

VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume III. No. 1.

JANUARY, 1944.

By Subscription

FROM THE SOLDIERS

Somewhere in the Pacific

I am writing from somewhere in the Zone of the Southwest Pacific where I am one of an anti-aircraft gun crew. I wish I could give you some tiny conception of what your paper means to me.



Sitting on my cot in our tent, surrounded by dense jungle, with bushy-haired savages as our neighbors, and in constant anticipation of enemy planes, I read it. Then I am transplanted on a sort of magic carpet back to God's country. . . . I am drinking cokes at the candy store. . . . I am walking up wonderful Bay Parkway with all my friends. . . . I am seated in the Marbaro on Friday night. In fact I am doing all those little things that take on such gigantic proportions when you're on foreign soil.

Out here, when the strains of the National Anthem sound at Retreat, we salute not just with our hands, but with our hearts. For now, as never before, we know the true meaning behind the words, "God Bless America." Till Victory.

Pvt. Vic Harary

NORTH AFRICA

This Jewish Holiday I was able to get a three-day pass to go to town.

The first night of the holidays, as I entered the Syrian temple, somewhere in North Africa, I bumped right into Albert Sultan. After we had finished telling each other how happy we were that we had met, Ralph Safdieh tapped us on the shoulder.

As we stared at him in delighted astonishment, we heard a real Brooklyn cheer, and there was Benny Rishty. To add to our surprise, Jack Braha came in a few minutes later.

We had none of us expected to meet, but we took good advantage of the coincidence, and spent the happiest day for all of us since we entered the Army. It was like having our own Bay Parkway.

P.F.C. Morris Shmalo

Gripsholm Arrives In New York: Syrians Tell of Experiences in Orient

By Norma Sutton



On Dec. 1st, the SS "Gripsholm" pulled into the docks at New Jersey. Standing on deck amid the cheering, happy passengers, Mr. Joe Haffif uttered a silent prayer of thankfulness, as he caught his first glimpse of home in two-and-a-half years. No words could accurately describe his feelings as he walked down the gangplank and onto American soil. . . .

In December, 1941, the passengers aboard the "Marshall Jaffer" bound for America were shocked and startled by the news of the Pearl Harbor attack. American passengers were given ten minutes to collect their belongings and get ashore at Manila. Shortly afterwards, hundreds of Americans, Mr. Haffif among them, were interned at Santa Tanios University.

They slept—650 of them—in what was originally a gymnasium. Some had to lie on the floor, while others more fortunate occupied cots squeezed

into 3 and one-half feet by 7 and one-half feet. All personal belongings were cramped into that space.

Regarding sanitary conditions, Mr. Haffif said, "Only four toilets and twelve showers were available for 650 persons. These were usually occupied, and people were always lined up waiting."

The camp was situated amidst swamps, and the internees were under guard at all times. They were required to work at clearing the swamps, sweeping the rooms or cutting the grass from one to four hours daily.

A typical meal cooked in the camp was as follows:

Breakfast: Mush (Boiled broken rice)

Lunch: Only given to children and invalids

Dinner: Stew (Lorondon mashed potatoes and rice, or meat about once every 3 or months)

On very special occasions they had Pork and Beans, or Hamburgers and Rice Pudding.

It was not compulsory to eat the
(Continued on p. 4)



Men of the Armed Forces seem to be enjoying themselves as this picture will attest. The picture was taken by "Pep" Dabah at the Fort Hamilton

Canteen where members of Girls' Junior League staged a riotous carnival on December 12th, 1943, for the benefit of 150 soldiers and sailors.

VICTORY BULLETIN

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A Community Post-War Plan Takes Shape—A Reality with YOUR Help

Just an idea

Once upon a time some folks hit upon an idea. They said that our community should have a center where the people could get together; a rallying point where various club activities could be carried on. They said it must be a place with facilities for handball, swimming, tennis, and other sports; and it must contain wide, spacious rooms in which the older folks could relax. They talked of a library, and of a ballroom, and above all, they talked of an assembly house where all could gather to utilize and enjoy their spare hours to the utmost.

This idea caught fire. It swept the whole community, setting imaginations aflame with its possibilities. All kinds of grandiose plans were laid; but then, as so often happens, the enthusiasm waned, the plans faded, and the people forgot.

Yet something must have remained; for a little trickle kept creeping into conversations—ending on the wistful note, "well, who knows, we might really have some place to go one day."

An idea becomes a concrete plan!

And then, seemingly out of a clear blue sky, there came a day when many of our most influential men met for the first time to actually discuss plans for the construction of such a center. Realizing that such a project would involve a staggering expenditure, they started off by agreeing individually to donate large sums of money. Next, they received money-pledges from eager members of the community who wanted to do their share. Open meetings and committee meetings were held at regular intervals, and at pres-

In The Mail-Box

To the Editors:

Boy! How you people get around! You certainly are talented in telling half-truths about a certain juvenile admirer, who was infuriated by the misinterpretation. To make it clearer, R.L. never even saw Victor Ancona. She doesn't know whether he is tall or fat, short or thin, blonde or brunette—all she knows is that he paints, and as a fellow painter, she admires his WORK.

A close friend of R.L.

Ed.—all right, don't hit us.

ent arrangements are progressing, and the plans are taking definite shape. Contributions will be needed.

Those people who have not yet pledged any money should do so without delay. They will be making a good investment that will pay untold interest, unstinting dividends for generations. They will be helping to erect a building that will shine a warm welcome to everybody. It will be a building wherein young and old, rich and poor alike will meet and thrash out the community's problem; where social and cultural activities will broaden and enrich hundreds of lives.

To end street-corner groups

It is almost traditional—a mocking sort of tradition—that groups and clusters of our young folk stand aimlessly on the corner of 69th Street; that many more walk equally aimlessly up and down Bay Parkway. This is not as strange or shocking as it seems. Young people love company, they like to meet friends and acquaintances; to chat and laugh; to linger over the day's events. When there is no other place for them to go, they huddle on the street corners.

This is not a good thing. It is not good for those who do it, and it is not good in the eyes of those who look on. There are other things that are not good; to sit in stuffy, overcrowded rooms, night after night over card tables; to keep rigidly within the bounds of social cliques or sets.

These things are as unnecessary as they are an unpleasant aspect of community life. It is encouraging, therefore, to know that steps are being taken to end such conduct; it is even more important to know that these are the right steps. Yes, we in our little part of America, small though it may seem, are making concrete post-war plans that are going to benefit all our people. Our boys in uniform will feel the folks back home are laying constructive plans for the fu-

Pvt. Mac Haddad, Italy

To the Editors:

Taking time out to write this letter from somewhere in Italy, to call to your attention the fact that you are apparently not printing enough copies of the Victory Bulletin to go around,—at least it seems that way to me. The last copy I saw was sometime in the Spring, and that ain't good for a soldier's morale.

What say you get on the beam, and keep me posted on what's what in good old Brooklyn? In return for your anticipated promptness, I'm sending you in another V-mail letter, a little poem that I dedicated to the *wimmin*, those lovely and adorable creatures. Seein' that it's my first attempt at this sort of thing, you may, or may not print it, as you see fit. I'll *understand*.

Keep smiling,

Mac Haddad

Ed.—you DO understand, don't you?

ture. "Out-of-towners" will look forward a little more eagerly to their regular trips to New York. . . .

The editors salute the leaders

The editors of *Victory Bulletin* take their hats off to the men and women who are responsible for this admirable project. They must know that they have the indisputable support of the entire community. The Girls' Junior League loudly echoes this support and declares itself ready to help in any and every way possible.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Every year about this time, Holiday Greetings are exchanged between all peoples, and goodwill and happiness are manifest. The last few years have been very different. There is not much happiness on battlefronts, in war-torn countries, or in homes that are without their menfolk.

But people can hope. And in that hope is the spirit of the New Year. Holiday greetings in times like these take on a new meaning. Where before, "Happy New Year" could mean "Lots of fun next year, keep all your resolutions, and I hope business is fine", now it can mean "Let Victory be ours this coming year, Let your boy and mine come home for good, and let the world be free."

And that is what we mean when we say to all of you, with all our hearts, "A very Happy New Year."

Joe Anteby Writes Of War; Family



Meeting 22-year old Joe Antebi, one might say that he had a quiet sense of humor, a sense of religious duty, and a modest unassuming character. The qualities of valor and patriotism can now be added. Joe Antebi has proved himself a hero and an

American.

His personal courage has been revealed on many occasions on many battlefronts, including Africa, Sicily and Italy. In Sicily he was stricken with malaria, and sent back to Africa by plane to recuperate. He stayed there only six weeks, and then, insisting that he was completely recovered, he rejoined his unit on the Sicilian front. When Sicily fell, he and his comrades moved on into Italy, driving forward slowly but inexorably. Their courage and humor were needed now as never before. Days of rain and mud, of shells and bursting bombs, days of blood and fear on all sides, days of plodding, or stumbling, or crawling on hands and knees.

And then, while storming across a river, there was a terrific explosion. Bomb fragments flew in all directions, and there were many casualties. Joe Antebi was among the wounded. The doctor said, "Bomb fragments entered both legs causing severe cuts. Both bones are uninjured"; so Pvt. Joe Antebi was sent again to the hospital. This time he received the Purple Heart for gallantry in action.

While in the hospital, Joe writes home frequently. He writes of the difficulty of sleeping in a soft bed, after the rock and dirt couches he had gotten used to. He writes of his young wife, and of his seven-months-old son whom he has never seen. He writes proudly of his two brothers in the Army, one of whom turned down a West Point commission to become an Air Cadet, and the other a Sergeant, suffering from spinal meningitis, who has twice refused an honorable discharge.

Joe knows that he and his comrades have helped create that pride, and he knows that when civilization has rid itself of the menace hanging over it, his younger brothers and sisters and his son will grow up in a world that has something to offer them, a world that breathes the spirit of freedom.

Looking at The World - - - -

by GLYNNE NAHEM

After six years of bitter struggle on the Chinese front, after two and one-half years of hectic self-sacrifice in the Soviet Union, after four years of war in Britain, and two years after Pearl Harbor the magic word "Teheran" has brought renewed hope and vigor to the fighting peoples of the United Nations.

For it was at Teheran that the heads of three great powers met. There they made decisions. The greatest and most galvanic decisions in the annals of history. And yet, decisions so simple that everybody could understand. They agreed, these three great men, to collaborate fully with one another, to speed victory along, and to cooperate in forming and carrying out a just and durable peace.

Let us examine the significance of the Teheran Conference. This was the first time that Churchill, the conservative empire man, Stalin the Communist, and Roosevelt, somewhere in be-

tween, each representing a different set of ideas, had come together. They managed to reach vitally important agreements, and to get along successfully together; this was only a meeting between three men, but it shows clearly the pattern that will work between three countries.

Military decisions were reached there which have set forth the strategy of the Allied invasion of Europe from all sides. Decisions which point, a sure way toward the application of the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

But the main significance of the conference lies in the fact that it has cemented the unity of the Allied Nations with a firmness that bodes no sympathy for the Axis. If Hitler had any hopes of splitting the United Nations, these hopes are dead now. For we have shown at Teheran that we mean business—and that business is to destroy and completely annihilate the Axis.

GJL Members Score at Fort Hamilton Canteen GI's Want Them Back!

Once again the Fort Hamilton Canteen was turned into a riotous carnival when, on December 12th, members of Girls' Junior League acted as hostesses for 150 soldiers from the Fort.

From beginning to end, the evening was packed with fun. Everybody seemed to be hopping around; the ballroom was suffused with bright colour. Coming in from the outside one felt an instant rush of gay warmth and laughing voices.

The high spot of the evening was a mock marriage bureau. One dashing sailor married fourteen different women, and won a prize for his bigamy (?). He explained that this situation was natural, for after all "a sailor has a girl waiting in every port."

Another handsome staff sergeant, Buck Thompson of California, was cornered with his mouth bulging with creamy chocolate cake. With crumbs adhering to his chin, he mouthed this opinion, "This is the first time I have been actually lifted up on my feet and made to get into the swing of things. As for these girls, they are the prettiest bunch I've seen all at one time."

We approached another lanky soldier, Pvt. Robert Callameno of Bos-

ton, who was playing ping-pong with concentrated fury. Firmly removing the paddle from his grip, we persuaded him to talk. "Well," he smiled, "It is the first time I've ever tried getting married eight times, but honest, I enjoyed every wedding of it."

A jitterbug contest took place about the middle of the evening and was won by Evelyn Mishaan and an unknown sailor. The onlookers learnt the full meaning of "swing and jive" that night. But the dance really reached its zenith when Joe Laniado, acting entertainer, rendered a startlingly lifelike imitation of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," among other acts.

The fun broke up towards midnight with the singing of the National Anthem, farewells, and promises to write. Each soldier was given a handkerchief before he left. Evidence that the G.J.L. hostesses were a big hit was the fact that they have been invited to the fort at regular intervals.

Thanks Again!

The younger generation are still faithfully helping us to mail out our Victory Bulletin each month. This month we must thank Ralph Kassin, Moe Mizrahi, Raymond Franco, Dave Belilos, Jack Franco, Joe Franco, Sol Betesh, David Safdieh, Buster Farrell, and Frankie Farrell. Keep it up!

Gripsholm Arrives

(Cont. from p. 1)

food cooked in the camp as most of the time it was unfit to eat.

Prisoners who behaved well were permitted to see visitors at the gate, and to ask them to buy food from the outside. Japanese invasion money was used. Most of the Philipinos were dissatisfied with Jap rule, and were eager to help the prisoners.

Nearly all of the prisoners wore wooden sandals and khaki shorts, generally patched and torn; their chests were bare.

In May, 1943, 800 men were transferred to an agricultural college at Los Barrios. There were 70 barracks in this camp, each holding 100 men. There were no floors or cots, and prisoners slept on the cold earth. Sanitary conditions here were unspeakable, and sickness and disease were rampant.

On April 18th, 1943, the Japanese did not attempt to deny the Tokio bombings. Americans were delighted, but took care not to make this too obvious.

At Los Barrios, prisoners were ordered to bow to all Jap officers. In spite of terrific protests the rule remained unchanged. However, Americans, seeing the officers approaching, usually managed to turn away, and avoid meeting them.

Then, in July, 1943 Mr. Haffif was approached with the news that he was among the 23 from that camp that would be permitted to leave for home.

He refused to believe this news, till he was actually aboard the Japanese ship "Teia Main". Treatment was very bad aboard this ship. There was an acute shortage of food. People stood on lines to try and buy an extra piece of bread in order to appease their hunger.

On October 15, the prisoners were exchanged in Portugal, and on October 22, they sailed for America on the Gripsholm. The trip took 65 days in all, but Mr. Haffif declares: "I shall never forget a minute of it."

Mr. Haffif hopes that one day he will be able to repay Mr. Alphonse Missry for his kindness to him. Mr. Missry, who was not held prisoner, befriended him on many occasions, and did his utmost in trying to make him comfortable.

Now Mr. Haffif is home, and his only wish is for a speedy Victory of the Allied Nations, and the complete crushing of the Axis.

The SS Gripsholm pulled into the docks at New Jersey one December day. Among the passengers aboard were 13 Syrian people including seven children.

The Gripsholm picked up its passengers at Portugal. These were

Americans, prisoners of the Japanese, who had been exchanged for American-held Japanese subjects.

Among the children were Abe, Zakie, Harry and Grace Franco, whose father and mother are still prisoners. They are unwilling to relate many of their experiences as they want their mother and father to come home safe and sound.

Mr. and Mrs. Sasson, and their three children were interviewed. Mr. Sasson said: "At our camp, we were allowed to get food from the outside. For regular meals, we had to stand in line. I was acting as a camp policeman, and my wife was given the job of cleaning vegetables. If prisoners obeyed all orders, they were not mistreated in our camp; otherwise there was no mercy shown."

Mr. Ezra Betesh, Mr. Shayo, and Mr. L. Hamwee were also aboard. Mr. Betesh said: "We were given two meals a day. Breakfast was given by the Red Cross, who gave us cracked wheat cereal every day. There were over a thousand prisoners in Camp Pootung, and sleeping quarters were confined to a space of 4 ft. by 6 ft. When we boarded the Gripsholm (manned by a Swedish crew) we got our first decent meal in ages, and even more important to me, a real American smoke!"

The Gripsholm sailed as a diplomatic ship, manned by neutrals, and there was little fear of bombing or torpedoes. Still, the passengers were relieved as well as unbelievably happy when they reached home. All were full of praise for the Red Cross, which helped them, and did everything possible to make things easier for them.

MEET THE STAFF



This month we introduce good-natured, giggly, and pretty Shirley Betesh, who works on the Business Staff of our paper.

Shirley is kept busy seven days a week. A member of the National Security Women's Corps, she also works hard as a Nurse's Aide. She sells War Bonds and Stamps faithfully at least once a week. Between times, she takes Rumba lessons at Arthur Murray's.

Shirley has a yen for delicatessen, gooey cakes, and handsome soldiers. Her life's ambition is to dance with a sergeant (any really nice sergeant) at the Waldorf Astoria.

Photo—Marboro Studio

Unsuccessful Attempt Leading to Success for PFC David M. Attie



Mine is not a success story. Aviation Cadet Attie used to be a proud member of a proud organization. While at preflight school at Maxwell Field, he shined his shoes fifteen times a day and ate all his meals "at attention. He studied hard, and was accelerated to Primary Training a month ahead of time. Like a hundred other cadets, he got the thrill of his life when, during his first flight, his instructor said, "O.K., she's all yours."

Well, I flew the rugged PT-17 for a whole month. Day after day, I practiced maneuvers, take-offs, climbing turns, stalls, spins, gliding turns and landings. My instructor would encourage me with a cheery "Nothing to worry about".

It was different when I got my "check ride". With a captain sitting in the front seat, it was completely different. Everything that I had once perfected went "Blooley". After that, I realized I was not the "hot pilot" I had thought I was.

They said "Your abilities can be of service elsewhere in the Air Forces," and I knew I was "washed out".

So my "abilities" now are being applied to radio. Here at Scott Field, thousands of students, many of whom are also ex-cadets, receive the finest training in radio theory and radio operation, including high-speed sending and receiving of Morse code. All are physically fit for air duty, and upon graduation, most are being trained in aerial gunnery. I am among these, and we are the men who will man the guns and radio sets of the big bombers that are now just beginning to blast the Axis from all sides. Look out, Hitler and Hirohito, here we come!

Ed. Note: Each month, the Victory Bulletin awards a prize of a super-gift package for the best letter from a soldier. This month, it goes to PFC David Attie of Scott Field, Ill.

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"VICTORY IN 1944"
ABOUD SASSON
•

Hi, Peepul

By MARGE LABATON

There's a fascinating story going around that S.Y. families are moving in droves to Ocean Parkway-on-the-Green. So what! Bay Parkway's gray pavements are still trodden by the multitudes. We haven't missed any of the dear old faces. Maybe they like the bus ride. . . .

Charlie Betesh's party this month was no ordinary gathering. We all shed about ten years and played "Spin the Bottle," and at Vickie Massry's party the following night certain other people shed thirty years, and played the same game.

Did Adela Esses and Cpl. Jimmy Abadi have a sizzling time together on his last furlough? Did they!!

Superman has a rival. Julie Liniado can also get around. What with plane trips to Virginia and train trips to Philadelphia, she's well supplied with dates for New York. . . .

And this from Pvt. Tawil "These Southern gals are kind of slow. I ask for a kiss, and before they finally answer "no," they have been soundly "boossed" three times.

WE'd all love to work for Missry (Madison Avenue) where dashing celebrities walk in behind dark glasses, and present the help with five dollar bills. For fuller information refer to Ceil Cohen.

Ike Ashe and Renee Shalom are busy turning back the clock again. Do we hear the strains of an old romance.

Pvt. Al Cohen, California, requests a picture of the whole V.B. staff. That's an idea, Al, but give us some time to pretty up.

Alaska lends us Cpl. Meyer Rishty for thirty days, looking warm, well, and hearty. . . .

Fanny Cohen must be somebody's pin-up girl. More than 50 service men turned up at her party recently. That must have been some party!!

Tales from the younger set! Coast Guard Ike Tawil and pert Stella Ades still finding lots in common. Go to it, kids!

They say that modern-engaged S.Y. couples spend their weekends at Grosingers. There's a snag, of course, They're chaperoned, sort of. . . .

Who dares grumble about the weather, when Lieutenant Al Labaton can send us such warm Christmas Greetings from Greenland?

And here was the \$64 question? Whose party were we going to gate-crash New Year's Eve? Even I'm puzzled. Oh! I went to bed early (in the morning).

Home on leave this month were P.F.C. Ralph Mizrahi, Pvt. Nat Schwecky, Pvt. Abe Fallack, Pvt. Joe Saka, vPvt. Joe Betesh, Pvt. Bernard Schwecky, Pvt. Jack Gindi, Pva. Jack Sedaka, Pvt. Meyer Sutton, Pvt. Eli

Excerpts From Letters By Fighting Men

Los Angeles, Cal.

I have been in the Arizona desert for almost four months now, and believe me, there is nothing like the desert for all the comforts of home.

Take a steak for example (when we can get it). It keeps frozen all night long; and then at lunch time, we can fry it on the hot sand. We even have ready-made salt and pepper—lots and lots of lovely sand!

Cpl. Joe Zalta

Somewhere in Italy.

Must a soldier look all over Italy for his brother in order to receive a copy of the Victory Bulletin. That is what happened in a grand meeting between brothers Joseph A. Cohen, and Ezra Cohen, both by coincidence sons of Aaron Cohen.

What a meeting that was! Both of us by a strange stroke of fate, were following in the footsteps of our father, and were in the process of raising moustaches. The question may arise as to who looked uglier. Ridiculous! Of course he did.

Our conversation was a mixture of Arabic, French, Italian, and English. And Joe looked better (apart from the moustache) than when he took his summer vacation in the country.

Before we parted, I asked him for the Victory Bulletin. It goes without saying that it was terrific!

Cpl. Ezra Cohen

Army Air Corps Gains

Sam Braha and Joe Beyda have made the Air Cadets recently. David O'Hayan is up for Air Cadet also. The Syrians are making a good showing in the United States Army Air Corps.

Milestones

Mr. and Mrs. Shanty Mishaan—a Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Tawil—a Boy

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Shamah—a Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Esses—a Girl

Cpl. and Mrs. Joe Zarala—a Girl

ENGAGED

Miss Adele Matelqn, Jamaica, B. W. I., to Capt. Albert Allen, U.S. Army

MARRIED

Gertrude Tessembaum to Cpl. Ezra Cabassa

Iris Bigio to Edward Shaio

Rose Hidari to Julius Gindi

Esther Marcus to Joe Mansur

Esther Heiney to Jimmy Shrem

Safdieh, Pvt. Nat Ades, and Pvt. Fred Tawil.

Well, that's all for now. Happy New Year, everyone. Last year I dated up an overseas soldier for this New Year's Eve, and he kept the date. So I'm making a date with all you fellows in uniform for next New Year. Don't disappoint me!

Roll Of Honor

Cpl. Ezra Cabassa, 1304 Eng. Div. Co. "A", Camp Sutton, N. C.

Morris Doueck, S/2/C N.M.G.V. Sec. Base c/o Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.

Pvt. Michael Haber—32974804—Det. Med. Dept., 25th General Hospital, Louisville 2, Ky.

Pvt. Harry Heiney, 8 Rec. Dep. Platoon 2, Fort McKinley, Maine.

Pvt. Max Kastel—32989419—Reg. Hdq. 276 Inf., Camp Adaim, Oregon.

David Mehana, A/S, Co 524 "G" Unit, Sampson, New York.

Louis Natkin, A/S, Ward C Medical Unit 1 U.S.N.T.S., Newport, R. I.

Pvt. J. J. Salem—32923-122—A-7-3 F.A.R.T.C. Sec. 6, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Pvt. Isaac Schweke—32974768—D-7-3 F.A.—R.C., Fort Bragg, N. C.

Pvt. Joe Shasho, Rifle Range Det., Box 1403, Parris Island, S. C.

Pfc. Ted Shasho, 2nd Ser. Co., Ser. Bn, Camp Lejuene, New River, N. C.

Pvt. Al Shweky—42049022—Co. "A", 203rd Regt., Camp Blanding, Fla

M. Salamy, RT 3/C, Co. E., PR-1, Naval Armory, Randolph St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Isaac Tawil (ASR), 663-752 Co. 29, Coast Guard Tr. Station, Manhattan Beach, B'klyn, N. Y.

Magen David Community Center Committees Take Definite Action

On November 22, 200 people attended an open meeting at the Talmud Torah to discuss plans for the building of a Magen David Community Center. Mr. Morris Levy presided as Chairman.

The first action of the meeting was to elect a committee as follows:

- Chairman.....Mr. Morris Levy
- Vice Chairmen...Mr. Norman Gemal
 Mr. Abdo Ades
- Treasurers.....Mr. Jacob Hidari
 Mr. Joseph Esses
- Secretaries.....Mr. Isaac Matalon
 Mr. Joe Saff
- Financial Sec....Mr. Joseph Beyda
- Hon. Chairmen...Mr. Isaac Shalom
 Mr. Salim Grazi

The Rabbis of the community formed an honorary Rabbinical committee.

A goal of \$500,000 was set. Pledges were asked for, and amounts ranging from \$5 to \$25,000 were promised.

Every member of the community is urged to donate according to his means. Out-of-towners are also appealed to. There are many who feel that New York is a second home to them, and who look to it for advancement and progress. These are also asked to donate to the limit of their capacity.

Money given towards this project is deductible from income tax as "Charity" to the extent of 15%.

People are asked to send their donations to Mr. Morris Levy, 392 5th Avenue, New York City.

It is emphasized that this money is entirely separate and intact from all other community charities, and checks are to be made payable to "Magen David Community Center".

All should attend the meetings which are being held regularly to plan and discuss the project. These take place at the 66th Street Talmud Torah every Tuesday night at 8:30.

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Compliments of
Sultan & Schwartz
461 — 5th AVENUE

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Solders' Vote

— An Editorial —

Can 8,000,000 American men and women be disenfranchised without a good reason? When these 8,000,000 men and women are those who are risking their lives and health to save America, can we stand by calmly, and say that the American government does not have the right to let them vote?

Out of every American in the United States, surely those 8,000,000 are the ones most entitled to help choose the government that is to represent America.

And yet the Congress of the United States is doing its best to prevent those 8,000,000 from casting their ballot. They say that states' rights will be infringed if they grant soldiers the right to vote. Even to them this must sound silly, and yet they present their empty shopworn arguments with dogged persistence. And it looks as if they are getting results. *Unless the people of the United States step in.*

The president has already stepped in and is fighting for the rights of Service men, just as he has fought vigorously on all progressive issues during this war.

But this is not enough. We men and women of the United States must also make our voices heard. We must let Congress know that we do not intend to see our sons, brothers and sweethearts deprived of their right to vote. We must write every day letters and post cards to Congress telling them this. And we must do it now! Can we allow 8,000,000 fighting voices to be stifled and not utter a word of protest?

Welcome Back, Murray!

Pvt. Murray Levy, wounded in action in Sicily is now almost completely recovered. He has been honorably discharged from the United States Army, and arrived home in Brooklyn, Monday, December 20th.

**YOUR BLOOD MAY SAVE HIS LIFE—
GIVE ANOTHER PINT**

Second Anniversary Heralds New Hopes Of Victory Over Foe

December 7th — "*day that will live in infamy*" — has passed its second anniversary this month. The choking fumes of revenge that scorched the minds of every American two years ago, have now become fumes which slowly arise from a staggering pyre of smoldering steel and burning rubble—rubble which was once a German city called Essen, Bremen, Rostock, or Berlin.

Two years ago, the Japanese left a defenceless Pearl Harbor battered and burning; today America's mighty air force is pounding the Marshall Islands, and has invaded New Britain.

As the third year of war begins, the American Army has reached its greatest strength in the history of the republic, with more than 8,000,000 men under arms. Airplane production has reached the breathtaking figure of almost 9,000 monthly, and the shipbuilding output has passed the goal it set for itself.

And so we begin 1944 confidentially, with Africa conquered, with the Allied Armies smashing forward into the north of Italy, in this battle's final phase. We are confident that since the agreements of the Teheran conference were made, Hitler has been quivering in his big, black boots. The same boots which kicked open the coffins of Tolstoy, that trod on the music of Mendelssohn, boots that stepped over deafnceless old men, and stamped over the bodies of little children.

The soles of those big, black boots have worn thin in the past year. After the Second Front has been launched they cannot last long . . . only until their owner takes his last march to *the gallows* after an Allied Victory in 1944.

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SULTAN'S Inc.
398 — 5th AVENUE

Nine Community Soldiers Fight On To Win On Italian Soil

By Julie Liniado

From a beachhead on the western invasion coast of Sicily to the roaring hell of mud and muck on the banks of Italy's Volturno River, nine Syrian boys have battled and fought and earned the gratitude of not only our community, but that of our nation.



Serving on the Italian battlefield, are Jonah Mishaan, Abe Mizria, Mac (Cigar) Haddad, Sam Antar, Lt. Aaron Abadi, Warrant Officer Robert Molko, Sam Serouya, Joe Cohen and his brother Ezra Cohen.



Of these, Sammy Serouya and Joe Cohen have been fortunate enough to serve shoulder to shoulder, since they entered the U.S. Army over a year ago. They have been together through their basic training, maneuvers, embarkation and invasion. Theirs is a

friendship that has been forged in the sweat and heat of battle.

The finest place in Italy according to these two boys is a little operating room, in a field hospital near the front lines. For it was there, and in the midst of an attack, that they stumbled into Joe's younger brother Ezra. A whiff of Brooklyn floated into that room, as the three pummelled and pounded each other quite mercilessly and with great delight.

A long letter describing this momentous occasion was received by the Serouya family. Along with it came an exciting package which contained gifts for every member of the family. Sammy had done his Christmas shopping early—and right in Hitler's back yard.

Of course, Jonah Mishaan is there. Since his first trip overseas, he has travelled from country to country. And now there is a legend which says that no major Allied campaign is complete without Jonah's assistance.

Abe Mizria and Mac Haddad, two handsome and eligible young bachelors have much in common. Their desires, usually, and very emphatically, are centered around a fine six-cent cigar. (Prices ain't what they used to be!) Both agree that it is a privilege to keep slugging away at the Nazis.

Sam Antar has been in Italy only one month. Despite this, he has already seen action, and he now considers himself a seasoned fighter.

Lt. Aaron Abadi, a native of Virginia, and Warrant Officer Molko are also in the thick of the fighting on the Italian Boot. Lt. Aaron, wounded in action, was recently decorated for bravery. He writes home: "The Victory Bulletin has introduced me to the Syrian Colony in Brooklyn. I think they're all swell. I feel that the home-town of those boys is my home-town too. I'm looking forward to meeting them when I return."

Warrant Officer Bob Molko enlisted almost two years ago, but Italy is the first foreign soil that he has touched. He wants to do a specially good job for all his friends, and the folks back home. Bob says "We're out to win—and quick!"

And that about echoes the sentiments of all our boys who are now fighting the Axis in Italy.

FOR CIVILIANS ONLY

Brrr-rr! The first week of December has already made its 1943 exit; and we on the staff are once again feverishly seated at typewriters, energetically, punching out the copy that will go into making this issue. *But we are shivering*, and it has absolutely nothing to do with the mercury

Frankly, the cause of our frigidity lies in one naked fact: only a small number of dollar bills—this year's subscription to *Victory Bulletin*—have reached us.

Now our printer is a nice enough fellow, as far as nice fellows go; but his unwavering attitude is, "No money?—well then, No paper." And albeit a trifle reluctantly, we have to admit he has a point there.

Of course, if there were no paper, we people would have extra leisure hours, and probably a sounder sleep at night; but what about our boys overseas or in camps over the country? These fellows frequently smother us with heartwarming letters telling

Victory Rally Held To Speed Victory

On Dec. 7, 1943, exactly two years after Pearl Harbor, youth groups of eight organizations in the community, including the Girls' Junior League, participated in a huge Victory Rally at the Jewish Community House in Brooklyn.

The purpose of the Rally was to stimulate the War Effort in our community, and the program was dedicated to the youth of America.

Four important resolutions were made: First to unify the youth of the community into a Victory Council, second, to give all-out support to the President of the United States Third, to do everything possible to speed victory, and fourth, to try and break down barriers between the faiths.

The guest of honor was War Hero Lt. E. Wasserman, who wears the Air Corps Medal and Clusters. Chairman was Miss Doris Senk, president of the S.W.A.C.'s.

Pledges were taken for the National War Fund, and the Girls' Junior League promised their financial support.

The Rally came to an end at 11:45 p.m. with the singing of the National Anthem.

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KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK

ISAAC MIZRAHI

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●

BEST WISHES

MEYER SASSON

●

us just how wonderful it is to get all the news from home.

We don't want to let them down. We know you don't, either. So send in your dollar bills NOW to:

Miss Evelyn Mishaan
2165—66th Street
Brooklyn, New York

Our temperature is already rising in anticipation.

Mayhem With Nahem

(Goings-on in the sports world)

We were tremendously delighted at the immense stacks of mail heralding the debut of this column. Actually though, we received one, (1) letter, but we realize how difficult it is to write letters these days.

And, of course, this letter was from our brother Joe, and it read like this:

Dearest Sam:

Your column stinks. Love,
Your brudder Joe.

But one tries to be brave these days, so our second attempt will consist of an exhaustive and exhausting survey of the goings-on in the sports world. Here's what's going on:

FOOTBALL: The football season just ended.

BASKETBALL: The basketball season just started.

HOCKEY: The hockey season is in full swing.

WATER POLO: This sport has been discontinued since all the players were drowned.

YACHT-RACING: We are absolutely ecstatic to inform the billions of Syrian yacht-owners that the Yacht-Racing Association announced it would meet next month to discuss yacht-racing. It really is thrilling to realize that this blood-tingling, nerve-racking sport will continue, gallant and intrepid, in the face of wartime difficulties.

Still in the Fight

Irwin Maleh of California, who was discharged from the United States Navy, has now upped and joined the Merchant Marine.

Mrs. Mayer Molko
PORTLAND, MAINE

TO ABE & MURRAY

Here's to a Speedy Victory

Compliments of
MOE BIJOU

DOG-SHOWS: The only item we have to report on is this: *it has been revealed by usually unreliable sources that the army is about to court-martial P.F.C. Fido, the dog. Fido was standing sentry but quit his "post" before being properly "relieved."* Wow! Get it?

SOCCKER: Tingly news from the soccer world is that some team beat some other team by some score some-time ago. A brilliantly clear analysis of how this gentle game is played is given by an eye-witness:

"You walk along a vacant lot and casually observe some grown-up men kicking each other's shins around. Now and then, when one of them (the men) falls, he is kicked in the head because his head then represents a reasonable facsimile of a soccer ball. **CHITTER-CHATTER** Branch Rickey, "the man who talks too much" held a press conference recently. The *Victory Bulletin* used three reporters to cover this earth-shaking event — one to cover the nouns, one the pronouns, and one to cover Rickey's mouth. . . . Fat Tony GALENTO will soon enter the armed forces. We wish to repeat the rumor that he will be used as an invasion barge or tank obstacle. . . . Dot's all."

CARRY ON "BULLETIN"
JACK DWECK

MORRIS CHAYO

Compliments to
Pvt. Morris Nahem

BEST WISHES
Mr. & Mrs.
LEOPOLD STAHL

Negroes to Be Admitted to Big League Baseball

The forces of progress won a significant victory recently. For the first time in the history of organized baseball, the Big Ball Magnates received and applauded a delegation of prominent people, headed by the famous singer Paul Robeson, who pleaded for the entrance of Negroes into Big Leagues.

This resulted in the magnates issuing a statement that each club might hire as many Negro players as desired.

All over the country baseball fans must deluge club owners with letters and postcards demanding that full advantage be taken of this opportunity to acquire colored players.

We know that readers of the *Victory Bulletin*, would like to add their voice to the mighty crescendo which is now shaking the tottering walls of reaction and discrimination.

20 Community Girls in Nat. Security Women's Corps

The National Security Women's Corps, a voluntary organization, was started in 1940, and already has branches in several states.

The Corps is made up mostly of business women who contribute their time after working hours. Their duties include working in connection with the Red Cross, O.P.A., Navy recruiting, selling war bonds and stamps, Nurse's Aides, Canteen duty, etc.

About twenty girls from our community are members of this organization and meet one evening a week. Shirley Betesh and Iris Zonana are Nurse's Aides and are now training at a hospital.

Adele Cohen is a Corporal on floor and drills the girls. (Incidentally, she is a Jr. Hostess at a U.S.O.) Emma Grazi is a reporter on the Corps' paper. Pep Dabah sells stamps and bonds at booths. Ann Shalom rolls bandages at the Red Cross.

The other girls are all doing various jobs of equal importance to the war effort.