

VICTORY BULLETIN

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By Subscription

Syrian Boys With D-Day Invasion Storm Beach Heads In North France

On the great armada of ships, bound for France which glided swiftly across the Channel waters, morning of June 6th, were taut-faced, unsmiling American boys who leaned quietly over the rails; their grim eyes incessantly searching through the chilly shoals of dawn.

Side by side they stood: long, sinewy-muscled miners from Oregon, tow-headed farmers from Kansas, pale narrow-chested textile workers from Chicago —yes, and there were guys from Brooklyn too, and guys from twenty-second avenue, more than twenty of them. And all of them steeled themselves the best way they knew how for the powerful moments which they knew lay ahead on this long-awaited day.

Some gazed straight in front with faces of granite, others kidded and cracked jokes, and there were a few who couldn't help but look plain scared.

While their outward expressions were visible, it was not possible to examine the pounding hearts of these men as the landing barges first scraped the shores of Normandy; perhaps they, themselves, cannot and will not ever be able to express adequately all they felt; but that they had reactions, soul-shaking and torrential, is a certainty.

One of the first to land on the beach-head, Leo Setton S3/c wrote:

"We were lying around about a mile out from the beach while troops and supplies were going in, when we were ordered to go in

and get some barges off the beach. The only way we could communicate with the boys was with semaphore and you know I'm Signal Man so I got on top of the pilot house with a pair of flags and started to talk with some boys on the beach to find out what barge they wanted towed off.

"We started to go in after a barge and discovered that the water was too shallow for us to get a line out, and we started to turn around to get a small boat to give us a hand. While we were waiting the tide ran out, and we found that we were high and dry on the beach. We were stuck there until the next day like sitting ducks in a shooting gallery. Boy some of those gunman shells came mighty close! I guess we were pretty lucky that day; I saw a lot of things on the beach, but I can't talk about it, but it was an experience I'll never forget in my life.

Pvt. Joe Belilos, stationed only a few hundred yards from Dave Cohen and sees him from time to time, writes, "At night the mosquitoes

bother me more than the guns and planes while I'm sleeping in my two-man foxhole. Right now, I'm trying to contact Leo Setton who is somewhere over here."

One Private who likes France better than England is Joe Betesh who tells that the French people kiss and throw flowers to the American soldiers, as the Yanks march through each recaptured town. Joe found a Jerry helmet and gas mask, and is sending them home as a souvenir.

Another instance showing how warmly welcome the Yanks are in France was told by Pvt. Dave Cohen, who received a bouquet of flowers in colors of the French Tricolor from a French peasant woman. The flowers, "lilacs on top, white lilies in the center and red roses on the bottom were held together by the Free-French Flag.

Pvt. Paul Benet, who speaks French fluently is finding it great fun polishing up once more.

Cpl. Victor Zonana, writes, "Being in the Northern section of France puts us in the richest food producing section also. Eggs, steak and wine are a common and inexpensive dish available to all. Boy, after over four months of eggless England, those eggs tasted like ice cream will taste when I get back."

And from Pvt. Abe Ades, "At this moment of lull, when things are so
(Continued on Page 4)



Members of the G.J.I. reading the latest issue of the VICTORY BULLETIN, and sunning themselves on Bradley's Sands simultaneously.

Card Party for U. J. A. Raises \$275 Profit

The substantial sum of \$275.00 was raised at a card party given by Mrs. Ralph Tawil on July 26.

This money was sent to the United Jewish Appeal to be used for the escape and rehabilitation of Jewish Refugees from Europe. The party, which was sponsored by the Sisterhood, was held on the lawn, and attracted a great many of Bradley Beach's residents.

Refreshments were served and a raffle held of which the lucky winner was Mrs. Hidary.

VICTORY BULLETIN

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Girls' Junior League Unite for Action!

It is about time somebody came out clean into the open. Somebody who isn't scared to tread on toes for something he believes in; somebody who doesn't give a brass hoot about the execrations which may be hurled at his head. We think "Victory Bulletin" is the name of such a person; Yeah, V-Bulletin is one guy who always has had the guts to say what he thinks.

So prick up your ears, girls, and listen hard! For this editorial is focussed directly on you—you who are already members or ex-members of that game, fighting club, GIRLS' JUNIOR LEAGUE, and on you who look forward to swelling its ranks this autumn.

More than three years back, the club was organized by a band of pioneer girls, who realized, despite the gibes and jeers at that time, the powerful possibilities of such a project.

During the first year, the club sailed along on a white cloud. The minds of girls broadened under well-planned educational meetings, concerts, theatres; they learned how to organize parties, teas, and dances, and they derived genuine satisfaction and warm pleasure in the club. Those were days when the club had fine leaders, fresh, enthusiastic members, and a clear-cut purpose that was honest and true.

Leaving a Sinking Ship

But nothing hums smoothly forever, and the club began to have its downs as well as its ups. Its purpose was still as honest and as true, but its leaders got married and dropped out; other zealous members began to devote their energies into other fields; yet still more of the former enthusiasts got "tired."

In fact it would not be too harsh to liken the situation to a bunch of scuttling rats who leave a sinking ship, while a few hardy sailors with grim faces try their utmost to set the ship up on a straight course.

And this is how it was with the club. There were a sturdy little fighting group who were determined to put the club on its feet or bust—you could count them on your fingers, these fighters. But instead of backing up this little group, the members, through weakness and lack of understanding, took the path of least resistance. They just didn't bother. When approached on the subject, they would whine, "The club's going to the dogs," or they would moan, "You can never get those(?) girls to work," or they told one another importantly, "Oh Gee, those girls don't even know what they want."

This of course, was somewhat confusing since "those girls" and they, themselves, were one and the same. On meeting nights, which occurred but once every two weeks, *those girls* would coincidentally discover their hair to need washing, or they would feel too, too tired.

This wasn't difficult to understand, since the meetings were disorganized and unattractive at the time. But at this point it is worthwhile for every prospective member to chew on this idea: *to keep a successful club on its feet, there has to be a 'give' spirit as well as a 'take' spirit.* Perhaps if, instead of running away, more girls had given a little more time, a little more energy, and a little more devotion to the club, it would have soon been sailing, smoother than before, on another white cloud.

The Ship That Wouldn't Sink

The three "R's" that constitute a fine club, namely, the right membership, the right leadership, and the right direction, do not "just grow" like Topsy. They must be carefully cultivated, tended with prudence, and above all, watched over constantly.

In the face of such obstacles it is gratifying to note, that through the determined efforts of that little group of fighters who worked so feverishly for Victory the whole year round, the club not only kept its head out of water, but did a grand job of sending thousands of dollars to Red Cross, National War Fund, United Jewish Appeal, and many more win-the-war causes; a grand job in putting out a hard-hitting newspaper fairly regularly, giving hundreds of pints of blood to the Blood Bank, and mailing over a thousand gift packages to our fighting men.

Yes, from the moment of its in-

ception the club has played a distinctive role in Bensonhurst, and has earned a high reputation for itself over Brooklyn as an A-1 morale builder.

And After Victory!

But this coming year the Club has its greatest role to play. This year can be the year of Victory! And our club, small though it is, must go all out to the last drop to MAKE it the year of victory. That means we must be a strong, indissoluble force on the home front steadily backing the boys on the front lines; we must help President Roosevelt in the White House this November; and we must see to it that the peace for which we worked is not thrown away in one fell swoop.

The G.J.L. wants to be united, thriving, and strongly intact when the boys come marching home. We've got to be there to give 'em the biggest, bang-up, hulluva welcoming-home party they've ever had. And we're gonna be there to set the tone for a new and glorious era—Bottoms up, Girls!
G. N.

Seymour Schwecky, Gunner Receives Air Medal

During his 15 missions over Germany, T/Sgt. Seymour J. Schwecky, aerial gunner and radio operator, was awarded the air medal for five of his missions, and the oak leaf a number of times.

Seymour has been in the army for for more than 1½ years, and overseas for over six months. While in England he met his cousin Seymour D. Schwecky and they were able to spend a full day together.



Gen. Twinning presents Purple Heart to Lt. Abe Abadi, Bombardier, U. S. Army Air Corps.

Hi, Peepul

By MARGE LABATON

Now that the end of the hottest summer on record is around the corner, those who sizzled on the beaches in Bradley, or steamed up in "lil ole New York" are now drinking up to the cool (?) September air in great gulps and wishing for more . . .

Ike Haffij dood it! After all these years of dodging (?) the women he finally picked himself out a cute little miss, for better, and the date's set. Here's to you . . .

Sally Sutton and Hymie Shalom still keeping us in the dark; time's a'wastin'.

Sgt. Jos Esses after his long stay in Panama was treated to a bang-up "Welcome Home" party on his furlough recently . . . Rena Hedaya and Bert Dweck??? *And could it be young Claudie Shalom that's keepin' Moe Maleh's eyes a 'sparklin' so gaily this summer?*

Pvt. Sam Schweky, home from the war in Europe is a quick click, don't wait to pick; he married his gal, Rose Levy, in two shakes of a lamb's tail—what a male (Saints alive—what jive!)

. . . A certain Joe Shalom informed us we had omitted to mention an affinity twixt Gladys Harari and one Ghindi, about to rectify this, we discover that Gladys and Joe are now a thing! Now what reporter can keep up with such goings-on?

Alberta Shalom's "Bar Mitzvah" party for her son was great for the old and great for the young. Bees and butterflies buzzed about in abundance . . .

The girls got a brainware to flee the shortage of males this summer and away to the mountains, where the cold air, in the form of a worse shortage drove them back. The young couples who bought

homes in Westchester this summer really started something . . . and real estate down there is reported to be booming . . .

Jack Shabot and Marceline Betesh seen hither and thither and thither . . . *voted the beach's most popular man, two year-old, dimpled "Sonny" Esses—the guy who lives up to his mischievous smile . . .*

Give us one good reason why Nelson Eddy—oopsie—Maurice Shamoala hasn't made any recordings of his remarkable voice. No kidding, we'd buy a few ourselves.

Boys on Leave this month include Cpl. Michael Mishaan, Sgt. Joe Esses, Sgt. Victor Dweck, Cadet Meyer Tawil, Cadet Hymie Serure, Pvt. Mal Serure, Pvt. Sam Scheweke, Sgt. Marco Zalta, Pvt. Abe Shalow, Lt. Albert Sutton, Pvt. Albert Sutton, and Pvt. Isaac Labaton (your correspondent's favorite guy.)

For the coming year the Victory Bulletin Staff has but one big wish.... To have a Roll of Honor.... "BOYS HOME FROM THE WAR—ALL PRESENT AND ALL SAFE" Amen.

Milestones

Births

*Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kapaloff—boy
Mr. and Mrs. Sutton—girl
Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Safedie—girl
Mr. and Mrs. Alex Sultan—girl
S2/C-AI and Mrs. Perlman—boy*

Married

Rose Levy to Pvt. Sam Scheweke

Engaged

*Pauline Setton to Morris Rophail
Olga Cohen to Jimmy Missry
Dave Chabot to Muriel Hedeya
Frieda Ashkenazi to Isaac Hafif.*

IN THE KITCHEN "BAZAGAN" FOR ALL MEN

Mrs. Rachael Gemal's "Bazagan" is one dish that should be tasted by all mortals before they die. We are convinced that even the gods who dwell on Olympus would never again feed on sweet nectar and ambrosia, once they had tasted this famous Gemal "Bazagan."

And so one of our reporters coaxed Mrs. Gemal to divulge he ingredients of her famed dish, so that you too (hustle yourselves, you young married women!) will be able to have a shot at it:

INGREDIENTS

1 glass bergol (fine wheat)
1 can tomatoe paste (or sauce)
¼ bunch parsley
3 fablespoons oil
1 teaspoon kamoon (spice)
1 glass ooouk —
½ finely chopped onion
handful chopped nuts
salt and pepper

Chop up finely parsley, onion, nuts, and pepper; and put into large pan with rest of ingredients. Mix thoroughly with spoon, adding a little water to achieve required thickness.

G.J.L. Raises \$550 Money To Help China War Effort

As gallant China fights on valiantly, battling tirelessly and undaunted, with insufficient arms, with meagre and often inferior equipment, and with frightening scarcity of medicine and ambulances, as she has for many bitter years; the G. J. L. considered it hardly short of a necessity to raise money for Chinese War Relief as quickly as possible.

Thus, on a snap decision to run a Chinese Card Party, and with only one week's leeway, G. J. L. members in Bradley Beach feverishly attended to multitude of arrangements, including the printing and selling of more than 200 tickets at \$1.25 each.

And so, in the evening of August 27th, the main ballroom of the La Reine Hotel, Bradley Beach, N.J., was crammed tight with people enjoying gin-rummy, solo, poker, and baccarat games, who were simultaneously giving aid to a fine cause.

Cake and ice-cream and candy were served free of charge, while a brisk turnover was made on pepsi-cola.

During the evening a set of pyrex dishes were raffled off, and were carried home by the fortunate winner, Mr. S. Shalom.

Donations to the cause were given abundantly by all tables, and when the final additions were made it was found that \$550 profit had been raised. Of this \$450 was contributed to United China Appeal, and the remaining \$100 went towards the settling of Jewish refugee children in Palestine. This last contribution was at the special request of Mr. Kupperman, manager of La Reine Hotel, who gave his ballroom free of charge for this party.

Special thanks went to Mr. Kupperman and Miss Lesser at the hotel, for their thoughtfulness and cooperation throughout.

Sidney Nager Enjoys V. B., Never Saw B'klyn

Sgt. Sidney Nager, now in Wyoming, has not yet laid eyes on Brooklyn. (*Ed. Note: Can you imagine that!*) He is mildly astonished that despite this fact, he gets a great kick out of reading *Victory Bulletin*. As he puts it, "Funny, isn't it, that a person like me who has never been there, should be so interested in a paper like the V. B."

Roll Of Honor

PVT. RALPH ANZAROOT—42135160—Co. A, 40th Inf. Tng. Bn., Camp Croft, S.C.
 SGT. TED. M. BEHRMAN—32332235—62nd Sig. Radio Inc. Co., Camp Cooke, Cal.
 PVT. J. COHEN—42031026—Co. A—330th Inf., A.P.O. 83, c/o Postmaster, N.Y.C.
 PVT. ALBERT ESSES—34912318, A—5-2 F.A.R.T.C., Fort Bragg, N.C.
 PVT. JACK JEMAL—42135257—3706 A.A.F., Base Unit B.T.C. Sec. U. Sheppard Field, Texas.
 PVT. EDWARD M. MARCUS—38582610—Co. A, 4820 Unit-Reception Center, Fort Bliss, Texas.
 SAM MACUS S/2/C A & R Dep. Div. 4-4 N.A.S., Corpus Christi, Texas.
 PVT. R. A. MARKOWITZ—33887708—69th Regt., 227 Bn. Co. C., Camp Blanding, Fla.
 PVT. ABE MISHAN—420135183—Co. B 26th I.T.B. Bks. 474, Camp Croft, S.C.
 PVT. MEYER SAFDYA—42136855—Station T Bks. 765, 3706 AAF Bn., Sheppard Field, Texas.
 LEO SULTAN S/2/C, L.S.S. LST No. 695 c/o Fleet Post Office, New York City.
 IRWIN M. SWED, Ha. S/1/C H.C.S. Co., 21-4 U.S.N.H., San Diego, 34, Calif.
 PVT. EDWARD TURNER—42061694—Inf. Co., C APO 15358 c/o Postmaster, N.Y.C.

G.I. Joe Appeals To You Your Blood Saves Lives

(This letter was sent to us by one of our Syrian Soldiers overseas who desires to remain anonymous.)

The great offensives are under way on all fronts, and we, your sons and brothers, several hundred strong will take an active part in them. We are telling you that Blood Plasma is one of the most urgent needs of our armed forces in helping win the war and bring us back.

You have no time? You can spare a couple of hours to give us many years of life! You don't have enough blood for yourself? Why not let the Red Cross decide that! You are afraid? Giving blood is perfectly safe and even painless.

It is strange that many women who have suffered the pains of bringing children into the world many times, should hesitate and be afraid of giving their blood to keep those same children alive.

You, our parents, gave us life before. We need you again. You cannot deny us this life because you were too busy, or did not realize the necessity, or were a little timid!

(We suggest that every family donate a pint of blood for each of their boys in the service. It would give these boys great pride to receive a letter from their folks saying that they have given their blood. How about it?)

To My Brother
PVT. IKE LABATON

1944—Happy New Year in the Army
1945—Happy New Year HOME
M A R G I E

Boys and Girls Earn V.B. Thanks

Moe Mizrahi
Dave Belilos
Earn V. B. Thanos
Jack Fallas
Henry Elbaz
Whitie Matza
Eli Cabasso
Abe Cabasso
Dave Dweck
Calmun Begun

Abe Tawil
Dave Gindi
Adele Tawil
Gloria Cohen
Violet Cohen
Violet Beda
Betty Maslaton
Bernice Dushey
Sonny Esses
Sophie Esses.



Cousin Meets Cousin! Pvt Stanley Ades looks very happy after his meeting with Cousin Abe on English Soil. And by the look on his face, Pvt. Abe Ades reciprocates the feeling.

Our Boys in France

(Continued from Page 1)

quiet, you look around and see your friends here and there. Right now, a Cpl. and myself sit next to a small radio listening to broadcasts from the States and I can see the Chaplain in his tent, making out his services for Sunday; two captains are quietly playing cards; one fellow is reading a letter from home, and another is washing his clothes. Every now and then our planes go flying in formation to a rendezvous, which we will probably read about in tomorrow's paper. Yes, that's how things are right now here in the E. T.O."

Lt. Jack Adjmi, (Sr. Grade.), U.S. Navy, Chief radio officer visited us at the time had just returned from the invasion coast, but to hear him talk it was a very simple operation, . . . "I didn't feel excited. Everything was so well planned that all we had to do was sail on our appointed course, anchor a certain distance offshore, lower the LSP's and LST's, and then head back. The invasion fleet was huge—the ships looked like ants on honey. Barrage balloons and airplanes overhead were a dime a dozen."

Yes, these are the words coming to you from French soil; from boys you know and love. But there are many more boys from our Community over there. Some we have hunches about, others we have no knowledge of. However, we do know that Jack Levy, Fred Fallas, Fred Betesh, and Lt. Ed. Sasson, are all in France somewhere.

And to all of our men, the known and the unknown, the Victory Bulletin salutes you, and wishes you Godspeed.

COMPLIMENTS FROM

Mr. & Mrs.
LEON DePICCITTO

6861 Lakewood Blvd.

Dallas, Texas

FROM THE SOLDIERS



After arriving in England, I was very much impressed with the hungry, pathetic look on the dirty face of the small ragged children that met us with "Got any gum,

Chum". It has become a by-word with almost all the children when they meet Yanks, as we are called over here.

We are billeted (housed to you) in a very nice English home, but I can't say much for the waffle iron beds we sleep on. However, the roominess of it and the fine toilet facilities make it quite livable. Our food is excellent and the weather has been very agreeable since we have been here. We are told that the fog comes in the fall and winter. The English beer is customarily warm but the ale is palatable.

As for sight-seeing, I have visited Westminster, Whitehall, the large east-side Ghetto, the sprawling docks on the east side, that vital part of England's existence—since so much of their food, raw materials, and necessities of life are imported. I have visited various shops in the linen trade and talked shop with the average store owner and wholesaler. I visited one of the famous castles along the Thames, then of course Piccadilly Circus wasn't passed up. (I will have a lot of material for stag sessions concerning this point.)

The English are severely rationed on food and clothes and prices of both are high. The main essentials of life, such as rent, fuel, basic foods, transportation, and newspapers are fairly cheap—however, when any amount of luxury, such as better cuts of meat, good clothes, furs, nightlife, theatres, liquor (almost non-existent except for gin and some scotch), is desired, the prices are extremely high and only the upper middle class (if there is such a thing) can afford them.

The average clerk makes about \$12 to \$15 a week, the defense worker from \$20 to \$30, and the buying power of the money—at the moment, in comparison to ours, seems less.

Racial tolerance is quite in evidence here and it is not uncommon to see a white English girl with a dark Indian or Negro. It may be that the English foreign policy and the old

Syrian Boys All Over The World Say Thank You For Gift Packages

Day by day dozens of letters are pouring into the Girls' Jr. League mailbox. They are from our community's boys in uniform in all corners of the world—from New Guinea, England, North Africa, Italy, France, New Caledonia, Hawaii, Panama, and a host of other places. Letters of thanks and appreciation, friendly letters that tell of their happiness at a thought from home, and warm, chaty letters that talk of their day to day work, routine, and human incidents.

Many come from boys that have seen much, that have fought and grappled with blood and fire, and from others who are doing their job right here in the States, but in all of them is the thrill and joy at being remembered by the folks back home. Sam Haber, EM2/c writes "You would have to see my heart to appreciate its gratitude, for my expressions obviously are of inferior quality."

It makes one feel curiously humble and small to think that one who is offering up everything to insure our safety, should have cause to feel gratitude towards us, who can give so little in comparison.

From Italy, Cpl. Mac Haddad writes, "No doubt you have made a great many of our boys overseas and home happy with this type of gift package. I believe it was wisely chosen, but more important, it makes this soldier's heart beat a little faster to know that there are some people back in the good ole States who still think of him although he is thousands of miles from home."

Mac is also thrilled about the book that was included in the package, he hasn't yet finished it, and is "Still trying to figure out how Perry Mason will unsolve the situation, which

traditions here make it considerably different from the U. S. A.

Pvt. Edward H. Cohen.

I am now a psychiatrist, temporarily, at least. The hospital here is a huge (1,500 bed) institution for mental cases. All of our patients are veterans of American wars. We have numerous inmates who fought in World War I, but our newer cases are recent Section 8 discharges of this war. Our job is to diagnose them, rehabilitate them, and prepare them for an adjustment in their return to civilian life. Our results are good. The hospital, also called Fort Roots, is on top of a

I am told he invariably does in every one of his books. Smart guy that Mason... Wish I... Oh, well! A fellow can't have everything!"

And from England, Sgt. Morris Dweck, ex-editor of the Victory Bulletin, has this to say: "Everyone—from the First Sergeant of our unit down to the lowly private—who partook in the feast, thanks you. I got a special kick out of the whole thing because if you'll remember, I was once on the sending end myself."

There are two Jonah Mishaan's in the army and to avoid confusion we will quote each. Stationed in North Carolina, Cpl. J. M. Mishaan observes, "after careful inspection from the experts it has been pronounced Perfect." While Pfc. Jonah Mishaan in Italy tells us that "The package contained everything good and difficult to acquire in this far away Europe."

The South Pacific and Pfc. David M. Betesh inform us that "It was kind of late as it traveled through 8 different camps in the states before it got here. But it was worth while waiting for!"

Pvt. Albert Levey of North Carolina, leaves no doubt as to the reception it received. "The fellows crowded around to see what they would get, and I don't have to say how fast the stuff disappeared. But don't worry! I got my share of it!"

And Pfc. Max Kastel bursts into verse in California.

"Thanks so much for the package
Whose contents it would seem
Would need no alteration
It's a lovely come true dream."

Unfortunately, we are confined to the prosaic limits of time and space. But thanks, all you other guys, for your heart-warming letters—we wish we could print a snip of them all!

hill, and has beautiful gardens, fields, tennis and golf courses, and other amusements for the patients.

Lt. JOE M. ATTIE.

South Carolina

I've been assigned to a dive bomber squadron with 7 other hospital corpsmen. Shortly we will ship out to our last training before going somewhere in the Pacific. Our job will be to care for and treat the men in our squadron wherever we are, in the States or out there. So far I haven't had a chance to apply all my knowledge to practical use. However, I will prob-

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Community Center Needs Your Help

Clap-hands till . . .

Yes, we want it. No doubt about it. We all want that community center there was so much big talk about. But that was before when financial aid was promised and plans roared on ahead. That was when all of us clapped hands and danced to the tune of, "It's here at last."

Then what happened? We hear no more of meetings; we hear no talk of pledges being followed through; no more talk of selecting sites. All discussion of blue-prints has suddenly been forgotten.

The fly in the ointment

Here, then is the fly in the ointment; and blame belongs somewhere. We feel it belongs to the leaders of the community; to those wealthier members who promised their support and financial aid and have not carried it out.

A project of this size needs more than one or two enthusiasts. It needs an untiring band of leaders who will not only give money, but who will also give time, patience, and hard work to follow it through.

The old, old story

There is the old, old story of meetings not attended; of jobs not done; of promises left unfulfilled. The same story that has spelled disaster to many previous plans and schemes.

This is too big a venture to die like a briefly spurting match because of careless neglect.

This is something all of us realize will affect the future of our children. It is something we have promised ourselves that they shall have.

Come on, you people who hit and "gripe" about lack of organization and efficiency, how about your pitching in and helping! Come on all you *real* leaders and you followers; how about showing what you can do?

JACK DIDIA HALTS ROOKIE!

Jack Didia recalls the time when he was doing guard duty, and halted a shadowy form with the usual "Halt! Who goes there?" To which the soldier (a rookie) replied "Oh! you don't know me. I'm new around here!"

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

In The Mail-Box

To the Editor:

The other day I was lying sick in a hospital with 104° fever. The mailman came around and handed me the *Victory Bulletin*. I lay there absorbed in it for over half an hour, when I was interrupted by the nurse who came along and took my temperature again. It had dropped to 102°!!

I want to thank you very much; and now instead of classifying the V. B. as a morale builder, you may reclassify it as "medicine for the sick," or just "health builder."

Seaman 1/C.

Benjamin "Sonny" Swede

ED. NOTE:—That's a nice thought, Sonny. Hope you're all better by now.

To the Editor

To the Editor:

I was on furlough last month, and I couldn't help hearing something that really shocked me. I know that you wouldn't publish this in the *Victory Bulletin*, but anyway I'll get it off my chest.

I heard talk like, "Is this guy still in the States?" "Why my brother has been in the Army a much shorter time, yet my brother is overseas today, while he's still here—it's not fair!"

But how could they have the nerve to talk that way? Not enough that they, themselves, are not in uniforms—but they don't even half know the circumstances . . . Take me, for instance. I enlisted in the Army when I was 17½, and am now over nineteen years old. I've been here in this Air Field in Nebraska, for almost 20 months; during this period I had an unfortunate accident where I fractured my knee and was laid up in hospital, for six months, and given a convalescent furlough.

I've volunteered to go Overseas, but it seems I just can't get shipped out of here, but I don't feel so bad because I'm doing an important job. Let's hope there won't be any more of such talk.

Pfc. Ralph M. Mizrahi
Geneva, Nebraska

ED. NOTE:—And just for the record, we'd like to add that Ralph refused an honorable discharge that was offered to him.

G.J.L. Raffle To Aid War Fund

GET BEHIND THE GUN is the title of the giant victory raffle which the Girls' Junior League has sponsored this month.

There are three bumper prizes, each an enticement in itself, consisting of:-

- (1) one \$25.00 War Bond
- (2) one super-modelled fountain pen
- (3) two tickets to this year's crack show "Oklahoma."

Each raffle book containing ten raffle tickets will sell for only \$1.00—or each ticket may be sold separately for 10c.

The G.J.L. have set themselves the goal of distributing 1,000 of these books next month, and the entire proceeds will go to the National War Fund; so let's get UNITED behind that gun, you guys on the home front!

TO OUR BOYS
IN SERVICE
AND TO THOSE
on the HOME FRONT
WE TAKE PRIDE IN
WISHING YOU A
Happy
AND VICTORIOUS
New Year
GIRLS
JUNIOR LEAGUE

Letters From Soldiers

(Continued from page 5)

ably have plenty of opportunities soon.

Although a navy man, when it comes to treating Marines, I feel it makes no difference what branch they are in. My job is to care for our fighting men and it's a great feeling to "fix 'em up!"

RALPH COHEN, Seaman 3/c

New Guinea.

The big attraction in these parts are the bushy haired natives. They have great admiration for the "Yanks," and always greet them with a smile. For a cigarette or two, they will be more than glad to climb up a high cocoanut tree, and cut down a few ripe ones with their machetes.

Many of them have walked miles through the thick jungle and muddy roads, carrying the wounded and the sick in stretchers.

The most valuable possession out here is either a pair of rubber hip boots or goloshes, because when it rains it just doesn't stop, and it's no fun wading through seas of mud.

Cpl. Sam Gindi.

Italy.

Lt. Abe Abadi who is a bombardier, and not far from his 50 mission mark writes me, and I hope that if he gets his well deserved furlough, the community should really welcome home one of our best soldiers for democracy. We, out here, are proud of him, and wish him Godspeed on his future missions into Nazi territory, where he has been guiding tons of destructive hell right onto the targets.

Sam Antar paid Sam Serouya and me a visit on the Anzio Beachhead. Serouya's cousin Rafail Mizrahi spent a couple of days with us recently, and here is another lad that Bensonhurst can be proud of. He sports the Zebra special, otherwise known as a master sergeant's rating, and is a darn good man in the Air Corps.

And so it goes! In between operations, we constantly run into each other, and these meetings have a greater meaning than ever before.

Cpl. Joseph A. Cohen.

Letters Coming to V. B. Are Wandering Astray

It seems that there has been some confusion as to where letters to the Victory Bulletin should go. The answer is that ALL letters intended for the Victory Bulletin or staff should go to Victory Bulletin, c/o Miss EVELY MISHAAN, 2165-66th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mark Attie, Merchant Marine Sees The World On Uncle Sam



Sailing an oil tanker round the world has been Mark Attie's job for the past two years. To India, Egypt, Iran and Bermuda, to Italy, England, and Scotland, to Panama, Central America, and Australia he has steered his sturdy little vessels with their cargo of precious oil for the Allies.

Several times while traveling in convoy, through German and Japanese infested waters, the enemy has attacked, by submarine and by plane. Sometimes, his fellow ships went down but, so far, Mark and his shipmates have come through safely.

Visiting the many different lands has had a touch of excitement all its own but the nearest thing to home

for Mark, is Sidney, Australia. There, he found a feeling of the United States; the people speak English, and pretty women brighten up the streets. And it was in Sidney that he came across his cousin Sgt. Mark Attie whom he has not seen for years.

He has happy memories of Iran, also, or perhaps of a certain P. X. in Iran where he bumped into Lt. Victor Shalom and Cpl. Jimmy Sasson.

While in Italy Mark felt the rising sentiment of anti-fascist feeling surging up. He felt the Italian people's urge to join in the fight against the Italian and German fascists. He understands that urge; it was the same that made his entire crew donate blood at one time, the same that keeps him buying bonds regularly and the same urge that made him turn down an offer to quit the service and to sign up again with "We Americans cannot take the easy way out".

MEET THE WIFE OF BOY OVERSEAS



Corporal Jimmy Sasson's pretty darkeyed wife, Evelyn, is known and liked by all in the community. While her husband was stationed in the United States, she travelled along and stayed with him in Ohio and Florida till he was shipped across.

Jimmy, who has been in Iran since May, 1943, has never seen his plump, curly haired daughter Conya, just thirteen months old; but Evelyn's daily letters and periodic snapshots keep him in the know, and up to the minute with her day to day feats.

With her husband overseas now, Evelyn spends most of her time caring for little Sonya; while for relaxation she bike rides, plays gin rummy, and rolls bandages for the Red Cross.

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

COMPLIMENTS FROM

Mr. & Mrs.

SAM GINDI

TO THEIR SONS

NATHAN

and

MORRIS

"ALOHA" FROM HAWAII



M/Sgt. Joseph Nahem
Somewhere on Oahu, Hawaii

July 15
Aloha, Aloha,
So here I am filled with new sights, sounds and emotions—e-

specially after spending yesterday in Honolulu. So; reader, sit down and relax while I flex my muscles, hitch up my loin cloth and begin to talk.

The city of Honolulu was a combination of Broadway, Coney Island, and the average American city: shooting galleries, penny arcades, huge department stores, photo-galleries, hotels, etc. But the people of Honolulu are varied and unusually fascinating; for this is the meeting place of the oriental and occidental worlds. In ten minutes on any street corner you will see Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, mixtures of the four, and Portugese, English, Americans, etc. and add to these the servicemen who are of every nationality, and you have the four corners of the world brought together in a single city.

There are some extraordinary, exotic and intriguing women here. Their faces are almost doll-like, and have a peculiar beauty that is rather breath-taking. Say can I take time out to touch upon a few of the curious things I observed in Honolulu? The little Hawaiian newsboys chanting in their odd little high-pitched voices, "Paper! Get the latest paper!" just like the newsboys in N. Y.... The young shoe-shine boys of every nationality who ask pertily, "Shine, Mr.?" and if you refuse, they yell "Cheapskate!" and run like hell. The picture galleries where a so-called "Hula girl" in bra and gras-

skirt plus the inevitable lei will pose with a serviceman for a "romantic picture under Hawaiian palms"... pictures of naked girls brazenly displayed outside stores to lure servicemen in to buy curios.... The curio shops which charge outrageous prices.... the lush and luxuriant tropical vegetation—palms and brilliant orange or yellow or dark wine flowers, or huge leaved plants—Gosh I'd better take a breath, how about you?

August 10th

Now that the news has been released, I can tell you that I saw President Roosevelt when he was here two weeks ago. I stood, along with thousands of other soldiers, as "honor guard" along a road as the President and all the high-ranking officers sped by. I got a fleeting glimpse of F. D. R., and I felt excited to see him. For he is a remarkable man and one of the shrewdest political strategists in America.

The sentiment of the servicemen, as far as I can see, is about three to one for him. In fact, a real Federal

ballot would have insured his victory. How difficult it is to conceive of Dewey in the White House or in conference with Churchill or Stalin. At best they would probably use him as a sort of office boy!

Ed. Note.—We hope you found "Hawaiian Diary" as enjoyable reading as we did. (Hope we're not biased, although you'll agree we do have good reason to be!) You may be seeing more of this column in the near future.

Mahem With Nahem

Let no man point the impolite finger at us with the accusation that we don't get exclusive stories for our millions of readers. This week we present, for the first time anywhere, an interview with a racehorse. Yes, a racehorse.

It's all quite simple. Just lurk around a racing stable where you will probably encounter a horse. Then just —gaze into his eyes. Gaze into the limpid, brown, cow-like eyes of the horse and they will speak to you in unmistakable accents. Here's what they say:

Punk Reward For Racing

"How would you like to run around in circle every day just to be the first to break a piece of white ribbon? And what do you get as reward for this silly piece of business, heh? They put a garland of flowers around your neck which prickle and sting like hell!

"And if you lose, whoa! For hours afterward the \$2 betters pass your stall giving you all sorts of dirty looks. If they'd only pass a little nearer, we could kick them in the face, but they keep their distance lucky for them!

Who Eats Like a Horse?

"And furthermore," the cow-like eyes added with a snort, "where did they ever get the expression 'eating like a horse'? All they ever give us to eat are oats and hay. Why don't they ever give us a good steak? Or at least a hamburger with everything? Why, I even heard a rumor in the stable that some restaurants are selling horsemeat as steak.

"Yeah, and why do they use us for odious comparisons, like saying 'he's got a face like a horse' or 'he's a horse's neck' or 'he's a horse's—' (censored)? Phoohie on this horse-racing business. It's better to cart a beer-wagon around all day."

With a furtive tear from our furtive cheek and sadly raced to the mutuel window to lay a \$2 bet on "Poodlehead" to win.

COMPLIMENTS FROM

Mr. & Mrs.

MORRIS M. MIZRAHI

to their son in
Cherbourg, France

"HOPE FOR AN
EARLY RETURN"

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

Correct Address!

Many copies of the Victory Bulletin are not reaching their correct destination. If you, or any one else of your acquaintance is not receiving it, kindly fill out the correct name and address of the form below, tear out and mail to Miss Evelyn Michaan, 2165—66th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Name
Address
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