

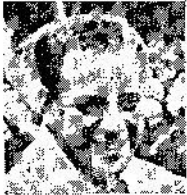
VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume III, No. 6

JULY, 1941

By Subscription

FROM THE SOLDIERS



I was among the fortunate ones in my Company to receive a three-day pass to go sight-seeing up the island, so three of my buddies and I got into a jeep and

and started off.

The thought of three days of freedom was delightful, the weather was perfect and the scenery a dream. Coconut trees, coffee shrubs and an abundance of flowers and fruits were very pleasant for a while till we discovered the appalling emptiness of our stomachs. Ask any G.I. what is his favorite food and he will answer STEAK also EGGS (the old-fashioned kind with the shell) and we ate happily for three days.

You will say this much happiness should be sufficient for an average G.I. but not for me. I had to start looking for a Dottie Lamour under a swaying palm. Well, I did better, I found a "Tondelao", a full-blooded Hindu. Her hair was jet black and soft as silk, her eyes were large, black, and glowing, and she had a perfect nose and mouth. Added to this she was wearing a grass skirt and spoke beautiful English. At first I was afraid she was a mirage, but after spending the rest of my three-day pass with her I realized she was very much alive. It must have been love at first sight for both of us and leaving her was something very hard. I can hardly wait for my next pass to see her.

Well, continue your good work and the best of wishes to you all.

PVT. MORRIS H. LEVY
P.S. IN CASE I NEGLECTED TO TELL YOU, MY LITTLE HINDU LOVE IS EXACTLY THREE YEARS OLD.

A little while ago, Joe and I went into a liquor store, and asked the man at the counter for some scotch. He said that he had none. I asked for a few other things in the way of liquor which he also denied having. Then, half in jest, and half disgust, I said in Syrian, "Well, how about some Arak."

He looked at me with wide eyes for
(Continued on page 7)

GIRLS' JUNIOR LEAGUE GALA DANCE HITS \$1500



Photo taken by Miss Adele Dabah.

What, perhaps, will be remembered by Bensonhurst's Syrian population as one of the most successful dance events ever to be held, took place Sunday night, May 21st, at the Colonial Mansion, Brooklyn.

Crowds jammed the spacious halls, and the atmosphere was alive with incessant chatter, bright lights and swirling dresses. Upstairs, the voices of Najceba and Meyer Murad swelled to the strains of the Arabic tempo as the audience cheered them on to greater heights. Harry Berken's sweet

and solid rhumba band kept the younger set a-swingin' and a-shakin' till after 2 a.m. The tables moaned under the weight of appetizing food: bazzigan, kibbes, chickens, and assorted pickles and salads were consumed in amazing quantities.

This dance, sponsored by the Girls Junior League had set its goal for \$1,000.00 to be given entirely towards the building of the Community Center. However, the astounding sum of \$1,500.00 was reached and the remaining \$500.00 went towards the sending of gift packages to our boys overseas.

Cadet Albert Haber Home on Leave

Cadet Albert Haber, of the Merchant Marines, was home on leave after having served 4 months on duty in the Pacific, Atlantic, Mediterranean and Caribbean waters.

Cadet Haber, a graduate of Hillsborough High School of Florida, was attending the University of Florida, when he was called to active duty in the Merchant Marines.

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

Mr. Leon Dishey Arrives in U.S.A.

Mr. Leon Dishey has just completed a 35 hour flight from Cairo, Egypt, to the United States. He comes as a representative of his country to attend the monetary conference in Bretton Woods.

Representatives of forty five nations are meeting there, and plan to establish an international bank with a balance of approximately 8½ billion dollars.

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

Total of Over \$2000 Welcomed by Red Cross

The American Red Cross is acknowledging a donation of \$43 from the Girls' Junior League recently, said that this brought the total received from the Magen David Ladies Auxiliary and Hadassah in the community, to the large sum of \$2,041.30.

They also expressed their sincere thanks and appreciation for the gift which will be used in making additional service available to our men in the Armed Forces.

VICTORY BULLETIN

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214

2nd Front in Europe Needs Extra Effort Here

Now we have struck. The grim-faced men who stormed and plambored onto the blood-stained beaches of France have stamped a challenge for all mankind. A challenge that will be remembered with quickening pulses for a thousand years. A challenge whose imprint will never wear thin or tarnish in the minds of free people everywhere.

We are going to win this challenge; not by bright speeches and over-optimistic thinking; not by chauvinism; not by black markets; these are the stumbling blocks which must be hacked down and burned. We are going to win by waging an all-out fight to the finish, a fight that cannot be confined to those bearing the firearms.

The home front, not so far away from the fighting front as many would believe, must not relax or slacken its pace for a second. To the factory-workers and businessmen, the farmers and the white-collar workers, the students and the housewives comes a double-fold task, which will require more grit, more stamina, and above all, more understanding in the months ahead.

Buying War Bonds regularly, donating your blood, being actively engaged in war work (whether it be connected with Red Cross, Allied War Relief, or Civilian Defense), cannot be emphasized too often. The need has never been as great. "Everything for the war" must become the slogan of the nation.

The other side of our task is not as obvious or as clear cut, yet on it depends the destiny and moral strength of future America.

We, at home must make it our business to understand the vital issues of the day. We must fight against discrimination of all types, we must con-

stantly boycott such pro-fascist papers as the Daily News; we must put our backs into the fight that will be needed to reelect President Roosevelt in the coming elections.

The men at the front have had many heavy burdens to bear. Can we add to their load by letting them return home to ask themselves if the country they thought worthwhile fighting for is worthwhile living in?

Blood Plasma Urgently Needed

IN YOUR ARTERIES IS THE POWER TO SAVE A LIFE. The need for blood plasma is more urgent than ever before. This plasma gives a wounded soldier sufficient strength to withstand surgery; it keeps him alive while he is being carried to a base hospital; it spells the difference between life and death.

The Red Cross needs an additional five million pints of blood to meet the demands of the European Invasion.

BLOOD IS LIFE

Make an appointment with your nearest Red Cross today!

Meet the Wife of a Boy Overseas.....



United States Army. From the moment war was declared, all his furloughs were cancelled, and soon afterwards, he was sent overseas.

They have a baby boy who is now over a year old, and whom Al has never seen. This is something they are both looking forward to with all their hearts.

Al has been in the army for over three years now, and Ray, back home, is buying bonds for all she is worth. Young and vivacious, she holds her head up, and keeps smiling, because she knows that this is the way that Al wants it.

•
JOSEPH PENHOS,
MEXICO, D. F.
COMPLIMENTS
•

Subway Sniggeros

Once In A Lifetime

An old salt retired from the Navy after years of taking orders from gold braid. He settled down in a little house and, every morning, neighbors noticed a small boy knock on his door, go in, come out again in a few minutes.

After weeks of this, one curious neighbor stopped the boy on his way out, asked him why he visited the old sailor every day.

"Well," the youngster said, "he gives me a dime if I say to him, 'The Captain wants you immediately.'"

"And," asked the neighbor, "what does he say to that?"

"Oh, he lies down on his bed and roars; 'Tell the Captain to go to blazes!'"

Poor Frankie

Two bobby-sock girls stole a two-cent peck at the headlines on a news stand at Broadway and 42nd Street recently. One of them read aloud:

"British Bomb Sumatra." The other exclaimed:

"Why are they always picking on poor Frankie?"

With Pleasure

A sergeant in Ordnance Maintenance very carefully placed a block of wood against a metal frame in order to straighten it. Calling a yardbird over, the sarge told him to pick up a nearby sledge hammer. The yardbird obliged.

"Now," said the three-striper when he had placed the block to his satisfaction and had stepped to one side, "when I nod my head, you hit it."

These GI Barbers

The soldier was in the barber chair getting a hair cut and noticed the barber's dog watching expectantly.

"Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he?" asked the GI.

"It ain't that," answered the barber. "Sometimes I snip off a piece of ear."

GREETINGS TO

SONNY, RALPH
& JACK GINDI

from your brothers

Edward Joseph
& Robert Shamosh

COME BACK SOON!

Lt. Abe Abadi and Buddies in Arms Dish Out Air Blitz to Nazis



2nd Lieutenant Abe Abadi — bombardier — drops large egg-shaped missiles of destruction with unflinching accuracy and impressive regularity over enemy territory.

The enemy has learned to fear the roar of the American planes that rain down death and hell upon them; they have learned to fear the accuracy of young men like Abe who sit at their bombsights, grimly smiling, and letting them have it night after night without pause.

Two years ago, when Abe enlisted in the U.S.A., he determined to become a pilot in the Air Force. His repeated requests were finally granted and he went into training. Everything went fine until he took his final pilot's test in which he didn't make the grade. He flunked but wasn't discouraged and finally landed up as a bombardier.

Abe has received the Air Medal for five missions, and two Oak Leaf Clusters for ten missions each. By this time he must have received his third Oak Leaf Cluster, for we hear that he has passed the thirty-five missions mark.

Now he is stationed somewhere in Italy and these are letters which were written to his mother recently. They are, however, of such unusual interest that we felt our public would enjoy reading them as much as we did...

"Even though the weather here has been lovely, we haven't been doing any flying for several days now, as it is bad over enemy country. You see our targets are sometimes as far as 600 miles away, and there's quite a change of weather. It's the most disappointing thing to travel 600 miles, and then find your target overcast. A 1,200 mile trip, all for nothing. Of course we can bomb through the overcast, but it's not as accurate, and we cannot observe the results of the bombing.

We all believe that we've passed the tough missions, and from here on, it's going to be easy. Last few were a breeze. The Germans are beginning to feel the pinch now. The opposition is becoming less and less on every raid. My guess is that the big push will begin pretty soon, probably will have begun by the time this letter reaches

you. The Air Force has done its job for the last couple of years softening up the enemy, and now it's up to the ground troops. Of course we will still give them all our support, but the finishing punch must come from them.

I've flown the ship several times myself, since I've been here, but I'm really glad that I'm a bombardier. After a mission, the pilot, co-pilot and navigator are usually tired out, while I, all I do is drop bombs which takes just a few minutes of work.

The boys are doing a swell job on this front, and maybe I'll get to spend my rest period in Rome, after all."

Italy, April 17

Today, I got a day off, because Grimm is grounded. He has an earache. When the pilot is grounded, the whole crew doesn't fly that day, but when any other member of the crew is grounded, they send up a substitute.

I don't know if I wrote you before of my reaction during a raid. Well—at first—I felt as though I could never be afraid of those missions, but now, if I made that statement, it wouldn't be the truth. It's not that they are so dangerous, God knows that being in the front lines is much more risky, but I guess it's the fact that you know that they are supposed to be dangerous. I wish I could actually describe the feelings we get. I will say this, we are all very eager to go on every mission. When we're grounded for some reason, or not picked for any special missions, we get very peeved.

What makes us that way? Well, I attribute that to two reasons, one—the thrill of bombing and destroying German industry, combined with the feeling of helping shorten the war, and two—that we all want to get back to the States quickly, and we know that fifty missions will do it.

I'm not allowed to tell you how many missions I have, or what raids I've been on. I do have quite a few, and I really believe that I've done part of my share in helping win this war.

After bombs away on the target, nothing is as important as getting back safely. However, to hit the target is our main objective. After the target is left in flames, and we are on our way home, the crew relaxes and cracks jokes over the interphone. We all feel our greatest pleasure when we see fire and smoke shooting high up from enemy railroad yards.

Cpl. Bob Gemal Finds Our Good Neighbours Poor But Kindly

On the way to South America, Cpl. Bob M. Gemal grew a Van Dyke beard, ate only one meal a day, and saw two of our ships go down. Then he landed in South America with pneumonia, and was sick in hospital three weeks—an eventful voyage.

He found our good neighbors hospitable, but poor, existing on a meagre fare which excludes all vegetables, even tomatoes, from their diet.

After this he made several trips by plane, and finally landed in Belen on the equator, where he was disappointed to find that swimming was forbidden because of the huge man-eating fishes that infest the seas there.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

To Pfc

DAVID M. BETESH

And A Speedy Return
MOTHER & FATHER

"Best Wishes for
a Speedy Return"

To My Brother DAVE
LT. ABE ABADI
LT. MORRIS TAWIL
CPL. ABE ADES

CHARLES I. BETESH
330 — 5th Ave.

D Day Volunteers In Civilian Defense

Since America heard the shattering announcement over the radio that D Day was here, and the actual invasion of Europe was on, peoples all over the country have rushed to offer their services in different ways to help the War Effort.

The telephone at the Red Cross Blood Bank has been ringing steadily to a multitude of people all eager to give a pint of their blood, and defense and shipyard workers are putting in extra time to back up the men on the beachheads of France.

During the last few weeks over fifty members of our community have given their blood, and many of them including Shirley Betesh, Sophie Essos, Adele Dabah, Bob Betesh, Joe Dabah and Murray Toussai have given at least three times.

Two women in our community who really put in many hours of hard work for the War Effort are Mrs. Kafrey and Mrs. Shames. They have been working with the Red Cross for three years now and have given more than 2,000 hours preparing surgical dressings for our men on the fighting fronts. They have received three red stripes, one for each year of service, and these they wear proudly on their white uniforms every Tuesday and Thursday when they work from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. with 150 other American women. Many evenings they remain behind to make sure that the bandages were sent out to their proper destination.

In their leisure hours they knit and sew for the boys in uniform. Mrs. Kafrey has already knitted 300 pairs of socks and sent them off.

COMPLIMENTS
FROM
PANAMA TRADING
COMPANY

Mike Mishaan Escapes Swift Waters As Army Helps Out Flood Victims



I'm about to tell you of an experience which I'll not forget for a long time to come.

Last Sunday night the river rose to a danger point and all the soldiers on the

field were on the alert. The time came and the flood started on its rampage. We went into both towns helping to evacuate the civilians and trying to dam the water at certain points.

Well, I was in the water all that night and the following morning. Finally we were relieved by another bunch of GI's and we were put on a truck heading back to camp. The highest ground we could get through had the water up to our tailboard. We finally stalled out and were stuck. The water was constantly rising above the tailboard and onto the truck. There was no way of notifying anyone as there wasn't any way of getting to a

telephone. I decided to wade in to higher ground so I jumped off the truck and started.

I got about 400 yards away when I got a cramp in my right side and couldn't move my legs. I had too many clothes on and they were weighing me down. Finally I couldn't stand up any more and the current was swifter than hell. I went under.

That's all I remember until I woke up in the station hospital. I found out later I had been carried down the river by the current until a rescue party picked me up.

I got out of the hospital this morning and we're on the alert again as the heavy rain we had last night put us in the same predicament.

Cpl. Michael Mishaan,
Strother Field,
Winfield, Kansas.

Pvt. Jack Gindi Is Almost Himself

Pvt. Louis Maleb, somewhere in Italy, had heard that his friend, Pvt. Jack Gindi, of the Medical Detachment was not far off, and he kept a weather eye open for news of him.

So when a soldier buddy told him that a Jack Gindi, from Brooklyn, of the Medical Corps was in his very camp. He let out a whoop and rushed in search of him.

But it turned out to be another Jack Gindi from Brooklyn of the Medical Corps. All ended well, however, as they were actually slightly acquainted, and spent some happy hours together, reminiscing of Brooklyn.

To Pvt.
IRVING BETESH
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
Mr. & Mrs.
MORRISH BETESH

CHINESE LINEN

IMPTG. CO.

7 W. 30th St.

"Best of Luck
to Our Boys
in the Service"

BEST WISHES!

HEDEYA

IMPORTING CO.

402 — 5th Ave.

Hi, Peepul

By MARGE LABATON

Everything's up in Bradley this year. The Syrian colony's up here, the rents are up (and HOW!), the water's usually up high, and even the gin rummy stakes are going up. . . .

Couples between the ages of 15 and 45 find the West End Casino in Long Branch, the place to go on Saturday nights. Seen there recently were Seaman Eddie Perez looking cute as a button in sailor whites with Marcel Shalom in tow, Lieutenant Morris Tawil clinging to his young wife, Sergeant Morris Marcus from Texas, and Pvt. Meyer Tawil giving the girls a break, also several civilians making the rounds.

Cpl. Eli Doc Ashear, put on his top hat (figuratively speaking) and obliged by being a debonair Best Man at Ralph Saldieh's wedding in North Africa.

Jack Sultan has been kept busy lately. Cupid and some unknown immorata have been plying him with dozens of romantic love letters.

Dave Shabot and Muriel Hedaya seen heading for the altar. . . .

Some of our boys had a real Memorial weekend to remember. The rooming house they were staying in caught fire, and soon a merry blaze chased them headlong out into the night clutching pyjamas, odd suitcases and bits of blankets madly to their bosoms.

Cpl. Morris Shweky and Pauline Rishty making a go of it.

Ouij's the new craze that's sweeping the country. The young girls are begging the magic table to reveal the initials of their future mates. From now on, life is an open book???

Speedy promotion — Joe Nahem swings from Pfc. to Master Sergeant in one swoop.

The Ohira sisters stick together—so do the Hafif brothers, and a four-some is always safer, anyway.

Something new has been added—when two-year-old Nathan Chenay turns philatelist (stamp collector to you). Some ktd!

The younger set is having fun. Natalie Sitt, Elvira Azrak, Pauline Missry and Millie Ades, outdid their elders by spending the weekend (fully chaperoned) prom and all, at Peckskill Military Academy.

Nothing like variety . . . Ray Ades' friends took her on a real humdinger picnic a few days before her wedding, instead of the usual shower.

Adele Esses' shower turned out to be a downpour, and many guests were

forced to swim there, or wade in knee-high rubbers.

Marilyn Dayan having a difficult time sorting out her suitors!

Seen on bicycles, Irene Sitt and Irving Maleh. So what ??

Out of Towners have at last succumbed to homesickness, and are moving in droves to little ole New York to live. We know of at least ten families!

Just made the press! Harold Sutton returning from Battle, promoted 1st Lieutenant.

Boys on leave this month include: Pvt. Joe Bijou, Cpl. Joe Shalom, S2/c Joe Levey, Joe Hedaya, Pvt. Abe Hedaya, Sgt. Morris Dweck, Lt. Morris Tawil, Lt. Jack Boyda, Pvt. Irving Misseri, Pvt. Irving Shasho Levey, Pvt. Ben Mizrahi, Pvt. Joe Saldieh, Pvt. Joe Saka, Sgt. Morris Marcus, Cpl. Irving Mehana, Cpl. Joe Belilos, Pvt. Abe Shweky, Cpl. Sam Chabot, Pvt. Joe H. Levey.

BEST WISHES TO
ABE SHABOT
NOW IN ENGLAND
FROM
Mr. & Mrs.
MEYER MOLKO

COHEN BROS.
205 W. 34th St.
"TO OUR BOYS
IN THE SERVICE"

Milestones

ENGAGED

Muriel Hedaya to David Shabot
Rena Djemel to David Dweck
Sara Marcus to Sam Braha
Norma Sutton to Pvt. Jack Gindl
Muriel Shalom to Seymour C. Simon

MARRIED

Gloria Cohen to Cpl. Effie Horowitz
Ruth Harari to Al Antebi
Adele Esses to Jimmy Abadi
Ray Ades to Harry Warshak
René Shalom to Isaac Ashkenazi
Ruth Bassan to Sion Dabah
Abna Elgir to Pvt. Ralph Saldieh

BIRTHS

Sgt. and Mrs. Samuel Cohen—Twin Boys
Mr. and Mrs. Moise Misseri (Panama)—a Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nesser—a Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Marcus—a Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Nahem—a Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Nasser—a Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Bob Huzan—a Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dweck—a Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Blanco—a Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sutton—a Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Sayre Ashear—a Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Labaton (Mexico)—a Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Chalme—a Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Levy—a Boy

And Our Ancestors Said It Was So

From Private Jack Levy we received the following copy of an inscription found on a sun dial in an old-fashioned churchyard in England.

"Tender teens; teachable twenties; tireless thirties; fiery forties; forceful fifties; serious sixties; sacred seventies; aching eighties; shortening breath, death—the sod—God."

MEYER MURAD

"Best Wishes
To Our Boys"

Roll Of Honor

PVT. MAL T. SEROURE—42128455—Co. G, 29 M. P. Bn.—M.P.R.T.C.—Fort Custer, Bottle Creek, Michigan.

PVT. BEN CAIN—405 T. G. Fl. A—103 AAF T.C. No. 1, Miami Beach, Florida

A/S JOSEPH BEYDA—33644965—Base Hospital, Ward 10, NAA/CC, Nashville, Tenn.

ABRAHAM NUSSEER—S/2/C, Co. B—629 O.G.U., USNTS, Sampson, N. Y.

PVT. ALBERT DWECK—42131494—Co. B—Bn. 7, ARTC, Fort Knox, Ky.

HYMAN, S/2/C, Co. 15 A—44 N.T.S. (Radio), Bedford Springs, Pa.

AL PERLMAN, A/S, Co. 3374—Br. 318 U. USNTC, Bainbridge, Md.

JOSEPH BERNATAN, 2/2/C, Co. 160, Unit C, USNTC, Sampson, N. Y.

PVT. JACK N. ESSES—42061535—Hq. Co., I.B.T.C., Camp Croft, S. C.

PVT. MAL D. ESSES—32784027—Hq. Btry., 14th C. A., Ford Worden., Washington

PVT. ABE FALLASS—42135182—Co. A, 40th LT. Bn., Camp Croft, S. C.

M. A. GORDON, A/S Co., 428, U.S.N.T.C., Sampson, N. Y.

JACK HUSNEY, S/1/C, Co. 1286, U.S.N.T.S., Great Lakes, Ill.

PVT. JOSEPH HARA, Sec. K, 3508, A.A.F. Bn. Bks. 1428, Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin

PVT. JOSEPH LEVY—32685362—Co. C, 2nd Bn., Bks. 1308, T.C.R.T.C., A.A.B., New Orleans, La.

CLEMENT MARCUS, S/1/C, Station Force, Bks. 44, Quoddy Village, Maine

MATALON, E., J 41798 P.O. R.C.A.F. Station, Maitland, N.S., Canada

PVT. A. MIZRAHI—42069371—Co. C, 63rd Inf. Tng. Bn., Camp Wolters, Texas

PVT. MOE RAHMEY—42131500—Co. C, 38th I.T.B., 2nd Plat., Camp Croft, S. C.

PVT. SAM SAFDIAH—42054089—10th Co., T.A.S., Fort Knox, Ky.

PVT. SAM SAFTI—42048912—31st C.A. Btry. A, West Martello, Key West, Fla.

SAM SHABER, S/2/C, USN Rec. Station, 495 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

ALLAN SHAMOSH, F 1/C EM, Everglade Barracks, Rm. 618, Miami, Florida

SOLOMON SHREM, A/S, S.M. 1044 S-11, U.S.N.T.C., Sampson, N. Y.

PVT. LEO SHAMAH—42831493—7th Bat., Co. C, Camp Wheeler, Ga.

LT. JOE ATTIE—M.C. 05544381—Veterans Administration Facility, North Little Rock, Ark.

Looking At The World....

By SALLY SHABOT

After months of waiting and careful preparation, on June 6th, the Allied Armies finally launched their long-planned attack on the Fortress of Europe. Now nearly two months have elapsed since that date, and on all fronts the Allies are delivering smashing blows to Axis morale.

In Normandy, St. Lo and Cherbourg are in our hands despite desperate German attempts to defend them, and while Hitler totters from the shock of the Western assaults, the Russian Bear is snapping at his heels in Latvia, and creeping up towards Brest Litovsk in Poland, in a strong pincer movement.

And again in Italy, the Nazi is kept on the run. Our troops have captured Leghorn, slightly southwest of Pisa, and notwithstanding heavy German counterattacks, have consolidated their positions across the Arno river.

Across the Pacific, and into the Nipponese Empire, the news of Allied

victories still fills the air, with stories of the great naval defeat suffered by the Japanese in the Philippines, and the loss of the Island of Saipan, only 1500 miles from Tokio. The seriousness of this loss to the Japanese is evidenced by the desperate endeavour made to save the face of Emperor Hirohito by ousting the War Lord Tojo from one of his many positions, namely, Chief of Army Staff.

Axis successes, on the other hand, are few. In Southern England, German Robot bombs are still doing damage, and causing hundreds of casualties, despite heavy Allied bombing of the Rocket plane bases. In China, Japanese troops are getting somewhat the better of the poorly equipped Chinese army.

However these are but small potatoes to the Axis nations who, only a couple of years ago, were announcing one conquest after the other, and broadcasting their plans for world

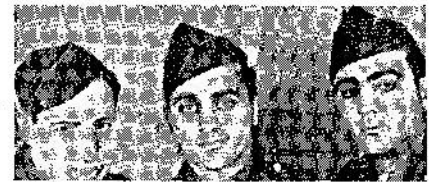
Gift Packages on Way to Boys of Community All Over the World

Around the date of June 10, the home of Miss Stella Sardell whirled dizzily with a bustle activity and a certain amount of confusion; for it was there that the Army Welfare Committee of the Girls' Junior League was busily doing up odd-shaped parcels and boxes of all sizes into packages firmly corded and addressed to various members of the Armed Forces of America.

Every known soldier and sailor of our community was remembered and a day or two later 426 gift boxes were on their way to our boys all over America, and across the ocean into the Pacific, England, North Africa, Italy, China and other parts of the world. Amongst those to receive this gift was a certain Prisoner of War.

The boxes contained razor blades, cigarettes, nuts, hard-candy, rum and brandy fruit-cake, pocket-books, and handkerchiefs; and they were sent with the best good wishes, good will, and gratitude of the whole Syrian Community. Also, enclosed, was a card to be filled out by each serviceman with complete detailed information, to be turned over to the War Record Committee of the Jewish Welfare Board, which records the number of Jewish boys in service to date.

Families, sweethearts and friends, are urged to remember how much packages and mail mean to our boys, and to cooperate on the home front, by keeping them well supplied at all times. If you can't send packages, you can Write Letters Regularly.



Coo' Blimey—Ain't that somethin'!
Fred Fallas, Isaac Saka, and Fred Belesh, cousins of the first order, have all met on English soil.

domination. The cocksureness has almost entirely disappeared, talk of world domination has ceased altogether, and there remains only unhappy promises that Germany and Japan will stand firm and not give up their homelands without a struggle.

LETTERS FROM SOLDIERS

(Continued from page 1)

a moment, and then let out a barrage of Syrian. There ensued quite a conversation which we both thoroughly enjoyed, and as I said goodbye, and prepared to leave, he asked me to wait a moment. He scurried into the back of the store, and returned with some honest-to-goodness real good whisky. And this he gave us at a price that was more than reasonable.

And so for the past few weeks, he has been supplying us with Scotch, and has been a real good friend to us. Thus, an accidental remark turned out to be a lucky coincidence.

PVT. IKE ESSES

Somewhere in The Aleutians

If I recall, nothing has ever been said about this small section of the globe—the Aleutian Islands. "The Chain" to you. It's too bad I can't go into detail, but a few notes might get through—Oh, for example, the williwaws, the fog, snow, rain, and 50- to 85-mile-an-hour gale. You notice I said nothing about the sun—while it isn't as scarce as the women and trees on these islands, it is appreciated.

It's too bad that I can't elaborate about my walks on the beach with the foggy moonlight shining on the volcanic sand, rocks, and boulders; of the beautiful sunrises and sunsets on the distant snow-covered mountains and the "Cool Calm" North Pacific. It's too bad, too, that the Army forbids our shooting or trapping the somewhat tame famous Aleutian Blue Fox or—the fleet herds of Caribou. I can't add to the article in a recent Collier's issue about my outfit. "The Army Airways Communication System." I am one of its dit dah boys. Little did I realize at the time of my enlistment that I would be "Pounding the Brass," transmitting Army communications over the airways of the world—it is interesting—intriguing I might say.

While I envy those boys in the sunny lagoons of the South Pacific and on the moonlit romantic beaches of the Mediterranean, I dispel from my mind such thoughts that Twinky makes of this good fortune in Stilwell, Okla.; more power to him, but I feel I'll make up for lost time if and when I get back to the good old United States (we hope).

SGT. MAX S. FRANCO

North Africa

Here is a story of something that happened in January in North Africa. I was ordered to act as interpreter on a general Court Martial at Fez, and was flown there by plane, which made me feel quite important.

Lt. Jack Ballas Gives His Life As Plane Crashes in Tennessee

*"Only Free Peoples can hold their purpose
And their Honor steady to a common end,
And prefer the interest of mankind to
Any narrow interests of their own"*

WOODROW WILSON



Perhaps Lt. Jack Ballas never read the above words of Woodrow Wilson, but in giving his life in "the interests of mankind," he showed that he understood, more than many of us

will ever understand, their true significance.

The disaster occurred during his combat training, when, on March 21st, the Flying Fortress, of which he was navigator, crashed near Dyersburg, Tennessee, and Jack and five other fliers lost their lives.

During his life, Jack had always wanted to fly, and after his enlistment in the Army Air Corps in November 1942, he left no stone unturned till he was appointed an Aviation Cadet, and sent to San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center for his training. From there he changed camps a number of times before he finally landed in Hondo Army Air Field, Texas, for advanced navigation schooling. Here he completed his course, was given his

The court opened its proceedings in French, and when they finished talking, I had to get up, and start to work with my Arabic. It was a great experience, the court was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop.

The case concerned two American soldiers charged with killing Arabs. They were found guilty, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

P.F.C. SAM HUSNEY

I have been seeing a little action lately, and I can tell you those Jerries aren't any too happy when we turn a barrage of Anti-Aircraft on them. In fact, they all turn back like a batch of scared rabbits.

The weather here has been beautiful, just like Maytime in Brooklyn. Everything is fine here, particularly the woman situation. At least five girls to one American soldier. Pretty good odds, eh?

PVT. SAM SABIN

navigator wings, and graduated as a Second Lieutenant.

He died young, but he had much to live for. He loved their sunny Texas home, and the family who lived in it. He hoped, as all young people do, to marry one day and have a family of his own. He wanted to work and play and laugh and weep with the rest of the world, but this was not for him. He gave it up, so that our lives could be free.

For Jack know well why this war was being fought. Since childhood he had been a stout defender of the principles of Justice and freedom, and he knew that there could be no real freedom for any land while parts of the world were enslaved. Lieutenant Jack Ballas believed in liberty and equality for all, and his beliefs have stood firm against the final test. . . . Now his place is in God's hands.

A WAR STAMP A DAY BRINGS
NEARER OUR VICTORY DAY

BEST WISHES!

H. CHALOM

608 — 5th Ave.

N. Y. C.

Mahem With Nahem

A day in the life of Joe Blow, big league ball-player:

At eight o'clock in the morning (0800Q to you, soldier) Joe is awakened by the hotel telephone operator and told it's time to get up. Joe snorts something unintelligible and unintelligent into the phone and sinks back into his pillow, exhausted from this exertion. He continues his dream of hitting five home runs and one miserable triple off Morton Cooper, and of making seven acrobatic catches in the outfield to save the game.

Joe gets up early or late, depending on whether he saw a single or double feature Wild West "film" program the night before. His first stop is toward the latrine where he brushes his teeth to get the taste of beer out of his mouth. Having performed his morning ablutions, Joe dresses slowly and proceeds to the mail desk where, if he has no mail, he asks the clerk at least five times to make sure.

Breakfast Is Small

With a lean and hungry look, Joe dashes into the grill room where he orders modestly, starting off with

juice, cereal with fruit, ham and eggs, toast, cake and ending up with coffee for his shattered nerves. He then repairs to the lobby and looks around hopefully for an unoccupied chair containing one or more newspapers. If Joe had a good day, he reads the account of the game minutely and with careful deliberation, and might, if no one is looking, tear out the box score for his personal files. If Joe had a bad day, he immediately turns to the comic strips **Taxis to Ball Park**

Joe's day really begins after he bunches up with his mates and taxis to the ball park. There, he makes every effort to get a rubdown from the trainer and, usually failing, slings out to get his cuts in batting practice, arguing constantly for just one more swing. During the game, Joe is serious as hell, concentrating on getting that all-mighty base hit.

The game is over and what does Joe do? He takes a shower. This is a tradition in baseball. Oops! No more space.

Next week, we'll take Joe out of the shower and record the rest of his day for posterity.

The Hell Cats Help Us Out

The young Syrian lads have formed a new club, the Hell Cats, and to them, we are indebted for their aid in helping us mail our paper out. Thanks go to: Moe Mizrahi, Ralph Kassin, Dave Bellios, Al Hannon, Jack Fallas, Morris Matza, Ruby Berger, Lou Shamie, Jack Shalom, Eddy Shamosh, Morris Zetooncy.

Joseph Attie, M.D. Receives His Commission

Joe Attie, M.D., who was recently inducted into the U.S. Army has received his commission, and is now working in an Army Hospital in Little Rock, Arkansas.

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

OUTFIT THE OUTFIT



Mary stay-at-home writes:
"Straight from my heart,
And straight to my hero—
I'm buying War Bonds
To help down that Zero!"

Put every spare dollar into outfitting the outfits fighting for you. They give their lives . . . You lend your money.

U. S. Treasury Department

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