

VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume III, No. 8

DECEMBER, 1944

By Subscription

FROM THE SOLDIERS



Somewhere in France.

After reading some of the fellows' comments on the landing in France, I'd like to give you my version.

Firstly, it was a most wonderful sight to watch our planes go over in a never-ending stream, while all about us floated every type of ship and boat imaginable. We sighted the coast of France on June 5th, but we were too far out to see much. It was a beautiful thing, however, to see those battlewagons pouring shells on to the beach. Every time we saw a shell hit we'd yell our heads off as if we were watching a baseball game.

Incidentally, I almost felt sorry for Jerry, I was with a bunch of engineers who were the toughest looking bunch of men I'd ever seen. And they couldn't wait to get off that boat!

On D . . . 40 hours, we left our ship and headed for shore. It was cold and dreary and looked as though a hurricane had hit the place. I was scared stiff, and when the first thing I saw were four G.I.'s turning purple I felt sick to the stomach.

That night we slept in fox holes which didn't help me feel any better, and we were soaked through after wading ashore. By the way, have you ever seen a fox hole do a rumba? Well, mine did! Jerry came over and our boys got five of them. One was in flames and by the time he hit, you could have read a newspaper by the light the fire threw off. Snipers were all around, and I didn't know one was firing at me until the grass was clipped an inch from where I was sitting. You'd be surprised at the speed a person can travel with a full pack.

However, what really hurts is to see our boys lying still and I pray inside of me that this time it really will be a lasting peace.

Pvt. H. S. Franco.

(Continued on Page 6)

Welcome Home To Our GI's Fighting Men Return



In this issue of the *Victory Bulletin*, we are proud to welcome home five of our soldiers fighting men, who have seen and battled

with the enemy in the cause of Freedom. Lt. Abe Abadi, Pvt. Sam Schweke, Staf Sgt. Marco Zalta, Pvt. Joe Bijou, Pvt. Irving Betesh, and Joe Ash: we salute you!

Lt. Abe Abadi talks to us on another page. Every one of these men have come face to face with the enemy and felt the roar of gunshot in his ears.

Twenty-six year old Pvt. Sam Schweke sailed to Sicily in July 1943, to take part in the invasion. While driving in a truck with six other men and some 500 lb. demolition bombs for company, they were attacked by German Messerschmitts. The truck swerved off into a side road and crashed into a land mine. Sam was in the hospital until September suffering from the effects of a blow on the head by a hunk of shrapnel. He received the Purple Heart.

In September he rejoined the 86th fighter bomber outfit and went to Italy. And in October he was injured again. Once more it was the German bombers that came over and bombed the foxhole where Sam and his buddies were crouching. He was sent to the hospital again, and this time he also contracted malaria.

His 86th fighter bomber group has been recommended for bravery by Lt. General Clark for its part in the battle of Salerno in the feverish days where they operated hour after hour from a field that was under constant fire from enemy artillery.

Home on furlough and rehabilitation, Sam married Rose Levy, the girl who was waiting for him at home. Sam finds it wonderful to be in the U. S. again, but says gravely, "As far as the guys who signed 301 are concerned, I don't think that we, the fel-

lows who have fought overseas, can ever feel the same toward them again."

And there is Staff Sgt. Marco Zalta, who refused an honorable discharge after injuries to his foot during training. After his three-week furlough, he is now stationed in the States.

Overseas 21 months, he has been through all of North Africa, while moving from one campaign to another. Tunis, Morocco, and the Battle of Kasserine Pass, have all left their mark on him, and after one stiff battle Sgt. Zalta wrote to a buddy: "You lie in your foxhole and dream of home, of coming home to 65th Street and the folks and neighbors and friends that were yours. Yes, you dream—and wonder whether the people back home are laying it on the line to get our troops to Berlin. Are they doing what they can to say thanks to the guys in the foxholes? It's going to take an awful lot of bonds to pay for my two buddies lying dead in the desert tonight!"

Pvt. Joe Bijou, anti-aircraft, and overseas 15 months, travelled with the 5th Army from North Africa, Malta, Sicily, Salerno, and the Anzio beach-head.

He has had many close shaves, but one particularly he recalls. One morning he retired a few hundred yards from the rest of the men so that he might pray in solitude. Then he returned to his original quarters. He found it had been shattered to pieces by an explosion!

When Joe got home, he found a letter waiting for him. It was from Mayor LaGuardia praising him for his brave work with the 5th Army, and wishing him a pleasant furlough.

Overseas nine months, Pvt. Irving Betesh received a furlough recently. Fighting with the 45th Division at Anzio, he described the battle as a living hell "Lying in the foxholes, ankle deep, sometimes knee deep in water, deafening noise all around, the shells would scream and choke over our heads, while the earth shook, and our legs felt weak.

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VICTORY BULLETIN

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The Champ Is Back In The Saddle

The Racket is Over

Well, it's all over except for the singing and the "I told you so's." For at this very moment as I sit at my typewriter pounding out *Victory Bulletin's* page two editorial, the heart-warming news that FDR has been re-elected to a fourth term by a head and shoulders majority is being flashed around the world.

Wheew! The campaign racket is over; and out of the window with it go the predictions, the crowds, the cheers, and all the smears and all the repudiations. And it really is very agreeable bidding farewell to the whole fricassee—especially since our slippery little governor is with us again—in Albany.

It is the first time in months of tense and animated suspension that the nation has relaxed. The pins and needles atmosphere has suddenly cleared; it is almost as if a deep and very audible high of relief has gone up from the American people. A strong, healthy sigh; something like the sound coming from a worker who pauses to take a hard, deep breath after successfully finishing an arduous task.

The American People are Wise

But about these elections—there is one lesson that the big, mud-slinging politicians have learned—and learned well, I hope: that is that the American people, especially the rank and file of organized labor, are never again going to be duped by a pretty piece of bait—no matter how cleverly prepared—because now they have learned to detect the steel hook nestling underneath.

And let's not kid ourselves about the American people. They came through this job with banners flying. The overwhelmingly heavy registra-

It brings warmth to an old salt's heart, so I am forever looking for your *Victory Bulletin* in the mail, so please, girls, don't let me down, as I don't get much other home town news, and I am so proud to see the wonderful work you are doing.

If any young lady has time to send me clippings of some of the feature writers of New York newspapers, it would be the next best thing to home.

Issac Dweck, S.C. 3/c
W.S.S. Cabot—5th Div.
c/o Fleet P.O.
San Francisco, Cal.

(Ed—Young ladies, please take notice, we are printing Isaac's address in full. How about co-operating?)

My mind is burning with a thought, and you, the *Victory Bulletin*, seem my only outlet.

It seems to be a fad right now to hate groups and minorities, and here in this country, there is much "Jew-hating," and also "Negro-hating." Yet intolerance is a menace we are fighting a war against.

There must be a way to counteract such an ideology of hate. Today it is just talk, but such talk becomes more dangerous daily, and with a little judicious prodding from American fas-

tion at the polls proved that they were not quite as apathetic as certain folk had counted on them to be. And when it came to pulling down levers,—they did alright here too, despite Dewey's fifteen million dollar campaign, and the continual yapping about sick men by the Daily News and its like.

Looking at the strong, sharp strides of progress brought by the election returns, we thank heaven that the champ is back with us for four more years. We heartily applaud the second Negro member's entry to the House of Representatives in half a century, we warmly welcome the many new, progressive figures and all of the staunch old fighters back to the stand on capitol Hill, and we say "good riddance" to every reactionary and isolationist swept out of Congress.

Of all the returns, we think that perhaps the best of all is the knowledge that no presidential candidate will ever again try to ride into the White House on a wave of intolerance, race-hatred, and lies—not if he wants to win, anyway.

G. N.

In The Mail-Box

cist leaders, may flare into action.

Education and counter-propaganda can help a great deal. Three years ago it was fashionable to be a hater of Russia and Communism, and now that the true facts are published, the Red soldier is our hero. With the right kind of talk and strong action, we can perhaps bring the truth home to the nation and end race hatred forever.

a/c JACK Sedaka.

6th War Loan Drive Opened By President

Do we fully realize that our men are still fighting and dying on 56 war fronts!

That is the picture that faces us today, with Victory in sight, but still many wounds, many lives, and many battles ahead.

This is a costly war, not only in the lives and suffering of our men, but also in supplies. We need more ammunition, ships, planes, tanks, clothing etc. The money we are lending will buy those supplies.

Fourteen billion dollars are needed. The money must be raised between Nov. 20 and Dec. 16th, dates set by our President to mark the 6th War Loan drive. And we the people of the United States must meet this obligation. We cannot afford not to.



Across the miles to New Caledonia comes a touch of Brooklyn, as Sgt. Clem Marcus meets young Pfc. David Betesh (right), an enthusiastic reader of this paper.

Bensonhurst Greets G.I. Joe Staff Sgt. Joe Ash Comes Home



A couple of weeks back, Staff Sgt. Joe Ash with a beatific smile on his face, walked down Bay Parkway for the first time in three long years. Three years of solid army life; three years of moving up and down the map—liberally interspersed with battles and new campaigns. That is what Joe has come back from, tired, glad to get home, and still thinking of his buddies out there.

Yes, Joe's story is not spectacular; and it wouldn't make the headlines on any newspaper. The fact is that Joe is

just another American soldier; probably he has met up with much the same kind of experience as the next guy, probably he has the same sort of likes, and the same sort of dislikes. But because it is these ordinary G.I. Joes who are the guys that are winning this war for us—perhaps they should be in the headlines now and then, for they, too, are heroes in every sense of the word.

Staff Sgt. Joe Askenazie was inducted on March 26, 1941 and started to train with the army engineers, building bridges. When war broke out, Joe was immediately assigned to a Fighter Squadron and called to overseas duty. (It was a stroke of phenomenal luck that gave the ship on which Joe was to set sail from San Francisco, a case of engine trouble—otherwise, Joe might not have been present to give this interview today.)

Originally orders had been given to land at Java, but Java having recently fallen into enemy hands, the course was changed to Australia, and from Australia, again changed to New Guinea. Joe recounted with shining eye that when he first landed in New Guinea the going was tough since the Japs controlled most of the area, but that after his outfit arrived the tide turned—from defensive to offensive!

Watching the army in action is sometimes similar to watching an intricate but well-oiled machine. While the men of the Fifth Air-Force went to work attacking enemy ground forces and installations, and made possible the success of ground operations, the various service units of the Fifth Air-Force had another job to do. Joe belonged to one of these service units. These units operated at times in advance of ground combat elements, built landing fields in the jungles, established and operated supply points and provided for the hospitalization and evacuation of the wounded and sick.

Joe stresses firmly that it is due to the courageous spirit, and devotion of ALL elements of the command which will bring about complete victory.

Joe's experiences cannot even be be-

gun here—but while he was away, he derived the most pleasure from the occasional meetings with some of the boys of the community. And he remembers clearly the details of how he met each of them.

When he was first relieved from New Guinea and sent to a rest camp in Australia, he went to a hospital to keep a dental appointment, and it was there that he received his first treat. While walking through one corridor, he passed a soldier casually reading a newspaper. To his complete astonishment it turned out to be Sgt. Charles Dweck. Naturally for the rest of Joe's stay, the two were inseparable.

Joe managed to spend the High Holy Holidays with Sgt. Moe Esses and Abe Maleh. Later one of the boys learned that Jack Franco's division had just arrived in the same area after a bitter campaign against the enemy—and were soon able to locate him. The three boys were overjoyed to meet Jack, who, in spite of all the action he encountered, looked remarkably well. The foursome then spent two full days together.

Also high-spots in Joe's past three years were meetings with Julius Kairy, Julius Dahab, Pvt. Sutton and Maurice Gemal.

When Joe first sighted the Golden Gate, on his return journey to the United States, he couldn't control the small lump that seemed to stick tight in his throat. It was then that he took time off to thank God for bringing him home to safety, and to pray for all the boys' speedy and safe return home.

What is Strategy?

"Strategy," declared PFC Murphy up for examination "is when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition but keep on firing."

**A WAR STAMP A DAY BRINGS
NEARER OUR VICTORY DAY**

Girl's Organization Gets Under Way

With the easy, restful summer vacations at Bradley Beach at an end, the Girls' Junior League began operating at full speed once again. To help pack a bigger punch into the National War Fund Drive which was just getting under way at that time, the club members undertook the none-too-easy task of trying to sell one thousand dollars worth of raffles. All winners, incidentally, will be announced at the grand Christmas Dance which the Club is holding. (Keep December 25 open.) To date, more than four hundred of the little blue books have been sold.

At the same time, the G.J.L. decided to launch a drive for old clothing, books, and magazines. The clothes will go to Italian War Relief, while all reading material will be sent to the Red Cross. To save time and much-needed gas, all three items will be picked up at one time on this house-to-house project.

The club members—including a number of first voters—proved themselves to be politically conscious for the first time, and they really rolled up their sleeves to go heart and soul into the fight to keep Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House. They used every means they could think of: they voiced their opinion alongside thousands of others, urging Governor Dewey to extend the voting hours; they raised the sum of one hundred dollars for the Democratic National Committee to put Roosevelt on the air; and they canvassed door-to-door to remind voters NOT to vote for the little guy with the little moustache.

Cpl. Ezra Cohen Getting Well Fast

Cpl. Ezra Cohen, recuperating in a hospital *somewhere in Italy*, is almost in the pink of condition once again.

He was wounded when a shell fragment nicked his left arm during some of the heavy fighting in France. However, according to Ezra's cheerful comment, "It's nothing to worry about; in fact it could have been much worse under the circumstances."

Ezra knows well the grim hardships of war after fighting with the Tank Destroyers Battalion for more than eighteen months in Africa, Sicily, Italy, and France; and he has had more than his share of hair-raising experiences, including being marooned behind German lines for 3 days at a time.

Pvt. Joe Gindi Battling in France Perfect Planning Brings Results

The following is a graphic description of an actual battle in France, as related by Pvt. Joe Gindi.



We had just finished a battle for a certain hill, and it was about noon. We sat down to nosh on a delicious K ration dinner, but before we had time to open the inner wrapper, orders came down that the town which is only a mile and a half away must be in our hands today. It happened to be the objective of our corps. So with the usual gripping, we got up and started down a road eating a piece of cheese and a dog biscuit from our K rations. We were well informed as to the plan of attack, and what to expect from our supporting units, and in my opinion that battle was the most perfectly planned and timed fight we ever fought. Everything ran like clockwork.

While we were advancing on the road, they started shelling us with 88 MM. Ask any man that has seen those 88 MM guns work, and he'll tell you that they are the most powerful weapon that the Germans have. We got off the road, and dispersed in the fields nearby. All we were able to do was to lie as flat as we could, pressing into the ground, and praying like never before.

There was ten minutes of that, and then a silence for two minutes. Out of nowhere we heard a plane flying overhead. From the sound of the engine we could tell it was one of ours. Sure enough, it was our artillery observation plane. Within a minute after he was over enemy territory, they opened up at him with everything they had. But it seems as though they never can get those little babies, and immediately afterwards, we heard our own artillery open up. Tons of shells were whizzing over our heads, and some of them were hitting as close as 75 yards from us, where the enemy had a machine gun nest set up. The sound of our own artillery going overhead makes better music than any famous band, because we know how much the Germans are afraid of it. Hundreds of Germans that were later captured wanted to know

how our artillery works so fast and so accurately.

The artillery made the Jerries retreat, and that's exactly the way the Air Corps boys like it. The Germans started to run back dropping everything, and using every kind of vehicle they could grab from a bicycle to a farmer's cart. Then we heard a roar of planes coming over. It was a bunch of P38s coming to have a field day with the Jerries on the road. They started strafing them, and bombing every gun position they could lay eyes on.

During all this time, we were moving slowly and cautiously towards the town. The minute we got word that the planes were through, we really started moving. Whatever Germans were left opened up on us with everything they had left. We thought for a moment that they were even going to start throwing the kitchen sinks. They were desperate because our other units were coming in on their flanks and they couldn't get away. Then we started on them. The Riflemen up in front were shooting at every enemy position they could see, and even those they couldn't see. The C. O. sent two machine guns to each side, and they started spraying every inch of ground in front of us. Every time a Jerry would pop up his head, he got it between the eyes. By that time the mortars were set up a little behind the lines, and they opened up. All this time, the Riflemen, were moving closer and closer to the enemy. One thing about the Germans is that as soon as you get close enough to charge with a bayonet, they give up.

While all this was going on, the tanks in the rear were ready to pass. They started rolling right into the streets of the town, and firing on everything they saw on their way. Only a few of them were blown up by mines. The enemy's main body was in the town, and apparently they were very disorganized. By that time the delaying party which the enemy put outside of the town was surrendering one by one. We kept on going forward firing at every target we saw until we got to the first building in the town which was a small house. We went through the house, after putting two rifle grenades in it. Two Germans were

More About Welcome Home G.I.'s

(Continued from Page 1)

"We stayed in that foxhole for 22 days, and then were sent to a rest area, where we got hot meals for the first time, and took a bath, and got some clean clothes. It was heaven!

"After that it was back into action again, and on to Rome, but let me say this: Our men are going through fire and torment to obtain freedom. It costs a hell of a lot more than a linen tablecloth and a dozen napkins!"

in there, and they were killed by the grenades.

Then in the center of the town, we saw about forty Germans standing in the middle of the street with their hands on their heads yelling "Comrad", at the top of their lungs. We felt like mowing them with a machine gun, but we had orders to take prisoners, so we left five men to guard them and kept going. The main battle was won now, and all we had to do was mop up the snipers. The snipers are usually the SS troops who hardly ever give up as long as they have even one round of ammunition left. Then they come out yelling "Comrad", and expect us to take them prisoners.

Not long after the last shot was fired, some French people came back to the city, and out of their hiding places. They came back to what a few hours before were their homes. Between what the Germans did to them, and what we did to them in order to get the Germans out of them, there wasn't much left. But the French people instead of holding it against us, come out with whatever cider, cognac, wine and fruits they have left. They do everything to show their gratitude and joy at their liberation.



**THIS
PIG BANK'S UNSAFE!**

**Invest your money in United States
WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!**

U. S. Treasury Department

Hi, Peepul

By MARGE LABATON

Some comment has been made of late on the contents of this column. Certain objectors claim that some items are slanderous, unjust and cause much harm.

In answer, I would like to have it known that I discriminate against no person or group and that this column is written in a humorous vein and ONLY in a humorous vein. Readers should not interpret harmless statements into shameful scandals. I ask you, readers, not to take this column in a very "serious" way.

A young Fifth Avenue Merchant was recently seen biting the dust after a futile effort to "make" an Ocean Parkway girl. . . . Isn't it a pity that R. T. and S. M. must see each other on the Q. T. . . . It seemed rather odd seeing that certain S. Y. girl who is very pro-union going out with a prominent strike-breaker (or doesn't business mix with pleasure). . . . That bit of Sunshine in Laura Beyda's eyes has decended in her heart. . . . (OOPs! What am I doing; this isn't December 1940.—Sorry folks, just forget you ever read anything).

Bert Dweck says "Flugie" is very carefree... he doesn't care as long as it's free. (Sorry Flugie, but that got us a \$10.00 ad)... Ali Bey wasn't nervous at his wedding, but when the Rabbi popped the question, his answer was "I knock with 10 points."

A real estate man in Westchester thinks he's Napoleon (You'd go baty too if you'd just sold three homes in one day)... 510 Fifth Avenue would rather play checkers all day than to make a \$1000 sale... Sign on 461 Fifth Avenue reads SULTANS... sign on 469 Fifth Avenue reads HITLER'S NEW ORDER.. (together) HITLER'S NEW ORDER SULTANS... The composer of "They're Either Too Young Or Too Old", had none other than the Syrian boys in mind when writing the song... They pick on nothing but the best—4 Ziegfield Follies Girls of 1912... Linda Cohen believes in the old adage "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again". She tried five times until the Red Cross finally took her blood... Orchids to Rose Blanco!! Gives blood four days before her wedding day! . . . Stoogies got locked up the other nite for flashing his baldy during a blackout... Wonder if Pfc. Eddie Cohen is going into the grocery business with all the food requests he sends??

Pauline Mizrahi's house-warming party turned out to be some hott party!!... He must be a pretty nice guy if Ceil Cohen proudly wears HIS orchid on Bay Parkway...

The nite of Sunday October 29 was really date nite at the Shore Road Cassino, but all were "twisted twosomes"... Seen:

Teddy Tawil and Rae Dishy
Eddie Serure and Marilyn Dayan
and Flora Harrary (man shortage)
Moe Bijou and Irene Sitt
Ike Maleh and Helen Shabot.

Jack Chabot isn't superstitious but in his dreamboat (Buick to you) he carries 5 different colored "chebay", lime, lemon, cherry, etc. . . . Ralph Beyda got a warm reception at Grossingers (you've heard of a 21 Gun Salute); well he arrived at Grossingers and two bellhops got up and cracked their knuckles. . . .

SHORTAGES

Due to the sugar shortage Ike Hafif take s his bride with him when he has coffee... she puts her finger in the coffee... A certain handkerchief manufacturer is going to make initialed paper tissues (kleenex) due to the scarcity of 88x80 handkerchief material. . . . Joe Ades has solved the gasoline problem: he uses pure unadulterated ARRAK in his car. . . . Jimmy Sitt had a steak??? uptown, when he got back to Bay Parkway someone cried "Ho" . . . he almost choked. . . . Julie Liniado brings her own bananas to Meyers for her banana splits. . . .

The Moos bent over to tie his shoelace, someone put a saddle on him, and he ran second at the Jamaica Races... Wonder who the lucky guy was picked up by three Syrian girls in front of the Brass Rail??? Who said there is a man shortage??

It was little Brooklyn in France when Dave Cohen, Sam Bijou, Ike Kassan, Nat Franco, Joe Belilos, Abe Sutton, Harry Yatchie, Morris Jemal, Charlie Antoky, Izzie Shamah, Joe Hanan, Joe Esses, and Morrise Bibi met on the Yom Kipper holidays... Here's hoping they all meet again in Brooklyn next year... And now for the \$64 question... What were the two best and most wonderful parties we've had in years and where it almost seemed like the good ole days? The answer... Of course, Sgt. Joe Ashkenazi and Lt. Abe Abadi's Welcome Home from overseas parties... May there be many more to follow...

MILESTONES

Births

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Mizrahi — boy
Mr. and Mrs. Bob Kboudi — boy
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gindi — boy
Sgt and Mrs. Morris Liniado — boy
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Marcus — girl
Mr. and Mrs. Eli Mansour — boy
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Allway — boy
Mr and Mrs. Irving Shasho — boy
Mr. and Mrs. Moses Shabot — girl
Mr. & Mrs. Joe Tobias — boy
Mr. and Mrs. Moe Haber — boy

Engaged

Vicky Seruya to Moe Esses
Vicky Ashkenazi to Max Levy

Married

Esther Zafrani to Leon Abady of Panama
Pauline Rishty to Pvt. Morris Schwecky
Rose Blanco to Jack Abady
Rene Salem to Pvt. Abe Missry
Julie Anteby to (Ali Bey) Alfred Cohen
Olga Cohen to Jimmy Missry
Sophie Ades to Edward Gabriloff

To

Our

Brother

ALLAN

A Speedy

Return

LEON & JACK

NASAR

Letters From Soldiers

(Continued from Page 1)

Somewhere in France.

Today is September 20th, one day after the Jewish New Year. I had made inquiries about services, and found that there would be a service Sunday evening, and again all day Monday. I managed to go, and was astonished to meet what I believe to be the largest crowd of Syrian boys even seen at one time overseas.

We were from five different outfits and various places. There was Harry Yatchie, Ike Kassim, Joe Bellilos, Morris Jemal, Nat Franco, Charlie Antoky, Joe Hannan, Morris Bibe, Sam Bigio, Izzie Shamah, Dave Cohen, Joe Esses and myself.

The twelve of us spent the holiday together. Many of us had travelled 40 or 50 miles to get there, but it was sure worth it. We reminisced about old times and Bay Parkway, and don't we all miss it! We promised to try and meet again for Yom Kippur.

Pvt. Abe S. Sutton.

England.

I have been in seven different stations since my arrival here, and have seen quite a lot of the country. On the whole the people are swell. And they go out of their way to make an American soldier feel at home. They are unlike the American people who like new things and will dispose of the old in a moment. Here they seem to stick to traditions and old customs.

The young generation is gradually learning new things, such as jitterbugging, etc. Songs here are American hits, and we hear lots of American jazz. There are going to be some social changes here after this war, if the youth have any say in the matter.

When you hear a girl or a boy say: "I had a smashing time!" it means swell or marvelous time.

Sgt. Moe Erani.

Italy.

We had just arrived in Italy, and before I had a chance to recuperate from the "cruise" someone yelled raucously into my ear. "Hey Husney! The first sergeant wants to see you."

Well, with many inward ruminations about the shape, appearance, and future destiny of first sergeants in general, I dragged my weary little fanny over to the orderly room and waited for the busy man's attention.

I waited awhile, and then lifted my eyes for a moment, and who do you think I saw? None other than Mac Haddad, leaning back at a desk, feet up and the old familiar smile hovering round his mouth, and of course, that cigar was hovering there too.

1st Lieutenant Abe Abadi Chats As One Soldier To Another

Brooklyn, New York
November, 1944

Hi Fellows:

I have just returned from Italy after spending but eight months overseas, and the reception I received at home was so overwhelming that I would seriously think of going through it all over again. (Oh yeah!)

Boys, you have no idea how appreciated you are over here and what a welcome you will receive when you get home. Whether you are a six by six dispatcher in Italy or in some South Pacific Isle dodging Jap bullets in some fox-hole, you are all heroes to the folks back home.

Your home you will never recognize. It will be decorated beginning at the front door with flags, posters, and welcome-home signs. Upon entering your house you will swear you are in a florist shop. People will come from all over the community and ask you many questions. Be prepared to answer such questions as:

(1) When will the war be over? After all, being overseas—you are an authority on the subject.

(2) A mother having a son in the Signal Corps wants to know if it's "Don-ger" in the Signal Corps. They do not realize that it's not the branch

Seriously, Mac is the swellest person you want to know, and it was grand seeing him. That night he got "Beezie," (Abe Mazria) over the phone, and it was a thrill hearing an old familiar voice. A day or two later, I was shipped out and since then I have seen "Beezie" frequently.

Next, I bumped into my own nephew, Abe Shamah, and a day later I was sitting quietly in my tent minding my own business, when three large figures loomed up in the doorway. They were none other than Sam Serouya, Raphael Mizrahi, and my nephew Abe.

When I had recovered sufficiently to talk, they told me that Abe Abadi and Charlie Dweck were close by.

We are planning to fly to see them next Sunday, if all goes well. You know how the Army is, you can plan anything months ahead—no one can stop you.

Incidentally, why can't the Victory Bulletin publish the names and addresses of men in the same locality overseas, it would be very helpful.

Pvt. Ezra Husney.

(Ed.—We have tried to do this, but the censors have objected strongly, and refused to allow it.)

of service, but where it's placed that determines the vulnerability. You'd better have some exciting stories for the folks back home. If you don't, make some up. They expect it.

The first thing that will impress you are the Syrian girls. They are BEAUTIFUL! Even those that may not have appealed to you before you left home are suddenly most desirable. Take my word, fellows, all of them are waiting for you.

Most people here do not realize that the bare necessities to them are luxuries to you over there, such as: a bed with sheets, milk, a shower, hot or cold. It is difficult for them to realize that even water to bathe with is rationed over where you are stationed.

Your letters and pictures are always carried on your mother's or wife's person. Even letters two or three months old are exchanged and discussed at every sagra, party and gathering. So, take a tip from a past victim, don't write anything to your folks that you don't want the community to read. I must have read dozens of letters that you boys have written, and had to explain some very intricate details. I know how much you enjoy receiving mail from home, but here your folks are more anxious to hear from you. After all, you are over there, and it's only natural that they should worry about you. Hearing from you will ease their worries as to your safety.

To sum up let me say that everyone here is praying for your early return. I don't believe that any soldier coming back from overseas will get as much as a home-welcoming as the boys from our own community.

Good luck, and God be with you.

Abe Abadi,

1st Lt., A. C.

(Ed Note: Abe, a bombardier in the Air Corps, is home on leave, after completing his fifty flying missions over enemy territory. Good flying, Abe.)

Reported Missing Abe Falack Safe

Hope is a wonderful thing. When Pvt. Abe Falack was reported missing in action in September 1944, his family continued to hope.

And now their prayers have been answered for Abe is alive. A letter has been received stating that Pvt. Abe Falack is wounded in hospital, and on the way to recovery.

JAP SOLDIERS "SLY RATS" TO MARINE IKE MIZRAHI



The 25th Marine Regiment, 4th Marine Division, trained their men for the battle on the Marshall Islands. They trained them exhaustively and completely, so that if necessary, troops could carry

on the fight without their officers. Pvt. Isaac Mizrahi belonged to these troops, the first American boys ever to land on Japanese controlled territory!

It was January 30th, 1944, when they glided to the shores of the Marshalls. And all night long, they waited and watched while shells blasted away, and our bombers and fighter bombed and strafed the islands mercilessly. On the morning of January 31st, they struck, and within a week, the Stars and Stripes fluttered over the Marshalls.

The 25th Marine Regiments had taken seven islands in the Atoll, and now 33 more were to be inspected. Pvt. Mizrahi writes: "It took eight days, of 192 hours to complete this operation, and every hour was a wet one. One night we lay with Japanese planes humming in the vicinity. Before we knew it bombs were crashing around us. It seemed untold ages before the racket stopped but actually the raid lasted only an hour. At the beginning of March, we left the Marshalls, the whole regiment to be confined to hospital for treatment of dysentery, from the dampness of the islands."

From there the regiment went to a rest camp in Hawaii. There Isaac met his older brother Harry, overseas already two years, and Lt Harold Sutton. Harry Mizrahi was with the Tank Corps. The three boys spent wonderful and nostalgic times together.

Then, "At the beginning of May we left x . . . and entered Pearl Harbor to refuel and get instructions for the biggest push yet into the Pacific. At that time there had been a great many explosions of LST boats loaded with 100% high octane gas. Knowing my brother Harry was on one of them a few of us boarded a Higgins boat and inquired about him. A few days later Division Intelligence informed me that he was missing!

"We reached Saipan in the Marianas

soon after on the evening of June 13, and again watched through the night while the shells burst and flared into flaming death. In the morning we went over the side. My regiment was to attack the southernmost part of the island while Lt. Harold Sutton's regiment was operating north of us. We took our objective B Aerodrom on the fourth day.

"Our first night on the island was a nightmare. We lay there waiting, and listening to the Japs, only a few yards away in a cane patch. They were talking loudly, and drinking saki among themselves. They would yell 'Corpsman,' and if our corpsmen stood up, they would get shot at. They yelled and shouted among themselves, saying 'Shut-up, shut-up, shut-up,' and they counter-attacked on our left flank in the early morning.

"The Jap is a sly, sleek, smart, underrated soldier (or rat). The first morning we were sure we had killed between 75 and 150 Japs, yet for three days we saw nothing but scattered rifles and blood—nor a sign of a dead Jap. Three days later we came upon caves with Jap dead piled up—100 to 150 in each cave. A stink came out of those caves that will remain in my nostrils forever.

"The first sniper our company shot was a young Japanese woman of about 25, dressed in soldier's uniform with cropped hair, and a pouchful of grenades. Japanese fanatics would give 10-year-old children these grenades to bring to us American Marines with the pins out, ready to explode in our faces—and theirs.

"Our third day on Saipan, a man driving an amphibious truck stopped and asked me if my name were Harry Mizrahi. I answered 'No.' Then he said 'I thought you were. Have you seen him around?' to which I replied that the last I had heard was that he was missing. Imagine my astonishment when he laughed and told me that he had been with my brother only a few hours ago, and only a couple of miles to the north of us. He had been put on the missing list by mistake. Saipan was a living HELL but for a while I was one of the happiest men alive.

"I made arrangements with my new found friend to see my brother as soon as I got a chance. But the combination of Japs plus the medical department thought differently, and two days later I was evacuated to a hospital ship with Psychoneuroses, and

battle fatigue. At a hospital in Pearl Harbor I received treatment for one month. From there I was ordered back to the States.

We docked at Puget Sound in Washington State, the morning of August 18th. It was a cold wet dreary morning, but I loved it. I just loved it till the tears came out of my eyes, for this was home—my America."

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

A SPEEDY
RETURN

to

CHARLES,
JIMMY & JACK
A B A D Y

from

I. ABADY & SONS

Jap Planes Roar But Flee Our Guns



The first time the Japs attacked his ship was a veritable nightmare for Aviation Machinist's Mate Isaac Cohen. Now a veteran of fourteen battles and eight major campaigns, he can recall that first

fight with comparative calmness.

He and his crew were on General Quarters for three days and three nights, when the Japs attacked. First they sent down flares of paper and metal to confuse the radar that picks up the planes' positions. Then they started to pound away mercilessly. The moon was shining brightly, indeed, it seemed the whole ship was aglow with its silver beams. Our planes on deck ready to take off, offered one drop of comfort, and the ack-ack guns, their black nozzles pointed menacingly skywards another.

The racket was immense, and the belching smoke, flame, and innumerable sparks made a wierdly beautiful picture in the night. Ike was kind of wishing that those planes would go up after the marauders, but it wasn't necessary. The boys at the guns did the trick, and finally the last Jap plane disappeared from the sky, and the throbbing of last the engine faded away.

On board ship, the crew relaxed, and turning on the radio, listened with great amusement while Tokyo Rose tried to weaken the morale of our boys. Their biggest laugh was when she stated, as she frequently does, that the ship they are sitting safely on has been sunk.

"As for that", Ike says, "When we see the Jap fleet, full steam ahead, fleeing from our ships, we think of 'The mouse running away from the cat'".

Ike tried to join up at 17, but was refused. Finally at 18, he was accepted into the navy—a childhood dream come true, and soon after became a member of the crew of the "Hornet" a new ship, sister to the "Hornet", sunk in the South Pacific.

Now after nine months of action in the South Pacific, Ike came home to good old Brooklyn,—another dream come true.

Roll Of Honor

PVT. ELY E. ASHKENAZI—34996727—3508 Base Unit AAF Section O Bks. 1643 Traux Field, Madison, Wisconsin.

JERRY GUSTAV COHEN A/S 9104954, Co. 360 Unit E8L USNTC, Sampson, N. Y.

PVT. ISAAC MASSRY—42179265—Co. C 6th Bn. E.T. Bn. Camp Belvoir, Va.

FANNY NAHMOD Y1/C USNR, 5924—9th St. N.W., Apt. 306, Washington, D. C.

PFC. MORRIS NAHMOD—39162939—Co. F 37th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga.

PFC. NATHAN NAHMOD—33686516—Inf. Co. A APO. 15426 c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.



The Gang's All Here! Photo taken somewhere in Italy.

From left to right, Sam Serouya, Ezra Husney, and Jack Braha.

Soldier, How Does The World Look? Change It Over And Win a Prize

GRAND Contest open to all G. I's

We strongly suspect that Brooklyn appears like a Garden of Eden right now, to all you fellows in uniform, and that Bensonhurst seems like one floor higher than heaven. Anyway you spend a whole lot of time thinking about the old place, and of what you're gonna do when you come marching home—for good.

Yeah, you're gonna have a gal—all to yourself too—(And that's not maybe talk), and a sleek jeep with gas to match, and a helicopter for the baby, and a yacht in which to cruise around Bay Parkway. (Who wants to see the world, anyway!)

However rosy your plans are—we'll bet that there are at least a couple of changes you'd like to see made, up and down the line. Perhaps they are your own personal little fads, or perhaps they are

changes you'd like to see made in the place, or people, or customs, to keep in tread with the progress of America.

Whatever they are—we'd like to hear about them. And to aid you're thinking we are giving bumper gift packages to those "changes" we think are the best. The number of gifts we send out, will depend on the number of entries we receive. The deadline for this contest is January 15th, 1945.

So mail your entries as soon as possible to:

Mrs. Glynne Nahem
1643 Ocean Parkway
Brooklyn, New York

and mark the top left hand corner of your letter, "Changes I'd like to see contest."

C'mon fellows. Get writing—BUT NOW!

An American Talks On Free Press Wants Social Change In Community

Since the first appearance of the **Victory Bulletin**, I have always perused with keen interest every one of its pages. While the V. B. is only a community publication, yet it is a part of our Free Press, our most cherished heritage, which undeniably will always be one of the greatest instruments in the advancement of this great country of ours. The voice of the free press is the voice of a free people; and has the irresistible power to sweep aside all obstacles in the path of development for the good of the people.

A publication that reaches a great majority of our homes can be made to exert some constructive influence in the Community. Had the average individual made lavish use of these columns to air his views, debate his common problem, fearlessly commend or condemn actions or lack of actions, as the case may be, then this newspaper would have served its noblest purpose.

A man's community is a man's second country. It is a part of him as he is a part of it; and naturally he would cherish everything that tended to improve its standing. Motivated by the sole desire to lend some measure of aid in that direction, I venture to delve briefly into a topic of some import to all of us.

In the midst of the land of progress and age of development, our community kept pace with many of the aspects of life. Devoutly and assiduously it discharged its duties to God and Country. It excelled in the field of welfare and charitable works. Unfortunately in the most vital field of social development, we have utterly failed. We have shown complete laziness in providing adequately for the proper development of our youth. In that field we still have to get to first base. We have labored under the assumption that, you teach a child his daily prayers, and the rest will take care of itself. The fallacy of the matter is that most of us know it to be otherwise.

The youth of this and coming generations will not be satisfied with patched-up, antiquated methods of upbringing. Adequate and modern educational and cultural quarters, social, reading and assembly rooms, athletics and a recreational centre are some of the essentials badly needed for the welfare of the youth of this and coming generations.

Several hundred of our children are at this moment risking their lives at various battlefronts, struggling to secure a better world and a better future for us. We on this side of the ocean comfortable at home leading our normal and prosperous lives what are we doing to secure for them and their children a better world and future?

It is up to everyone of our community, young and old, to make himself heard in no uncertain way. A strong pressure applied by a determined public demand, will overcome any reluctance to carry out badly needed improvements.

ISAAC MATALON

Sgt. MAC HADDAD

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY

ON OUR

☆ ALMOST

☆ MUTUAL

☆ BIRTHDAYS

COMPLIMENTS OF

IRVING FRANKEL

NEW YORK'S LEADING
RETAIL

HANDKERCHIEF STORE

In The Heart Of
THE EAST SIDE

130 Orchard St.

New York

Mahem With Nahem

Much to-do has been made over the rejection of athletes from the services because of what seem to be minor ailments. The idea current among some people is that if the rejectees can perform in strenuous sports, they certainly can work for Uncle Sam in some capacity.

It seems to us that the whole matter should rest with the draft board doctors. There are certain physical standards which must be met by all draftees. It is obvious that athletes, as a class, cannot have a separate set of physical standards. The proportion of athletes rejected for service is no greater than that for all draftees. If you doubt that, take a look at the line-ups of most big league teams.

* * *

Hitler doesn't always lie. Remember way back to the Olympic games held in Berlin when the leader of the "Supermen" claimed his trackmen were faster than any others? Well, if you trace the course of his armies racing madly to their rear according to plan, pursued by the rampant Russians, you'll realize that Hitler wasn't talking through his mustache.

* * *

Now that "Dizzy" Trout is a star for the Detroit Tigers, he can reminisce more or less pleasantly about the time he rode a motorcycle around the ball diamond during practice. Having a high old time, he waved at manager Mickey Cochrane, shouting, "How'm I doin', Mike?"

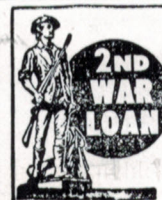
Cochrane answered, "You're doing fine. Keep right on going. That's the right way to Toledo."

And that's where Dizzy toiled for the rest of that year

* * *

Senor Miguel Gonzales, coach for the St. Louis Cardinals, stepped off the train at the Cards training camp with the remark, "She's another penant for the Cards sure."

The Senor has quite a way with words. We remember one deathless sentence he pulled at a dinner given in his honor several years ago. After being heaped with praises and gifts, of the Victory Club, a real fighting Miguel, with a trace of a tear in his eye, and in voice trembling with emotion, got up and said, simply, "I weel never forget thees even if I live until I am dead!"



**BACK UP
YOUR BOY**

Buy an Additional
Bond Today

Subway Sniggeroos

Many poems have been written about love, but for sheer poignant charm none have equalled a poem we read some time ago. The words went something like this:

The love of a man for a maid
The love of a maid for a man
The love of a child unafraid
Have existed since life began
But the greatest love, the love
of loves
Greater than that of a mother
Is the tender, passionate, infinite
love
Of one drunken bum for another.

DAFFY-NITIONS

CANNIBAL—One who loves his fellowmen—with gravy.
LOVE—the most fun you can have without laughing.
BIGAMIST—A man who makes the same mistake twice.
BLOTTER—Something you look for while the ink dries.
GOLFER—A man too old to chase anything but golf balls.
PEDESTRIAN—A car-owner with a wife and daughter.

About Furniture.

"What causes your aching all over?"

"Well, two weeks ago we bought some ultra modern furniture, and I just found out I've been sleeping on the bookcase."

Take One—Do.

"Yes," said the earnest young GI, "the sign in the restaurant read, 'Do your part; take one pat.' So when the waitress came by, I did. Then they threw me out. You just can't believe in signs any more."

**EVERY WAR BOND BURIES
A FASCIST**

COMPLIMENTS FROM

SAFDIE BROS.

**San Francisco
Calif.**

to Brother

Cpl. JOE SAFDIE

Girl's Club Plans Big Open Meeting

An open meeting of the Girls' Junior League will be held Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 7302 Bay Parkway.

New members are cordially invited, and will be made welcome into the organization.

Anniversary Ball for U.J.A. Dec. 25

Grand Ballroom, Chateau D'Or, Leo Stone, Rhumba-Swing; and as you like it—Big Raffle Drawing—pretty girls—swirling skirts and bright lights are but a few of the attractions offered at our Golden Ball.

Information Please/ Address?
2560 Ocean Ave., Date—Dec. 25th,
Price \$2.50 including Tax.

Tickets on sale right now. Ask your nearest G.J.L. member. See you there!!

MEET THE WIFE OF A BOY OVERSEAS



Meet Rae and Baby Roger Grosswald. Their Daddy is Pfc. Leo Grosswald, now serving in France, after 3 months in England. His latest stopover is Paris, where the boys are getting a well deserved rest after the second D day invasion. Pfc. Leo spent two and one half years in camp in the States before going overseas.

Their son Roger is 8 months old, and the proud possessor of big blue eyes, blonde hair and three teeth. Being a very good baby, he gives Rae plenty of time for her Red Cross work at the J. C. H., her knitting, and Gin Rummy.

Rae also keeps an album, which is one of her greatest hobbies. "As

the Days Go By" boasts monthly sets of snapshots of Roger, as well as pictures of his mother and soldier father. And Rae also spends many an evening dreaming of and planning for their post-war home and garden, which she hopes they will have soon.

Paper Will Cease Unless Funds Arrive

The bank account of the Victory Bulletin is falling very low.

This gives us an uncomfortable chilly feeling for we know that when the money stops rolling in, the Victory Bulletin must stop coming out.

And we are conceited enough to feel that this will be a disappointment to our servicemen all over the world, to whom this little paper is a link with home.

You will not want them to miss even a meager comfort, for they are your boys.

It costs you a dollar a year to keep us going. Please mail it in to us immediately: we need it.

Patrons desiring to place ads in the paper can just drop a hint to any member of the Business Staff. They will be only too glad to oblige, and our terms are more than generous.

Dollars should be mailed to:
MISS EVELYN MISHAAN
2165—66 Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Compliments

from

AZRAK & HAMWAY

396 Broadway

New York City

Civilian Defense Volunteers Working Hard On Home Front

Until the war is won Mrs. Mizrahi declares she will continue to be active in Civilian Defense and the Red Cross. For more than two years already she has proudly worn her white uniform every Tuesday to prepare surgical dressings at the J.C.H. She also gives many hours to British and Russian War Relief.

Two more of our active and up-to-the-minute women are Mrs. Rose Compas and Mrs. Esther Cohen, members of the Victory Club, a real fighting Win-the-War organization. They and their fellows collect funds for the Red Cross, sell Bonds, and bring cheer and comfort to our fighting men by sending them books, service kits, and other delicacies. They help our Allies, by making weekly collections of old clothes and knitted sweaters, gloves, socks and helmets. And they are not afraid to make their voices heard on political issues. Should the occasion arise, they voice their opinions on important domestic and foreign matters by letter or wire to their Senators.

Turning to the younger elements, the National Security Women's Corps has reasons to be proud of Noma Dweck who has two years of hard-working membership to her credit. Right now she works at the Mobile Canteen, sells bonds, and does clerical work for the National War Fund. Norma has do-

nated blood four times within the past year.

Women of the month include Mrs. Mollie Franco who gave a card party and raised \$200 for the United Jewish Appeal, Mrs. Fortune Betsh who continuously solicits funds for the Red Cross, and Mary Salem, who has completed 100 hours of work, rolling bandages at the Red Cross.

And Evelyn Mishaan stands out this month as a girl who, aware of the privilege of casting her vote, and the importance of her part in the country's future went from house to house reminding others to register, and not betray that privilege.

Blood was given to the Red Cross Blood Bank this month by Linda Cohen, Rose Salem, Murray Mizrahi, Rose Blanco, Shirley Betesh, Adele Dabah, Cynthia Sutton, Julie Betesh, Charlotte Chabot, Jack Nasar, Shirley Eracha, Murray Toussi, and Lincoln Cohen.

At this time, more than ever, Civilian Defense is of the greatest importance in winning the war, and so long as we at home keep working, we shall not fail in our responsibility to the boys who are fighting it out over there.

Home On Leave

Pfc. Margaret Esses
Pvt. Irving Misseri
Sgt. Albert Mizzeri
1/c M.M. Isaac Cohen
S2/c Joe Levy
Pvt. Abe Missry
Cpl. Max Mizrahi
Pvt. Isaac Mizrahi
Pfc. Harry Mizrahi
Pvt. Al Esses
Sgt. Nat Schwecky
S1/c Allan Nasser
Pvt. Ralph Gindi
Pvt. Isaac Levy
Pfc. Jack Sedaka
Sgt. Abe Bellilos
Sgt. Victor Dweck
Pvt. Nat Rudy
Lt. Abe Abadi
Sgt. Sam Gindi
Sgt. Joe Ashkenazi
Lt. Joe Attie
Sgt. David Attie
Cadet Sol Attie
Sgt. Irving Mehana
Cpl. Ezra (Twinny) Hedeya
Seaman Meyer Safdieh
Pfc. Ralph Hanan
Pvt. Moe Esses

Compliments

of

**SAMUEL
GELLIN C.P.A.**

**11 West 42nd St.
New York City**

To my brother

J O E

HELP

**WIN THE WAR
AND HURRY HOME**

CEIL COHEN

To my brother
IKE & My Friend

SEYMOUR

Hurry Home

DAVE KASSIN

**WILL YOUR CHILDREN LIVE IN A
FREE WORLD OR WILL THEY BE
SLAVES IN A FASCIST WORLD?**

To:

**Sgt. JOSEPH
C A T T O N**

**We Are Fighting
On God's Side
We Cannot Fail**

JOE SAFF

BERT DWECK
SAMUEL SUTTON
AL DAYAN
IRWIN GEMAL
JACK HAZAN
SAM FALLACK

MORRIS HAFFES
MAL SERURE
JOE ADES
SAM LINIADO
MAX MATALON
EDDIE SERURE

JACK SULTAN
TEDDY TAWIL
BOB D. COHEN
Sgt. JOE ASH
AL ASHEAR
JACK BLANCO

To Our Community's SERVICEMEN

Our Thoughts Are
WITH YOU

•