

Victory Bulletin

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League of Bensonhurst

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EDITORS

Glynn Nahem Sally Shabot

REPORTORIAL STAFF

Shirley Betesh Linda Cohen
Margie Labaton Julie Liniado
Miriam Zerach

BUSINESS, SECRETARIAL MGR.
Evelyn Mishaan

STAFF

Norma Dweck Mollie Gindi
Renah Cohen



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A CHALLENGE TO THE HOME FRONT

WE — THE PEOPLE

This is an editorial which concerns all of you back home. It is about the home-front. And when you have finished reading it, there will be some of you who will give it thought. And, if as that loyal French Patriot, Romain Rolland so strongly believed, "action is the end of thought," the purpose then of this editorial will have been accomplished.

"The Home-Front" does not require a Webster dictionary definition. It is, after all, you and I—and the millions of Americans like us who neither wear a uniform nor carry a gun. It is not for us to fight the fascist with hand grenades or with machine-guns or with tanks, for we are not a fighting army. We are a working army. You will find us in the hospitals serving as nurses' aides, tending children in foundling homes, and in the great defense plants all over America. We are the people who donate blood, write letters, buy war-bonds, and do the thousand and one things, without which no nation can win a war.

SLOGANS SHOULD NOT BE NEEDED

But there is a shortage—a huge yawning gap which has got to be filled with people. People to get into vital civilian defense work; people to give more blood; people to buy more war bonds. In historic times we have always had slogans to spur us on to greater heights. Today we have no slogans—we have the torture chambers of Lublin, the imprints of human hands in stone walls

To the Editor:

Received the Victory Bulletin yesterday, and found it swell, but for one column headed, "Paper will cease unless funds arrive." That I didn't like at all.

Enclosed is my little bit to help keep it going, I hope the folks don't let you down.

Sgt. Joe Esses

(Ed.—Thank you Joe, your contribution is greatly appreciated, although the appeal for funds was intended for civilians, and not servicemen, who are already giving more than enough.

as men and women were tortured fiendishly and beyond human conception in the concentration camps of Paris, the charred bodies of little children piled one on top of each other . . . these, and a million more atrocities of madmen to avenge. We ought not to need slogans.

In the decisive months which lie ahead the Home-Front needs a continual flood of volunteers. It also needs stability. It must stop falling prey to two dangerous sicknesses. One is over-optimism, and the other is over-pessimism, and there is nothing to choose between the two, because each helps to wreck the war effort and prolong the war.

In the month which has passed one could not help but observe the wave of depression which swept over the home-front at an alarming speed. In the air one might detect the faint whisper, *What's the use—I'm tired of it all.* The news had not been roaring headlines of Allied Victories and American advances, and everybody wanted to know why . . . and when they were told why, they got weary and gave way to fits of doldrums.

Perhaps our fault lies in that we are still emotionally immature. We have not grown up. When the Allied troops marched through France, we were jubilant. We went as far as planning the parties we were going to give for the boys when they came home. Hoorah! The war was almost over. Six weeks at the latest. Everything snug in the bag. And so life began to resemble the good old life again, with more shopping to do for the more parties to go to.

Then as our American doughboys slogged their way through Belgium,

To the Editor:

I received your little paper on overseas duty, and was quite impressed with it, particularly with the picture of the girls reading the paper while sitting on the beach. In fact, that's partly what lured me into writing. I would like to correspond with some girls, and this is by way of an introduction. Would anyone like to write me?

Cpl. Joe Levy, 32685362
11th TRF Reg. Corp.
APO 887 c/o P.M.
New York City

To the Editor: * * *

This is to tell you that I don't think the **V. B.** is so hot. What's wrong with it? Plenty! Why you have to be a millionaire's son before they'll print anything for you! Or a college graduate, or a relative of one of the staff! or perhaps very flattering!

They'd sooner print a letter from a guy in Florida, telling of the good time he's having, than a letter

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into Luxemburg, and on into Germany, fighting for every inch of ground, through mud and blinding snowdrifts, and suffering a heavy toll of casualties, we reassured ourselves that the going was indeed tough, but it couldn't last long now.

Then — **BOOM!** The Germans counter-attacked in Belgium. And from the pinnacle of optimism, we plumbed the depth of depression. It was depression out of all proportion to the situation. Some of us either get so delighted with things that there is no need to work—or we get so dejected and unhappy that we are too tired!

ON WITH THE JOB

We must snap out of it. Rather than this emotional instability and sky-rocketing hysterics, we must continue steadily on with the job.

To those people who are still standing, watching all of this on the side-lines—How about pitching in and helping shorten this war?

Let us, "The Home Front," promise our soldiers that we are with them and that we will back them with everything we've got until the job is done and they come home.

—G. N.

Letters from THE SOLDIERS

NEW GUINEA



During the invasion of the Philippine Islands, a few days after the actual landing, our ship was attacked by Jap planes.

It was a war cloudy day, and we were waiting around feeling tense and strained, as we were expecting a raid. Then the news came in! Unidentified planes were in the area. There followed a report that they were enemy planes and heading our way.

All guns were manned, and all eyes searched the sky. Then four planes came out of the clouds, Jap twin engined medium bombers. Our gunners had them in their sights, and their fingers were itching to go. When they were within range, the Gunnery Officer gave the order "Open Fire!" All our guns opened up at once, and I could see the tracers going straight up at the targets in a steady stream. The aim was accurate, and the bombers started to climb frantically in an effort to get out of our range. But it was too late. Two of them burst into flaming coffins, and roaring downwards, crashed into the water and disappeared. A third one was hit, and turned for home, with the smoke streaming out behind him, and the fourth deciding discretion was the better part of valour, turned and beat it for home also.

A cheer went up all over the ship, the tension was gone, and everyone was yelling and jumping about. The whole incident lasted about five minutes, but it had seemed like hours. We had a very appropriate steak dinner at chow that night.

Louis Beyda
RM/3/C U.S.S. LST 555

BELGIUM

I never seem to be able to break your headlines, but now I think I've made a scoop.

Yes, I "Scooped" twenty-seven different flavours of ice-cream in Belgium, and without the help of Howard Johnson's. The sign read 'Creme Glace', and it was plentiful.

G.J.L. Holds Anniversary Ball Nets \$1000—Bulk For U.J.A.

The December 25th G.J.L. Anniversary Ball belongs maybe to the chronicle of things gone by, but the one thousand dollars raised there that night is going to bring a little more hope to the future of some of the homeless Jewish refugees who wander despairingly across the map of Europe.

This Anniversary Ball was indeed a fitting sequel to 1944 as crowds

appearance, and Bensonhurst's more seasoned dancers looked on with mild wonderment as the small fry cut up a mean rug with spirited gusto. The music of Leo Stone rhythmically blared out the favorites of 1944's Hit Parade, and amidst the jostle and noise of young voices, the dance got under way.

Entertainment was furnished by talent from our own community, starting with Joe Laniado whose realistic performance of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," sent delighted shudders running through the audience. Next, jitterbug Sam Salem and his partner, wirey little Frances Cohen clad in a white sloppy joe sweater and swing skirt, let fly with some solid jive, while the crowd roared its unrestrained approval. To end up the program, Frieda Zonana and Joel Shamula, our local warblers, rendered their unique versions of some romantic popular songs.

Selim's oriental foods covered white clothed tables, accompanied by olives and pickles and real honest to goodness "Scotch," which made a rapid disappearance as the money clattered merrily into the inevitable empty cigar boxes.

The net profit totalled \$1000, of which \$800 was donated to the United Jewish Appeal. It was decided that the G.J.L. keep the balance of \$200 to be used as a basis for further activities.



jammed the brightly illuminated hall of Chateau D'Or, Brooklyn.

There were a host of new faces as the community's younger set, all spruced up, made its first formal

It was like a dream, ice cream, syrup, crushed fruit, and more ice cream—any flavour.

Food was scarce, bread was hard to get, smokes were few and far between, but there was plenty of ice-cream! Oh Boy! and did the G.I.'s go to town!

Cpl. Norman Marcus

ITALY

I'm an airplane inspector, and on my job, we stay out on the line, sweating our planes out. We count them taking off, and we count them coming back, and God only knows how some of them come back, but they do: they come in with one engine conked out, they come limping in with the wings all shot up, hydraulic system shot to hell.

Inside, are the men of steel, babying their ships in, and licking their

wounds. They come back all right, so we can work like mad to get them ready for another mission. And every mission our hearts go up with them, and we tell them to "Give those Nazis hell, to wipe them out of the skies, so that our American eagle can spread its wings in freedom."

I take off my hat to every guy who wears those little wings, because those wings are not bought with cash, they are earned with flesh and blood. "On the line men, and get ready for another mission!"

M/Sgt. Rafael Mizrahi

FRANCE

While the Germans were in France, they were compelling the Jews into forced labour, and shooting all those who refused to work

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In The Mail Box

(Continued from Page 2)

from a soldier living out of a fox hole half filled with icy water.

I am sorry to say that the editors show very poor judgement as to whose letters they print, and about whom they write. Don't you think combat men overseas deserve priorities? The paper may be all very well for the soldier back in the States sleeping in comfort and safety, and eating fresh eggs out of plates, but it doesn't do much for guys in the foxholes overseas.

In your September issue, you say that the V. B. has the guts to say what it thinks; now I want to know if the V. B. has the guts to print what someone else thinks.

Pvt. Ezra Husney, Italy.

(Ed. replies:—Frankly we're a little bewildered by the foregoing. Most of it is so off colour, that we hardly know where to begin. Every month 20 to 30 letters come into the V. B. mailbox . . . as many as possible are used whether in the "Letters" column, small fillers or in the gossip column—some are followed up for a story. A.P.O. mail may possibly get slight preference, not because the guys at home in Army camps are not doing a grand job too, but because the community is always thirsty for news of our boys overseas. We have nobody to watch for the names on the envelopes, or to tell us who's who in Bensonhurst. As for flattery letters, the majority of our readers enjoy reading the Victory Bulletin, and tell us about it. We print hardly any of these, and have always made a point of printing those batting us over the head, and any with constructive suggestions.

As for our "unwillingness to print letters from guys overseas" take a look at any issue of our paper. Look for example at the last one. The "Letters from the Soldiers" came from Pvt. H. S. Franco, somewhere in France, Pve. Abe Sutton, somewhere in England, Sgt. Moe Erani, somewhere in England, and, I believe, a certain Pvt. Husney, somewhere in Italy!

In the same issue were stories of our boys from France, New Guinea, the Marshall Islands, North Africa, and Italy. How about it Ezra? Isn't that far enough overseas? Do you recall the Big Pacific story, England Story, Italy Story, North Africa Story, and France story in

Where Are Jobs For Veterans?

The Opinions Expressed in letters are those of the readers and not of the paper, necessarily.—Ed. Dear Editor:

Quite recently a particular incident came to my attention which precipitated the writing of this letter.

A veteran returned—home from the wars—decorated and discharged. Everyone listened to his stories of the war in the Pacific with eyes a-bulging. Everyone heard him say, too, that he wanted to remember nothing but that he was home, and how nicely people treated him. However, when the time came for that boy to look for a job, the best he could get was an offer at a salary no higher than pre-war level—(based, of course, on his previous business experience). The Syrian community had followed through—defending this action with that hateful axiom "business is business." That attitude persisted when dealing with Japan and Germany—and look where we are now. Can we allow people once more to put the "dollar before the man" as former Vice-President Wallace so aptly phrased it?

While I could not help but be critical of his desire to stay within the circle of the Syrian community, his reasons were valid, and quite understandable. Now—this particular case, if it is any indication of what the future holds, is too important to ignore. Many of you will shrug your shoulders and say there's really nothing to get excited about. When the boys come home, they will be taken care of. Either they had businesses before induction; or their families are able to finance them; but don't worry, things will work themselves out. The fact of the matter is that our community has so long indulged in a peculiar kind of shallow and passive thinking to get up steam now, soon enough to anticipate conditions, and plan for them. One result has been the failure to do anything concrete about a community center. This

recent issues? Or did you conveniently forget?

In conclusion, we can only feel that in writing your letter you became carried away emotionally by a false sense of righteousness, and high-sounding words, into the hasty and ill considered accusations with which you favoured us.)

time it's not a building of stones we are concerned with. It's with human lives—with boys who have longed and suffered for their country—who have longed for home. The situation will call for a depth of understanding as never before.

The average age of the majority of our boys in service is about 23 years. Many of them barely finished their schooling before being inducted. The majority were just getting started in life. Some will want to go back to school; others will want to go into business. Obviously, our job at home is to make things as least difficult as possible.

We must bear in mind one very important thing. This community is but a small counterpart of our entire country. What goes wrong reflects everywhere else. We must not feel that we are self-contained—able to take care of our own problems with no thought of the next fellow. This one concept of isolationism must be blotted out forever. The problem of preparing for

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Meet The Wife Of A Boy Overseas



Introducing this month, Mrs. Sam Gindi and her bright-eyed son, Ronnie, who has never seen his daddy but managed to cry for him over a long-distance phone nine days after he was born.

Her husband, Pfc. Sam Gindi was transferred to California, Nov. 26, 1942, the day his son was born, and left for the South Pacific two months later with his Engineer's Battalion.

While two year old Ronnie busies himself scribbling letters to his daddy on a blackboard, his mother finds time to write daily to her husband and two brothers, all overseas, whom she manages to keep supplied with warm hand-knitted sweaters.

Resolutions were always made to be broken it's been said, but here's one that has been kept for two years. Mrs. Gindi hasn't danced with anyone since her husband left and her main desire is to go out stepping with that guy over in New Guinea very very soon.

Hi, Peepul!

By MARGIE LABATON

The Marboro Theatre New Year's Eve, looked like a Friday nite . . . all were there . . . the boys, the girls, and the "Bizer" . . . but each with his own thoughts . . . The boys wishing they had asked that certain gal out . . . The gals wishing that certain guy who is so far away will be with her next year.

Well, gals, wishing (and hard work—Ed) will make it so . . . but sorry boys, less talk and a little ACTION please . . . Rumored—Jack Sasson's New Year's Eve party consisting of all married couples or those contemplating marriage in the near future—was, one that started the year off with a BANG ! ! ! . . . Shirley Betesh fools everyone and has a New Year's nite party instead of the MUCH-AWAITED, LONG-AWAITED New Year's Eve party that didn't happen . . .

Company Commander gives Pvt. Joe Gindi stationed in France the day off to read the 157 letters he received in one day! . . . After Xmas shopping for days, Joe Sitt finally saw something he liked, but the floorwalker kept making her go back to work . . . Pvt. Dick Chabot writes, "I never knew what a wonderful guy our C.O. was—what a generous host. He invited a bunch of us for a Xmas dinner. Boy! What food! What drinks!—AND THE PRICES WERE REASONABLE!" . . . Is it any wonder that Jack Ash has plenty of girls wanting to work for him . . . he gave his former secretary Gita Gindi a beautiful watch. (We can bet she knows more than shorthand and typing) . . . Lt. Abe Abadi and Sally Sutton playing a pretty tune together . . . Xmas nite Dance found all the bachelors shopping—Why? It was there that our new generation made their debut . . .

Sam Cohen (better known as Stogie) the exotic rhumba dancer, won a dance contest at the Concord—P.S. Without dancing ! ! ! . . . Bert Dweck had a White Xmas—his laundry came in . . . (Incidentally, Bert, Flugie gave me \$20 for this one—going up ! ! !) . . . What young Syrian Casanova is always out of town when the pretty gals call him up ? ? ? . . . Tex Fallas

has it over on Sherlock Holmes when it comes to spying any new faces—ask Anette Misery from Rhode Island for confirmation . . . And Mike Tawil isn't doing bad as Watson when it comes to Anette's sister . . . Betting around town 9 to 10 that the girls will wait for the boys away before taking the important step—Inspiration—Pvt. Abe Fallack back from overseas and looking wonderful . . .

High School graduates "prommed" at the Hotel Pennsylvania and then invaded the Copacabana. These young ladies and their dates were Linda Betesh—Pvt. Irving Betesh, Nettie Betesh—Alfred Sutton, Frances Cohen—Joe Sitt, Florrie Zonana—Albert Shamah, Adele Missry—Bernard Schwelky, Anne Fallack—Jack Sultan.

Together again! Marcelle Shalom and Al Beyda. And this time it looks like the real McCoy. Shadow Nahem and Adele Missry seem to be doing all right too!

Seen Sgt. Joe Ashe, a group of bright young things and "Bozzy" Mizrahi engaged in a snowball battle. And don't forget "Bozzie," its spinach and string beans from now on!

Tip to the owner of a coupe on W. 12th Street. When it comes to a point that you have to pay shush money to the cops to park an empty car, it might be cheaper to fill it with something nice and make the rounds . . .

Pfc. Myron J. Rishty recommends the Aleutians for our romance hungry girls. The boys out there haven't set eyes on a girl in years—and they'd love to . . .

Boys On Leave...

Cpl. Sam Haber
Cpl. Max Yedid
Cpl. Sol Chabot.
Sgt. Abe Bellilois
Sgt. Joe Ashkenazi
Cpl. Isaac Ashkenazi
Cpl. Raymond Tobias
Cpl. Max Mizrahi
Pfc. John Obadia
Pvt. Eli Safdieh
Sgt. Seymour Shweky
Cpl. Abe Fallack.
Cpl. Michael Mishaan
Cadet Nathan Gindi

MILESTONES

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Serouya—girl.
Mr. and Mrs. Morris Levy—girl.
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Shamah—girl.
Lt. and Mrs. Jack Beyda—girl.
Mr. and Mrs. Morris Beda—girl.

ENGAGED

Julie Betesh to Hyman Dweck.
Julie Haddad to Albert Dweck.
Mollie Haddad to Cpl. Isaac Ashkenazi.
Pauline Chera to Victor Bijou.

MARRIED

Elviera Azrak to Simon Abadi of Panama.
Vicky Seruyre to Moe Esses.
Florence Cohen to Leon Shamah.
Norma Sutton to Jack Gindi.
Pauline Sutton Zaghaf to Maurice Roffe.
Mel to Ralph Cohen Sl/c.

Helpers of the Victory Bulletin

Eva Hannan Tex (Sam) Fallas
Maurice Zetooney Ray Esses
Ralph Kassin Abe Shasho
Joe S. Shalom Bernice Dweck



To Our Brother
LEO SITTON
Lots of Luck
and a Speedy Return
Julia and Vickie

A Speedy Return
to all our
BOYS in the SERVICE



Adele Pep Dabah

To My Brothers
Moses and Abraham
and Cousins
Fred and Abe Betesh
Here's to a
Speedy Victory
Alfred D. Esses

Man With The Thousand Faces Big GJL Drive Reveals The Secrets Of His Art For War Relief

By JOE LANIADO



About nine years ago I first got interested in heavy melodramatic acting and I decided to go to a dramatic academy. After two months I was called down to the head of the academy and was told that they could not help me since that type of work could not be taught—it has to be born within a person. The only thing to do was to go out and study various books on the subject. This I did, and then I went to a make-up school and was taught how to create new faces. It was fascinating—and now I have over 1000 faces of my own creation.

There are four points I must perfect before I produce a show, and they are (1) Facial make-up (2) a voice to fit the character (3) a costume and (4) a plot for the story.

It takes me two hours to put on make-up for the Hunchback. I learned to act it by studying every muscle and nerve in the body, so I would be able to contort my features without danger. One false move and I may dislocate any part of my body.

I then studied abnormal psychology in order to understand how a nervous and unadjusted person might react. To play a crippled person successfully, I had to plod my way through different medical books to discover the types of operations and how they might affect the gait and style of walk.

Many people think it queer that I do this type of work. It is hard to explain. I was once told by people

in the experienced show world that once it's in a person there is no further explanation.

One cannot be taught to play a part. One must be born with the ability to stand the horror and strain of playing an old, old man, the Phantom of the Opera; one must be able to play the parts of Dracula, Hunchback of Notre Dame, Frankenstein, Hitler, Dr. Jeckel and Mr. Hyde, without it affecting them emotionally. These are only a few of the characters I portray. With each character there are hours of work with make-up. Since then I have practised and experimented with new faces, until now I can change into almost anything an audience wants.

Many people think I'm going to change into something inhuman while I'm out on a date; but believe me girls, it takes me a full two hours preparation before I can get myself to look like a spirit from Hades.

Others ask me if I ever scare myself at night—the only thing I could tell them is: follow me to my secret haunts in the darkness of the night, but be ready for **anything!!!**

"Get out the old clothes for the Italian people" was the slogan to which many families in the community responded generously last month. Following up the plan of the Girls' Junior League to collect worn clothing of every description, two zealous members, Pep Dabah and Molly Gindi, covering Ocean Parkway for three week-ends, collected a huge pile of good warm clothing.

These two girls would emerge from the various houses, staggering under armfuls of old garments, which they dumped into the back of the car and then drive on to the next address.

Last week the G.J.L. received this letter from the Italian Relief Workshop in New York which read:

"We acknowledge gratefully your generous donation and we thank you for your kind cooperation in our work." For those polyglots who understand Italian, figure it out this way:

"Mille ringraziamenti per il generoso dono e la gentile cooperazione."

Looking At The World

When the German armies passed to the offensive in Europe several weeks ago, Americans were shocked. It wasn't the successes of the offensive which surprised them, but the mere fact that the Germans were able to go on the offensive at all. But when we remember that the Nazis felt themselves cornered from all sides and were, therefore taking desperate chances to save themselves, the German offensive does not seem shocking, but rather very understandable.

However, most defeatist papers of the Hearst and Patterson brand strongly overemphasized the consequences of the German drive. At this writing, the German bulge inside Allied lines has been completely pressed out. At no time was it greater than 40 miles deep. With not many reserves, and air power inferior to our own, Von Rundstedt's offensive was a desperate maneuver to delay us and make our entrance into Germany more difficult. In addition it was designed to make

the American people agreeable to a negotiated peace on the grounds that the German army is too tough to lick into unconditional surrender.

The hysteria and jitters of the last few weeks, the talk of the unconquerable Nazi beast who won't be licked into unconditional surrender appear even more absurd when viewed in the light of the gigantic events in the East. There this unbeatable monster is running, tail between legs, cowering back before the hard-hitting, fast moving Red Army.

Warsaw, Krakow, Lodz have fallen in rapid succession, and the Armies of the Soviet Union are still racing ahead on a 500 mile front stretching from East Prussia to Slovakia.

The strategy of the Nazis, is however, still to be feared; not the fear of military blows, but the fear of political maneuvering. The fear of their expert handling of reactionary elements among the Allies to negotiate a "soft peace."

COMPLIMENTS

... from ...

James Azrak

Three Engines Knocked Out; "Lady Elaine" Limp Home



(T/S Seymour Shweky, Radio Operator and gunner in the 8th Air Force has 35 missions to his credit, and tells us this story of a mission, 'all in the day's work'.)

At 3 a.m. we are all sound asleep, dreaming of home and the folks, at 3.1 we're jerked into wakefulness by a pleasant young man who informs us we are in for a big day, with a mission ahead.

We dress quickly, and in a superstitious fashion, each wears the clothes worn on the last mission for good luck. My treasure is a white scarf my mother gave me.

After breakfast its briefing time; that is we are told of our target for today, and given any necessary information. Then over to the drying room for our heated suits, oxygen masks, flak suits and parachutes. Also the log and code book for me.

And now we clamber into our ship, "The Lady Elaine," named after the pilot's wife, while the crew puts in their guns, and checks over the equipment.

Finally we're ready. We start the engines and taxi out to the runway with the other planes. One by one, they take off until its our turn. With one final check back by the pilot, we're off, speeding down the runway, and airborne into our second home—the sky.

At rendezvous point, we are in formation, racing across the English

Channel toward Germany. We climb to altitude, and go on oxygen. It's getting cold, so we turn on our heated suits.

At about 2 hours from the target, we watch for enemy fighters. We draw nearer, and sit tight. Bomb bay doors are opened, and despite the fact that it's 40 below zero, sweat is pouring down faces.

"Five minutes to target" yells the navigator, and almost instantly, the flak comes up. Ugly black puffs of smoke, and exploding noises that make your blood run cold. Your throat is dry, and your breath comes heavy, as you realize with sickening clarity. "These are real bullets—real ones." With the thoughts still rushing through your mind, one engine is knocked out, and we fall behind in formation.

Then the bombardier shouts "bombs away," while another engine gets hit, and we drop way behind, losing altitude.

But we are past the flak area, and now to get "Lady Elaine" home. We're losing altitude fast, and pilot orders all excess equipment thrown out. Guns, ammunition, and flak suits are thrown overboard, while the third engine starts to act up. Then we are told to put our 'chutes on.

In the meantime, I contact Air Sea Rescue by radio, in case we crash in Mid Channel.

But our luck holds, and thanks to some great piloting, we land back in England on some other field.

Next day, our ship is repaired, and we return to base, all set for our next mission!

Hebrew Classes Open To All

The Magen David Hebrew Institute is holding classes for girls on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights at 9 p.m., at 2025 67th Street, Brooklyn. Girls who wish to further their knowledge of Judaism are invited to attend.

On Wednesday evenings Rabbi Morganstern presents interesting classes on the history of the Jews. On Thursdays, reading, writing and speaking the Hebrew Language is taught, and discussions on Jewish Law in these times take place on Friday nights.

Mr. and Mrs.

Edward Dayan

5420 N. MERIDIAN ST.

Indianapolis, Ind.

are happy to

announce the

Bar Mitzvah

of their son

MARTIN

on

February 17, 1945



Roll of Honor

PVT. HENRY ALTARAS—42160809—Co. C 196th I.T.B. 61 Reg. Camp Blanding, Fla.

SGT. DAVID ARAZIE—Phila. M.P. Detachment, 220 S. Broad St., Phila. Pa.

PVT. EDWARD ERANI—42162884—Co. A 15th Batt. 5th Reg. I.R.T.C. Fort McClellan, Ala.

LOU FRANCO—A/S Co. 484 Bks. F 20-L USNTC Sampson, N. Y.

SOL HEDAYA—A/S Co. 528 G Unit G-14-L USNTC Sampson, N. Y.

MATTHEW MISSRY—S2/C Area E Bldg. 18 Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.

PVT JOE BIJOU—Troop C. 1st Regt., C.R.T.C., Bks. 2048, Fort Riley, Kansas.

MELVIN SHWEKY—A/S Co. 304, E2L, USNTC, Santa, N. Y.

News From The Community

After several months of comparative inactivity, the plans for the Community Centre are going ahead once more. \$50,000 cash has been collected, and a goal of \$170,000 has been set. A temporary location for the building is under consideration at the moment.

Federation. A year ago, it was decided to form a federation which would cover all community charities. In this way one donation could be given a year, and this would be divided among all the different charities. During 1944, \$75,000 was collected. From this, money was sent to the Near East for Hebrew Schools, and the Syrian Aid Society. \$6,000 was given to the Ashkenazie Yeshiva, \$20,000 was sent to Palestine, and for Syrian relief and education, and a substantial amount was given to the Israel Zion Hospital, and other N. Y. institutions.

The Federation plans to collect \$100,000 in 1945, of which half will be put aside as reserve. A financial statement will be sent to all members.

Magen David Hadassah. On Wednesday evening, January 24th, the Brooklyn Hadassah attended the musical show, "Swing Out Sweet Land," featuring Oklahoma's star Alfred Drake. All seats were sold out, and the proceeds will be sent to Palestine toward building a hospital for tubercular patients.

Community Junior League. 20 boys have been enrolled into two Hebrew Classes organized by the C.J.L. Mr. Sol Kassin and Mr. David Kassin conduct the classes, giving lessons on Jewish History, laws and customs. Another advanced class with an attendance of 15 boys meet weekly under the supervision of Rabbi Abadi.

Talmud Torah. Recognizing the need of an additional Talmud Torah and synnagogue in the community, three men formed a committee to

raise funds for such a project. In September 1944, \$20,000 had been collected by David Bibi, Morris Mann, and Murray Sarway. To date a total of \$45,000 has enabled the committee to purchase grounds on 71st Street off Bay Parkway. Another \$40,000 to \$50,000 is required before the building can be erected. In all events the project will not be erected until the War is won. The synnagogue, which will be named the Ahi-Azer Congregation, will be open to every person in the community.

Mapleton Oddfellows. Each week 60 to 80 members meet to discuss important world events. A card party was sponsored by the organization in aid of the Red Cross. \$1147.50 was raised, and daily newspapers covered the presentation of this amount to the Brooklyn Chapter.

A collection of \$125 was made which went to a Home for Widows, Orphans, and Aged, and \$130 was raised for the Matzoh Fund—for the Syrian Aid Society.

\$27,000 was pledged in bonds to aid the 6th War Loan drive.

WHERE ARE JOBS FOR VETERANS?

(Continued from Page 4)

the peace is as indivisible as the peace itself.

For the present, here are some first steps in the problem of rehabilitation.

Get together—work out plans for a serviceman's bureau, or information center—so that any boy needing help, or just wanting information, can get it. Some kind of employment service is indicated.

Applying public pressure to see that all government agencies set up for the benefit of servicemen are operating on a high plane. Even now the Veterans' Administration needs a housecleaning. There are weak spots in the so-called GI Bill of Rights. We can do something about that through our representatives in Congress. There's no time like the present to begin.

Bear in mind that service to veterans is not an emergency problem. It will be a continuing responsibility over a considerable period.

A crucial year is ahead of us. We shall feel much compassion for the sufferings of our boys—and pride in their achievements. But our

Subway Sniggeroos

He'll Know Next Time.

A feller we know had been expecting a baby for quite a while. He was pacing the floor when the glad tidings arrived. The message read: Molly gave birth to a little girl this A.M. Mother and daughter doing nicely. On the message at the bottom of the telegram was a sticker, "When you want a boy call Western Union."

Extraordinary?

"Tired, dear?"

"Uh huh."

"Awfully tired, dear?"

"Uh huh."

"Too tired, dear?"

"Huh?"

Sailor On Leave.

When the female taxi driver asked him how far he wanted to go, the sailor replied, "That's entirely up to you, Toots."

Suspicious

A lovesick, but suspicious lieutenant decided on gift stationery as a birthday present for his girl. He ordered the best that Macy's had to offer and ordered it imprinted with the girl's name and address.

"Will that be all sir?" asked the clerk.

"No," said the lieutenant, as inspiration dawned, "Just to make sure she doesn't write to anybody else, mark each sheet, 'Dear Herbert'."

Ambition.

A boy who wants to make the news Aspires to fill his papa's shoes; His sister hopes for something better She hopes to fill her mother's sweater.

veterans deserve more than our gratitude; we must not fail them, or allow them to grow bitter for any lack of attention. Our good wishes must take more concrete form.

STELLA SARDELL

(P.S.:—Space does not permit further discussion of this topic. For that reason, I welcome replies and opinions from civilians and servicemen alike. Please address replies to: Stella Sardell, 2150 72nd Street, Brooklyn 4, N. Y.

To My Husband Sam
and Brothers
Sammy and Eddy
*Happy New Year
and Hurry Home*
Renee Gindi
and Son Ronnie

To Dick Shabot
A Speedy Return
... from ...
Vicki Molko

Clippings From The G.I. Block

Philippines . . . A few days before our last invasion, we landed into the tail end of a typhoon. After coming through that, three Jap dive bombers attacked our ship, but they missed by about 20 yards. And from then on we were under constant attack by air . . . Pvt. Louis Kboudi.

New Guinea . . . Just had the first three bottles of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer in three years, and did they hit the spot . . . Sgt. M. S. Esses.

France . . . While in England I visited Dover, and had some good times there. The Cliffs of Dover are really white, but as for the Bluebirds, there aren't any, unless you count sea gulls . . . Pvt. Ed. G. Levy.

France . . . I went into Dauville yesterday to try and get Mom some perfume. The black market is terrible. People pay as much as \$2.00 for a pack of cigarettes. I went to a dance, there, where I had a swell time, and danced with lots of nurses . . . Pvt. Fred Betesh.

France . . . We can't beg off from shooting at planes, piloting our bombers, and wading through mined waters to establish beachheads on enemy territory. Fortunately you at home are spared those bloody tasks, but your duties are no less important. The blood you give, the money your raise for Red Cross, and War Relief Agencies, the War Bonds you buy, the gift packages you send, and the work you do—all these help destroy the enemy . . . Cpl. Joseph Cohen.

New Guinea . . . Thank you all very much for the package you sent me. I'd like to give you a red hot story of what's going on here in the South West Pacific, but I'm afraid the Navy Censor will get after me. Maybe when I get home again . . . Leo Sulton.

Peterson Field, Colo. . . . Knowing you don't accept subscriptions from Service men, my wife asked me to write on her behalf. She realizes how much it means to the boys away from home to get your paper. So enclosed is \$10 . . . Cpl. Ralph Bigio.

Somewhere in the Pacific . . . I was one of the first to hit the beach on D-day, but I can't brag about killing any Japs. We met very little resistance when we landed, and we can attribute that to our Air Force, and Naval Bombardment. We found many dead Japs, and countless Jap pillboxes smashed to bits. However, the Nipponese keep us

busy with their nuisance air raids. They are so consistant that we know beforehand just what time they will come over . . . Pfc. Joe Betesh.

So. France . . . Being stationed near a big city, we get passes. Our Battalion commander who is a swell guy, figured that his boys deserve some time in town to have a little fun, so instead of day passes, we are getting 24 hour passes. On top of that, he took over part of a swell hotel, and while on pass, we have a place to sleep, and a restaurant where we can have three square meals. Not bad, eh? . . . Pfc. Sam Serouya.

England . . . By the way, I'm a corporal now. In fact I've been a corporal since last June. And I've passed my 20th and 21st birthdays right here in England though this is the first time I got around to writing you, and letting you know about me . . . Cpl. Joseph E. Mizrahi.

Pacific Area . . . You were right in assuming that it would be a disappointment to the servicemen, should the **Victory Bulletin** cease to come out. Here is \$5 that sez "Keep it up!" . . . Sgt. Joseph Bigio.

France . . . Most of the neighborhood crowd I was inducted with are still around—Antokey, Bibi, Hazan, Jamel, and Yatche. We all get a kick out of reading about the fellows and gals we used to hang around with . . . Pvt. Isaac Mishan.

England . . . I noticed in the last issue pictures of three of my cousins who were also in this country. Now Fred Fallas and Fred Betesh are in France. I correspond regularly with Isaac Saka and his kid brother Dave. They are both in England too . . . Pvt. Chick Esses.

New Guinea . . . The weather is extremely hot during the day, but at night we sleep with a G.I. Blanket. We get a lot of rain and mud out here. The natives are very friendly, and also love American cigarettes. You can have about anything they have if you give them a shirt or a pair of trousers . . . Cpl. Ben Mizrahi.

England . . . The Syrian community here is very hospitable, and they have something we all want. That is a club where young and old folks can meet. They have a small bar and rooms for card players. The younger crowd have checker games, and a place to eat, ping pong games, tennis courts, and a room for dancing . . . Pvt. Al Mizrahi.

The V.B. Meets A Defense Worker



There are not very many Syrians in our community who hold war jobs, but someone told us about Jack Levy, so we went over to see him.

Jack is an ex-private who spent nineteen months in Uncle Sam's army. When he was discharged he went to work at Todds' Shipyards in Brooklyn. We asked him about his job as a Painter-Sprayer. He told us that it is more dangerous and unhealthy than his former job of Steel Handler, but that it is interesting, and pays better.

He said that every day battle-weary and war-torn ships come in for repairs, sometimes as many as three or four at a time. He and his fellows take great pride in sending them out again good as new. Sometimes, he told us, a ship comes in looking as if it can never sail again, so battered and broken that one would think it is beyond repair. That is the kind of job that the workers delight in, and their biggest thrill is when the once battered wreck proudly sails off into the ocean—a new ship again.

"Yes," says Jack, "There's never a dull moment, and though the work is hard, I like it so well that I mean to keep it up even after victory, if I can."

V.B.'s 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.

Pvt. Menashe Abbani.
Pvt. Ephriam Menaged.
Sgt. Sidney Nager, 18187787.
Sgt. Isaac Zafrani, 19087790.
Murray Latish A/S.
Jack Rabinowitz A/S.
Pvt. Albert Levy, 42054122.
Morris Dweck, S/2/S.
Pvt. Ralph Sutton, 32540575.

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

Letters From The Soldiers

(Continued from Page 3)

the impossible number of hours required of them. Many of them escaped, and ran out into the woods to hide. When we came into France, they had been hiding out for over three and one half years.

The Jewish Chaplain wanted to bring them out of the woods and shelter, feed and clothe them, for many were dying slowly, and some of the children, were nothing but bones.

He pleaded for contributions so that they could be taken care of quickly, as they were in truly bad shape. It was heartbreaking to see the little children, many without parents, for the Germans had shot them.

A contribution of \$2000 was asked for, but the total collected was well over \$3000, and the money was gladly given. Today all the Jews that were in hiding have been taken care of, and the children are getting Education and medical attention.

I've seen these people at the Services, they had heard that they were going to be held in town, and they all managed to come. They said it was the first services they had attended in over four years, and they had tears in their eyes, the men, the women and even the children, from happiness.

Pvt. Joe Betesh

FRANCE

My French seems to be coming in very handy here, especially since very few boys can speak even as little as I do.

It has been four years since the German Occupation, and many of the people here who were forced to work for the Germans can speak pretty fluent German. I met one French boy who spent a year in a concentration camp because he refused to work for them. While there he was not allowed to speak in any other language but German, which he eventually learned.

You don't see many collaborators around, as they have been taken care of by the Free French.

I met a Jewess who lived through two years of German occupation without them finding out that she was Jewish. Then a collaborator informed on her and she was taken to a concentration camp, where the Germans took off all her toe nails

'for fun.' She told me, "You cannot imagine what they do to people there."

The people in the big cities suffered most from hunger. The farmers were not so bad off in comparison. Many people travel forty and fifty miles outside of Paris on bicycles just to get food. Yep, the French people seem to be very lean.

I guess the people back in the States can be very thankful that they have not suffered the same fate that befell the inhabitants of Europe in the last decade. They may read many papers about the hardships the people undergo, they may discuss them and feel pity, and they may even see pictures, but few can understand what suffering is until they undergo it themselves. And I hope they never will.

Cpl. Joseph Safdieh

It's around Christmas time, it's snowing and I'm just coming off guard duty. The ground looks beautiful with its fresh white blanket of snow, and even the ugly gray barracks are converted magically into dainty white cottages.

There seems to be a holiday spirit everywhere, the men are grouped around the fire warming themselves, and opening their letters and packages.

"Look! I got a red and green tie ha-ha!" Another holds up a pair of flashy socks with the wish that he could wear them. A little red haired guy hands round a box of candy, and then wishes he didn't. One sailor opens up an innocent looking telegram, and yells, "Yeow, I'm having a baby." This is greeted with a chorus of "Lie down and take it easy," "You shouldn't jump around like that if you're 'er" and "Well, who would have guessed you were that way!" When order is restored finally, the sailor sends out for smokes and cokes for all, to celebrate.

you possibly can?

Joe Levy

Greetings to My Buddies

Sgt. Mac Haddad

and

Pvt. Hy Sasson

from

Sam Liniado

G.J.L. Moves On; Promises Big 1945

On Dec. 6, 1944 an open meeting was called by the Girls' Junior League with a good response from a group formerly known as the Sub-Debs and former members who wanted to help get the club back into full swing.

With the many requests for the clubs assistance, elections were immediately voted upon so as to loose no time in forming future plans. The elections caused little confusion as everyone had confidence in the persons nominated: President, Glynne Nahem; Temporary Vice-President, Miriam Zerah; Secretary, Gita Gindi, and Treasurer, Evelyn Mishaan.

A number of committees were also formed, among which were the Social and Civilian Defense. The new Social Committee wasted little time and went right out selling tickets and collecting donations for the "Anniversary Ball." This ball was a huge success raising \$1000; the bulk of which will be received by the United Jewish Appeal, while a small part will go to the treasury of the G.J.L.

The drawing of the raffles which brought the sum of \$450.00 into the coffers of the National War Fund were also held on that night with only one of the three lucky winners present to accept his winnings. First Prize of a War Bond went to a Doctor in the Bronx; Jimmy Sutton who seems to be a perpetual winner, drew second prize, a fountain pen; and last, a prize of a pair of tickets to "Oklahoma" were won by Mr. M. Shafran.

The Clothing drive for the Italian War Relief was a huge success so plans have been made for volunteers with autos to continue collecting. Whatever can be accumulated this time will go to Morocco where they are urgently in need of clothing. Your continued co-operation will be greatly appreciated.

The only other important task of the moment is the help offered to the new crop of the Community Junior League. These young boys are well on their way to living up to the standards placed for them by the previous members of the League. Their first attempt will be a dance for which plans are materializing. For publicity, why of course the Victory Bulletin. To these boys, best wishes and great success as hopes for the future lies with them.