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London, England

Dear Beck:

By the way, I wasn't going to write to say I was in London (that is where I am stationed) because I knew you would all worry—and if you promise not to say anything to Mom and Pop, I will reveal a few interesting items.

Restrictions on the Doodlebug situation as far as our mail is concerned have been lifted somewhat since Churchill's speech. In fact, I could have written a few weeks ago about it but held off. But now I have gotten to a point where I feel a lot of those people back home, who sit back complacently, ought to know that there is a real war going on, and Beck, I see it every day. The air raid sirens are a frequent sound to us during the day as well as the night. And, it means the real thing over here—those damn buzz bombs come a floating round. They have been our unwelcome visitors both day and night since approximately one week after D-Day.

I am sure that many of the people I write to think because I write only of the pleasant things that there is nothing else that enters into our little lives. I don't believe that the people back home can grasp any part of the situation over here. For some unknown reason, I know it just doesn't penetrate.

However, the wonderful thing about it all is this one fact that will certainly defeat the other side and soon, too—we continue with our work. Work goes on as usual, which, of course, is something that the Axis are totally unprepared for.

I, of course, have many incidents to relate, which will have to wait until I see you, however, this one, through the courtesy of the censor, I know, you will find interesting. One night after a

particularly busy day at the office, I was sleeping most soundly at our billets. It happened to be during the early days of those confounded "things." Well, anyway, their roar was terrific and yet I slept. I noticed a heavy feeling on my head and awoke drowsily to feel my bunk mate holding on to my hand and sitting on my bed; she had placed my helmet on my head and we both listened for the damn motor to shut off and fortunately it didn't land where we expected it to. You can bet your boots we both felt to see if we were wearing our dog tags.

Another time when I was getting a permanent in a particularly popular section for those Doodlebugs to land, the imminent danger signal went off for that particular vicinity. (The imminent danger signal is usually a whistle that goes off in your particular vicinity and that means it is just about overhead. That is different from an air raid siren.) Well, those darn old whistles started going off right in the middle of his hair cutting and I looked just like a portrait of the old "Madame Zulu" herself. Naturally the hair cutting stopped immediately. He took me to a particularly sheltered spot on the stairway of his shop and away from any windows of any type. Of course, we did feel a jar when the damn thing hit not too far away. Then Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ took me back to the beauty chair and continued with the handiwork. When he put me under the machine for the permanent, he told me if there was another imminent danger signal, that he would disentangle me from the contraption. But I was most rash—I said I would take a chance and go through—regardless. (I really don't think my hair is worth such a rash statement but I trusted to luck and the imminent danger signal did not go off while I was in the beauty shop.)

Another sight always gives me a peculiar feeling and really penetrates—when I see the bus loads of children being evacuated from London to safer places, having separated from their family and friends. However, during the early days of the buzz bombing, I happened to see and hear many bus loads of these children being evacuated. They were singing and hooting and waved to us as they passed us on the streets.

By the way, for obvious reasons, that family whom I used to see has moved from London and I will in a few days send Eddie their address.

Well, Beck, I am enclosing in this envelope another letter addressed to Jackie and that is the letter Jack can read to Mom and Pop. (By the way, are they home yet and how did they enjoy Mt. Clemens?)

Taking it all in all, it really is a great experience and certainly makes one appreciate the good old USA more than you can realize. I know you are anxious about me—but don't be because for some reason I am most calm about it. Even if I had the opportunity to go home right now, I don't believe I would take it—no—not until this war is really over.

By the way, received a couple of swell letters from Goldie and Sarah and will write them shortly.

Will say adieu for now and, Beck, if I don't write too often don't worry but I am awfully busy and just don't get the opportunity to write. However, please keep writing to me anyway.

How's Mom, Pop and Jackie?

Love,

Mollie