

DEAR MOLLYE

We have inaugurated a new column. 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."

Received the Recorder "last year" and was I glad to get it. Yes sir, I really was happy when I read it. There I was in black and white, over here I'm a different color (black and blue). Before I forget, is there anyone from the "Y" in? If there is I would like to have his address. What is Artie's address? I would like to drop him a line. I just heard Al Jolson, all of a sudden he pops up with "Yes sir, ladies and gentlemen next week is Thanksgiving, when then I knew for sure I was really out of this world because I was going around all day celebrating News Years. I surely hope you and everyone down at the "Y" had a good time over the holidays.

Pretty soon the Recorder will be one big list of names. I see I'm still next to the women. There it is — Milton Cohen — and right beneath is Tillie Cohen of the WAAC's. I didn't see your name there. It deserves to be one of us as much as mine, if not more. Where would our morale be without your letters?

Last Sunday I went swimming for the first time in the blue Pacific and really had a good time. Has "Skyball" made the Varsity yet? He hasn't much competition — just a few old married men like Peeny and Jerry. Next time you write to Dan, give him my regards. Keep those Wednesday nite "jive" sessions going and pretty soon my nephew and I will really show you how to chop the planks. He writes me he's practicing every day. Just wait until my niece gets started — what a couple they will make. Give my regards to Mr. Sollod and everyone.

(Censored)

Aloha,

Milty "Wings" Cohen

Dear Mollye:

I received your letter, as did Lenny. It was good to hear from you. I've just a few more days to boot. We get paid Thursday and break boat Monday. We'll get a liberty soon, but not enough to get home. But when I do get home I want you to take one good look at me and my haircut. I was advised to wear it as it is. It looks pretty good.

Received a letter from Wil —

took only 13 days. It was addressed to my home and mother sent it to me. On my first week-end liberty I'll be home with bells on and my G. I.'s. See you all soon. Regards to Mr. Sollod, Sonny and the gang.

Good luck,

Harry Rofel.

Dear Mollye:

I had a very long and miserable trip down here after becoming accustomed to such a luxurious trip as the Tamiami Champion. The next day the riding was more pleasant as I had the enjoyable company of a WAAC for the remainder of the trip. Had a wonderful time while I was home, and although after only a week here my leave seems like a memory, at least it is a vivid one. I want to thank you again, Mollye, along with the personal thanks of last week, for the swell gift presented to me by the "Y" while I was home. It will surely come in handy.

I wrote a letter to Dave Weiner this week, and I am quite sure he will be too amazed to read it as it is the first letter he has received from me since entering service, so you see I have been as negligent, or even more so, with the boys as with you. I heard from George Weiner yesterday and he seems to have landed quite a good position and also a promotion to Pfc. Knowing George as I do, I am quite sure he will go right up the ladder, for there is no stopping him once he gets started. Also heard from Lou Simon and his frost-bitten ears have returned to normal, but now he is suffering with a cold. All I can say is that he should ask to be transferred down here with me and he won't have to worry about colds or frost-bitten ears. Regards to the gang at the "Y" and especially to Mr. Sollod and Sonny.

As ever,

Bert. Braunstein

Dear Mollye:

The mail boat has arrived and with it a very welcome letter from you. I'm glad to hear that everything is fire back home and I hope this letter finds you in the best of health. I've been receiving the Recorder pretty regularly and I

really enjoy reading them. It does you good to see what all of the boys are doing (even though I don't know half of them). Everything is fine out here and the boys are feeling swell.

You should be given the D.S.C. for the grand job you are doing on the home front. It must take quite a lot of time and patience to answer all the letters which you receive from the boys in the service. Congratulations and more power to you.

I would appreciate it very much if you would give me Sydney Feldman's address. This will have to be all for now. I will write again soon. God bless you, and may I have the great honor of meeting you personally very soon. Best regards to Mr. Sollod and the rest.

Sincerely,

(censored) Leonard Forman

Dear Mollye:

Just received a letter you mailed in September. When you get in touch with Jack Schenkman, please send me his address as I would like to write to him.

As usual, things here are pretty much the same, only change is in the weather, hotter and rainier. Everybody sends regards and give mine to the kids. Keep up the good work.

Always,

(censored) Paul Gellens

Dear Mollye:

I've been in the Navy for 15 days and every day it seems to get better. I was really pleased to get such an answer from you. All I expected was the Recorder and I sure would like to see it.

Well, I am just starting to get used to the chow and I don't mind it at all now. Yesterday was Sunday and we had turkey. Did that taste good! I know it tasted good to me because I worked from 3 o'clock Sunday morning till eleven. I've been here for over two weeks and all I can find is men from Texas and California. There don't seem to be another state left with men in it.

That's about all now till later, so keep 'em flying.

Love,

Maurice U.S.N. Jacobs

P.S.—Please send the Recorder.

Dear Mollye:

1943 in India! Just received your latest Recorder and sure was glad to get the news of the old home town. What an unusual New Year's

Eve I had! At 12 o'clock a can of beer (we get every three months) "Auld Lang Syne." The toasts were to "an

I'm still waiting on Siggie — haven't heard since he got his comm. n't heard from Lem overseas either. But Christmas package may have played merry hell mail service. Believe this holiday season meant more to me than ones. There is a real feeling in being reminded your presence doesn't remind—and it seems much more.

The stories I'll have to continue to grow and seem unbelievable. Can't say but regards to everyone New Year.

Yours with

(censored)

Lt. Je

Dear Mollye:

Here I come with a blazing again with all from North Africa, which, isn't very much. Interesting thing to note, have begun our base over here in the middle, without any spring train and bat over here are all new tires and gasoline in — but we have one bat and post a guard on it not in use.

Really, Mollye, it's the first mentioned in one letters, long periods of base, spersed with short periods of intense activity. Fight on goodness, we're in the boredom. As the First "C'est la guerre."

So far I've written to the boys in the service Lipstein, S. Lipstein, Sam man, Alfred Green, Will Marty Tannen, Cpl. Al Sgt. Dave Sokoloff and Lotstein. The only night my dear big brother. So "Y" Recorder coming so from them all. And as sun sinks below the peaks, we take our leave of North Africa, with its splendor and breath-taking tastes of nature (quote) Rick Travelogue—unquote sending you my picture—you see past the initial my father's physiognomy to Mr. Sollod, et al.

(censored) Lt. Lemmy

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and we left practicing every
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Give my regards to Mr.
and everyone.

took only 13 days. It was addressed
to my home and mother sent it to
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I'll be home with bells on and my
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Good luck,
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Samp.

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gards to Mr. Sollod and the rest.

Sincerely,
Leonard Forman

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Dear Mollye:
Just received a letter you mailed
in September. When you get in
touch with Jack Schenkman, please
send me his address as I would like
to write to him.

As usual, things here are pretty
much the same, only change is in
the weather, hotter and rainier.
Everybody sends regards and give
mine to the kids. Keep up the good
work.

Always,
Paul Gellens

(censored)

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Dear Mollye:
I've been in the Navy for 15 days
and every day it seems to get bet-
ter. I was really pleased to get
such an answer from you. All I
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Well, I am just starting to get
used to the chow and I don't mind
it at all now. Yesterday was Sun-
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taste good! I know it tasted good
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I've been here for over two weeks
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Texas and California. There don't
seem to be another state left with
men in it.

That's about all now till later,
so keep 'em flying.

Love,
Maurice U.S.N. Jacobs

P.S.—Please send the Recorder.

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Dear Mollye:
1943 in India! Just received your
latest Recorder and sure was glad
to get the news of the old home
town. What an unusual New Year's

Eve I had! At 12 o'clock I drank
a can of beer (we get four cans
every three months) and sang
"Auld Lang Syne." Of course all
the toasts were to "an early peace."

I'm still waiting to hear from
Siggie — haven't heard from him
since he got his commission. Haven't
heard from Lenny since he's
overseas either. But then, the
Christmas package rush seems to
have played merry hell with the
mail service. Believe it or not—
this holiday season has actually
meant more to me than previous
ones. There is a soul-satisfying
feeling in being remembered when
your presence doesn't serve as a
reminder—and it seems to mean
much more.

The stories I'll have to tell con-
tinue to grow and some are quite
unbelievable. Can't say much now
but regards to everyone and Happy
New Year.

Yours with Resolutions,
(censored) Lt. Jeep Lipstein

* * * * *

Dear Mollye:
Here I come with both barrels
blazing again with all the news
from North Africa, which, incident-
ly, isn't very much. The most in-
teresting thing to note is that we
have begun our baseball season
over here in the middle of January
without any spring training. A ball
and bat over here are as scarce as
new tires and gasoline in the states
—but we have one bat and one ball
and post a guard on it when it's
not in use.

Really, Mollye, it's just as Joe
First mentioned in one of his let-
ters, long periods of boredom inter-
spersed with short periods of in-
tense activity. Right now, thank
goodness, we're in the period of
boredom. As the French say —
"C'est la guerre."

So far I've written to the follow-
ing boys in the service: Lts. E.
Lipstein, S. Lipstein, Sonny Schutz-
man, Alfred Green, Willis Jacoby,
Marty Tannen, Cpl. Al Goldberg,
Sgt. Dave Sokoloff and Lt. Leon
Lotstein. The only reply was from
my dear big brother. So keep the
"Y" Recorder coming so I can hear
from them all. And now, as the
sun sinks below the mountain
peaks, we take our leave of beauti-
ful North Africa, with its tropical
splendor and breath-taking fan-
tasy of nature (quote — Fitzpat-
rick Travelogue—unquote). I am
sending you my picture—and hope
you live past the initial shock of
my forlorn physiognomy. Regards
to Mr. Sollod, et al.

Sincerely,
(censored) Lt. Lenny Lipstein

Dear Mollye:

I am taking good care of our boy, Harry. He has a date tonight with one of my nicest red heads. In fact she is at the top of my own list, so you know that is the best I can do. I let him use my girl and my car and if he ever complains that I didn't do well by him, I'll personally kick him in the pants and I want you to hold him while I dish it out.

I tried to contact Tommy Poland but I haven't had too much success. I'll keep trying as I kind of feel like I am a native and should show the boys around these parts. If you haven't heard already, last Saturday I flew 1500 miles to have a date with Sybil Sklut. That's my record so far. I had a swell time and I nearly froze to death coming back. I have flown well over 100,000 miles and I'm sure most of my classmates have flown much more than that.

Received my Recorder this morning and I certainly enjoyed reading all those letters that come into your office. I feel that they are all witnessed to me and it keeps me informed of the location of nearly everyone I know. Give my regards to Mr. Sollod and all the kids who are working so damned hard helping you out at the "Y". I'll try to see Tommy, and Mollye, it's about time I had some more Wilmingtonians here. You better locate some more as Harry is going to be shipped out in about a month.

Best regards,

Lt. Seymour Berman

Dear Mollye:

The weather here is really cold, down around zero, but they clothe you well enough. The boys are all swell. They are from all over the country including seven other fellows from Wilmington. Harry and I bunk together. We have bunks with uppers and lowers. I got the bottom. Got the Navy thirty-second special, the haircut. I started to get into the chair and the man said, "that's all." Now I'm known as cueball, baldy or G. L. Abrams.

I hope you will send me a Recorder, as I would like to know what's going on in Wilmington. How's the basketball team making out? I hope they haven't lost yet. Give all the boys my regards, also Senny and Mr. Sollod. I guess that's all now, Mollye. Will write more the next letter.

Sincerely,

Lenny Abrams.

Dear Mollye:

Hello again, only this time from North Africa. It's a swell country only at present we're having a lot of rain. The people here are very nice and are happy to see the Yanks. Even the Arabs are friendly—give him a cigarette and he'll give you a dozen tangerines. A good trade I think. The children are cute. They'll beg you an hour for a bon-bon, chocolate, chewing gum, or cigarette for papa. When finally you give in and give him a piece of your ration, they run off and come back with all the kids in the neighborhood to show them who to bother for candy. But they are a swell bunch of kids and so considerate, they only throw small rocks at you if you don't give them any bon-bons.

I got the Recorder with your message. Thanks a lot, and I hope they keep coming. With my change in countries the mail has been very slow. I never thought in all my life that I'd have to pay thirty-three cents to take a shower. And at that you have to stand in line for an hour. I speak the lingo very well—French—and in my spare time I'm used as an interpreter by the boys. They even want me to make dates with the girls for them. There's a place that teaches French in ten easy lessons. We don't know how long we'll be in this city, so I'm going down to see if they will break it down to five hard ones. I've traveled pretty much since I've been in the army—to four countries. I hope my next letter to you comes from the last one—Germany. That will mean the end of this mess and I'll be going back home. I know everyone is praying for that day. So—until the next time, I am

Sincerely

(censored) Harold Schreiber

P. S.—Please say hello to my folks when you get this letter. Perhaps they didn't receive any other letters.

Dear Mollye:

Two boys and I from two different squadrons were sent here for a course in Link Trainer Instruction. I don't know much about it or what it will be like except that it is supposed to be a very tough course. I've been here two days now and haven't done anything except take a tough physical examination. I passed o.k.

I met a boy here who knew "Shorty" Bloom down in Texas, before "Shorty" went to O. C. S. He says "Shorty" can really cut a

mean rag. Pardon me calling him "Shorty", I should say Lt. "Shorty."

That's all for now, except I hated to get off the train. The three of us had a private Pullman compartment and were issued ration money. Now I'm Slumming again.

Yours,

Chas. Edelberg

Dear Mollye:

For the past two weeks I have been working in the office in the capacity of Chief Clerk of Classification. The work is very interesting as it deals with the keeping of personnel records and giving the Army General Classification test (IQ test) to the men that did not attain the necessary grades and wish to retake it in order to qualify for OCS.

We see quite a bit of Harry Statnekoo and Sid Lincoln, and with a few more of the boys down here, it might almost seem like old times. I hear that quite a few of the boys have gone in the last draft and I can't think of anyone else to be drafted with the exception of Louie Sloan (I hope not). Sid Shpeen wrote and told me that he stopped in at the Annual Snow Ball and due to the competition of the Selective Service Affair, it turned out to be more of an S. A. R. Snow Flake. But just imagine the turnout when all the boys are home in time for the next one.

So-long with a look toward the future when we'll all be back where we belong. Regards to all.

Sincerely,

Phil Weinstein

Dear Mollye:

Yesterday I received my first copy of the Recorder and believe me I really appreciate word from home and it is swell to know what the other fellows are doing. Gene Sigmund is here with me and we bunk together and work together all the time. He is Company Clerk and I am apprentice Commissary Petty Officer. Together we do all of the book work for the company. This gets us out of all marching, drilling, special detail and guard duty but we lose out when it comes to free time and sleep. Well, we knew it would be no picnic when we joined and now I guess we know it.

The way things stand now I will be home on a nine-day leave starting February 9, and take it from me those nine days will be days

of heaven. Did we have one of our party last week. One boy got whole Jewish salami and some pickles and another boy got Italian bologna and a loaf of bread. We really went to town and in five minutes there was even any crumbs left. It was change from beans anyway.

Please let me know if there are any boys from town stationed here and if so send me their addresses and I will try to see them. I have to close now, so best regards to all at the "Y" (including 4F's) and please continue send the Recorder.

Love from the Navy,

Eddie H.

Dear Mollye:

I am now an Aviation Cadet, simple, unimportant sounding statement to most people—but, me, it means a great deal. I know I've been waiting a long time for this, and now, I'm on my way. As a matter of fact, I've been here at Classification Center for a few weeks, and I go to Pre-Flight School, just across the road, at the end of this week.

The army has become fully acquainted with me mentally, physically, psychologically, and I've compiled a dossier on me that would make the expert Freud Surete look like a crowd of Jr. men! In spite of my black pants and obvious shortcomings, however, I have been classified as a Private and next week I start learning to be one.

I finally located Harry through a friend in the Post Office. I never got the chance to over to see him. I still hope to catch up with him soon. Now, little town-crier, how about getting to work and bringing me up to date on local happenings? Write me at this address—and I'll see the new one when I get it. Regards to the "Boss" and all the gang and a great big lascivious kiss you.

Sincerely,

Henry Winston

Dear Mollye:

Thanks for trying to find out some of our boys are around here but I know that they aren't in place near here. They are all in the army, and as you know I'm a Gyrene. As near as I can make it the nearest army boys are in New Caledonia and that is quite some distance from here.

THE 'Y' RECORDER

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Hello again, only this time from North Africa. It's a swell country only at present we're having a lot of rain. The people here are very nice and are happy to see the Yanks. Even the Arabs are friendly—give him a cigarette and he'll give you a dozen tangerines. A good trade I think. The children are cute. They'll beg you an hour for a bon-bon, chocolate, chewing gum, or cigarette for papa. When finally you give in and give him a piece of your ration, they run off and come back with all the kids in the neighborhood to show them who to bother for candy. But they are a swell bunch of kids and so considerate, they only throw small rocks at you if you don't give them any bon-bons.

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