

# 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." . . . . .

It was really a most appreciative token I received from your joint associations and I whole heartedly wish to express my deepest regards for it. I'll treasure it throughout my Navy life.

Louis Faber

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Dear Mollye:

Navy life is O. K., it is just a matter of getting adjusted to such things as beans, needles, etc. Our barracks are really clean, they should be as we clean them enough.

That Navy haircut is really something, you sit in the barber chair, throw up your hat and when you catch it, the haircut is completed and I mean haircut. They really scalped me.

How is everything coming along in Wilmington? I attended Jewish services; it was very nice. Mollye, if you know of any other Jewish boys up here, please send me their company and battalion and I will try to look them up.

Please send me the Recorder.

Sid Steelman

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Dear Mollye:

At the Service Club, I saw Jake Balick and was very glad to see him. He had a nice stay in Miami as I think our entire division did along the Atlantic Coast.

Just today, I received the very lovely toilet set that was given the men in the Service. At this time, I wish to thank all for their kind remembrances and good wishes. We can't let people down who are behind us one hundred per cent.

What is news at home? I have't received my paper, but twice since coming here. That shows you how lax my outfit really is.

Have written Hymie Swartz and I'm awaiting an answer from him. If there are any boys from here in camp, I would like to know their addresses and I'll look them up. Thanks.

Would really desire seeing a copy of the "Recorder". Regards to Mr. Sollod, Johnny, and the staff.

Billy Jacoby

Army life is swell so far. But I sure would like to see the Center again and all the boy's of Sigma Phi. I guess that won't happen for a while.

The life of a soldier as one Captain said here; "A soldier is on duty 24 hours a day; 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year, the rest of the time is his own." I think lately, I've put in every hour, well any it feels like it in my legs.

Give my regards to all. I'd like to know where Milton Rubin is stationed.

Don't forget to send me the "Recorder."

Jules Noznisky

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Dear Mollye:

I just returned to camp after a month's absence. On returning, I found that very nice gift, and from one old soldier to another, let me tell you, it certainly was appreciated and I wish to convey my hearty thanks. Frankly, it is the sort of thing that is very necessary, but the purchasing of it, myself, would have been a final admission of the fact that we all have to go into the field to win this war and that is one of those ugly truths which, I a very lazy medico have been loath to face.

By the way, I just returned from the hospital in time to deliver my 2nd child—I am now a rare bird—the only male member of entire female Berger Family (it was a girl).

Ruth and I are both doing well (truthfully, having the baby was harder on me than on her) and we send our fond regards to you and yours (the "Y").

Capt. Simon Berger

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Dear Mollye:

Here I am, for a change, aboard a troop train destination unknown. All that we know about this trip is that it should take us to an Air Corps radio operator and Maintenance school. It surely will be a change to have a chance to use our brains instead of using the cadence of some sargeant or corporal to control our every movement.

Just the other day I received

the "Y" Recorder. I put it in my pocket and just finished reading it. It is really a friend to one so far from home. I never knew how interesting a paper from home could be until today — so please keep sending them.

This train is a Pullman, but these tracks must not be used very much because they are as rough as can be. I'll just say thanks a million for the paper and give my regards to Mr. Sollod and the gang.

Albert Jacobs

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Dear Mollye:

Thanks awfully for a very useful gift. I'm sure the rest of the fellows feel as I do that it was nice of the "Y" and all the rest of the community to think of us.

Sincerely yours,

Joe Kirshner

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Dear Mollye:—

Now that I am far from home for a few days, you are the first one I give thought to on writing. At present, I am a valet to a nut looking out for his safe return home. His description of home includes a beautiful valley, green grass, tall trees, and on top of a hill, there stands his broken down dilapidated house. Trains, trolleys, buses are out of the question as we telegraphed ahead to form a mule pack so here's hoping our long-eared friends are waiting for us. He is a very quiet patient, in fact, I have to punch him every so often to ask him if he is still living. Just hit an idea — I'll put a saddle on his back instead of the mule. Regards to the gang and hoping to see you all soon.

Irving Finkle

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Dear Mollye:

Well, time really flies as this week my basic training is over and just what happens now is something I don't know as yet, but I guess I will look good in white. that is what the cooks and bakers wear. Oh, well, I will be able to make a living for my whole family by the time this War is over. Either as a perfect house maid or shoe shine boy.

Mollye, I just can't keep this back anymore. Yesterday, I went to the dinner at the "Y. M. & Y. W. H. A." which was given for the Service Men and Women free of charge. The dinner was wonder-

ful. There were about 300 W. A. A. C. there, not as many men but everyone had a grand time anyhow. They gave away a door prize which was a call to any state in the U. S. Well, believe it or not, I won the door prize. I was so nervous, I couldn't even talk. They took my picture that will be in the paper here, and all the girls from my company were really as happy as I was. I tried to put my call through to home, but they couldn't get through. So I am calling tonight.

It would really feel good to see someone that was from home that I knew.

Give my love to everyone, and tell Mr. Sollod that our "Y" is much nicer in every way. I would like to be there now, I mean home on pass. Write soon .

Aux. Dorothy Freedman

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Dear Mollye:

Thanks loads for the recent Recorder and also permit me at this time to extend my sincere thanks to the "Y" and the Jewish Community of Wilmington for their most useful gift.

I've completed my skiing instructions and believe me, I am quite an accomplished skier and enjoy the sport very much.

We are taking overnight marches at the present time and it sure is fun sleeping out in sub-zero weather using the snow as a mattress.

Always,

Lt. Elton Resnick

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Dear Mollye:—

Nothing I could say or possible do would justify my case — just haven't written no excuse whatsoever.

Are your ears burning? If not, they should be as you were discussed thoroughly yesterday. (Elton and I were in New Orleans (1st Anniversary) and walked smack into Ralph Margolin on Canal street which is equivalent to Market between 5th and 6th on Saturday evening. Our objective was food and the discussion was you. If it was said once it was spoken 100 times, I mean "The Dear Mollye Column."

Ben Rossin

P. S. After I sealed this letter, I finally remembered the swell gift. Believe me when I say all I can do is swallow the lump in my throat and say thanks.