

VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume 1. No. 12.

JUNE, 1943

By Subscription

12 Sharp Weapons Thrown Into The Fight Victory Bulletin Strikes Blow At Fascism

To Our Readers!

The weapon was forged a year ago. It wasn't the tank-smashing bazooka and it sent no bullets into soldiers of the enemy. Yet it was an effective weapon against that enemy. It was called the Victory Bulletin.

From the first, this newspaper realized that this was a war of ideas as well as men, that a people and a soldiery that were un-informed might never survive a life and death struggle. A man with a gun had to know what he was fighting for. His folks had to be told how to support him on the home front.

In one of our earliest editions, we, with our admittedly small voice, called for an offensive spirit. Editorials opposing isolationist theories as represented by the Daily News appeared month after month. Anti-United Nations

propaganda, attacks on the President of the United States and editorials which disagreed with our military leaders' strategy of "lick Hitler first" were branded for what they were—Axis-inspired. And the people's war and peace aims were never forgotten.

As newspaper circulations go, the Victory Bulletin's has yet to reach fifteen hundred. But we believe that our paper has done more for morale per page of print than any monthly of its kind in the country. A whole family would read and re-read a copy until it was tattered. And if the family's son in uniform had not received his own, the family would send the remains of their issue to him, even though he was ten thousand miles away in the Southwest Pacific. Long ago, we stopped counting letters of thanks from soldiers stationed all over the world, from out-of-towners

(Continued on page 10)

Girls of N. S. W. C.



Members of the National Security Women's Corps. Left to right they read Celia Franco, Grace Franco, Ray Dishy, Esther Gemal, Florence Cohen, Norma Dweck, Shirley Betesh, Sally Grazi, Iris Zonana, Adele Dabah, Adele Cohen. These girls drill, practice First Aid, sell War Bonds, and take part in many other activities connected with the War Effort. They have already done much useful work in the community.

400 People Attend Zionist Supper

More than 400 people participated in the Non-profit Zionist supper meeting held May 30th at the Jewish Community House. The main purpose of this supper was to urge the Syrian Community to take an active part in the Zionist movement.

In order to enroll in the Syrian Division of the Zionist organization, the gentlemen of the audience were given a charter, which had to be signed

accompanied by \$5.00. The women were informed that another meeting would be held shortly so that they could join the national Zionist organization, Hadassah.

Dr. Leventhal and Sam Catton, chairman of the Syrian Division, were among the speakers. Entertainment by a singer and violinist was also part of the evenings program.

Private Michael Mishan of Randolph Field, Texas has received 98% average in his Engineering Operations in the Army Air Force.

Editor of New York Sun Calls Victory Bulletin Praiseworthy Project

Congratulations on an excellent paper. I am sure Victory Bulletin is eagerly awaited by all its readers in the armed forces. Morris Dweck, your first editor, is held in high respect and affection by his former associates on The Sun. He seems to have started a praiseworthy project in the Victory Bulletin and your present issue proves that you are carrying on in a manner which must be highly satisfactory to him and to the other boys in the service.

Edward Barnett
City Editor
New York Sun

VICTORY BULLETIN

Published by the Girls Junior
League of Bensonhurst

2165 — 66th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Esses, Lil Gemal, Pep Dabah,
Ray Dishy.



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The Fight Has Begun

Now we round up the prisoners. Now we march in to capital cities. Now our tanks rumble in to village squares. Now we hold the upper hand over the fanatic beasts.

The people of the liberated areas run out and hug our soldiers. They give the V for Victory sign. Pictures of Churchill, Roosevelt, DeGaulle and Stalin go up in Tunis and Bizerte. Monocled generals no longer map campaigns with Der Fuehrer. They alight from planes, get a cold "international-law salute" and then head for prison camps.

Yes, the people's war has taken a turn for the better but it is far from won. The cleansing of North Africa was a great victory for our forces but we must realize that it is only the prelude to still greater and bloodier battles. We have a tough fight yet. We're going to lose many men on invasion beaches and inland campaigns.

Only one thing can save the Fascists from the wrath of our fighting forces. Only one thing can give them a chance to get off the ropes and attempt a recovery. That is for us on the home-front to relax and dream of coasting in to victory.

We've got them groggy. We've got them where we want them—on the defensive. But we still have to give the final punch to bowl them over. And more boys in camps in the United States are going to take that trip across the pond: more eighteen year olds and more married men, some with children, will have to put on uniforms.

We can count on the fighting services of the nation to press the fight. But we at home must continue, in fact, redouble our efforts for victory.

Now, more than ever is the time to donate your blood. The first of big blows against the Fascists, if it has not already come when this appears, may cost more lives than we think. Some boy, in the next few days or

To The Editors:

Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy your Victory Bulletin and look forward eagerly to its arrival each month.

Two of my employers, Ralph and Irving Mahana, now in the armed services, have written that they appreciate receiving the Bulletin at camp. They love reading those newsy little items on the folks back home and their friends in service.

You may relay the message to the Mahana Bros. that their employees and myself will do our utmost to carry on in their store while they're in the army.

I am enclosing \$5.00, a small con-

tribution to help defray expenses in putting out your fine paper. Keep up your splendid work!

Blanche Guttman

Secretarial Manager, Mahana Bros.

To the Editors:

We enjoy reading the Bulletin very much and anxiously wait for it each month. We would like to have you extend a standing invitation to all the boys in the Armed Services to visit us at our home at 2430 North Mesa Ave., Ed Paso, Texas.

Enclosed find a donation for \$3.00 to the Victory bulletin to help you continue your fine work.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus.

weeks, may die on a beach in France, Sicily, Greece or Norway for lack of blood. No matter how much blood has already been stored, more will be needed.

Where ten per cent of our incomes formerly went into war bonds, now twenty to twenty five per cent must be invested. We've got to buy so many bonds that we go past all quotas and break all records. We've got to continue buying bonds until every dirty fascist in Germany, Italy or Japan is either dead or in our hands.

They asked for a total war. We are going to show no mercy. We are going to give them that total war until the last second of the last minute of the last round.

We are not going to allow them to pull out of this war with a loss that they can turn into a moral victory. Soldiers of the fighting front and the home-front are going to smash them and rip them to pieces. We will repay them for every city that they leveled, for every helpless civilian that they strafed, for every woman they assaulted and for every hero whom their firing squads shot down.

If we slow up now, every boy killed during the last days before victory will have given his life needlessly. If we think that we can start chiseling on rationing and patronizing the Black Market now that we have finally won a battle, we are lengthening the number of days during which young Americans can slump over, dead, on the field of battle.

The Battle of Gettysburg was the turning point of the Civil War. But as Prime Minister Churchill recently pointed out, much death and havoc followed before final victory came. The situation is the same now. We've stopped the enemy's forward movement. But we've got to go on the offensive yet ourselves.

The President must continue to be supported in his efforts to prosecute the war and win the peace. Rationing must work. Blood must be donated. Bonds must be bought. Civilian defense work in preparation for sneak punches must continue.

For the fight has just begun. And Victory, though in sight, is still a way off.

MEET THE STAFF

Sara Maleh works as a junior clerk at an Army Base. She is surrounded all day long by handsome second lieutenants, and needless to say is very happy in her job.



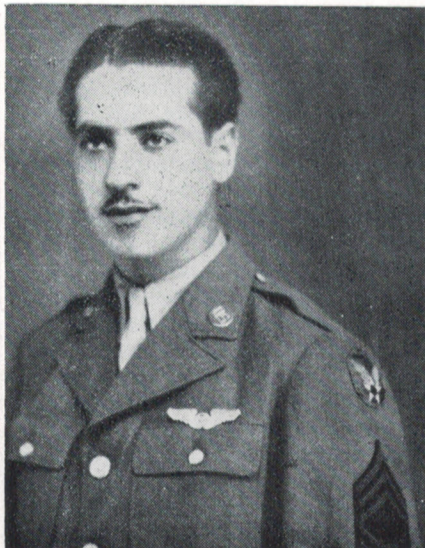
A real music fan, Sara, in addition to taking piano lessons, collects phonograph records of all types. Her favorites are the works of Victor Herbert, and George Gershwin.

She goes in for all outdoor sports with zest and vigor but confesses her weaknesses are for bicycle riding, and some hectic punchball sessions. Hiking in the country and swimming follow close as seconds.

Apart from her work on the staff of the Victory Bulletin, and her day-time job, she attends City College in the evenings, and studies chemistry in her spare time. Her avowed ambition is to be a laboratory technician.

A WAR STAMP A DAY BRINGS
NEARER OUR VICTORY DAY

Ohayan Wounded In Action Receives Purple Heart



Back in July, 1942, the Eighth Army had its back to the wall in Egypt. The situation looked grim for the United Nations. The U. S. Army Air Forces hurriedly began to rush bombers and combat crew men into the Middle East to stem the Nazi tide.

On one of those shipments of crew men was Technical Sergeant Herbert Ohayan. He had just finished his advanced training as a radio navigator and gunner at Lakeland, Florida. After being stationed in Palestine for a few months, Sergeant Ohayan went into action aboard the four-motored B-24 Liberator, the Shanghai Lil.

This month, Ohayan, the first of many community heroes that will be coming back from combat zones with tales of heroism, returned from Africa to convalesce from injuries received in action against the enemy.

Decorated with the Purple Heart, wearing campaign ribbons galore, wings, two wound stripes and the insignia of the Air Corps on his shoulder, he told the story of the havoc that the Shanghai Lil raised throughout the Mediterranean from Egypt to Italy in the two months that he was a member of its crew.

"Tobruk and Benghazi—then in the hands of Rommel—were the first objectives of the Shanghai Lil," he said. "Then, we kept moving steadily forward with the Eighth Army. Next on the program were Messina, Naples, Sousse, Tunis and installations in Crete and Greece."

Over the Italian city of Naples, Sergeant Ohayan shot down a

Marchetti fighter, for which he is receiving the Distinguished Service Cross. In the B-24 Liberator, every crew member, besides his regular duties, had a gun position. Sergeant Ohayan got his sights on the Fascist and let him have it.

After many "close shaves" on bombing missions, Sergeant Ohayan was wounded on New Year's Eve while on a routine flight. He had a hunch that he was in for a bad break that day.

"We were to bomb Tunis. It was one of the quietest trips I had ever gone out on. When we were roaring backing to our base, I began feeling silly about my premonition. Then, as a crew man switched on the wing reflectors to aid our landing, out of the darkness a Junkers 88 crept up on us and opened fire."

"The pilot and I were in the cockpit. They got both of us in the thigh. Though wounded, I was able to signal a British Beau-fighter who came to the rescue. The Britons stole up behind the Nazis and shot their plane to pieces," he continued.

Sergeant Ohayan and the pilot were rushed to a hospital after the plane had been landed safely. The shells had fractured Ohayan's bones but the pilot got away with flesh wounds. Two weeks later, while in the hospital, he heard that the Shanghai Lil had been shot down in later action and that every one in its crew had been killed.

After his graduation from high school, Herbert worked in his father's store—the Princess Sultana—in Rockefeller Center. He was a good salesman, he modestly admitted, until America was attacked. He then felt it his duty to enlist.

His basic training at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. over, he was sent to receive flight training in radio navigation in Louisiana. Then followed a trip to Fort Myers, Fla. and from there he went for his advanced training at Lakeland.

Once, while in the Middle East, Sergeant Ohayan was stricken with malaria. Because they were shorthanded, he feared that an inexperienced man would be sent up in his place, thus endangering the lives of his buddies. He insisted on going out.

Sergeant Ohayan, like so many of our community's boys in North Africa, spoke Arabic while in Egypt. His folks lived in this community from 1930 to 1932 and later moved to the Bronx. The family now makes its home in Elmhurst, Long Island.

July Issue Now In Hands of Soldiers

Next month is Victory Bulletin's BIG month. Our boys in uniform scattered over the four corners of the world cannot speak to you; but they are doing the next best thing. They are writing to all of you next month.

To you folks back home who will read the poems, compositions and letters written by our gallant fighting men, the words will mean just a little more than usual. Perhaps you'll discover your eye keeps wandering over a bit written by someone especially dear to you. It is probably that you'll chuckle at one effort and think, "that jerk never could write to save his life, anyway." Once or twice you'll find yourself sighing, "Gee, I didn't see that guy in the longest time." Whatever other reactions you get—one of them will be a warm feeling of pride that these are our boys.

You soldiers everywhere, who are contributing to the issue will cheerfully confess that the prospect of reading the works of your buddies is keenly satisfying. And even though you sweated out every word you wrote—that's nothing, he did too! And the thought that a \$25.00 bond and other fine prizes are within your grasp is a consoling one.

It is our turn to admit that we on the staff are pretty much excited too. Confidentially, we are basking in the fantastically soothing reflection of laying down our weary heads for a month's nap!

USO PARTY RAISES \$75.00

A card party, proceeds of which were donated to the U.S.O. was held at the home of Mrs. Shirley Beyda, Tuesday, May 25th. The party netted \$75. and over 40 persons attended.

LT. JACK BEYDA AGAIN PROMOTED

Lieutenant Jack Beyda of the Amphibian Engineers has been promoted to first Lieutenant. Jack has been in the Army over two years.

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



BACK UP YOUR BOY

Buy an Additional
Bond Today

**FIGHT HITLER — FIGHT INFLATION —
BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

FROM THE SOLDIERS

Miami Beach, Fla.

This soldier would like to write something in your newspaper. First—may I introduce myself—Al Mizrahi, P.F.C. Now for my story.

It all started one glorious day at Camp Upton. I had been there for six days and I was getting bored. We were sitting around playing "Solo" and things were starting to pick up as I was ahead a whole three cents.

Suddenly a hush fell over the group. Someone came in with shipping orders. This was the big moment. My name was shouted out and before the echoes had died, I was on a train for Miami Beach.

Boy, was I looking forward to it. Miami—land of beautiful women, sunshine, swimming, and luxurious hotels. Oh, what a wonderful dream.

And like a dream it ended. Suddenly I found myself marching. I never got a chance to meet the beautiful women, it rained for three days straight, swimming was restricted, and I spent more time cleaning the hotel room than living in it.

But don't get me wrong—I love the army. After all the food is good. If I may quote from "See Here, Private Hargrove." "Except for the way pineapple was thrown toward the peas, it wasn't too horrible."

And now forgetting the horseplay for a minute, I would like to say that army men may kid about army ways; they may gripe about the food, K.P., latrine duty and they may get homesick once in a while, but they never forget why they are in the army. Uppermost in my mind is the thought of winning the war against Fascism. When it is my turn to go over there, I will do all in my power to help win this war. So you keep doing your part and we'll try to do ours. With this country united, we can't be beat.

P.F.C. Al Mizrahi

Reno, Nevada

I have just been promoted to a Corporal in the Chemical Warfare Service. When I was home on furlough last month, a lot of people questioned me as to what I do in this branch of service as they had never heard of it.

The Chemical Warfare Service has an important mission to carry out. We provide the armed forces with protection from gas attacks. We are also prepared to fight our enemy with chemicals if they should choose to wage that type of warfare. Our training is a rigid one—we must be prepared to work with any branch of the service.

My company is assigned to the Air Corps. We work with bombers. Our

Roll Of Honor

Pvt. PAUL ARAK, S. C. U. 1942 Bldg. 311 Spec. Tech. School Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.

Pvt. SAUL ASHKENAZI, 34591947, Hq. Co., 2nd Bn., 411 Inf., Camp Claiborne, Louisiana.

Pvt. ABE BETESH, 419 Tr. Gr. B.T.C., Flight E, Miami Beach, Fla.

A/C ISAAC COHEN, Sq. B7 Class 44A, Bks. 867, Maxwell Field, Alabama.

Pvt. NAT FRANCO, Co. K, 7th QMTRC, Barracks 498, Camp Lee, Va.

Pvt. JOE GRAZI, 12143178, Co. A-13th Tr. Btry. Fort McClellan, Ala.

Pvt. EZRA JAMEL, A.P.O. 4016-H, Bks. 267, c/o P. M. N. Y. C.

Pvt. RALPH J. KIBOUDI, 126 Chemical Impreg. Co., Barracks No. 4-32896128, Camp Sibert, Ala.

Pvt. SEYMOUR KRAMER, Btry A, 14th Anti-Aircraft, Ripl. Training Bn., Fort Eustis, Va.

A/S MURRAY LATISH, Co. 682, U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.

Sgt. EFRIAN MENAGED, Btry 89 C. A. (A.A.) Gen. Del., Washington, D. C.

Pvt. DAVID MASSRE, C. A., 203rd Eng. C. Bn., Camp McCain, Miss.

Pvt. JACK MIZRAHI, 3815278, Squad 14, Flight 242 M, 504 Training Group, Kearns, Utah.

Pvt. JACK MIZRAHI, Det. Medical Dept. Davis-Monthan Field, Tucson, Arizona.

Pvt. RALPH MIZRACHI, Co. B, 2 Pl., 13 Bks, Camp Wheeler, Ga.

A/S JACK RABINOWITZ, Co. 1045 Barracks 4107 U. S. N. T. S., Newport, R. I.

A/S JOSEPH E. RISHTY, c/o 522 Bks. G11 U. S. N. T. S., Sampson, N. Y.

Pvt. SAM SABIN, Btry B115 C. A. Bn. (A.A.) A. A. T. C., Camp Davis, N. C.

Pvt. WALTER SERURE, 1222 Co. A-4 Barracks, 2 Med., Training Reg. Camp Pickett, Va.

Pvt. NATHAN SHWEKY, Bldg. 1231, Co. B, 4th Btry. 2nd Med. Training Reg., Camp Pickett, Va.

Pvt. MEYER SUTTON, 12181179, Co. B, 2nd Bn., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

job is to fill spray tanks with chemical agents and prepare incendiary bombs.

I just received a copy of the Victory Bulletin and it makes me feel very close to everyone back in Bensonhurst.

Cpl. Abr. N. Cohen

Fort Dix, N. J.

Just got into this "Man's Army" on the 17th and so far no complaints except one—there are simply no S. Y.'s here at Fort Dix! Otherwise it is a swell place. (Yes sir.)

In fact it is just like "Tamarack Lodge", fellows. That is almost. Everything one does here goes to the count of Hut 2, 3, 4, Hut 2, 3, 4. The fatigues that we get make us feel and look like parts of jeeps.

The grounds are very beautiful and the playtorium (service club) provides us with a lot of enjoyment. The boys are regular guys and the girls—well, I have seen none as yet but I'm hoping.

I am anxiously awaiting the next issue of the V.B. as this is the only means of getting all the community "dirt" (oops, pardon me, I mean news).

Pvt. Abe Rudy

Southern California

I am stationed in Southern California, and undoubtedly it is the right place to be in. Everybody is wonderful to a serviceman—especially the movie stars. Hollywood and Beverly Hills are really everything they're cracked up to be—and more. In short,

this is God's country.

I have gone to the Hollywood Canteen many times. There was I, in a daze, dancing with Betty Grable, Georgia Carroll, Marsha Hunt, Jean Rogers—shall I go on? Well, if I must... I got autographs from Rita Hayworth, Olivia de Havilland, Anna Lee, Hedy Lamarr and many others.

All these lovely things happen when I am on pass. My other six days of the week are work, work, and more work, but I manage to keep on the beam.

Pvt. Maurice Nasser

Best Wishes To The Victory
Bulletin and Our Boys In
The Armed Forces

Mr. & Mrs.
Ezra Kassir

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

Hi, Peepul

By MARGE LABATON

The beginning of a summer season was marked by a mad stampede to Bradley Beach, our Syrian seaside. If the stories of housing shortage there are true, we'll all be sleeping in tents this summer... Miriam Zerah is waving goodbye to New York. She's off to visit God's own country (California). No eyebrows raised, please... It's just a vacation... Boys in the army, stop worrying! Your girlfriends are well taken care of. With Canteen parties, swimming parties and all GIRL picnics run by the G. J. L., they are not sitting home twiddling their thumbs.

Amy Sutton's Saturday night "Sah-ra" was so hot that a kind neighbor cooled off three talkative women, standing in front of the building, with a nice bucket of cold water. What a lovely thought!... Sol Attie, better known as "Mooney" makes 10 carbon copies when he writes to his friends in the army. Ten boys, one letter — what a man!... Moe Levy's farewell party, and Adele Sutton's shower caused some confusion. People were bumping into themselves running back and forth... And who was that handsome "tar" Esther Gemal's arm was hooked through all evening...

Visitors to the FAIR CITY OF NEW YORK this month: Mr. & Mrs. Bob Kiboudi and Mr. and Mrs. Leon De Piccioto from Texas... Mr. & Mrs. Edmund Dayan from Atlanta, Ga.,... The fellows who spent Decoration Day weekend in Grossingers must have had a riproaring time. They sent an urgent request to Brooklyn for Syrian records... Vee Dabah and Moe Tawel Engaged... Wanted: Some pretty S. Y. girls to write letters to Pvt. Victor Ballas... Pauline Kassin's shower given by Ann Shalom was an all-day affair. The evening was livened up by the girls who made a mad dash to kiss Seymour Shalom the future groom. Are Syrian girls losing their bashfulness!... Sarah Malch who works in the Brooklyn Army Base has an important job on the side — fixing up dates for her friends with handsome Lieutenants. Her taste is O.K. by Rose Ash.

The kids are getting on the beam. The "Moonlighters" (males under 18) held a jump and jive dance, May 22, which was a "howling" success, as neighbors will testify... Soldiers on leave: Pvt. Nat Ades, Pvt. Abie Ades complete with a Bermuda tan, Pvt. Abe Cohen, Pvt. Mac Haddad hanging from a cigar, Pfc. Moe Nahem, Pvts. Maurice Shmosh and Morris Ades, the two Franco brothers, Max and Harry and Pvt. Joe Levy in town to see his brother Moe before his departure for the army... Quite a lad is Pvt. Sid Anteby who is entering O.C.S. at 18 years of age... S. Y. girls are clamoring for more U.S.O. dances. They enjoyed enter-

taining the soldiers and visa-versa at the Canteen party held at Fort Hamilton. Proposals were whizzing faster than hailstones. (So sorry — just a game).

Recent celebrations include the dinner-dance held at the Hotel New Yorker by Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Jacobs (formerly Alice Battat) in honor of their new born son. Party held at the Ancona residence for Nellie Ancona and her fiancé Ensign Carroll Stahl... Editors note: Margie Labaton, your favorite columnist, had been corresponding a whole year with Tech. Sgt. Herbie Ohayan. She finally met him for the first time on his return from North Africa, a month ago. He turned out to be her ideal and she, his, and a happy merger is in the offing. A word to the wise is sufficient start writing to those soldiers, girls!

Milestones

BORN—To Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Jacobs, a baby boy.

ENGAGED—Margie Labaton to Tech. Sgt. Herbert Ohayan—Adele Sutton to Bob Hazan—Adele Esses to Cpl. James Abady.—Nellie Ancona to Ensign Carroll Stahl.

MARRIED—Pauline Kassin to Seymour Shalom—Esther Attie to Al Sultan—Evelyn Miller to Ezra Nasser—Frieda Harary to Morris Berenzweig.

Gift Package "Thanks" Still Pouring In

Another carload of letters from those guys who received gift packages came in this month's mail. After reading them, you couldn't help wishing it were possible to send out packages a little more often. Because these gifts from home bring such a wonderful reaction. Pvt. Margaret Esses wrote earnestly from Arizona that when she used to help make up the parcels, she didn't realize the "thrills and chills it would give us soldiers."

All the way from Africa P.F.C. Sam Serouya received a gift package, "Boy that fruit cake was a gift from heaven, no kidding. It was so good that when I passed it around I actually had one square inch left for myself." Sammy goes on to say, "The shaving cream also came in handy, now the captain doesn't have to say, 'Serouya, when are you going to shave.' Let me make one request for the next package you send out. Please send a bottle of Black & White Scotch and some good old coca cola to go with it. Oh yes, if you can manage to send two or three Gluckstern steaks, they would be appreciated."

Pvt. Edward Arking at Fort Texas observed that there wouldn't be much left for him "after these wolves get through with it."

From Rhode Island, Pvt. Samuel R. Nahem humorously commented, "your little package containing all those goodies finally reached me after following me around for a couple of weeks. It bounced around so much that I was reminded of my baseball career. When the stuff arrived, it was so hard that the army is going to use it as a new type of bullet to penetrate the thickest armor. "But" he concluded, "honestly the package was grand, and well received by ALL!"

To Your Continued Success

ROSETTE MIZRAHI

WEST END AVE., N. Y. C.

Best Wishes To The
Victory Bulletin

MARBORO
PHOTO STUDIO

Our Boys Discover More To England Than Fog And Afternoon Teas

Here in America, England is regarded as merely a land of "Are you theah's," foggy days and afternoon teas. But the five boys from our community who are stationed there, have found a little more to it than that. Captain Silvera, who used to be a doctor in Bensonhurst, is now stationed in Middlesex Hospital in London. He goes for long bicycle rides through the English countryside and confesses he is enchanted with its quiet beauty.

Stanley "Pee Wee" Ades writes to his younger sister that she is a very lucky girl. "The children here have not gotten any ice cream or chewing gum since the war began. They have very few clothes and almost all old ones. There is not much for them to eat and to throw away the smallest scrap of food here is the worst sin."

Joe "Cheeny" Cohen who has been

in England almost a year has visited many different towns and villages there. He writes of Bournemouth, the Florida of England, "On a clear day one can see France from there," but as Joe kiddingly says, "This is a little difficult as there are no clear days in England." Joe writes frequently to his friend, Dave Cohen, also in England. Dave complains that everytime he and Joe plan to meet, he gets stuck with KP, or guard duty, so up to now they have not seen one another.

Fred Fallas, brother of "Tex" Fallas, is doing nicely and making quite a hit with the English lassies.

They all think that the English are grand people when you get to know them and although it takes some time to do this, they agree that the results are worthwhile.

Countries South of The Border Welcome American Soldiers

Being stationed in a place like Panama, has its advantages. Among them, are its blue skies and warm sunny weather, especially in the winter, when we in New York are freezing in spite of our heavy clothing. Irving Shasho Levy writes: "I go swimming almost every day with Joe Esses. It's like spending the whole winter in Florida . . ."

He and Joe Esses spend a good deal of time together, and whenever they can, they get in touch with Raymond Levy, and make it a threesome. They were all invited to dinner at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Abadi and Mr. and Mrs. Azrak. Raymond was thrilled to find his two favorite dishes, apricots cooked with meat, and the long kibeh.

Joe Esses is in the Coast Artillery outfit. He claims that army life teaches efficiency and perseverance . . . "Everything in the army, whether it be work, or play or even chow is done wholeheartedly. There is no such thing as a job half done here . . ."

Also stationed in South America is Bob Gemal. He insists that the houses on the beach there surpass the ones in Miami in beauty . . . There are also huts made entirely from leaves. This place is the most amazing mixture of the very modern and the very old."

Ben Mizrahi considers himself very fortunate being in Panama as his sister and many other relatives live there. He writes to his brother Ralph

TIME IS A-TICKING

Frankly, you fellows in uniform, we're a bit worried. Most of the entries for next month's contest should have been in by now. But they aren't. As a matter of fact, we admit somewhat reluctantly, that the poems, editorials, letters, stories and articles are only reaching us in trickles and little dribbles. **AND THERE'S ONLY A FEW DAYS TO JULY 15th's DEADLINE.**

We readily sympathize with the fact that at the end of a full day you just want to flop down on your cot. But look at it from this angle. If Pvts. Joe, Jack and Jim all send in entries, each one will get a big kick reading what the other two guys said. But if Joe writes alone—well, Joe's going to be badly disappointed cause there's nothing for him to read. Get it? So let's have your stuff, before the 15th. Send it to Mrs. Glynne Nahem

1643 Ocean Parkway
Brooklyn, New York

(We'll tip you off to the fact that we haven't received a single photograph yet.)

Happy Birthday,
Victory Bulletin

Mr. & Mrs.
JESSE DAYAN

SEATTLE, WASH.

To A Speedy Return of Our
Boys In The Armed Forces

Mr. & Mrs.
Charles Ashkenazi

DETROIT, MICH.

Best Wishes To Victory
Bulletin

P.F.C. Ruben Dayan
Cpl. Jack Dayan

May You Live To Be 100, V. B.

**RALPH, RAE
& MOZELLE DAYAN**
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Best Wishes To
Victory Bulletin

Mr. & Mrs. Leo Esses

Looking at The World - - - - -

by GLYNNE NAHEM

Peace is indivisible — it must be planned so as to embrace the whole earth. This, far from being an utterance of faith, is the inescapable conclusion of a practical clear-sighted American leader, Mr. Wendell L. Willkie, in his searching revelation to the American people "One World".

Mr. Willkie believes that we shall win in the future peace only what we are now winning in the war. This, of course does not mean that we should relent in our pressure against Hitler to decide the detailed future of Poland. But it does mean that each one of the United Nations should reach a common agreement as to what they are fighting for, and as to how they intend to carry out the line of solution after the war.

It is no exaggeration to say that if political writers in the last decade had written with the honesty and realism of Mr. Willkie, this war might well have been avoided. He is not merely honest in what he says but in what he scrupulously does not fail to say.

For example, he cannot help but note that the — "System in the Middle East is completely antipathetic to all principles for which we claim to fight". And his solution for the backwardness and poverty is, not, as imperialists will contend, continuous supervision under the mandate system, but immediate measures towards freedom and self-rule. "Self-government and progress" point out Mr. Willkie "go hand in hand. This is not merely based on logical deduction; it is the proof of evidence that the Middle East presents. Iraque, and even more so, Turkey, two independent national states, are the two most modernized and progressive states in the Middle East.

From the part of his book dealing with his travels, two thirds are devoted, quite rightly, to the USSR. and China, which, aside from Britain, are our most powerful allies, and perhaps, of which we know too little.

Of Russia, for whose strength, loyalty and confidence, he has the greatest respect, Mr. Willkie says: "Foreigners who still belittle the strength of the Soviet government in... terms of the support and sacrifices it can demand from the Russian people, are talking through their hats". While of China, where, as in the Middle East, new forces

are stirring and shaking off the dust of centuries, Wendell Willkie has this to say: "This is the end of the era in which four hundred million Chinese could be knocked around by any army, Jap, English or American!"

China is determined to become an independent and modern nation, and even now, during the flames of war, it is fast becoming so.

"...Never the twain shall meet" has become a distant cry lost in the tempestuous winds of emancipation that are sweeping over the Old World.

Mr. Willkie evidently does not believe that "Everything in the garden is just ducky." Differences between countries do exist. No realism can discount them and they must eventually be reckoned with, but... "Our chances of concord in the postwar world overshadow the possibilities of discord", he concludes "inasmuch as, for the overwhelming masses of people, our points of likeness are very much greater than our differences".

Lafayette Carnival Nets Over \$3,000

On Saturday and Sunday, June 5 and 6, a Carnival Bazaar was held at Lafayette High School. All kinds of articles and knick-knacks were displayed for sale at the different booths. The Girls Junior League ran a "Miniature Linen Shop" which raised \$117. during the two evenings. The linens were donated by the Syrian wholesale and retail linen houses.

The Lafayette pupils presented a minstrel show and a variety show. Adele Missry of our community was featured as an acrobat in the variety show and was well received. There was dancing in the gymnasium and refreshments were sold.

It was estimated that over \$3000. was raised and this money is to be presented to Army Welfare, Red Cross and Allied War Relief Funds.

Members of the G.J.L. who help collect donations and sold at the "Miniature Linen Shop" were Norma Dweck, Celia Franco, Vickie Serure, Shirley Betesh, Sara Marcus, Fannie Nahem, Mollie Gindi, Stella and Esther Sardelle.

IF YOU CAN'T GO OVER — COME
ACROSS — BUY WAR BONDS

WAAC Gets Promoted To Staff Sergeant

Bella Matalon, the first girl in our community to join up with W.A.A.C. has now been promoted to the rank of Staff Sergeant. Her work, dietitian in a mess hall is not easy, but from all indications Sergeant Matalon loves it.



She was transferred recently to the W.A.A.C. Post Headquarters in Westover Field, Mass., where part of her daily routine is to go to the commissary each morning for supplies. As soon

as she walks in, she is greeted by a chorus of "Good Morning, Seaaaargent"! The boys can't get over the idea of a female Mess Sergeant who is in addition petite, weighing only 100 lbs., and is only twenty-two years old. They are always exclaiming "And the size of her," and "Do you boss the K.P.'s around?", and so on.

At the airfield, Bella has witnessed the most spectacular and thrilling air formations. According to her "It's a wonder we get any work done, for every time we hear a formation, there's a dash to the nearest window".

Bella has gained herself the reputation of having the finest mess hall in the area. In fact, praise and compliments have spread to such an extent that the "boys" shower her with invitations to dinner. However since the women's area is restricted, this is practically impossible.

Her barracks were built especially for the WAAC. and each building is equipped with a recreation room, a laundry room, two bathtubs, and all the comforts of home. Bella enjoys the luxury of a private room with a radio and thinks the whole setup is grand.

Working side by side with her fellow W.A.A.C.'s, Bella understands the importance of her job,—each W.A.A.C. inducted releases one fighting man to help lick the Axis.

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**To Ralph and Irving
MAHANA**

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

More Than 25 Boys In Africa Cheered At Rommel's Defeat

The celebration of the Passover Holidays followed by the African Victory found our boys tops in spirits and in the pink of condition. Referring to the recent victory, Staff-Sgt. Marco Zalta says, "the boys are too happy to talk about anything else. At present, the main topic is when the path to Berlin will be opened."

From Pvt. Joseph Aaron Cohen comes word. "The Americans here are liked because they do not rob, rape or beat the people as the Germans do. Our army's gifts of sugar, coffee and cloth are greatly appreciated. The Arabs here refer to Sam Serouya and I as 'countrymen of Abdul Wahab'."

Pfc Sam Serouya is an exceptionally popular fellow. When the boys have passes to go to town—it's a sure thing Sam gets one too so that he can act as their unofficial guide. Joe Cohen and Sammy are pulling out together a good deal over there.

Pfc Nat Rahmey has been to London, Oran, Algiers and has seen a good-sized hunk of the world with the General Engineers. Though he confesses he's fascinated by what he has seen, he still longs for the day when he will be able to return to his wife and home.

Before the African Campaign ended, Pfc Al Sultan wrote, "there isn't much fighting here, but occasionally enemy planes are spotted and are shot down almost immediately."

The army newspaper of North Africa, "The Stars and Stripes" printed an article about Pfc Ralph Safdieh, who went with one of the staff reporters to visit a Nazi prisoner, Hans, at a war camp hospital. Ralph was to act as interpreter but was soon re-

lieved as Hans had studied English in Berlin. During the interview, the Nazi youth was asked what chances the Allies had of reaching Berlin. The reply came quickly—Hans was firm in his belief that the most difficult years of war were over, and that very soon his fatherland would emerge victorious.

It was a pleasant surprise to Pvt. Morris Shmalo when he met Hymie Sasson in a small town in North Africa. After a hearty meal with "vino", native wine, to wash it down, they felt that Brooklyn wasn't quite so far off. The natives are rapidly catching on to American expressions such as, "Johnny, give me a cigarette," and "I am a Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Mrs. Heiney sent her son, Joe, a cigarette lighter and when it was shown to the baffled natives they thought such an object priceless.

Pvt. Abe Mazria is an official Arabic interpreter and expects his corporal's stripes any day. "Here's hoping we will all be home soon—but not before we put the axe on the axis forever."

Cpl. Ezra Cohen's opinion was, "the German Fascists heard of my battalion's arrival and were convinced then and there that the fight was hopeless..."

Pvts. Sam Husney and Sam Antar are Arabic interpreters in Africa. Other boys in Africa include Pfc. Jonah Mishan, Corp. Elie "Doc" Ashear and Pvts. Abe Ashkenazy, Jack Gindi, Ezra Dweck, Abe Massry, Isaac Hob, Abe Safdia, Sam Rishty and Murray Levy.

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

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In The Armed Forces

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And Sam Schweke, A Speedy
Return From The Armed
Forces

**BEYDA'S
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R.A.F. Lad Thinks B.M.T. Resembles Exciting Food Riot

(These are some of the impressions of RAF Eddy Mishan of New York on his recent furlough).

When the 5:30 train slid to a stop at 40th St. BMT subway, I do not recall any gentleman stepping back with a courteous smile and a polite "after you, sir." I do recall a seat-riot, that had all the realism and excitement of a food-riot. Or maybe rugged Americanism was asserting itself—in free and open competition.

True, I wear His Majesty's R.A.F. uniform, but it doesn't cut much ice with New Yorkers. I'm still trying to make up my mind which I should resent more: the time, when waiting outside a Broadway cinema, a mild and bespectacled old soul, spotting my smart attire, steps up to inquire when the next performance starts; or the time when stepping into a vacant elevator just as the boy hops out to buy a paper, a beefy, important sort of bloke walks in, gives me a brief look and barks "Ninth floor please"; or perhaps the incident in the Music Box canteen. It went like this:

Me (nonchalantly): "Oh, I'm in the R.A.F."

Sweet young thing: (No reply)

Me (gently sarcastic): "You have heard of the R.A.F., I suppose."

Young thing: "er—yes. Yes—I believe I have."

Me: silenced

Thing: "They—they fly—"

Me: "Mmm—just a little".

I don't know why N. Y.'ers call it dancing. When they're not flinging out each other in the jitterbug, they're clinging to each other in the waltz. Dancing may be a form of expression, but in N. Y. nightclubs it only expresses the desire to know each other intimately.

It seemed to me Bay Parkway is suspicious of anyone who walks as if he intends to get there.

My impression of the typical N. Y.'er is one who dodges across a busy thoroughfare, defying the lights and risking his life to save five seconds. During the following fifteen minutes our worthy friend can be found in a handy drugstore idling over a newspaper while eating an ice-cream.

I'm sorry I shan't be there to join the summer exodus to Bradley Beach, (renamed Bensonhurst-by-the-Sea). They say it's a wonderful change, to have everything and everybody there as usual—and the sea besides.

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

Soldiers Would Rather Get Mail Than Eat a Steak Supper

(This is the fourth in a series of articles)

The sound of "mail" resounds through the barracks. Sweating, tired rookies, no matter what they are doing and no matter how they are attired, drop everything and make a bee-line for the bed where the mail clerk has set himself and his wooden box down.

They cluster around him and wait for the mail call to begin. He begins bellowing names. They are all kinds of names of Americans from all parts of the country.

As his name is called out, each soldier shoves his way through the crowd and puts out an eager hand. The fortunate soldier will come out of the melee with three and sometimes four letters. But usually, it's two pieces of mail—one from the family, one from the wife or future wife.

There are always a few soldiers whose names have not been called. They step up after the clerk has finished and ask, "Are you sure there's nothing for me?" The clerk answers, "Sorry, that's all there is for this barrack." They walk away, just a little on the blue side.

The present crop of rookies consists mainly of boys recently turned 18 and married men who were deferred but who are now needed by their country. The happy-go-lucky bachelor soldier who has been in the service for a year or more has hardened mentally as well as physically by now and isn't too much affected when he receives no mail. But this new bunch would rather receive a letter from home than eat a steak for supper.

However, most of the rookies do get letters from home and they begin to read them, one or two audibly, the majority to themselves.

"Listen to this, fellers," one says, "There was big fire in the lumber yard just outside of town Sunday night. The damage was estimated by the News-Chronicle as being over

\$50,000. Wow, that's big news at home."

Another soldier interrupts and begins reading, slowly and deliberately "Bill Peary, John Peary's only boy was killed in Tunisia. His mother just got the telegram this morning and since he was on the same football team with you when you were a sophomore in high school, I just thought we'd tell you." The soldier adds a comment of his own.

"Gee, I remember seeing the guy going off and waving to his folks and telling his mother not to worry. I never thought he'd get it. He was just a big, blond, husky center who did his job on the team without any showing off. He probably took a few nazis before they got him. He always did block out more than his share of enemy linemen."

One young soldier, engaged to be married, plucks a blue envelope from three in his hand and rips it open quickly. His girl writes every day. And to make sure that he can pick out her letter from all others, she encloses it in a blue envelope and seals it with a kiss.

Before beginning to read the letter, he lifts it to the heavens, kisses it and slowly unfolds it. After she imparts with all the town news, she evidently tells him of her love for him for he blushes, smiles and says.

"Fellers, the first furlough I get, I'm going to get married. And every guy here has a standing invitation to come. It won't be very much of a show. After all, I'm only making \$50 a month but it'll be plenty O.W."

The thought of a future wedding of a soldier who is just 20 and his beautiful girl-friend—whose picture is proudly displayed at all times on his shelf—sends happiness and joy throughout the barrack. Two boys begin to wrestle, another begins to sing, "I Had the Craziest Dream Last Night" and the boys who didn't get mail smile, begin to talk again and give figurative bets of a hundred to one that their mail has been held up and they'll get it tomorrow night.

G.J.L. Canteen Party A Huge Success

"They're Egyptians!" "Wish they'd come every night!" And "What gorgeous girls!" were among the snatches of conversations which drifted up to one's ears the other Saturday night at the Fort Hamilton Service Canteen dance run by the Girls Junior League. The place was packed and the air festive with various colored uniforms, bright dresses, the blare of music and an incessant jingle of voices.

More than one hundred of our girls were acting as hostesses that night. After listening to what the boys had to say, it was apparent that this type of U. S. O. dance is extremely popular. One mischievous-looking sailor with twinkling brown eyes, told a V. B. reporter, "This dance is perfect and the reason it's so perfect is 'cause the girls here are so verrry unusual." Just back from Guadalcanal, Lt. M. Catalpiano of Brooklyn was enthusiastic, "I'm really enjoying it even though my crutches are preventing me from showing you the way the natives rhumba in Guadalcanal." One lethargic Corporal explained in a whisper that the reason he came to U.S.O. dances was because of the soft chairs. Handsome Sgt. Berger of Chicago made a big hit with the girls when he remarked that he had never seen a prettier bunch.

Everyone was sorry when 12 O'clock came around and the party broke up after the singing of the National Anthem. Just before leaving, each boy was pleasantly surprised to receive a little package containing handkerchiefs.

It did seem unanimous that this party was one of the most gala and successful parties ever held at the Canteen.

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In The Armed Forces

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To Victory In 1943

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Husband And Four Sons Volunteer For U.S. Army

When you hear of the vastness of the United States Army, remember that a big chunk of it consists of the Cohens of 403 Grand Street, Manhattan. According to Mrs. Eleanor Cohen, "The army has stripped my family of the entire population but if this makes our part in the war greater, then we're glad of it." Her husband and all four sons, Max, Albert, Jack and Isadore were volunteers of the U. S. Army.

Leading the procession was Albert, 21, who volunteered two years ago, and today is "somewhere in the Pacific" as an aviation engineer. A year later Pfc. Jack, 19, left high school to

enlist in the Tank Corps and is now in North Africa. Next to join was Pfc. Max, 23, the eldest of the brothers. He is with the Air Corps. Only three weeks ago, he came to New York on a furlough and married his childhood sweetheart, Estelle Cohen.

Not to be outdone and evidently inspired by the determination of the younger ones, Pvt. Aref, the father came into "line" as a member of the ground crew of the Air Corps.

Winding up the family's perfect record Pvt. Isadore, twin brother of Jack, is in Camp Dix waiting to be assigned to a permanent outfit.

The Cohen's military life is not confined to the U. S. Army and the present war. Mrs. Cohen's brother-in-law was reported missing at Dunkerque and her father, grandfather and uncle fought in previous wars.

12 Sharp Weapons Thrown Into The Fight

(Continued from Page 1)

and from folks living here in Bensonhurst.

From a technical viewpoint too, we are proud of our little newspaper. News of our community is well-written and attractively presented. The paper has its lighter side also, its so-called entertaining articles as well as its political pieces. The Victory Bulletin is second to none for a paper of its size in make-up and general appearance.

A year has now passed—though we like to think of it as twelve issues rather than twelve months.

An American that was still reeling from blows in the Pacific has recovered and is now on the offensive. An Eighth Army that had its back to the Suez Canal, joined by American and French forces, has annihilated Rommel's vaunted Africa Corps.

A Soviet Union whose ability to smash the concentrated power of Nazi Germany was still being doubted has brought about the turning point of the war and given us a new word to represent courage, heroism and bravery—the magic word, Stalingrad. And more recently, China, whom the "experts" thought was going to be knocked out of action at any minute, has delivered to the Japanese their worst defeat on land since 1937.

Victory has not yet come. But from now until victory, and for several years after, this little paper will continue to reach you. Editors and staff members may go into the armed forces but the torch will always be carried on.

Our first editorial mentioned our aims. They're still the same now. The Victory Bulletin will work in this community to win the war and win the peace. This is a people's war and we will work to assure a people's victory.

The Editorial Board

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