

The B'NAI B'RITH BULLETIN

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

Vol. 1

Marion, Indiana, August 15, 1944

No. 10

NEWS OF THE MEN IN SERVICE

On July 22, Lt. Bob Glogas wrote: "Our last week here (Muroc, Calif.) and we have less idea where we are headed than ever before . . . been flying about in 80 plane formations in which we theoretically bomb the entire countryside (Boulder Dam, Fresno, etc.) . . . always thought I could remain rather happy-go-lucky about all this, but it just doesn't work out that way in the business we're in now." Since receiving the above letter we have heard from Bob's sister, Mary, that he left Muroc on the 26th of July, went east, and dropped a note from somewhere in Newfoundland that his gang was heading toward the European theater via Africa.

Capt. Ben Maidenberg went along on the invasion of Biak Island, where he saw some first hand views of the Marines at work on the Japs. After spending 26 days on the island, amongst which was a solid 36 hour stretch in the same fox-hole, Ben returned to his base and subsequently was flown to an Australian rest base for a short period. He is now in the Dutch end of New Guinea, and as Ben writes: "we are travelling light now, on the move, pushing the Japs closer to home. But they do not seem to have any inclination to give up, so they must be killed."

Capt. Dan Resneck wrote (as did many others) to acknowledge receipt of the semi-annual shipment of the B'nai B'rith "nasheri" package. He adds "recently I visited the Medina section of this town and found a most interesting Orthodox synagogue, probably the only one in the world housing a crypt containing several tombs. The explanation is that the local government once threatened to plow under the cemetery next to the Synagogue; and the only way to save the graves from being desecrated was to extend the building to cover them. The natives, both Arab and Jew, cling to their identities; the Jewish girls wear large gold pendants, the French girls (like Danielle?) big gold crosses. The homogeneity of the American army puzzles these people, and at the same time is a great object lesson in democracy." Well spoken, Daniel, of the ATC. Did you see Bob Glogas pass by?

NAME THE BULLETIN— WIN \$25 WAR BOND

The B'nai B'rith offers a \$25 War Bond prize to the serviceman who contributes the prize-winning suggestion for naming the Bulletin. Judges will be the lodge members by majority vote.

Pvt. Harry Shiff acquired a diabetic condition while in England and was returned to the States for diet treatment. Harry was first sent to the Army Hospital in Galesburg, Ill. but is now at the Vaughn Hospital in Hines, Ill., just outside Chicago. Harry reports as follows on the trip home: "We were flown back in a C-54 from Scotland in 20 hours, and it really was a grand trip. After a week in New York we flew to Galesburg." In case any of you fellows want to get home, perhaps Harry's experience will serve as a hint.

First of the gang to arrive in France was none other than Sgt. Hank Fleck, who was deposited in Normandy along with the rest of the Eighth Air Force a few days after D-Day. Henry says "Our reception in France was lovely, lots of fireworks . . . an infantry landing craft took us to French territorial waters, let the bow down, and said 'everybody out' . . . the water was five feet deep, and I forgot to waterproof my eardrums. Hotel accommodations were quite bad the first night ashore, in fact we had to construct subterranean chambers . . . just before dark I lifted my head to talk with a battle-scarred veteran (one who had landed fifteen minutes earlier and had a good sniper story) but I heard a whistle by my ear, and deciding it was too early for mosquitoes, I ducked my head and became known as the human mole." We never have received the second of your V-mail letter Hank so don't know how the rest of the story comes out. Sounded good though.

Lt. Julian Sector and Mrs. Lt. came chuggin' into Marion in their newly acquired '34 Chevvy al the way from Florida and spent ten days leave at home. Julian is instructing at the infantry school at Camp Blanding, and like all his

contemporaries knows little about what the immediate future holds in store for him. We might report that Julian appears well fed; he and Anne are maintaining a sumptuous one-room apartment overlooking an alley, the housing facilities being such as they are. At least they have a good can opener.

Capt. Max Ganz fast approaching the two years' overseas mark, is due for a leave to the states, and we understand he might be here by Oct. 1st. Max reports he drops in frequently to visit Frank, and often wins from the 83rd in a hot poker game. Max, either your poker playing has improved, or there are no bluffers in the 83rd's poker gang. How about that?

Ph. Mate 1/c Milt Abel securely and comfortably established in Memphis, Tenn., is still telling the boys at the Naval Hospital there about his experiences in the S. Pacific. Likely as not, his wife has heard all the stories by now. Milt is expected home soon for a visit with the General and Jen.

Here's a red hot SCOOP! Edgar Siegel has been promoted to Lt. (j.g.) and to top it off he has "done gone and got married." It happened on August 11 in Indianapolis and the girl is Zelda Klezmer. Ed managed to keep the wooing so secret he even surprised his mother and sister. The destroyer on which he is serving as supply officer assisted in conveying troops in France on D-Day (this is our own deduction) and is now undergoing repairs in New York. We gather that Edgar had such a close shave that he figured he'd better get some of the better things out of life while it was still around. If all this is wrong, Ed, please don't tell us.

Lt. Frank Maidenberg is still sweating out the war with the 83rd Service Squadron somewhere along the Adriatic side of Italy. Frank's movie film which he frequently sends home is a first class newsreel of the Italian scene (peaceful side). He promises a roll on Rome, and we'll be looking for it. Frank's outfit keeps the Thunderbolts flying on their sweeps over the Balkans, Austria and South Germany.

Marion's Style Center

The Paris

Capt. Sam Berman did finally leave Louisiana, was sent to Dallas, Texas, for a short while, and is now at Camp Grant, Ill., from whence he will soon leave for overseas duty. Sam and wife Peggy were in Marion a few days and looked swell.

Major Harold (Doc) Lawn reports from Fort Knox, Ky. "I have been buried in over a thousand cases of psycho-analysis of mildly disrupted and maladjusted boys, and having no other psychiatrist to assist me, have had to stay pretty close to my work. We get reports on our boys' behavior for the first six to twelve months, and find that less than 1 percent give any trouble after they have had intensive psychology, military drill and vocational training at this center. I enjoy receiving the news of all the fellows I knew, and certainly hope to have the pleasure of seeing them all in Marion again SOON."

Thanks to Mrs. Hilda Smith of Lanchashire, England, for her letter to the Roskins with the following on **Lt. Tony Roskin**: "Tony was here on Friday and is sure looking fine and I must say he is a very nice boy (tsk). I went to his station a few days ago and stayed the evening. We had a swell time with all the boys of the airforce and they made us very welcome." Mrs. Smith operates a hotel nearby Tony's base, and having become acquainted with many of the American boys, she writes their folks cheering letters about them. A very thoughtful person.

A letter from our old friend **Eddie Bloch** reveals that **Yeoman Butch Bloch** is hospitalized with a stomach ailment, but is getting along well under Navy care. Apparently this news accounts for the lack of letters from Bud, and we sincerely trust he will be well again soon, and able to eat anything he desires, which, as we recall, was about everything. Here's wishing you a speedy recovery, Bud, and we hope you will find time to write the Bulletin some news about yourself.

Sgt. Sam Fox (promoted again) is sweating out the stork (Annette is in Marion, awaiting). Sam is at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, and manages to pop in and out of Marion quite often, to report the progress of the war to General Adolph.

Main Entrance to Style Center

Leon's

The Army does not seem to be able to make up its mind about **Pvt. Max Klain**. He is now back in Iran again, but as Mitch says, Iraq, Iran, ah be gezunt.

Pvt. Bill Resneck is still stroking the pen at Presque Isle, Maine, with the Finance Corps. Charlotte is also there.

Pvt. Robert Simons has concluded a long and strenuous training period and is now a well qualified "Queen of the Battle." We understand Bob is expecting to be shipped out shortly to a port of replacement, and very likely our next Bulletin will report an overseas address for him. Bon Voyage, Bob.

Lt. Sid Hutner, while on detached (from what?) duty was able to attend a few sessions of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. We could have told him all the time that F.D.R. would be renominated.

A good joke free with every pair.

Harry Lasky's
Shoe Emporium

Lt. Leroy Jacobs switching from Special Service Officer duties, has been assigned to Pittsburg, Kansas Air Base where he is taking training as a pilot of a Piper Cub artillery spotter plane. Sounds like a little more exciting work to us, LeRoy.

Capt. Sid Price continues to serve at the port of embarkation in Pittsburg, Calif. How about a note from you, Sid, with some news of you and the family and what you're experiencing these days?

The news from **T/Sgt. Mark Klain** is very sparse (no relation to the woman marine corps) but we do know that Mark is in the South Pacific, probably at Guadalcanal, which is now a tourist spot on the way to the battlefronts.

Better Trade With Me

Gil Roskin

Your Draft Board Chairman

Marion's Style Center

Resneck's

Apprentice Seaman Allan Zimmerman, a newcomer to the Bulletin, is stationed temporarily at Great Lakes, Ill. We understand Allen has been appointed to an honorary position, known in Navy terminology as "Captain of the Head." Meyer Maidenberg says the Army equivalent was lovingly called the Barracks Room Pimp. We hope to have a more complete report on Allan for our next edition.

Pvt. Irvin "Bud" Fischer is making a tour of the Texas Army camps. At present Bud is at Camp Hood, Texas, occupying some sort of office job. Since his wife, Babs, doesn't know anything further than that about him, what do you expect us to know? Anyway, Bud is now the father of two children, which seems to indicate he has had several furloughs.

Corp. Eli Mark is in France, where he is serving with the supply section of an armored field artillery unit. He advises that the area in which he is located looks much like that at Fort Knox, Ky., but the language spoken sounds other than hillbilly. It's probably the same with a French accent.

Sgt. Sid Jacobs reports "no change" in status, though he's now at Harlington, Texas.

Pvt. Jerome Savesky has a new address but we understand he hasn't changed a bit personally. Still a wolf, but he's doing his best towards good neighbor relations between the U. S. soldiers and the English girls. That's a polite way of putting it. How about a letter, Jerry?

A/S Leonard Lasky, still pursuing naval studies at Notre Dame, came home for a few days and introduced the folks to his intended bride, a nice lassie from Evansville. Haven't met up with a former movie actor named Jackie Cooper, have you Lenny?

Lt. Louis Fehr has arrived in England and is undergoing further training there before embarking on combat missions. Louis writes he expected to be granted a five-day pass during which time he hoped to make contact with some of the Marion boys in the area.

Pvt. Herbert Siminauer is now at Camp Reynolds, Pa., and a letter to his old employer, Sam Fleck, advises: "I am waiting for shipment overseas, and in the meantime am teaching German to an officers class. Also managed to win enough money at craps to buy another war bond." Keep 'em rolling, Herbert, the U. S. Treasury Department gives its full approval.

Capt. M. C. Levinthal is serving in a General Hospital in England. How about an item of news concerning yourself, "Doc" for our next bulletin?

Charles Siegel reports from California he is still working at the "Western Bowl," he is also becoming an authority on jive talk. Write him for a sample at 3420 W. 9th St., Los Angeles, 6, Calif.

Still the Tops, Boys

The Queen City

"Uncle" Geo. Zimmerman, Prop.

A Free Analysis of the War With
Every Pair of Pants

Milton's Clothes

(Gen. Abel, Mgr.)

Highest Prices Paid For
Battlefield Scrap

L. Klain & Sons

Highest Prices Paid For
Battlefield Scrap

Grant Iron & Metals

PSALM OF THESE DAYS

In the hush of evening
When stars fill the skies
And lonely men lie down
To rest tired eyes,
Have you ever wondered
What they're thinking of?
Or how much they miss
Their homes and their love?
When loneliness haunts
And gives no rest
It is then their thoughts
Turn to things they love best
A day at the beach
A stroll in the park,
A sail on the lake,
A kiss in the dark,
An evening at home
Among friends or good books,
Or the warmth that comes
From loves tender looks;
The comfort of fireplace
When night shadows fall;
These then are the thoughts
That return almost nightly
And though the present seems dark
The past still looms brightly;
For God blessed each man with a most
precious thing—
A mind that remembers, and memories
that cling.

The Simons announce with pride that son, Dick, is now editor of the Tipton, Ind., paper.

Gil Roskin has been appointed to the War Service Committee of the B'nai B'rith District Grand Lodge. He and Mae celebrated their 25th anniversary July 3rd with an open house. It was a grand affair. The next day they left for a trip to New York accompanied by Belle Weinberg. They saw several good shows, danced at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf and really enjoyed themselves, in spite of Gil's dancing.

The nations newspapers have doffed their hats to Ben B. Hofstader, a member of the Brooklyn, N. Y. B'nai Brith Lodge. He has donated 24 pints of blood to the Red Cross, the first American to do so. Many of the local B'nai B'rith members have donated several times to the blood bank. At least that's what we think makes them look so pale.

The Big Shoe Store

We also sell little shoes.

Irving Klain, Mgr.

Names and Addresses of Men In The Services

Pvt. Robert Simons
Co. A. 345 Inf.
APO 448
Ft. Jackson, S. C.

Capt. Max Ganz
4th Field Hospital
1st Platoon
APO 464 c/o PM
New York City

T/Sgt. Mark Klain
Hq. & Hq. Sqd.
13th Air Force
APO 719-2 c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.

Pvt. Max Klain
Hq. Co. 95th Signal Bn.
APO 680 c/o PM
New York City

Capt. Ben Maidenburg
70th Troop Carrier Squad.
433rd Group
APO 565 c/o PM
San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. Frank Maidenburg
83rd Service Squadron
APO 520 c/o PM
New York City

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

Lt. A. M. Roskin
B.A.D. No. 1
Sec. 23, Squad. 6
APO 635 c/o PM
New York City

Pvt. Jerome Savesky
4th Base Air Depot
Squad. 7 APO 635
c/o PM, New York City

Capt. Sam Berman M.C.
162nd Gen. Hosp.
Camp Grant, Ill.

Lt. Louis Fehr
406 Bomb. Sqdn. (H)
801 Bomb. Gp. (H) Prov.
APO 639 c/o PM
New York City

Pvt. Herbert Siminauer
Co. B. 4th Group 2nd Reg.
Camp Reynolds, Texas

A/S Leonard Lasky
Co. E. 1st Platoon
Univ. of Notre Dame
South Bend, Ind.

Ph. M. 1/c Milton Abel
U. S. Naval Hospital
Memphis, Tenn.

Sgt. Sam Fox
Det. Med. Dept.
3547 SU
Camp Atterbury, Ind.

Lt. B. H. Glogas
APO 16401
EQ-AA-15
c/o PM, New York City

Pvt. I. B. Fischer
1870th S.U.
U.S.D.B.
North Camp Hood, Texas

Lt. Sidney Hutner
Specialized Warehouse No. 832
Topeke, Kansas

Lt. Leroy Jacobs
c/o Army Air Base
Pittsburg, Kansas

Major H. Lawn
Rehabilitation Center
Office of Psychiatrist
Fort Knox, Ky.

Capt. M. C. Levinthal
186th General Hospital
APO 9826, c/o PM
New York City

Corp. Eli Mark
Battery B. 499th AFA Bn.
APO 403, c/o PM
New York City

Capt. Dan Resneck
Hq. North Africa Sector
Air Transport Command
APO 775, c/o PM
New York City

Capt. Sidney Price
c/o Columbia Park
Pittsburgh, Calif.

Pvt. William Resneck
c/o Finance Detachment, ATC
Preque Isle, Me.

Ensign Edgar Siegel
S.C. U.S.N.R.
USS Moale (DD693)
c/o Fleet Postoffice
New York City

Edward Bloch, Y-3/c
Adv. Amphibious Training Base
Navy 814 c/o Fleet P.O.
New York City

Lt. Julian Sector
230th Bn. Hdqtrs.
70th ITR
Camp Blanding, Fla.

Allen Zimmerman A/S
Co. 1404 USNTC
Great Lakes, Ill.

Sgt. Sidney Jacobs
2123 Base Unit Sec. 1
HAAF, Harlingen, Tex.

Lt. Samuel Dobrow
3908th QM Truck Co.
APO 403 c/o PM
New York City

T/Sgt. Leonard Friedland
19th Weather Squad.
APO 788 c/o PM
New York City

AT HOME

Ruth and Jason Klain are proud to announce the birth of their son, Richard Lee Klain, born June 29th at the Marion General Hospital, unfortunately, the baby resembles his father but maybe he'll out-grow it. Anyway Jason is strutting over the fact that he has two sons to his credit. If it weren't for that 2:30 freight train life would be mighty dull.

Ted and Ada Ginsberg (he's a Major at the Veterans Hospital you know) are infanticipating in January. Ted's the one who broke his ankle playing tennis with Milt Maidenberg several months ago. This gave him some leisure time to putter around the house.

We all enjoyed seeing Lt. and Anne Sector who were home for a week in July. They both look swell. One night during their stay a dinner party was given them at Miller's Supper Club. Those present were Ruth and Jason Klain, Marge and Meyer Maidenberg, Bess and Ben Senn and Irma nad Milt Maidenberg. Everyone seemed to enjoy the food but Jason who found a half of a fresh fried cockroach on his plate of French fried potatoes. Question: Where was the other half?

Anne Savesky and Esther Diamond gave a picnic supper at Esther's during Anne and Julian's stay. After dinner cards and mahjong were played and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

One night at Milt and Irma's we enjoyed sitting in the yard and watching Milt show some movies taken at Lake Manitou about four years ago. Those who starred in this epic were Charlie Siegel, Buddy Bloch, Henry Fleck, Dr. Lawn, Dan Resneck, Bob Glogas, Frank Maidenberg and Bud Fischer. Remember those lazy days, boys?

Jake and Belle's little girl Sissy heard that her mother was going to take her and the twins to Michigan City for two weeks. She was so happy that she jumped up and down with joy and broke her ankle in the process. Result: No trip to Michigan City.

Rae Resneck is on a buying trip to New York. She will probably hit all the high spots as usual and come back to

Remember Me, Fellows?

Still the Same.

Wolf Isaacson

tell us in the hinterland what the well-dressed gal will wear come the winter season.

Leonard Lasky has a boy friend at the Naval Training Station at Notre Dame. He's Jackie Cooper of film fame who just finished a picture "Where Are Your Children?" which deals with the problem of juvenile delinquency. Well, it seems Jackie is getting some first-hand information. He and another boy were charged with contributing to juvenile delinquency as a result of an all night party at the LaSalle Hotel in South Bend. "They're Either Too Young or Too Old."

If Milt Maidenberg ever feels like retiring to the pastoral life we know just what he'd be suited for. The other night at his father-in-law's place in the country he did a neat job of herding some sheep which had wandered up to the house and were nibbling on the roses and parsley.

There are big doings these days in the Berman homestead . . . first came Reuben's announcement that the life of a bachelor is no longer for him. He and Florence Slutsky will say their "I Dos" in the fall. The community has watched the comings and going of the couple and we're glad to welcome Flo to "our town." Scarcely had the tumult died down with the engaged pair when Bessie Berman Weiss presented husband Saul with a baby girl; Davida by name.

Friends of George Zeiller were shocked to hear of his death in action in Italy. George was a medical corpsman, and was in action during the entire Italian campaign. His wife was the former Dorothy Burgauer of Muncie.

Betty Savesky breezed in from Washington for a week's vacation before traveling onward to the Democratic convention in Chicago. We hear that Betty met up with Gracie Allen and graciously gave the comedienne her card. Betty is now managing the Washington Bureau of the Chicago Journal of Commerce newspaper.

Adolph Abel observes that several years will likely be required to rebuild the bombed portions of Berlin. After that, he says, will come the redecorating, but with a different paper hanger.

Dave Kallmeyer is serving aboard the Aircraft Carrier U.S.S. Lexington, and has been on roving duty throughout the Pacific campaigns.

VACATION NOTES

The town has been on the go during the summer months—Jen and Adolph Abel were in Memphis, Tenn., visiting son, Milton and wife. From there the Abels went to South Haven, Michigan for ten days of beach, mahjong and salami. Other Marionites there were Doc and Elaine Weinberg and Bertie Klain Katz and family. The Sam Flecks joined more of Marion (read last month's Bulletin) in Michigan City for a few days of getting away from it all. Tillie and Phil Simons left suddenly for Fort Jackson, S. C., in hopes of seeing Bob once more before he departs for a P.O.R. The Dave Maidenbergs journeyed to New York and Philadelphia for a family wedding. On the return trip "Mom" had a disastrous mishap . . . her false teeth fell down the drain . . . and she was very unhappy until the porter discovered her teeth had been saved. Jean Savesky and Bertie Kuran spent a week "by the beach" at Michigan City. Lee and Esther Diamond took a much needed rest in Chicago but since they took son Bernie along we don't know just how restful it was.

Word of the California Glogas' has reached our ears . . . Willie is working in a shoe store . . . whenever he feels like it, he says . . . Mary is working at the Los Angeles Times . . . not as a reporter . . . she wants to learn how a newspaper operates so she can open her own someday. Mrs. G. is feeling fine and is very happy to be with her family.

The ladies of the Temple Sisterhood prepared packages to be sent to the Russian War Relief. They contained various commodities used by needy Russian families.

Ah yes, Anne (good mama) Savesky had a slight accident the other day. Somehow or other (perhaps she was practicing the rumba) she broke her itty bitsy toe and has a cast practically "up to yeel."

You boys all know Irv Weinberg. Well, he's at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station training to be a dental assistant.

Meyer and Marge are going on a fishing trip to northern Michigan. They will spend a week in the open. We hope it doesn't rain.

Out of the High Rent District

Indiana Dry Goods Store

Gas City, Indiana

Dave Maidenberg, Prop.

HUMOR . . .

Sgt. Mark Klain came into the mess hall, took one look at the table and made for the nearest KP pusher. "Whose bright idea was it to put those flowers on the mess table?"

"The colonel's," answered the KP innocently.

"Really," said Mark. "Pretty, ain't they?"

On a get-together in the States, two Marines were recalling their days at Guadalcanal. One of them remarked that he had a real souvenir of the South Sea Islands—a native girl tattooed on his chest.

"None of that for me," decried the other. "I go for good old American stuff. I have the White House, the American Flag and Eleanor Roosevelt tattooed on my chest," and he opened his shirt to verify the claim.

"Well, I see the White House and the flag," remarked the first Marine, "but I don't see Mrs. Roosevelt."

In surprise, the second Marine glanced down. "Whaddaya know!" he exclaimed. "She's gone again."

The absent-minded professor was having a physical examination. "Stick out your tongue," commanded the doctor, "and say 'ah!'"

"Ah," obeyed the professor.

"It looks all right," nodded the M.D., "but why the postage stamp?"

"Oh-ho," said the professor. "So that's where I left it."

Edgar Siegel recently appeared in the Navy Department wearing a captain's cap. He also wore a Navy raincoat, which bears no insignia. While electrified spectators watched, he stripped it off, revealing an ensign's stripe on his sleeves.

"What are you, anyway?" they asked.

"Why I'm Ensign Seigel. I'm reporting for duty."

"And why the captain's hat?"

"Oh, is it a captain's hat?" Edgar rejoined. "I didn't know. I just bought my uniform yesterday, and I picked out this hat. It was prettier than the plainer ones, and it only cost four dollars more."

Returning to camp one evening, two-star general couldn't produce his identification, and Bob Simons, the soldier on

Representatives in All Parts of The World

National China Co.

(Agents Wanted)

guard refused to let him pass. Exasperated, the general leaned forward, pointed to the stars on his shoulders and belittled, "Do you know what these mean?"

"Sure," popped Bob. "You got two sons in the service."

After a long struggle with the English language, a Frenchman turned to Henry Fleck for counsel.

"What is a polar bear?"

"A polar bear? Why he lives way up north, sits on a cake of ice and eats fish," answered Henry.

"That's is enough. I absolutely will not accept."

"What do you mean, you will not accept?"

"I was invited to be a polar bear at a funeral, but I will not do that."

Two flies were strolling along the ceiling. Suddenly one of them paused.

"You know," it remarked, "human beings are silly."

"Why do you say that?" asked the other.

The first fly tapped the ceiling with it's foot. "Well, take a look," it chirped. "They spend good money building a nice ceiling, and then they walk on the floor."

Otto Kruger, the movie actor, who was once a telegraph operator, has taught his wife the Morse Code. At a dinner party at their home recently, Kruger tapped out this message to Mrs. Kruger: "Have we any more meat?"

He was more than surprised when the guest of honor tapped out the reply: "Thanks, we've had plenty."

Ethel Merman was having lunch in a open air cafe in Central Park. Her dachshund, Hansel, kept begging for food, but Miss Merman was dining on salad and there wasn't a thing for him. But when the man at the adjoining table departed, Ethel saw a whole lamb chop left on his plate. Unable to resist the temptation, she filched it and gave it to the rapturous Hansel. He was busy finishing off the bone, when the man returned to his lunch. He had been called to the telephone.

While visiting in Washington a foreign official took a liking to the delicious cream pie topped with a white fluff

which he frequently had been served for dessert. Having learned that it was called Washington Pie, he ordered it one evening on a train while traveling through the South. When the pie was served, it turned out to be a chocolate cream with a brown fluff. Certain that there had been some mistake, the foreigner summoned the waiter. "I'm afraid you've brought me the wrong dessert," he complained mildly. "I ordered Washington Pie—which is a creamy color with a white fluff on the top."

The waiter studied the dish for a moment. "No suh," he answered. "That's no mistake. You see, in this country we all has two Washingtons—George and Booker T."

A Japanese spy was sent to Washington to spot targets for a Japanese raid. After exhaustive exploration he reported to his superiors: "It is useless to bomb Washington. The American government has been very forehanded. If you completely destroy one building and everyone in it, you accomplish nothing. For they already have two other buildings, completely staffed with people doing exactly the same thing."

Flying through the Pentagon Building, a little pigeon perched on a window sill to rest. Close behind came another pigeon who stopped and said, "Where are you going?"

"Over to section M to deliver an order," answered the first bird. "I'm just resting for a moment."

"What order do you have?"

"No. 2345-X."

"Well, get a move on," chirped the second pigeon. "I have the order that rescinds it."

From somewhere in New Guinea comes this item: "A finance officer at one camp keeps several thousand dollars in currency in his desk drawer. No guard is kept on duty and no money has ever been missing. But in the very same camp, a small amount of medicinal whiskey is stored in a hut over which one officer and two armed men stand guard 24 hours a day."

DON'T LAUGH, THE JOKE'S ON US

In North Africa an MP stopped a WAC because she failed to salute a group of second lieutenants.

"Would you have saluted," she snapped, "if they had called you 'Toots'?"

Members Wanted

\$5.00 Initiation Fee

B'nai B'rith Athletic Assoc.

We Can Shorten or Lengthen
Anything
(To Wear)

Whitcoff's

POETIC LARCENY

Listen boys and you shall hear
Of the troubles of those who persevere
In writing the news of us and youse
In foxhole or jungle for you to peruse.

We rack our brains and tear our hair
And gnash our teeth and curse and swear
We garner the news as best we can
First we call Rae and ask about DAN

We hear that HENRY is in France
And learn about JERRY from all his
aunts
The boys in England long to woo
The mademoiselles and madames, too.

Over all these items we sit and stew
And wonder what will interest you
Milt says write this and Irma that
It almost starts a family spat.

We wish for scandal but it's no go
The Marionites morals are pure as snow
Our daily lives make boring copy
Can we help it if this sounds sloppy?

While you in the east are fighting Japs
We keep up with the war sticking pins
in maps
However we'd rather gaze at the "maps"
You wear beneath your overseas caps.

We've met EDGAR and his pretty wife
He's now prepared for any strife
We hear that MAX will get a leave
Then Ann will have no cause to grieve

FRANK is busy taking pix
To send back home to all us hicks
TONY'S still in the British Isles
Dazzling the girls with his toothy smiles

BOB left with all his fighting crew
We miss you, GLOCO, we really do
ELI'S in France, a fighting Yank
He's seeing the world from the top of a
tank.

We hear that BUD'S been taking pills
We hope he'll soon throw off his ills
A foxhole is BEN'S home from home
It's done in mud with a touch of loam.

LOUIE has dropped his accent Yiddish
He's learning to talk ala British
And so we come to the end of this rhyme
We're sure you'll agree it's just about
time.