

VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume II. No. 1.

AGUST, 1943

By Subscription



Pfc. Isaac S. Levy

ALL SERVICE MEN'S ISSUE RESULT OF TEAMWORK

It started out be being just a germ of another idea, but as time progressed it took on life and form. It needed time coaxing and more time patting it into shape. But we think the results, this ALL SERVICEMEN'S ISSUE (August 1943) will be remembered as one of the landmarks of our community. For it is the complete work of our own Syrian boys in uniform.

Here in the language of soldiers, they tell you about their everyday work. You hear their grumbles about "basic" and tales of unbelievably stiff muscles. You are with them as they tell you about their specialized training, K.P., and the inimitable "tough

sarge," about their friends and their mail. They let you in on their newest thoughts—the brave new world that they're fighting for and the gosh darned way it links up with their very oldest thoughts, the ones they love back home.

This ALL SERVICEMEN'S ISSUE is the work of a lot of fellows who gave up their rare moments of leisure to do it. The fact is that it was good teamwork that brought this issue out. We hope that we hear a lot of that word teamwork in the future.

Making the final choice was no easy job as the quality of work submitted was exceptionally high. The first prize of a \$25.00 bond was won by PFC. Isaac S. Levy for the best letter submitted. We could say more about it but the letter will speak eloquently for itself.

Three prizes of Super Gift packages will go to the following boys for the best contributions:

PFC Isaac Ashkenazi—"Mess Hall General Orders"

Cpl. James Arazie—"What We Are Fighting For is Human Dignity"

Pvt. Walter Serure—"G. I." Poem

Every entrant whose work is printed here will receive either a box of cookies or a carton of cigarettes. There were several entries which although reaching a high plane, just missed the grade. These following boys receive Honorable Mention:

Pvt. Joe Antebi

Cpl. Ralph C. Bigio

Pvt. Abe. Falack

Cpl. Abe Gindi

PFC. Ralph I. Gindi

Pvt. Sam Husney

Pvt. Murray Levy

Every prize-winner deserved to win, and to the rest of you, "Well, judges are NOT infallible!"

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

Prize-Winning Letter

TO THE EDITORS:

I make no pretense of being a literary genius. I am an average American you from an average family.

I was parcticaly twenty-one when I entered the Army last October. The war disrupted my life and mode of living, as it did many others.

I can clearly remember the day I received my invitation from the President. I left home among the tears and farewells of friends and family. Such a parting could not help but induce a negative attitude toward the Army and the world in general.

During a selectees first month in the Army, he undergoes the most complete mental and physical renovation imaginable. He is thrown in with a collection of men from all walks of life. Some illiterate, some profane, some utterly despondent and bewildered, and some with an intelligence far above the average.

The first few weeks in the Army he gets up at five a.m. He has a hearty breakfast which consists of a conglomeration of something or another, that's called on a shingle,and.....an unidentified liquid. He has nothing to do until six thirty a.m. so he just sits around and scrubs toilets, and mops floors. Then comes the privilege of policing the camp. That's the opportunity of a lifetime. This is one time where you don't have to ask Dr. Gallup, "what kind of cigarettes do soldiers mostly smoke." (Note to mothers: If your son writes that he policed the camp . . . don't worry about him . . . he's not a cop.)

I have found out since that the Army either makes or breaks a man fast. One must submit to menial duties and indulge in physiscal efforts beyond his wildest imagination.

Then the glorious day comes, when he realizes he is a soldier. With that day comes a renewed interest in everything he participates in. He begins seeing stripes before his eyes, and the Sgt. isn't really half as bad as his mother-in-law. There is a lot of sweat, pain and heartbreak between these lines. That's what it takes to make the soldier of today. Now he has a firm understanding of what he is fighting for.

This letter in itself is evidence of the new democratic spirit of the United States Army. How can the Axis compare with such superbly armed men; hardened in body and spirit, who knows that there is a job to do, before they too can become a part of the home life which is the heritage of the American people. I am one of these soldiers. These are my thoughts after eight months in the Army: I pray God that I may see my convictions secure; that is why I am here.

PFC. Isaac Shasho Levy

VICTORY BULLETIN

Published by the Girls Junior
League of Bensonhurst
2165 — 66th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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2:4

Prize-Winning Editorial By Cpl. James Arazie

"Human Dignity"

The widest bond among men is that which unites them, as men, into that partnership which we call humanity.

Between this widest bond and the narrower, more intimate bond which unite man and wife, or two friends, there are countless intermediate circles of religion, race, creed, nationality, party, and class.

Normally and throughout the greater part of life the narrower bonds pre-occupy our minds. But from time to time emergencies arise when the wider agreements are attacked, and we shift our conscious loyalty and our fighting zeal from the narrower to the broader fronts.

The most familiar example of a wide bond is that of the nation. We carry on our lives within the broad framework of a constitution, an inheritance of ideas, customs, sentiments, aspirations—democracy.

As long as this framework remains solid, we can and do enjoy our differences of opinion and taste. We may wage our fierce political and intellectual battles. We see the truth differently and seek to make our personal or party version of the truth prevail. These rivalries and differences are contained within our communities, and may safely divide us so long as we are still united on those fundamentals that make us one country. And then in moments of crisis we become aware of these fundamentals, and are prepared to fight for their existence.

In the present war our national existence and our way of life are both at stake. At the same time that we are reminded of our national solidarity we have become aware of a wider solidarity and a greater cause.

To that cause many names are given: As Americans we may prefer to call it democracy. Other people call it free-

Best Letter From Serviceman Wins Prize Gift Package Each Issue

Beginning with our next issue, a prize gift package will be sent every month by the Victory Bulletin to the soldier, sailor, marine, merchant, seaman or WAAC from our community whose letter is used in the "main" spot of our "From the Soldiers" column. Letters can be entered by families, relatives, or friends as well as by the men and women in uniform themselves.

The letter may deal with any aspect of life in the service, the war or any topic connected with the war. It can be serious or it can be humorous. It should not be too long and should include the writer's picture, if possible.

The tastes and the station of the winner will be taken in mind in the preparation of the special package.

Letters should be in the mail by the twentieth of each month. And only one person in uniform is not eligible to enter this contest—a certain ex-editor of this newspaper named Dweck.

dom. Those who have been exploited and despised by their fellow men call it equality. Those who are seeking to rise above the level of animal instincts and appetites speak of morality and religion. To men of tender affection it is known as humanitarianism. All these names are correct and yet quite different except for the fact that they all have a common core.

Seeking a name for the common core — a name free from association with the narrower and conflicting loyalties—I suggest that of HUMAN DIGNITY

The cause of human dignity requires all men to set for themselves the highest possible standards. They should endeavor, through their own efforts and through collective organization, to live up to those standards. Such action offers the fullest opportunities for progress and development. It offers the banishment of poverty, disease and ignorance, by bringing these evils within the realm of human control.

It means the removal of every form of humiliating subjection, economic or social, that arouses resentment and fear. It means that men of art and science shall be helped and encouraged to follow their vocation, and that mankind will benefit from their works.

It means that all men shall have freedom of worship. It means that each individual's rights shall be protected by law, to the fullest extent.

And this is the common ground on which all democrats, libertarians, progressives, humanists, Jews and Christians are taking their stand.

Soldier Finds Natives Interesting People

Here in North Africa, we haven't seen much so far, except a great many Arab, French and Spanish people. Each nationality dresses and speaks according to its native custom. If it weren't for my Arabic language, I would be lost. As it is I do quite of bit of interpreting for my battery, and for the officers.

The country is as you would expect from reading geography books. Castles on top of hills, and shepherds herding their sheep through the villages.

The people are all very friendly to the American soldiers, and always give us the "V" sign whenever we pass.

PFC. Braha
Africa

No Apologies Necessary

Pvt. Joe Esses
Camp Hood Texas

I think that I shall never see
A job as sloppy as K.P.

K.P. where greasy arms are pressed
With pots and pans against the chest

K.P. where stands the chef all day
Barking orders at his prey.

K.P.'s who may in evening wear
A spot of gravy in their hair.

K.P. where all the yardbirds hop
To nonchalantly wield a mop.

Poems are made by fools like me
And so's the list for darned K.P.'s.

BEST WISHES
to our boys in the Armed Forces
SHABOT and CO.
303 5th Avenue

—VICTORY IN 1943—

•
Mr. & Mrs.
ISAAC ESCAVA
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Soldier Thinks His "Sarge" Is Great



"A Would- Be Soldier's Plaint"

By Cpl.

JAMES S. ARAZIE

Hi Folks! I'm in the Army. Corporal. So what! I'm glad to be there, and I want to do my full share. But this is what's bothering me.

I figured that this is the chance I've been waiting for to be an author. I look over the best seller lists every Sunday and I see where "Private Hargrove" and "Private Purkey" and "Gone with the Draft" and all those sort of books are moving along high, wide and handsome. I says to myself, why can't I get on this good thing too. That's before I study my competition. Hell, I'm eligible!

In the first place, I can spell. I graduated from an ordinary public school. My grammar and my education aren't so hot that Mr. Fadiman is going to parlay a furlough for me to get me on "Information Please," but I talk English like any normal citizen in the Army or the town I come from. It seem to me that the only illiterate—or is it illiterite—privates in this man's army are the ones who are writing those best sellers.

Next, I've only been on K.P. once since I got to camp. Take Hargrove, for instance, he spells better than me, but what kind of a guy is it that's in the kitchen as much as he is? If you ask me, that guy thought up ways to get in trouble just so he could write pieces about it!

Next, I think my sergeant is not only the smartest guy in my whole outfit—including the general—but he has gone out of his way a hundred times to make things easy for me. He never stole a girl of mine. In fact, he introduced me to his girl, and she is a peach. But definitely!

But this is the topper. I HATE TO WRITE LETTERS. When I have to send word, I'd rather telegraph. It costs a lot more, but it saves time, and I like the effect I get with a ten word wire.

So this is to let you know that I have decided not to write an Army book for you.

The Hell with it!

History of Ten Syrian Boys At Camp McCain, Mississippi In A Nutshell

By one of them.

We, the ten S.Y. boys of Camp McCain, Miss. want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for all you have sent us, and also for what you have done to help build up our morale. Now to tell you a little about us and our accomplishments during our six months in the Engineers.

Starting with Sgt. Charles Antoky, "First Sgt." of H and S Company. You can hear his voice at 5:30 A.M. at the other end of the battalion area having his men fall out for reveille.

Next we have PFC. Harry Senior Yatchie, who is also acting supply Sgt. of Co. C. We, the boys are glad to have him with us to clothe us and keep our G.I. shoes repaired.

Flash! who do we have here but N.Y.'s sharpest dresser, Pvt. Ike Dweck to keep up the morale of the Co. by giving impersonations of the Major of our battalion. He is also one of the biggest grippers in Uncle Sam's army.

Yes, believe it or not. We also have a goldbrick—none other than "Twinny" Ezra Hedaya, always first on sick call, and known throughout the Battalion as G.B. number one.

Then there is Pvt. Morris Bibi invariably getting into trouble with the "First Sgt." with his arguing as to how the Army should be run.

Pvt. Saul Tawil, our radio man, Pvt. Morris Jemal, always ready to volunteer, and Pvt. Joe Hannan who is ready, willing and eager to go AWOL.

Last, but not least, we have Pvt. Alfred Cohen, known to all as Allybey. He is always trying to give a banquet cloth for a day's "K.P."

Well, here's hoping that this short letter gives you a brief idea of what goes on in the Engineer Combat Battalion of Camp McCain, Miss.

Looking forward to your next issue of the V.B., we, the boys of Camp McCain, sign off.

(Ed.—We don't believe you're all that bad, so there!)

Private Gives Girl Surprise Good Bye

I was at a dance sponsored by the U.S.O. at my camp Service Club, and was dancing with a very pretty young lady. After the dance was over we sat down and talked about ourselves, where she came from, where I came from, and the usual talk that soldiers talk about at a dance. Then she said that she had her younger sister with her, and she called her over, and (not knowing that I understood) told her in Syrian to sit with me for a while until she put some make-up on. Well, I smiled, making believe I didn't understand, and her sister and I began to talk about New York and Boston and various other topics.

A few minutes later the other sister came by and asked her how she liked my company again in Syrian. In the same language the reply came, "I enjoy talking to the jerk more than dancing." I still kept quiet, and said nothing.

Then right at the end of the evening, as we were saying goodbye, I said to them in Syrian, "I enjoyed dancing and talking with you both, and I wish the night were longer." They almost passed out with shock! Then one girl stammered, "Are you a SeSsssSyrian?" and I said that I was.

Well, this established quite a bond as they told me that I was the only S.Y. boy they had ever met in the

The Guerrilla

*Narrowed eyes and the tight line of lips,
Fingers taut on the gun of liberty
and the burning eyes
Bitter with hatred for the despoiler,
breathless he crouches
Listening to the crunching of boots,
the burner of books, the slave-
master
This the fighter, and that the foe.
Here bright freedom
And life quickening hope; there
foul evil.
And now vengeance! The sudden
slash of the steely knife,
The cry of "Kill!" and the whiplike
crack of rifles
The guerrilla strikes.*

camp or the U.S.O., and they were plenty pleased to know one. I also got an invitation to a party in Boston given by some Syrians.

But she and I will never forget their astonished expressions when I first started to talk in Syrian. That night sure was a wow!

By Pfc. David Beyda
Camp Edwards, Mass.

TO A SPEEDY VICORY
Mr. & Mrs.
EZRA BATTAT
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Helmet Plays New Role In Army Life As Described By Seruya

by Pvt. Sam Serouya

It's a beautiful Sunday morning and from my tent it's only a stone's throw to the gorgeous Blue Sea. It's a very beautiful spot here and I'm sure during peacetime people would pay a fortune of money to come here and enjoy it's beauty and convenience.

You take a look around our Area and all you see is fellows busy as bees. Some are washing clothes, others are taking that well known HELMET BATH. No, No, don't get me wrong, they don't climb into the Helmet.

Let we explain the use of a helmet besides being a head protector against shrapnel and other things flying around. For washing your face every morning, brushing your teeth and a shampoo basin it's excellent.

Then for that Helmet Bath to relieve you of the ever present "Bivouac Aroma." Here's how you go about it.

You get enough boards to stand on, fill up the helmet and start soaping

your body. Then when you're pretty well soaped up, you take a few more fills of clear water and rinse off the soap. Ah, you're not finished yet. There's the head wash, again the Helmet. Nope you're still not finished. There is last, but not least, the foot wash. Wonderful thing, the Helmet.

I've been in Africa a few months now. When I first landed here, I was worried about how we were going to sleep, wash, learn the customs and exchange of money and a million other things. Not only that but it makes me laugh to hear the boys carry on conversations with the natives; it's part American, Arabic and French. They really sum up to be very interesting and understandable conversations.

Now if you'll excuse me, I'll close this letter as I'm smelling something around me. You guessed it my own Bivouac Aroma. So now for the slow process of taking a HELMET BATH.

Jack "Abdil" Kareem Levy of The Navy A Welcome Guest Among The Arabs

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA

Received your June issue and needless to say I enjoyed it very much. It is always a great event when the Bulletin drops in on me.

I never realized before how many S.Y. boys are here in N. W. Africa. Hereafter I shall use my free time hunting old acquaintances instead of old whiskey.

I, too, like many of the S.Y. boys here, am acting as an Arabic translator for the Navy Intelligence. However, I also put out to sea on some occasions. I have been to Algiers, Oran and to the "Big Rock" (Gibraltar) and must say my cruises have been most interesting as well as exciting.

Being in this town on and off for nine months has its compensation, as it's something to walk down the street and be greeted with "salam" as well as dinner invitations by the natives. I've made many friends.

It's amazing to note their old customs as well as habits. For instance, I've always wondered why my grandmother wore that fringed shawl over her head. (I always thought her wig would come off if she didn't.) Now I know it's an old native custom dating back three generations.

I learned through your paper that my brother Raymond, who is stationed in Panama, is really making out well

for himself. But you can mention that I go him one better. He may have the best apricots cooked with meat and long kibeh, but I know a family here that makes 'out of the World' baklawa. My father will no doubt think I've deserted his baklawa for another, but he can be sure his is tops. But they have a beautiful daughter as a side dish.

The official native name given me by the Arabs is "Abdil Kareem." I pay off with daily rations of sugar and tea. Perhaps they will promote me to "Abdil Pasha" one day.

That was a sharp picture of your N.S.W.C. girls. Plenty of good lookers as well as curves. I, as well as many boys, I'm sure are mighty proud of them and the work they are doing. Good luck to you girls more power in your endeavors.

Congratulations to my favorite columnist Marge Labaton, and here's to a happy merger, Marge.

Allow me, even at this late date, to thank you for your gift package. I received it while aboard ship and it was more than enjoyed.

Congratulations on your headline editorial. It was smartly written and made clear the Victory Bulletin's aim. You can be sure with such an outlook and view, success and Victory is inevitable.

Yours for Victory,

Seaman Jack Levy

Army's General Orders As Seen In New Light

Prize-Winning Humorous Article

By PFC.

ISAAC ASHKENAZI
Fort Belvoir, Va.



I think there should be an explanation in regard to this article. This was made to follow our General Orders which we are supposed to know verbatim when we go on guard duty. So I applied those General Orders to the Mess Hall. Any soldier who knows his General Orders will immediately see how the above are applied accordingly.

1. To take charge of this meat and all spuds in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any dessert that comes within sight or smell.
3. To report any bread sliced too thin to the mess officer.
4. To report all call for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when satisfied that there is nothing good left.
6. To receive but not pass on to the next man any bologna, tapioca or beans left by the cook.
7. To talk to no one when I'm busily eating.
8. To allow no one to steal anything in line of chow.
9. In any case not covered by instructions to call the mess Sgt.
10. To salute all chickens, steaks, pork chops, ham and eggs, and liver.
11. To be especially on the alert at the table and during the time of eating to challenge anyone who seems to be getting more to eat than myself.

Victory in 1943

JACK, MOLLIE,
CHUCK & BABS
SUTTON

Soldiers praise Home Front Work



Somewhere
in North Africa

By
Pvt. Joseph
A. Cohen

Your heart-warming gift package, followed me from Georgia to North Africa. After standing guard for many hours at midnight, my shift crowded in my pup tent and devoured the delicacies with the zest of an old woman smoking the Nargileh (water pipe). In spite of all the French and Arab beauties here, you girls were praised, dreamed of and proposed to for your swell work on our behalf. Our gun crew shaves every day with the "quick shave" the "smooth shave", the brushless shaving cream.

I just received the May issue of the V.B. and missed chow because I wouldn't tear myself from all the fat juicy news from home. Your editorial, "The Future is Ours" was very inspiring and I venture to say that many of my buddies saw more clearly what we fight for and how to achieve the real people's peace.

Your contest for us guys sounds interesting and I am sending in my entry at the urging of my buddies who always enjoy anything the G.J.L. sends us, especially that which satisfies our insatiable hunger for sweets.

Hail to the best club for Victory.

Pvt. Joe A. Cohen

Waycross, Ga.

I could sit for days and write all my different experiences since I've been with Uncle Sam's fighting forces. Instead I'll try to make this letter concise and to the point.

We are all in this war—not for fun. We all have a job to do and if we do it right and the civilian population co-operates, Victory will soon be ours.

The Army is what you make it. If you make up your mind, you will get along swell and really enjoy the outdoor life.

I am in the Air Corps and I mean to see this war through until every Axis threat is wiped off the earth.

I have been in New York for the past week on a furlough. The people here treat our boys in uniform the best in our whole 48 states.

Southern "Jim Crow" Laws Arouses Strong Feeling In Northern Soldier

by T/5 Gr. Joseph Safdieh

The other day I got into a bus at the gate of camp to go into town. The bus waited about five minutes and just before it started a conductor came in and went to a colored soldier who was not sitting exactly in the rear of the bus. (There is a Virginian law which states that colored people must ride in the rear of the bus.) He was told by the conductor to seat himself in the rear. This soldier, apparently from the North, told the conductor that he would rather get out of the bus than move back a seat and after an exchange of words the soldier got out.

A scene as this wouldn't touch the feelings or emotions of many of the Southerners as it is only natural to them. But many soldiers from the North uttered a word of dissatisfaction. Here was an American soldier who couldn't sit in a bus except in the rear because he was colored and

laws of Virginia and other Southern States forbade him to sit elsewhere.

This soldier must have asked himself at that moment such questions as, "Why are there such laws directed against me and thirteen other million?" "What will I be fighting for in this uniform?" "Doesn't the Constitution say something against racial discrimination?" "How would that conductor and others like him care to be treated the way they are treating me?" I know he wouldn't like it. Sure my morale is not as high as it should be, specially now that I am a soldier and am supposed to be fighting for principles of equality."

It is about time that all JIM CROW laws were abolished in the South. Gradual abolishment of these laws should commence immediately by the legislatures in the Southern states. Such a move would prove how truly and genuinely we mean our war aims.

I never knew we had so many beautiful single New York girls, but I can tell you, after this mess is over the boys will really appreciate them as never before.

Don't give up hope, girls. The boys will be home soon if we all keep up the good work.

Cpl. Max Massry
Africa

I received your Victory Bulletin and was very glad to get it.

Well, a lot has happened to me since those happy-go-lucky days I used to have back in the States. I've gotten to be a soldier with on one goal—to fight until the day that a victorious peace will come to our people.

I haven't had an easy time here. I've

been from Casablanca to Tunis, and have seen a few things that are unbelievable—things that I will never forget. I wish I could write you a story on that, but there's a little thing called the censor, that doesn't allow some things to be told . . . yet.

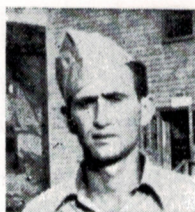
I am writing this letter in a small pup tent with a slit trench dug in it, six feet wide, and three feet deep. It is not comfortable, and is pretty hard to sleep in, but no one is in this war to be comfortable. All in all, it is pretty rough, yet it is the most adventurous life any one can lead, and I wouldn't trade it for any amount of money.

I wouldn't mind hearing from any one of you, so don't be bashful.

Pvt. Murray Levy

Roll Of Honor

Lt. Abraham A. Abady—01290522—Co. H, 39th Inf. A.P.O. 9 c/o PM., New York, N.Y.
Pvt. Victor M Ades—668 T.D. Bn. Recon. Co., North Camp Hood, Texas
Louis Beyda A/S 689, U.S. Naval Trg. Station, Newport, R. I.
John L. Bahr S2/c, 68th Const. Batt. Co. B2, c/o Fleet Post Of., San Francisco, Cal.
Hank Chera, U.S.C.G. Trg. Station, Bat. 3C90, Manhattan Beach, N. Y.
Pvt. Edward Cohen, Co. D—30 Bn. C.S.C.R.T.C., Camp Crowder, Mo.
Pvt. Isadore Cohen—32964603—2nd Rec. Co. 2C, Camp Upton, N. Y.
Cpl. Nathan Dayan—33738441—H. & S. Co. 745, Ry. Oper. Bn. Camp Thomas A. Scott, Fort Wayne, Indiana
Pvt. Raymond Grazi—32960691-505 M.P. Bn. C. C., Camp Breckinridge, Ky.
Pvt. Joseph Hedaya, 126 CML Impreg. Co. U.T.C., Camp Sibert, Ala.
PFC. Ephie Horowitz, Co. A 800 S.T.R., Camp Crowder, Mo.
Elias Louis Kboudi, S 2/c N.T.S., Co. 740, Newport, R. I.
Pvt. Morris H. Levey—32960892—Co. A 12th Trg. Bn., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Pvt. Jean I. Misseri, Co. C 57th Bn. M.R.T.C., Camp Berkeley, Texas
Cpl. A. Mizzeri—32540842—Btry. H, 701 C.A. (AA) c/o PM, Newport, R. I.
Pvt. Albert Nahem, 29th Bn. Co. C, Camp Croft, S. C.



Prize-Winning Poem

By Pt. WALTER
SERURE
Camp Peckett, Va.

"G.I."

This is the song of G.I. muse
Lumbering along in G.I. shoes
Sung to a sort of G.I. tune
Under the G.I. Southern moon.

G. I'm loaded with G.I. clothes

G. I'm tired of G.I. hose
G. Hon I'm sick of G.I. issue, and
OH!

My darling G.I. missue.

G.I. long for a G.I. pass

Far from the dusty G.I. grass
I'm so darned tired of G.I. whirls
With the usual crop of G.I. girls

G.I. adore you, darling mine,

(G. I'm tired of this G.I. rhyme)
But G. I'm happy and I'll tell you
why
Ours is a love that is not G.I.

Aussie's Customs Amuse U.S. Soldier

Take a walk with me through the streets of a typical little Aussie town. We walk on the left side of the footpath over here. The streets are packed and there is a smattering of assorted Allied soldiers and gobs among the crowds.

The store windows display their wares rather conservatively and except for an opening two or three feet square, they are boarded up "just in case." Window shoppers carry small bags with them wherever they go, though God knows what they use the "bloody" things for.

When Saturday night comes around there are various things to do. If it is the early part of the month, a G.I. (U. S. Soldier to you) could take his date to a night club, and kill 4 or 5 quid (quid—pound=3.22). Towards the middle of the month the billfold is considerably lighter, and he treats his lady to a movie (booking well in advance). In the last lap, and suffering from malnutrition of the pay envelope (a very common ailment), he can always spend a quiet evening home with her listening to the wireless, with tea and silly thin sandwiches served at 11 o'clock. Oh well! that's the way it goes.

Pvt. Mack Attie, Australia

"My Foist Day Overseas" As Told By An American Soldier In England

I say it's a letter, if you don't agree wit me, you name it. (I'm a guy what's not a profeshinal riter. I write in plane an' simple lingo. If i use any woids wots more den two syllables, or sumpin like that, forget 'em, for dey ain't right. So I see no reason for enterin' your contest. I'll send you dis note any ways, wot da heck, dey's nothin' ta lose.

On second thought, I'll try my hand at writin' sompin' on "Army Life in a Nissen Hut or My Foist Day in dis Limey Country." (This was the summer of 1942.)

Ya see, when I foist come to England, dey put me in a Nissen Hut. Or dese Limeys put it "Nishen Hut." A Nissen Hut is sumpin dat ya sleeps in, when ya goes overcees. It was our foist night in dis country. Dey gives us seven blankits an a G.I. cot. Bein' we didn't know how ta use dem blankits an cot, we put dem all on da top o' us, when we shudda put some on top and some unner us. It was about one in da mornin' when we went ta bed, and talk about freezin', a night in Alaska widdout a stich o' close on would o' been warmer.

The next morning' we wakes up, an me buddy asts me, "How'd ja sleep last night?" So I says ta i'm, "Jest like a lamb," I say. So I asts 'im, "How'd you sleeps?" I asts. "Just like da lambs brudder" he saids. Next thing we knows, da foist sgt. blows his whistle, and we falls out fer roll call. Den we goes ta da chow hall and meets a hole bunch o' furriners. One guy says, "Look at da Limey," annudder guy says "Look at da tea." So we all sits down and has our foist meal in his country. Then we goes out and some

guy says, "We got da day off." So we goes an dresses up an goes to a nearby village. We starts askin' dem Limeys questions and' dey asts us questions, and before we knows it, we're talkin' about pounds, shillin's, sixpences, bob, (dats anudder woid for a shillin') threepence, tupence, and all Limey money. A ten bob note is sumpin like our "race track bill" oney it don't look like real money. Den we comes back to camp and has our chow.

After chow, we goes to a big town an spends our pounds which cost us four bucks and looks like stage money. It cost me 2 pounds dat foist day, and da money still didn't seem real. Every thing dey do in dis country is different fum wot it is in da states. Whiskey is spirits, dey drive on da wrong side o' da street, movies is flicks dey calls a truck a lorrie, a beer joint is a pub, a pen pernt is a nib, de has billions o' bycycles, and dey ain't built right. Dey dances different, da pubs closes at ten p.m., and dat rubs me da wrong way, da dances finishes at eleven thirty, honest ta gawd dey does every-thing screwy.

I guess ya wants to know how we slept the second night. Well, we was smart. Ya see, we put six blankets unner us an' one blankit over us. So we froze again. Some people never leins, do dey?

I guess dat's all there is now, and if me buddy (?) the censor will let dis get by, I expects to win foist prize. An' if I don't win foist prize, den dey ain't any justice in da hole woid. Is dere. Dis is your overcees reporter bidding you so long. Thumbs up an' V . . . — for Victory.

A One Striper, Pfc. Joseph Cohen

BEST WISHES
to our boys
in the Armed Forces

DABAH & PEREZ

To a Quick Victory
in 1943
and a Safe Return
of our boys

MR. & MRS.
EDWARD DAYAN

Indianapolis, Ind.

Mystery In The Night Solved; It Was Too Peaceful A Place

By PVT. JACK MASLATON, Flushing, L. I.

On Sunday, May 23, I was ordered to pack up and be ready to be transferred to another Searchlight section. I was hustled into a jeep, and off to my new destination!

"Hey, Sarg! Where am I going?"

"Oh! to a nice quiet and peaceful section, I doubt if anybody will bother you out there."

I kept firing question after question, but he backfired answers that didn't reveal any information. After a short stop at Headquarters, we were off again. It was getting dark by now, and I was impatiently waiting to get settled.

Ah! The jeep stopped, as a guard opened the gate. "Gosh! Where in the world am I?" Trees were beautifully displayed and the smell of fresh grass was in the air.

I unloaded and set forth to explore the section myself, as even the boys stationed there wouldn't give out any

information. "Boy! It sure is dark out here. It's a peaceful place—Yea! but too peaceful to suit me. Naw! This can't be a park—it's too dead for that."

Getting tired, I sat under a tree for a short rest. Opposite me was what appeared to be a sign. Curious, I walked over to read it.

Zowie! What the . . . ! Well I'll be . . . ! My feet were off the ground, and ready to hit the road. Nope the sign didn't read "Keep off the grass"—Heck no! My eye caught "*May his soul rest in peace*", and that was enough to convince me. It was a cemetery allright.

Before I even reached the barracks, I heard the boys laughing with all their might, as they all have had the same experience.

But all that is now past as I've been transferred again, and I sure was lucky at that, since the sign at the gate read—"Entrance only."

Girls' Picture Tacked Up On Bulletin Board

EXERPT

The front page of the May issue has been tacked up on the wall of our headquarters out here and the picture of the gorgeous girls is something to write about. I was very happy to hear that an old friend of mine, Max Hidary, was safe in Shanghai and that everything is all right with him.

PFC. Isaac Ashkenazi
Fort Belvoir, Va.

Thoughts from Hawaii

I have come into these islands from a distance very far

I have come here to contribute to the winning of this war.

I have left loved ones behind me, who are all endeared to me

I have journeyed to Hawaii to help keep my country free.

While I'm here I'll do my utmost to contribute to the cause

For which all free men are fighting without let up without pause.

Since my work gives support to the man behind the gun

Little wonder it's important that I must get that job done.

Pvt. Ezra Antaki, Calif.

Bulletin Follows Soldier To England

Pvt. J. E. Mizrahi
New York, N.Y.

Your May issue of the Victory Bulletin has been travelling throughout the States trying to catch up with me. From camp to camp it travelled, but it finally caught up with me somewhere in England. The paper took a heck of a beating after chasing me for about 3 to 4000 miles. You can imagine the relief it felt when it got here. I almost heard a sigh come from it as it rested in my hands.

It also brought relief to me, as I love to hear about the boys I used to go out with and the people I know who right now may be giving their lives for their loved ones back home; some here in England, some in Africa and other scattered over the globe. Whatever branch of the service they are in, they are fighting for the lives of free peoples everywhere as well as for their country.

The V.B. brings me news of my friends—news I want to read about. Here in England, they cheer the King and Queen when they see them; I not only cheer but almost go nuts when I get the V.B.

"Pass"

Paul Arak

While misers hoard their money,
And the queen bee guards her honey
And the housewife clutches sugar to
her breast,
And the gambler calls it heaven
When eleven follows seven,
And the schoolboy things a double
soda best
But the soldier who is thrifty
And in work proves he's a nifty
Has his own idea of heaven bright
as brass
Keep your lucre, please believe him,
Only have the heart to leave him,
Just that little piece of paper known
as "Pass".

BEST WISHES

to our boys in the Armed Forces

I. S. SUTTON

385 — 5th Ave.

COMPLIMENTS

— OF —

Mr. & Mrs.
DICK SHABOT

Mr. & Mrs.
EZRA NASSER

Mr. & Mrs.
SOL SUTTON

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

Conversation Is The Favorite Pastime of Our Boys In Armed Forces

After a few days in an Army barrack a new soldier begins to lose some of his preliminary fright. As he becomes accustomed to this strange, hard life, he loosens up. The real him begins to emerge; he is his former self again, and he begins to express himself by talking.

He talks freely. First, last and always, he talks of the folks back home. He's proud of the girl that he chose for his bride; he shows pictures of her and he shows pictures of his sweetheart or of his family. His bunk-mate also pulls out his wallet. His fingers reach in and out come more snapshots. Before you know it, there's a full-fledged picture-showing session going on with half the barrack clustered around.

"That's me with my girl. That picture was taken indoor and without a flash bulb. Here's one I took of my father. He really caught that fish. I was with him that day. And there's the zoot-suit I told you about. How do you like that fingertip raincoat? Sharp stuff, huh?"

The boys who have suddenly found that they have so much to say to each other don't notice that lights going out. They continue to talk in a lower tone and confine their conversations to immediate neighbors. Without knowing it, some of them are laying the basis for a possible lifetime friendship during these moments.

The coal-miner from the state of West Virginia is hitting it off rather well with the soldier from the east side streets of New York—a rather unnatural alliance, but there they are, still conversing. The boys who came down together from Akron seem to be rediscovering each other and there they go like any typical group of young Americans, getting into a discussion of relative speeds of automobiles that they have driven.

Not all is peaches and cream. The boys also do some griping. They were free men before their country called. Free men who enjoyed the highest standard of living in the world. No one told them when to get up, no one told them what to eat, and no one ordered them over tough obstacle courses and across drill fields. Army life is certainly not easy, especially in a technical training command basic training center.

But you've got your choice. Either you temporarily give up your comforts and luxuries and rid the world once

and for all of this menace, or else it will run roughshod over you and your children and your children's children. They'll let you do all the griping you want in a basic concentration camp.

The war and allied strategy are discussed. They talk of the possible maximum and minimum lengths of the war. Where will the big blow come now that we've cleaned out Tunisia? When? The soft underbelly of the Axis? or across the channel for the knockout punch. Will they wait for us to become gunners, mechanics, machinists, radio men? Or will they go ahead without us now and use us later against the dirty Japs? And I wonder how long it will be before we can come marching down Main Street.

The boys talk. Each contributes his share to the conversation and each adds his little scene to the personal drama of this barrack. One stutters, and expresses himself in a slow Indiana drawl and a cocksure lad from Atlantic City begins to swear for the sake of swearing.

The last word has been said. It comes from the other end of the barrack. All is silent for a moment. The fellows are falling asleep. And now the men and boys who've put in a day's work begin to snore—loudly—and I can't sleep.

Pvt. Morris Dweck
North Carolina

To My Angel

*The day's been long and dreary,
My heart is sad but true
I've thought all day of someone,
You know darn well, it's you.*

*I've tried and I've tried to study
To learn all there was to know
But alas my mind would not function
My heart it was fluttering so.
I sleep and dream of the day
That I'll return to my hon
To you and to you alone
But first there's a war to be won.*

*Shakespeare could have done much better
But I can't dig him up to write this letter
So be satisfied with poor little me
Who's learning the art of poetry.
By Pvt. Ephie Horowitz
Camp Crowder, Md.*

A COMPLETE VICTORY
IN 1943

•
Mr. & Mrs.
JOE TAWIL

•
"VICTORY
TO
1943

Mr. & Mrs.
ABE SILVERA
San Diego, Calif.

LIBERTY LIMERICKS



Said a nurse, "When you think of the sorrow That the war's piling up for tomorrow, Can you hold back today Just a tenth of your pay Which your country is trying to borrow?"



Give Hitler his own medicine! Each War Stamp is a bullet—each Bond a bomb. Invest in freedom and future security!

U. S. Treasury Dept.