

VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume III, No. 4

APRIL, 1944

By Subscription

FROM THE SOLDIERS

25 OF OUR SYRIAN BOYS BATTLING IN PACIFIC

Stillwater, Oklahoma.



Many letters from the boys tell tales of how rough and rugged their branch of the service is. Stories of mud, foxholes, rain, heat, sand, dust, —and other uncomfortable sur-

roundings. They speak of long and strenuous duty hours. They tell of K.P. and guard duty. In short they all tell of the hard life they lead. And it is hard. Two months ago, if I were to have written, my letter would have been of a similar nature.

Now my story is different. . . . I know not of hikes, K.P., guard duty, or any other unpleasant —detail. I am a STAR (Special Training Assignment and Reclassification). I am enjoying a life —which every soldier dreams of (when he gets time to sleep).

Our day begins at 8 a.m. I go to classes to refresh my memory in mathematics, chemistry, and physics. . . . I'm sorry, I forgot to tell you what I had for breakfast: 1/2 grapefruit, 2 hot fried eggs, cereal, toast, butter, milk, coffee, and doughnuts. The girls that serve us are —"so sweet."

Classes finish at 10:30. After that, one usually goes to the college sweet shop to get acquainted with some of the Co-Eds on the campus. By the way, "Miss Oklahoma of 1943" is a student at this college.

After dinner, which is served at 12, we usually have the rest of the day to ourselves. Tired and weary, we could hardly stand on our feet. Yes, you guessed it. We all hit the hay.

At about 4:30, the mad rush for the "Shower Room" starts. Everybody has to get slicked up for the evening.

And as for girls, Washington, D. C., has nothing on Stillwater, Oklahoma. There are about 8 girls to every man in this town.

All the Sorority Houses are open for us during the evening. Dancing and refreshments for all men in uniform. If one gets tired of the Sorority Houses, he can turn to the girls in uniform, the WAVES. There are anywhere

(Continued on page 4)



Charles Dweck and Julius Karey

It is curious how suggestive one simple word can become. Take a word like, "Pacific"; not many years ago, people the world over smiled dreamily whenever it was uttered. They conjured up vivid pictures of swaying green palms, golden sands, and romantic island-natives who sang strange and haunting songs.

The word "Pacific" still suggests; but the pictures are not recognizable. This time the mind envisions American soldiers concealed in fox-holes and pup-tents, deep in thick mud and mos-

quitoes; Jap machine-gun nests and Jap snipers crouched ready to kill. Tree to tree fighting, forage, infiltration, and all the devices of "sneak warfare" are brought to mind.

It is here then, amongst these grimmer pictures of the Pacific that twenty-five Syrian-Jewish youth from our community are taking their place alongside thousands of other Americans in the battle to crack open the dusty chains of Japanese imperialism.

Together in New Britain, are Hy Swede, Joe Catton, and Victor Harari. Hy, in the anti-aircraft division, is kept busy on the job of downing Jap Zeros. He derives huge enjoyment from listening to Jap propaganda and never misses his favorite character, "The Wife of Tojo." Hy adds caustically, "This Tojo dame even had the gall to once say that the island we were on was retaken by the Japs. Bah!"

Sgt. David Arazi has been overseas for two years. He's shifted from Australia, New Caledonia to somewhere in the Pacific. David, who has been in the thick of the fighting, whole home, "when an enemy plane is shot down here, all the boys jump out of their foxholes and cheer, as if they were rooting at a baseball game in old Brooklyn."

(Continued on page 7)

Girls' Junior League Holds Grand Ball In Aid Of Center

To aid the community's drive for a center, a grand ball has been arranged by the Girl's Junior League of Bensonhurst.

This will be held at the Colonial Mansion on the evening of Sunday, May 21st at 8:30 P.M.

Nafecba Murad and Meyer Murad will entertain in one hall while Harry Bergen and his Rumba orchestra will add a latin touch to the dancing in the main ballroom.

Tickets are now available at \$2.25 apiece and patrons are advised to purchase them early as a record attendance is expected.

VICTORY BULLETIN

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214

Draft Roosevelt For Fourth Term

No matter how you figure things out, you can thank your lucky stars that the United States has a Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

He is the man who, right from the start, has had the arduous task of holding the reins along the roughest, stoniest road of all time.

Sure, the bumps and the jolts have given us some nasty bruises to nurse; but the main thing is we are still jogging along on all four wheels. We haven't tipped over. And it's thanks to the man up there in the driving seat who is doing a superb job of management.

We cannot afford to change drivers now with victory visible at the end of the stretch.

Blow to Democracy Feared

As a matter of fact, it would be a catastrophic blow to democracy the world over, were any one of the Republican delegates elected president this November. For the Republican party (since Wilkie's retirement from the race) is now completely controlled by the outrageously pro-fascist clique headed by McCormick, Lindbergh, Taft, and numerous others of that ilk.

It is not pleasant to know that an American general, MacArthur, is being boosted by former leaders of the notorious America First Committee; and that he has amiably accepted the program of the McCormick, Hearst, Patterson press. Nor is it pleasant to know that Governor Thomas E. Dewey, whose record on discriminatory legislation is a disgrace, and whose nomination now appears certain, is actually nothing more nor less than the puppet of appeasers Hoover-Spangler-Vandenberg.

In The Mail-Box

To —the Editor:

I want to thank you for the Victory Bulletin. I had a wonderful time reading it, and it held my interest right to the last page.

I think you should have some form of jokes in your paper, also why don't you give a page to the Army and the Navy. Head it "Know Your Army and Navy." You could tell about their rates, and the work of each. It would hold the interest of many people.

The Man Who Doesn't Know

Dewey is only too eager to be the tool of these reactionaries. Of course, by denying his candidacy, he avoids the necessity of taking a position on foreign and national policy; thus he will have a nice clean slate with which to start off, no to mention a pretty campaign speech on how he did not intend to run; it was the pressure of the people which forced him.

F.D.R. Defends People's Rights

Look at it any way you will, F.D.R. is literally the only man in public life in whom the whole nation can confide leadership. For Roosevelt has again and again championed the rights of the people. In domestic issues, his stand on the Tax Bill, Subsidy Bill, Soldier Vote Bill, Anti-Poll Tax Bill, and other vital measures, has been one worthy of admiration. His part in the building of world peace and security so brilliantly exemplified by the Teheran, Moscow, and Cairo Conferences must not be smashed by the election of a Republican candidate.

Not since Lincoln's inauguration in 1864 have elections been so crucial as those that will take place this November. The stakes are high. The nation can win or lose. We must not lose!

Wishing you girls all the best of luck,

"The Dashing Sailor."

(Ed- How about YOU writing it for us, Sailor.)

To the Editor:

What's the matter with civilian subscribers? They can't all be losing money. Don't they appreciate the V. B.? If they had read the past 36 issues they would.

Have you ever failed to autogize the splendid work you are doing? Are you not responsible for the splendid morale of our boys who are overseas? I would not know. I am only repeating what I read in the last 24 issues, twelve of which I did not pay for. (I did not cheat you, my brother-in-law passed it on to me.)

My dollar is enclosed for 1944, if no one else pays please return my money. I would not want to be the first and only Syrian sucker in captivity.

For once your paper has something to raise hell about. Its been too darn tame. Come on Editor, give me the devil, and see if I care.

Ralph Misseri.

(Ed- Even you must have a soft spot for us somewhere, or whence the dollar? We try to play down the enthusiasm of our readers, but it keeps bubbling up, we hate to disillusion you, but there's quite a bit of it. Incidentally Constructive criticism is always welcome, so are written contributions of people who feel they can do any better.)

Here Are Your Requests For Ballots

The present legislation, pushed through by Governor Dewey, requires that servicemen must send in requests for ballots, before they are granted the right to vote.

By this method, he hopes to discourage soldiers and sailors, whom, he feels, are essentially pro Roosevelt and pro Now Deal, from voting.

Our opinion on this legislation is known to all of you, but an opinion is not enough. An attempt must be made to mend matters, if possible.

And that is why we are enclosing a copy of a request for ballot with each Victory Bulletin that goes to you soldiers. Your job is to fill it in, and return it. You are then entitled to vote in the 1944 elections.

Greetings To

MORRIS, ISAAC
and **SONNY**

— from —

Mr. & Mrs. JOE ESSES

Letters From Soldiers

(Continued from page 1)

from 400 to 500 WAVES stationed here. They have a dance every evening.

They told me when I got here, that I'd only be here for two or three weeks. I've been here for almost three months now.

MAN! Heaven can wait! ! !

Pvt. E. Hedaya (Twinny).

(Ed—This letter is printed at your own risk, "Twinny." My advice to you is DUCK.)

Just a few lines to let the old gang know that being "Over There" ain't so tough after all.

After being out "in the Blue," or desert,—heat, flies, mosquitoes and spam—for eight months, I was granted a furlough of 25 days. And did I make up for lost time. Syria, Palestine, Cairo, meeting my grandmother, aunts and uncles and other relatives for the first time was a thrill I'll never forget. ...Imagine walking along the Mediterranean seashore on a clear moonlight night,—and OH MAN! Those Syrian and Palestinian beauties don't need any lessons on morale building.

In Cairo, the jitterbug craze is really going strong. There's no such thing as Abdul Wahab any more. Over here, it's Mohamed Frank Sinatra. As for the Egyptian lovelies, ask Lt. Vic Shalom! ! !

Pvt. Meyer Cohen.

Camp Blanding, Florida.

...Al Shweki and I spent the Holidays together. We had a Seder in camp, the first night of Passover, and there were —over 5,000 fellows gathered together to celebrate the occasion.

I went there a few hours earlier to help them prepare, and you'd never guess who they had setting the tables, washing dishes, and assisting in many other tasks. Well, there were about 25 Nazi Prisoners of War. Hitler will probably tear his moustache when he hears —that his Aryan Supermen were helping wait on Jewish men at a very Jewish holiday festival!

Joseph M. Gindi.

COMPLIMENTS
OF
SAM COHEN
476 Fulton St.,
Brooklyn

Looking At The World....

By GLYNNE NAHEM

If only the free world would make a law called, "The Law of Humanity," people the world over would really have something to shout about. This law would provide that each country in the *unoccupied world* must open wide its doors to every single victim of Nazis barbarism, regardless of color, creed or religion.

But take a look at reality in all its grimness. And it is grim. For there is no such law even resembling this "Law of Humanity"; instead there is a law which says "Hell to Humanity." It goes under the respectable name of *White Paper*.

One of the provisions of this stubborn relic of Munich is, "After March 31, 1944, there is to be no further immigration into Palestine by Jews." But, Mr. British Government, this is not a case of words! Do you claim ignorance of the wholesale massacres of millions of Jews in Nazi Europe? Does your blood never turn to ice as you read the cold newsprint of unprecedented horror? It possible that when faced with the alternative of leaving people to die, or creating a new life for them, you choose to let them die because of a dusty *White Paper*?

Think it over carefully, Mr. British Government, because we Jews, and we anti-fascists everywhere are united in our determination to see this

White Paper abrogated. And we are going to fight our darnest.

Listen, Mr. British Government, you heard our Commander-in-Chief, President Roosevelt March 9th statement. He strongly repudiated the *White Paper* on the one hand, and promised justice for the national rights of the Jews in Palestine on the other? Do you think we're going to sit still, NOW

The American people are going to deluge the White House with a barrage of mail in support of President Roosevelt's March 9th statement in the *White Paper*, and this will form a solid basis for further action against it.

But you, Mr. British Government, you have been fighting a war against Nazism for almost 5 years. It is a war of human decency against sadism. We appeal to you on the principle of human decency to abolish the *White Paper* without further delay.

WHERE THE FUEL GOES



A MODERN DESTROYER uses more than 3,000 gallons of oil an hour at top speed.

Somewhere in the Pacific.

I wish I were a literary expert so that I could give you a vivid description of this microscopic island, New Caledonia. It is in the South Pacific, somewhere off the map, and so darn far away from home.

The weather is fine—hoping that's O.K. with the censor.—Sometimes it rains—like in most other places. Gee! I wish I'd continued studying French at school since the natives here speak French. Even the kids speak French. Everybody but me!

Now although this place is a tropical island, it certainly doesn't resemble the movie version. Yes, its got palm trees which sway under the yellow moon, but there are no Dottie Lamours purring contentedly under grass skirts, much to my regret. Come to think about it, Bob ain't around either.

I suppose that's enough nonsense out of me for the time being.

Pvt. Morris H. Levy.

Open Meeting Planned By Girls Junior League

An open meeting of the Girl's Junior League will be held at the home of Rabbi Goweritz, 7224 Bay Parkway on Tuesday, May 19th at 8:30 P.M.

The program for the coming year will be discussed and plans laid out.

All girls between the ages of 17 and 26 inclusive are welcome and new members will be enrolled into the organization.

Mr. and Mrs.

LOUIS MOUSSALI

TLAXCALA 129—Mexico, D.R.

Announce the birth of a baby boy

Hi, Peepul

By MARGE LABATON

The seed of spring was planted in many and S. Y. girl's heart this month when a gypsy fortune teller told them of the handsome men laying in wait beyond the horizon... Awo-o-o-o-o-h.

Don't duck Renee Safdich. I saw you tip-toe out of Adle's Ice Cream parlor, on Albert Shammah's arm. I see everything. THAT MEANS YOU!!

Mal being a free man again, Jack Nasser didn't waste any time showing Evelyn Beyda the high spots of New York...

P.F.C. Joe Betesh is the guy who wrote pleading letters to his father for "Arak". He claims it's to make him "sleep", but could it be to entertain, Egyptian style, that long distance operator he's been dating up.

Wanted—an incubator. To hatch out chicks young enough for the present crop of Bay Parkway batchelors.

What first Sergeant by the name of Charles Antkoy (II and S Co., 203 Engr., A.P.O. 230) wired what girl by the name of Shirley Betesh a bouquet of flowers all the way from England!?

Celebrating her first year in the service of W.A.U.S. the gang took Pvt. Margaret Esses out on a spree. Here's wishing you stripes, soldier!

What do these foreign girls have? Cpl. Al Shalom reported to have lost his heart completely to a sweet young thing from England...

Jack Husney and Norma Esses, almost a thing...

Pvt. Mac Haddad writes "It sure felt like home when we Jewish boys in Italy each received three boxes of Matzos for Passover".

"Sweet sixteen and never been kissed" password for Joe Saff's leap year party. Password out unrecceled, as yet.

Pvt. Ike Labaton extends a hand across the ocean. The day before he joined the Service, he turned over his 'little black book' lock stock and barrel, including pictures, to a lonely English sailor on leave.

Pvt. S. Mizrahi is starting a collection of Syrian Pin-up girls as of today. This should also include Gi-gi (special re-

quest). All entries, and contributions very welcome.

Pvt. Seymour Shweky complains he gets his Victory Bulletin in a truly beaten up condition. It travelled faithfully through seven different addresses each month last year, until he finally felt compelled to send in his change of address...

Can't leave 'em alone!! Vicky Serure's strictly arranged "Hen Party" incited by males in the early hours of the evening.

Uh huh! Meyers rightfully deserted during this Passover. And we didn't see anyone sneak into the candy stores further up the avenue. Did you?

Ralph Beyda is a man who likes his shoes clean. He takes a cab regularly to his favorite shoe shine on King's Highway.

Boys on leave this month include Lt. Al Labaton back from Greenland for a warm spell, Sgt. Jack Grazi, Pvt. Morris Ades, Cadet Hyman Srou, P. F. C. Raymond Esses, Pvt. Fred Tawil, S 1/C Isaac Tawil, Pvt. Meyer Sulton, Pvt. Margaret Esses, R. D. M. 1 C Louis Beyda, P. F. C. Al Ades, Pvt. Joe Grazi, Pvt. Isaac Catton, Pvt. Joe Cohen, Sgt. Harry Malah, Cpl. Abo Harari, Pt. Sam Antebi, Pvt. Raymond Grazi, and Pvt. Isidore Betesh.

Ed — Now that Margie's out of the way, I can let you into the news. Well, boys, she is quite unattached now. Do I hear hearts beating!!!!)

●
COMPLIMENTS
OF
MURAD SUTTON
of HONOLULU
●

●
COMPLIMENTS
OF
Mr. and Mrs.
A. GUBBAY
●

Milestones

ENGAGED

Sarina Shalom (England) to Cpl. Al Shalom

MARRIED

Mollie Menaged to Pvt. Eddie Turner

Celia Levy to Ben Markowitz

Ray Hidary to Sol Mishan

Vickie Serure to Joe Beyda

Ray Massry to Ralph Tawil

Frieda Schucke to Isaac Sulton

Adle Matalon (Jamaica) to Capt.

Albert Allen

Doris Ades to Lieut. Vic Shalom

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Grosswald—a Boy

Pvt. and Mrs. Nat Levine (nee Sara Labaton)—a Boy

Cpl. and Mrs. Joe Zalta—a Boy

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Missry—a Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gindi—a Boy

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dushey—a Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hamcay—a Girl

USO Dark Room Lures David Betesh

During his one year in the Army, David Betesh, or "Firt," has been attached to the Medical Corps, Quartermaster Corps and the Military Police. And he has now been transferred to the infantry. He is taking a course in radio, and spends all his spare time in the U.S.O. dark room, practising his favorite hobby. What? No! Of course not! It's Photography.

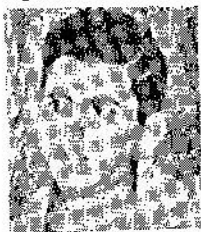
Greetings To
JOE, EZRA RALPH
and MOISHE
from
Mollie, Jack, Chuck
and Babs SUTTON

●
COMPLIMENTS
OF
ISAAC MATALON
●

Pvt. Ed Douek In New Guinea

Pvt. Ed Douek is somewhere in New Guinea at present and finding the weather slightly more than warm. He wishes to be remembered to his friends and family.

Ike Shasho and Joe Esses Send Chatter From Panama



New Caledonia. Petunkas to Mal Maniye who was made Staff Sergeant recently. Onions to I. J. who is still a Private. (Ain't he lucky!)

We in Panama have a wonderful system for rumor mongers. We generally tell the G. I. with the so-called reliable authentic and confidential information, to step into the latrine (men's lounge, to you civilians) and spill it. It always works.

Li. Van Heflin of Hollywood is in Panama making a jungle training film for the glorified Air Corps.

Jim (Salon) of Fort Bragg, North Carolina claims he has a very good reason for spending only a few hours at home when on pass in New York. Good reason is:

Eyes Hazel—Waist 21½—Height 5 ft. 8 in.—Weight 120 lbs.

Hair none (sometimes she wears a toupee), \$10,000 on her head, toupee and all. Information obtained from confidential files of "Esses and Shasho", Model Agency, "Shasho and Esses" Detective Agency, "Esses and Shasho", Attorneys from Hunger.

ORCHIDS to anyone screwy enough to go out in the jungle and pick them.

Dave Attie, Scott Field, III. (All that meat and no potatoes). Heard of your new partnership (delicatessen supply incorporated) with the 30th street KING, Harry (Chowhound) Franco. Harry's parents have been sending him truck loads of salami every so often, to keep up his morale, and incidently, his appetite. Dave Attie didn't need any invitation. We, who know Dave, just know how happy that made him. Harry is on furlough now, and Dave must be hungry.

Questions frequently asked by 2 G. I.'s overseas:

1. Is Brooklyn as dead as they say it is?
2. Do the fellas still go C. C. on the O. P. (Chippy Chasing on Ocean Parkway)?
3. Where the heck is the Victory Bulletin?
4. Can a fellow still enjoy the view

on a windy day on 49th and 5th Avenue?

5. And last but not least. Does Sally still take the 8:20 train every morning?

Panama is way ahead of Brooklyn. 2 weddings in 2 weeks. We've attended the wedding of Moc Bassan, and this coming week, we are going to another, Emilio Attie to Rae Yohros. Good American music can be had only on the short wave Radio.

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Abe Bellios, kindly send his address.

Frank (Haddad) who is vacationing in Floridian sunshine (on the Army) has written home for a good heavy woolen overcoat. It seems like he was misinformed about Florida. Can we help it if he's stationed nearer *Tallahassee* than to Miami? He still can't figure out how in the world those guys get a beautiful tan, on a two-week vacation in Florida. (Some of you guys, get on the ball, and write to him.)

Mike Tawil (North Carolina) expresses his thoughts by singing this song: DEENAH, is there anyone FEENNER, in the State of CAROLEENA, if there is WE'D like to know. Mike is never too tired to go and spend a few hours every other night, in Greensboro. He claims it's exciting.

Bob (Gemal) Brazil-Brooklyn's unbeaten "african dominos" champ still unbeaten in the land of amazons.

We don't dare show up in Brooklyn, after this letter:

Regards to: 1Fs, 3Ds, CDDs, 2Cs, 2As, 1Bs, 1As and Uncle Sam's warriors, and to the Victory Bulletin's staff, Bless their little hearts, and also bless the little hearts of the native Indians who pull our K. P. for 50c (fifty cents) (fifty pennies) a month. AMEN!

Request all complaints being sent to us, be put in pink envelopes, so we can destroy the letter upon receipt. Thank you.

SAM SHALOM

To my sons

**Irving and Murray
SHALOM**

Soldiers Of Bensonhurst To Get Gift Packages

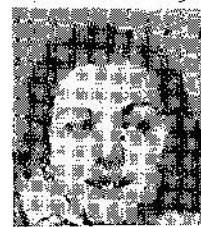
\$825 poured into the coffers of the Girls' Junior League Army Welfare Fund on Sunday, March 5, when 1000 people packed the Brooklyn Academy of Music to see the Syrian film "War-ael Sitar."

A fine piece of previous Radio advertising plus the prospect of relaxing again to the wailing melodies of the Old Country drew long lines of people to the box office windows at 2 p. m. sharp. The picture also included the artistic dances and exotic beauties of the East.

The Girls' Junior League presented the programme, which included, in addition to the feature film, travel talk on the Syrian homeland, and a short picture on Red Cross Activities. There followed a speaker from the Brooklyn Red Cross Chapter, and in response to her plea for funds, a sum of \$150 was collected by G.J.L., usherettes who passed cans through the aisles.

The financial success of this venture has made it possible for gift packages to be sent to Syrian soldiers all over the world.

MEET THE STAFF



Blue eyed Julie Liniado, latest addition to the staff of the Victory Bulletin, hops around America with the ease and assurance of a female travelling salesman.

From Philadelphia to Brooklyn, to Richmond, Virginia, and back home again to Brooklyn, she hustles, helping her family keep their various business establishments in good order.

Between trips, Julie, who is seldom seen without a flower in her hair, attends the U.S.O. and corresponds regularly with the 9 members of her family who are in the Services.

Her interests are varied, but she confesses a weakness for writing of all kinds, particularly letters, and her favorite hobby is dancing, at which she is expert. At the moment she insists she is quite fancy free.

**COMPLIMENTS
OF**

SAM ZAFRANI

PACIFIC STORY

(Continued from page 1)

It's three years in the army, two and a half spent overseas, for Cpl. Joe Ash who has met Abe Maleh, Moe Esses, Jack Franco and Julius Kairey in his overseas travels. On a recent furlough to Australia, Joe made pals with the Australian minister of war; the official promised to write Mrs. Ash a long letter all about their meeting, and Joe has given strict orders for his Mom to please frame it when she gets it.

In New Caledonia sits Staff Sgt. Nathan Mamiye at his desk in the Service and Supplies office. One red-letter day, Moe Levy tapped him gently on the shoulder. Nathan blinked several times before roaring, "Moe, hell, Moe!" Moe, in the quartermaster corps, tells of the dream-out-of-this-world who does special S. Y. cooking for him. He's done some swimming there, but admits a preference for Bradley's Beach.

Pfc. Jack Franco, now in New Guinea, has been overseas two years. He has encountered action hot and heavy. One adventure Jack is not likely to forget it one night while sleeping, a crocodile came creeping up on him. The boys finally killed the monster. Later it was weighed. The scales read *over one ton.*

In New Guinea also, is Pvt. Nat Zalta who has the strange job of cleaning out an old native cemetery. His version of it is "We climb up old palm trees and sit on skeletons whilst eating coconuts picked from the trees".

Marine Harry Mizrahi bumped into his brother Ike, and Lt. Harold Sutton in a rest camp. A news photographer snapped their picture and offered to publish it in a New York newspaper as soon as the censor passes it. When asked which newspaper they'd prefer to see the picture go in, the boys cried in unison, "Victory Bulletin."

It is plain to see that were the exploits of each boy in the Pacific to be recorded here, this article itself would run into the whole of this month's newspaper. Instead Victory Bulletin takes this opportunity to express its warmest admiration for Hy Swede, Nathan Mamiye, Moe Levy, David Arazie, Julius Kairey, Neville Sardell, Abe Ghindl, Sam Ghindl, Clem Marcus, Abe Maleh, Harry Mizrahi, Ike Mizrahi, Harold Sutton, Jack Franco, Joe Ash, Charles Dweck, Nat Zalta, Moe Nahem, Moe Esses, Abe Betesh, Joe Cotton, Albert Cohen, E. Dweck, Victor Harari, Isaac Zafrani—all these boys are *Somewhere in the Pacific.*

Mr. Antar Receives a Surprise Travelling By Train To Chicago



The yellow darts of flame spat viciously into the huge rolls of black smoke; great bursts of shrapnel, and the deafening roar of cannon filled the air. The American

Army was on its way. Their orders were clear. Take and hold the Anzio Beachhead.

But the going was tough, and our men were more than relieved at the sight of American ships carrying additional troops and manned by sturdy Merchant Marines.

Suddenly there was the boom of an explosion, and the foremost ship split apart from the center, while men and equipment went overboard flying in all directions.

The soldiers on the beaches stripped themselves of heavy equipment, and swam out to help the survivors. One lad seized an unconscious merchant marine and struggled with him to the land.

Once on shore, he revived him as best he could, gave him a pair of dry shoes, and made him comfortable. "You sure saved my bacon!" said the young merchant marine.

It was the elegantly simple way the young civilian carried his many campaign ribbons that first attracted Mr. Antar's attention, as he surveyed his fellow passengers on the train to Chicago. Seldom had he seen so many

ribbons on one individual, particularly one in civilian clothes.

Having two sons in the Service, one actually in action in Italy, had sharpened Mr. Antar's curiosity with regard to active warfare, and he felt he should lose no time making the acquaintance of the young man.

He smiled and nodded, and before long, an animated conversation was taking place, during the course of which Mr. Antar learned that his companion was a merchant marine, and had earned his ribbons in North Africa, New Guinea, and Italy, "But Italy, Boy! That's where I almost got it," the merchant marine said.

"You had a narrow escape?"

"You said it! Our ship was cut in half by a torpedo, just before landing in Anzio, and I was thrown into the sea. I lost my senses, and would have drowned, if it weren't for a soldier who swam out and pulled me ashore. I think he came from Brooklyn, too, and look!" he pointed to his shoes. "He gave me the shoes I'm wearing. Boy!" he added "I sure owe him plenty."

Mr. Antar agreed with him heartily, and then went on to say, "I don't suppose you came across my son did you? He's in Italy now." And he pulled out a picture, and handed it over.

The boy looked at it a moment, and then he shrieked "This is your son! My Gosh! I'll say I know him. Why that's the fellow who saved my life! Mr. Antar, do you realize I'm wearing your son's shoes!"

●

●

COMPLIMENTS

OF

ADJMI IMP. CO., Inc.,

●

●

COMPLIMENTS

OF

SAM DUSHEY

●

Baltimore, Md.

●

BOYS IN ITALY

We have had several requests for the names and addresses of boys in Italy, and here they are:

Pvt. Sam Antar—32359149—Co. F, 540 Engrs., APO 464 C/O PM, New York.
 Pvt. David A. Beyda—12160234—Med. Det. 201 AAA Bn., APO 464 C/O PM, New York.
 Pvt. Jack Braha—32542792—Btry A, 454 AAA Bn., APO 512 C/O PM, New York.
 Cpl. Ezra Cohen—32204894—645 T.D. Bn. Recon. Co., APO 45 C/O PM, New York.
 Pfc. Joseph A. Cohen—32543915—Btry A, 451st AAA Bn. (aae) APO 464 C/O PM, New York.

Pvt. Max Haddad—32700882—Co. D, 29th Repl. Bn., 5th Army, APO 776 C/O PM, New York.
 Pfc. Abe Mazria—32342728—6th Port Hdqs. Co. APO 765 C/O PM, New York.
 Pfc. Jonah Mishaan—32342674—202 M.P. Co. Corps, APO 464 C/O PM, New York.
 W.O. Robbert Molko, 400th C.A. Bn. APO 964, C/O PM, New York.
 Pfc. Nathan Rahmey—32325999—344 Engrs. Co. D, APO 464, C/O PM, New York.
 Pfc. Sam Serouya—32542791—Btry. A, 451 AAA (A.W.) Bn. APO 464 C/O PM, New York.

Roll Of Honor

Pvt. Joe Betesh, Hq. Bt. 571 AAA AW Bn., Camp Edwards, Mass.
 Pvt. Jack Didia—31390333—Co. B, 5th Bn. F.R.T.C., 2nd Platoon, Fort Belvoir, Va.
 Pvt. John Obadia—42059351—Co. D, 30 Bn., 1st Reg., L.R.T.C., Fort McClellan, Ala.
 Isaac Tawil (ASR) 663-752, Co. 29, Coast Guard Tr. Station, Manhattan

Beach, Brooklyn, New York.
 Pvt. Isaac Labaton, Co. B, 67th Tng. Bn., 14th. Tng. Regt., Camp Fanning, Texas.
 Joe Levy, A.S., U. S. N. T. S., Co. 126, Sampson, New York
 Pvt. Eddie Antar—42069661—1st Engr. Pet. Prod. Depot Service Co. 1009, Oilfield Batt., Camp Santa Anita, Arcadia, California.

Gypsy Fortune Teller Holds Girls' Interest

The prospect of having their fortunes read in tea cups by a real live gypsy lured a large crowd to a Gypsy Tea Party which was sponsored by the Girls' Junior League. Held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gindi, on Saturday, March 18, this strictly feminine party raised a net sum of \$10, which was handed over to the Red Cross.

Holding tea cups outstretched in their hands, the girls clustered excitedly around the mysterious fortune teller, and listened in rapt silence while she foretold the future, and hinted at the past.

A Bingo game that offered expensive prizes was popular in another corner of the room, and ping-pong and checkers were also available.

The raffling off of a beautiful pair of Nylons created a stampede, and tickets at 10c apiece were purchased wholesale. The coveted stockings were won by Miss Sara Yafid.

SCRAWLING V'S WON'T WIN THIS WAR—BUYING BONDS REGULARLY WILL WIN.

Urged To Donate Money As Syrians

All women participating in the Red Cross Drive are urged to turn in the money they have collected to Mrs. A. Shalom.

The total amount received by her will then be presented in one lump sum to the Red Cross through the Magen David Federation in the name of *The Syrian Group*. In this way, the *Syrian Group* will gain prestige and recognition from the Red Cross. Such recognition might later prove invaluable.

It is to be noted, however, that each person who has collected funds will receive individual acknowledgement from the Red Cross.

Nat Rahmey Overseas More Than 10 Months

A member of an Engineering Outfit, P.F.C. Rahmey has been overseas more than 19 months now. He has been in most of the important cities of England, and Africa, and is now in Italy

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Sydney Nager, Parachute Jumper, Lands On Earth, Instead Of Clouds



A few months ago, the night of December 28th, 1943, to be exact, my crew and I were preparing to take off on a regular training mission. We left the ground, and had

been up in the air for about twenty minutes when the plane began to act up and to bank continually to the right. Suddenly it dived sharply to the other side, and went into a spin. The next thing I knew was that the bell was ringing for us to leave the ship.

From my position I couldn't reach my parachute. Thinking rapidly, I leant very far forward so as to break the centrifugal force, then I fell to the floor, and from there I managed somehow to drag the parachute across to my chest. Gripping it tightly, I turned over, crawled to the back camera hatch, and jumped.

Once in the air, I did not wait to count ten, but pulled the rip-cord the instant I thought I was clear of the plane. It gave me the funniest feeling to be floating down through the air.

A peculiar thing happened on the way down. When I came to the first cloud, I was all set to land, but instead floated right through it. Now when I really did reach the ground, I figured it was just another cloud, and I did not prepare myself. Consequently on landing I received a nasty jolt. (Mother Earth can be quite hard sometimes) and I wasn't able to get up for fully twenty minutes.

When I did try to move, I found to my dismay, that I had injured my left knee. Still, I had to get going, and I began my hike over the deep snow

with my leg dragging painfully behind.

After going for about two miles, I ran into one of my crew, and he, too, had hurt his ankle (later it turned out to be broken). I urged him to walk on it till we came to a fence. There I tore up my parachute, and tied up his foot. We walked together about ten miles, me helping him along. We had to keep walking, for the temperature was 16 below zero, and with a 26 mile an hour wind tearing into us, we would have frozen to death had we stopped.

Then we ran into the third member of the party. He had also broken his ankle, so that made two that I had to help along, and with my left knee dragging behind me, I was soon worn out.

It seemed we had been walking endlessly when we came to the top of a ridge, from which we could see our base, only ten miles away. My two comrades attempted to cross the rough terrain, but in their condition it was quite impossible.

We all agreed on a plan whereby they would take the long and more even road, and I would try to make it on the shorter path. I arrived in camp at 6.30 the next morning after having fallen down about a hundred times, and gotten up and started again. I guess I kept going, because I knew that my buddies were out there needing medical help badly, and I had to get through.

I got back first, and asked permission to return immediately to help find the rest of the boys who had jumped. The whole crew were found by four o'clock that afternoon, and thanks to the doctor we are all doing nicely, and are out of the hospital at this time.

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JACK NASSER
ALBERT ARNOSEY

We all miss you
more and more
So come back
here in '44

Your Pal
JACK NASSER

Happy Birthday
To Pvt.
MARGARET ESSES

from
**Margie,
Evelyn,
Linda,
Shirley,
Ray,
Adele**

Nahem With Nahem

(Goings-on In The Sports World)

Excluding the last time we did Kitchen Police, nothing has made us feel quite so old as the knowledge that Babe Ruth, the man named after that delicious, nut-filled candy bar, Baby Ruth, has reached the half century mark in age. And, by way of nothing at all, this puts him just 10 away from his home run record of 60.

Seriously, though, it seems just yesterday (well, not exactly), that Babe was lambasting the old potato out of the park to the huzzahs of enthusiastic multitudes. We remember watching with sadistic glee as Babe parted the poor pitcher's hair in the middle with a line drive, or blasted that low, outside pitch through the pitcher's legs, thus accounting for the number of bowlegged men sadly walking the streets murmuring, "I shoulda pitched him high inside." Actually, many a pitcher preferred pitching Babe high and taking the chance that Babe might hit it out of the park, rather than pitching low and having the Bambino hit *him* out of the park.

Ruth Never Given Chance

Ruth had the unmistakable stamp of the great ball-player. It is a legend

that Babe never threw to the wrong base. Everything he did on the diamond turned out right. This led many fans to believe that Babe would be a fine manager. Whether he would or wouldn't remains a question. The point is that he was never given the chance and that is the only mysterious aspect of Ruth's career.

Theories Guess at Reasons

There are as many theories about this as there are rumors about the opening of the second front. One school of thought opines that Babe demands too much of Chat green stuff. Another school inclines toward the idea that the King of Swat hasn't the right technique in handling men. A third believes that the magnates still hold a grudge against Babe for leading the parade of ball-players demanding higher wages.

We belong to the simple-minded school that says: Damn the theories—

P. S. The manpower situation being what it is, or rather what it isn't, give the Babe a chance to manage! Babe could probably be a playing manager and at least hit his weight, which, come to think of it, would be pretty good hitting any time.

Apologies Go To Cpl. Ezra Cabasso

Apologies to Cpl. Ezra Cabasso and his fiancee, Miss Gertrude Tissenbaum. Reported as married they are only engaged.

Ezra has been in the U. S. Army over eight months, and claims that the 135-degree temperature of Claiborne, Louisiana affected him not at all. He is now at Camp Sutton, North Carolina.

GREETINGS TO OUR

Brothers, Nephews
and Cousins

MORRIS H. LEVY
JOSEPH H. LEVY
MAURICE M. JEMAL
MORRIS E. JEMAL
JACK JEMAL
ALBERT H. LEVY
AREF COHEN
MAX AREF COHEN
ALBT. AREF COHEN
IS. AREF COHEN
JACK AREF COHEN
BOB JEMAL
STAN. AARONLEVY
SAM SCHEWKEY

and all other friends
and acquaintances
from

NORMAN JEMAL and
STANLEY H. LEVY

FIGHTERS ON THE HOME FRONT
ARE STILL NEEDED — JOIN
CIVILIAN DEFENSE

SYRIAN JEWISH
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