in there (joke).

Write soon and regards to Mr. Sollod.

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Bob Lisansky

Dear Mollye:—

I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for me the "Recorder". Make me feel as though I have seen of the correspondents only one day when I come across some of the names. I know everyone is best pitching in to do his part to win this war. Make me be with them always.

At the present time, I am stationed at the Fort Mommotion Hospital and like it very much. Being an Army Nurse makes me feel very proud when I care for these boys who have given up very much to win the war. Their loved ones and everyone is concerned. This is really a large post and I'll never forget the first few days when I was lost after wandering through the male barracks quarters purely accidental-honestly.

What takes the cake, Mom when the soldiers salute and call me "Sir". It has taken almost 2 months to get used to this Military custom; however, slowly but surely adhering to these rules. Now I can smile with a straight face, but I let you in on a little secret. Sometimes give a little smile; especially after the soldiers wink. I tell you that now I feel like a real soldier, as I have already completed my basic training and last night at least, I have gone thru the graduation course at Fort Dix. This made me feel as though I was under actual firing conditions. It was just a wee bit frigid when I heard the firing over!

I wish to thank you for the "Recorder." Extend my regards to all at home.

(Lt.) Mildred Goldberg, A

* * * * *

Dear Mollye:—

Received your newsy letter and delighted to hear from you.

I am now somewhere in Sicily, and living most comfortably. . . this is certainly a pleasant contrast to Sicily and North Carolina. Have not met any Wilmington boys as yet, but it is very probable that I shall run into some of them while I am here. Thanks for the A. P. O.'s you sent. Perhaps I will be able to get in touch with those officers. I wish to tend to you a very belated, none the less sincere greeting. A happy, prosperous and healthy 1944.

(Censored)

(Capt.) Harold Sort

Mollye:

Grader in fatigues about sizes too loose and bucking a grade and assigned to the "472nd" Bombardment "Bomber", attached to "Hika" my and the "U. S. 3rd Army Force", wishes to report to the Recorder for further censorship the "Boss" . . . Hell-oh, blod!

might as well confess that I walked into the "Y", I had a time recognizing the place . . . someone really got the ball and gave it one of the indoor landscaping jobs . . . way, was it done union?

not surprising to hear you had seen Captain Joe First who did I. I felt very proud . . . who wouldn't? I knew when he was a runt playing . . . he didn't know that we met at Reba Caplan's, "Cotta Tile Villa" and Ben-Fine place" and realized it was an officer that drinks like a . . . Benny sure has a lot of good stuff . . . don't . . . because I was in . . . ask Capt. Joe, Sammy Marty Sloan . . . that 6th Marty, he should be in and isolated the way he those toasts . . . I believe a liquid diet.

When I was home, I went over to see Bobby Lewis and he really was good . . . he was leaving on his train back to his post in New York. I thought for a moment I was going to get in on that family kissing . . . how his good-looking sisters . . . but I was manipulated out of it. Bob still knows the shift and block . . . wait to get him; Regards to "Boss" and the "General Staff".

Chas Glazar

Mollye:—

afraid I don't recall Marty but if he weren't so far I'm quite sure I would look for him. If I can find time, I will

looks as though they don't want to leave any men at home, it's war for you. I'm sure that there are so many forty Scouts in the service, and I can tell them for me that a deal of what I learned as a scout has come in handy, and I hope that more of it will come in handy later. The First Aid I hope is coming into use, and also my night hiking experience I

had will come in handy at a later date.

Thanks for seeing I get the "Recorder"; I really will appreciate a paper from home. That's all for now.

Jack Plafker

Dear Mollye:—

On my last trip home, I was at the "Y", but as luck would have it, you were not about. The old place is strictly "on the beam". A soldier on pass couldn't ask for a much nicer place in which to visit.

Had the surprise of my life yesterday. We were bailing paratroopers. After the mission, we came back down for some more, and who of all people was on my ship but Willard Berdit. Well, when we saw each other, we couldn't believe it to be true. Sure enough, though it was. I did everything but jump out with the kid; he happened to be last man to jump so I quietly taps him on the back for luck; it was a perfect jump. We were together last evening after all the excitement.

My regards to Mr. Sollod, "Sonny" and Johnny.

Seymour Waxman

Dear Mollye:—

I hope Hymie Schwartz and Leon Flanzer are not angry . . . as I didn't get the opportunity to see all of them again before I left. I have been fairly busy being Director of all Athletics, and physical Education on the post. I have been setting up the program, etc., which is operating as well as can be expected, considering. Also have been doing some special work with pilots.

The other day I saw a tribal funeral in a sort of Christian style. Leading their procession were two native girls . . . bare to the waist, doing a dance . . . In back of them were four blacks carrying the casket on their head. I guess that they were the head (Pun) pallbearers. In back of that the crowd was singing and dancing so I couldn't quite figure out whether they were sad or happy. I finally saw working rhythm. There is a group of men here that work with music. That's when you lure the whole group. The instrument is a crude-looking box with a native rubber string. It looks as if it came out of the realm of Genghis Khan. The other musician plays

a round-looking pumpkin instrument known as a Kalabash. It's amazing as to the type and quantity these two can get out of the instruments. Well, the boys work, dance and sing, the whole day long.

Saw Cocoa grown for the first time. It's grown on a tree as high as 6-9 ft., in a squash-like plant. The beans are inside. The plant is cut open and the beans are taken out and put in the sun to dry. Saw quite a few goats they were very beautiful and I am not trying to "kid" you . . . their hair is long, and glossy and they were about the height of a police dog. I am wondering if they cross them with dogs. After seeing the goats, now I know why the Allied Kid has such good leather.

Incidentally, there is a scarcity of cats around here. There were a few in the Camp, but they disappeared. A friend of mine had one in his office. A native offered him two shillings (40 cents) for it. He wanted to know why. The boy said that it was fine chofs (food).

There is a possibility I might be writing from another place one of these days.

(Censored)

(Lt.) Jake Fried

Dear Mollye:—

I've been waiting to get permanently situated before I wanted to write and ask you to send me the "Recorder."

I'm now stationed on the Pacific Side of the Panama Canal Zone. It's in Major Bernie Greenberg's old outfit - - - the one in which he was post adjutant. He just left about three weeks before I arrived here. However, Captain Leon Lotstein is still here, and I've visited him once with hopes of seeing him some more before he leaves. You see, he's expecting to go back to the States in the very near future.

It's a fine job that you're doing, Mollye; and you're to be congratulated on the manner in which you're undertaking it. I hope that I'll hear from you soon.

(Censored)

Gil Spiegel

Dear Mollye:

Received a Recorder a few days ago and it certainly was okay to see Mendel's letter. I'm glad to see that he feels his same old self again. One of his letters should

be coming my way soon . . . haven't heard from him in a long time.

Well, last night I received official notification that I am entitled to wear a bronze star on my Asiatic Pacific Ribbon for participation in the battle of Guadalcanal. The letter had to be turned over to the Personnel officer and entered on my service record. I wanted to keep a copy but they said "no" . . . they had to be filed. Oh well! doesn't matter, the Marines have won the war anyhow . . . it says so in the papers.

I'm having a wonderful time living out here in the wide open spaces again. One of these fine days I'm going to sleep in a bed long enough to get used to it. This time I'll be out on maneuvers 'till April and then maybe, I'll get a bed to sleep in, but I doubt it. Well, I do have something to look forward to; a different post. Boy! this is some place, I've seen native villages that looked better than Leesville. I can also understand why the army maneuvers down here. The mud is not quite as bad as some I've seen on some romantic South Sea Isle, but its bad enough. This place runs close second to actual wartime conditions minus people shooting at each other.

Regards to any of the boys that show up and "hello" to everyone around the "Y".

(Lt.) Artie Blatman

Dear Mollye:—

I arrived safely, and I had a very enjoyable trip. I was still wearing my blues, and everybody else was wearing whites. They really were amazed when I told them where I had been three days before I came here. In fact, our officers said it was so long since he had seen a sailor in blues, that at first glance he thought I was a British sailor.

From the training I will get in the future, it will be a toss-up whether I will be a Marine Raider, or a Paratrooper. Tommy gun, commando tactics, overnight hikes, what did I get into? I think I'd better contact some of the boys in the Army, and find out how those canned rations taste.

Well, give my regards to everybody, and let those copies of the "Recorder" roll on.

(Censored)

"Smokey" Smookler

Dear Mollye:

7th Grader in fatigues about two sizes too loose and bucking for 6th grade and assigned to the famous "472nd" Bombardment Squadron", attached to "Hika" my wife, and the "U. S. 3rd Army Air Force", wishes to report to the "Y" Recorder for further censorship by the "Boss" . . . Hell-oh, Mr. Sollod!

I might as well confess that when I walked into the "Y", I had a hell of a time recognizing the old place . . . someone really got on the ball and gave it one of the best indoor landscaping jobs . . . by the way, was it done union?

It's not surprising to hear you enjoyed seeing Captain Joe First . . . So did I. I felt very proud of him . . . who wouldn't? I knew him when he was a runt playing marbles . . . he didn't know that when we met at Reba Caplan's, "Terra Cotta Tile Villa" and Benny's "Fine place" and realized there is an officer that drinks like a Captain . . . Benny sure has plenty of good stuff . . . don't ask me . . . because I was insulated . . . ask Capt. Joe, Sammy and Marty Sloan . . . that 6th Grader Marty, he should be insulated and isolated the way he scoffs those toasts . . . I believe he's on a liquid diet.

When I was home, I went over and saw Bobby Lewis and he really looks good . . . he was leaving to catch his train back to his post in New York. I thought for a minute I was going to get in on some of that family kissing . . . you know his good-looking sisters and wife . . . but I was manipulated out of it. Bob still knows how to shift and block . . . wait till I get him; Regards to "Boss" Sollod and the "General Staff".

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Dear Mollye:—

I'm afraid I don't recall Marty Balick, but if he weren't so far away, I'm quite sure I would look him up. If I can find time, I will try.

It looks as though they don't want to leave any men at home, but that's war for you. I'm surprised that there are so many former Boy Scouts in the service, and you can tell them for me that a great deal of what I learned as a Boy Scout has come in handy, and I can see that more of it will come in handy later. The First Aid I had is coming into use, and also the over-night hiking experience I

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be coming my way soon . . . heard from him in a long

Well, last night I received special notification that I am to wear a bronze star on my Pacific Ribbon for participation in the battle of Guadalcanal. My letter had to be turned over to Personnel officer and entered my service record. I want to keep a copy but they said they had to be filed. Oh, it doesn't matter, the Marine won the war anyhow . . . so in the papers.

I'm having a wonderful time living out here in the wide spaces again. One of the days I'm going to sleep in long enough to get used to time I'll be out on maneuvers April and then maybe, I'll be able to sleep in, but I do. Well, I do have something to look forward to; a different post this is some place, I've seen villages that looked better than Leesville. I can also understand why the army maneuvers here. The mud is not quite as some I've seen on some of the South Sea Isle, but it's enough. This place runs second to actual wartime conditions minus people shooting at each other.

Regards to any of the boys who show up and "hello" to everyone around the "Y".

(Lt.) Artie Bl

Dear Mollye:—

I arrived safely, and I had a very enjoyable trip. I was wearing my blues, and everyone else was wearing whites. They were really amazed when they saw them where I had been three months before I came here. In fact, the officers said it was so long since they had seen a sailor in blues that at first glance he thought I was a British sailor.

From the training I will be in the future, it will be a matter of whether I will be a Marine or a Paratrooper. Tommy, I'm glad to see your commando tactics, overnight jumps, what did I get into? I thought I'd have better contact some of the boys in the Army, and find out how those canned rations taste.

Well, give my regards to everyone, and let those copies of "Recorder" roll on.

(Censored)

"Smokey" Smo

Mollye:

Our latest Recorder arrived to- I know that if I don't write instantly I shall put it off but it off, then another Recorder will arrive and I'll feel like ger "Schlemiel" than I do

Letters and news of all the all over the world are great. Makes me feel proud to know so many of our Jewish boys girls are helping in this struggle for victory. I count- less than 38 Sigma Phi's list on the back page.

Benie (Lt.) Goldman is going married on February 5th sweet Boston girl. It was a se he sprang on us, but a pleasant one. Just this week, dumbfounded to learn that the recipient of another pro- . . . so now it's Staff Sgt. I had given up "sweating the rocker a long time ago held my last grade for over r. h this good news I'll close. st regards to Mr. Sollod, the ang and all the Sigma Phi.

Ben Seidel

* * * * *

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One of these days, I'll be walking into the "Y" again. It will probably be just in time for our membership campaign. Well, Mollye, thanks for your letter and the "Recorder." Give my regards to the Board members, Mr. Sollod, Sonny, and Johnny. I think of them all quite a bit.

Nate Rosbrow

* * * * *

Dear Mollye:

By no means have I forgotten you or the "Y". That would be almost impossible. This past November we went down to the Gilbert Island; Makin Island to be exact, where we fought the Japs. As you know, we took the Islands. All the forces that took part did a magnificent job. I must say that nothing was lacking as far as men and equipment were concerned, we had everything. The island was taken after approximately 76 hours of fighting, after that it was mostly mopping up. I was there for about a month; during that time we were bombed almost every night by Jap bombers. They would come around three o'clock in the morning and keep us up the rest of the night, more of a nuisance than anything else. I dug a fox hole four feet deep. After the first bombing I figured a couple of feet more would do no harm. If I would have gone down any further I would have probably been charged with desertion. Believe me, Mollye, it's quite a feeling when those "babies" come down. These Japs we fought incidentally, took part in something like seven major campaigns. They'll take part in no more I can assure you. The natives were very glad to see us. I'll never know how they survived our bombings.

I am back on the Hawaiian Islands again, where everything is peaceful and quiet. We are going through more training and every indication points to our seeing more of the Japs.

Well, dear, I think I've bent your ear enough, I hope this letter finds you well. Regards to all at the "Y".

(Censored)

Davey Berger

Dear Mollye:—

Right now I should be up in my palace, way up in the blue sky, but lady Fate said I should write to you. It's a beautiful day, the sun is very bright and it's really one of those "want-to-fly" summer days. Well to make a long story short, our Bombardier is grounded with an infected ear, and so we were left without a ship. We now make activities for ourselves, and things are cooking. We have had crew get-to-gethers and dinners, and tomorrow we are planning a fishing trip. My pilot, Lt. Carroll became engaged to a girl from here, and I take care of the sister. It works pretty good, when he wants to get rid of me, we just use code, (bucking for Staff) but in a pleasant way. We went to a dance the other night, the first time since I left home last July, that I danced or held a girl in my arms, but it all comes back to you (I hope).

I have heard from several sources that I would never recognize the "Y". Really must be rootin-tootin.

Our schedule just goes on. Flying, Ground School, Physical Training, and we go away every fifth day. Recently we flew up as far as Georgia and back. Why couldn't we come near home. I would sure work to keep that plane grounded. We haven't picked a name for our ship yet; the Lt. wants Katherine B, his girl friend. We all want "Umbreigo", which means "the drunk" in Italian. We figure on many crazy exploits, everyone will think we're drunk, if you get what I mean.

You never answered my question about the Recorder, does it still go on. I guess that's all now, regards to all.

Sid Feldman

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Dear Mollye:—

Believe it or not, this is the first chance I've had to drop you a line. I'm so busy that I had to bring my wife out here so I would not have to write her.

My army career has been about the same of any recently inducted buck private. It's the same old routine for all of us, and they do a pretty good job of training men in a short period of time. Do you hear very often from Mendel? I've heard quite a few times since I've been here. Thank God he is O. K. I hope he'll be coming home soon. I'd appreciate it very much if you send us the Recorder, as we are both anxious to know what

goes on in the old town.

We have met a lot of swell people out here, mostly all of them from the East. I hope I'll be hearing from you soon.

"Yonkel" Fine

* * * * *

Dear Mollye:—

I have just received the issue of the "Recorder". It pretty well followed me from Indiantown Gap, thru New Orleans, right even over here to England. I have been here long enough to know that I'll never get sun-burned over here. I think that the sun has been out about twice since my arrival.

The British people are very hospitable, and are doing a fine job in trying to make a tremendously large expeditionary force of America feel at home.

I certainly miss Marge and that boy of mine (they are both at Springfield, Mass., you know). I would give a lot to be able to pile them in a car again, and visit old Wilmington. I suppose "Sonny" is happy now that he has the feminine field to himself, but thinking it all over, he really didn't have much trouble before, did he? Give him my sincerest regards.

Best personal regards to all those whom I may know.

(Censored)

(Lt. Col.) "Manny" Kline

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Dear Mollye:—

I realize that I haven't written to you for quite a long time. The truth of the matter is there just isn't anything to say and most of what I would like to say is restricted information. Frankly I hadn't intended to write until I saw where Mendel Fine made a crack about the so called USO Commando's back in the States. Please write or still better print this letter for information. Some of us are kept here due to the fact that we are experienced enough to train fellows like him to go over and come back alive instead of going over as a green recruit and being shipped back feet first. I hadn't intended to fly off the handle but this is rather a sore spot with some of us that have been refused combat service due to the job we are doing here.

I will be glad to hear from you or anyone else on the subject if they care to write.

Harry Lubin

Dear Mollye:

Your latest Recorder arrived today. I know that if I don't write to you instantly I shall put it off and put it off, then another Recorder will arrive and I'll feel like a bigger "Schlemiel" than I do now.

The letters and news of all the boys all over the world are great. It makes me feel proud to know that so many of our Jewish boys and girls are helping in this all-out struggle for victory. I counted no less than 38 Sigma Phi's on the list on the back page.

Bernie (Lt.) Goldman is going to get married on February 5th to a sweet Boston girl. It was a surprise he sprang on us, but a very pleasant one. Just this week, I was dumbfounded to learn that I was the recipient of another promotion . . . so now it's Staff Sgt. Seidel. I had given up "sweating out" the rocker a long time ago as I held my last grade for over a year.

With this good news I'll close. My best regards to Mr. Sollod, the "Y" gang and all the Sigma Phi.

Ben Seidel

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It looks as if I had to get a week-end pass to Baton Rouge, lock myself in a room, in order to catch up with my back mail. Honestly, we have all been so busy here finishing up our basic training, and then being pushed right into advanced training, and there has been a lot of shifting and changing around here, too; things are not settled as yet.

It certainly has been tough getting used to the "rigors" of civilian life in Baton Rouge, after having spent so many nights out on the field sleeping in pup tents and eating out of mess kits. So many people have been writing me about the renovations at the "Y", that I can hardly wait to see them. At least I'll be able to sit in the snack lounge as a guest and enjoy real hospitality. I'm glad to hear that you are keeping my job for me at the lectures. I'll help you when I get back . . . if there are many more lectures left.

I have made so many nice friends at camp. Most of them are attorneys too. So we have plenty in common to talk about. I walked into the U. S. O. here last night, and guess what I saw on the serving table? There was a big pumpernickel bread that some one had sent down from New York City. Well, I certainly went to

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Harry

GOD KEEP THEM - SAFE AND WELL

Ableman, S. Bernard	Chesler, Paul	Gelb, Louis	Jacobs, Bertram E.	Lubin, Betty, WAC	Rossin, Benj.	Spiegel, Gilbert
Abrams, Lenny	Cohen, Benjamm D.	Gellens, Paul	Jacobs, Fred	Lubin, Harry	Rubin, Milton	Spiller, Benj. H.
Adler, Franklin	Cohen, David	Geller, David	Jacobs, Harry "Rets"	Lubin, Irvin	Rubenstein, Herbert	Spiller, Edward
Allman, Leonard	Cohen, Emil	Geller, Samuel	Jacobs, Leon	Lundy, Jacob	Rudnick, Milton	Spring, Isadore
Arieff, Morris	Cohen, Lt. Jerome	Gershman, Benj. H.	Jacobs, Lt. Maurice	Maisel, Morton R.	Sachs, Benj.	Stape, Jack
Astrin, Harry	Cohen, Herbert	Glazer, David H.	Jacobs, Maurice N.	Maisel, Rubin	Saltzman, Lt. Stephen	Stat, Capt. Sidney
Bachstein, Capt. Barney	Cohen, Herman	Glazar, Charles	Jacoby, Mark	Mann, Gilbert	Salus, Israel I.	Statnekoo, Harry
Balick, David	Cohen, Herman	Glick, Samuel	Jacoby, William	Marbey, Irving	Salus, Leon	Statnekoo, Lewis
Balick, Jacob	Cohen, Milton	Gluck, Charles	Jacoby, Capt. Willis	Margolin, Ralph	Salus, Norman S.	Steelman, Sidney
Balick, Jacob	Cohen, Morris	Gluckman, Capt. A. G.	Jasper, Lt. Sol.	Markowitz, Herman	Samonisky, Byron	Stein, Morris
Balick, Jerry J.	Cohen, Morris M.	Goberman, Charles A.	Kammer, Capt. Hy.	Marienberg, Joseph	Samuel, David	Steinback, Benj.
Balick, Martin	Cohen, Lt. Irving B.	Goberman, A. Leighton	Karp, Harry S.	Matusoff, Seymour B.	Samuels, George	Steinberg, Reuben
Balick, Milferd	Cohen, Nathan	Goberman, Lt. N. L.	Katz, Daniel	Mazer, Benj.	Samuels, Lewis	Stiftel, Capt. Albert J.
Balick, Nathan	Cohen, Samuel	Goldberg, Albert Z.	Kaufman, Elmer S.	Miller, Aaron	Sandler, Martin	Stone, Leslie
Balick, Sol.	Cohen, Seymour	Goldberg, Julius	Kety, Sam	Miller, Howard	Sandler, Lt. Pincus	Strauss, Charles
Barshay, Marvin	Cohne, Sydney	Goldberg, Lt. Mildred	Keil, Millard B.	Mazer, Herbert	Sayer, Alvin	Strauss, Louis
Barsky, Abraham	Colton, Samuel	Goldberger, Earle	Kelrick, Pinky	Miller, Irv.	Sayer, Coleman	Strauss, Nathan
Barsky, Lt. Col. J. M.	Coonin, Jacob	Golder, Donald	Kerbel, Lt. William	Miller, Joseph	Schaffer, Bernard	Stutman, George
Belfer, Ralph	Cooper, Leonard	Goldman, David E.	Kessler, Paul E.	Miller, Leon	Schenkman, Jack	Stutman, Harry
Bellak, Seymour	Cooperstein, N. (WAVE)	Goldman, Lt. Bernard J.	Keyser, Morton	Miller, Lt. Seymour	Schenkman, Seymour	Swartz, Hyman
Bell, Bernard	Cramer, Franklin	x Goldstein, Gordon	Keyser, Sidney	Miller, William	Schinfeld, Lt. Col. Louis	Swinger, Isadore
Bell, Harold	Danberg, Irv. L.	Goldstein, Jacob	Kety, Jack H.	Mittleman, Burton C.	Schreiber, Harold M.	Swinger, Morris
Bell, Stanley	Decktor, Herman	Goldstein, Lt. Jules M.	Kety, Capt. Samuel	Morris, David	Schragin, David	Switko, Emanuel
Berdit, Willard	Diamond, Lt. Sidney	Goldstein, Kenneth	Kirsch, Richard V.	Schneider, Edward	Schoenberg, Lt. Harold	Tannen, Bernard M.
Berg, Lt. Melvin	DuBois, Theo. H.	Goldstein Louis	Kirshner, Joseph M.	Schoenberg, Itzie N.	Schoenberg, Norman	Tannen, W/O Jerry
Berger, Bernard	Dworkis, Walter	Goldstein, W/O Nathan	Kirshner, Morris	Schoenberg, Norman	Schoenberg, Norman	Tannen, Capt. Joseph S.
Berger, David R.	Edelberg, Charles	Goldstein, Maurice D.	Kirshner, Samuel, S.	Schulman, Morton H.	Schulson, Hyman A.	Tannen, Capt. Martin R.
Berger, Irvin	Elias, Edward	Goldstein, Stanford	Klein, Maurice	Schulman, Sidney	Schutzman, Lt. Noah N.	Tanzer, Leon
Berger, Martin "Peeny"	Elias, Marvin G.	Goldwein, Manfred	Kline, Lt. Col. Mannie	Schutzman, Nathan	Schulman, Morton H.	Tappman, Jack
Berger, Capt. Simon M.	Ehrenfeld, Lt. Daniel	Goldberg, Samuel	Klatsky, Samuel	Segal, Lt. Sol C.	Schulman, Sidney	Tavel, Ch. Henry
Berkowitz, Lt. S. I.	o Eisenman, Martin	Golin, Edward	Klawansky, Daniel B.	Seidel, Benjamin	Schutzman, Lt. Noah N.	Taylor, Lt. Harry
Berlin, Capt. Irvin I.	Epstein, Jerry	Goodleeve, Bunny	Kleinbart, Leon	Selnkoff, Lt. J. J.	Schutzman, Nathan	Teder, Isadore
Berman, Samuel	Euster, Edgar	Gordon, Herman	Koerner, Alfred	Newstadt, Benj.	Segal, Lt. Sol C.	Thompson, George
Berman, Capt. Seymour	Faber, Louis O.	Gordon, Joe	Knopf, Ensign Grace	Newstadt, Flor'ce, WAC	Seidel, Benjamin	Tomases, Lt. Ralph
Berman, Stuart	Faller, Rudolph	Green, Capt. Alfred	Knopf, Aaron	Novik, Lt. Joseph	Seidell, Benjamin	Tonik, Robert
Berman, Theo. W.	Feldman, Edw. L.	Greer, Harold N.	Kovner, Jacob	Opis, Benjamin	Selnkoff, Lt. J. J.	Topkis, Perry
Bernhardt, Robert	Feldman, Herman	Green, Capt. Samuel	Kozak, Gilbert	Opis, Leon	Shapiro, Daniel	Tuckerman, Arthur
Binder, Stanley	Feldman, Louis	Greenberg, Major B. J.	Kraft, Ch. Jacob	Oxford, Albert	Shapiro, Hillard	Tupp, Beryl
Bernstein, Lt. Paul	Feldman, Max	Greenblatt, Harry	Krasnowitz, Louis B.	Paiken, David	Shapiro, Richard	Twer, Charles
Blatt, Eli A.	Feldman, Sidney	Greenfield, Eli	Krause, Capt. Arthur	Paris, Isaac	Shapiro, William	Wahl, Mervyn
Bierman, Lt. Harry	Fine, Chap. Alvin I.	Greenstein, David	Kravitz, Arthur	Pinckney, Edward	Sherman, Gert WAC	Wagner, Leon
Biloon, Lt. Arthur	Fine, Jerry	Greenstein, Herman	Kravitz, Morris	Plafker, Jacob S.	Shore, Joseph	Wasserman, David
Biloon, Ralph	Fine, Mendel	Greenstein, Louis	Kreshtool, Lt. jlg Bern.	Plafker, Lt. Nathan V.	Shpeen, Sidney	Wasserman, David
Blatman, Lt. Arthur M.	Fineman, Albert	Greenstein, Sydney	Kreshtool, Lt. Jacob	Platt, Capt. David	Sigmund, Howard	Waretnick, Walter
Bleiberg, Lt. Carl	Fineman, Harry	Greenwald, Betty, WAC	Kreshtool, Lt. Louis	Ploener, Arthur J.	Sigmund, Lt. Irving	Wax, Emanuel K.
Bleiberg, Bernie	Fineman, Samuel	Greenwald, Herbert	Krigstein, David J.	Podolsky, Hyman	Sigmund, Eugene	Waxman, Lt. David A.
Bloom, Lt. Harry	Finger, Judah	Gross, Major B. A.	Krinsky, Herman	Podolsky, Hyman	Silver, Jacob Israel	Waxman, Seymour
Bloom, Joseph	Finger, Louis	Haber, Gerd	Kruger, Harold	Poland, Lt. Leahman	Silver, Robert T.	Waxman, Elliott
Bloom, Leon	Finkle, Irving	Haber, Milton	Kurland, Capt. A. B.	Polish, Irving	Silver, Ch. Samuel	Weiman, Irvin F.
Blume, Nathan	Finkle, Stanley	Handler, Sidney	Laub, Arthur	Pottock, Louis G.	Silverstein, Sidney	Weinberger, Emanuel
Bowman, Isaac	First, Lt. Harry	Hankin, Lt. Leah M.	Laub, Sidney	Protizal, Bernard	Silverman, Lawrence	Weiner, David L.
Bowman, Lt. Lou	First, Capt. Joseph	Harris, Lt. Lewis	Lazarus, Myron L.	Rapkin, Joseph	Silverman, Lt. Sidney	Weiner, George J.
Boys, Lt. Arthur E.	Fischer, Bernard	Harwitz, Ensign Harry	Levin, Henry	Rapkin, Ernest	Simon, Benjamin M.	Weiner, Israel
Braunstein, Bertram W.	Fisher, Danny	Harwitz, Sidney	Levin, William	Raphaelson, W/O Bern'd	Simon, Louis	Weiner, Louis
Braunstein, David	Fisher, Richard	Harwitz, Lt. Col. Martin	Levine, Abe P.	Rappaport, Joseph	Simon, Max	Weiner, Louis
Brenner, Harry	Fields, Sarah (WAC)	Harwitz, Major Morris	Levine, Herman	Rappaport, Samuel	Simon, Morris M.	Weiner, Willard
Braxman, Samuel M.	Fishman, Herman	Heisler, Albert	Levine, Martin	Redless, Isadore	Sklar, Albert	Weiner, Joseph E.
Brodie, Robert	Flanzer, Leon	Henchstein, Maurice	Levine, Victor	Redless, Jacob	Sklut, Aaron	Weiner, Lt. Marvin
Brofsky, Louis	Forman, Leonard	Herrman, Capt. Daniel	Levy, Janice, WAC	Redless, Jack	Sklut, David	Weinstein, Philip
Brown, Harvey B.	Forman, Sidney	Himber, Melvin	Levy, Capt. Leon	Reiver, Ernest	Sklut, Kalman	Weinstock, Jack
Brown, Irving N.	Frankel, Arthur	Hirsch, Herbert	Levy, Lt. Leon	Reiver, Capt. Julius	Sklut, Jack	Weinstock, Lt. Leonard
Brown, Leonard E.	Frankel, Edw. E.	Hirsch, Leo	Levy, Lt. Richard	Reitzes, Samuel	Sklut, Morton	Weinstock, Capt. Nathan
Bucholtz, Max I.	Frankel, George	Hirshout, Lt. David	Lewis, Charles	Resnick, Capt. Elton	Skversky, Manuel	Weisberg, Harold
Budin, Edward	Frankel, Samuel	Hirshout, Lt. jlg H. M.	Lewis, Robert	Rofel, Harry	Slesinger, Major. M. L.	Weiss, Edward
Bunin, Norman	Frankfurt, Bernard R.	Hirshout, Francis	Lichtenbaum, Joseph	Rosenblum, Samuel	Sloan, Aaron	Weller, Harry
Cahan, Louis	Freedman, Dot WAC	Hirshout, Lt. Matt	Lincoln, Morris	Rosenblatt, Horace	Sloan, Martin	Winston, Lt. Henry
Caney, Norman	Freedman, Louis	Hochstein, Eugene R.	Lincoln, Sidney	Rosenblum, Raymond	Sloan, Samuel	Wishnow, Edward M.
Cannon, Capt Norman	Freid, Lt. Jacob	Hochstein, Irving	Lipstein, Lt. Eugene J.	Rosbrow, Edward	Slovin, Capt. I.	Wolson, Morton
Caplan, Benj. Morris	Fried, Benj. S.	Hoffman, Abe	Lipstein, Lt. L. L.	Rosbrow, Nathan	Small, Bernard	Wintner, Martin
Carlis, Alfred	Friedman, Harold	Hoffstein, Jules	Lipstein, Roy	Rosen, Isidore	Smith, Capt. Alex	Yarowsky, Morris
Caris, Morton	Galperin, Sol	Hoffstein, Stanley	Lipstein, Lt. Sig. M.	Rosen, Simon G.	Snookler, Morton	Zelcowitz, Alfred
Chaby, Robert	Garber, Joseph	Honey, Edward	Lisakoff, Samuel	Rosevitch, Joseph D.	Sokoloff, Sidney	Zelinsky, Milton
Chambers, Leon	Garfinkel, Irving H.	Honey, Milton	Lisansky, Jack	Ross, Irving	Solomon, Seymour C.	Zinman, David
Chudnofsky, Morris	Garfinkle, Martin Samuel	Hirschman, Paul	Lisansky, Robert		Sortman, Capt. H. P.	Zinman, Manuel
Chaiken, Frank	Garfinkle, Milton	Jablow, Milton	Loeb, Adrian N.		Sprain, Clara (WAC)	Zogott, Louis
	Gelof, Lt. Marvin	Jacobs Alby	London, Samuel		Spain, James	Zutz, Harry M.



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o Prisoner of War

*Killed In Action

x Missing In Action