

# VICTORY BULLETIN

Volume II. No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1943

By Subscription

## FROM THE SOLDIERS

Your servicemen's issue was so interesting and so well gotten up that you deserve credit for it.

Everything contained in this issue was absorbing, and especially noteworthy was the editorial by Cpl. Arazie. In a few short paragraphs, he embodied the definition and aspirations of the 'Four Freedoms' for which we are ready to fight, and it need be, to die for.

It is not enough to win military battles abroad. The winning of the war has many aspects. Not the least of these aspects is the need for clarity and complete unity of purpose on the Home Front.

It is here that major battles of the war are to be decided; and the battles on the Home Front are in serious danger of being lost. The defeatists are on the march to destroy every effort of the progressive Roosevelt administration toward achieving a real victory.

Do you want to know who the defeatists are? Do you want to know what powerful groups are working day and night to prevent us from utterly destroying fascism?

The answer is given in a vitally important best seller, "Under Cover." This book is a MUST if you want to know the enemy. I want to recommend it to every fellow soldier and every civilian on the home front.

An American Soldier

Camp Sibert, Alabama.

I can't tell you too much about the kind of work I do, because it's a sort of military secret. But I can tell you this. If the enemy ever decides to use gas, you can bet your life that we won't be caught napping.

We're ready for them, not only to take it, but also to dish it out. And let me tell you, we aren't going to be stingy. We'll dish it out in large amounts.

Incidentally, after all this is over we're going to have a nice big party. Whose house? Why, Nat Ades's, of course! How about it, Nat?

Pvt. Joseph Hedaya

(Continued On Page 6)

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

## Private Murray Levy, Wounded In Sicily, Is Now Recovering



The soldier is Pvt. Murray Levy, standing at the position of Parade Rest. He was wounded while covering the right flank of his company with a machine-gun during the Battle of Sicily.

## Visited New York During Holiday

Among the boys who came home on holiday passes this year were Cpl. Abe Ades and Pvt. Sammy Shabot from Fort Knox, Ky., Pvts. Nat and Abe Rudy, Pvt. Norman Esses of the Armored Forces, Pvt. Isaac Catton, now stationed at Camp Michie, Md., Aviation Student Hy Serure, Pvt. Fred Tawil, Pvt. Al Nahem of Camp Croft, S. C., Seaman, Harry Tawill, Pvt. Joe Rishty, Seaman Shamah and Pvt. Jack Gindi, Camp Mackall, N. C.

Pvt. Murray Levy, 22-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. David Levy of 2114—67th Street, was wounded in action during the last days of the Battle of Sicily. He is now recovering at a base hospital somewhere in North Africa and in his own words, "I am getting along fine and I am on my way to a quick recovery."

On August 8, Pvt. Levy's infantry outfit was advancing at the front when it suddenly met resistance. Murray quickly set up his machine gun on the right flank of his company and began firing at the enemy.

Suddenly an artillery shell landed a few yards away. He was not hit by any shell fragments but he was knocked completely unconscious, suffering a concussion.

"The next thing I knew", he wrote to his folks, "I was on my way to the hospital. I did quite a bit of traveling after being wounded. I took a plane trip and was on a hospital ship. And my only remedy now is a couple of weeks of rest."

"I was nervous and dizzy for a few days", Pvt. Levy continued, "but I got over it eventually. You might get the wrong idea and think that

(Continued on Page 3)

## Pvt. Clem Marcus Stricken By Malaria In S. W. Pacific

Pvt. Clement H. Marcus, who has been fighting Japanese in the front-lines of an undisclosed sector in the Southwest Pacific, is now in an Army hospital, having been stricken with malaria.

Pvt. Marcus had recovered from an earlier attack and had gone back into action when the jungle disease struck him again.

His family lives in El Paso, Texas, but he was working here in New York before his induction into service. A brother is a buck sergeant with the Army Service Forces' Transportation Corps.

# VICTORY BULLETIN

Published by the Girls Junior  
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214

## The Danger From Within

Somewhere on one of democracy's battle sectors, your son, brother or husband is advancing against the enemy. He has been well-trained, is well-armed for all eventualities. He knows how to protect himself from attack, from a bayonet thrust and from a dive-bomber.

A hundred or two hundred yards ahead of him may lie a Nazi or a Jap in waiting. And though the more immediate danger to the life of your son, brother or husband is from an armed soldier of the enemy, there is another enemy, thousands of miles behind that front-line, here at home, who is trying to stab your loved one in the back.

That enemy must also be fought, by you, for him. For that enemy is doing everything in his power to deny that man in uniform a quick and total victory of the war and a victory of the peace.

In the vanguard of the enemy here at home is the notorious Hearst-McCormick-Patterson press. Sneaking stealthily behind it for comfort and protection are the isolationists who throw monkey-wrenches into our Victory machine at every opportunity. And behind them come the remnants of the "hate" groups and the nightshirts.

This is what they have done of late.

They have continued their attacks on the President and his wife. They have tried to hold back quick and total victory by limiting our military leaders in their draft of manpower.

They are regularly manufacturing fantastic rumors of all sorts that spread disunity up and down this land. They cook up a false story about a General or civilian leader, then rise to his defense and attack the President in the process.

They continue to sow seeds of distrust between us and our allies, fight-

# In The Mail-Box

To the Editors:

Keep up the good work. You certainly are morale builders. We have been getting the V.B. from some of the S.Y. soldiers when they are in town. But please send us our monthly copy as well as any back copies you can spare.

Incidentally, my brothers Leon and Raymond are at the Reception Center at Fort Jackson and send their best to all their friends in New York City.

Best of luck to the newspaper. It is the third front.

David Arazie  
Columbia, S.C.

To the Editors:

In my endeavor to have you send me a copy of your paper, I wrote you a few lines of poetry. I hope you won't forget them.

Cpl. Ralph C. Bigio,  
Kingman, Arizona.

(Ed. Note—Ever since the appearance of our all-servicemen's issue last month, many other soldiers have written little "pieces" for publication in the V.B. Unfortunately, we are limited in our space and can't use so many contributions. We're going to do our best, Cpl. Bigio (and all you other soldier-authors), to have another all-servicemen's issue pretty soon.)

To the Editors:

If any of you girls have boy-friends down here in Virginia, there is no need to worry about them.

The only thing the girls here have over you are their beautiful blue eyes—something that I could never find in Brooklyn. But otherwise, give me a Brooklyn babe any day of the week. Only two out of ten down here have good figures, the rest don't even rate that second look.

Pvt. David O'Hayon  
Fort Eustis, Virginia.

## MEET THE STAFF

Mrs. Sally Shabot, formerly Mishan, is the older of the two energetic, indefatigable Mishan sisters who contribute their share—and a little more—to keeping the Victory Bulletin going.



Mrs. Shabot originally took an interest in the V.B. when her husband, Irving, went off into service. He was honorably discharged recently but that has not stopped her from continuing her work

on this paper.

Born in England, she came to the United States shortly after the outbreak of war in Europe. She has a brother in the R.A.F. She believes that more girls and women should take an interest in world events—in fact, "they will have to, if we are to win the peace."

Her picture was taken by the MAR-BORO PHOTO STUDIO—to which the members of the V.B. staff are humbly grateful.

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

ing Russia in particular. Every move, military or political, that Russia makes is chewed, digested and spewed forth by the press as a huge and sinister plot against the United States.

Yes, we owe our men in uniform many things. We've got to continue buying war bonds, enlisting in civilian defense organizations and donating blood. And above all, we've got to fight in every way, by word of mouth, by boycott and by petition, the isolationists and their newspapers and the American-brand Fascists who seek to deny your boy, brother or husband a speedy victory and a post-war world free of war and economic misery.

## Holiday Greetings To Servicemen

One year ago, some one hundred and fifty boys represented our community in the armed forces of the United States. Now, with the coming of this New Year, close to five hundred men and boys are fighting or preparing to fight, for freedom.

The Second Front in Western Europe will certainly, must certainly, come during the coming year. Whether our big blow will have smashed Hitler by this time next year, only time will tell.

At this holiday period, we of the Syrian community of Bensonhurst send the following message to our men in uniform:—

We pledge to continue backing your attack in every way. No matter what your job is, no matter how seemingly unimportant it may seem to you, we're proud of you and the sacrifices you are making. We wish you, not the usual Happy New Year, but a Victorious New Year, for without victory, there can be no true happiness in this world.

## Bradley Parties Raised \$775 For War Funds

Benefit card parties during the summer season at Bradley Beach raised close to \$775 for the American Red Cross and Allied War Relief, a summary this week disclosed.

The gatherings were held at the homes of Mrs. Isaac Betesh, Mrs. Joseph Dabah and Mrs. Joseph Sultan. Mrs. Sally Shabot, Miss Adele Nahem and Miss Cynthia Sutton also sponsored a benefit party jointly.

Aside from the admission that was paid, extra money was raised by raffling gifts and by taking cuts from each table.

After netting more than two hundred dollars at her party, Mrs. Betesh said, "How can we women with sons in the Army expect to continue leading our usual lazy life? We must all do our best in every possible way we can think of."

She continued, "We all must work much harder. The more we do now, the more our sons will benefit. And the quicker they'll come home again to us."

Plans are now being made to carry on with benefit card parties throughout the winter.

## PVT. LEVY

(Continued From Page 1)

I suffered but I didn't. In fact, I consider myself very lucky. So please, all of you, don't feel sorry."

A very unusual incident occurred while he was aboard the hospital ship. One of the boys with whom he was very friendly in Bensonhurst was working on the hospital ship. And they met.

"I wonder if you know him," Murray said. "His name is Sam Russo. He used to come to our house pretty often and seeing him was the happiest moment of my life."

"It sure is nice to sleep in a comfortable bed again," he continued. "Here in the hospital, the nurses are all nice to us and we have a good time with them. The food is good too and we can have anything we want to eat."

Pvt. Levy was one of the first American soldiers off the boat when the Seventh Army began its invasion of Sicily.

In an earlier V-Mail letter, written exactly a week before he was wounded, he had said, "The invasion of Sicily has been my greatest adventure. It's been a tough grind all the way, till a few days ago when

## The Infantry--Queen Of Battle

(Ed. Note—The Air Force softens up the objective. The Navy shells it. Specialized units move in to establish the bridgehead. But in the end, the infantryman, pack on his shoulders and rifle in hand, is called on to do the "dirty work". He moves in on foot, wrests another piece of earth from the Fascists, consolidates his position and marches forward, always forward. And he will keep marching forward until he's in Rome, Berlin and Tokyo.

This month's special gift package for the best letter submitted by a serviceman to the Victory Bulletin goes to Pvt. Meyer Sutton, an American infantry soldier, who sent us the following report on the basic training he received at Camp Wheeler, Georgia.)

I have just finished my basic training in the infantry here at Camp Wheeler. I don't want to sound as though I've gone through more than other guys have. I guess we can all write about the same things no matter what camp we're in. But infantry training at Wheeler!!—well, a man from Wheeler has to be 14-Karat.

We put a lot of sweat and guts into our training. Now we're soldiers. And our sweat has left the Georgia soil more fertile.

We've learnt to eat in the rain and like it, like it so much that we've gone back for seconds. We've lain in the mud and we've baked under that blazing Georgia sun. We've rigged up barbed wire fences and torn them down again.

We've lugged the 30-caliber machine-gun and the 81 mm. over the entire state of Georgia (or so it seems). We've learned to know the savagery of bayonet drill—long thrust, short thrust—again and again, until our fatigues were wringing wet—short jab, horizontal butt stroke, on and on.

We've climbed the steepness of "Burma Road" a thousand or more times. And I've yet to march over a hill that slopes downward. Yes, prints of our G.I. shoes are in the swamps. And signs of our foxholes are all over the countryside. We've staggered back to our barracks almost too tired to fall on our cot or to drag our weary bodies to a shower.

We've grimaced and griped all over the place. A thousand times you're tempted to fall out on long hikes under the blazing, mocking sun, that blast furnace in the sky. But you look around and see the other guys, still marching, heads up and a song coming out of their parched lips. So you keep plugging along. And the other fellows go through the same thing you're going through. And around the barrack steps that night, you stand around and say, "What a b...h that was but I'm glad I'm made it."

After a while, the full field-pack no longer is a burden, but something that is a part of you. I've tasted my salty sweat as it dripped past my mouth. And after every hike, whether 10, 15 or 20 miles, you sigh and say, "Geez, if I had to go another mile, I'd never have made it." Everytime, we say that. But we always make it.

I've gained something here at Wheeler. Maybe it's physical perfection, maybe my eyes are sharper and my head is clearer, and maybe my "self esteem" is greater, I don't know. Anyway, I think it's done me a world of good.

What lies ahead, none of us know. The important thing is that we have become infantry soldiers. We're the guys who are going to be in there all the way until victory, final and complete, is ours.

Pvt. Mike Sutton,  
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

we were just about through fighting. Looking back, I see how lucky I was."

But his luck, unfortunately, did not hold out. And in the letter which he scribbled to his family from the hospital, he said, "It made me feel bad not to see the campaign through to the end."

Pvt. Levy, before embarking for the shores of the Italian island, saw considerable front-line action in the Battle of Tunisia.

TO  
AL and HY Aronesty  
AND  
ALIBAY  
BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE  
LEON NASAR  
AL FLUG

## THE V.B. THANKS YOUNG HELPERS

The editorial board of the Victory Bulletin wishes to publicly thank the following young members of our community for the help they have been rendering in the distribution of this newspaper:

Al Hanan, Ralph Kassin, Moe Mizrahi, Florence Harary, Abe Shasho Levy, Sookie Shasho Levy, Eli Cohen, Raymond Franco, Joseph Franco, Jack Franco, and Morris Sedaka.

Their older brothers and friends in service, we're sure, also thank them.

### FOURTH BROTHER IN UNIFORM

Pvt. Mark Zagha, who has three brothers serving in the armed forces of the United States, is now stationed with a medical detachment at Camp Grant, Illinois, according to his wife, Mrs. Vickie Zagha.

## Service-Star Families

### It's Ralph, Joe, Eli and Mike Safdieh Facing The Axis

"Now that my brother Meyer is in the Navy, our family can start a war of its own against the enemy", wrote Pvt. Ralph Safdieh from Africa this month. "Mike can attack by sea. Joe open the way by land, Eli could shell hell out of the enemy and I would follow to take all the prisoners. Nice thought, huh?"

Ralph, the first member of the Safdieh family to don the uniform, has been in North Africa for almost a year now, landing with the original invasion force. And the brother to whom he was referring was the same Meyer Safdies who specialized in writing the monthly Service Star Family article for this newspaper.

A third brother of the everseas veteran, Joe, was with the 82nd Airborne Division before it went overseas

for the invasion of Sicily. Pvt. Joe was in the station hospital when his division prepared to embark. Completely recovered now, he is stationed at Camp Mackall, North Carolina, with a new air-borne outfit and wants noth- better than to rejoin his comrades overseas.

The youngest Safdieh in service is now at Camp Stewart, Georgia, in an anti-aircraft unit. Eli, according to letters recently received from him, is happy in his job, and, true to his civilian reputation, is still quite a hit with the ladies.

Meyer, or Mike as he was known by his friends, is a fighting See Bee in Uncle Sam's Navy.

As for Ralph, he is still somewhere in the Mediterranean theatre of operations as a member of the Military Police and as an interpreter of Arabic. During the battle of Tunisia, Ralph was in the front lines, sleeping in slit trenches, crouching under the Nazi's shell fire and ducking enemy bombs.

## Roll Of Honor

Pvt. MURRAY LEVEY, Ord. Dept. & Terminal, P.P.E., Portland, Oregon.  
Pvt. NATHAN ADES, 12th Det. A.A.F. Met., Brown University, Ft. 11, Providence, R. I.  
MEYER SAFDIEH, SK/3/c Area B 1, Barrack 121, Camp Peary, Va.  
Pvt. FRED TAWIL, 1179395, Tr. Gr. 1188, Brks, 566, B.T.C. No. 10, Greensboro, North Carolina.  
DAVID J. DWECK, S 1/C., Sqdn., UR 16-A.S., Pantauguet River, Md.  
Pvt. ELIE SAFDIEH, Hq. Btry. 62nd A.A.A. Brigade, Camp Stewart, Ga.  
Pvt. A. RUDY, Co. I, 2nd, Sig. Trg. Regt., Ft. Monmouth, N. J.  
Pvt. HY SERURE, Sq. A-36th Tr. Gr., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.  
Pvt. NATHAN ZALTA, 12090311, Co. "S", 5th Bn. T.C.R.T.C., New Orleans. Staging Area, New Orleans 12, La.  
MORRIS SUTTON, A/S, Co. 506, U.S.N.T.S., Sampson, N. Y.  
Pvt. ABE HEDAYA, 32960115, Co. "E", 2nd Regt., R.T.C., Camp Sibert, Ala.  
Pvt. LOUIS NESSER, 12182869, Co. "B", 29th Bn., Bks. 1030, Camp Crowder, Mo.  
Pvt. DAVID O'HAYON, 12220238, Bat. "D", 14th A.A.R.T. Bn., Fort Eustis, Va.  
Pvt. MAX SWED, 983 Tr. Sq., Victorville, Calif.  
Cadet ALBERT HABER, E-16-18, U.S.M.M.C.B.S., San Mateo, Calif.  
Pvt. SAM MISSRY, Bat. "D", 42 A.A.A. (A.W.) Bn., Camp Stewart, Ga.  
Pvt. MARSHALL PESSO, 12154091, Co. "A", 28th Sig. Tr. Bat., Brks 1576, Camp Crowder, Mo.  
P.F.C. NAT FRANCO, T.C.U.T.C., 27th Staging rea Co., Indiantown Gap, Pa.  
Pvt. MORRIS JEMAL, Co. "C", 57th Bat., Camp Walters, Texas.  
RALPH COHEN, A/S, U.S. Naval Hosp. Corps. Sch., U.S.N.T.S., Bainbridge, Md.  
Pvt. MORRIS KASSIN, 32961010, 368 Eng. Regt. Co. "D", Camp Ellis, Ill.  
A/S SOL ATTIE, P.O. Box 137, Springfield College, Springfield, Mass.  
Pvt. ISAAC BRACA, ASN 12182653, Co. B, 29th B'n, Bks. 1030, Camp Crowder, Missouri.  
S 2/c IRVING COHEN, Unit A, Prime NOB, Norfolk, Virginia.  
S 2/c NEVILLE SARDELL, 127 Construction Battalion, Co. A, Platoon 6, Camp Peary, Virginia.  
Pvt. David Ohayon—12220238—Bat. D 14th A.A.R.T. Bn., Fort Eustis, Va.  
Pvt. Fiy Srou—Sq. A—36th Tr. Gr., U.S.A.A.F., Jeffereson Barracks, Mo.  
Pvt. Max Swed, 983 Bombardier Tng. Sq., Victorville, Calif.  
Pvt. Victor B. Yakim Co. C. 61st Tng. Bn., Camp Barkeley Texas  
Pvt. Nathan Zalta, Co. C—29 th Seg. Tng. Bn., C.S.C.

### SOLDIER SAYEGH STUDIES

Jefferson Barracks, Mo.—Life in the Army isn't all drilling and marching. Pfc. Albert Sayegh of 7014 20th Avenue, now stationed at this basic training center of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command, is using some of his off-duty time to go back to school.

He has enrolled with the United States Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wis., an official War Department school which provides high school, college and vocational correspondence courses for men and women in the service.

FROM  
DAVE  
ADELE  
AND  
JAMILLE  
DAYAN  
TO  
ERWIN

# Hi, Peepul

By MARGE LABATON

Latest Bird's Eye Picture of Bensonhurst . . . Bradley Beach and lazy sunny days all over, and the long Bay Parkway trek has begun. The usual knots and clusters draped on 69th St. corners. Girls' morale flying high despite severe manpower shortage. All are still dressed to kill. Handsome uniformed figures dotted here and there, getting their fill of oriental feminine beauty.

**Ray of Hope**—A certain Sam Attie on the make, but definitely. Go to it, girls!... Flash!—Boys! D—o you want your girl friends to dream of you, and you only? Try orchids by telegram. They say Reggie Sedaka has been in a daze of proud adoration ever since Pvt. Seymour Schweky surprised her that way from England... What's the matter, girls? Does the Colony Surf club with its atmosphere, colorful tables and sparkling pool suggest only solo?... And Sara Gemal insists that somersaulting on a hot summer day can be fun—especially, when one lands fully clothed into the cool clear waters of Deal Lake. The spectacle also thrilled thousands of on-lookers.

The 5.45 train to Bradley, once gambling house and rendezvous of thousands, is now an unhappy ghost train mournfully wailing the loss of its old friends . . . Mystery—Drama—Love(?) What drew the debonair Tony Djeddah again and again to Bradley this Summer? . . .

Shirley Betesh's gathering in honor of Pvt. Margaret Esses was some hot night, (the weather, y'know). The young ladies were obliged to cool themselves off with ice cubes, Brrrrrr! . . . It pays to be patriotic. Men out of uniform, join the New York State Guard. In addition to helping your country, you see the latest shows at the best theatres for only 28c.

Marco Zalta's face discovered by his surprised sister in a newspaper shining forth amidst a crowd of boys. It was taken in Africa at a Red Cross Dance.... Life has its little problems—"Eeny meeny miny mo, which shall I take, and which let go?" worries Davy (Panama) Betesh of those host of girls waiting on line for a date with him... Shshshsh, quiet! It's a secret. Don't even mention Julie Antebi and Pvt. "Alibey" Cohen's names in the same breath.... Pvt. Abe Harari wrote to a friend "You are one of the few, I picked to write to". We discovered that he sent out 80 cards!!

Seaman 1st Class David Dweck is making quite a hit with Rena Gemal. Anyone hear anything yet? . . . Seen—A beautiful blonde clinging to the arm of Freddie Laniado. S.Y. girls ain't good enough, huh? . . . Mrs. Cohen, your worries are over. Reports have reached us that son Pvt. Eddie

Cohen gets his orange juice served in bed by the sergeant himself . . . Bradley may be heaven for us poor city worn mortals on Sunday, but give Albert Dweck the nice hot city (plus cute Mollie Haddad) and he's a happy man . . . Cpl. Bob Gemal makes long distance phone calls . . . all the way from Brazil.

Soldiers from this community who were on leave in Bradley or Bensonhurst, recently, included:—Sgt. Herbert Ohayan (And now we can proceed in alphabetical order) Lt. Abe Abady, Cpl. James Abady, Pvt. Irving Ades, Cpl. Joe Belilos, Lt. Jack Beyda, Cpl. Joe Bigio, PFC. Sam Braha, Pvt. Saul Shabot, Pvt. Eddie Cohen, Pvt. Max Cohen, Seaman Ralph Cohen, Sgt. Erwin Dayan, Sgt. Morris Dweck, Cpl. Victor Dweck, PFC. Charles Dweck, Pvt. "Chick" Esses, Pvt. "Sonny" Esses, Pvt. Harry Franco, Cpl. Isaac Grazi, Pvt. Jack Gindi, Cpl. Sam Haber, Pvt. Jack Kairey, Sgt. David Kassin, Pvt. Irving Kassin, Seaman Lanie Kboudi, Pvt. Raph Kboudi, Cpl. Morris Laniado, PFC. Michael Mishaan, PFC. Abe Mizrahi, Pvt. David Ohayon, PFC. Isaac Schwecky, Pvt. Isaac Schwecky, Pvt. Isidore Shamah and Sgt. Max Yedid.

Holidays are here again. And more of the boys will be home for short stays. To those who are too busy learning war in camps here and to those who are defending our freedom overseas, a Happy New Year! And let's hope that the coming year will see the smashing of fascism so that we can all ring in the next New Year together in joy and peace.

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
**R. HABER**  
CALIFORNIA

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
**Raymond Zalta**  
MISS.

## Milestones

### BORN TO

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Massri—a Boy  
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dabah—a girl  
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dweck—a girl  
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Shabot—a girl  
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Haber—a boy  
Mr. and Mrs. David Cohen—a girl  
Mr. and Mrs. Morris Dweck—a girl  
Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Samash—a boy  
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Cohen—a Girl  
Mr. and Mrs. Abe Cohen—a girl  
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ades—a Girl  
Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Tabush—a girl  
Mr. and Mrs. Nat Sultan—a Girl

### MARRIED

Sally Cohen to Moe Safdieh  
Ray Liniado to Dudley Ruby  
Jeanette Lerman to Samuel A. Haddad  
Renee Ashkanazie to Moe Haber

### ENGAGED

Moe Shabot to Marion Beyda

## ZALTA MEETS O'HANNA

Pvt. Nat Zalta was visiting the town of New Orleans recently when he bumped right into Al O'Hanna. Mr. O'Hanna invited the soldier home to dinner and, as Nat put it, "That S.Y. supper sure was delicious."

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
**BOZZIE MIZRAHI**

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
**KASSIN**  
AND  
**MISHANEYA,**  
WICHITA, KANSAS

PVT. AMERIQUE ASHEAR  
WISHES ALL HIS  
FRIENDS  
A HAPPY & VICTORIOUS  
NEW YEAR

## V.B. Staff Deluged With Thanks For All-Serviceman's Issue

We found ourselves struggling contentedly under such a barrage of mail this month that we put the fattest pile of letters into a special brown cardboard folder marked "Reactions of soldiers to Servicemen's Issue". Below is a fleeting glimpse of what went into the folder.

P.F.C. Max Cohen, Greenwood, writes, "Your V.B. hit me at the proper psychological moment. I was on K.P. and it lifted my spirit so much that I could have sworn that my head was going to put a dent in the ceiling of the mess-hall. There was only one thing wrong with the issue. There just wasn't enough of it!"

And from another K.P. ite, P.F.C. Charles Abadi, Fla., "At the time I received your V. B., I was on K.P. doing pots and pans". Pvt. Joe Esses readily knew something when he wrote No Apologies Necessary. "Your paper" The Sand, was very interesting, and I really enjoyed reading it."

Pvt. David O'Hayan, Va.—"I received my August issue of the V.B. from

you, and I'm writing this letter because I really enjoyed reading it. Except for one story—that was the one written by the jerk with the Frank Buck hat—it was .K., or On the Ball; as they say in the army".

Pvt. Morris H. Levy, Ga., "I can only try to describe to you what your little paper does to an S. Y. soldier. When he hears his name at 'Mail Call', and sees the mail clerk hold up the Victory Bulletin he reaches his hand eagerly to grasp it, and in that split second "Home" washes in his mind—and the feel of the paper seems to take him on a "Magic Carpet" back to dear old Brooklyn".

"He clutches it, reads and takes in every item, and even the chow whistle can't budge him; he is too busy to think about a little thing like food. I never dreamed I would look forward to anything with such an anxiety as I look forward to your issues".

And that is why the staff is walking around wearing grins of sheer happiness!

## "Blimey", Said British Sailors, "That Was A Rare Old Time!"

By SALLY SHABOT

We still don't know exactly what our boys across the ocean think of the English girls they are meeting there for the first time, but we do know what 20 British sailors thought of the group of Syrian girls who gave them a party one Saturday night in Bradley Beach. Their verdict was a unanimous, and hearty "Terrific!"

The party started with a little blushing, some shuffling and twisting of fingers. But with the aid of a glass or two of beer, (ale!) and a very "giggy" broom dance, the guests of honor relaxed happily into the spirit of things.

Frankfurters, beer and sandwiches appeared like magic and disappeared like lightning; it wasn't long before our sailor visitors were entertaining their hostesses with "Lambeth Walk", "Bumps'a Daisy", and other English musical games and dances.

With one handsome young "Jackie Tar" playing the piano and everyone co-operating eagerly, the fun reached a climax at 11:30 when the boys were due to leave.

A desperate attempt was made to get an extension for an hour or so,

but alas, it failed. The boys reparted amid sighs, and farewell songs, from the girls. The sailors piled into cars and the girls drove them in luxury back to barracks.

"Blimey. That was a rare ol'time!" breathed one lad ecstatically.

Special thanks were given to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Shabot and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Beyda who bave their home for the occasion. And as a reminder that these things don't go unappreciated, a letter was received a few days later expressing the sailors' thanks and their hopes that the girls would be in Bradley long enough to accept a return invitation to a ship's dance.

(ED. NOTE—Too bad, the girls weren't!).

### MEETS MOVIE STAR

Pvt. Ralph Saffdieh, a military policeman stationed somewhere in North Africa, met Bob Hope on the comedian's recent tour of the Mediterranean theatre.

YOUR BLOOD MAY SAVE HIS LIFE—  
GIVE ANOTHER PINT

## FROM THE SOLDIERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Camp Crowder, Mo.

I've been in the Army a little over three months now and I really like it a lot. Originally, I enlisted in the Signal Corps but the Army travels in very peculiar ways and I have been transferred to the Transportation Corps.

I know that all of the soldiers from our community have written you about their outfits. But let me tell you that without the Transportation Corps, all the boys overseas would find it very hard to keep getting food and other supplies.

I have nothing else to write except to wish all the men and boys in service all the luck in the world and my best regards to all back home.

Your Fellow S.Y.  
Pvt. Nat Zalta

Fort Belvoir, Va.

After anxiously waiting for over two months for the results of your contest, I can't tell you how glad I was to receive the Victory Bulletin and, to my surprise and delight, to find myself one of the winners. I want to congratulate Ike Levy for his 1st Prize Letter, and the other fellows who won other prizes for their contributions.

I am enclosing another piece of work of mine which I hope you can use for your issue. (Ed.—We can.) I think it will give the boys a good laugh when they read it. And in these times we can all use a good laugh once in a while.

Till next month's issue of the Victory Bulletin, so long; And here's to a quick victory of this war!

Cpl. Isaac Ashkenazie

SPEEDY VICTORY

TO OUR BOYS!

FROM

ELIE and HYMIE DWECK

HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM

SAM LINIADO,

VIRGINIA

THE ATTACK CONTINUES—BACK  
IT—BUY MORE BONDS

# Jack Braha, "American-Arab" Corporal, Attends A Wedding In North Africa

(Ed. Note—Corporal Jack (Better known as Brooks) Braha is stationed somewhere in North Africa. In addition to his other duties, he is an official battalion Arabic interpreter. Recently, he attended a real, old-time Arab wedding with his Major and himself as the honored guests. Here is his story.)



One of the rarest sights which I believe has ever been seen here by American soldiers was an Arab-Moslem wedding which I recently attended with my major.

It took place in the middle of a corn field owned by the Arab who was getting married and went on through the whole night. The only lighting of the wedding was that which was provided by the headlights of our re-con car.

The Arabs like us Americans very much and the hospitality and the respect paid us was amazing. Nothing that was in their power was not done for our advantage.

The old custom of not allowing the groom to see the bride still prevails among these Moslems and the bride is veiled throughout the courtship until after the ceremony.

What really impressed me was the S. Y. music. Men only would do the dancing—with the usual handkerchief in each hand, swaying from side to side and the usual S. Y. "bump" in jitterbug style.

Knowing me as the American Arab (A.A.), they called on me to dance. At first, I refused, being quite shy in front of my battalion commander, but he eventually persuaded me to dance. He gave me an order, and an order in the Army is not to be refused—unless, of course, you're curious to see what a court-martial is like.

So I danced, or should I say, tried to dance to the music of "White Rose" (Werdeh Il Beyda) and I brought the house down. A mixture of conga, thrown in by yours truly for good measure, was what really did it.

We stayed up at that wedding feast until 4:30 a.m., listening to music, humor and to a man who could easily get a job in the U. S. as a tobacco auctioneer. He kept blessing everyone who was present.

For his big blessing, he blessed Braha, Roosevelt and the Major, in that order. Imagine putting me before The President and the Major. But when you consider what he added about me, it is understandable. He said, "Braha is the American who brings peace and good will to the Arabs of our area."

As the wedding drew to a close, we got up from our squatting position and stretched our legs to get them back in circulation. The orche-

stra immediately got up and escorted us to our car.

For gifts, we gave the bride some Camay soap, which to the people here is like giving them gold. And to the groom, we gave a new white G.I. towel to wrap around his head for a turban. He was very happy. An Arab with a white towel around here walks around as though he owned all of Africa.

A long procession followed us to our car. And all waved goodbye to us with plenty of "Bislatmat". My commanding officer later remarked that he wouldn't have missed that wedding for a million dollars. Neither would I.

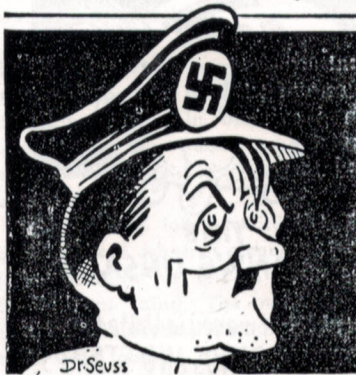
I am sorry that this affair didn't take place before, so that I could have sent my story for your Contest Issue. In the meantime, good luck to you with the Victory Bulletin and here's hoping for Victory soon.

Corporal Jack Braha  
In The Field  
Somewhere in North Africa

A SUNSHINE VICTORY  
TO  
JOE BETESH  
AND  
LOU BEYDA  
FROM  
LAURA, MARVIN  
AND SAM BETESH

BEST OF LUCK  
TO  
OUR MEN  
IN UNIFORM  
ARAZIE BROS.  
Columbia, S. C.

INSURE YOUR HOME  
AGAINST HITLER!



BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS

U. S. Treasury Department

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
ABE KASSAB



Dr. Seuss

BUY  
WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS

U. S. Treasury Department

# THIS IS THE BOMBER YOUR MONEY BOUGHT!



She was bought by our community and her name is "Spirit of Magen David." She's a two-motored Mitchell bomber, a B-25, to be technical.

Our community raised \$300,000 to buy her, raised the money with the sale of War Bonds and Stamps.

She's the baby that Doolittle and his Tokyo raiders used to blast the Japanese last year. And she was one of the United Nations planes that saved the day for the Eighth Army at the Nile. Later,

she paved the way for the cleansing of North Africa and the invasions of Italy and Sicily.

"The Spirit of Magen David" has already joined the fighting, flying fleet of the United States Army Air Forces. Where or when she'll go into action, we don't know. But she'll do a good job wherever her bombardier looks down on enslaved territory to drop his eggs.

The Syrian-American community is not only backing the attack. It is attacking with a Mitchell medium bomber!

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
**STELLA HEDAYA**

HAPPY NEW YEAR  
TO  
**The Folks At Home**  
AND TO  
**My Buddies Overseas**  
**Pfc Morris Shmalo**  
•  
APO 600 c/o Postmaster  
N. Y. C.

## 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

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
**MR. and MRS. JOE MARCUS**



**THIS PIG BANK'S UNSAFE!**

Invest your money in United States  
**WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!**

U. S. Treasury Department