

The B'NAI BRITH BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY THE MARION, INDIANA LODGE FOR THEIR MEN IN SERVICE

Vol. 2

Marion, Indiana, January 31, 1945

No. 3

COMING TO CASABLANCA? CALL DAN RESNECK AT A-5582

If any of youse guys should happen to be going through Casablanca in either direction (preferably thisaway) you are informed hereby that you can reach Capt. Dan Resneck by dialing A-5582. Dial telephones are something we don't have even in Marion. Some SHORT FLIGHTS from Dan: "Orchids to Hank Fleck and Frank Maidenberg for good and interesting letters in the Oct. 15th Bulletin . . . you will be interested to know we now have a Jewish Chaplain in my outfit" . . . for YOUR information, Dan, Indiana went Republican **all the way**—the new governor is Ralph Gates of Columbia City, Homer Capehart defeated Gov. Schricker for the Senate. Dan's work involves PLANNING and MANNING TABLES and a lot of other stuff you fellows in the Army might know about, but it all loses us civilians in the fog it creates. In Dan's letters home he goes into interesting detail on the nauseating living conditions of the natives of North Africa.

CAPT. MAX GANZ ARRIVES HOME ON FURLOUGH

Capt. Max Ganz, having finally received his long awaited furlough, arrived home Jan. 29th to be warmly welcomed by family and friends. He has been overseas 30 months. Just before leaving Italy Max was awarded the "Bronze Star" for meritorious service in support of combat operations in Africa and Italy. His furlough will afford him a long missed reunion with his family—daughter Marilyn was 2 and a half when he left—she's 5 now. Max will return to his field hospital unit in April.



Captains Max Ganz and Frank Maidenberg

MRS. CELIA KLAIN DIES OF HEART ATTACK

Our community was deeply grieved by the death of Mrs. Celia Klain on January 9th, after an illness of about a month. She had lived in Marion since coming to the United States in 1927. Services were held at the Jewish cemetery in Indianapolis. To Morris Irving, Rosalie, Beatrice, Ruth and Max, we extend our deepest sympathy.

SGT. FLECK OUTWITS RUNDSTEDT. ESCAPES TRAP



Sergeant Henry Fleck (second from left) in Belgium

A letter dated Dec. 27th from Sgt. Hank Fleck reveals that he was in a zone of safety after the German breakthrough almost engulfed his area. Knowing Henry as we do, we can say that it's a darn good thing for the Nazis that they didn't make him mad, or that bulge would have shrunken faster than it has. How about it Hank? Kidding aside, we are glad you're OK, and hope we continue receiving such reports regularly.

"RABBI" SECTOR OFFICIATES AT CHANUKAH SERVICE

Lt. Julian Sector tells us of an interesting occasion at Camp Blanding when the Jewish Welfare Board at the USO provided facilities and plans for a Chanukah celebration, which was well attended and enjoyed by the many Jewish servicemen at the camp. The traditional service of lighting the candles, the customary foods, the story of Chanukah and the prayer service comprised the program. Julian was the rabbi and Ann cooked the "cokes". For the time being Julian has been classified in limited service; hope to see him and Ann home soon, and get a more complete report. (Latest news: they are going to have a baby about July).

CAPT. SAM BERMAN BUSY IN ENGLAND

"Have been on a confidential assignment that carries me all over England . . . and although I have visited interesting spots, shaken hands with H.R.H. Princess Mary, I still can't wait to get back to the U. S. A. . . . most of the hotels and all trains are cold . . . saw the Roskins last week and had a pleasant visit with them . . . you have read about the confounded rockets coming over—I've seen some of their work during my travels and it'll be a relief when they are cleaned out . . . during the days when I'm not on the road I am operating . . . the war keeps us very busy . . . but you can read all that in the papers . . . thanks for the Chanukah package, and keep sending the Bulletin"

LT. ANTHONY M. ROSKIN AT HOME IN ENGLAND

That's about all we have to report on this dashing young figure who feels so much at home in the British Isles, he hasn't much time to write the perspiring editors of the Bulletin, so here we sit, with thumb in our mouth, waiting for a handout. Nu? Nu? NU?

M/SGT. MARK KLAIN IN HALMAHERAS

Situated on an island in the Halmahera Group, Master Sergeant Mark Klain is a busy dispatcher with the 13th Air Force. Recently the local folks had a few anxious moments when a radio report (of Jap origin) claimed the island on which he is stationed was retaken by the Nips, but it proved to be a false alarm. Mark will have completed two years service overseas in March.



Master Sergeant Mark Klain



Captain Ben Maidenburg on
Leyte Island

LT. JERRY WEINBERGER BACK ON FLYING STATUS

"Received the Bulletin and thanks a million for keeping me in mind. Am out of the hospital now . . . I was very fortunate . . . the crew I was with came down in Partisan held country (Yugoslavia) and we were evacuated quite rapidly back to Italy. The weather here being what it is . . . it is quite plausible that Bob Glogas may have been found and will be there for the better part of the winter . . . so many of the fellows eventually come back . . . hope to complete the rest of my missions in short order."

POSTWAR DOPE

Listen my children, and you can hear
Through the opium-laden atmosphere
The voices of soothsayers, prophets and
seers

All fortune-telling the postwar year . . .
How the world as we know it will sud-
denly cease

'Ere the ink is dry on the Treaty of
Peace

And presto! . . . A new world! Our
homes, our cars

Will look like something fresh out of
Mars

And you'll casually step in your autogiro
For 18 holes of golf in Cairo.

You'll live on pills. You'll carry your
bride

To a home made of phenol-formalde-
hyde,

With electronic beams to do the chores
Electric eyes to open the doors,
And radar (that newest of trouble de-
tectors)

To warn of approaching bill collectors.

Or we won't have homes . . . we'll live
in trailers

With six rooms furnished by Lord and
Taylor's

And everyone, even in Winnepesaukee,
Will own television and walky-talky.

And this, good friends—this prospect
bright—

Is to happen suddenly, quite overnight.
Is it true, or false? Or a glorious hoax?

(It's just a lot of malarky, folks.)

CAPT. BEN MAIDENBURG SEES MINDORO INVASION

Capt. Ben Maidenburg, the Bulletin's ace Pacific reporter, keeps us well informed on his observations and visits in the Pacific fighting areas. "Just got back from Mindoro where a stick of bombs fell 75 feet from us . . . no damage was done . . . saw a series of terrific dog-fights and watched 6 Jap planes shot down in flames . . . there was practically no resistance to the beach landings on Mindoro . . . the Nips are doing all the guessing now . . . Xmas Day I ran into Mark Klain enroute to a hot spot up north . . . I brought him a bottle of schnapps, four cans of beer, some sardines, a stack of Marion papers as a Chanukah offering . . . Mark is in a busy spot . . . and has hopes of getting home shortly . . . a few days later I ran into Abe Weinberg, the younger scion of the Weinberg dynasty . . . found the gent in bed at 10:00 a. m., which shows that neither work nor wars bother a Weinberg . . . Abe is night CQ at a hospital unit . . . the war in this area is developing a fast tempo . . . soon we hope to have all the Philippines as a base of operations for the final victory against the Japs."

NEIGHBORS

There is a story about an old Quaker who stood at the village well, greeting weary travelers who passed along the way. And to each who asked, "What manner of people live here-about?" he would respond with another question: "What manner of people did thee find in thy last abode?"

If the traveler said that he had left a community where people were bright and gay, genial and fun-loving, the Quaker father would answer confidently that the questing one would find them much the same in his community. But to travelers who complained that they left a community where people were ugly, quarrelsome and ill-tempered, the patriarch would sadly shake his head and say, "Alas, here thee will find them much the same."

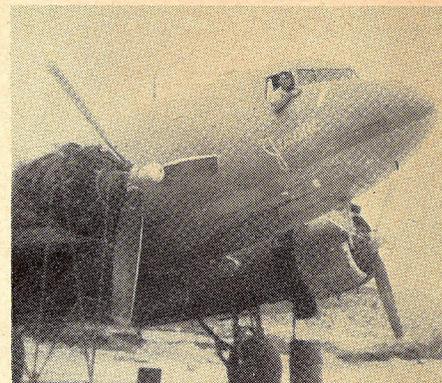
A new War Production Board order taking effect Feb. 1st prohibits any unnecessary outdoor lighting, and will cause a "brownout" in every city and town where coal is used to manufacture electricity. Show windows, outdoor signs, decorative lighting, etc., are all banned, and theaters are restricted to the use of 60 watt bulbs in their marquees. The threat of a coal shortage has caused this action, in order to preserve stocks for use in homes, schools, and for other essential uses.

Sonny Dobrow, another Muncie neighbor, has been promoted to 1st Lt. He's in the QM corps in France.

A small-town gentleman while enjoying a convention in a large city attended a strip-tease performance with some of the boys and the next day was obligated to go to an oculist for treatment.

"When I left the show last night," he said, "my eyes were red, sore and swollen."

Upon examining him the oculist said: "After this, try blinking once or twice during the show. You won't miss much."



The guy peeping out of the flight cabin
is Ben Maidenburg—note
name "Jeanne"

PVT. BUD FISHER WORKING IN AIR CORPS HOSPITAL

From Ft. Thomas, Ky., comes this report from our old friend, Bud Fisher. "Our hospital here is rapidly filling and the turnover will be 1,000 air corps men about every two months . . . most of the fellows are pilots, bombardiers, gunners and ground crew men who have been through the mill." Bud also advises that the Hamilton, Ohio B'nai Brith lodge is planning a servicemen's bulletin similar to this one, and Bud will be the editor. We are flattered no end.

Don Glinsky of Muncie has been reported "missing in action."

On his journey to the Middle East, President Roosevelt reached a country where the natives all greeted him with shouts of, "Qua ho la! Qua ho la!"

The President graciously acknowledged the shouts, but finally turned to an aide for translation.

"Qua ho la, Sir," replied the officer somewhat reluctantly, "means 'That's her husband!'"

LETTERS

SOMEBODY DIDN'T WRITE

It ain't the heat nor the blistered feet,
Nor the meals of Spam in place of meat,
Nor the butter like lard, nor our turn at
guard,

None of these is one-half as hard
As the jolt we get, after all the sweat
And a cheery voice says, "No mail yet."

And it ain't the breeze, like a dragon's
sneeze,

That peels the hide and weakens the
knees,

Nor the dirt in your gun, nor the broil-
ing sun—

These are forgotten when day is done,
But our voices fail and our faces pale
If we draw a blank when it's time for
mail.

We can stand the flies and the sand in
our eyes,

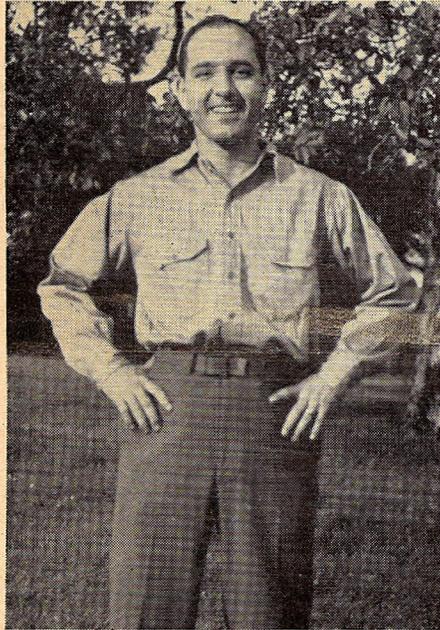
The orders, the rumors, the truth and the
lies,

The mosquitoes swarm and the water
warm,

And the wards that reek of chloroform
What takes our fight and makes throats
tight

Are the letters somebody didn't write.
—Stars and Stripes

**HEY, SARGE SAVESKY
WHAT'S COOKIN**



Sergeant Jerry Savesky

Sgt. Jeremiah Savesky, better known as Jerry (not the Hitler type), prefers to remain anonymous this issue, or else he is wrapped up in his work (using both arms). Anyway he's working pretty hard at his depot, but manages to get into London occasionally for a soiree or two (that's a new way of spelling it).

**CORP. ELI MARK WRITES
OF HIS EXPERIENCES**

In a letter dated, Germany, Dec. 4th, Corp. Eli Marks reports:

"Since leaving the states I was in rapid succession through England, France, Belgium, Luxemborg, and am at present on Adolph's doorstep (and I sure wish it was Adolph Abel rather than Schickelgruber). Of all the cities I have visited the closest approach to something really American is the city of Luxemborg . . . I had only a suburban view of Paris . . . as far as combat itself is concerned, I can well assure you that it's much safer fighting with one's wife than these moronic and sadistic Nazis—it has been our misfortune to run into quite a few SS troops, whom you would never believe came from a supposedly civilized country."

A letter dated Dec. 29th from Eli reveals that he was safe in Belgium after the German break-through threatened to engulf his unit.

"Our battalion has an excellent record, and has done a tremendous amount of work . . . we haven't had any rest since entering the front lines ages ago . . . the swell Chanukah package I received from you was specially welcome to one who has eaten nothing but C & K rations for over four months . . . my best wishes to you all." Thanks, Eli, for that swell letter.

Home Town News

We have several Florence Nightingales in the community who give their time and services as Nurses Aides. They are Belle Weinberg, Tillie Kuppin and Dinah Zaremski. They all do a good job of washing backs and emptying bed pans. Life is sometimes rugged.

Those who are still knitting sweaters for the Red Cross are Lillie Fleck and Minnie Rosen.

Bandage rollers at the Red Cross include Nan and Irma Maidenberg. Tillie Simons and Tillie Kuppin work as registrars.

Sam Fleck, Gil Roskin, Jason Klain, Meyer and Milt Maidenberg visit the Blood Bank bi-monthly. Jeanne Roskin, Nan and Irma Maidenberg were registrars the last time the Blood Bank was in town. Among the notables who donated was Barton Reese Pogue—in case you don't know, he is a poet of quite some merit from nearby Upland. The girls also were quite baffled when they heard the name of Chester Bowles—it seemed to have a familiar ring but they didn't realize until later that coincidentally a farmer happened to own the same name as our director of the O.P.A.

It was a fine thing to see the entire Lindahl family — mother, father and daughter donating blood for the 9th time. They just recently lost their son, Dick, who was a pilot stationed in England.

Milt Abel and Ann were in town for a week before he left for the west coast. Ruth and Jason Klain entertained for them. Ann is planning to return to her home in Cincinnati for the duration.

In reference to the temple bazaar that we mentioned in the last Bulletin the Sisterhood grossed \$338. Not bad!

Lt. Dave Stiefler, formerly of Anderson, now stationed somewhere on the west coast was recently married to little Carolyn Strauss of Indianapolis whom some of you know.

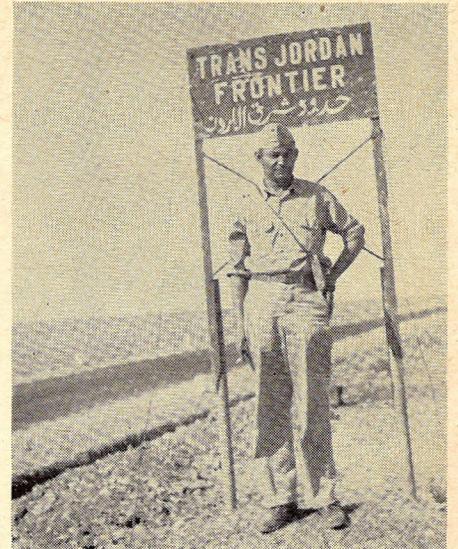
Anne and Julian Savesky have moved from their honeymoon house on First Street to Spencer Avenue. Their new abode overlooks the Mississinewa and has a park for young massa Robert to entertain the younger crowd.

New Years Eve has come and gone once more and the celebrations around town were very quiet. Marge and Meyer Maidenberg held open house for the younger marrieds and things were much more subdued than in other years. The Flecks and the Stieflers also entertained some of the older bunch. We all drank to the hopes of a peaceful new year and that all of you will be home soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Eirenberg have moved to Marion from Nebraska. You'll remember her as the former Helen Pickus. They are residing at the Marion Hotel until a home can be found. Bernie has gone into the tavern business with I. Stoller.

The B'nai B'rith held an election in December and the new officers are as follows: Milt Maidenberg, president; Major Ted Ginsberg, vice-president; Jake Weinberg, financial secretary; Dr.

**"MITSCH" KLAIN AMONGST
IRAN'S FORGOTTEN MEN**



Pvt. Max Klain

On behalf of the entire Marion Jewish community, and the men in service, we extend our deepest sympathy to Pvt. Max Klain on the passing of his beloved mother. Mitsch is still in Iran (Persia) one of the real hot spots of the middle east, where he is a signal corps switch-board operator.

A recent article in the "NEW YORKER" magazine reveals that the men of the Iran area consider themselves a "forgotten" group, the war being so far removed from them, (as well as about everything else.)

Weinberg, treasurer; Harry Shiff, secretary.

Betty (Honey) Savesky, we learned during the few days she was home recently, has finally been bitten by the old love bug. We smell orange blossoms and old shoes in the near future. Betty has given up her job in Washington, and is back in Chicago again, working for the same paper, The Chicago Journal of Commerce.

Marion's cigar smoking males had a break January 6th. In case you boys don't know it, there's a shortage—but it was temporarily relieved by Doc Ginsberg who was happily passing them out that day. Ted, who is the father of two girls, was presented with a son by his wife the night before.

Leonard Lasky and Dora Lieberman of Evansville, were married December 10th in her hometown. He and Jackie Cooper must have had a pact—they both took the leap the same day. Lennie and his wife are wintering in Florida, by courtesy of the U. S. Navy.

Taking an air raid warden's test, Groucho Marx was visibly bored by the long list of questions, some of them not too pertinent. Towards the end, the examiner asked Groucho what he would do if he came home and found his wife had put her head in the oven and turned in the gas.

"Baste her every 15 minutes," yawned Groucho.

NEWS FROM OUR BOYS OVER THERE

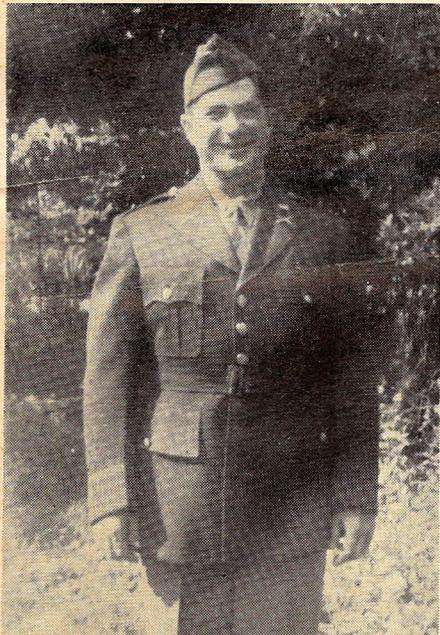
Capt. George Levinthal wrote the lodge, wishing to express his thanks for the Chanukah package sent a few months ago, and the Bulletins—he looks forward most eagerly to the day when he can get back to those Tuesday night sessions.

Major Harold Lawn, still at Fort Knox, Ky., wishes to be remembered to all of you, and we take this opportunity to pass along a big "Hi and How are you" from Harold.

Corp. Bill Resneck is now stationed at the Finance Office of the 4th Ferrying Group in Memphis, Tenn. Charlotte (always faithful) is with him, and has a job in the civil service section of an Engineers group. They have an apartment in town, and were able to visit a while with Milt and Annette Abel before the latter left for California.

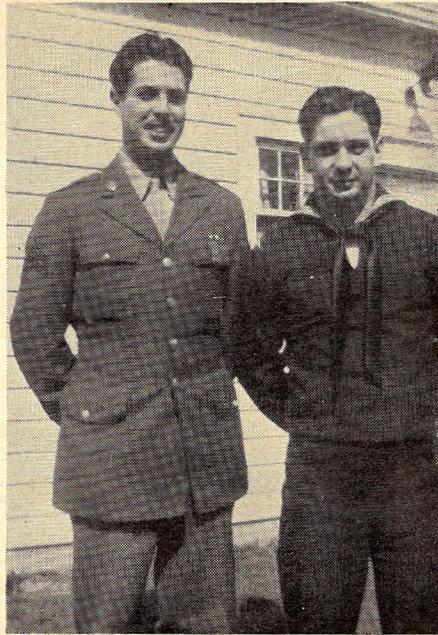
Capt. Sid Price was at last report still at Camp Stoneman, Calif., but we hear he is scheduled for an ocean voyage on business for Uncle Sam.

Pvt. Herbert Simenauer has arrived overseas. In case some of you fellows have been asking yourself — who is HE? Let us explain that Herbert was a refugee who settled in Marion, and worked for Sam Fleck until he was inducted into the Army. He considers Marion the only home he knew in the U. S. and we are glad to consider him "one of the boys."



Lieutenant Leroy Jacobs

Lt. Leroy Jacobs is about due to complete training in Motor School, and also expects soon to wear another silver bar. He and his wife and baby daughter live in Lawton, Oklahoma. "Gamma" Lasky just returned from a two weeks visit there and reports that all is well, and the babe is a real "doll."



Sergeant Sid Jacobs and Seaman Leonard Lasky

Sgt. Sid Jacobs will soon be graduated from radar school at Truax Field, Wis., and expects to remain there for a while as an instructor.

Seaman Leonard Lasky was transferred to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, for further naval training. We understand his newly acquired wife isn't too far away. Leonard's pal at Notre Dame, ex-actor Jackie Cooper, also got married about the same time. Must have been a pact.

RECONVERSION

When bugles sound their final notes
And bombs explode no more,
When we return to what we did
Before we went to war,
The sudden shift in status,
In the ladder of success,
Might make some worthy gentlemen
Feel like an awful mess.

Just think of some poor captain
Minus his silver bars,
Standing behind a counter,
Selling peanuts and cigars,
And think of all the majors
With their oak leaves far behind,
And the uniforms they're wearing
Are the Western Union kind.

Shed a tear for some poor colonel
If he doesn't feel himself,
Jerking sodas isn't easy
When your "eagle's" on the shelf.
'Tis a bitter pill to swallow
'Tis a matter for despair,
Being messengers and clerks again
A mighty cross to bear.
So be kind to working people
That you meet where e'er you go,
For the guy that's washing dishes,
May be your old CO.

Pvt. Irene D. Pieper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dreyer, arrived in New Guinea with a contingent of WACS. She's a specialist in photography—hope those native New Guineans dress up a little for our WACS who aren't accustomed to see their men running around in brief costumes.

Sgt. Sam Fox seems to be fairly certain of hanging on at Camp Atterbury, Indiana as he has acquired an apartment for his wife Anette (Abel) Fox, and their daughter, who have moved to Franklin, Ind.

At the height of Gestapo omnipotence in Germany and just before the United States entered the war, an American correspondent there went to a dentist near his office. He was troubled by an aching molar.

After the examination, the dentist informed him that the tooth would have to come out. The correspondent asked the cost and found it would be two hundred dollars.

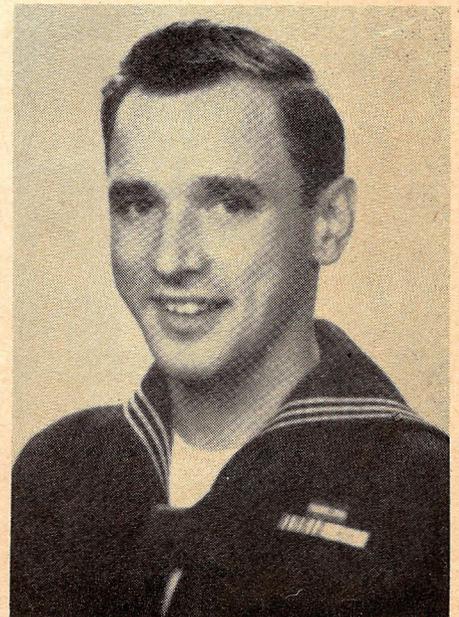
"Are you crazy?" shouted the newsman. "Why, in the States I can get a tooth pulled for four dollars."

"Yes, I know," replied the dentist wearily. "But over there you can open your mouth. Here we have to take it out through your ear."

PH/M 1-C MILT ABEL TRANSFERRED TO CALIF.

After six months service at the Memphis Naval Hospital, Milt Abel has been sent to serve as an instructor at a Fleet Hospital unit in San Bruno, Calif. He and his wife were in Marion several days while enroute to his new station.

After a couple of months in California Milt is scheduled to shove off to the SOUPAC again. We'll keep an eye on him in the meantime.



Pm. 1/c Milt Abel

The following are letters of ribaldry and desperation culled from letter files of war plants, draft boards and government agencies.

Washington, D. C.

I would like to offer my dog to the War Effort for the "Dogs of Defense." However, I wish that my dog could be attached to the WACS since he is a female dog, I think!

—Jake Weinberg

The Daily News
Att. Editor Victory Gardens

Dear Sir:

I can't seem to make anything grow in my Victory Garden. Do you think it's because I have worms?

—Meyer Maidenberg

Lockheed Corporation, Calif.
Gentlemen:

How about making a plane entirely of mirrors then when an enemy plane approaches the pilot would be blinded by the reflection of the sun from the glass plane and so could be destroyed very easily.

Of course if the enemy catches wise and starts to make their planes out of mirrors too, then all I can suggest is we should start making sunglasses fast as hell.

—Charles Siegel

Draft Board
Hamilton, O.:

I'm in class 1-A. I hear that draft boards put men in class 3-A if they have children. Please put me in Class 3-A as I am working on this.

—Bud Fisher

P.S.: Also I expect to get married soon and will notify you when I do.

State Selective Service
Marion, Indiana

Dear Sir:

I received your notice of Seduction and will be there March 29th.

—Jerome Savesky

Selective Service Investigation
Marion, Indiana:

Who has my number? I have insulted my local broad and gotten very little information.

Yours Truly

Henry Fleck

Selective Service Board
Marion, Indiana

Gentlemen:

I got it a problem—my wife is pregnant and my business is all what keeps us together.

—Jason Klain

Draft Board
Marion, Indiana
Ladies:

I am unable to do heavy work because I am weak and I have been this way ever since I was a small baby—Mother told me I only weighed 7 pounds 3 ounces when I was born.

Sincerely yours,

Tony Roskin

Doc. Weinberg: I can't find any cause for your complaint. I think it's due to drinking."

Patient: "Okay, I'll come back some-time when you're sober."

CAPT. FRANK MAIDENBERG VISITS ISLE OF CAPRI

A recent letter from Capt. Frank Maidenberg advises he enjoyed a rest-up trip to the Isle of Capri, which he describes as a romantic rock about 3 miles by one-half mile in area. Frank says his outfit keeps quite busy keeping the Mustangs and Thunderbolts flying. Although he would have liked very much to have accompanied Max Ganz home, he wasn't able to make it, on account of some papers he couldn't locate (entitled—"Furlough").



Captain Frank Maidenberg

Draft Board
Marion, Indiana:

I want to repeal my sons classification. He so stupid, he can't go anywhere by hiself he get lost I got 3 other children stupid to.

—Mrs. D. Maidenberg

Draft Board
Marion, Indiana

Dear Sirs:

I'm expecting to become a father in four months but someone told me not to expect to be draft exempt since the baby will be born over a year after Pearl Harbor. If this baby won't exempt me from the draft, please let me know at once because I don't want to make a mistake and go ahead and marry the girl.

—Dan Resneck

Draft Board
Marion, Indiana
Gentlemen:

I think I shud be placed in 4-F since my doktor says I have an ulcer in my large intestial.

—Mark Klain

Draft Board
Marion, Indiana

To reply to you, we ain't got no kids in our house. Just 2 adults and 2 adult-resses.

—Jerry Weinberger

Draft Board
Marion, Indiana
Gentlemen:

In answer to your letter I was married last week. I'm sorry I made this mistake.

Yours truly

Leonard Lasky

HONEST, IT HAPPENED

(This is an Ozark Mountain mother's letter to her son in the Army.)

Dear Son:

Pa has a good job new, the first he's had in 48 years. We are a great deal better off than we were. Your Pa gets \$14.95 every Thursday so we thought we'd do a little fixin' up.

We sent to Monkey-Wards for one of them new-fangled things they call bath-rooms. You hear about them in some homes. It's put in shape by a chap they call a plumber. On one side of the room is a long thing like the pigs drink out of, only you get in that and wash all over. On the other side is a little white thing they call a sink. This is for the light washing, such as your hands and face.

But over in the corner, now son, I'll tell you—we really have something thar! This is a little contraption you put one foot on and scrub it clean, and then pull a little chain and you get fresh water for the other foot. Can you beat that!

Two lids came with the darned thing and we ain't got any use for them in the bathroom, so I'm using one for a bread board. The other has a round hole in it so we too kand framed Grandpa's picture in it.

They are awful nice folks to deal with. They even sent us free a big roll of nice writing paper.

Take ker yourself,
Ma

War Department
Marion, Indiana:

In reply to your questionnaire as to my qualifications, I am 20 years old, full of pep and enthusiasm, 100 percent blue, red and white American and as for experience I wish to mention in all modesty that this fall I had an experience with my neighbor's daughter.

Aiming to please,
—Leonard Lasky

Lt. Abe Zimmerman, stationed in the South Pacific writes home about an incident that happened on "his" island.

It seems that nine Seabees borrowed a truck to ride to a chicken dinner offered by a hospitable native family that lived on a mountain top. On the way back in dark, the driver had trouble coming down the steep road and for a time was puzzled by the unfamiliar arrangement of brake and clutch pedals, but soon mastered them.

Hearing his mates yell, the driver stuck his head out to inquire if anyone wanted to get out. He found only three of his original eight passengers still aboard. He was operating a dump truck.

The theater was crowded and a devoted couple reluctantly accepted single seats. The young lady didn't care for the arrangement and decided to remedy matters by asking the Navy officer in the seat next to her if he would mind changing seats with her escort.

Accordingly, she leaned over and whispered, "Pardon me—are you alone?"

The prudent Navy man gave no sign of having heard, so she asked the question a little louder. At this he turned slightly toward her but kept his eyes on the screen. "Cut it out, sister," he whispered. "My whole darned family is here tonight."

BRIEFS

A letter from Charley Siegel, still in L. A., asks us to convey a "Hello and Regards". OK we'll think about it.

We think it's about time this community expresses its heartiest thanks to H. H. Roskin of Cardiff, Wales—and to Manny Roskin of London, for their generous hospitality to the boys from Marion who have visited them several times. If you two gentlemen ever come to our town, we will certainly welcome the opportunity of showing our appreciation in person. In case you fellows want to know, your brother Gil is still a great admirer of his native land.

Ex-mayor Jack Edwards has purchased Max Shutt's restaurant, and is converting same into a combination bar and cafe. Jack says that you can have the first one "on the house" soon as you can get back. Jake Weinberg says he does not have any interest in the new establishment.

The annual Federation dinner will be held at the Hotel Spencer on February 9th. Rabbi Israel Chodos of Beth El Temple, Indianapolis, will be the speaker, and the budget to be raised has been set at \$10,000, a record amount, but the needs are considered likewise record. Rabbi Chodos will address the Kiwanis Club the same day, at the invitation of Kiwanian Phil Simons.

Milt Maidenberg has been elected to the board of directors of the Y.M.C.A.

Safe crackers entered the National China Co. (local restaurant equipment firm) Xmas Eve and proceeded to rip open their safe and remove all cash contents. Local police are working on the case.

The local B'nai B'rith lodge has ordered a handsome bronze plaque bearing tribute to members of the Marion Jewish community who have entered the armed forces. The plaque will be placed in the Temple meeting room (we don't call it "the basement" anymore).

Solly Ganz' experience as a restaurateur was short lived. He has sold the Jordan Grill and is now working in the chemical research laboratories at the Allison Engineering Co. in Indianapolis.

Members of the B'nai B'rith throughout the world took great pride in hearing the news that the Brussels, Belgium lodge has been rededicated. High officers of the Allied Armies, and members of the B'nai B'rith serving with the United Nations forces located in the area took part in the ceremonies.

Moe Rosen is getting laughs by taking a cigaret from his pocket, flourishing it, and then explaining, "A friend of mine sent me this from overseas."

Sam Fleck is telling about the German General who called his entire staff together and commanded: "Pass these orders on to your commands. No more looting! No more robbery! No more rape! We are now on German territory!"

The American Federation of Labor Council in Marion has purchased the Broyles Electric Co. building and will convert it into a labor temple.

The Salvation Army is raising funds for a new building in Marion—they have done much good work during the war period, through their mobile canteen which meets all trains stopping in Marion, day or night, and passes out hot drinks, sandwiches, etc. to the servicemen aboard.

Harold Witcoff, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Witcoff, is working in the Research Department of the General Mills Co., at Minneapolis, Minn.

Before the start of the regular service one Sunday morning, the colored minister announced:

"Befo' ah sets out to preach dis here sermon on de sins of de flesh, and de works of de debbil, Ah wishes fo' all de virgins in dis congregation to come up here to de alter—come up here, all de virgins, please."

It was the signal for vinegary old maids to simper and step forth. There were others, too. In the back of the house two snips nudged each other, giggled and decided to go forward. And then a long lanky black gal with a baby in her arms arose and started down the aisle.

The parson coughed, then quickly recovered his surprise, and said tactfully:

"Jes' de virgins, please. Jes' de virgins, sister."

"Ah's a virgin, parson. Oh's a virgin all right. Ahs one of dem foolish ones."

Capt. Dan Resneck: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"

Private: "I didn't see you, sir."

Capt. "Good, I was afraid you were mad at me."

Hungry Customer (at lunch counter): "One roast beef sandwich."

Sol Ganz: "Will you eat it here or take it with you?"

Customer: "I hope to do both."

"What does f-e-e-t spell, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

Johnny didn't know.

"What," persisted the teacher, "is it, that a cow has four of and I have only two?"

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

Sgt.: "What makes you think they are male mosquitoes?"

She: "They won't leave my legs alone."

Then there was the little moron who cut a hole in the rug to see the floor show and then covered it up because he didn't like the dirty cracks.

"I just love fliers," said the sweet young thing, eying the insignia of Major Harold Lawn.

"But I'm not a flier," said Harold "This insignia is the Caduceus of the Medical Corps. It's the winged staff of Mercury with two serpents twined around it."

"Well," she replied amiably, "I love wings anyway—even on snakes!"

It is not only G.I.'s who think that U. S. decorations are too lavish and too hit-or-miss. Recently a general joined their ranks.

In India, Major General Howard Davidson, commander of the Tenth Air Force, pinned "The Mailbag Cluster" on a message-center clerk who had made "100 missions to and from the post office."

In his citation West Pointer Davidson read: "These missions, involving extreme operational hazards such as rough roads, cattle, goats, chickens, children and adverse weather, were carried out with courage, coolness, and determination, despite the expectation, probability and eventuality of long, fruitless waits for mail. On several occasions he encountered delays ranging up to one hour, sorely testing his patience, endurance and fortitude." —Time

An enterprising Nantucket man had a small case pending in the local court, a contest with a neighbor over a matter of considerable importance, and decided to engage the prominent Daniel Webster for his counsel.

"Why, you can't afford to hire me," objected Webster. "I should have to stay down there in your town for a whole week, and my fee would be more than the whole case is worth. I couldn't go down there for less than \$1,000. I could try every case on the docket as well as one, and it wouldn't cost any more than to try one case."

"Very well," said the man from Nantucket, "there's your thousand dollars, Mr. Webster. You come down and I'll fix it for you to try every case."

For once in his life the eloquent Daniel Webster was at a loss for words. But he did agree, and when court opened he appeared and took part, on one side or the other, in every case on the docket.

The shrewd Nantucketer hired Webster out to all his friends who were in litigation, and received in return about \$1,500, so he got the famous lawyer's services for nothing, and made an excellent profit as well.

—Wall Street Journal

Sign in front of a Marrying Justice of the Peace: You furnish the bride, we'll do the rest.

Bashful Groom: "That's hardly fair."

A medical officer called together the members of a marine artillery unit on the evening before the Marianas Islands invasion and told them a few of the things they would have to beware of on Saipan.

"The waters are alive with venomous fish, sharks, barracuda and giant clams capable of snapping off a man's foot," he explained. "On land you must take every precaution against typhus, leprosy, dengue fever, typhoid, snakes and giant lizards. Don't eat anything growing on the islands. Don't drink the water or approach the natives."

Concluding his lecture, the doctor asked if there were any questions. One private raised his hand.

Sir," he said, "why don't we just let the Japs keep those islands?"

Sign in the powder room at Douglas Aircraft: "Is This Trip Really Necessary?"



Pvt. Robert A. Simons

**LT. BOB GLOGAS
STILL "MISSING IN ACTION"**

A War Department report received by the Glogas family, advises as follows:
"The bomber started from its base at 9:20 a. m. (Nov. 24th) for Linz, Austria. The plane was last seen as it entered a



Lt. Bernard Glogas

**RESOLUTION ON THE DEATH
OF
PRIVATE ROBERT SIMONS**

WHEREAS, the heavy hand of war has finally touched our small Jewish community,

AND WHEREAS, the Almighty in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to bring the breath of War close to our hearts, in the passing of a young stalwart from our midst,

AND WHEREAS, we are all overcome with grief at the sad news of the death of Bobbie Simons upon the field of battle, at the same time we take a melancholy consolation in the fact that he gave his life for all of us and for the perpetuation of the ideals that we hold so dear to our hearts.

Bobbie Simons was barely twenty, but in those few years he lived a far more fullness of life than has been given to us who are so much older, for the reason that he died fighting for the principles that he had been taught in the public school systems of Marion, Indiana, and the religious schools of the Temple of his faith.

AND WHEREAS, there is a saying, "That there is no greater love than that a man will lay down his life for another." Bobbie Simons exemplified this saying to its utmost fullness. He is not dead, for he will live forever in, not only the hearts of us of this community but in the hearts of all decent and law respecting citizens of this country.

AND to you dear Phil, Tillie and Dick we of the B'nai B'rith of Saul Hutner Lodge extend to you our deepest sympathy upon your sad bereavement and implore the Divine Guidance to allow you to bear your grief with least suffering and be consoled in the fact that Bobbie gave his life in defense of his beloved country.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED by the committee of Saul Hutner Lodge in special meeting assembled this first day of December, 1944, take this occasion to express the highest esteem and affection for that young martyr Bobbie, not only as a man, a Jew, but a good soldier. His memory will be forever engraved upon our hearts and minds and be long revered by this Lodge.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Saul Hutner Lodge of B'nai Brith and that a copy be sent to our beloved Brother, Phil, and his loving wife, Tillie, and son, Dick.

R. H. BERMAN, Chairman
SAM FLECK
HARRY LASKY
JOSEPH STIEFLER

dense cloud bank over the Adriatic Sea, somewhere in the vicinity of Vis Island, and hasn't been heard from since. When last observed the plane was under control and it is quite possible the boys are safe somewhere, and will eventually be reported."

**LT. LOUIS FEHR
REPORTS "ALL'S WELL"**

A brief V-mail note from Lt. Louis Fehr advises that he regrets being unable to write more news about himself, but that he has been flying many missions with his B-17 crew, intermittently gets to London on leaves, and generally is looking forward to doing his bit and getting back to the good old U.S.A.

Louis reports he recently visited with Earl Wert (son of Mayor Wert) when the latter's ship was docked at Plymouth.

Nothing new to report on Yeoman Bud Bloch—he's getting along fairly well, we hear from N. Y., but no address is as yet available.

**S/2c HALLEN ZIMMERMAN
LANDS IN FLORIDA**

"Well, they finally got me back in the Navy—pulled in to Pensacola Naval Base, where all one can see is planes and more planes. Am starting to Specialist 'G' School—the G is for gunnery. After twelve weeks of schooling I'll be capable of instructing in aerial gunnery, plane recognition, skeet and crap shooting, and a couple of other subjects. (Correction—we meant "trap" not "crap"—Ed.) . . . the gunnery range is situated at Fort Barrancas next to the air base . . . will report more later."

**LT. (J.G.) EDGAR SIEGEL
HARASSES JAPS, ETC.**

Not much news about Ed Siegel this issue, as we understand he's been quite busy (along with the rest of his destroyer crew) taking part in the rapidly progressing Pacific campaigns. Our real clew is some Japanese invasion currency in the form of pesos which he sent to his lovely wife. Heck, even we knew they're from the Philippines. Drop us a line between rounds, Edgar old kid.

WRITE TO OUR BOYS IN SERVICE

Ph. M. 1/c Milt Abel
626-11-82
Fleet Hospital 116
USN ABPD, San Bruno, Calif.

Capt. Frank Maidenberg
83rd Air Service Squadron
APO 520, c/o PM, New York

Lt. L. A. Fehr
858th Bomb. Sqdn. (H)
492nd Bomb. Grp. (H)
APO 557, c/o PM New York

Sgt. Sam Fox
Wakeman General Hospital
Camp Atterbury, Ind.

Capt. George Levinthal
186th Gen. Hosp.
APO 63, c/o PM, New York

S 2/c Allen Zimmerman
SP (G) Class 14-45
Main Gunnery Range
N.A.S., Pensacola, Fla.

Pvt. I. B. Fisher
Sec. A, 1076th AAF Base Unit
AAF Co. Hosp. (ZI)
Ft. Thomas, Ky.

Corp. Eli Mark
Battery B-400th AFA Bn.
APO 230, c/o PM., New York

Lt. Julian Sectors
Hq. 228th ITB
Camp Blanding, Fla.,

Capt. Dan Resneck
1250th AAF Base Unit
NAFD, ATC
APO 396, c/o PM, New York

Capt. Max Ganz
(On Furlough Home)

Sgt. Henry Fleck
8th Tac. Air Command Sq.
APO 595, c/o PM, New York

Sgt. Jerome Savesky
4th Air Base Depot Sec. 1
APO 635, c/o PM, New York

Lt. Jerome Weinberger
740th Bomb. Sqdn.,
455th Bomb. Grp.
APO 520, c/o PM, New York

Capt. S. S. Berman
162nd Gen. Hosp.
APO 514, c/o PM, New York

Capt. Ben Maidenburg
70th Troop Carrier Sq.
433rd Grp.
APO 920, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

Corp. William Resneck
Finance Office
4th Ferrying Grp.—ATC
Municipal Airport
Memphis, Tenn.

Seaman Leonard Lasky
Co. S-35 NTS
Trade Winds Hotel
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sgt. Sidney Jacobs
Sec. P, Barracks 1912
Truex Field, Wis.

Pvt. Irene D. Pieper
WAC Detachment, Hq. FEAF
APO 925, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.

Pvt. Max Klain
Co. B 3342 Signal Service Bn.
APO 680, c/o PM, New York

Pvt. Herbert Simenauer
Med. Detachment
232nd F. A. Bn.
APO 441, c/o PM
New York

M/Sgt. Mark Klain
Hq. and Hq. Sq. 13th Air Force
APO 719, c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. B. H. Glogas
(Missing in Action)

Lt. A. M. Roskin
Sec. 23, BAD No. 1
APO 635, c/o PM
New York

Lt. Leroy Jacobs
1104½ C Ave.
Lawton, Okla.

Lt. Sidney Hutner
Spec. Warehouse No. 832
Topeka, Kansas

Major Harold Lawn
1536th Service Unit
Ft. Knox, Ky.

Major S. T. Ginsburg
Veterans Hospital
Marion, Indiana

Capt. Sidney Price
Camp Surgeon's Office
Camp Stoneman, Calif.

Lt. Edgar Siegel
SC, USNR
USS Moale (DD693)
Fleet P. O.
San Francisco, Calif.

Y-3/c Edward Bloch
(No Address Available)

An officer back from Archangel tells a story of barter and exchange there which he swears is true.

A British merchant seaman went ashore with ten cigarettes in his pocket. For these the Russians gave him 100 roubles.

With the money he bought 12 wine glasses. Then he took aboard a British merchantman, where the steward, very short of glasses, offered two bottles of gin in exchange.

Tucking them under his arm, he boarded an American merchantman, which was absolutely dry, and swapped them for 6,000 cigarettes.

Ashore again, he sold these to the Russians for 10,000 roubles. With the money he bought two fine skins, which he sold in London to a fur dealer for \$500.

—Peterborough (Daily Telegram)

A young man from the corn belt who was enlisting in the Navy was asked his birthday. "I dunno," said the youth. "Maw never told me."

He brightened. "But I'm 32 years old," he added. "Maw told me once how old I was, and the rest was easy. I added a year every plowing."

"When did you add the year," asked the recruiting officer, "at spring or fall plowing?"

The candidate scratched his head. "Why dern it all," he said, "that explains it. I thought I was getting old too fast."

—Successful Farming

One of the favorite themes of underground jokes is what will happen on the day of judgment.

Goebbels is pictured in one joke as having been admitted, due to a bureaucratic slip-up by St. Peter, into heaven. He wanders around amid the praying and hymn-singing angels, utterly bored.

Finally he discovers a telescope pointing downward through a rift in the clouds, with a sign reading, "See hell. Only five cents."

A nickle furnishes him the astonishing sight of visitors in the netherworld being treated to the very best in wine, women and song.

Goebbels obtains a transfer, but on arriving in hades is pitchforked around amid sulfurous heat.

When he asks about what he saw in the telescope, he is told:

"But that's just propoganda for foreign consumption." — Minneapolis Star-Journal.

Field Marshal Sir John Dill, reports Henry Taylor, has incorporated an American story into his pep talks for the troops:

A passerby saw two teams of kids playing baseball in a Southern town. He asked one of the boys what the score was. "We're behind 28 to nuthin'," said the kid.

"Well," said the stranger, "you dont look very discouraged with a score like that."

"Discouraged? We ain't discouraged. We ain't come to bat yet."

A house agent had a farm on his books which was supposed to be haunted, and to prove that rumor wrong, he decided to engage a man to stay there for one night.

The following day he was up early and went around to see how the man had fared. But the man was not to be found. On the lawn he discovered the remains of a window, sash and shutters completely wrecked—but there was no sign of the watchman.

Four days later the house agent came across him tramping along a country lane three miles away.

"Hallo, George!" he cried. "Where have you been all this time?"

The man wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Boss," he replied, "I've been coming back."

—Tit-Bits

One of the best "survivor" stories since the war has been related by a submarine officer who returned from a hair-raising experience at sea with this little gem:

"We crash-dived and watched the gauges with anxious eyes. Depth charges were popping too close for comfort. We expected the lights to go at any moment. Suddenly the sub's cook rushed into the control room:

"For cripes sake," he yelled, "you've got to do something about that destroyer. My bread's falling!"

—Great Lakes Bulletin