

VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume III. No. 10

APRIL, 1945

By Subscription

Letters From The Soldiers

It is great to be off the front lines for a while. I had some pretty close calls while they lasted. Once the Japs had me pinned down in a little ditch, while our machine gunners were firing in the back of us. We couldn't get up as the bullets were right over our heads, and to make things tougher, there was a Japanese tank 50 yards ahead, shooting its guns right at us, and rolling on towards us. A couple of our G.I.'s finally got it, when it was less than 10 feet away, and I managed to get out.



Another time, we charged into a town, but as soon as we reached the first building, the Japs opened up on us. My only cover was a little tree. I would see a jap helmet pop up from a hole, and I would take good aim, and shoot. I shot a whole clip at him, then when I put in my new clip of ammunition, my rifle jammed up, and there I was lying for five endless minutes trying to fix it. Luckily for me, our B.A.R. man let him have it, and I got out of that scrape.

Then there was the time when we were out on patrol. We passed a couple of dead Japs, and as we did so, one of the boys said he thought he saw one move. A second later he fired, just as the "body" was attempting to throw a hand grenade at us.

It really seemed that I had a charmed life, for many of my bud-

dies were hit right in front of me, and I know that the prayers I pray at these awful moments must help save me.

In conclusion, let me say that the Red Cross is sure on the ball. They come right up to the front lines with coffee, doughnuts and cigarettes. They even bring our letters to us at the front, and that is a real morale builder.

P.F.C. DAVID BETESH

Italy
On January 9th, I went to the Town movie house, where Leo Durocher, Joe Medwick, and Nick Etten were entertaining on a U.S.O. tour.

Before the end of the show, they asked some soldiers to step up on the stage. Well twelve boys got up there, including me, and also including much to my astonishment Mac Haddad and Morris Shmalo.

Well, when we were all ready, they started shooting questions at us about baseball. Mac and Morris failed to answer, and so did some other fellows, so they were asked to step down. That left me and five soldiers, and we had to sweat it out. Finally, I emerged one of the winning four. We each received a baseball with Leo Durocher's, Joe Medwick's, and Nick Etten's signatures on it.

When I received mine, I kissed Leo Durocher on top of his bald head. He asked me why I did that, and I told him it was for good luck.

It sure was swell, seeing those ball-players out here on foreign soil.

Cpl SAM HUSNEY

Philippines
What impresses me most about the Philippines is that the people are very well educated. They speak English very well, and they always make you feel at home.

They give me a great deal of corn, bananas, and fried chicken, and in return I give them my K or C ration, and they sure like it.

They love to dance, Latin American is their favorite, and all swing

(Continued on Page 4)

Citation Awarded By U. S. For Help In 6th War Loan

The Citation for meritorious service rendered in the Sixth War Loan was awarded to the Girls Junior League of Bensonhurst by the United States' Treasury Department.

This Citation was in acknowledgment of patriotic participation in the war financing program between November 20th and December 16th, 1944.

New Victory Poster Designed For Unity



Ancona Contributes Poster To Brotherhood Week

OFFICIAL POSTER, designed by Victor Ancona of the advertising department of American Machine and Foundry Co., New York, as his contribution to Brotherhood Week, February 18-25, 1945, sponsored by National Conference of Christians and Jews, Inc.

Victory Bulletin

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This Passover Herald's Liberation Of World

The annual Passover holiday is over. This year there was a tinge of sadness amid the usual bustle and gaiety. For this is still a war year.

Many loved faces were missing from the families who quietly sat around the Seder tables and ate the hard Matzos—symbol of the hasty "passing-over" of the Jews from out of the land of Egypt. And beneath every traditional prayer was the heartfelt desire that next year would bring a full, united family.

Now, as we were some 6,000 years ago, we are fighting an aggressor. This time the aggressor not only threatens the lives and the freedom of Jewish people, but the lives and freedom of peoples of all faiths all over the world. There is one difference. This time we have the comforting knowledge that the ordinary men and women have come together from every part of the world, united as never before in the annals of history, to wipe out this cankerous plague called "Super-Race."

This time we—the people—will come through just as we did before. Everywhere men and women of every faith, creed, and color will soon be able to go home again. This time to build a new and peaceful era of world history.

In The Mail Box

Brazil, S. America

To the Editor:

Your paper has a beneficial policy of including editorials which make the reader think a little more of his obligations towards his community and his country. Latest news is interpreted in a light different from that of the daily newspaper. I do not always agree with the point of view presented, but that does not matter. What does matter is that your readers are compelled to think. If we are to carry out our duties and obligations as citizens of an important community in a great Democracy, we must be an in-

formed people.

I would like to criticize your policy of publishing what I call "crying letters." This is a letter in which the writer, in order to get his letter published, throws scorn upon the paper, and concludes with, "Of course you aren't going to publish this letter." Why don't you file such letters in the wastepaper basket? If a person wants to see his letter published, let him write something interesting—something "fit to print."

Good luck

EDMUND PEREZ, SKRc

A People's War

Sometime we have to be prodded rather sharply in order that we do not forget that this war is a peoples' war; a fight which is being waged for the common good of people everywhere.

What happens to some of us is that we get so absorbed in hating the loneliness and horror and devastation wrought by war, that we forget just why it is we are fighting in the first place. This is a disease which might aptly be called, "blurred-vision of the mind."

Then there are others who along with their blurred minds assume a smart, cynical stand. They doubt everybody and everything that has happened or will happen in this war. Raising their finely plucked eyebrows, they start their sentences with the all-knowing phrase, "I don't believe . . ."

PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE

While it is true that it has not always been easy to see the achievements of the war, it has to be borne well in mind that it never has been easy to see progress in action. Progress is a change — the process of change for the better, and few of us take the trouble of examining this process while it is going on. Instead, we generally look at the end product.

Today, however, there is little excuse for the blurred-minded person and even less for the cynic. The strong, hard strides of progress are

visible to all who open their eyes. They are sharply imprinted in a new type of clay for the world to see. They are worthy of a new and great faith. A faith based on the concrete action of a new internationalism. An internationalism which will revolutionize history. An internationalism started first at Teheran, then again at Dumbarton Oakes, and now at Yalta.

Already one of the main plans of the Yalta conference is being put into effect. The great coordinated plan for the final assault on Nazi Germany is in full swing, and the Allied and Soviet Armies are storming through the splintered lines of the groping army of the "master-race."

The other main plan—the forming of an International Conference of the United Nations is going to take place on April 25 this 1945. Never before in history has a peace conference of nations taken place while these nations are at war.

FUTURE IS HOPEFUL

Although certain black spots still have to be erased, the over-all picture is cleaner and brighter than it has been in many years.

Indeed, we have come a long, tiring journey across the stoney road of Progress. And it is not such a bad idea to stop, once in a while, and look back along this road—because only by looking backward, can we measure how far forward we have come.

G.N.

A Yankee Sergeant Finds Meaning Hidden Behind Old English Customs

In the Hollywood version of England—unfortunately our movies are still made to feed old prejudices rather than to tell the truth and educate—England is supposed to reek with Ladys and Earls and butlers. I can now reveal that several months ago, I was fortunate enough to meet and talk to a real Lady. And guess what she was doing when I was introduced to her? Blimy, she was cleaning tables at the little Red Cross Aero Club at my last base.

And she wasn't doing it this one night either, like some of our publicity-hungry "stars" who make a shining appearance annually at a canteen while a dozen photographers flash bulbs in their faces. Her Ladyship, whose husband is in a government war ministry in London, has been doing this voluntary war work five and six nights a week ever since that fighter group moved into that area. Incidentally, she's over 40, yet she used to do a terrific rhumba, perfected for her by 21-year-old Yanks, at the monthly station dance.

This individual example, though it blows up one bubble, doesn't mean that every rich or titled Englishman's wife has gone all-out to do volunteer work. Nor does it mean that the war has caused every class to become politically conscious. England still has selfish, greedy people who look down their well-powdered noses at humanity, just as we have in the USA (or you in the U.S.A. till I get back.)

But snobs, in my opinion, are a dying race, and in a generation or two, they'll be as extinct as the Buffalo. This century will increasingly become the common man's.

The people of England, the ordinary people whose sons are winning the war, and who themselves stood on their island and "took it" in '40 and '41, are not stand-offish. Except for a few national differences, they're just like us. The differences actually disappear once you understand them.

In my first few weeks over here, I laughed when I was bade Cheerio. But after a while, I found myself unconsciously using the same old Cheerio, and not as a gag either. If you don't phony it up and try to imitate Arthur Treacher or Eric Blore, it's not funny at all. In fact it has a friendlier sound than good-bye.

Then there's the English institution of tea late in the afternoon. If you've been over here for any length of time, it is very simple to understand. First of all, the average family dines a little later than an American family. Eight months in

the year the weather is quite cold, therefore a cup of tea with a snack serves a double purpose. It warms you up and tides you over until "night chow." (I understand that civilized civilians refer to that meal as supper, or in some cases, dinner.)

On passes to London, I frequently drop into a Red Cross club for a "Cu' a' tee." Of course, I ask for a Coca-Cola first. If no cokes are available I take tea.

In the early days of the American invasion of England, old-timers tell me that Yanks didn't hit it off too well with the ordinary folk. These strange Americans were always criticizing and finding fault with things. They were a little too boastful about America. Some even said that they had come to save Britain and—this hurt the people most—that this was not America's war.

The GI's have now changed. Time, the little blitz of the winter of 1944, V-1's and V-2's which didn't discriminate between citizens of England, and American troops in Southern England, and the fact of the jointly-launched invasion of the continent with its attendant casualties have had their effect.

The Yank who's still in England has quieted down. And where he still opens his mouth too wide in criticism, or in pride of his country, the people are tolerant. By now, they realize that most of us have, by leaving home, re-discovered the wonder of America and achieve-

(Continued on Page 12)

The V.B. Says Hello To A Defense Worker

This month we interviewed slim, 21-year old Reggie Sedaka as our war worker. (It is too bad this is not a full length picture—ed.) Reggie is a busy gal, but we managed to corner her one night after a G. J. L. meeting, where we pelted her with questions in the regular third degree style.



She is a stenographer in the Port of Embarkation, N. Y., and will have been working there two years in July. Her job, working alongside regular military personnel, deals with returning GI baggage from overseas. When we looked puzzled, Reggie smilingly explained that as long as the boys are away from home, the most important things are their baggage and personal belongings, pictures, souvenirs, etc.

Reggie has given blood three times, and is determined to stick to her job until the war ends, for there is a certain Cpl. Seymour Shweky who is "somewhere in France;" and if you ever want to see her brown eyes shine, well just mention his name. She also thinks the world of her brother Pfc. Jack, who is "somewhere in the Pacific."

Giving her infectious grin Reggie told us that when the war is over she refuses to write a single letter to ANYBODY—instead she's going to devote more time to bike-riding swimming, and undoubtedly Seymour.

To Sgt. E. M.
"Best Wishes
for a
Happy Birthday
from E. M."

Letters from THE SOLDIERS

(Continued from Page 1)

music is "Boogie Woogie" to them, while Tommy Dorsey is king of them all.

They are rabid movie fans. Oh! And they have an old Spanish custom of sending chaperons with all the girls when they go to parties.

Philippines

After eighteen months in New Guinea, and thereabout, we landed here with the first troops ashore on s-day. We had known this was to be our ultimate goal, for MacArthur had promised to come back one day, and we knew that none of us could think of home or furloughs before that day came.

The story of the invasion is not new any more, but just let me say that the Japanese were overwhelmed and destroyed wherever and whenever they could be found.

For when we landed, and heard from the Filipinos what they had suffered under the Japanese, there wasn't a Yank whose blood didn't boil with hatred for the would-be "Rulers of Asia." Their "culture" was simply starvation, pillage and the bayonet.

As we marched in, the Filipinos lined the streets, ragged, starving and many of them weeping with happiness. And as for us guys, we felt that those hellish months in the heat and jungles of New Guinea, months when we often cursed the Army, the war, and everything connected with it were after all worth while.

P.F.C. VIC HARARY

It seems that the Army does most of the writing to the Victory Bulletin, so here's a Navy guy to speak up.

I was assigned to this ship U.S.S. LST 243 in August 1943. After a couple of months in the States spent in fitting out and shaking down we made for Tarawa in November. I don't need to talk about Tarawa. After Tarawa there was Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands, Hollandia, Saipan, (where we received credit for shooting down our first Jap plane), Guam, Peleliu in the Palau Islands, and last, but far from least Lingayen Gulf, Luzon, in the Philippines. The Luzon deal kept us hop-

Neville Sardell Tells A Tale Of Seabees' Fight Through Jungle

When I joined my Seabee outfit at their base in the Pacific, it was 15 months ago, and we had a big job ahead of us—the "Taming of the Admiralty Islands."

The place was a jungle that had never been touched before, a tropical swamp where insects and reptiles thrived, and jungle rot flourished unchecked.

Our job was to build, and to build fast. One road was to cut through



a dense jungle, so thick it had never seen a ray of light. Bulldozers and cats rolled into action; trees were felled, and the stumps dynamited. Trucks brought the coral and sand for the road, the carry-all shovelled the dirt and spread it, and the grader levelled out the road. And behind the big powerful machines were the men who sweated day in, day out, to put the job through in time.

Thus one road was built, and then another; buildings were put up,

ping, but I'm happy to say that three more flags representing Jap planes are being painted on our Con.

I have been able to pick up a few Jap souvenirs including a Jap flag, money, rifle, and a Navy uniform. I hope to take most of these home with me. My most prized possession is a genuine Filipino Bolo (knife) which was given to me by one of the Guerillas.

RALPH GINDI
SK2/cUSNR

camps laid out, and navy installations established. What had looked like an abandoned hell became a military Eden! The Seabees truly deserved the reputation they had built up for themselves, and I was proud to belong to their outfit.

When we first hit the islands, they were not fully secure from the Japs, and guards were thrown around the camp, since construction was going on 24 hours a day. I volunteered for duty, and was put on watch from 6 p.m. till midnight.

My first night on guard, it was pitch black—you could cut it with a knife, and silent as the grave—till about 9 o'clock, when I heard a movement in the bushes, as if a body was crawling through the brush, and it was coming towards me.

I grabbed my rifle and bayonet, and twisted around so as to meet whatever lay ahead, then I crouched, muscles tense, ready to spring. For three hours I stayed in that position, till I was relieved at midnight. I still don't know what lay in that bush, but I do know that I had to wring out my dripping clothes before I could get any sleep that night.

Being back in the States now is like a dream come true. To see the Golden Gate, and the crowded streets and stores really means something. In camp, I made for the nearest hot water shower bath, it was the first in 15 months! Did I like it? You bet, I stayed under there for half an hour, and I drank about five gallons of milk too! I think one never really appreciates anything, until they have had it taken away from them.

ARABIAN KNIGHTS

6th Anniversary

*Hoping on our next one
we'll be together*

Bob Gemal & Banjo

Hi, Peepul!

By MARGIE LABATON

"Tra la-lalah la-la-lah for Spring is on the wing, (stop, and re-read aloud for effect.) and the flowers are singing sweetly and the birds are in full bloom and everybody's doin' it . . . the birds are doin' it, the bees are doin' it, why, even Raymond Beyda's doin' it! (What the hell are they all doing, anyway?) . . . The \$64.00 question this month, "Will the curfew stand in the way of Raymond Dweck's 1:30 A.M. steady Saturday night (!) date??? . . . And talking about Saturday night being the lonliest night of the week—Esther Tawil and Sam Antebi together say, "Bah!" emphatically . . . Way over the miles to Germany where Cpl. Ezra Cohen bumped into cousin Cpl. Leon Chalom for a few hours gabbing across the Rhine before marching on . . . Glynne Nahem receives intimate fan mail through Victory Bulletin—Any comments forthcoming, Joey?

A Male (Who? What? Where?) is rumored to be combing the Parkway trying to catch on to the A.C. current . . . Who does Ike Tawil spend his week-end leaves with? Could be perhaps the cute gal with the initials, the familiar initials M.L.? (No, alas, it is not I, peepul!) . . . Wonder which of the partners of Kenmark Handkerchiefs has been cooing Nettie Betesh? Couldn't be Kenny Husney, as Carol Harrary is keeping him busy these days. A toast to the season's host—Joe Haber of California . . .

When Pvt. Murray Zalta was asked why he had gone to visit the Infirmary, he replied, "I've been feeling so well lately, I got worried . . . Truth stranger than fiction. Misplaced cigarette lighter causes postponement of honeymoon. Victor Bijou, that patient man, decided to pick up a forgotten lighter the day following his marriage, before embarking on his honeymoon . . .

Back to our original theme of Spring—this time to the home of Julie Liniad where the sweetest of scents greet the nostrils as camillias and orchids — gifts from her two beaus—are blending together harmoniously . . . Into the mailbox this month came a heart-warming touch in the form of a wistful poem written by Pvt. Ralph N. Hakim, somewhere in England, to his mother way back in California . . . Seven

year old Harriet Mizrahi is going to be one terrific member of the G.J.L. some day if the good record continues . . .

Wednesday night — see you at Meyers? Garn! Scram, babe, whoever hearda da joiky place. It's Madison Square Gardens now—the new rendezvous for the stronger (?) sex that night . . . Since Jack Gemal sent out the proclamation stating that he and his wife, Jeannie, are the respective father and mother of their newly born son, it is all very elucidating! (Confidentially, folks, I knew it all the time though.)

Bus-Bus-Business in the making. Sam Liniado and Morris Heffes intend to make tremendous incomes through gin rummy games with each other — they are next door neighbors at Bradley Beach this summer . . . The only thing that represents law and particularly order in mouthpiece Samuel Schnapp's office are his copies of the Victory Bulletin . . . Party given in honor of Neville Sardell's return from overseas duty was a tremendous success and made everyone feel that "Johnny had come Marching Home" for a few hours, because at the affair were present Sgt. Eli Ashear, Pvt. Jack Gindi and Pvt. Irving Betesh who have all recently returned home from overseas. S'll for now, peepul!

BOYS ON LEAVE

Neville Sardell Y 3/c
Pfc. Effie Horowitz
Hyman Cohen 3/C Petty Officer
Sgt. Eli Ashear
Pvt. Jack Gindi
Pvt. Irving Betesh
Pvt. Abe Falack
Pvt. Charlie Cohen
Cpl. Sam Sutton
Cpl. Max Mizrahi
Pvt. Hyman Lerure

Greetings to

My Cousins
The ABADY BOYS
Aron, Herman & Irving
SAM LINIADO

MILESTONES

BIRTHS:

Mr. and Mrs. I. Mavorah—boy
Mr. and Mrs. Dave Barry—boy
Mr. and Mrs. Abe Mann—girl
Mr. and Mrs. Bob Betesh—girl
Mr. and Mrs. David Obadia—girl
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Ballas—boy
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Fallack—boy
Mr. and Mrs. Irving Shabot—boy
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Haber—boy

MARRIED

Adele Missry to Abe Nahem
Claire Chabbott Levy to Ralph Levy
Freida Seruya to Saul Kassim
Cynthia Sutton to Meyer Sutton
Julie Betesh to Hyman Dweck
Olga Gindi to Joe Mizrahi
Pauline Chera to Victor Bijou
Julia Braca to Isaac Dabah

ENGAGED

Adele Dabah to Isaac Malah
Goldie Helale to Sgt. Hy Schneider
Ann Babruk to Capt. Sid Grazi

CORRECTION:

In last month's marriages on this page we made an error in omitting the complete name of S/2 Ralphie Cohen's young bride. It was Mel Gold.

V.B. Comes Back Address Unknown

We know that the following boys are not receiving VICTORY BULLETIN, because their papers have come back to us in the mail returns:

Sgt. Isaac Zafrani, 19087790
Cpl. Ralph Zagah, 12022316
Pvt. Victor B. Yakin, 38437325
Pvt. Ralph Sutton, 32540575
Jack Shulman, Navy
Jack Rabinowitz A/S
Cpl. A. Mizzeri, 32540842
Pvt. Jack M. Mizrahi, 32643082
Pvt. Ephriam Menaged
Pvt. Louis Maleh, 32001457
Murray Latish A/S
Cpl. James Husney, 32085818
Leon Hamway A/S
Pfc. Nat Franco
Cpl. I. Fealkoff, 32759705
Pvt. Joseph I. Bigio
Pvt. Ralph Anzaroot, 42135160
Pvt. Menashe Abbani
Pvt. Isaac S. Dweck
Cpl. David Sasson

If any of our readers know or can help us find out the correct addresses of any of the above servicemen, will they please give such information to: Miss Evelyn Mishaan, 2165 66th St., Bklyn.

Cpl. Moe Beyda Gets Smiles & Kisses Riding Thru France In An Army Jeep

Somewhere in Holland I return from obscurity to bring you a tale of France—10,000 miles by jeep, from the precipitous outskirts of Brest to the historically impregnable fortress of Metz. A tale of the French countryside, of the French people, of the French spirit. A tale of three Americans guiding convoys of food and gasoline for the Divisions of General Patton's Third Army, with all the trimmings of peril, gaiety, and even romance. Are you interested in my story?

It all started the moment our unit landed on the worn beaches of Normandy. St. Lo was already history. Avranches had just been blasted and "Blood and Guts" was well on his way, and so was Pvt. (at the time) Beyda, following the path the tanks of Patton had taken a few days before.

Because our unit was not yet assigned a mission, the Army Quartermaster ordered three Officers, six enlisted men and three Jeeps to report for liason duty. Upon the Colonel's call for volunteers, "Buck-in for Corporal" Beyda snapped a salute with an "I'll do it Colonel," and was selected as driver for the Jeep named "Brown Noser." My two associates consisted of a Second Lieutenant and a Sergeant, the latter destined to be the finest back seat driver that ever rode in a back seat.

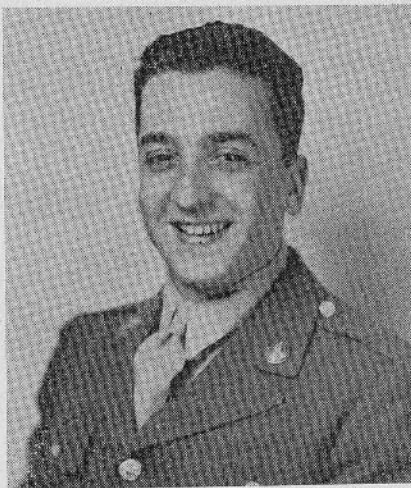
The problem of supply for the fast-moving troops at that time was a critical one. Gasoline in tremendous quantities was necessary to maintain the burning pace in a war of movement. Huge tonnages of food had to be delivered to fight the battle of subsistence, and we, together with two other teams, were given the responsibility of delivering these basics of modern warfare to the advanced supply dumps.

And we did a good job . . .

All, however, was not toil and sweat. Our travels brought us into contact with the French people, and the complex situations there. As a result we might well have called ourselves adventurers.

We found the French warm and demonstrative; a contrast to the British who are cool and reserved. The French smile a natural smile,

responsive and flashing. They welcome you as your closest friends do, and their emotions upon receiving the passing American Columns are unrestrained.



They literally lined the streets for miles, throwing fruits and flowers, waving kisses, sometimes laughing and sometimes just looking on with tears.

The children, like American children, are eager for our friendship, more eager for our attention, and most eager for our candy and chewing gum.

There were many who were devilish, just for the hell of it, and the more devilish they were, the more they reminded us of home, for no nation holds a monopoly on the deviltry of youngsters.

Among the cities we were fortunate enough to see were Brest, Morlaix, St. Brieux, Rennes, Laval, LeMans, Chartres, Orleans, Chalons, Chateau Dun, Troyes, Verdun, Nancy, Fontainebleau, Rheims, Versailles, and of course, the queen of them all—Paris.

Never before had we seen a city which even resembled Paris. It was beautiful beyond description, gay even in sadness, warm even without heat.

And the women . . . Vive La France!

But the tale of France would be misleading if I said nothing about her tragedy. It is inconceivable that the ruthless hun could so shame a nation which from our earliest his-

Budding Editor On Fighting Front

Victory Bulletin salutes a member of our community, Pfc Leo Grosswald. Besides putting in full time work with Uncle Sam's fighting army somewhere in Holland, this enterprising G.I. finds time to mimeograph a swell little sheet of his own.

It goes under the name of **Med-Echo**, and circulates amongst his buddies in the Medical Corps. If you should ever get a hold of one, it's well worth looking at.

tory we had so highly esteemed. But shame her he did, confiscating material, looting her riches, and destroying or attempting to destroy the intangible symbols of Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood. He degraded the French people with overbearing arrogance, and worst of all, deprived the French children of food, with the ultimate brutal aim of weakening French blood.

But I love France, bowed as she is. And it will not be long before she will rise again.

Cpl. MORRIS BEYDA
Somewhere in Holland

To . .

MOE, SUNNY & IKE

"Hurry Home"

from

ROSE ESSES

Compliments of . . .

**PHILLIPINE
EMBROIDERY CORP.**

Center Prospect Goes Forward

The movement started in November 1943 for the erection of a Community Center, and which for a time seemed headed for the rocks, has come to life again.

The new lease began when the provisional committee under Morris Levy, called a general assembly on February 25th, 1945, at the Magen David Auditorium.

The main purposes of the gathering, which packed the hall, was (1) to clarify the aim of the leading proponents of the Center and (2) to elect a permanent executive committee.

The purposes of the project were discussed elaborately by various speakers, and there was more or less unanimous agreement that the completed Center should be a modern, roomy building with grounds—a building which should be able to house all social-recreational and all cultural activities.

The executive committee voted upon by secret ballot were chosen as follows:

Isaac Shalom Honorary President
Sol Grazi Honorary Vice- Pres.
Abdo Ades
Elias Hedaya Vice Presidents
Morris Levy
Norman Jemal President
Jack Hidary Treasurer
Joseph Ashear Financial Sec'y
Isaac Matalon Secretary
Joseph Tawil

Chairman of Finance Committee
Sam Catton

Chairman of Steering Committee

Executive members of Committee:

Isaac Ash, David Bibi, Ezra A. Cohen, Jack Ezon, Samuel Franco, Jack Gemal, Jack Hamway, Abe Kassab, Joseph Kassin, Abe Shamah, Morris Setton, Jack Sutton, Simon Sitt, Abe Sultan and Jack Stambuli.

The first concrete step has been taken by the committee in its establishment of a full-time, paid secretary, who works at the new office at 10 East 38th St., N.Y.C. This office will act as a pivot about which all activities concerned with the Center will revolve.

The second step, a fund-raising drive launched by the Financial Committee to raise a substantial part of the goal, which will last until June 30th, is well under way.

Arabic Tongue Opens Gates To East Adventure Beckons Ralph Safdieh

The Allied Military authorities were worried. It was during the Tunisian campaign, and important military information was leaking into enemy camps by way of the Arabs. The Nazis were always one



step ahead, and something had to be done.

The main thing was to find out from which village or tribe the information was being sent out, and it required spy work.

Because of his knowledge of Arabic, P.F.C. Ralph Safdieh was sent for, and was told to study the different Arabic dialects spoken in that section of the country. Then, complete with Arabic clothes, moustache and all, he set off to try and trail the informers. With him were several M.P.'s and an interpreter.

They travelled from one village to another, and finally met up with one Arab chief who was in hiding. It took but a little time to ascertain that this was the man wanted, and word was sent back to headquarters.

The Yanks raided the place, and captured the chief and his confederates, and also over two million French francs found in their possession—money obtained from the Nazis. They were tried before an American Military court, and here again Ralph proved himself useful by acting as interpreter.

Home again, after 2½ years of overseas duty, P.F.C. Ralph Safdieh was one of the first to land in Africa with General Patton's troops. He acted as Arabic interpreter for the 2nd corps headquarters. After Africa he was sent to the Tunisian front where he witnessed the terrible retreat from Gafsa back to the Kasserine Pass.

His knowledge of the Arabic language has proved beneficial to him. He had a definite "pull" with the natives, and his every wish was law. He was even invited to a dinner reception given by the Bey of Tunis, where he was entertained royally.

But the turning point of Ralph's life was at Algiers. For it was here that he met his bride to be. After a whirlwind courtship, they were married in the regular Arabic style. And one month before Ralph's return to the states, his wife received special permission to come to New York. He lost no time taking the first plane over here, and now with Ralph home, the Safdieh's happiness has been increased by the birth of a baby boy just a few weeks ago.

Roll of Honor

I. CABASSO A/S—Co. 171 Bks. C 140 USNTC Sampson, N. Y.

PVT. IRVING DWECK, 42164771—Co. C, 8th I.T.B., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

PVT. RAYMOND ERANI, 42164703, Co. A, 11th Bn., A.R.T.C.
Fort Knox, Ky.

PVT. RAYMOND SHWEKY, 12234519—Sqd. V—Class 499, 3704
A.A.F.B.T.U., Keesler Field, Miss.

PVT. HAX E. TAWIL, 42207926—Co. B, 9th Bn., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

The Steering Committee under Sam Catton is considered perhaps one of the most important committees, as its job will be to devise various ways and means of promoting the success of the undertaking in a

general way.

Arrangements for a Ladies' and Girls' Auxiliary to play a major role in collaborating with the Executive Committee have not yet been completed.

Some Facts About Zionism

What Is Zionism?

Zionism is a movement which seeks to solve the 2000 year old problem of Jewish homelessness by establishing a "publicly secured, legally assured" Jewish Commonwealth in Palestine.

Why Palestine and Not Elsewhere?

The history of the Jewish people is inextricably interwoven with Palestine. It was in Palestine that Abraham proclaimed to the world the existence and the unity of God. It was in Palestine that the great Jewish prophets preached the ethical concept of brotherhood and human relationship, accepted by the entire civilized world today. Palestine is the only country capable of awakening Jewish enthusiasm, Jewish inspiration and the Jewish will to create. Attempts of large scale Jewish settlement were made in Biro Bidjan, Argentina and elsewhere all of which resulted in dismal failure when compared with Palestine. After 200 years of neglect, the "barren soil of the Holy Land became fruitful, the desolate fields produced harvests" as the result of the return of the Jewish People to the Jewish soil. To the non-Jewish outside world it seemed like a miracle, this transformation of the "desert into a garden." But to the Jew it was what we had known deep in our hearts all along, "that the soil of Holy Land would react with favor to the efforts of the sons and daughters of Israel." None but Jewish effort and sacrifice could have or would have even attempted to turn desert land into orange groves or rocks into vineyards. To the brave pioneer, every rock seemed to challenge the very existence of Israel, every foot of desert land inspired stupendous effort.

How Many Jews Can Palestine Accommodate?

Professor Walter C. Lowdermilk, noted American soil conservation expert recently returned from a special mission to Palestine at the request of President Roosevelt, stated in his book "Palestine, Land of Promise" that Palestine could accommodate an additional four million Jews if the land and the water re-

sources and the industry of Palestine are permitted to be developed. As far as the Jews of Palestine and the world are concerned, the only thing needed in order to bring about these developments in Palestine is a "green light" from England. The potentialities of Palestine are tremendous and will surely come into being once Palestine is made into a Jewish Commonwealth.

Is A Zionist a Good American?

Undoubtedly yes! This question has been very ably answered by the late Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States of America, Louis D. Brandeis, who stated, "Let no American imagine that Zionism is inconsistent with patriotism. Multiple loyalties are objectionable only if they are inconsistent . . . every Irish American who contributed toward advancing Home Rule was a better man and a better American for the sacrifice he made. Every American Jew who aids in advancing the Jewish settlement in Palestine though he feels that neither he nor his descendants will ever live there will, likewise, be a better man and a better American for doing so . . . indeed, loyalty to America demands rather that each American Jew become a Zionist."

What Has Palestine Contributed To the War Effort?

1. Out of a Jewish population of 600,000 almost one fourth, 135,000 men and women have registered for service in all branches of military and civilian defense.
2. Over 30,000 have volunteered and are now serving with the British Armies.
3. An additional 25,000 are serving in the Palestine Home Guard. The Jewish population of Palestine have helped greatly in food production, military, and civilian needs, equipment and war time tools, too numerous to mention.
4. In the Battles of Greece, Crete, Libya, Ethiopia, Egypt, and Italy and in the routing of Rommel at the gates of Alexandria, Palestine, Jewish soldiers played a heroic part with thousands fallen on the battle field.
5. The Hebrew University, the Haddassah Hospital and Medical

Boy's Organization To Hold Dance

"Club Stardust" the rising teenage organization for boys is holding its annual Charity Dance on Saturday night, April 21, at 8 p.m. at the J. C. H. Grand Ballroom.

Aside from the fact that the tickets cost only \$1.10, this should be an item of interest to all the community's younger set, since Stardust members have promised all comers "a time they'll never forget."

Clothing Drive To Aid Moroccans

A huge success again was recorded by the Girls' Jr. League of Bensonhurst for the great amount of clothes collected for the Moroccan Relief.

A total of four cars took part in the drive, belonging to Al Ashear, Victor Dweck, Charles Betesh, and Esther Sutton to whom many thanks are given for fine cooperation.

The cars were loaded down with pounds of clothing and had to be relieved of their burdens several times before completing their routes.

School, The Haifa Technical School, The Research Institute have all placed their entire services and facilities at the disposal of the United Nations.

Why Should Every Jew Be A Member of the Zionist Organization of America?

Because only through Zionist membership can one identify himself fully with the sacred task of rebuilding the Jewish National Homeland and provide a permanent home for the homeless Jewish people through resettlement in Palestine. The Zionist Organization of America is a major instrument of American Jewry that is spending every effort towards a post-war status of Palestine as a Jewish Commonwealth and is best qualified and equipped to carry out the united will of United States Jewry towards the achievement of the total Zionist program.

Chippings Off The G.I. Block Subway Sniggeroos

Italy . . . Incidentally I ran into Jack Braka, Lou Franco and Izzy Husney recently. They are all fine, and it was swell to see them again. I received last month's issue, and enjoyed reading all the latest in and about Bensonhurst . . . Pvt Eddie Turner.

Belgium . . . I've been here about two and a half months now, and things are going O.K. around here now, but for a while they didn't look so good. When I was in France, I was fortunate enough to meet my brother Ike, and my cousin Fred Fallas. It was certainly good to see them after nearly three years . . . Benjamin Swede S3/c.

France . . . If you are in a position where the paper cannot be printed because of lack of financial help, just put out a call to us in the front lines all over the world. I'm pretty sure we will come through handsomely. One thing is important

the V.B. must come out . . . Ezra Cohen (Ed—thanks Ezra, but we are managing along now.)

Pacific . . . It happens frequently that my buddies browsing through the paper notice names of fellows with whom they were pals at training camps in the states. Needless to say they get a great kick out of reading about them . . . P.F.C. Max Kastel.

France . . . I can only say that Paree still looks beautiful, and London is still the greatest city, but put both of them together, and you can't get anyone to say its Boro Park and Bensonhurst put together. So—I finally am coming to tell you of a change I'd like to see: Bensonhurst and Boro Park spelt Benson-Boro. Kidding aside, I may have a home in Boro Park, but I think you people—over yonder in Bensonhurst are a great bunch . . . Cpl Joe Levy.

"Home Is A Dream Come True After Two Years"—Jack Gindi



PVT. JACK GINDI

Pvt. Jack Gindi, back on American soil again after a long two years overseas, serving with the U.S. Medical Department attached to the Seventh Army, is so ecstatic at being home that he believes he's dreaming half the time.

Jack wears the European, the African, and the Asiatic campaign ribbons with two bronze stars for Italy and France.

His career in the army, after his induction in January 1943, started in grim earnest a few months later when he was shipped over to Camp

Grant, Illinois, to help tend the wounded in the hospitals there.

Next he went over to Africa, and from there to Italy where he and his buddies were kept busy on the job, evacuating sick and wounded from the front lines to "somewhere near Rome." Jack was able to visit the Vatican City, which he enjoyed hugely, especially the sight of the Pope.

During his stay in Italy, another light spot occurred when he accidentally met another Jack Gindi, somewhere near Naples. Jack's name-son turned out to be a lad with whom he went to Hebrew school as a child, and they were able to have some fine times together.

In August the invasion of Southern France was launched. His group, coming in the second wave, found the resistance slight, and they were able to capture a hospital 20 miles north of Marseille which was then used for American wounded. Jack, himself, worked 100 miles north of Marseille, bringing in sick and wounded and taking full charge of them.

When he was notified that he was leaving home, just a day before boarding ship, Jack said, "I thought

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

A rookie went to his lieutenant to get furlough papers. The officer noticed the boy was headed for New York and asked him to say hello to his mother.

Two weeks later the rookie, back, stammered to the lieutenant: "I called your mother, sir . . . and, well sir, I don't know how to say it like she did, sir . . . but she told me, I mean she asked me, to take good care of you, sir."

TERRIFIC

An inmate of a St. Louis asylum borrowed three long books from the library each morning, returned them the same afternoon. The librarian tested him with the city telephone directory. Sure enough, he was back with it a few hours later. "Don't tell me you've finished that big book already," said the librarian.

"I certainly have," he replied. "The plot was rotten, but Oh boy, what a cast!"

APT EXCERPT

Excerpt from a sailor's letter in the South Seas: Long time no she!"

THAT MAKES THIRTY-THREE

In front of a grocery store, a well-known art connoisseur noticed a dirty little kitten lapping milk from a saucer that he realized was a rare piece of pottery. He dashed into the store and bought the kitten for five dollars. "For that sum," he told the proprietor, "I'm sure you won't mind throwing in the saucer. The kitten looks so happy eating from it."

"Nothing doing," said the proprietor, "That's my lucky saucer. From that saucer so far this week I've sold thirty-two cats."

TINY GARMENTS

A matron who struck up a train acquaintance with a war bride en route to join her husband noticed that the girl was crocheting tiny woolen bags. "They're to keep my husband's chest from getting chilled," she said. Then as this didn't seem to clear up the matter, she added, "You know—little sweaters so he won't have to wear a chilly identification tag next to his skin."

somebody was trying to kid me. It's just like coming back to heaven or being reborn again. Like dreams coming true." When asked about the girls, Jack replied, "The French girls are all right but I'll still take the good ole' American girls—especially the S.Y. Gees."

An Autobiography Of A Scoundrel

Sgt. Jimmy Sasson Sees The World Iran At 180 Hits Sizzling Point

At my birth, according to my mother who happened to drop in on the proceedings, the doctor took one look at me, cried, "Oh, my God! and blew out his brains. This sent me into gales of laughter which proves that even at that tender age I had a sweet and kindly disposition.

Nothing of interest took place during the first five years of my life. I could say the same about the rest of my life, and end this damn article now, but I have to consider you avid readers . . . so in retrospect let me say that the clean, wholesome life I've led is due to the inspiration of Frank Merriwell. Why, I didn't start smoking cigars till I was four and by the age of six I had passed on (or out) to the smoking of a Turkish water-bowl. In explanation I must add that I am of Syrian ancestry and derive from a proud lineage of horse-thieves, cut-throats, and brigands.

I was an only child if we choose to ignore my seven brothers and sisters. There were probably more of us, but undoubtedly they were eaten at one of the mad meals we used to have. Darwin's theory of the "Survival of the Fittest" had its embodiment and fullest flowering at our table. To quote Shakespeare: "It was every man for himself."

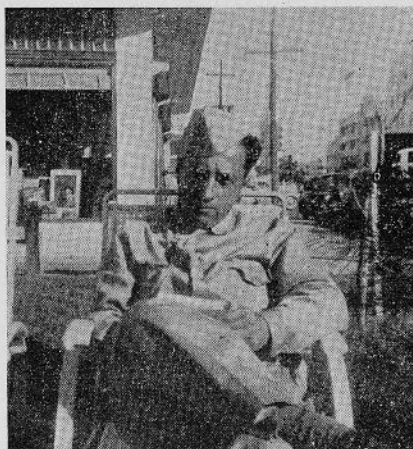
Women (if any of us G.I.'s can remember them) absorbed my attention at the age of ten. After two years of philandering I tired of them and retired to the contemplation of my navel. It was during this profound, philosophical period that I acquired the affectionate appellation, "Joe the Joik."

I had many close friends during my youth all of whom loathed me and whom I detested. When I first entered school, the teachers were rather strict and harsh. However, when I and my gang of toughs had beaten them within an inch of their lives, their attitude towards us inexplicably changed. This taught me a great lesson in the handling of men, viz: a little kindness, and a little length of rubber hose go a long way toward winning the love and respect of men.

Most of my life was spent in school where I avoided an enormous amount of knowledge. By my

Iran is the hottest place in the world, according to Sgt Jimmy Sasson. It sometimes reaches a high of 180 degrees, and that's not ice!

Attached to a repair squadron, he and his buddies took care of those planes that were sent to Russia on lend lease. They took in the



crippled engines and bodies of the aircraft, and sent them out, the tough wicked looking numbers that were to do so much damage to the

sophomore year I was known as "Meat-head" among the faculty. It was during a course in anthropology that the Professor used my face to illustrate man's relationship to the animal kingdom, particularly the horse. This made me so angry that I indignantly galloped out of the room.

I was a natural for the army. To revert to my childhood (which many accuse me of doing constantly), I was considered a medical freak when I was born. Unlike other babies that come into this world naked and unashamed, I was born in CKC's with tie. The two years I have spent in the army have been the shortest decade of my life. But there are many things about army life that I will always cherish in my heart: the cheerful spirit at reveille, the joy with which military training is greeted, the lack of griping, and those latrine baritones. I am too choked with emotion to continue. Dismissed!

(Editor's note to Servicemen: If you would like an extra copy of this monumental work, just tear off the top of any first sergeant and send it in with 3 fruit cakes.

Germans. Jimmy, himself, supervised the hiring and firing of the native workers who assisted our G. I.'s on the job.

While on furlough, he visited Tel Aviv and Jerusalem in Palestine. He found the Jews there progressive, proud of their achievements, and determined to build a great country.

In Cairo, Egypt, he ran across Victor Shalom, and spent many a pleasant week-end with him. He was less lucky in Africa where he missed his brother Hy, whom he has not seen in three years, by one day.

But of all the countries he has been to, and all the exotic oriental places he has roamed through, Jimmy stolidly prefers the U.S.A. Coming home on rotation furlough, after 2½ years abroad was a wonderful dream for him. Just to pick up his 2 year old baby Sonia, whom he had never seen, sent shivers through him; and on his 21 day furlough in New York, he, and his pretty wife Evelyn made the rounds, and—like Earl Wilson—discovered New York all over again. They found it better than ever!

DAFFINATIONS

Spring: When a young man's fancy turns to what the girl has been thinking about all winter.

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and started growing in the middle.

Poker Face: The face that launched a thousand chips.

Obesity: A surplus gone to waist.

Courtship: The period during which the girl decides whether or not she can do better.

Greetings to

Cousin

IRVING MISSERI

and

Brother

LEO GROSSWALD

SAM LINIADO

Canteen Dance Given By Girls

Our girls were dressed up to the nines, and the soldiers at the Fort Hamilton Canteen loved it.

It was the evening of February, and the occasion was a U.S.O. dance that the Girls' Junior League were giving for servicemen.

Dancing began at 7:30, and to help out the timorous male section—many of whom were brave veterans of overseas campaigns—the old idea of matchmaking cards was used. It worked effectively and it wasn't long before the free and easy atmosphere of careless laughter and friendly voices pervaded the clubroom.

The dance floor was jammed with the usual mixture of ruggedly conservative pairs and jumping wildcats. Many couples enjoyed getting acquainted over indoor sports such as ping-pong, pool, and gin rummy. Some clustered near the refreshment table, and others kibitzed the dancers on the floor.

Eddie Cramer and his U.S.O. players, a group waiting their turn to entertain troops overseas, were in the groove—but solid, with fine entertainment. And when the party broke about 11:30 p.m., sentiments of genuine regret could be heard from all sides.

Nettie Betesh of the G.J.L., did an especially efficient job in organizing this dance.

Subscriptions Needed

GENTLE READER

Have you observed the subscription blank enclosed inside your Victory Bulletin?

Have you filled it out?

Have you mailed it in to:

Evelyn Mishaan
2165 66th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Will you see to it now. Thank you.

(Servicemen, and any readers who have paid their dollar sub., from January '45 onward, are asked to ignore this notice.)

Wounded In Arm And Both Legs Pvt. Isaac Cohen A 'Lucky Guy'

When Company F of the U.S.A. infantry were told to "take a hill" on the Goethic line in Italy, they took a deep breath, and charged



forward determinedly. German machine guns were waiting, and out of nowhere, they opened up on them. More than half the company was hit, and many were killed.

That is why Pvt Isaac Cohen of Company F, wounded in his right arm, and both legs, says over and over again, "I'm a lucky guy!" And with emphasis, "Yes, a darn lucky guy!"

Isaac was in the Infantry only five months before he was sent to Africa, where he completed his military training. This was in March 1944. There he met Pvt Manny Cohen, and the two stayed together till they were separated into different divisions, and sent to Italy. Here they met again, and every once in a while they got together with P.F.C. Irving Betesh, who was stationed nearby.

In addition to the Purple heart, Isaac also wears the combat Infantry badge, given only to those who have been in continuous action for at least one week.

Lying in a hospital in Naples for two and one half months, before being sent to the states, the time seemed interminable. As soon as he touched American soil, he bent down and kissed the ground. And the first American girl he saw received such a looking over, and such an up and down, with whistles galore, that she fled for home crying "Wolf, Wolf!"

In passing, Isaac states firmly that he doesn't think much of "that novelist guy, Noel Coward."

Meet The Wife Of A Boy Overseas

Meet Mrs. Molly Turner and her five month old daughter Ronny. Molly, formerly Menaged, is the wife of tall, dark and handsome Eddy Turner.

She spends her days taking care of Ronny, building her up to be a smiling chubby child, so as to delight the heart of Eddy, when he catches his very first glimpse of her. For up till now, he has had to



be satisfied with pictures, and while these are pretty and frequent, he can hardly wait to see the genuine article.

In addition to writing long daily letters, Molly backs up her man by making blood donations to the Red Cross, and buying bonds at regular intervals. She, like every other American wife, is looking forward to, and helping speed on the day of Victory, when she and her husband and baby can settle down and lead their own lives again.

HELPERS OF THE VICTORY BULLETIN

Jack Fallas, Ralph Kassin, Moe Mizrahi, Dave Bellilois, Max Anteby, Sonny Esses, Betty Maslaton, Ray Esses, Sam (Tex) Fallas, and Sophie Esses.

Letter From England

(Continued from Page 3)

ments of its people. And when we find fault with something, it is just that we would like to see the whole world enjoying a standard of living as high as ours.

Sometimes we amuse the people by our antics. But all the time, they like us. They rarely show it. When they do, however, you don't forget it.

As you probably know, the English people are not too demonstrative in their cinemas. In the year that I've been here, I've only heard four really loud applauses during the showing of the newsreel. One was when pictures of the brave British troops who fought so magnificently at Arnhem, were flashed on the screen.

The other three occasions were, at the end of "Memphis Belle," the story of a crew of an American Flying Fortress, "With the Marines at Tarawa," and the newsreel which

The Folks Back Home Pledge \$70,000 At War Bond Rally Held By G.J.L.

Over seventy-thousand dollars worth of War Bonds were bought by the small group of people who attended the Victory Bond Rally on Sunday afternoon, February 21, at the Magan David Synagogue on 67th Street. The Rally, sponsored by the G.J.L., was given a big publicity build-up, despite the small attendance.

The program for the afternoon included excerpts from the Broadway production, "Decision," a talk by Mrs. Watt, the celebrated Red Cross speaker, and a short speech by Sam Cattani.

told the story of the American paratroopers, infantrymen and other GI's who held at Bastogne.

Sgt. M. D.

Somewhere in England

Glynne Nahem, president of the G.J.L., chaired the meeting, and members of the G.J.L. acted as usherettes and took the bond pledges.

Although the afternoon was not successful in the usual sense of the word, perhaps it will be remembered by those who attended for its warm spirit of kinship and the fine cooperation which was demonstrated there.

* * *

Members of the G.J.L., are still accepting pledges. Please give your pledges to any member of the war-bond committee—Norma Chera, Margie Labaton, Julie Liniado, Miriam Zerah, or Gita Gindi. Don't forget. Buy a War Bond today, and pledge another for tomorrow.

Nation Mourns F.D.R.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, THE GREATEST AND BRAVEST SOLDIER IN OUR WAR AGAINST FASCISM, IS DEAD.

HE DIED FIGHTING, LIKE OUR MEN ON THE BATTLEFRONTS.

HE DROVE HIMSELF TOO HARD. HE WORKED OVERLONG HOURS. HE RAN FOR A FOURTH TERM AGAINST HIS OWN DESIRE FOR REST AND RELAXATION. HE TRAVELLED AGAIN AND AGAIN TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH TO MAKE MILITARY PLANS, TO ACHIEVE COOPERATION WITH OUR ALLIES.

HE DIED WHEN WE WERE ON THE THRESHOLD OF VICTORY TO WHICH HE HAD CONTRIBUTED SO MUCH, WHEN HE WAS WORKING TO REALIZE HIS DREAM FOR A LASTING FRATERNITY OF THE UNITED NATIONS.

THE NEWS THAT THE PRESIDENT HAS DIED FROM A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE AND THAT HE IS SUCCEEDED BY VICE-PRESIDENT TRUMAN COMES TO US AS WE GO TO PRESS.

WE CANNOT SPEAK OUR LOSS. WE CAN ONLY MOURN WITH ALL AMERICA, WITH ALL HUMANITY.