

# VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume III, No. 2-3

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1944

By Subscription

## FROM THE SOLDIERS

San Antonio, Texas.

I'm an assistant physical instructor at an Aviation Cadet camp over here. My work ends at three, but I volunteer to help the boys after working hours. I arrange tournaments of all kinds of games, basket ball, softball, volley ball, football, etc., and also help run a sort of club room, with indoor sports such as ping pong, spot a plane, monopoly and so on. This is a lot of fun for me, and it gives so much pleasure to the other fellows.

Incidentally, I met some Syrian boys in town here, Charles Dweck, Joe Bijou, Victor Ades, and Bob Kaboudi.

Joe Bijou and I go out once in a while, and we like to dance at the U.S.O.'s Last. Last Sunday we had a wonderful time, when we picked partners for a square dance. It was swell. I'm getting to love the hill billy songs they have here, it reminds me a little of some folk dancing we did in New York. . . .

P.F.C. Al. Mizrahi.

Somewhere in Alaska.

I have been in the Services over a year, and am now serving as a Sea-Bee in the Alaskan Center. My buddies and I are busy trying to live up to the Sea-Bee motto, "We Build and Fight with all our Might."

When there is a job to be done, the Sea-Bee's can do it. No task is too large, if it is impossible, we make it possible. We have a hammer in one hand and a rifle in the other, AND WE TOP FOR NOTHING.

Naturally neither I nor my buddies over here enjoy being so far from our homes, but we appreciate the fact that we are able to do our part in preserving the democratic way of life. In some countries, the men were not so fortunate.

We also depend on the folks back in the U. S. to keep the wheels of production rolling, and the supplies coming in. You send us the stuff, and we'll keep the Axis on the run—going towards Berlin and Tokio.

John L. Bahr.

I do hope I receive a copy of your paper in the near future. You have no idea how much I appreciate it, particularly the gossip column, and all

(Continued On Page 6)

## Senator Mead Thanks G.C.L. For Support Via Telegram

Following a brilliant analysis on "The Origin of Anti-Semitism," given by Mr. Leo Cooper, assistant editor of *Spotlight*, at a meeting held February 1st, members of the Girls' Junior League helped turn the pressure on Congress by urging that the soldiers be given the right to vote.

Three telegrams were sent to Washington, D. C., that night. The first to President Roosevelt was an assurance that the Girls' Junior League was one hundred per cent behind his five-point win-the-war policies. The other two, addressed to Senator Mead and Congressman O'Toole, stressed the importance of defeating Rankin's States' Rights Bill, and passing the Green-Lucas measure for a federal ballot for Servicemen. Along with these telegrams, went a batch of strongly-worded postcards to the Senator and Congressman.

At this meeting, Mr. Cooper emphasized the necessity for complete unity in order to speed up Victory. Lashing out at our native fascists, the assistant editor said: "The wave of anti-Semitism in this country has been caused by the powerful defeatist and fascist elements in the higher-up brackets who are using the Jews as a bait to play power-politics.

"Have you ever stopped to notice," queried Cooper, "how some political slogan is nearly always attached to an anti-Semitic jibe? For example, 'Down with the Jews,' and 'Down with Roosevelt' can often be seen, side by side."

He ended up by saying it was unfortunate that many of these "politicians" more interested in bungling up every Roosevelt-Administration policy than serving the American people, are to be found today in the houses of Congress . . . and that it was up to the public to crack down on them before it became too late.

After the speech there were questions, and a lively discussion took place until the meeting adjourned.

The following day, the Girls' Junior League received a telegram from Senator Mead which read: "Thank you, your support very welcome. Joseph Mead."

It is a step in the right direction when the girls of this community sit up and take notice of what is going on around them. It is to be hoped such an attitude will continue.

## Syrian Picture Shown For Army Welfare

On Sunday, March 5th, the Girls' Junior League is presenting "Behind the Curtain," (Warael Sitar), a musical dancing operetta produced by the Egyptian Film Company. The performance is due to begin at 2:30 p.m. at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn.

This Syrian picture has an excellent cast, contains many beautiful songs and gorgeous costumes. It promises to be very entertaining, and an enormous showing is expected. Tickets are being sold to eager Syrian people all over New York.

Seats are on sale at \$1.25, and proceeds are being given to Army Welfare.

Let's write a

**V** MAIL

Letter to the boys and girls in the service

**NOW!**



## VICTORY BULLETIN

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

### Editors

Glynne Nahem Sally Shabot

### Reportorial Staff

Rae Hiday Julie Liniado  
Violet Dabah Julie Betesh  
Margie Labaton

### Business, Secretaria Managers

Evelyn Mishaan, Shirley Betesh  
Linda Cohen

### Staff

Norma Dweck, Mollie Gindi, Norma  
Esses, Lil Gemal, Pep Dabah,  
Ray Dishy



214

## Reminder: Boycott Fascist Daily News

Do you remember a few months back reading an editorial on this page urging you to boycott the *N. Y. Daily News*? Well, a lot of things have happened since then. Unpleasant things. Violent anti-Semitic outbreaks here in New York which resulted in the face of a young Jewish boy, Manny Koenigsberg, being ripped apart. The formation of a "Peace First" movement at a time when Victory is in sight. Congress's shameful response to President Roosevelt's five-point, win-the-war program. For these things, we give full credit to the *Daily News*.

Yes, this two-cent tabloid, like all the other fascist forces in our country today, is working overtime—working overtime for a future American facism. It is true that with an Allied Victory approaching, the hopes of our fascists-at-home of a German feuhrer in America have been shattered; but now their fanatical efforts are united in an endeavor to establish an American feuhrer. They figure if they cannot import foreign facism, they'll cultivate the home-grown stuff. And they're doing it, make no mistake!

That is why there was never a greater need for fighting facism on the home front than right now. Never a greater need for the United States' being wholly united. Never a greater need for our standing firm behind our Commander-in-Chief.

Time and again honest New York newspapers with guts have come right out and told the American people that Patterson's *Daily News* is about the nearest thing to the kind of newspaper which is printed in Nazi Germany. The outstanding leaders of the nation including Vice-President Wallace, Secretary Knox, and Secretary Ickes, have condemned this paper. They have exposed it as being nothing

To the Editors:

Since I have heard no more from your organization for the past three months, I assume that it has broken up. Believe me, it was good while it lasted. I do hope that the time will come soon when you will be able to get together, and form another worthy organization which will be just one half as good as the late one was.

One thing I am surprised at is that you did not turn over the charter of your club to the girls who were younger than you. I am sure they could have carried on. But I guess you had reasons.

Sgt. Victor Dweck.

(Don't fret Victor. We may be a little slow, but we are not "Late" or in corpse-form yet.—Ed)

less than an organ of facism. They have pointed out how this paper has persistently tried to isolate us from our allies, Great Britain and the U.S.S.R.; how it has constantly splashed tear-jerker stories about American soldiers in order to produce a "peace at any price" attitude; and how it has fostered vicious anti-Semitism in the United States.

This smear sheet of Colonel Patterson once said, "There is nothing un-American in disliking Jews." Thus it is not too astonishing to learn that the German radio has frequently used material from the editorials of the *Daily News* for its DNB short-wave broadcasts.

It would seem that by now, after all the campaigning against this vile newspaper, no decent American would pay to read it. But the paper is read; and strangely enough by people who are actually ashamed to be seen with it. They excuse themselves sheepishly by saying, "I never read their editorials, just their comics." or, "I like to read Danton Walker and Ed. Sullivan." or, "It's the only paper which comes out at night."

To these people we are forced to say that there are millions who are willing to die, or be maimed for life, if need be, in order to wage a complete war against the enemies of America. Your sacrifice is to give up reading an anti-Semitic newspaper!

So you like the comic-strips? So what? You do not wear a fascist uniform because you like the color. Think about it.

## Good Luck!

Victor Dweck and Isaac Nesser are both "On their way across". Good luck to both of you.

## In The Mail-Box

To the Editors,

Might I make a suggestion that you include a poem in each of your editions. I'm sure that there are lots of boys in the services who can better express themselves in poetry, and would be more than glad to contribute.

Besides I think a poem tells so much in so few words. It also expresses the mood and feeling of the writer as well as the episode recounted.

Your "Hi Peepul" column is really tops. Margie is doing a wonderful job. Who is this guy Winchell? And to think I lived across the road from her for years, and never pulled the shades.

Jack Levey, S 1/c.

(Ed—Margie's blushing her thanks. About poetry, it's all welcome, but we warn you, it's got to be good!)

## Funds Needed For Youth Allyah Work

The Magen David Haddassah is working hard on a drive for Youth Allyah. This is an organization which takes care of sending refugee Jewish children from the occupied countries into Palestine. It also provides for the care of these children in Palestine.

So far about -25,000 has been raised by the Magen David Haddassah, and the women are still trying.

It takes \$360 to bring one of these children into Palestine and to care for the child for one year. Any contributions will be gratefully received by the above organization.

## An Apology

The business manager has been deluged with requests for the December issue of the Victory Bulletin. And this is where we blush and hang our heads in shame. For the truth of the matter is that there was no December Issue. Owing to the shortage of local writers and journalists, it sometimes happens that the paper is late, and one month's issue runs into the next month. This is what occurred in December.

It may happen again, but we are trying our utmost to see that it does not, and we crave your indulgence.—Ed.

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



# Thoughts of Home And Life Today Fill Sam Antar's Mind

## Captain Silvera, Community, M. D. Doing Valliant Work In England

By Linda Cohen



Somewhere in Italy

I feel that my personal experiences are not important, but, I would like to tell you all how I feel, and what my thoughts are this evening. A storm is

raging outside, drops of rain are leaking into my tent, and the G.I. candle is flickering low, as I take up my pen to write.

While I sit wondering where to start, my thoughts take me back to "My America," and to all those things which I once took carelessly for granted. How priceless they have become.

Things like Friday nights in the Marboro, and Saturday night dances, the 3 a.m. breakfast at Nero's. Theatre shows, and the scramble for tickets. Like leisurely Sundays spent with the boys, cool dips in the ocean, and the pleasant click of billiard balls. Things like Blue Mondays with the rushing and crushing of Subway trains, and the slow drudgery of daily work. To the countless little things that formed our daily life, some important, others meaningless till now.

I think of Mom and Dad, my brother and sister, and all those people who once were part of my life. Where are they now? They come and go in my mind with maddening frequency. So much has happened to me since we were last together. Intense things like fear, a little joy, and a lot of sorrow.

Before all of us lies a long and bloody road, hazardous and well defended. But we are not going to stop or tire. We are going to wipe out for ever the last rotting vestige of Nazism. The Germans are slowly but irresistibly bending before our immense power in machinery, equipment, and more important, in the superiority of our ideals.

Here in Italy we see death and destruction—the offshoots of Fascism. We see people who have been denied the very rights of human decency. We see the starvation and privation that Fascism brings. And it makes us guys mad, fighting mad, and glad that we are here, because we know that because we are here, you folks at home will never have to live one day of this ungodly hell.



In the days before War was declared Dr. Silvera used to have a busy practice on Bay Parkway. He was widely respected and earned the confidence of the whole community. Syrians, Jews, and Gentiles kept him on his feet from morning till night. He lived in a pretty and comfortable home with his wife and two daughters and enjoyed his scant leisure time with them.

In April 1941, he entered Uncle Sam's Army, and was stationed in Louisiana for a year. In March 1942, recognizing his ability, the army sent him to the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, where he studied Radiology. Four months later, he left for England where he still is.

Doctor Silvera was kept busy in Bensonhurst. But Captain Silvera in England barely has time to eat or sleep. There is a great shortage of

doctors in England at present, particularly doctors with a knowledge of Radiology (X-ray).

Working at a hospital not far from London, he continues his studies under some of the greatest X-ray Specialists in the world. At the same time the work of healing goes on, and cases are brought to him from hospitals all over England.

Yet another part of his 25-hour a day routine is the recording and studying of the different types of diseases developing from the war.

Recently he became sick. As there was no one to replace him, he was not able to rest and remained on his feet, although running a fever at the time.

His patriotism and unselfishness are also characterised by the fact that he refuses to request his wife for anything from America. In reply to her pleas that he should ask for some little necessities, he says that he is managing nicely "And it would be a shame to take up valuable shipping space with my personal belongings."

Captain Silvera's family, his wife, two daughters, and a baby son a year old, whom he has never seen, think he is a wonderful person. They are right. He is doing great work, and doing it with all his energy and with every ounce of strength in him. We are all proud of our Dr. Silvera.

We in the U. S. Army are moving. Africa, Sicily, now Italy, tomorrow the Balkans, France or Norway, and then Germany.

(A special gift package goes to Sam Antar for his fine contribution to the Victory Bulletin—Ed.)

## National War Fund Drive

A sum of \$1,100.00 was handed to the National War Fund recently by the women of this community. This was handed in in the name of the Young Women's Welfare League.

During the last two months, Mrs. Shirley Beyda, and Mrs. Adele Levy took the responsibility of canvassing the community from house to house in order to raise money for the war effort. A very nice sum of over \$500 was collected.

Feeling sure that still more could be accomplished, these two energetic young women sponsored two card parties in the name of the Young Women's Welfare League. The total sum raised at the parties was \$600.

This \$1,100 is an indication of what the women of our community can do when they get started. There is every evidence that this good work is to be continued, and contributions to the war effort will keep coming in.

GOOD LUCK

SHAMAH & TAWIL



## MEET THE STAFF

Those of you who hate to write letters should take a leaf out of Linda Cohen's book. Apart from her regular mail, which she attends to religiously, she corresponds with 12 different boys



in the service, and never fails to answer their letters on time.

She confesses that she likes one of these boys "a little bit extra" but refuses to divulge the name of the lucky one.

Linda has a brother in the Army, and she is giving blood to the Red Cross for the first time this month. "But it won't be the last time," she declares. "I intend to back Eddie up all I can."

She loves all kinds of sports, and on Sunday mornings you are liable to see her flying along Bay Parkway on a rented bicycle, getting her weekly dose of fresh air.

Linda's hobby is collecting silver pennies, and to date she has 1,100 of them.

## Another Reunion In No. Africa

It looks like the world is growing smaller and smaller. This is the latest evidence: Eli Asher, was having a bite at a lunch counter in North Africa. He accidentally bumped elbows with a fellow soldier on the next stool. Turning to excuse himself, he found this to be no ordinary soldier. . . . It was Ralph Saffie! Although their reunion was toasted with watery coffee, both fellows agreed that this was the best coffee they had ever swallowed.

## Service-Star Families

# Schwenkys Contribute Four Sons To War Effort

By Ray Dishy

The Schweky family have contributed four stalwart and handsome soldiers to the United States Army.

"Nat," the eldest, is an intelligent sort of guy, quiet, but very sought after. He is in the Medical Corps, and has been given the opportunity he has always wanted, the opportunity to study.

Morris, who is 24, and very nice looking has been in the Army for 2½ years. He used to guard Jap prisoners down in Wyoming, but now is taking care of German prisoners in Nebraska. His girl friend lives in Washington, and he intends to marry her as soon as this war is over.

22-year-old "Casanova Ike" is down

among the Hawaiians. A communications operator in the Air Corps ground crew, he has been in the army one year and two months, and has not yet had a furlough. Recently, however, he was permitted to make a phone call home from Hawaii, which was a great thrill both for Ike and his family.

Young Abe, hitherto considered merely a "kid" in the family, earned his manhood quickly, when he joined up in November, 1943. He is mechanically-minded, and is doing radio work in the infantry.

In case the Navy should get jealous, younger brother Jake has promised faithfully that it's the Navy for him, as soon as he gets of age.

## Pvt. Sam Sabin Reaches England

Pvt. Sam Sabin is now stationed in England. He likes it very much, and wishes to announce his new address as:

Pvt. Sam Sabin  
A.P.O. 507 C/O Postmaster  
Bat. B115, AAA Gun B1  
New York, N. Y.

Pvt. Sam Husney, North Africa, has been transferred to an Engineering outfit. Here he met Doc Asher, with whom he had just parted a few months ago. Before that they had been stationed together. This was a pleasant surprise for both these boys. Their last camp had been in Casablanca.

## Community Center Plans Continued

Plans for a Syrian Jewish Center in this community are being continued. Money is still coming in, and the committee is still meeting. It intends to hold an important conference in the near future.

The present subjects for discussion concern the raising of money for the center. A few weeks ago circulars were sent to all our out-of-towners, explaining the center to them, and asking for contributions.

A great many people have responded to those letters, but those who have not yet done so are urged to send in their donations without delay. Money received altogether totals about \$100,000 to date. If the present drive continues, it will not be long before the goal of \$500,000 is reached.

The name of the Center has been changed, due to new rulings. It is now known as the "Syrian Jewish Community Center of Bensonhurst, Inc.," and checks should be made out to that name.

A committee from the Girls' Junior League has been appointed to keep in touch with the Community Center committee, and to participate, in raising money, and in any other way possible.

## Roll Of Honor

Benjamin Swede S/2/S, S. M. School Bks. H-13-Lower U.S.N.T.S. ampson, N. Y.  
A/C Joseph Beyda—36741992—Gp. 2B Sqdn. C Flt. 2 Bombardier Wing, Ellington Field, Texas.

M. Salamy, RT 3/C, Co. E, PR-14, Naval Armory, Randolph St., Chicago 7, Ill.  
Pvt. Al Mizrahi, 290-S.A. Obsn. Bn., Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Pvt. Albert Levy—42054122—Station Hospital—Ward 25, Fort Eustis, Va.

Pvt. Albert I. Sutton—32974796—Med. Det.—Station Hospital, Greenville P.O., Camp Reynolds, Pa.

Pvt. Joe Gindi—42054124—Co. A, 193 Bn., 69th Regt., Camp Blanding, Fla.

Pvt. Irving Betesh—42048937—Co. C, 23rd Btn., 7th Regt., I.R.T.C., Fort McClellan, Ala.

Pvt. Menashe Abbani, Hdq. Btry., 135th AAA, G Bn., Camp Edwards, Mass.

Pvt. Manny Cohen—42041672—Co. B, 34 I.T.B., Camp Croft, S. C.

Pvt. Isaac Kishk—42054146—Co. 27th M.T.B., 4 Platoon, Camp Grant, Ill.

EVERY WAR BOND BURIES  
A FASCIST



# Hi, Peepul

By MARGE LABATON

There's a new gleam to the girls' eyes this year. S.Y. debutantes have a look of determination on their faces, and a new angle to their hats. They have a reason. Long awaited Leap Year is back again, and what with Valentine's Day, and Cupid's darts, not to mention furloughs—you boys had better look out!

The times demand that boys cooperate in the home. At the last newspaper meeting, the Gemals were faced by a great domestic crisis. Bossey Mizrahi stepped into the breach, and served tea and crackers with great elegance. . . .

Smut coming over the telephone wires. . . . Murray Shabot eyeing New York's night life with a nice section of S.Y. beauties. . . . Little stories of Lt. Vic Shalom succumbing to the charms of an exotic Egyptian maiden. . . . Pvt. Mark Attie also falling for some Australian wench, who's rumoured to be terrific. . . .

An anonymous Syrian G.I. begged Pvt. Dave Attie to look up "a gorgeous ravishing blonde bundle of curves." Well Dave made a great effort, actually went out of his way to phone the dame and make a date. Results to date . . . a beautiful stand-up.

Our naturalized Gi-Gi (Gladys) Baker seen around with Max Matalon, more or less frequently. . . .

Man Bites Dog: Mrs. Renee Nesser sends her husband home from a gambling arty at 11:00 while she lingers on till 2:00 a.m., winning a sizeable amount thereby.

Hona Massey, Glamorous film star, was visiting the camp where Cpl. Bob Gemal is stationed. Talking to Bob about his girl friend, she impulsively slipped off the bracelet she was wearing, and told him to send it to her. Adele Fallas is the lucky girl.

A bunch of S.Y. girls had a good reason for excitement last week. Imagine bumping right into General Marshall, and then finding no less a person than General Arnold at his side. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Leon D. Piccioto, (nee Pearly Tawil) here on a visit from Dallas, Texas.

Pvt. Irving A. Shveky has an exciting hobby. Stationed in Hawaii, he has made a collection of twelve grass skirts. Don't ask me what he's

## Congratulations Dr. Joe Attie!

Joe Attie just recently received word from Secretary of State Hull that he has received his diploma from Syria, and that he may practice as an M.D. in the United States, as from date of diploma.

going to do with them, or even more puzzling HOW HE GOT THEM!

Sophie Mizrahi taking the plunge with Maurice Dana of California. Good Luck, Sophie. . . .

And as a final wind up, is it the shortage of sales-help that is driving our Syrian Linen stores into the wholesale business? Fifth Avenue and 14th Street are going to miss them!

Boys on leave this month include Cpl. Norman Erani, P.F.C. Michael Mishaan, Lt. Morris Tawil, S.I/C Dave Dweck, Sgt. Isidore Shammah, Pvt. Fred Tawil, Cadet Meyer Tawil, Cpl. Irving Mahana, and Cpl. Samuel Haber.

That's all now folks!

**Mr. & Mrs. Bob Kboundi  
and Baby Joe  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS**

Here's to a Speedy Victory

Compliments from  
**Ralph & Max Sutton**  
OF EASTERN HDKF. CO.  
389 — 5th AVENUE

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

## Milestones

Sallie Grazie to Pvt. Joe Grazi  
Evelyn Beyda to Mal. T. Serure  
**MARRIED**

Rachel Yachoris to Emilio Attia  
Violet Dabah to Lt. Morris Tawil  
Ray Dweck to Sidney Rosenfelt  
Marian Beyda to Moey Shabot  
Anne Dweck to Josh Shapiro  
Sophie Mizrahi to Maurice Dana  
**BIRTHS**

To Mr. and Mrs. Phil Pergofsky  
(nee Fallas)—a Girl

To Mr. and Mrs. Markowitz—a Boy  
To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Safdieh  
(Cal.)—a Girl

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gindi—  
a Boy

To Mr. and Mrs. Bob Erani—a Boy

## CLEM MARCUS, IN HOSPITAL AWAITS YOUR LETTERS

PFC. Clement Marcus is convalescing in a hospital after a severe bout of Malaria. This is the 10th time he has come down with this fever.

24 years old, Clem has been in the army 2½ years. He has seen action twice already, and in spite of his illness, is still game to give Hitler some more. People who wish to write to him are advised to address their letters to:

PFC. Clem Marcus, No. 32020021  
Med. Det. 161 Inf.  
A.P.O. 25 C/O Postmaster  
29th Gen. Hospital  
San Francisco, Cal.

## PVT. BEYDA MEETS A ROYAL SHEIK

Pvt. David A. Beyda writes of a royal sheik he met back in August. The sheik was so glad to meet an American soldier speaking Arabic, that he invited him to his home for dinner. There he presented him with a ring to cement friendship between them.

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

BEST WISHES

**JOSEPH PENHOS**  
MEXICO



## Soldiers In England Have Mixed Views and Opinions To Relate

More than eighteen Syrian boys are stationed in England at the moment. This is the first time that they are seeing the country of our English-speaking Ally, and their impressions are sort of mixed.

From Sgt. Erwin Dayan, we hear that "There is not too much food around, and when we get eggs to eat, we celebrate. It's a rare occasion."

While Col. Isaac Grazie writes "The food is wonderful and plentiful, and I'm getting a little heavier."

On the subject of girls, there seems to be a little difference of opinion also. Cpl. Seymour Schweky says "I don't care so much for the girls here, I only care for the girls in Brooklyn, or for the girl." Of course he might be prejudiced.

While Sgt. Eddie Mamiye asserts: "The girls here aren't half bad, and they like the American soldiers, too."

Money is an important factor anywhere, and Cpl. Isaac Grazie finds: "Their money methods are altogether different than ours, but we catch on to it very quickly."

But PFC Isaac Saka worries: "I'll never get the hang of this complicated money system."

Pvt. Meyer Tawil has been in England since October 1943. Recently, he met a family who also bear the illustrious name of Tawil. He visited them, then discovered that his grandfather and their grandfather were cousins. They spent the day together, and he ate breakfast, lunch and drank tea with them. "For lunch we had 'riz ou hamud,' fried potatoes, and meat, and with the tea we ate Sambusak and Raz ib ajwe."

It happened that Joe Cohen was staying right next door at the Shalom's house, and they spent a few hours together. Joe gave Meyer the addresses of many other Syrian boys stationed in England.

Cpl. Fred Fallas is one of the lucky

ones. He writes "I eat in a Syrian restaurant very often. The proprietor treats me like his own son, and I've gained quite a bit of weight." He has come in contact with a few other Syrian boys there.

Pvt. Leon Kanowitz has not been so fortunate, "I have tried to get in touch with some of the Syrian boys, but so far without success."

Pvt. Isaac Kassin met a Syrian family with whom he has become very friendly. He goes to visit their sick daughter whenever he can get a pass. Ike is the one who looks like brother Ex-Sergeant Dave—the handsome one, (he says).

Pvt. David Cohen thinks England is very like America, but "I went into a 5 and 10c store yesterday, and I couldn't buy anything because I didn't have any ration coupons. People don't know what rationing is till they come here."

Harry Yatchie Senior and Charles Antoki arrived in England together quite recently, and it wasn't long before they got in touch with many of the other Syrian boys.

There is another David Cohen in England, and other boys there include Cpl. Al. Shalom, who is reported to be making quite a hit with the fair sex, Pvt. Murray Serure, Pvt. Joe Belilos, and Pvt. Eli Sagah.

It appears that many of the boys are meeting at the home of the Shalom family in Manchester. These kindly people have open house for our boys, and are doing a splendid job at making them feel at home. Cpl. Fred Fallas, Pvt. Joe Cohen, Cpl. Seymour Schweky, Sgt. Eddie Mamiye, and Pvt. Murray Serure met each other for the first time since they landed in England at their home. The Shalom's, true to the Syrian tradition of hospitality, had asked them all to spend the Rosh Hassanah holidays with them.

## FROM THE SOLDIERS

(Continued from page 1).

the local goings on back home.

All I can say right now is that I'm safe and sound on an island somewhere in the South Pacific. Let me also say that while you are freezing in New York, I go swimming, and lie in the sun. It's as if I were on a winter vacation in Florida. Oh! Boy! Good old Miami Beach. That was a wonderful Syrian custom. Miami Beach in the winter, and then Bradley Beach in the summer, or should I say Bensonhurst-by-the-Sea.

Good Luck.

From a faithful reader

Pvt. Morris H. Levy.

Harris Field, Mo.

It's an old established custom over here to dump a fellow in a mud puddle right after he completes his first solo flight. I have just accomplished my first solo—my main ambition for the last ten months.

After 7½ hours of dual flying, which sped like 7½ minutes, I landed at an auxiliary field with my instructor. He turned to me and said, "It is hopeless—you'll never learn to fly; and I'll be d---d if I'll go up with you any more. You're too dangerous." He then got out of the plane and added, "Take it up yourself, and God help you."

His remarks didn't bother me in the least, for this was the moment I had been waiting for. I took off, circled the field, and went through the usual traffic pattern. Coming into my base, I throttled back and went into a glide. The engine was off, and it was now quiet enough for me to hear myself praying.

My prayers were answered, and I made a perfect three point landing. After repeating this three times, my instructor got back in, and we headed back to the home field.

As soon as I landed, I was greeted by my fellow cadets. I was yanked out of the cockpit, stripped of my outer clothing, and thrown body into a mud puddle. As I emerged, one of my buddies took a picture of me.

It was one of the greatest moments of my life. I will always remember it.

A/C Elias Saka.

## ED CAN TAKE IT

It is hard to imagine Eddie Arking—previously the notorious Eddy Cohen—taking the "gaff" from the relentless upperclassmen in Montana. Eddie is now a cadet there and hopes to make the grade of pilot in the U.S.A.A.F. Nice going.

**Art Linen Imp. Co.**

10-12 EAST 38 STREET

To Our Boys In The Service

"GOOD LUCK"

**ALBERT LEVY**

TO

**Pvt. Charles S. Dweck**

COME HOME SOON



# Ramblings In Ireland With Abe Shabot

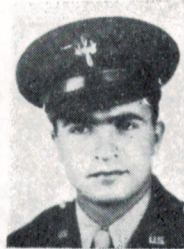
Here in the land of the Midnight Sun is where I expected to find Eskimos, and other weird things. This is a brief story of what I did find.

As soon as I disembarked from our little ship (keeping an eye open for stray Eskimos) a tall willowy blonde looking like a model out of Bergdorf Goodman's passed across my line of vision. "Aha" I thought, "There's something to this 'Land of the Midnight Sun' after all." I put on a devastating Bensonhurstian smile, bubbled over with dashing personality, and said to her "Hi Babe!" It was all I could think of on the spur of the moment. She came back with a Park Avenue Iceland look, (what a combination) and said "Skiligi!"

I could not understand her exact meaning, but thought I was probably doing quite well, until I found out that that was the word the Stukas (girls- use over here to indicate that guys like me are no dice).

Well, I got over the disappointment as well as I could, and went on to discover other things. I think this is the only place in the world where the wind can blow in four directions at one time. It is considered a nice day when there is only one gale (or hurricane) blowing.

Here is a little example; the mess hall is approximately forty yards from the hut I live in as the crow flies. (Not that a crow could fly in



this weather.) Well the other day I started out for the mess hall, standing upright. It was like fighting four Joe Louis' at once. The wind would knock me down, I would get up. Down I'd go again; up and down, up and down, up and down. It got a trifle monotonous. So I decided to stay in the hut, as the effort involved didn't seem worth the bowl of dehydrated stew, I felt sure was awaiting me.

Now that winter is here, the hours of daylight are few, and when I get up in the morning, it is nice and black, so I don't suffer the inconvenience of having the sun in my eyes, as you folks do over in the States.

When I get up, I have ten minutes all to myself, in which all I have to do is dip some nice icy water in a pan, wash, shave, make my bed, shine my shoes, put on my leggings, clean my rifle, sweep the floor, empty the ashes, get some coal, and attend to a few other intimate little details. Still this is the army and you take it and like it.

# Shasho Twins Confuse Major, Bewilder Mother

19-year-old Abe and Joe Shasho, are identical twins, and alike as two peas in a pod. Abe gets five minutes worth of 'more respect' from Joe, due to his five-minute seniority.

Being the oldest, so to speak, Abe was the first to join the Marines on May 10, 1943. Joe followed in August.

Both received their training at Paris Island, though PFC Abe was transferred to New River, N. C., before Joe reached there.

There was some confusion after Abe left, when Joe walked in. The fiery major in charge took one look at him, and screamed, "I thought you were in North Carolina. What in H---'s name are you doing here?"

Joe had to do some talking, and fast! Finally a much bewildered, and still grunting major allowed him to return to duty.

But Cpl. Joe has had his laugh on Abe since then. When Abe was on furlough, he missed his train back, and arrived in camp three days late. They called it A.W.O.L. and Abe got 25 days K.P. And it WAS in the kitchen. Now Abe had been bragging that he hadn't set foot in the kitchen since he joined up. So Joe is still chuckling.

They are so much alike that when Abe came home on furlough, he has to say "Abe speaking! Hullo Mom!!"

•  
Compliments of  
**ELI ASHEAR**  
Somewhere In North Africa  
•

•  
**Mr. & Mrs.**  
**ISAAC MISSRY**  
6268 — 22nd AVE.  
•  
Good luck to all our boys

•  
**E. & J. TOBIAS**  
to  
**Sgt. Raymond Tobias**  
•  
**COME HOME SOON**

•  
**VICTORY IN 1944**  
**EZRA NASSER**  
•

•  
**BEST WISHES**  
**Mr. & Mrs.**  
**JACK HANAN**  
•

•  
**BEST WISHES**  
•  
**Mayfair Hdkf. Corp.**  
389 — 5th AVENUE  
•



## What Made Sammy Run! (Away)

15-year-old Sammy Cohen of 6809—20th Avenue got an urge one morning. He packed up a suitcase, with his shirt, toothbrush, and \$50 cash which he had been saving, and marched out without so much as a "So Long!" to his folks. He was going to join the Navy!

Hours later, noting his unusual absence, his folks began to worry. As the time ticked by, they grew frantic, they had the whole police force out searching for him, but to no avail.

Then the following morning, Sam came home—minus his suitcase, and his money. They had been stolen from him when he fell asleep on the train, so he was forced to return. Another factor hastening his homecoming was that the Navy had rejected Sammy because he was only 15 years old, and his brother's birth certificate, hopefully presented did not aid him in the least—much to his disappointment.

When Sammy walked meekly into the house, he expected quite a scolding, but his parents were so overjoyed to see him, that all was forgiven in a trice.

Sam wanted to help his two brothers with the war, one Lt. Dave Cohen, now in England, and the other, Ike, an Air Cadet, who just came home on furlough, after spending eight months in the hospital with Rheumatic Fever. He is well now, and will be able to keep up with studies to become a pilot.

His family admires Sammy's audacity, but declare that he will have to wait awhile yet!

### PVT. ABE MIZRIA LAUDS ITALIANS

Stationed in Italy, Pvt. Abe Mizria writes of the calmness and bravery of the Italian people. In spite of all they have been through, they maintain a cool firmness when the German planes raid and strafe them as they frequently do.

BEST WISHES  
**ISRAEL SUTTON**

718 CANAL STREET  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

•  
**Mr. & Mrs.  
EZRA MISHAN**  
TO SON  
**Pvt. Isaac Mishan**  
•

**General Hdkf. Co.**

389 — 5th AVE.

•  
A speedy return to Bob  
and all our boys

•  
COMPLIMENTS OF  
**S. M. LEVY & SON**

392 — 5th AVENUE  
•

•  
COMPLIMENTS OF

**I. SHALOM**

411 — 5th AVENUE  
•