

NOV-43

B'NAI B'RITH BULLETIN

NEWS FROM THE BOYS.....

In a letter from Jerry Savesky "somewhere in England" he finishes with a postscript that Tony Roskin just walked in to see him. Needless to comment that it was a grand and glorious get together for the boys.

Phyllis Weinberger writes from Hollywood "had dinner Saturday night with Bobby Glogas...he looks wonderful and we had fun discussing Gas City, Jonesboro and Marion...Bob and Jerry are in the same squadron in fact Bob sleeps above Jerry...poor guy, he got talked into an upper...Jerry claimed he was too old to climb."

Meyer Maidenberg is at present in the Ft. Belvoir, Va. hospital recuperating from a broken ankle...one story is that he tried to turn around in a foxhole and fell over his size 14s...Marge is with him.

Two more of the boys from here are leaving us...Leonard Lasky, now of the Navy, reports to Notre Dame for training Nov, 4 and Bob Simons has been inducted into the army....

Sid Hutner is marching through Georgia....

Julian Sectors is back at Camp Croft as Motor Maintenance Officer....

Milt Abel sent his girl "Tootsy" a bracelet made out of metal from a Jap Zero...The Kid wonder of the Marines is currently sunning himself on Guadalcanal, a place we seem to have heard about before.

Jerry Saveskys letters home are only concerned with two items... and one is about eating....

Max Ganz writes from Sicily: "The country is beautiful, hills and mountains every where. Cantania is a nice city and very modern. Am leaving soon and may get to see Frank again in the new place...will probably be there for the duration."

Frank Maidenberg writes he enjoyed some pleasant Yom Kippur services and hospitality with the Jewish population of Tunis.

Bob Glogs decided he would make a better navigator than pilot, and besides it gives him more time to fall in love. The latest is "Becky", the delicatessen keeper's daughter and Gloco enjoys the free sandwiches and dill pickles no end. The war will never inconvenience me, says Gloco, so long as I am not too far removed from a foist class kosher delicatessen.

Those of you who know Lt. Abe Zimmerman USNR will be glad to know he is getting along in good order on some remote island in the South Pacific. The popular current song there, he writes, is entitled "It All Comes Black to Me Now."

Harry Shiff writes from Pine Camp, N. Y. "On weekends we are able to ferry to Canada, and relax on the beautiful St. Lawrence River...during the week we are on an extensive training program."

Henry Fleck, still in Jolly Old England, says the rabbis talk Hebrew with a Cockney (alter?) accent, but he enjoyed the interesting and different atmosphere pervading the holiday services there. "R.A.F. officers in Yomilkas, English Generals in their red banded caps and red lappelled coats under their Tolith." Not even a complaint from Hank about the English sense of humor, which no doubt will have undergone a severe change here Henry leaves.

Max Klain contributes the following poem from his hideout in Iran (Persia):

SOMEWHERE IN IRAN

Somewhere in Iran where the sun is like a curse
And each day is followed by another slightly worse.
Where brick red dust blows thicker than the sifty desert sand
And all men dream and wish for finer greener land.

Somewhere in Iran where a woman is never seen
Where the sky is never cloudy and the grass is never green
Where the jackels nightly howling robs a man of blessed sleep
Where there isn't any whiskey and the beer is never cheap.

Somewhere in Iran where the nights were made for love
Where the moon is like a searchlight and the southern cross above
Sparkles like a diamond cluster in the balmy traffic night
Its's shineless waste of beauty and there's not a girl in sight.

Somewhere in Iran where the mail is always late
And a Christmas card in April is considered up to date
Where we never have a pay day and we never spend a cent
Where we never miss the money because we never get it spent.

Somewhere in Iran where the ants and lizards play
And hundred of fresh mosquitoes replace each one you slay
So take me back to the States and let me hear the mission bell
For this God forsaken outpost is a substitute for hell.

Bill Resneck is now located in Presque Isle, Maine, where his wife is also living. Bill is still attached to the Finance Detachment, no cracks please about the Engineers.

Dr. Sydney Price writes from Camp Stoneman, California, that he enjoys the B'nai B'rith Bulletin, to learn where all the fellows from Marion are located. "For small town folks, he says, they sure get around." And he's not kidding. Two in Africa, three in the South Pacific, one in Iran, three in England, and more on the way somewhere to the far corners of the world. Syd sends his regards to you all.

Ben Maidenburg after winging his way to the S. Pacific, wasted no time in getting right down to business. "Have flown on seven combat missions against the Nips."

Bud, better known as Pixie, Bloch has been re-assigned to the Amphibious Branch of the Navy, and is already on the high seas headed for a theater of operations. Just leave it to Butch...hope he doesn't get seasick.

Mark Klain has reported several moves but still in the South Pacific Area. Mark is attached to special service branch now, probably scrap collector from the natives.

Eli Mark is sharpening his eye for the enemy behind the sight of an anti-aircraft gun located smack on top of a tank. He is at Ft. Knox, Ky. and is about due for a free ride at Uncle Sam's expense.

Doc Lawn (Major to you) is at the Dept. of Rehabilitation at Ft. Knox, Ky.

Edgar Siegel, of Converse, is Ensign Siegel in the Navy and is sharpening his wits at the Navy school at Harvard.

Sid Jacobs is at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. getting some Air Corps ground crew training, while his brother Leroy, is an instructor at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.

Newest of the navigators, is Louis Fehr. He recently was graduated and sent on to advanced training.

Hope you fellows all received the Chanukah packages sent by the B'nai B'rith. When you do, put them around your Chanukah bush.

We understand Dan Resneck tried to phone Frank Maidenberg recently. As of now he's still waiting for the call to be completed.

MAIN STREET !

Don't accuse us of Plagiarims! We will eventually write about all Marionites---not just those who advertise with us.

6th and Boots wasn't the same with all you boys away during the High Holydays---we missed you all, as we hope you missed us. To top off all adverse circumstances, one of our Leading Dentises slipped up---Joe Kuppins teeth didn't arrive in time so he could blow the Shofar.

By the way, you'll be glad to hear we really rate this year---our new Student Rabbi, Sidney Brooks, is a very welcome addition here, and in his few visits has become very popular. There were about Forty at last Friday's Services---Nuff Sed.

The Little Corporal, alias Betty Savesky is off to conquer new fields--she was sent to Washington as correspondent for the Chicago Journal of Commerce. Guess she didn't have to join the Navy to see the World.

Nan Maidenberg, has also joined the field of journalism--she's the new Marion correspondent for our State Shmoos Gazette---the Jewish Post.

Don't think the home folks aren't being affected by the shortage of Man Power---Harry Lasky is so confined to the store, he's down to six visits a day to Freel and Mason's for his cup of coffee and double order of pie.

Sam Fleck's valuable "Charge de Affaires." Herbert Seminar, is an MP at Camp Custer, Michigan.

Gil Roskin is the new 2nd Vice-President of Ind.-Ky. Bnai Brith Assn.

The General (A. Abel to the uninitiated) sends in a joke he thought you boys would enjoy--Mrs. Cohen and Mrs. Levy met on the street and of course inquired for the whereabouts of their respective sons. Mrs. Levy said "Mine sons is having a wonderful time in the S. Pacific." Mrs. Cohen say "how could he have a wonderful time in the S. Pacific?" Says Mrs. Levy "Well, he's having a fine time visiting relatives--you know the "Solomons".----

Mrs. Sam Fox has joined her husband at Camp Atterbury----

"Groucho (Charlie) Siegal blew in town for the week end from Wright Field.

The Roskins have given out the names of their relatives in England, very freely--rationing being what it is there--Hank Fleck and Jerry Savesky's appetites are a little hard on the English cousins.

Write the Bnai Brith Bulletin for any addresses you want, of the boys in the service we mean---not the other kind.

Keep writing us and telling us what to write about in the Bulletin.