

And now, fellows, let us take you down "Memory Lane," and let's see whether we can't recall, for even a brief few minutes, the places and things that only a short time ago belonged to us, but which today seem memories of long ago. You must be tired and hot and weary, but think with us tonight of home. I wonder how many of you are from New York, or have been there, for this evening our "Memory Lane" leads back - to Broadway.

"Pete, remember how you and Kitty strolled down the Drive? Remember how the two of you sat on the stone steps of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument and looked across the Hudson to watch the twinkling lights of the Palisades. And remember how you promised to take her to Asbury Park the next Sunday - yep, after pay-day? Yes, everything seems like a dream, doesn't it? From the steps where you two were sitting you could see the river steamer sliding its way up-stream toward Bear Mountain. Even from where you were you could hear the faint strains of music from the boat. You wondered, didn't you, whether those on the ship were dancing and having a swell time, but you didn't care because you were there with Kitty.

"And Bob, remember taking Peggy to the Roxy that night? You had the price of the tickets, but didn't have enough money for a cab, but she didn't care. 'Bob,' she said, 'let's take the subway tonight. It's a little late and it'll be faster.' It wasn't late at all, but Peg was wise and good sport and knew the difference between a nickel and a dollar. It was one of those war pictures they were showing then wasn't it. And remember how you were a little jealous when Peg came out of the show and said, 'Gosh those boys looked swell in their uniforms! You were working in Spauldings then, weren't you? Or was it Davega's?

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ENCLOSURE

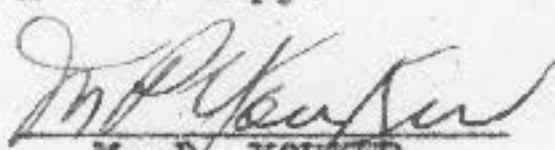
"Remember fellows how we used to go to Child's after the dance? Joe, you were there, and Larry, Ted, George and the bunch from Washington High. The there was Franny. She'd get so sore if you called her "Brick-Top". And Patsy - they say Patsy and Larry were married soon after Ted left for the front. I guess you can't tell what women will do now. Most of that crowd is broken up now. George, I hear, was killed at Nettuno, in Italy and Joe is somewhere in New Guinea. Some of the girls are already married - I guess they just didn't believe the war would be short and sweet.

I almost forgot. Joe, your dad and mother seem to be well but they're getting on in years. They say prices are pretty high now and you can't get the things that are most nourishing - butter, milk sugar. I guess they must be calling for you - to come home.

(Fade in with Auld Lang Syne)

And so we leave you this evening to dream of home. We'll be back again to take you down another memory lane to re-visit the places and relive the things you love.

A True Copy:

  
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