

VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume II. No. 3.

NOVEMBER, 1943.

By Subscription

FROM THE SOLDIERS

Excerpts from Letters By Fighting Men

Donnel's Chapel, Tennessee
We are stationed in a little town called Donnel's Chapel, which is so small, that even a large state map of Tennessee won't allow it a dot. I have been in several of these little country hamlets whose populations range from 100 to 300, and have gotten to meet many of their people, and to learn how they live.

There is no such thing as running water in the home. A little elbow grease at the pump brings it up from the well, and, rain & shine, hot or cold, these people walk as much as 200 hundred years for their water. As for lighting, it is produced by kerosene lamps, and heat is furnished by coal and wood.

The rooster's cackle is the signal for the farmer to get up in the morning, (and some hens start at it mighty early). When darkness comes, it brings the end of the day with it. . . .

The wealthier folks own modern automobiles as means of transportation, while the middle class use horse and cart; but the majority get around on horseback.

Soldiers here are well liked, and the people would give up their last morsel of food for them. Their hospitality is boundless. In Unionville, population 197, my buddy and I were offered breakfast by seven different women.

These simple folk certainly have the S. Y.'s licked when it comes to raising families. Eight or ten in a family is the normal thing. The children take the lead from their elders in manners, talk, and action, and even lads of seven roll their own cigarettes! Most of them walk barefoot. When harvest time rolls around, large families really

(Continued on page 5)



Marine Captain Herman Abady And His Officer-Brothers Set Example As Fighting Heroes

One quiet Sunday early in May, 24-year old Captain Herman Abady, veteran of the world's toughest and most ruthless battlefield—Guadalcanal—returned home for a brief visit. It was the first time since America had declared war that he had seen his parents, of South Bend, Virginia.

Among a number of decorations for gallantry, Captain Abady of the First Marine Division, has received *The Purple Heart* and the *Presidential Citation*. While wounded in action at Guadalcanal, he was treated at a field hospital, but returned shortly afterwards to the battlefield.

Next, he headed for Australia on an entirely different mission. He acted as prosecuting attorney in a military court, and was directly attached to the colonel's staff. In this capacity he served with accuracy and efficiency, as is his wont. He is still fighting for freedom with Uncle Sam, but his present whereabouts are unknown.

The Captain's most prized possession hangs over the mantelpiece in his father's home. It is a magnificent



Marine Captain Herman Abady

Japanese saber made of tempered steel with a handle decorated by thousands of microscopic pearls. The sabre is especially significant as it is a symbol of Japanese militarism—an heirloom passed down from father to son, and owned only by high-ranking officers of noble birth. It was presented to Captain Abady by his entire platoon.

Six feet tall, slim, and slightly moustached, this young hero is not insensitive to female allure. (Is there any marine who is?—ed note)—And he has no less than 100 telephone numbers in his little black book.

Brother Aaron, 1st Lieutenant in the U. S. Army, also wears *The Purple Heart*. He was seriously wounded in North Africa, at which time the *Croix de Geurre* was bestowed upon him by the Free French. Now recovered, he is fighting on in Italy.

The youngest of the three brothers is Ensign Irving Abady of the U. S. Navy. He has engaged in combat several times against the enemy, and is now on board a destroyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Abady take deep pride in their sons, a pride which is reflected by all patriotic Syrian Jews. It is courageous families such as these, that lift the spirit of our community, and it is such men as Herman Abady and his brothers that set a fine example to free men all over the world.

Girls Junior League Swell Coffers of National War Fund

The Girls' Junior League recently presented the National War Fund with a check for \$215.00. This money was raised August 14, 1943, at a Saturday night showing of the Syrian picture, "Happy Day," featuring Abdul Wahab, at the Palace Theatre in Bradley Beach, N. J.

More than 400 Syrians packed the little theatre to hear Wahab's liquid voice pour out the exotic songs of the old country. The film was applauded vigorously, and that night, the rhythmic notes of "Igri Igri" could be heard echoing over Second and Evergreen Avenues.

The performance began at 11:30 p.m. and lasted for two and one-half hours.

VICTORY BULLETIN

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It's Up To You— The Time Is NOW

It's been over a year since our experimental baby, the *Victory Bulletin*, began to make its voice heard in and beyond this community. Now it is past its embryonic stages, and it toddles along sometimes a little shakily, but always in the right direction.

We believe in coming straight to the point, without any shilly-shallying, and telling bluntly that this is "reminder time." At least it is reminder time for all those people who would like to see the *Victory Bulletin* dropped on their mat for another year—nad we're are smug enough to hope that that means *all* of our subscribers!

And so, after your fifteen months of comparative ease, we are reminding you firmly, to dig (and it doesn't have to be deeply) into your pockets and come out clutching that yearly buck which goes to producing this community's best anti-fascist weapon.

Next, we remind you, even more firmly, to fill out the enclosed coupon and mail it, together with your money order, check, or dollar bill, to our efficient business manager:

Miss Evelyn Mishaan
2165 66th Street
Brooklyn, New York

That's all, you're through.

Because the *Bulletin* is put out primarily for the boys in the service, it goes out to all corners of the world in order to reach them. We know by their letters that pour in every month just how eagerly they wait for it, to hear all the news from home. It is your responsibility to see to it that they continue to get this package of home news. Need we say more?

In The Mail-Box

To the Editors:

Alas, I shall be a civilian again in a few days. I am being honorably discharged from the army, and will return to civilian life once again.

Since I have been helped as a soldier by you, and countless others, I would like to take my place among the civilians who are helping to make life more bearable to soldiers at home and at the front.

If there is a subscription price for civilians, let me know, so that I may mail the money in to you. (Ed. note—there is!) Please do not hesitate to call on me for any work there may be to do in our Community.

Cpl. Victor Ancona,
Fort Totten, N. Y.

No, Herr Hitler!

A few weeks ago, Hitler was still plotting to turn a military disaster into a gigantic political victory. Now his carefully laid plans have crumbled before the thundering blow delivered by the United Nations at Moscow.

No, Herr Hitler, there will be no split between America and England, Russia and China.

No, Herr Hitler, war criminals will not be allowed to go scot free. The torn and bleeding bodies of millions of innocent people cry out for vengeance, and *they will be avenged*. You and your satellites will not be spared.

No, Herr Hitler, there will be no "controlled plebicides" after you're defeated. There will be elections by FREE people everywhere.

How To Make a Soldier Happy

Pvt. Murray Levy, wounded in action in Sicily, whose story you read in last month's issue, landed in the United States on August 25, 1943. He is now convalescing at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia. His full address is:

Pvt. Murray D. Levy
Ashford General Hospital
White Sulphur Springs
West Virginia.

We think a letter from our readers will go a long way toward making him happy during his stay at the hospital.

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

To the Editors:

I was quite surprised and happy to get your community paper. Its sincerity and professional construction was refreshing when considered alongside other papers dedicated to the same subjects.

I'm quite aware of the fact that my opinion is quite insignificant, nevertheless, I wish you would consider this a compliment for work well done. Although I cannot consider myself a part of the "clique" around which this paper is written, I do have a genuine interest in a number of names that appear in both the articles and the staff.

Pvt. N. C. Buro

(Ed. note—This letter is from a non-S.Y. soldier, who got hold of the *VICTORY BULLETIN*. Letters like these help to give us the feeling that the work we put into the paper is worthwhile. It gladdens us to hear it from others. Thank you, Pvt. Buro.)

MEET THE STAFF

This month, brown-eyed Evelyn Mishaan makes the debut as the hard-working head of her business staff. She is the girl who collects the money files away your changes of address, and keeps the V. B. records in order.



Evelyn is very partial to operettas and all kinds of music—from jive to high-brow symphonies. It is more than a whisper that Evelyn thinks a lot of the Merchant Navy, and she even

goes as far as to choose "Merchant Marino" as her favorite color.

Her hosts of friends claim that you're liable to see her at any dance with some lucky guy, jitterbugging madly in the middle of the floor, and surrounded by a ring of enthusiastic clappers.

(Picture, courtesy Marboro Studio)

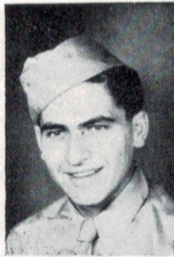
Many Thanks!

Last month we were again indebted to the boys and girls who helped mail our paper out. These kids did a wonderful job in folding, labelling, counting, and tying-up the copies. Sincerely grateful, the editors wish to thank Lunie Husney, Joseph Franco, Raymond Franco, Sonny Cohen, Abe Shasho Levy, Ralph Cohen, and Ralphie

Sol 'Moonie' Attie Creates Unique Post War Plan

I thought you might be interested in looking over my "Post War Plan for Buck Privates." This is a rough draft of what I am now embroidering on a Turkish towel!

1—Hair shall be worn six inches over the collar, and shoes (unshined) shall be perforated from heel to toe and from top to bottom. Neckties shall be worn ankle length, and *outside* the shirt. Waking anybody up in the morning (and that goes for ANYBODY) shall be considered a heinous crime, and shall be classed in the same category as homicide, patricide, matricide, fratricide, and schmaltricide.



2—The numbers one, two, three, four, shall be eliminated by law, and the numbers five, six, seven, and eight shall start off the mathematical scale.

3—Shirts will be made without buttons. In the outmoded shirts that have buttons, you will rip your own buttons off, instead of depending on the G. I. laundry.

4—Veterans of a million chow lines will, naturally, have a violent aversion to standing in line. Therefore, Congress shall pass a law prohibiting the formation of lines. Now, I realize that this presents a problem in situations such as Dodger-Giant baseball games. How are all these people to get into Ebbet's field without a line? O.K., I've figured it out: They shall parachute into the stands, a la paratroopers.

5—Floors and living quarters shall be kept slightly dusty at all times, and the manufacture and sale of such items as mops, brooms, soap, and dust cloths, shall be prohibited by law. They shall be bought only in the Black Market.

6—Uniform, all kinds, shall be outlawed to all except usherettes in burlesque shows. Courtesy shall be frowned upon, and any obsequious mental found guilty of saying: "Yes, Sir" or "No, Sir" shall be tried before a jury of ex-jeeps. They will be shown no mercy.

7—Guys who have had their social life restricted by 10 o'clock passes shall automatically become night owls. Doors to homes and rooming

Looking at The World - - - -

by GLYNNE NAHEM

"Organized bands of young storm troopers are becoming bolder and more fanatic with each passing week. Synagogues have been defiled. The windows of Jewish stores have been smashed and slogans advocating the killing of Jews have been chalked on the sidewalks and buildings."

These grim words of Governor Saltonstall of Massachusetts, unveil a menacing threat to all freedom-loving people. These vicious acts are not the work of hoodlums. They are the outrages bearing the familiar trade-mark of organized fascism. Fascists are venomously adept at violence.

First it happened in Detroit. Negroes were murdered and lynched and beaten in a great American City.

Now it has happened in Boston. Jews have been beaten and their homes and stores desecrated.

This is Hitlerism, the fruits of bigotry, the underworld plotting of the Ku Klux Klan, the Coughlinities and Christian Fronters, the whole cabal of Fifth Columnists, eating away at the heart of American unity for one purpose and one goal—to lose the war for the Allies. To win the war for Hitler.

Today, with Victory in sight, with the Allies striking massive blows at Nazism in Russia, in Italy, and from the air everywhere, the native fascists are clutching greedily at one

yellow straw: disunity. Stir up resentment; arouse agitation and hatred; make the people sick of the war; make them sicker still of Jews and other minorities. These agents of the Axis are aiming to pave the way for a negotiated peace with Hitler and his savage hordes. It is their last chance to avert an Allied victory—it is their only chance.

We know that where the people united, where they stood fast against such blackshirt barbarism, the enemies of democracy were routed. Because the democratic people, the just and decent people, are in the majority. The fascists are a small segment of the population, but they are a united force.

What can we, the people of Bensonhurst, do about it? We must unite, too. We can rout them, destroy them, only if we — all of us — stand together and tell these anti-Semites, these Negro-haters, that they can't get away with it.

We can start NOW by writing to Governor L. Saltonstall, Boston, Mass., urging that the proposed organized action to prevent further catastrophes of this nature be carried through. We must also send a letter to Attorney General Biddle, Washington, D. C., demanding that he notice and takes strong action against such atrocities.

Write now.

Relax Wth The Victory Bulletin

"Reading the *Victory Bulletin* is the best relaxation I can give my mind after laborious studies," writes Pvt. Isadore Cohen, from his new school at Camp Stewart, Georgia.

houses must not open until four a. m. This will keep the average man on the street wallowing in revelry and sin until the wee hours. Children, too, shall be allowed to roam the streets disporting themselves; and their childish trebles shall be heard in the midnight air. The father of tomorrow shall be allowed to "restrict" nobody, not even his children.

I've already shown this Post War Plan to the boys in the barracks, and they're marching up and down, singing: "This is Worth Fighting For."

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 Sol Attie, popularly known as "Moonie." 'Cmon, boys, send those letters in.



Some distance from Bay Parkway, four of our boys pose for a picture against an international sign-post in Casablanca. They are, left to right, Sam Susney, Eli (Doc) Asear, Jack Leroy, and Abe (Beezie) Mazria.

Service-Star Families

The Zagahs, Ten Strong, Line Up For Four Freedoms

There are ten determined Zagahs lined up against the Axis—lined up for a free world.

First in line, is 34-year-old Pvt. Marco Zagah, a veteran who served for three years in the U. S. Army eleven years ago. He is married, and has been serving in the Medical Corps. for four months. Both he and his brother Sam worked in a Connecticut war plant before they joined up. Sam is now learning engineering in the U. S. Navy.

Two other brothers, Ralph and Eli—twenty-six and twenty-four years old respectively—enlisted together two and one-half years ago. Ralph is now a sergeant. He instructs enlisted men in the use of the gas mask. Eli, married nine months ago, is a fully-trained member of the Tank Destroyer Crew. He expects to be shipped at any moment.

The family's main worry is twenty-seven-year-old Jack who, at present,

is a prisoner-of-war in China. However, they were somewhat reassured recently by a letter from the Red Cross, stating that he is in good health.

Charlie Zagah has been engaged in essential war work in Connecticut for about two years. His father worked side by side with him until his health forced him to stop.

Sixteen-year-old Abe is already an enthusiastic member of the New York State Guard, and is bursting with impatience to *really join up*.

A boy of seven might be excused from doing active war work, but not young Steven! He can be seen almost every morning dragging bundles of newspapers as big as himself to school, to throw into the scrap heap.

As for Mrs. Zagah, she cooks and cleans just like any other American mother, encouraging her brood of fighters, and sending them off with strong hearts and clear heads.

Your Mighty Warrior, PFC Raymond Esses, Humbles Mere Private

I have just been promoted to the lofty rank of Private First Class. The realization that I now wield so much power is a terrible and frightening thing... For I control the lives of many men. My earnest request is that Providence gives me the strength and fortitude to carry the mighty burden now imposed upon me....a PFC!

I tell the men under my command, the men over whom I hold the balance of life and death, "Men, I, too, was once a buck private. Oh, I know it's hard to believe, looking at this symbol of perfection here on my sleeve, a PFC stripe, but I came up from the ranks."

"Men," I say, "It's okay for you guys to salute me. That's a courtesy between ordinary enlisted men, mere buck privates like yourselves, and high-ranking officers like me. But it is NOT necessary to get down on both your knees and salaam every time I pass down the road."

An excited buzz runs through the formation. (You see, boys, I make my men stand at rigid attention when I speak.) They are saying, "Gee, the big boss is sure a regular guy after all. In spite of his exalted rank he's right down to earth. Underneath that majestic stripe, he is The Common Man."

One big jeep comes up to me. He is nervous, his eyes riveted on my PFC stripe. He is shaking like a tall pine in a high wind. "Sir," he starts; he was having difficulty controlling his voice. "Do you, Sir, think, Sir, that if I work hard, Sir, and stay on the beam, Sir...do you thing, Sir, that I could be like you, Sir? Tell me straight, Sir, have I got a chance, or am I reaching for the moon? Maybe I'm just a dreamer, Sir."

"No, my son," I told him offering him a cigarette. (I noticed that he didn't smoke it. He put it into his pocket—probably to keep as a souvenir—an honored memento to show his children years after the war—a cigarette from a Private First Class.)

"No, Son, it will take work, work, WORK. Oh, you'll feel at times as though you'll crack under the strain, but if you persevere, drive, be ruthless, you'll make it."

His eyes became misty. He knelt down and kissed the hem of my slacks then he toppled blissfully, visioning, no doubt, that happy day, when he, too, could wear a majestic PFC Stripe!

Roll Of Honor

Pvt. MEYER TAWIL, Tr. Gr. 1183. Bt. "C" 10 Bk. 160 Sqd. J. Flt. 22, Greensboro, N. C.

PFC. SAMUEL A. LEVY, Hq & Hq Squadron, A.A.F.P.F.S. (Pilot), Maxwell Field, Ala.

Pvt. E. HUSNEY, Co. "A" 34th Sig. Tng. Bn. Camp Crowder, Mo.

PFC. DAVID M. Attie, 12th T.S.S. Bks. 750, Scott Fied, Ill.

ALBERT SULTAN s/c, Ships Co. Personnel Bld. 28H, Camp Peary, Va.

Pvt. JULIUS DAHAB, Enl. Br N A.A.S., Huntsville, Texas.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Mr. & Mrs.
SAM HARA
& FAMILY
CHICAGO, ILL.

ABE NAHEM

WISHING A GOOD AND SAFE
RETURN TO ALL
OUR BOYS

MOE ESSES

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Hi, Peepul

By MARGE LABATON

The lights are up again on Bay Parkway. I hope it's not true that newly-married couples—now walking in the bright lights—are suing for divorce . . . Michigan rummy hen party at Julie Liniado's house, turned by Pvt. Allie Nahem and his gang into a whooping co-ed dance, from which all staggered home at 4 a.m. Who'll play solo now? . . . Lil Gemal starts her new job with Jack Sultan off the right way. She goes out with her boss . . . And Corporal Issie Shamah is a smart lad. While on a furlough here, he escorted pretty Carmen Salami to his battalion dance. Formal, too! . . . Flash! It pays to have your hair set. Even at Saks Fifth Avenue. Ask Ray Dishi about the tall, dark, handsome 22-year old hairdresser who is now dining and wining her . . . Man Who Came to Dinner! On Yom Kippur Eve!—Abe "Taheeney" Harari, who was away for seven years. His friends claim that his yarns drove their hunger pangs far away . . . Bull story come true—one solitary merchant marine treated by twelve bonny Syrian lassies to Broadway hit "Tomorrow the World."

Esther Gemal writes to Joe Ashekanazi, Moe Esses, and Al Maleh, all overseas with the same A.P.O. number. The coincidence puzzled her, and she sent all three the others' addresses. All three met together for the Holidays . . . Washington's women are dazzled each week by Pvt. Eddie Cohen AND HIS SMART CAR. Who dares say that cars are obsolete now? . . . It started with six S. Y. girls going up to Lil's house for afternoon tea, one Sunday afternoon. 32 girls left the joint two hours later. Sorry, I'm not good at mathematics . . . How many S. Y. millionaires got their fingers burned in the New Jersey Lambert fire? C'mon, own up! . . . Anyone want to make anyone a good wife? Follow Tuny Shalom's example, and take an interior decorating course at N. Y. U. . . . Corporal Samuel S. Cohen believed in joy-riding back to camp, and arrived stylishly in his Buick after having covered 2500 miles in five days. . . . Bensonhurst is blessed by a truly grateful Pvt. Seymour Kramer for giving him such a wonderful wife as Paula Heiney. Nothing but the best from Bensonhurst! . . .

It's in the family! Fanny Shabot intends to beat her brother Moe to the altar. Is it a challenge, Moey? . . . The two Sultan brothers are rumored to have bought homes in Westchester. Has the great exodus actually begun/Flash!—Iris Bigio's attractive wagon finally hitched to Mr. Eddie Shaio's hunk of masculinity . . . Mrs. David Mishan back from her secret mission to Guatemala, and attending and making the usual round of Sahrahs . . . Meyer's candy store had better look out. Syrians are turning in droves to the Folies Bergere, and Sally Rand.

Milestones

BORN TO

Mr. and Mrs. David A. Cohen—a boy

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Missry—a boy

Mr. and Mrs. Hy Zbeda—a boy

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Haber—a boy

ENGAGED

Fanny Shabot to Abe Ruby

Iris Bigio to Eddie Shaio.

MARRIED

Louise Sutton to 2nd Class Seaman Samuel Mankes

Sadie Shakra to Sam Safdie

Mollie Mizrahi to Meyer Solomon

Lillian Gindi to Sgt. Leonard Columbic

Mary Cohen to Pvt. Jonah M. Mishaan

Mrs. Meyer, how about hiring a strip tease? . . . Victor Ancona has a juvenile admirer . . . R. L. is kind of cute. For further information, Victor, just call the editors . . .

It seems almost impossible to name all the boys who came home for the holidays, as there was a wonderful showing on Bay Parkway this month. Since then, we have seen Pvt. Al Amerique Ashear, Pvt. Max Cohen, Pvt. Raymond Grazi, Cpl. Isidore Shamah, Pvt. Morris Levy, Pvt. Jonah Mishan, and Pvt. Walter Serure. Not to leave out Raymond Esses! So long now, till next month.

Invitation

In the name of the U.S.A.A.C.S., Harry Kapiloff extends an invitation to any Syrian boys in uniform who are in Brooklyn, to a grand ball at the Hotel Biltmore, Brooklyn, on the evening of November 20th.

Tickets are on sale to civilians at \$1.10 and the entire proceeds will go toward buying an ambulance, in honor of Sgt. Meyer Levin, and Capt. Colin Kelly. Everyone is urged to attend this worthwhile affair.

Excerpts from Letters By Fighting Men

(Continued from Page 1)

come in handy, as every one chips in and lends a hand with the chores.

In all the time I have been here, I have only suffered one disappointment. Although you may be sure I have searched diligently, I have yet to meet "the farmer's daughter." I have come to the regretful conclusion that she is a myth, just a mirage cooked up to entice men into the travelling salesman's profession!!

Raymond Grazi

As you have no doubt heard, the army does amazing things for one. Besides the training and book-larnin' I get here at Brown' in meteorology, for a commission. I'm learning to play the clarinet and the bass drum. As a matter of fact, I'm bass drummer in the detachment band.

Well, whatever I'm doing now, it sure is a long way off from the old days. Why, I can well remember the days when such notorious character as my pals—Fred Tawil, Hy Serure, the Twins, Joe Hedaya, Joe Bee, and a host of others could be heard at the same time under the same roof. (poor roof) Here's hoping the days will be short until we meet again!

Nat Ades

Somewhere in Iran

Some people back home are under the impression that the boys "over there" spend most of their time being entertained by U.S.O. shows, radio, screen, and stage stars, and by the luscious and gorgeous girls of the country he happens to be in.

Well, I can't boast of seeing or coming in contact with the glamorous
(Continued On Page 6)

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

•
JOSEPH ADES
TO
MANNY COHEN
HURRY HOME
•

MAHEM With NAHEM

(Excerpts from autobiography entitled: "Sam Nahem—Why?")

Sam Nahem, former Big League twirler, was born at an amazingly young age. After successfully wading through the ages of one, two and three years, (they didn't have diaper service then) in chronological order, of course, young Sam then reached the age of four.

It was at this ripe age, that a baseball was put into Sam's pudgy fingers. Sammy gaily threw it to his kid brother Joe, who rather unoriginally tossed it back to Sam. So the leather went back and forth, day after day, and all pedestrians and windows between 62nd and 63rd Streets were in mortal danger.

Having broken all records for breaking windows, Sammy brought his right arm to Ebbet's field for a tryout with "Dem Bums." Pitching batting practice, the young Syrian slinger hit Van Lingle Mungo in the back with such a whack, that he not only impressed manager Casey Stengel, but the aforementioned Mungo's back, which still carries the bruise.

"So," the dark-haired (Ed. note: What hair?) brown-eyed, round-but-tocked pitcher confided, "I established myself then and there as a good Dodger prospect. I was weeded out and put into a class D ball club, then rapidly moved up through, C, B, and A leagues, all of which enabled me to further myself with the English alphabet.

Sammy, not having heavenly faith in his own prowess, became a licensed lawyer. This resulted in Leo

Durocher to remark philosophically, after Sam had allowed 14 runs in one inning during an exhibition game, "He shoulda stuck to law, da bum!"

Along about this time, Sam, as just another ball-player, Joe, was thrown in as an extra dishrag to complete the trade with the Cards, in which Medwick went to Brooklyn.

The elongated pitcher then explained in clear detail how he managed to win five games, lose only two and have the best earned run average in the league: "I had a non-breaking curve which fooled the batters since they always swung where it was supposed to curve; but since it didn't curve, because it was a non-breaking curve—they missed it. Get it?"

Smoking an odorous cigar, Nahem recalled that "Babe" Young, former N. Y. Giant 1st baseman, was the toughest batter he ever had to face. "Geeez!" began Sam profoundly, "the biggest thrill I've gotten in life, outside of the time I once kissed a girl twice in succession, was when I held "Babe" to a home run in the lower tier of the Polo Ground's grandstand!"

A final analysis of the Syrian Flash's career reveals that never had he won less than one game per season, with the exception of the year he pitched for the "Snuggleswitch Assassins" where he was handicapped by a grave case of a contusion of the left toe nail!

(Ed. note: This is to be continued).

Excerpts from Letters By Fighting Men

(Continued from page 5)

folk mentioned. I am kept pretty busy, and a lot of my time is taken up chasing mosquitos. I have a job upon which the welfare of many of the boys in Uncle Sam's Army depends.

I'm working with the Anti-malaria Unit somewhere in Iran. Our outfit is working on a seven-day week basis, with no time off for good (or bad?) behavior...

Pvt. Meyer Cohen

Camp Gordon Johnston, Florida

I am in the Amphibian Engineers. We are the men who deliver the supplies and the invasion troops to the enemy shore from the Allied shore. We wear the Combined Operations Insignia, but most of our work is on these small invasion craft.

I am at the medical end. If anyone is injured, I am trained to take care of him. If my supplies run out, and I need more, I submit a requisition to the Brigade Medical Supply Officer, 1st Lt. Jack A. Beyda, and he "fills out the order" and has someone deliver the supplies in a truck. If the truck is low on gasoline, the driver can get some from Cpl. Frank Hadad, who is in the 199th Gas Supply Co. After I treat the patient, and if he is in such a bad condition that he requires evacuation, I turn him over to Bernie Swecky, who is in Co. B. 534th E. B. and S. R. (One of the boat companies) and he delivers him to a friendly shore.

So you see, the S. Y.'s plan to have the situation well in hand!

(Pvt. Joe (Bee) Betesh

JIMMY SITT
JOE & NAT COHEN &
ABE & ISAAC
ASHKENAZI
SAFE RETURN

YOUR BLOOD MAY SAVE HIS LIFE—
GIVE ANOTHER PINT

DO YOUR
CHRISTMAS
SHOPPING
EARLY!

BUY
War Bonds
and Stamps

Nice Going, Moey!

The best of luck to Lt. Morris Tawil. He recently graduated from Navigation School at Hondo, Texas, and is now attending Bombarding School in New Mexico.

★
JOE BAILEY
★

Departure of BTC Trainees Pulls Heartstrings of Those Left Behind

The veterans who took us in hand and showed us how to fix our beds on our first night in this barrack have moved one step nearer the enemy. They packed their bags last night and left this morning for an unknown school or camp for more training somewhere in the U. S. A.

Clothes rods on which G. I. overcoats, blouses and woolen suits hung yesterday are empty tonight. Shelves that were full of personal belongings and pictures of "the girl I left behind me" are bare. Blankets, mattress covers and pillow cases have been turned in to the supply sergeant.

The boy who represented fun and friendliness to all of us is gone and in his place stands bed No. 10, a lonely looking mattress folded on it, waiting for another soldier to come and occupy it by night, learn the rudiments of war by day.

Mascot and Statesman Leave.

The little lad who was the mascot of the barrack, so to speak, has departed. So has the elder statesman who was always appointing himself a committee of one to discuss local improvements and other barrack matters with our top-kick at complaint hours. The soldier who broke all records for dates per week with Greensboro girls in the comparatively short period of time that he was stationed here has pushed on, too. And the names of three more Americans can now be added to the roll of honor of the millions who are taking up arms or tools in this mechanized war for survival.

They had been on shipping alert since soon yesterday. Not knowing exactly when they were going to leave, they shook hands and said good-bye to us then. Several of them gave us letters to their folks at home. We were to wait until they were definitely gone and then mail them.

One boy was flat broke. Ordinarily, in view of the fact that he was leaving camp, his credit would be

strictly no good. But we had lived with him and eaten with him. And whats a dollar or two between friends? So we lent him a dollar each which he promised to send back as soon as he arrived at his next station. We have no doubt that he will.

Hope to See Their Folks

Most of the boys, who were slated to go haven't seen their folks since the day they kissed them good-bye and boarded a bus or train for a reception center. They speculated late into the night on the chances of shipping to a port near home so that they could see their folks just once, so Pop and Mom and the married sister and the kid brothers could see them in a uniform.

One hard-boiled fellow said, "The way you guys talk, you'd think you were going overseas."

Yet, it was true that this was their first extended trip away from home. They had a right to guess and wonder at their eventual destination.

The soldiers (call them rookies no more!) who were moving out lined up early this morning in front of our squadron orderly room. The roll was called for the last time. They were snapped to attention, given a right face and off they marched.

Sarge Takes a Look

As they went, the squadron chief clerk called to his boss. "Hay, sarge, they're going. Come on out and take a look." The sergeant came out. And when they saw the man who in the

past few weeks had come to know them better than their parents, they gave him an un-official "eyes right."

"So long, sarge!"

"See you around, sarge!"

"You were O. K., sarge!"

The sarge waved. They turned the corner and headed for the railroad siding. The sergeant took a last look, then went into the squadron orderly room. He had sent another group of "his boys" just that much closer to Berlin and Tokyo. And now to go back to work on us, the next group.

Write, Brother, Write

PFC Samuel Dweck is now attending Instructor's School in North Carolina. His first instructions go to his brother, Isaac Dweck S 2/C, "Get on the beam, Isaac, and write the folks back home."

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RAYMOND BEYDA

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EDDIE SERURE

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DAVID KASSIN

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JIMMY MISSRY

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OUTFIT THE OUTFIT

"Dear Mom" (Willie writes), "The mosquitoes out here are as plentiful as fleas on a stray pup. And the way those stingers bite! I guess the Japs told 'em the Yanks were coming and to be sure to save up their appetites."



It's enough to fight the Japs without battling mosquitoes too. Mosquito hammocks, like this, protect Willie, at least while he's sleeping. Cost, \$16.50. Outfit the outfits out fighting for you. Buy that extra Bond today.

U. S. Treasury Department

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AND
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MORRIS HEIFTY
COMPLIMENTS
TO MY FRIENDS
IN THE ARMED FORCES

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