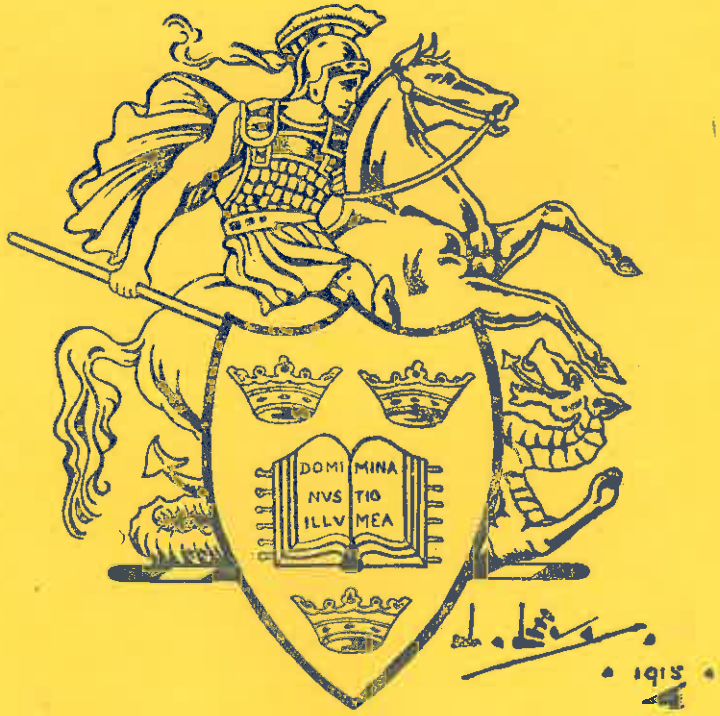

"FRATRES"

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"THERE IS NO FREEDOM EXCEPT THROUGH THE LAW."

"Man has to recognise a *Must*, a Compulsion, a Law, which by his own efforts, and by the help of God, he can more and more completely discover and understand, which he can more and more completely fulfil and obey. He has to bow down in homage and reverence to that law—the law of duty—and in the reverence, and in the free fulfilment of it, he has to find, and he will find, his true human freedom."—CLAUDE G. MONTEFIORE, *Outlines of Liberal Judaism*, page 231.

"FRATRES"

On March 3rd, twenty-nine years ago, the Oxford and St. George's Club was opened in one candle-lit room with a membership of about thirty fourteen-year-old boys; in 1939 its membership was over 3,000. Its aims have not changed, though they have been expanded and clarified, nor have its methods, though they too have been somewhat amended and extended.

The best part of a boy's life at a Public School and at the University is the social life of the House and the College, the education through association, the community spirit, the sense of obligation of one member towards another, the *esprit de corps* of the Fellowship, and the opportunities to indulge in those recreational hobbies which most appeal to the tastes of the individual, be they athletics, art, music, politics, literature or drama. The Club set out to provide these very things for the working boy, who would otherwise have been deprived of them on leaving school at the age of fourteen. Without it, the boy would have had no opportunity for sports and team games; he would have grown up self-indulgent; and the community life would have consisted of street corner gangs. Perhaps in those early days one thought little beyond getting boys off the streets, but once having got them together, it was obviously necessary for them to do something together. The easiest thing to do was to form a football team and to insist upon a strict discipline for its members—punctuality, playing according to the rules; playing to win, but not for "pot hunting," with its tinge of professionalism; playing because the game in itself is good to play. The next thing was to share a holiday together under such conditions that each could feel himself to be the equal of the other. In camp, team loyalty was transfigured into community loyalty. Camp has always been for us a retreat, a withdrawing from the artificial, man-made world of empty enjoyments into a world of nature wherein we could shed the city life and harmonise ourselves with the beauties of our surroundings, and find thereby the difference between lasting happiness and momentary pleasures. Except for the preliminary payment to cover fare and food, no money was, or has ever been, needed for an O.St.G. Camp, because money cannot buy the things we seek there—the beauty of nature, the loveliness of friendship, the inspiration of the sense of community, the experience of the presence of God. In camp we learnt to tolerate one another, to help one another, to share with one another its hardships no less than its fun.

After camp, we returned as a Club, a team of friends, more intimate with some than with others, yet nevertheless a real fellowship of friends, who were beginning to know each other fairly well, to know each other's faults and interests and ambitions.

And so it has gone on—the formation of a Girls' Club and then of an Old Boys' and an Old Girls' Club, a Junior Club, a Play Centre and, to complete the circle, a Grandchildren's Club for members' children. Beneath them all have been two great principles, the development of individuality and the development of Community Fellowship. It is these two ideas which are characteristic of democracy in opposition to totalitarianism. Both matter, the individual and the State. All the citizens of a State are mutually responsible for the individual welfare of each other. There is no regimentation which would suppress individuality; on the other hand, each separate person must, unselfishly and even by self-sacrifice, make his contribution towards the well-being of the whole.

And what are the results of all these years? A great many failures, it is true—boys and girls who have found the standards too high, and

whom, because *they* have not tried themselves, it has been impossible to help; boys and girls who, because the State has not compelled them to be educated during that very period of adolescence when most they needed discipline, have taken advantage of their freedom and have become self-indulgent, vulgarised, thoughtless, perhaps even unmoral or immoral, when they could have been made so great. But it is only necessary to read through the pages of *Fratres* to know how many really grand men and women belong to the great brotherhood of St. George's, and are proud and happy to serve not only their own beloved community, but also the greater community of the State. It is they who have indeed made it all so very worth while—in spite of the disappointments and the failures.

On looking back and around, there is one thing that is certain, and it is that it is because our brotherhood has been based upon our whole-hearted belief in the Fatherhood of God that the bonds of fellowship are so strong and so real. If we did not know that He wanted us to do this job *for Him,* we should have been overcome and have given it up long ago. If it were not that we have felt His help and known His love, we could never have done what has been done. On trying to see into the future, the O.St.G. will completely fail unless it is always carried on in the light of this fundamental principle and faith.

The social life in the Services is not unlike that of the Club. One member writes: "I have made a lot of new Club brothers." Self-discipline, loyalty, *esprit de corps,* and good comradeship are as necessary in a Service unit as in a Club. But what is even more important, they are the necessary characteristics of the citizens of the new State which must be built up when victory brings us peace. Yet if that peace is to be lasting, then it is essential that every Jew must find his individual freedom by being completely bound by the yoke of God's Law, and every Christian by implicit obedience to the will of Christ.

TRIGGER TORRANCE.

"I managed to obtain the best bombing average of the four of us that were trained together. 'If I can keep this up on 'ops.' I should be able to 'shake' the Hun and the Ities." This is a quotation from Trigger's letter in the last number of *Fratres.* His first operational flight was over Berlin; he went there in that spirit, but alas, he has not returned. He is reported missing; there is still a very slender hope that he may be alive.

We have seldom had a boy who so typified in himself all the best that is conveyed by the two words: English Jew. A magnificent athlete, a fine sense of humour, a sterling character of honest sincerity, intelligent, enthusiastic, popular with everyone, and dearly loved by his circle of close friends.

We have received such a brave letter from his mother, who writes: "I am very glad to know that you have such a high opinion of my son, but I must add that much of the credit is due to you and your Club." She enclosed the following letter from his Commanding Officer:

> "During your son's all too short stay with my Squadron, he had quickly settled down and become very popular for his cheerful and friendly disposition. He had proved himself to be a good man at his job too, and great things were expected for him. His loss, a temporary one I pray, is a heavy blow to the Squadron, to the Service and to the great cause for which he so nobly fought."

Such a fine fellow can ill be spared. His loss would be indeed a heavy blow, not only to his Squadron and to his Club, but also to his country.

ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ENGLAND.

These quarters are excellently situated in an hotel on the sea front. About thirty yards in front of me, at the foot of the cliff, lies the beach, its yellow sands turned to a golden hue by the light of a strong February sun,

which at this time of the year would perhaps be a most welcome visitor in more northern climes. Over the white foam at the water's edge a seagull glides, as though it were the proud possessor of all the ocean. Now it wheels, now dips, now wheels again, and then swoops suddenly on some object, visible no doubt only to itself. Now it is skimming the smooth blue surface of the water as it wings its way to some barren rock in the centre of the bay.

The scene has changed. The sky is overcast. The sun has disappeared behind the clouds, and rain threatens. Everything seems dark and gloomy. The trawlers which were gently rocking in the slight swell have now turned and are slowly steaming for the haven of their anchorage.

As swiftly as they came, so did the clouds vanish, leaving a scene that gladdens the heart of all lovers of nature. White birds twisting and turning against a background of blue sea. Green wooded slopes, broken at the base by brown rocks, which in turn give place to the firm golden sands dotted here and there by pools of water left by the receding tide. In the distance on both sides of the bay are two brown and white stone fishing villages bathed in the soft warm sunlight of a pleasant Sunday afternoon.

HYMAN KIRSHENBERG.

BENEATH THE VEIL.—VII.

The following letter is from a complete stranger. He is a Captain serving in the Middle East, and little comment is required on what he has written except one of gratitude at so much understanding and sympathy:

> "I suppose I had better introduce myself. My name and rank you will have noted and my attachment to you and your aims is twofold. First, I have one of your bright young sparks in my unit, and secondly, my home is in the East End, as I was bred and born in Bethnal Green. Your Club and Settlement have long been known to me, but I must confess that only of late have I come fully to realise your aims in their true aspect.
>
> "I would like to congratulate you on your spirited defence of 'Jewry.' I, as a Gentile, appreciate perhaps more than most what Judaism should mean to all who are born Jews, and if only your real spiritual feelings could be known to more so-called Christians, how much easier a world this would be. I am a Christian, very proud of my religious beliefs, but I do not allow them to blind me to all that is good, holy and upright in the creeds of my friends and neighbours, be they Jews or members of the many and varied branches of professed Christianity. I have lived with, worked with, and played with Jews practically all my life. I am very proud of my Jewish friends, and I am very proud of the two Jewish members of my little unit. I live for the day when we at home are able to be long-sighted enough to see that all are brothers, and to live that way.
>
> "Should there be any way in which I could be of assistance to you, your aims and ideals, please let me know. I would be glad and proud to play my part in preparing a greater and better homeland for all. As one of your correspondents so rightly says, the Holy Land is everywhere—in the back streets, in the fields, in the homes and in the works—everywhere where we allow the goodness of God to permeate and brighten our lives. God is willing to do all that, if only we on our part show our trust and love in Him."

It is eighteen months since the last article under this heading appeared in *Fratres.* In the meanwhile many letters on the subject of religion were printed in the *Synagogue Review.* I have received few letters which have caused me to think quite so much as the following, which was written by a very keen soldier after his first taste of a very dangerous and bloody battle:

> "My emotions must have been the same as millions of others who

have fought, and if anything I am sadder, but stronger of mind after having been through it. I must confess that at times I have been more scared than I thought I would have been. My faith in God has been my help, all the time. I shall go back and fight again, if called upon, against my (how can I express it?) physical emotion or mental reason, but not against my will."

It would seem that it is not only danger or homesickness which are making members want to pray, as may be seen from this letter:

"Out here one thinks a great deal, and at times I pray for the safe deliverance of another day. I have never been truly religious, but I like to think I am not drifting away from Judaism altogether."

And this one, received from overseas:

"A thing I must inform you about is your book entitled *Prayers for Trench and Base.* I have never yet read a book which is so interesting and appropriate to everyday life in the Army. I have been in the desert for quite a while, and am beginning to realise the true meaning of Judaism and the true meaning of God, and my belief in Him grows stronger day by day."

When past and present members talk of the Club Prayers as having become a meaningless habit, they will find a new understanding of them from this letter, the writer of which has probably forgotten the story of Hannah:

"The words 'Trench and Base' are really reminiscent of the last war, but as our fathers prayed 'neath a sky, so must we. Even though the sky is our roof and the prayer may not be from a book, the thought and the prayer are still there. To an onlooker a chap may seem to be talking to himself, and he may think that the sun has affected him as he is just moving his lips and praying, nothing escaping from his lips but a silent jumble, almost like a stage whisper. To me that is what it seemed like in the Club, a prayer together with my other Club members. Now I must pray alone, although there are certain prayers for all faiths. The average thinker does not turn and thank God, but says: I am in luck to-day. When I was at the Club I took advantage of the opportunities for P.T., and so really there are two main ways in which the Club has helped me, physically and mentally."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Betty Rushfield was married to Leslie Joseph on February 7th, and Eddie Horeman's wedding took place on February 13th. Willie Cayton has surprised us all by telling us he too is married.

We congratulate Jelly Bernstein on his engagement to Frances Adler, and we joyfully welcome the safe arrival of our new grandchildren: Alf and Mrs. Biller's daughter on December 1st; Phil and Mrs. Kunick's son, Norman Malcolm, on January 13th; Hyman and Mrs. Bronstein's daughter on January 17th; and Kate and Mark Guter's daughter on January 24th.

Ever since Mark's wedding Myer Guter has been in the London with Sinus trouble; he is now much better. Kackie Eichen has followed his brother's example, and himself describes what happened and how he is. Len Barclay is doing satisfactorily, but is still in hospital. We are glad to hear of Harry Morris's progress. It is difficult to find a more disappointed chap than Tanny Goldstein is at being discharged from the Army, but he certainly seems very much better, though not yet fit. Mendy Liebner, Monty Gold and Jack Crest have also been deemed unfit for service.

We are especially pleased that Syd Glickman has obtained his Wing as Sergeant Air Gunner, and we congratulate the following on their promotions:

Sam Veltman to Capt.; "George" Jewell to Lieut.; Sidney Cornbleet to Sergt.; Percy Fox (I.), Joe Shur and Alf Wiseman to Cpl.; Syd Kaufman

(I.) to L/Bdr.; Harry Merkel to L/Cpl.; Jack Hoffman, Hyman Rosenbaum, Nathan Rothenberg, Paul Shoben, Nick Skolnick and Bernard Zlotnicki to L.A.C.; Percy Lefcovitch, Robert Wayne, Graham Webber and Alex Wilson to A.C.1.

LUXURIES IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

I am feeling a little peeved to-day; our part one orders read that we shall wash, shave and clean our teeth in a pint mug only half filled. I think that is going to be a bit of a job; anyhow, I will give it a try out in the morning and see how it shapes. I had a wash to-day, and I couldn't make out why the soap wouldn't lather, and when I tasted the water it was salty, so you can imagine the kind of wash I had. I don't mind being called a "desert rat," but it seems that now we are going to live like one. However, we shall take consolation in the fact that Tripoli is sure to be full of fresh water, then we can use as much as we like.

We moved up yesterday to a really good spot, right near the sea, and there is even grass where we are working from; one can almost forget that we are still in the desert. I was going to have a bathe in the blue this morning, but the sun wouldn't come out so I had to let it slide, but all being well I will have one to-morrow. It will be right strange, as I don't remember the last time I had all my clothes off at once. I think it was at Mersa when I had the luxury of a bathe in the bay. Talking about luxury, I am just at the height of it. During the course of our advance up here I have procured, begged, borrowed or looted various items that make life quite enjoyable. I am the proud possessor of a really comfortable bed, a nice-fitting pair of desert boots, a really first-class primus stove, and all the necessary cooking utensils, including a frying pan and saucepan. All I require now is the food to cook; even so, if I can't get that, at least bully beef and biscuits go down well after I have given them a good fry-up.

I must start to close now as it is getting near cooking time. To-night we have a tin of sausages to do justice to, and won't we do justice to it! I only hope nobody walks in before the four of us have tucked it all away. . . . We have eaten our supper, it was simply grand. One chap did walk in; he just managed to get a drink of cocoa from us. I'll write again from Tripoli.

PHIL CAPLIN (3/12/42).

WEST END AMUSEMENTS.

SONGITIS.

My Mama done tol me that it was *Jealousy* that made *Dinah* say: "*I'm wild about Harrry; You started something* when you were *In the mood. I don't want to set the world on fire,* but *When the lights go on again all over the world,* I'd like to spend an *Autumn in old London Town,* and then go to *Idaho,* where they *Begin the Beguine* at *Daybreak.*"

"*Yes, my darling daughter,*" replied her mother, "*You are everything I love,* and *When I love, I love,* and if we have a *White Christmas,* I will show *My devotion.* You can show *Yours* by inviting *Amapola* and *Russian Rose* for a trip with us to *Kalamazoo* in *Apple blossom time,* when we can all *Be like the kettle and sing.*"

"Now that *Spring is here again, At last,*" said Dinah's brother, "I must get rid of the *Sand in my shoes,* which I thought was *Stardust,* and sing the *Serenade in blue* to *Conchita Papita,* and then I must have *The first waltz* with *Honeysuckle Rose,* and the *Anniversary waltz* with *Sweet Sue.*"

"*It's the moon, my son,*" said his mother. "*Oh! the pity of it all.*"

FILMITIS.

It doesn't very much matter the way *In Which We Serve* if, when asked, "*Went the Day Well?*" we can say, "*Me and My Gal* are preparing

a *Paradise for Two.* We sit watching *The Moon, and Sixpence* is spent each week by both of us on National Savings."

When we read that *The Navy Comes Through,* we know that because we haven't been *Happy Go Lucky* with our earnings, they haven't *Gone with the Wind.* We can say to *The Great Dictator, You Can't Escape for Ever, The Captains of the Clouds* will get you.

When *The Foreman went to France,* he met *Sergeant York* with *Nine Men* who were *Rookies,* and they said to each other: *"It's that Man Again."*

Mrs. Miniver said to *My Gal Sal: "You Were Never Lovelier,"* but *My Sister Eileen,* who was watching the *Moon over Miami* with *The Pride of the Yankees,* said: *"How Green was My Valley;* it reminded me of the *Arabian Nights Entertainment."*

The Knight of the Garter wanted to know who would reap the *Random Harvest;* he was told to ask *Sherlock Holmes in Washington.*

THEATREITIS.

Old Mother Riley had invited *The Man Who Came to Dinner* to stay for a *Quiet Week-End.* He had told his wife, *Claudia,* that he would be *Sleeping Out.* She said: "That will be *Fine and Dandy;* put on your *Best Bib and Tucker,* and as there will be *No Orchids for Miss Blandish,* go to *The Merchant of Venice* and get some *Arsenic and Old Lace."*

On arrival he was shown the *Flare Path,* and he disturbed the *Men in Shadow* by shouting: *"Hi! Gang!"*

He was due home *Monday Night at Eight,* but stayed *A Month in the Country.* Some of his pals blamed *A Little Bit of Fluff. Aren't Men Beasts?*

B. P.

(It's that man again—Editor.)

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

I've made the interesting discovery that, when they are encountered in pubs off parade, men with stripes are human beings, and moreover, the best kind of human beings you'll find in uniform. Well, that's a rather sweeping statement. Officers may be human too, but on our station they seldom descend from Olympus. A.C. Plonks, on the other hand, are the lowest form of pond life. I used to think Corporals were, but I was prejudiced. Rookies are the people whose table and bedroom manners are disgusting, whose drill is sloppy, and who deserve nothing better than ENSA concerts. They are the people who keep losing their own and stealing each other's equipment, and worrying the life out of their Warrant Officers. It is the men with the bright clean shoulder flashes who flirt with the Naafi girls and get drunk every night, who dodge fatigues and scrounge cigarettes, who talk politics and don't salute officers, and they are the ones who crowd N.C.O.s off the dance floors and pick fights with soldiers. Oh yes, we're an awful crowd, we rookies.

Officers are those people one sometimes sees with very erect backs and well-dressed women. And those worried-looking chaps who can't wear their F.S. caps properly and always give commands on the wrong foot, they're Warrant Officers. But the N.C.O.s they're the poor blokes who have to do the route marches and go over the assault course with every new intake, who have to see to the guards, fatigues and fire-picquets, go on courses, give lectures, answer silly questions from the C.O., show us how everything *should* be done, after the W.O. has shown us. They're the poor blighters who have to refuse drinks from airmen and be on parade before the rest of us. I both pity and admire them, and pray that I may never be offered stripes—not unless a pair of wings goes with them. That reminds me, I've re-mustered for Air Crew, and this time passed the medical. The wireless is now playing Brahms' Hungarian Dance No. 6, a favourite of mine. "Tripe!" says a bloke, which only goes to prove what I said before.

Here I am in the guardroom. There are twelve of us, reading, writing, or just lying on the beds and cussing softly. It's raining, so we might as

well be on guard as anywhere else. I've a couple of letters to write and a book on navigation to last me through the day. We had to turn out once or twice to salute a few officers, who drove throught the gates in dilapidated cars and with smart women. (They've always got women—the officers, I mean, not the cars: I think women are part of an officer's equipment.) The guard corporal had obviously left his drill days far behind, and this was his first Main Gate Guard. "Quick, what do we do now?" he whispered frantically as the Group Captain showed the S.P. his pass. "Slope," I whispered back. "Guard, Slooope Aaarms!" roared the corporal; we sloped. "Present," I told him out of the corner of my mouth. "Present Aaarms!"; the guard presented arms. The G.C. sped by without returning the salute. I don't think he was aware of us. A loud raspberry followed his car as it passed us. "All right, lads," said the corporal, which meant, "Slope arms—order arms—right turn—quick march."

There's something exhilarating about this camp life, something crisp, vigorous, alive. I like it.

A corporal has just popped in and asked who's on next. No one answered. He should be telling us, not asking. These corporals are a revelation to me after the tin pot gods on my other station. They nearly always put a "please" or "will you?" on the end of their orders, and you can always swear back at them except on very formal occasions. The old "stand-to-attention-when-you-speak-to-an-N.C.O." is not on this camp. Instead, it's "Do this, will you, chum?"

Cheerio, be kind to the Cadets and other dumb animals.

HAROLD LEVY.

HOBNAILS ON MY BOOTS.—No. 7.

I rate Early Morning Rising as one of the greatest hardships of Army life; it is to me a miserable trial that grows none the less easy to bear, despite many months' experience of it. Even as I write, thoughts of similar mornings ahead cause me to blanche externally and cringe internally, while—— But there: I mustn't let my emotions carry me away; at least, not until you begin to understand the extent of those sufferings which press upon me almost beyond endurance. Let me tell all.

I am at the most enjoyable moment of what I modestly consider to be a bravely-earned sleep, when what happens? A large-sized portion of my conscious mind is shocked back to life by some ghoulish noise. This noise is penetrating, persistent, obscene. I convince myself that I've heard nothing, that I'm the victim of hallucinations, probably the result of the NAAFI supper I ate the night before. I pull the blankets over my head, symbolically shutting out a hard world. Bed is the soldier's most precious privilege, and I'm determined that nothing shall encroach upon my sacred preserves—not before it has the right to, anyway. Lazily I turn over, luxuriously positive that it can't possibly be more than 3 a.m. at the latest. The foul noise persists, however, and penetrates through my defence of blankets and wishful thinking, until I am forced to admit that it's real after all. I had known it was so all along, of course; but on occasions—and this is one of those occasions—I'm a prevaricating mortal like the rest of my ilk, in that I believe just what I want to believe.

Through the enveloping swathes of dazedness cut the inexorable words, "Wakey! Wakey!" repeated with staccato tirelessness by the guards. I groan feebly in my snug retreat, knowing that the coming farewell to this beloved friend is not far distant. "Wakey! Wakey!" reiterate the monsters outside. I curse the guards who seem to be screaming their throats to shreds for my especial benefit. Don't they trust me to get up? Am I deaf? Have they no sympathy for a brother trooper? Or what?—confound their hides. I decide that they have C3 souls. Still, it really is time to get up, I tell myself. The situation is serious, so I turn over once again to consider the position. I concentrate so hard on the urgency of the problem

that I doze off. "Wakey! Wakey!" shriek the guards more viciously than ever. I am startled back to semi-consciousness. I fervently repeat my curses, with improvements, going on to curse the squadron's silly mode of Reveille, the Army in general, and Adolf most of all. Some energetic busybody has switched on the lights, and heavy boots are clumping over the floor. Sounds very much like a couple of jitterbugging idiots wearing lead footwear, running riot on sheets of metal. To add to my misery, a cold-blooded individual below is bellowing the Toreador Song in a horribly cracked baritone voice. It's no use. With grim violence I throw the blankets off me, and am met by (1) a rush of air which strikes coldly on my over-heated body, and (2) a foetid smell. The cold and smell struggle for mastery, but I have no hesitation in awarding the palm to the smell. I sit up, shivering, striving weakly to shake the fog from my half-closed eyes. Bitterly I condemn the rotten state of affairs which imposes on decent chaps the need to vacate paradise at such a nauseatingly indecent hour.

I stagger to my feet and grope for my pants, on which I have been lying. I manage to pick them up after only one miss, then my cobweb-filled eyes search for the immaculate creases the weight of my body should have given them (the pants, not eyes). I discover that I have two creases on each trouser leg, but I don't complain; I usually find a total of six creases. I start to don the pants. My left lower limb seems bent on making a home in the right trouser leg. Efforts with my right leg show the same results. The process as a consequence becomes complicated. Drunkenly I sway to and fro in desperate attempts to get my wilful legs into the equally wilful pants. The final hitch-up is at last achieved—with a startling suddenness which causes me to fall down on to my bed. At this point I give birth to a series of prodigious yawns, moodily scratch my head, and swear that to-night I shall go to bed the minute I finish work. The daily vow taken, there is the question of boots to be put on and laced. I pick up one specimen and the weight of it almost drags me, weak as I am, to the floor. After many miscues my feet are finally encased in their unbeautiful coverings. Lacing them under such conditions is an art, and I have to concentrate hard to poke the leather strips throught their rightful holes. This intricate process evokes more curses, because my eyes are half bunged-up and see three holes where only one exists, and invariably I bet on the wrong hole.

My towel and toilet requisites now accompany me to the wash room. Two gentlemen are ahead of me, waiting their turn at the basin. To while away the time I fall into a stupor as I stand. It's my turn at last.

The first thing I do is to gaze into the mirror, and the usual horrible sight leers back at me. I wince and start back, affrighted at the spectacle. "Damme," I think, "is Hitler an innocent person after all, or is the mirror distorted?" I take a careful look into the glass to convince myself that I really did see what I saw, and am met once again by the ghastly caricature of a face. I shudder and fill the basin. The water, though clear, looks cold. I place a tentative finger into the water and gulp tremblingly. The stuff is freezing. I tense fiercely, close my eyes, think of the chaps in Africa who would be glad to be in my position, then violently plunge both hands deep into the basin. I feel as though I've been electrocuted, but having once taken the plunge carry on grimly. We British are like that. Ordeal No. 1 over, No. 2, i.e., the shave, has to be faced. This calls for further meditation, so I meditate. Suddenly, without warning, two cold, clammy hands hit me across both cheeks and vigorously commence to soap them. It is some seconds before my startled brain realises that they are my own hands busy on my face, hands jerked to their present position by some curious nervous reflex action. Face lathered, my razor works at lightning speed, slashing off paths of dark growth and soap; all things considered, it is perhaps inevitable that pieces of my chin and jaws should come away with the stubble. The shave is over, and in more senses than one I feel a bloody mess. My fighting blood is up as well as out, and vigorously I

splash water over my head, neck, face, the walls, the mirror, and the fellows standing behind me. Drying myself, I tell the said fellows that the water's not too cold; that, in fact, it's surprisingly warm. Now that I've finished washing, I honestly believe this to be true.

I finish dressing, then go to breakfast. The morning is dark, cold and cheerless. The day's duties loom menacingly near. "Yes, I'm getting into bed the minute I finish work," I think once more, and march into the dining hall. But I know full well that I'll do no such thing, but will stay up until the last possible minute.

SAM KIRKWOOD.

CLUB NEWS.

The People's Palace Concert on January 28th was a tremendous success, and over £200 was made after a night of enjoyment over a galaxy of talent, Tommy Trinder being on the stage in excellent form for most of the evening.

There was an important General Meeting of both the Clubs with regard to National Service of members over the age of 15½. It was almost an unanimous opinion that everyone of this age group should be doing Naitonal Service of some description, but there were some who felt that the Club was trying to compel members, that this was contrary to the Club spirit, and that in so far as the State had not made service compulsory, it was not the job of the Club to try to do so. It was pointed out that the State does not compel people to do what is right, whereas the Club does try to do this, and that because it is so obviously right that those who are physically capable of doing so should help the State in this hour of crisis, it is the Club's duty to insist upon its members doing so. There is a big difference between insisting and compelling,* and it is hoped that no member will be excluded from the Club because he refuses to do what the Club (and he in his heart) knows to be right.

Both the Senior and Junior Teams are in the finals of the A.J.Y. Football. Great celebrations are being prepared for the twenty-ninth anniversary of the foundation of the Club on March 3rd. Both the Boys' and Girls' Clubs have entered for a Display at the People's Palace on March 18th, when the President of the Board of Education inaugurates a Stepney Youth Demonstration, and both the G.T.C. and the Cadets are taking part in a "Wings for Victory" March through the borough on March 6th.

Nine Cadets are sitting for Certificate "A" (Part I.) Examination, and in spite of the loss of Cadets who have joined the Forces, the strength of the Company has slightly increased.

Inadvertently the names of Chinner and Hymie Eichen were omitted from the list of old boys helping in the Junior Club mentioned in the last number.

STOP PRESS.—Both Football Cups won. Eight Cadets got Cert. "A."

ROGUES' GALLERY.

We are getting on towards that hundred per cent., but there are still many defaulters. We thank the following for having come off the black list: Sam Abrahams, Hyman Bronstein, Gilbert Gold, Monty Gold, Alf Goldberg, Esmé Henriques, Charles Kaye, Hyman Kirshenberg, Leon Levontine, Goff Michaels and Jock Mocatta.

THE MONTHLY SNIGGER.

Sam must think these out before early morning rising:

THREE STAGES OF MAN.

Hitler, 1939-1943: Offensive, Defensive, Apprehensive.

* *According to the Oxford Dictionary "To insist" is "to make a demand with persistent urgency"; "To compel" is "To force."*

PLAY THE GAME.

We are told that on the proper or improper use of merchant shipping rests the difference between victory and defeat.

This should be easy to understand—YOU boats!

THE WAY BACK.

Which reminds us that the Germans must now be very appreciative of that stirring Russian air, "The Song of the Flee."

TIME SAVING.

"120,000 German shops to be closed."

This means that the Nazis won't be able to queue up for the goods they couldn't get in any case.

"WHERE'S THAT PROPAGANDA?"

"Churchill in Turkey."

One can imagine what impression this has had on the Nazi chiefs—"Goebbels-Goebbels-Goebbels."

TROUBLE.

Runs the famous song: "There's something about a soldier . . ."

True—and, damn it, the Sergeant-Major is always finding it out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANON.:

"We dropped a copy of *The Jewish Chronicle* over Germany on our last trip, and our friends have thought it was a huge joke. They all expressed the hope that it fell in the garden of one of the local Gestapo."

ANON.:

"A little secret in your ear. For years I prided myself on misogynistic views. Women held no part in my young life, which was mainly wrapped up in that subject of subjects, JAZZ. But now I find myself being drawn slowly but surely into the clutches of a designing woman. Can it be that this confirmed, hardened bachelor is slipping into the awful pithole of oblivion that is commonly known as LUV. I cannot say, but I find myself pondering sub-consciously over such words as Engagements, Rings, Homes, Fiancées, Wives. No, Gaffer, I am not immune; in fact it is beginning to dawn on me that I am no more than an average person. (*Urgent Plea.*—Please do not print the above in *Fratres* as the many of my friends whom I have sneered at because of their enslavements will shed no tears over taking my sarcastic knife out of their backs and plunging it back into my own.)"

(*The secret's ours until engagement, ring, home, fiancée and wife are a reality—Editor.*)

ANON.:

"I was taken to see the C.O., and this dignified gentleman calmly informed me that my platoon sergeant had recommended me for a commission, and was I prepared to accept. For a moment I went into a flat spin, and my fanciful imagination began to work at top speed until reality asserted itself and I realised that (*a*) a commission was an expensive affair, and (*b*) I could not afford it. I informed the C.O. to this effect, and he seemed somewhat disappointed. I believe I did the right thing, but I would like to have your opinion."

(*Contributions on this subject will be welcomed—Editor.*)

(*On or for?—Sub-Editor.*)

ALF ABRAHAMS (overseas, 16/1/43):

"I am out of hospital and I am very well and feeling no effects from my recent injury. I have been transferred to another battalion. I was very sorry to leave the old one, as I have been in it since I joined the Army. Sam's article on Army life was very amusing, and alas, only too true. Since arriving at this camp they have devised ways and means to help the chaps

to get really fit again. There is, for instance, a battle course, with jumps into pits, walls to climb, and many other unorthodox ways to overcome obstacles. The fact that I am able to do most of these things shows that I am really fit. If I had been asked to do these things in Civvy Street I would probably have collapsed from fright only by looking at them."

SAM ABRAHAMS (overseas, 15/1/43):

"Ben Kliger's brother is here with me, and refreshed my memory with some old Camp snaps of Highdown and the beach at Goring. I remembered quite a few of the old faces, never forgetting my past friend, Shorty Shur."

JOE AITMAN (overseas, 11/2/43, cable):

"Am well and fit. No news of you for some time. Best wishes to all at home."

SID ALTMAN:

"There are very few fighter pilots who can fly as ours can. When a kite flashes at goodness knows how many miles per hour *three feet* (no exaggeration—or diminution) above one's head, it is conducive to belief in the pilot's ability, and when I saw a Spitfire make a perfect landing with two feet nipped off a wing after hitting a tree, well, that kite is good. Can there be any doubt now as to who is doing the worrying and collar-loosening? Hitler is in a back-to-the-wall position, except that there is no wall—he is safe from attack nowhere. From every angle men approach, men who know no turning back until their object is achieved. Those still under his control look out with brighter eyes. In the peace we must not fail them, just as we must not fail ourselves. I hope that for youth the A.T.C., G.T.C., Cadet Battalions, etc., are purely war-time measures, and will close down so far as Clubs like ours are concerned."

HENRY BALCON:

"It is all very strange to me here, and I am afraid I am a bit too old to like it."

LEN BARCLAY:

"I had been having rather a rough time. I waited a while, knowing that you would rather hear that I was making good progress, which is now the case. I was nearly two stones lighter. (How you must envy my loss of weight, but you, too, could have a body like mine in seven days.) I was surprised to learn of Barney Callis and Henry Balcon being called up. I really can't imagine either of them 'roughing' it with the Forces. I managed to gain three pounds this week."

MICK BARRIE:

"I've moved once again. I'm at a pretty good camp, but I'm afraid those trips home have now to be forgotten about. On my next leave I shall have more time to spend with you, now that 'Brylcreem and Co.' have decided to discontinue producing their lady-killing hair-cream."

(*Because perms can be done in Berner Street?—Editor.*)

LOU BELLMAN:

"This is a brand new barracks, and if this is what the 'poor' infantryman has to put up with, I'll transfer immediately. I have just had a smashing hot bath, exactly like home. Boy, this is the life.

(Later.) "After three weeks of heaven in an ultra-modern camp, we have been whisked away to this bleak spot. We have been on really intensive training and the offensive training we got was first rate. *Fratres* seems to grow more beautiful with every passing month."

HARRY BENTLEY (overseas, 25/12/42):

"It is very cold out here, and there has been a lot of snow on the mountains. The farmyard that we have has decreased, because we had a pig for dinner last week, and it was very tasty too. I will be glad when

I get a letter from Ginger Singer and Tommy Brown. I hope they are safe. Sam Kirkwood gets funnier every time. I must tell you about our Christmas dinner. On the menu there was pork, and turkey, cabbage, and roast and boiled potatoes. There were two pigs and a dozen turkeys. I had nearly half a turkey, and a plateful of pork, and my plate was piled up in the air. Then I had Christmas pudding and rum sauce, more rum than sauce though. Twelve cases of beer, and there are forty-eight bottles of beer in a case. I saw quite a bit of action, and had a very narrow escape one night when I got machine-gunned. If it had not been for a rubbish pit I would have been kicking up daisies now."

(22/1/43.) "I am still in hospital, but I don't think it will be long now before I am out."

(Keep out until next Christmas—and then beware!—Editor.)

SID BERNER:

"I am in the very best of health and am enjoying this life. Our Eighth Army seems to be the eighth wonder of the world. I am itching to get out and do my share. I would like to show that the Jews did do their share towards victory. The Scandal Sheet was, as usual, very witty, and always makes me feel (if there is such a word) Clubsick. I am just as fit as ever, have just come off an exercise. It lasted three days, and I surprised myself."

ARNOLD BERNSTEIN (overseas, 14/1/43):

"I still have received no copy of *Fratres*. To-day I had an airgraph from a Club member; thank Mark Slater for the kind thought. Life on the whole is not too bad nowadays. We have plenty of sport, and we also have a football league."

COLIN BERNSTEIN:

"Although the Club is not the same as I am used to, the 'something' is still there, like some unknown quantity that baffles a lot of people—perhaps quality is the word, because it is not the amount or the glamour of a club that attracts the boy to-day, but the goodness that can come of such association. Among the average serviceman there is no complacency, but it would be hardly true to say that everyone is crazy for service abroad and is just weeping every time a boat leaves without them. We win because we are so highly trained; the men who leave the Mother Country to-day are efficient technicians, and fighters.

"I have now to decide whether to part my tash in the middle or curl it. Owing to the shortage of curlers I shall brush it back straight from the nose. So there! It still receives much attention, for one thing the girls giggle, and I am not going to tell you the position as to how I achieve it. (No cracks in *Fratres* about that, please!) You might quote, however, that I ask the Comforts Fund for some foot-paste and tash-darkener."

(They sent him razor blades instead—Editor.)

JELLY BERNSTEIN:

"I've got engaged to an old Club member, Frances Adler; her brother Albert is in the 1914 Club. I am getting used to the Battle Course, and it seems to get easier every day, although it is very tiring running about all day. I have had a nice few blisters to account for. I am glad to hear that the Cadet Corps is progressing. I am confident that the majority will pass their Certificate "A." If they put their heads to it there is no stopping them."

GEORGE BIERMAN:

"What do you think of our Government handling of the Beveridge Plan? To us here it has come as a very disappointing blow; we really feel that our Government, judging by some of the most recent ministerial speeches, were going to better the lot of the common people. Isn't that what we are fighting for (or is it)?"

MRS. ALF BILLER:

"I had a baby girl on December 1st. Alf is very well, but homesick."

(Who wouldn't be under the circs.?—Editor.)

COLIN BOLTMAN (overseas, 18/11/42):

"The Army is a 24-hour a day occupation. You can imagine how excited I get when I see a letter addressed to me with an English postmark. So rare are these occasions that they call for what is known in Australia as a session, and receiving a Christmas parcel from the Comforts Fund afforded me the opportunity to celebrate with some Queensland beer. Sunny Queensland, with its bananas, pineapples, pewpaws, oranges, melons, and plenty of eggs, fresh lettuces, tomatoes, onions and cucumbers. The debit side of the ledger shows the entry 'mosquitoes.' And boy, do they bite! They must realise that I am a stranger in this climate. Hence the rush by mosquitoes in their thousands to nibble at me from head to foot."

SAM BORNSTEIN (from a Sanatorium):

"I have been down to the operating theatre once again, and I think I am finished. I am out of bed, and feel as fit as a fiddle. I only wish I could get into some branch of the Forces, but I am afraid it is impossible. It makes you get mad to see what the Russians are doing, and you have to watch on."

MYER BROMNICK (overseas, 17/1/43):

"I have been into action and came through safely, perhaps little changed mentally for the experience. I consider myself fortunate to be able to take part in this campaign. Anyway, I wanted to splash the headlines, and having done so, a bit of glory feels nice now and then, so some more scoops for the war correspondents will not come amiss, especially if it is news of headaches we are giving Hitler. At present we are resting up behind the lines. It was good fun in the early days of this campaign when Jerry was puzzled for a bit about us being so far ahead of the main troops, and life in the hills held as many surprises for us (and them) as we could cope with, so when we had to retire to lines that the infantry had eventually set up, we were like the boys at Camp who come back for '3rds' and look innocently surprised when told they have got to wait for the next meal.

"I may tell you about *one* incident concerning your old regiment, the Tank Corps (R.A.C. is just a fancy name). Our platoon had gone out from the lines on a patrol, and had the usual contact with Jerry, who was occupying a rather well-picked position on a hill. By some mistake, the Intelligence reported us as having met a very strong enemy column, so whilst we were returning we met just about fifteen British tanks who were coming apparently to relieve us and smash the enemy. The Squadron Leader of the Tanks was very pleased when we told him there was nothing to get excited about, but we managed to get three tanks to go up to the position to try to get back some of our wounded and dead. The whole platoon jumped on the three tanks, and we were taken back to the scene of our little skirmish in very grand style, and with lots of thanks to the 'Armoured Boys.'

"From some of the letters in *Fratres* some people are trying to link the 'New Order' that is asked for with Revolution. Is not the 'Different Order' we need concerned mainly with religious and spiritual values, and the natural outcome of greater faith in those values? I am very well, and live to fight again."

HYMAN BRONSTEIN:

"I really wish I could express myself sufficiently; the feeling I get when I read *Fratres* is beyond my insignificant abilities. Nevertheless it is there. Maybe I am a trifle sentimental, but friends of the O.St.G. calibre are never easily forgotten. On January 17th my wife gave birth to a lovely

little girl. I was given four days' leave and, believe it or not, I really enjoyed rocking the cradle at three o'clock in the morning."

(*Preliminary night manoeuvres—Editor.*)

TOM BROWN (overseas, 15/11/42):

"I'm glad you had a good camp; gosh, it must have been marvellous. I have smashing memories of Highdown, and I can imagine how you all went mad. We have left base at last and are well away up now. I don't know when I'll be able to write again; it's not that I haven't time, though we put in a good few hours' work a day, but it's a question of getting the mail away. We are following up the boys and are moving fast. The lorry is just about finished. When I first had it she had 26 on the clock, it now reads 11,647. It's nearly in pieces, but the engine is still good for a few more thousands. At any rate she got us out of trouble last time when Jerry drove us back—we pulled out of Fuka and Jerry pulled in half an hour afterwards—and boy, did we move! It was good fun."

MORRIS BYLASKI:

"I arrived about 4.15 Thursday last, and was promptly told on arrival to take off my trousers. Now I don't consider myself a fussy kind of bloke, but I have been asked to perform this rather undignified ceremony at least four times since my arrival, and I must admit that the operation is becoming a little tedious. Of course, I could leave them off permanently, but that would probably cause a considerable disturbance among the A.T.S., not to mention the draught, so I guess I will just have to acquire the habit.

"And now to be a little serious. Sentiment never was much in my line (as you have probably deduced from my musical tastes), but while I am in one of my very rare sentimental moods, I just want to say that although other fellows who join up say that they miss the Club terribly, I don't miss it at all. Please don't burn this letter at this point, Gaffer. You see, you can't miss something that you still have with you, and the Club is, and always will be, with me, whether I remain here or go to High Street, Cairo. Phew! I'm glad that's over. My one ambition is to convert you into a jazz fan."

("*Hope springs eternal . . .*"—*Editor.*)

(Later.) "In my first letter I apologised for the poorness of my handwriting. This apology I am afraid must be withdrawn, as your answering letter was one of the most imposing set of hieroglyphics it has ever been my unfortunate lot to decipher. I am getting a little more acclimatised to the life here, and I have not had to remove my trousers once since I last wrote. I have not yet been court-martialled, but judging by what the Sergeant says about my squad drill, and extraordinary manipulation of my rifle, it is only a matter of time. You should see me in uniform—I look a proper turnip."

(*A uniformed turnip will be a great attraction to the Rogues' Gallery—Editor.*)

BARNEY CALLIS:

"The days here are very full. The amount of stuff they push on you in a day has to be lived through to be believed. I feel quite fit although very tired at the end of the day's training. My back so far is standing up to it O.K. The age factor does not enter into it; in my platoon all the men are thirty-five years or over. The thing that gets home most is the friendliness and helpfulness of all the older hands at the game. Good advice is lavished upon us, and practical kindnesses too. Our crowd get on very well together. The O.C. told us: Get on with the job and everything will be O.K.; slack and it will be hell. I am prepared to take his word for it."

(*So am I—Editor.*)

ALEC CAMINER:

"The life I lead here is very hum-drum and nothing exciting ever seems to happen, this being only a small detachment of sixty men. In fact at this

camp life is so very easy for the men that each one is afraid of losing his job and being posted to another unit. I have had an interview with a R.E.M.E. officer, and I believe that something will eventually happen; I hope so very much, as I would rather be doing a useful job than just loafing. I can assure you that quite a large number of fellows in the Army are a lot better off than before they joined."

(*They* all *are—without the off—Editor.*)

DAVE CAMINER:

"There is a great 'Security' drive on at the moment, and from what we hear it is very necessary. Nobody realises how the most innocent pieces of information give away important things, and it is an awful job trying to get everyone to cut out of correspondence everything that might be of use to the enemy. Even ordinary conversation is dangerous if service matters are discussed, although the troops and airmen have very little else to talk about. I have been asked to take part in a series of questions to be put to a Brains Trust. This is being organised by the C.F., and his idea is to offer answers to many questions which puzzle our Jewish members of the Forces. Lily spends half a day each week at the local Infirmary, and takes a choir, and Heather and she teach country dancing to some Girl Guides. Last night I took eight of our cadets to the Infirmary, and gave a concert, which was enjoyed by about 150 old men and women. I shall do my utmost to get to London for March 3rd."

ALF CAPLIN:

"The Hun has been paying us intermittent visits, and we in return have, as good hosts, given him a right royal reception. Although we claimed a plane and a 'damage,' we were not accredited with them, but we hope to meet with better success next time."

HENRY CAPLIN (from an Italian P. of W. Camp, 30/12/42):

"I am very grateful to the Club for thinking of me, and for their very good wishes. It touched me deeply."

MAX CAPLIN (overseas, 8/2/43):

"Please keep on sending me *Fratres* (my O.C. has been reading it for the past half hour)—incidentally, it seems to be the only way I can get news from Harry and Alf. I am attached to a mobile hospital. My first job here, much to my surprise, was to bring into this world eight pounds of howling Anglo-Indian who, wisely perhaps, had very little inclination to come. It was rather amusing; his father, a British sergeant, intending to show some measure of appreciation, asked me to circumcise the infant on the eighth day."

(*Quite Abrahamatic—Editor.*)

PHIL CAPLIN (overseas, 26/1/43):

"Three days ago I sounded that Boomalacka as promised. I saw lots of folks, but no Club boys, so I taught a few of the lads the words, and for a cigarette each they all yelled their heads off. However, now that we have made it, we still have work to do; at present we are just enjoying a few days' rest; we hope to get a day in Tripoli before going on again. Glad to hear Cousin Bully is a father; actually I didn't even know he was married. Did he marry Eva Mazzer?"

WILLIE CAYTON:

"I was recalled to the Army School of P.T. and eventually joined this Physical Development Centre. We go through a course, learning the names of hundreds of different muscles, ligaments and bones, and perform treatment in the way of remedial exercises to the hundreds of trainees we get at this Centre. At the end eighty-five per cent. are passed out A.1. There's plenty of work for P.T. Instructors, from Commando-Training to nursing, and the little bits in between."

SYD CHAYTOW (from a Sanatorium):

"The doctor has told me that he is soon going to discontinue my A.P.—a year earlier than I expected."

BEN COHEN:

"Basic training is going at full swing; we are going through our paces. I don't know when I will be shipping out of this joint."

(When you've completely forgotten your English—Editor.)

HYMIE COHEN (overseas):

"Just now our time is being spent generally toughening up. I feel at times that I should have done better as a 'stepper up of morale,' as any sign of feeling fed up by the lads is invariably met by a fairly concise explanation of what the Army is for. I am feeling absolutely fit, perhaps better than I've been in my life, and have no big complaints about my treatment to date."

JACK COHEN (overseas, 22/12/42):

"I handed *Fratres* round to the boys, and they all had a good laugh at some of the lads' quotations. They laughed at Sam Kirkwood's way of expressing the word that soldiers add to the English language."

LOUIS COHEN (overseas, 4/1/43):

"We are having a really fine time up here. The other night I was out on the small van and we saw some lions setting out for their grub. We could only have been about ten yards away at the most. It was a sight I shall never forget. There are bags of game around these parts."

(It's Huns you're paid to shoot—Editor.)

MARK COHEN (overseas, 17/1/43):

"The trip over was fairly uneventful, but boy, were we crowded out! Still one managed to get through somehow. Out here one is amazed at things and conditions, and then gradually settles down. I think the person who said the British soldier is the most adaptable man in the world must have been a soldier himself. My only real grouse is that I haven't received any mail. Stanley Klein is in another Company, and no doubt I will come across him shortly. God bless you all."

MONTY COHEN:

"I am back in training again; I passed out on my first test in three weeks instead of twelve."

WOOLF COHEN:

"I am pretty busy at present, doing the corporal's job. Give my best wishes to 'Snorty' Tanner and Jackie Noble. What do you suggest I should use, Gaffer, for falling hair? Right now I am massaging my scalp every night, and then using Brylcreem. My M.O. here doesn't take any notice. He just says 'don't let it worry you.'"

(That's what I say to myself—Editor.)

DODGER CONWAY:

"I've finished 'square-bashing,' and am now on a semi-Commando course. Here, you walk everywhere, and my feet are going back on me. The P.T. has done me a hell of a lot of good. I'm going in for boxing. We've a ukelele player in our hut who has had his uke sent here. We have a little sing-song every evening before lights-out, which is always something like camp. Queer, but the life does remind me of camp a great deal. There's the same enthusiasm for food and sleep which was characteristic of our camps. The lads here are a fine lot. Our N.C.O.s are superb. None of the 'shout-your-guts-out' type—they're tactful, helpful and intelligent. Never before has *Fratres* been so welcome to me. I never could really understand the sentiments and feelings expressed by the many Club old boys in the Forces then. Now I can appreciate them. I've seen the specialist here about my old nose trouble. He said that although my nose

wasn't perfect (didn't I blush), it didn't require any operation yet, nor would it do so for some time. So I've put in for Air Crew duties as a Flight-Engineer, and have applied for a medical to re-grade me into Grade 1. I won my first bout as a boxer here last week. I received a prize of 10/- Saving Stamps, which I promptly cashed. An A.C.2's pay is a very minute one."

JACK CORB (overseas, 15/12/42):

"The country here is really beautiful, and the climate is ideal. At the moment we are supposed to be having winter, but the sun is shining with a temperature of a late spring day. I am planning for a bumper Christmas, which if it materialises, will be the first war Christmas spent amongst civilisation, the last two leaving me with many memories.

"Your statement that I have done my share came at an opportune moment, because I get thoroughly fed up at times, although I have everything that I could wish for in the circumstances. This unit is an absolute eye-opener, with Jews and Arabs of every nationality. Somebody wrote and told me that owing to shortage of material it was necessary to convert the 'Brown Tent' into a uniform for you. Is it true? If so, what shall we do about Highdown?"

(I'll revert to shorts—Editor.)

JACK CRASH:

"I have been seriously ill and have spent the past five months in hospital. My stay in hospital was far from enjoyable, as I never did like the smell of ether, etc., even though I am in the R.A.M.C., and was I glad when I was discharged! The real nature of my trouble was through a kick playing football. Now I am fit for duty, and I am waiting to be posted to a new unit."

JACK CREST:

"About the third or fourth week of my training I was forced to give in as I strained myself; my old rupture has torn apart again, and also the specialist thinks I have a duodenal ulcer. I was therefore graded down to C. I was given two weeks' leave pending discharge from the Army. I can assure you all this has been very disappointing to me, as at one time I was told I would be recommended for O.C.T.U. I shall, of course, volunteer again for Civil Defence services."

"YOUNG MICK" DAVIS:

"Harvey Gordon passed on the good news that Jack Grant and Hannah Guter were honourably wed by your esteemed personage. Now I've entered upon this mysterious threshold of matrimony."

(It's clearer inside, and estimably honourable—Editor.)

JERRY DOLTIS:

"I feel that I am getting on all right in the job I have got. The other four sergeants are much more experienced than I am in the work and in putting the tests over. Three of them are schoolteachers in civvy street, so you can understand. Still, I am getting more confidence every week, and by the end of six months I think I will have reached a good standard. My lack of education is a big handicap. Oh, how I wish I had troubled more about it than I did! Mixing with the other sergeants and being pals with them is a good environment for me."

ARTHUR DOMBEY:

"I am beginning to realise I am not as young or as fit as I thought myself to be. The food is better than I imagined the Army dished out."

NAN DOMBEY:

"Life here is full of commotion and hectic alterations for this and that—like advance and rear parties at Camp. I have had the pleasure of seeing an enemy bomber being shot up, and then catch alight and all aflame crash to the earth. How I used to long for this to happen during the London

blitzes. I was congratulated on being a very happy young old man. I have now two clerks and two orderlies to give orders to—but no stripe!"

(Baldly speaking, you missed them by a hair's breadth—Editor.)

HARRY DOMBRAND:

"I am training with the youngsters who have just arrived. They are a good bunch of soldiers."

BARNEY DOVE:

"Harold's Barmitzvah was the proudest day in my life. It's lads of his age who, in the future, will fashion the destinies of the English Jew and tear down the barriers which have caused so much misunderstanding in the past. I know what the Club has meant to me, particularly during my stay in the Army, and it does seem a pity that more Jewish lads haven't had the benefits and ideals that the Club has given to us in the Services; I'm sure our lads are never accused of being bad mixers."

ARNOLD DRACHMAN:

"As this is the last week here, tradition has it that all recruits must be driven crazy with rage, and upset at every possible opportunity. (Station Standing Orders?)"

JERRY DRAGE (overseas, 5/11/42):

"The good news from Libya makes us very jealous. India has changed some people's ideas. It is really amusing to see a red solid Communist return from town in a rickshaw, one sweating native in the shafts, and one behind. One Sergeant is reputed to have put the native in the cart, and pulled it himself. Last night I had my first bottle of beer since we landed. Three of us shared a pint, which cost three shillings."

(Who pulled the rickshaw home?—Editor.)

CHARLES DREYFUS (overseas, 18/1/43):

"What careless talk shall I indulge in this time? The interesting stuff is taboo, and the rest is dull enough to be of no interest. We have had some fun (?) with a cleptomaniac who broke out of close arrest, despite having been in hospital with diseased legs. It's a wonderful world.

"You can be far more comfortably sick with a pip than without; I know personally. Would you like to hear about our encounters with enemy under, on and above surface craft? I can't tell you—because I kept to my bunk, and for all I know the ship sank and I was rescued and reinstated in an exactly similar sister ship. Our unit *is* security minded; please train the others—before they reach the Army—to keep their bowels open and their mouths shut."

LESLIE EDGAR:

"Your boys' accounts of the excitements of Libya, Burma, and heaven knows where, make me feel an awful shirker."

KACKIE EICHEN:

"I am in hospital with a broken ankle. I had quite an accident. I was in charge of a working party making a road. Whilst on the job I was seated on the truck, the truck came in contact with some stones and threw me about four yards, and I landed on my ankle and broke it in three places. I'm in an American hospital, and it's grand here. The doctors and nurses and chaps are trumps. I get along swell with them. The grub here is too good to be true. I would like you to publish in *Fratres*, 'Kackie sends his regards to Dickey Fogel, Charlie Stein and Lenny Tanner."

SOL FAUX:

"We are stationed in an enormous hotel on the cliffs on the sea front, and the wind howls all day long. What with the wind and the waves roaring on the sea wall, the din is terrific. The only time we can't hear the elements is when the C.S.M. is telling us what good lads we are and

what will happen to us. I am in a smallish room with no chairs or a table, and we cannot see the sea from our window. I might speak to the C.S.M. about this. On the other hand, I might not."

TONY FILAR:

"Tisman, I hear, is overseas, and Harry Shapiro is on the way. It seems that of all the Challis Court friends in the service, Roach and myself are the only ones left in Blighty. For how long that will be, no one knows. I visited Challis Court. My old house, No. 8, still stands, but the whole inside of the house has collapsed, very likely from decay. Up here the people are so sociable; besides talking about hospitality, they also show it, and very well too. I don't know what it is about me, but I seem to have developed the good fortune of being invited out almost every other day. That is a development I do not mind."

GINGER FINEBERG:

"I am still undergoing the most arduous training a man could possibly do, but am very fit and happy too, so why worry! I see that the 'Merry Widow' is to be revived. That should be a very good show. The revivals are better than present-day shows in every way, especially in the musical sense. A big mistake was mixing the Clubs. There's no real harm in it, but with all this dancing, with the raucous gramophone records and the jungle dances of the swing crazy—and these are the future builders of the post-war planning! My son is a terror at home, but I miss him very much. He will come to see you again if you think he won't break any of your watches."

(A grand piano will be more in his line—Editor.)

KILLER FINESILVER:

"As you have undoubtedly read in the newspapers we troops are now comfortably installed in our winter quarters. Our 'comfortable' quarters consists of tents situated in a big, muddy field, often referred to by the soldiers in the camp as 'the dump.' There are five or six of us in a tent, and when we have 'bedded' down there is not room to swing a ruddy cat. By this time, of course, we are quite used to all this, and when one of our chaps comes in late whilst we are sleeping and sticks his muddy feet in your face, we just wipe the mud off, smilingly accept his apology, turn over and go to sleep again."

(Is that acting up to your name?—Editor.)

DICK FOGEL (overseas, 26/1/43):

"I have been away from my battalion for quite a few weeks. I recently met with a slight accident, damaging one of my toes while playing football, and now it has been necessary to change my category. After two years in the desert I am now no longer eligible for the front line. I miss my comrades in the Blue very much indeed; I seem lost without them, and I'm afraid that barrack room life is not for me. I have been given a job at base, but I'm not happy down here at all. I have applied for a transfer to the Royal Engineers, where I can carry on my own profession. The beautiful sky out here at night makes a wonderful roof. I will feel much happier when I receive *Fratres*. About our Colonel winning the V.C., it was very encouraging to the boys. He is the finest C.O. that any regiment could wish for, and he has always been an inspiration because of his perfect understanding and leadership. I've spoken to him many times when in the field. I bet the fall of Tripoli cheered the hearts of all at home, but I wonder if they really understand the ordeal the Eighth Army went through; it was most trying. Sam Greenberg is down here with me."

PERCY FOX I. (overseas):

"I have been in North Africa since the campaign commenced. My experience has been varied. There are no half days and no football matches, but plenty of work. Everyone is full of confidence in victory.

You can bet I am pleased I am here. I am responsible for the administration and discipline. Back in England I often wondered what *Fratres* meant to our boys overseas; now I know. The past two nights have I sat on a so-called bed reading it, and I know I shall re-read it many times before I let it pass on. I would not mind going under, if only I could feel that we Jews would be treated as citizens of our country in the future instead of being thought of as a liability. As an old soldier I know that not all Generals were dumbkops, and with the setbacks we had in the past I always had the confidence that we would eventually come out on top."

PERCY FOX II. (overseas, 16/1/43):

"We out here are longing to hear of the Second Front being in operation. It's a grand life if you don't weaken, and we won't. Everybody is in high spirits out here, and predicting an early ending, but I am not counting the chickens before they are hatched."

MORRIS FRADKIN:

"Life down here is practically the same since last I spoke to you, but for a periodical visit of some brass hat or other, and then we find everybody dashing about. It gives us boys away from our folks comfort to know that London's Civil Defence is as good, if not better, than those days and nights of 1940-41."

LESLIE FREEDMAN (overseas, 8/2/43):

"I am carrying on here, but there is hardly any diversion when duties are finished, and so one must make one's own enjoyment. There is plenty to do out here, and very little time for sport or enjoyment, but we do not seem to mind. I am certainly surprised at Jock Chaikin taking up social work in the Club and running a section. Maybe it will help to brighten some 'monotonous' hours of his."

LEN GARFINKEL:

"Whilst home on leave my wife got a bad dose of the 'flu, so it sort of upset my plans. I am once more back on the old routine, and once more waiting anxiously for my next leave."

(You *may then get the 'flu and upset Army plans—Editor.*)

HARRY GILBERT:

"It's pretty easy here, so we're making the best of it."

NORRY GILROY:

"This Station is very congenial, but I am not keen on the instructor part. I am doing quite an amount of flying here, mostly at night. During the day I give lectures. I find very little time for amusements. When the Navigation Section does not want me, the Signals Section does, so I find myself between two fires, which keep me going all the time. However, I guess I'll get by somehow."

JOHN I. GINSWICK (overseas, 28/1/43):

"No doubt you know by now that we have taken Tripoli, and as I have not seen any Club boys I had to whistle the boomalacka all on my own. One gets used to being in the thick of things; one's mind is too occupied to think of it."

TED GIRLING:

"Our training in the signal branch needs a good memory and a terrible amount of concentration, and whether I pass or not is very much in the balance."

(*Memory and concentration outweighed obliviousness and aberration —Editor.*)

JOCK GLAZER:

"This new training sure is hard. Still with all that, it's great fun. The boys with me are fine chaps, so my stay in this wilderness will be a happy one. The mountain air is great, and gives me good reason to eat a

horse. The local people are about the finest one could ever wish to be stationed near. They go out of their way to make one feel at home, by asking you to tea, or to sit down near the fire and hear the wireless. We up here greatly thank them for the kindness that they show to us. I have been recommended for a coxswain, and if all goes well, have got a good chance to be a Leading Seaman."

SID GLICKMAN:

"We are miles from the nearest town, and the nearest village has only two pubs. and a church, which are not much use to me. I do feel browned off; still I've a job to do, and I'd rather do it with a smile; it does help a lot. I have been told to report to the briefing room, so excuse me for cutting this letter short. I shall carry the name of the O.St.G. with me over the Continent, and let them know that we can give it as well as take it."

ALF GLYNNE (overseas, 3/1/43):

"I think at long last we are on the road where the long-awaited 'V' lies. However that road is long and arduous, and we must not slack or rest until the goal is reached. I don't think I need expound on the great work of the Eighth Army. I don't think anywhere can be found a finer, stouter-hearted lot of chaps. We have at times had innumerable hardships, but the greatest of trials is now to come, and I am not boasting when I say that we shall smash the Hun completely. The Air Forces up here are doing grand work, and in my opinion they are a sort of preliminary of what the enemy can expect everywhere. I somehow feel that 1943 will be the big year, and I hope very sincerely that the Hun will be squealing before long! The specimens of the wonderful Aryan race that I saw are a most dejected and miserable looking lot, they didn't seem to have an ounce of spirit amongst them! I don't actually wonder at it, after the lads had finished with them. I think the Fuehrer must be a worried man nowadays. We saw a news reel the other day (the first for many a month!) and they showed Hitler inspecting an Italian guard of honour. The things the lads yelled out are not quite printable! About the only things Italians are good for are ice-cream, chestnuts and stabbing in the back. Oh, they make pretty good P.O.W.s too!"

(27/1/43.) "Yours truly is still fit and well. Since last writing many things have taken place. Firstly, and the most of all, is Tripoli. Unfortunately my chance of a boomalacka on your behalf in the great port was frustrated. When we were getting on towards it, the higher ups said, 'No, away with you,' and so we have had leave! I met Lou Levene, but unfortunately nobody else. However, it was grand to see him once more and chat over various things ('various' means the Club in general)."

YANK GOLD (overseas, 20/1/43):

"Differences in religion don't seem to matter a great deal when the Stukas take a distinct dislike to your presence in the vicinity, or when the shells come over and insist upon being shared out. The Army is a great leveller, and it produces that wonderful spirit, 'Mucking in.' We want some more of it, particularly in Civvy Street. We can do with it. Since July '41 I haven't seen any of the Club boys. My enforced rest since the break through at Alamein has been irksome, but no doubt will be very useful in the near future. The sooner the better, because then an early opportunity may arise for me once again to marvel at S.E.F.'s baggy trousers."

ALF GOLDBERG (at sea):

"I am actually on the boat. When, how and why we sail I don't know, and if I did know, I couldn't say. I have been very fortunate in obtaining a bunk, and not having to use the hammocks. I'm quite satisfied in that way, and provided Jerry leaves us alone, it will be O.K. My feelings are mixed. In one respect I am looking forward to it, for adventure and experience and, I suppose, a desire to have a hand in the *actual war* that is being fought instead of 'rotting' away in the service over here. On the

other hand there is that feeling of not wanting to leave one's own people. I shall keep in touch with you and the Club."

ERIC GOLDBERG:

"I'm afraid you were informed that I was in the R.A.F. too soon; I have been in four weeks now. My trade to be is Flight Mechanic. I am enjoying the R.A.F. on the whole, and my social experiences due to the O.St.G. have come in very handy. All the occupants of my hut have learnt all the Club songs, and in time I'll think of some more to tell them."

(Such as "This is a Silly Song"—Editor.)

BUNKY GOLDENBERG:

"To speak of the Club, I don't think there should be a mixed evening oftener than once a fortnight. It seems funny to think that hot music really was started in the Club by a few people who never had much success in getting recruits, and to see the development of it now I really wonder if we should have started it at all. I think when I get back to the Club in future peace-time days I will try a Beethoven Movement and I hope the same success is achieved. I played my saxophone at a dance, and to-night I am playing in a concert celebrating the opening of our unit theatre. Most of the 'big nobs' of the Div. will be there, so I am pretty nervous, as I have never played before Generals before. I wonder what sort of an audience they make. I hope they are light-hearted blokes. To-morrow I play at another unit dance, so I am kept pretty busy."

(Let's have a look at Beethoven's score for the saxophone—Editor.)

LIONEL GOLDRING:

"I have been sent out to form a Medical Inspection Room. I feel contented, as I have no one to give me orders and the M.O. is a civilian. I am going to be kept busy next week doing about sixty inoculations, and as I have only two needles it is going to be a puzzler. This unit has a spirit of comradeship."

(They'll soon all be dead with septicaemia—Editor.)

GITZ GOLDSTEIN:

"It might be a good idea if more nicknames and real names were put alongside the adopted titles, so that everybody would know who's who. I was sent to my last unit to be trained to become an issuer, but in the seven weeks I spent there, three weeks were spent guarding a sick prisoner, and the other four weeks were spent digging holes, shovelling up coke or coal and as a part-time bricklayer's labourer. I am sorry to say I was not a huge success in any of my ventures. As a bricky's mate I was lousy, and so was the cement I mixed. I was told by my bricklayer to get a bit of practice in with a shovel and spade on the beach at Southend, and then see him in about three weeks' time."

(A good soldier obeys orders without question—Editor.)

JACK GOLDSTEIN:

"I have been attached to the G.O.R. for training as potential G.D.O.A., and very interesting it is too. The beauty of this job is you get an insight into the working of all operations and know just where any activity is in any part of our area."

SID GOLDWATER:

"I went to hear a concert by the famed Hallé Orchestra, and it was a refreshing change from learning about magnetos, carburetters and all the other paraphernalia which goes to make an aero engine. I like to think that we are fighting for a world which will resemble Oxford and St. George's on a larger scale. For such a world it would be worth making any sacrifice, and I know that any person, whether it be boy or girl, who is a true son or daughter of 'Oxford,' will be willing to make those sacrifices should they be necessary."

SYDNEY GORMAN:

"I left H.Q. and went for several weeks to a hospital on remedial work. After ten days I went into hospital with pneumonia. Meanwhile my wife was also in hospital. She has been granted her discharge from the service, and we are now together. I am still on remedial and rehabilitation work. My publicity days aren't over. Periodically I am loaned to H.Q., and am getting out publicity for the Army Boxing Championships."

JACK GRANT:

"This is my home for the next few weeks. A map reading exercise for you would be to try and locate it in your atlas. If the weather keeps up this will be a fine substitute for a summer holiday. The authorities are sticklers for work, and officers under training here have to get up on week days at seven a.m. to do P.T. before breakfast. On Sunday at Church Parade the main body, C. of E., move off direct to the Church hut, the Catholics turn left, the Free Church right, and I'm left standing by myself. It was not so bad at the last place; I had a Hindu for company during Church Parade."

LARRY GRANT:

"I'm enjoying this immensely and not regretting joining up—not in the least. The discipline is strict—it's said to be one of the strictest camps in England—and I quite believe it. Did you ever try sleeping in a hammock? If not, take my advice and don't start now. Bell-bottoms and tight jumpers no longer remain a mystery to me, but how to stop the blue running into the white of my jean beats me. I've had all sorts of tips and hints given me, but all to no use. Any offers from old salts? I certainly think that I shall be able to say that I was happy all the time in the Navy. I've at last achieved what I started out to do in September, '39—to help beat the Hun, and as long as I'm able to do that I shall be quite happy. I've been offered a chance of taking a Radio Mechanic's Course, but if I accept I will have to drop the Submarine Course, and I don't want to do that."

BERNARD GREEN:

"My evenings are so fully occupied that correspondence has to be crowded in between a rehearsal of a concert, or entertaining at the piano or on the accordion. We are a mixed Signals Unit—300 girls and thirty men—and being seven miles from a town, we have to organise our own entertainment. I am at the moment busy with dramatics and wall newspaper and a discussion group, so that to all intents and purposes we are creating a "Club" atmosphere. I can really look a wireless set in the face these days—wonderful as it is to relate."

(But does it ever answer back?—Editor.)

SAM GREENBERG (overseas, 3/1/43):

"I am afraid to say that this time I have been what you may call a base wallah, but at the same time I think most of the lads back here deserve a little rest. But I am certain that if wanted again, they are all willing. I know I am anyway. Hearing what those swines are doing to our brothers and sisters in occupied territories makes my blood boil. I am keeping fit and going strong."

HARRY GREENSPAN:

"This is only a small station, and sadly lacking in modern comforts and conveniences, but what it lacks in that direction it makes up in lack of red tape, and the fellows here have a much finer spirit of camaraderie than those of the training school. It pains me to tell you that up to now all the technical work I have done is an adjustment to my corporal's bicycle. Percy seems quite cheerful and tells me that he's training for a boxing show, and feels very fit. He doesn't think much of his surroundings, but as he said, 'I didn't expect any Coney Island.' I'm putting on quite a bit of weight. Unfortunately most of it seems to have settled under my

chin, and so I've started a P.T. campaign to remove the superfluous flesh. I remember Sergeant Colin Boltman as a rather quiet fellow at camp. The Aussies are a tough lot, and it seems that Colin has really made the grade."

PERCY GREENSPAN (overseas, 29/1/43):

"Things in general have been going pretty smoothly, and although it's not exactly like soldiering in England out here, I can't complain, and if it gets no worse I won't grumble. Your Cadets seem to be doing fine. Here's wishing them every success."

HARRY GROPPER:

"I'm in a new unit now. I bet I must hold the record for shifting about. This war has separated me from most of my friends, and it has also made me many friends. Yesterday we had a Brigadier's inspection, and I was on guard. I was told to turn out the guard when I saw the staff car coming down the drive. Whilst I was waiting a utility truck came along, with a driver and a private sitting in front. When the truck had passed me I looked in the back, and who should be sitting there but the Brigadier. Before I could say Robinson Crusoe he flew past the guard room."

(I hope it was before you could hear what he said—Editor.)

MOT HARRIS:

"I have that many grouses I could very easily write a book bringing in nothing else. However, since nobody ever listens and nothing is ever done I have learned to keep them to myself. I am still very cushy here, and were it not for the fact that I am compelled to wear ill-fitting suits of khaki drab, would not even know that I had been called up yet. My accomplishments as a soldier are still minus, but nobody else seems to worry, so why should I? The lads in the North African campaigns will certainly have a feast of stories for us after the war. My own experiences will appear very tame compared with theirs, but nevertheless I have amassed a wealth of good anecdotes, nearly all against myself, I am afraid."

(And quite all unprintable—Editor.)

JACK HOFFMAN:

"We have had some pretty bad weather during these past few weeks, and we have been called out both day and night to help the W.A.A.F.s, either to salvage balloons they had lost or to help them inflate new ones. It is beginning to look as though we will never get off balloons."

(The civvy would think it hard to get on to one—Editor.)

EDDIE HOREMAN:

"Your little friend is going to get wed on February 13th to that girl you saw about a year ago. I don't know if you will be shocked at this news, but everybody has been so far."

(No, only surprised, and very pleased—Editor.)

DAVID HORNSTEIN:

"I have been in this county now for about 2½ years, and in this town for fifteen months. I can't ever see myself getting any promotion, as I have a routine job of driving."

DARKIE HOWARD:

"I'm having a good time here in learning the local language. I guess they sound like foreigners to me as I can't understand a word they say."

GANDHI JACOBOVITCH (overseas, 30/1/43):

"I had a splendid time in Calcutta. During the course of my travels I was able to spend a few hours at Bagdad, and I enjoyed the experience. Now all I have left is just memories, as I'm stationed in a very lonesome spot miles from anywhere, but still I consider myself lucky, as the newspapers we get are only a week old, and we get the daily news from the radio. A few days ago we were issued with sheepskin waistcoats and

leather gloves, so when we do 'dress up' we'll look like teddy bears, and although the climate is awfully cold, we are far from feeling downhearted."

DOROTHY JACOBS (overseas, 22/12/42):

"I'm doing a spot of work in the office for a couple of weeks, a nice change before I go on night duty on my very busy skin ward. I am fit and happy."

JACK JACOBSON:

"I'm still existing up here—these mystery isles. (Yeah! it's a mystery to me how they found this suburb of Great Britain.)"

BEN JEWELL:

"Your editorial unfortunately makes me think (perhaps that is an exaggeration, but anyway that which I substitute). I'm one of the people who don't believe post-war reform from the roots upwards will ever take place. I'm sure there will be bits and pieces, but I'm afraid there will be no real attempt to solve problems. There are two things I think against long view solutions, (i) The general apathy of the electorate, (ii) The usual vote-catching racket by which politicians make themselves, if possible, popular with every class. I hope that the Beveridge Plan, even if carried through, does not induce a feeling of complacency. Sometimes I get involved with my gunners in discussions, and their futile moanings annoy me. I point out to them that the remedy is in their hands, and I'll bet they don't take it. As long as the average voter is in a comfortable job, on the whole he'll leave the business of politics to the very few. That's why I find thinking about it depressing. Of all the things that are important, education must take pride of place as being the foundation for building. I think that's where the Club gets away with things so much. As far as possible people are taught there to think, to live and to want something better. This is where our system of education fails. There is no doubt that education should go on till about twenty in all these subjects and in political responsibility, though *not* by school teachers whose normal vision is rather limited, but by people like journalists, business men—in fact, all sorts."

(Including Club managers?—Editor.)

ALF JOSEPH (overseas, 18/1/43):

"I am recovering from the effects of a big flood. All my belongings could be seen floating about in a few feet of water; give me the trough at Highdown any time. Christmas was one of the best ever. I had not had so much fun since camping days. A fancy dress football match was one long laugh from beginning to end, and the dinner was excellent.

"The Mag. was, as usual, tremendously interesting; I hate to think what life out here would be like if we didn't receive our periodical link with our friends at home and in all parts of the world. I enjoyed Joe Levine's article, 'Around the desert lanterns'; how very true is that which he wrote! As for his reference to our meeting, I swear revenge for his remarks on our regimental dress hats. I wonder what punishment I shall receive for punching a sergeant on the 'schnozzle.' I was pleased to see B.P. in print again; it will certainly take more than a war to squash Bernard's humour. Would you please tell him that I was going to send him a parcel of toffee, but remembered in time his false teeth. My outstanding camp was the last one before war was declared, when Marie was with me. Things like that are wonderful memories, and it is really these glorious memories of the past that help us along in these hazardous times. I wish I could write about some of the things that have happened and are happening. I can confirm one thing though, and that is the terrific air support we are getting. Our air superiority has been mentioned many times on the wireless, but it has to be seen to be believed. Jerry is at last learning what it is like to be on the receiving end of a terrific air bombardment, and believe me, he doesn't like it. The many wounded prisoners that have come through our hands are suffering badly with shock, and they are

pleased they are finished with the war. I feel very confident of the outcome. I have been seeing much of Joe Winkel. It is really grand to be so near to one of the Club boys. I really enjoy reading about the various activities in *Fratres,* although it makes me yearn all the more for England. But 'my patience is not yet exhausted.'"

CHICK JOSEPH:

"There are still some dumb people in the world. One of the officers here (while we were having a topic talk) asked me if there were Jews in the U.S. Army! I don't think I had better tell you the answer I gave him."

(Perhaps he's also deaf now—Editor.)

HARRY JOSEPH (at sea):

"I have just started corresponding with a young lady, but the more the merrier. I haven't received any *Fratres* yet, but hope to do so soon."

DAN KALICSTEIN (overseas, 19/1/43):

"There's not much to write about from here. I don't see books in the running brooks nor sermons in stones. We shall be very old-fashioned when we get home again, because most of us here still live in the 1939 era, and can't imagine the changes that must have come over Blighty. Young folk have grown up and married, while we still think of them as youngsters. We are no longer idling, though hardly overworked. Yes, I think the war has caught up to us at last. Too bad! It's been a lovely holiday this past year."

HAWKEYE KANE (overseas, 30/1/43):

"It seems as though Bully is going to lead a different forward line these days now that he, too, is an expectant daddy. How things are changing! The weather out here is getting hot again, and I am doing my best to get used to it all. You probably have heard that I met Pip's elder brother. We had quite a long talk together, and it made me wish that Pip were with me. I was shocked to hear about Young Remer getting married. It seems only yesterday that I could hear him over the old garden wall when we were neighbours and still in our teens. Please give him my best wishes, and also to Jack and Hannah."

SYD KAUFMAN (I.) (at sea):

"Two important things have happened to me. The first thing is that for the last six weeks I have been a L/Bdr. (paid). I insert paid because the other type are usually called 'Unpaid and Unwanted'; I hope I'm not the latter. The second thing (I am not putting it second because it is less important) is that I'm now going out to meet Jerry instead of having to wait to meet him. The lads here are a very jolly crowd and are eager to go wherever we are wanted. I am no less eager to get there and carry on where a lot of my Club brothers and one of my own brothers have gone before me. It would be wonderful if I did meet up with Jack. I'm just getting over a couple of days' sea-sickness, and oh boy! was I sick! My stomach has only just learnt to roll with the ship. I did intend writing a fairly long letter, but owing to my condition (don't get me wrong) I'm afraid I will have to cut it short."

CHARLIE KAYE:

"I thought that by now every person in the Club realised that we must all pull our weight to win this war quickly and decisively. Any person who does not wish to help is, in my opinion, not fit to be a Club member, and should be kicked out. I am now working for a living; this is an operational training 'drome. Everybody slouches about in gumboots and overalls, and my work is quite a change from a comfortable desk. I'm getting used to being thickly coated with oil."

(Elbow grease?—Editor.)

BENJY KEEN:

"The real cause of girls going to pubs. is because generally there is nothing really attractive in camp after working hours. Most camps are situated around the countryside; there is simply nowhere else to go at night. I have never yet seen a girl (in the Services) who was well and truly drunk, but still I have not been in the R.A.F. very long. One thing which would make *Fratres* even more perfect is one or two photographs. A picture of the outside of the 'Mocatta' Room would be treasured even more than a picture of 'Jane,' and that's something!"

LIZA KELLINGER:

"I am now in Regimental Headquarters, being now Regimental Tailor, which is keeping me pretty busy. Reading of all the Club members getting married these days makes me feel an old man; I think I shall have to see what I can do for myself."

(If you don't, who will?—Editor.)

MARK KELMAN:

"I am still as static as ever; try as I may, I still can't get into the Merchant Navy. One day they might get fed up with me and sling me into the M.N. (I hope so). I feel miserable to think that with the knowledge I have of infantry and small arms, I am stuck in an office. I know I am not fit enough for the front line, but I am sure my experience could be put to better use than sitting behind a desk. I'm still having trouble with my knees."

ALF (KLIGER) KENNEDY (overseas, 2/1/43):

"I have met Capt. Monty Shalet, one of the M.O.s, John Ginswick, Ginger Singer and many other chaps."

HYMIE KIRSHENBERG:

"This is a grand place, and I would like to stay the summer here, but I am afraid that General Rumour tends to discount any faith I may have of staying here any length of time. It is Sunday afternoon, and so I will go down to the beach to continue my reading of Freud's *Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis.*"

(So that's it, is it?—Editor.)

NAT KISSIN (overseas, 19/1/43):

"Perhaps when we are all seated around the Miller's Tomb and the lights in the distance are twinkling as a huge glow-worm, you will relate how the great chains to Camp were very nearly, but not quite, broken. We must not allow ourselves to fall back in the rut which existed pre-war."

PETER KLIEFF:

"I was temporarily released from the R.A.F. to help in production. I can honestly say, though being out of uniform, I am contributing just as much as being in it. You could call our place the Civvy R.A.F., because seventy-five per cent. of the staff are chaps in the same position as myself. Our place repairs crashed planes and builds new ones out of the parts."

BENNY KLIGER (overseas, 2/2/43):

"I am quite well. Letter follows at first opportunity." (Field postcard.)

WILLIE KLIMAN:

"I quite agree with your views on Public Schools, as there is usually nothing wrong with the type of people they produce. They are successful in doing what the Boys' Clubs more or less strive to do. The only trouble is that a Public School education is not so much a sign of necessarily good education as a sign of a certain class which can afford such luxuries. The Public Schools produce some fine leaders and some equally bad leaders, as this country has learnt to its cost. It is only when these schools are noted for the fact that they produce *the best,* and not merely a school tie, that they'll be worth expanding. So many people want to abolish things 'when

it's all over'; it's almost like a plague. 'Everything needs abolishing, and then we can build something fresh.' Let us make sure that we don't replace it by something even worse. There are many things that are not exactly satisfactory by any means; but they can be improved, but not by abolishing them. The Public Schools are one of these things. They can be improved greatly, but to abolish them would be folly. I'm certainly seeing the country and at the country's expense. In the few weeks I was able to get to the Club I was very much impressed with the way things were running generally. The Junior Club looks particularly promising, and their football teams at The Elms show very favourably the general Club spirit. There seems to be as many members as ever, and the Club spirit seems the same as ever."

AARON KLOOS (overseas, 21/1/43):

"Lately we have been through some intensive training, going out for a few days on manoeuvres, then into mock action. It's a great experience for us, as we may be in the thick of it one day. Nevertheless, besides that, it does keep us fit, ready for those swines the Japs. The last *Fratres* I got was April.

"I sent an airgraph addressed to S.E.F. which was returned by the censor, who wanted to know what the initials meant. I replied that it was not of military importance."

(*"It" or "He"?—Editor.*)

HENRY KNOTT (overseas, 25/1/43):

"It rains cats and dogs one half of the day and is scorching hot the rest of the day. Oranges and tangerines are very cheap. I sometimes wonder if I am beginning to look like one. Everything with me is just dandy at this end. I have been waiting to hear from Mouthy Michaels (the younger). If it is possible to give him a slight kick in the pants, please do so. I am still trying to learn French, but find it most difficult. I went down to town to get a bath. We had to queue up in a small courtyard. In this courtyard were chickens, hens, cocks, rabbits and quite a variety of birds. It looked more like a day at the Zoo than a place to bath. I am glad to say the baths were clean. Owing to circumstances we had to leave the tent we had and start building a new one. My friend and I got cracking on a sandbag shack, which we thought the world of when it was finished. We had the shock of our lives when it started to rain; it came through like a sieve. Letters are still very scarce out here, in fact we usually read each others in the hope of gleaning some news of home. The boys here have been keeping poultry, thanks to the Arabs, who keep on selling them to us. I myself don't mind the hens, but many a time I have threatened to strangle those cocks that crow at four in the morning."

(*It's generally the hens who do all the talking—Editor.*)

HAROLD KOREN (overseas, 4/1/43):

"*Fratres* gets better with each issue. No words can properly describe the merits of the journal. In it, you have the most perfect example of all that is meant by love, loyalty and friendship. Reading through the pages, no one can possibly fail to miss this. Christianity, with its aspect of 'Brotherhood of man,' would certainly find in *Fratres'* pages all that this implies, and I feel justly proud that it is through you and ourselves that this is so.

"The credit for what we have so far done should go to our 'civvies' in England. It is due to their untiring and unceasing efforts, and their most wonderful spirit in turning out and delivering to us all that made this victory possible. We have, 'civvies' and soldiers alike, done very well indeed, perhaps the most perfect example of co-operation there has yet been. Carry on supplying us, and we can't fail; but slacken even momentarily, and we must perforce slacken. It is always that little extra bullet or shell or piece of equipment that can turn the tide. Tobruk was the outstanding

example. Every piece of equipment, every bullet, and every shell were all worth their weight in gold. You at home knew this, worked harder, and what happened? We were able to withstand the Axis war machine, and to see the end of the siege, when the Eighth Army pushed in November, 1941.

"Some time ago I gave a boomalacka. It wasn't loud; I was that dry I barely managed to croak, but the spirit was there, which is after all the main thing. You know, our cry must have been sounded in almost every part of the world by this time. We shall very shortly be 'there,' and I am therefore in serious consultation with our Company Ventriloquist. When we enter, I want to throw my boomalacka far and wide, so that you should hear me from home. I'm fit, well, and safe."

WOLF KOSSANSKY (overseas):

"I was able to enjoy my trip over. I'm in a beautiful part, where fruit is plentiful and where worries are forgotten, with the exception of mail from home. Apart from that I'm enjoying every minute of my stay."

DAVID KREEGER:

"For the first time in my life I have been in hospital. I caught a bad chill. We had an alarm, and I was getting ready to give Jerry a warm reception, when I was ordered out of the pit as being unfit for duty. The M.O. told me that I would get a medal pinned to my coffin for devotion to duty. I had a week of convalescence at a magnificent mansion run by the Red Cross. I am much better now and back on the guns."

PHIL KUNICK:

"I am all geared up for two months' extensive study and training. Discipline here is very severe and exacting, but everything is highly organised and works with clock-like precision. Hut inspections are of such a high standard as to make even Highdown camps pale by comparison; but I have not forgotten the tricks of blanket folding, although I never then resorted to the dodge of squaring up the blankets with cardboard and polishing the soles of my spare pair of boots. Norman Malcolm wishes to be enrolled as a Club member."

(*We'll teach him to fold his diapers!—Editor.*)

BARNEY LANDAU (overseas, 24/1/43):

"Congratulations to Bully Isaacs on becoming a proud father, and introducing a new member to the Club. I'm still in the pink, and I am in a fit condition to meet the forthcoming event which is to take place in three weeks from date."

(*He's referring to boxing—Editor.*)

ERNEST LAZARUS:

"We have been busy, and owing to that most of my correspondence has been neglected."

PERCY LEFCOVITCH:

"*Fratres* is the finest periodical in England (and from the distance some copies travel, I might just as well assume the world!). Having known Dennis for what he is, I have always had a conviction that he'll perform the antics of the bad penny. No matter what job a man is on, he has cause only for quiet jubilation at our victories. The people who have reason to clamour loudly are those soldiers and airmen actually doing the job of smashing Jerry's 'nasty' looking dial, and I should leave it to them, and those sea-going sailors of all stations to crow. I feel strongly that a complete country should not start imagining that the war is almost over when it has, after all, only just begun. If the people at home wish to crow, let them crow when they've abolished the black market, especially in food. According to records, I was mislaid at Group Headquarters for some time, and when I was finally re-discovered the time limit had passed, and the State Bursary Course was well under way. This being the case, I have to wait until the next course begins, which may not be for some months.

However, I am not dismayed, and as you say, my tail is still wagging and my chin is up high! In times as grim as these it is a crime to become 'cheesed.'"

SID LENNARD:

"I am billeted in a disused distillery, over which still pervades the all-powerful odour of whisky—a great trial, I am sure, for some of our heavy drinkers. I am now on a very interesting course. For the first fortnight of my stay here I did absolutely nothing, and you know how 'browned off' one can become if the mind is not occupied. I am training for C.P.O. "Ack." Actually it should take about a year, but here I have undertaken to do the job in three months. I must have been crazy!"

(Or will be—Editor.)

SYD LENOFF:

"Life here is boring, and time goes very slowly. We have had to work like niggers, as there was an inspection by the Brigadier; he only stays twenty minutes. 'Brass Hats' look to see if our spare boots are laced right up to the top, or if our water bottles are laid in front of our blankets. In all the letters to you I do not see the word 'searchlight' mentioned once. It is only now that they are coming into their own, and believe me they are doing a good job of work in the target areas. The amount of boys and girls who are getting married is certainly an eye-opener. I wonder if it is the heralding of Spring, like the cuckoo?"

(Or Spring heralding the cuckoo?—Editor.)

EDDIE LESTER:

"To quote Alf Mileberg's statement, 'I have gone and done it.' I wonder who will be the next 'victim'—Sid Aitman or I? After all, now that one of us has started, we generally follow. In the very near future I will be doing some combined operations. I am not looking forward to it on account of Sid telling be about his 'hardships' on a similar course."

(It is Alf, not Sid, who can tell now—Editor.)

ANGEL LETHBRIDGE:

"I bet Bully's nipper is already learning how to kick with his instep. We had a really good do at Christmas, although by the accounts in the Gossip sheet it was nothing to yours. Remember us to all (the O.St.G. is devoid of 'sundry')."

FRANK LETZER:

"I saw my name in the supplementary list of *Fratres*, and believe me, it made me feel proud. My job is to give medical aid in the event of any emergency, e.g. crashes. I expect to be very slack, as I have great confidence in our crews. You really should see them handle these gigantic bombers, just like a Woolworth toy."

LOU LEVENE (overseas, 14/1/43):

"*Fratres* reaches me very irregularly, but each time it does arrive is a great occasion, and I can never thank you enough for all the pleasant and wonderful memories it recalls. I know I am a materialist who is much more concerned with the realities of the future than dreams of the past, but at the same time, nostalgic memories of happy days we knew are still enjoyable. I am still fortunate enough to see quite a lot of Joe. This idea of all the old boys making themselves responsible for writing to overseas members is a great one. I have been pretty busy fixing things for our football team, which is going great guns and is well in the running for several cups. Also, I have been crazy enough to recommence boxing training! People out here are wondering which is going to fall first—Rostov or Tripoli? My money is on the former."

(Tough luck!—Editor.)

LEON LEVONTINE:

"I thought I would be finished with firewatching when I came into the Services, but I seem to have made a mistake. I've started on my morse. Things here are happening with usual regularity, foot drill, arms drill and lectures."

CYRIL LEVY:

"I am now a fully-fledged driver-operator, having passed with flying colours. The people here are most hospitable. We may be out on the moors in our truck, miles from anywhere except for a solitary farmhouse, we always manage to get tea, sandwiches and cake, and payment is invariably refused. To-morrow we are expecting one of the 'high ups,' and thus all is in a flurry and bustle. I'm sure the Battery Sergeant Major has been seen in at least two places at the same time during the day!"

(I hope the pubs closed before the 'high-ups' arrived—Editor.)

CURLY LIPTON:

"My third stripe has not arrived yet, but I am still waiting and hoping. Things here are pretty normal, except the weather, which is quite absurd."

HAROLD LLEWELLYN-SMITH:

"They have made me Signals Officer to the Battalion, which is a job of real interest and responsibility."

COLEMAN LOPERTON (overseas, 5/1/43):

"I had a grand time on my leave. The morning began with lawn tennis, and mixed open-air bathing combined with sun-bathing in the afternoons. A dance or pictures ended the evenings. And now back to duty! I had to leave off Urdu in the middle of the term, but fortunately not before I had obtained a working knowledge of it."

SYD LOUIS (overseas, 11/1/43):

"I would like to give an example of how *Fratres* is looked forward to. My pal Les collected my mail the other day, and on handing me a large envelope said, 'Looks like *Fratres*, Joe (everyone calls me that after my namesake), let's have it when you're finished.' You must be the rage with all the girls in your uniform; give us blokes a chance. I have been told the Settlement sports a Rhythm Club. May I extend my best wishes and sympathies to them; I hope they have a better success than its predecessor, which was not at all appreciated. I still remember the debate, at the beginning of the blitzes in the little Synagogue, when some of the jazz fanatics (including yours truly) tried to sing the words of 'Beale Street Blues' accompanied by Big T. (ask the R.C. who he is). I still laugh over it. Jerry is getting the worst strafing and bombing he has ever had. I guess the people are beginning to think it takes more than a pilot to put a kite in the air. Some of the aircraft we get to repair aren't even fit for salvage, but somehow or other they leave us ready to deal out another dose of medicine to the Axis. Life is not very exciting here now, just work and more work, and all the days seem the same. In fact, I had to ask over half a dozen chaps the date; most said, 'why worry?' but I was determined to get it right. (I hope it is.) They drove me out of bed on Christmas day to play football on an improvised pitch. I was really on my knees when I finished. Playing on sand is no picnic. I have no surprises up my sleeve, and am thinking of making an application to join S.E.F.'s Bachelors' Club."

(It's full, but we'll put you on the waiting list—Editor.)

(No fear; we only take members who will stick—Sub-Editor.)

JOHN MAISTER:

"I'm getting along O.K. with the boys here, but my transfer to the R.A.S.C. is only a matter of weeks now, and I shall be sorry to leave them. *Fratres* is so interesting that half the Company are (figuratively) queueing up for it."

ALF MANSTOFF:

"My progress has not been too bad and though I am not the bright boy of the class I am definitely not the dullest. I have one moan; a Flt. Eng. has to serve a period on an aerodrome servicing aircraft; it makes my period of training longer."

FRENCHY MARKESON (overseas, 13/1/43):

"I am hoping before long to be able to earn a well-earned rest somewhere in a grand Italian town. I know the fighting ahead will be hard, but we are all confident. I have had news from Harry Krongold and he seems to be getting along fine. I am still awaiting the telegram letting me know that I have won the big prize in the Club raffle."

(*"Everything does not come to those . . ."—Editor.*)

BOZZIE MARKHAM:

"I've found myself many miles from home. I spoke to a local lad this morning and asked him for the public *baths*. He replied that one couldn't get a *drink* there before twelve o'clock. Those foreigners from the South again!

"Life seems to flash by here. I am really learning to be a gentleman at last. I must be, for they have allowed me to wear a collar and tie—an act I have not performed for over three years. Life consists of one long round of lectures. I am often wondering whether I shall ever master the job of leading those thirty men they keep telling me about. The officers are picked men, and know their job from A to Z. They make one work, but all the same they manage to remain popular; it is a feat which one must strive to emulate later on.

"Letter writing gets very low down in my list of 'priority of tasks,' to use a term I have just learned. 'Hawkeye' Kamofsky has started his course at this O.C.T.U., thereby strengthening the O.St.G. 'cell' here. He refuses to alter, and reminds me at all times of the barrel-like figure who did all sorts of odd things, and numerous good ones in his day. Some day I should like to come back to see this place with nothing heavy to carry, except perhaps a walking stick.

"I have been reading the Beveridge Debate with great interest. On the whole I thought the Government made a wise decision. I am reading a wonderful book (when I get time) called *English Saga*—1840-1940. Somehow the Beveridge Plan fits into it. Slowly, painfully, not without difficulty, the great English nation moves forward with a benevolence and humanity that makes one glad to be a member of its folk. I am sure Spencer Basil will think Beveridge as something hard and out of date, much as we do the Reform Bills of the nineteenth century. The great thing in history, though, is to see things in their perspective and in relation to contemporary events. Three years ago this country thought of itself as perhaps a 'subjugated and starving people' in the future. Out of that we have this noble piece of potential legislation. The real strength of the State lies in its great mass of the solid, loyal citizen class who aspire to do the right and good things. For them the war is being fought and for them, or rather I hope, us, we must build. I have learnt much in these last five weeks of what will be expected of me if and when I get my commission. I think in much the same way we must teach the generation that is growing up what is expected of it when it gets *its* great commission—the right to be called a citizen of a great State. That, I think, is rather my ideal. The young do not know, because they have not been told, what their duties are, even if they know their rights. The key seems to be somewhere in a cultural education, free to all."

RALPH MARKS:

"I haven't been able to write. I've been very busy taking the various exams. necessary for a Wireless Mechanic. We Jews ought to be glad of the chance to hit back."

LOUIS MARTINSON (overseas, 30/1/43):

"I am now officially a draughtsman in R.E.'s, and am attached to a sort of Active Service University. My function is to push slides in and out at lectures, make models and do a bit of drawing and generally make myself useful. I enjoy the model-making very much, but would like to do some lecturing sometimes. It's ages since I received a copy of *Fratres*, but I hope Father Neptune enjoys reading it."

PHIL MEASURE (from an Italian P. of W. Camp, 14/11/42):

"I will welcome letters from as many lads or females as possible, although as you know I cannot reply, as I am rationed with writing material. We are not too badly off, and we have a nice band-concert party."

VICTOR MER (overseas, 16/12/42):

"The frightful massacres that are taking place in Europe make one's blood run cold. I wonder if Hitler realises the terrible price that the German people will have to pay for all this. In any event, whatever price they pay, it will never be great enough to atone for all their crimes. The life here is the same as ever—fairly quiet, and judged only by the periods of intense or slight 'browned-offness.' In the former everything is bloody horrible, and there is a desire that the whole business should get finished as soon as possible; in the latter things are different. I've had an interview for the Intelligence Corps, which was quite successful, and if the transfer comes off I shall probably be seeing Lou Levene."

(*We know all about Lou's supper parties—Editor.*)

(3/2/43.) "It was a bit of a shock to get a letter from you which was completely legible; it is a valuable contribution to the war effort in that it takes so much less time to read. You would be horrified to know how many people there are in the Army who are practically illiterate. My transfer has come through, so shortly I shall be starting off to join my fourth regiment since war started. I naturally feel very sad at leaving a unit of which I was an original member, and in which I've been for more than two years, and also at leaving the very dear friends I've made since I've been here, but this is war, and these things are just a part of war."

HARRY MERKEL (at sea):

"I have never spent a Christmas like this. Of course, like everybody else, I was seasick, but fortunately I came through fairly quickly, and recovered my appetite, and my balance. Our food is adequate, but I rather like the practice of those Highland Regiments where the officers share the same food as the men. I wish I couldn't see eggs being cooked every day whilst I feel like a hungry beggar sniffing the aroma of the Ritz kitchens. We don't know our destination, but I am sure that I shall meet some friends from the Club wherever I go."

MOUTHY MICHAELS:

"We are moving around as usual, a very nice and interesting pastime. My course is still coming off; it seems to be the hardest thing in the world to get what one wants in the Army. We could make a Division of all the Boys' Clubs in London, and then we could show them how good we are."

(*If Sir Charles Wrench were G.O.C. we would win any competition —Editor.*)

MORRIE MILEBERG:

"Army training, although it is sometimes tough, is by no means as strenuous as universally imagined, and to use a well-known phrase, 'I can take it.' Although strictly speaking I'm not in the tanks, our job as reconnaissance unit is just as important, since we are the eyes and ears of the Armoured Division."

WILLIE MILEBERG (overseas, 13/1/43):

"Things here aren't too bad, but it's very hot although it's November. You would think it's a heat wave in England.

"*Fratres* was the first one I've had in six months, so what has happened to the other issues? How are you getting along with those Cadets of yours? My kid brother keeps me informed, and is very interested; I wonder how long it will last."

ALF MILES (MILEBERG):

"My wife and I will never forget the ceremony. It was a pity my pals were not there."

SOL MONISH:

"We had about nine Jerry fighters over our site, flying at a height of about 100 feet, and we had a crack at them with machine-gun and rifle fire. We hit one, and it was seen smoking and losing height. It crashed somewhere near Dorking, and we put in a claim for it, but the credit was given to another Battery, much to our disappointment. Still it was not so bad, as that Battery belongs to our Regiment."

HARRY MORRIS:

"Like so many others who have made successful Club leaders, I can see Barney Callis very shortly being recommended for an O.C.T.U. I have now returned home. The reaction of the X-ray treatment has not yet subsided, and I have lost a considerable amount in weight, and my general health has naturally been greatly undermined. The doctors are now of the opinion that the only treatment I require is to eat as much as possible and regain my weight and strength, and in view of my prolonged stay in hospital, they thought perhaps it would help me to progress quicker if I returned home. Naturally I am most thankful to be with my family again, which in itself will, I hope, help to achieve something. Eating is still a painful procedure, but in spite of that, I persevere and do the best I can."

JOE MOSS (at sea):

"My short spell ashore has now ended. *Fratres* is like a great family album; you see faces peeping out at you as you turn the pages. Past and present members must feel they are making *Fratres* one, if not the only Club magazine that will stand out as the most read and travelled periodical in Club Land. *Fratres* is surely making the world one great brotherhood. The Cadets must have put in some hard hours at drill to have reached the pitch of smartness and efficiency that I witnessed during my last visit. This preliminary training will be greatly to their advantage if they are called up; they will gain accelerated promotion and will be able to laugh at their less fortunate comrades who were not so lucky in receiving free training before joining."

(But it costs much sweat and blood and toil and, almost, tears—Editor.)

MAX MOSS:

"I have reached the summit of my wireless. I went in for a trade test. It was quite a good achievement (even though I say so myself). I'm the first trooper to have succeeded. I am now training for inter-squadron boxing and cross-country running. Well, it's about time I did some boxing, or else I am sure I would have forgotten all about it. The best of being in the R.T.R. is that you can vary the time by doing so many different things, so making Army life as interesting as possible."

CYRIL MYERS (overseas, 10/1/43):

"It seems ages since meeting any of the boys. The majority of the units are always on the move. Life out here still continues to be O.K., and we now have a full club running in camp. Any sort of news, typed or otherwise, is always welcome. God bless you."

YOUNG BILL NATHANSON:

"I have just started on my electrical technical course. This place only needs another row of barbed wire and a couple of searchlights to transform it completely into a concentration camp. As for the 'bull'—well, these are

some of the orders: Lockers and broom handles and backs of scrubbing brushes to be scrubbed white; coal bins to be black-leaded inside and polished bright outside. I walked right into Sgt. Eric Lester. It tickled me to have to stand to attention even while having a normal conversation."

(It would have been a ticklish situation for both if you'd been ticklish —Editor.)

HARRY NEEDLE (at sea):

"I'm joining my ship, for an unknown destination. I've been called away at a few hours' notice. To my surprise I'm sailing with one of our junior Club members in the same convoy; I do not know his name, but have seen him several times at the Club. I can't give you any address at the present, because I'm going out as passenger."

REUBEN NEEDLE:

"This is a special convalescent home for hernia patients. Everything here is perfect. The house, owned by what appears a 'Lord of the Manor,' is an ideal Auxiliary Hospital, but seems much too big to be comfortable for even a large family. After being shown my room, occupied by nine inter-service men, I went to the bathroom, only a few yards away; on return I lost my way, a frequent occurrence, so don't think I am a mental case. I feel remarkably well at the moment. I am sure it will be a terrible shock when I eventually return to duty, especially after these four or five weeks at this Country Club, so called by the patients (residents)."

MRS. A. NEWMAN:

"Bobby has gone to Canada. I had a cable on February 1st saying he was safe and well, quite satisfied, with plenty of good food and lots of ice skating."

MICK NOBLE (overseas):

"I am having a good time under the circumstances. We get along very well with the French and Arab populations. There are a number of French Jews here, and I have met quite a number of them. I am very friendly with one family, and they are teaching me French while I teach them English."

SYD NYMAN (overseas, 23/12/42):

"We had some hard times in the past months out here, but it was nothing to what Jerry's having now. I was sent back with a wound in my left arm, and I spent a while in hospital. I'm O.K. now, and hope to join my unit again very soon."

HENRY OFFENBACH:

"The only N.C.O. on this Station whose flight has a great regard for him is 'Curly' Lipton. They've found my eyes not so good. It may mean out of Air Crew, but what can I do? It's out of my hands now."

ALF PENNER (overseas, 28/12/42):

"I am writing this in hospital somewhere in the Holy Land. Unlucky me, I only had one day after coming out of action to enjoy myself before I was put in hospital. Anyway I am feeling fit, and hope to be back in the line to put PAID to Adolph Benito Rommel. How about Russia! I always had faith in our Joe; anyway, the works will blow in 1943."

SAMMY PIETERS:

"As I was at the Club during the debate on the National Service Scheme, I now have no doubt about winning this war, for I saw a lot of fine chaps trying to finish Nazism.

"I can't give the Russians a clap for what they are doing because they don't need a clap—they need the world to turn round and say: There's a people who have shown the world what 'glory' really means. I for one, when I meet a Russian who has fought, will heartily shake hands with him and tell him he is welcome any time, any where, in my, and I am sure in

your, house. I just can't say how we all feel about them. Let the boys know I am getting on fine here."

JACK PRESSMAN:

"It was my wife and young brother-in-law Mendy Remer who persuaded me to visit the Club when I was last on leave. Only a few of the old friends I knew were present, but it was the copy of *Fratres* which squared me up with those apparently far-off days. It seemed full of people I knew ever so well and not so well. I send my greetings to Alf Glynne, Sammy Touche (who will pass them on to my brother-in-law, Len Temple), and Julius Ginswick."

ARNOLD PRICE:

"No doubt you get told in every letter you receive from lads in the Forces how much they treasure and look forward to the arrival of *Fratres*. After a time one would begin to think that that was the right thing to do, or in other words the most polite way to start a letter to you, but believe me, that is not so. Those lads really mean it, and I really mean it, and can honestly say that when that now familiar envelope turns up, I know the next few days are going to be happy ones. I see Maxie Rinkoff quite a lot; I got all the 'gen' from him about what's doing up the Club. According to him things were in fine shape, as I'm sure they are. Peanuts' absence was noticed."

BUSHY RAPPAPORT:

"I have been chosen with seven other men from the Company to go on an eight weeks' course. We're going as potential N.C.O.s. There are forty men on this course, and I think fifty per cent. will become N.C.O.s. I shall do my best and hope that I'm lucky enough to be selected."

JACK RAPPORT:

"Since we came here we've seen all the countryside in the area on Battle Courses, and I'm very pleased to say that we've now completed the Battalion. I've been on all the courses as an instructor, and must admit I feel fine after all the exercise and fresh air. Willie is home after quite a long trip, which makes everything in the garden lovely for the family. I'm still playing a lot of football, but I seem to be getting a little past it now. Are your Cadets Commandos yet, or are they still only doing arms drill? Discipline, musketry and battle drill are the things to keep punching home. And as important as these three important points is physical fitness—not Swedish drill, but hardness and endurance."

(*i.e. Keep up the O.St.G. tradition—Editor.*)

HARRY REITER (overseas, 27/12/42):

"I had a very nice Christmas. I had some rum, beer, a whole chicken to myself and fifteen eggs, and all the entertainments I could have."

DAVE REMER (overseas, 27/1/43):

"I have reverted to private on my own accord, and find that I am much happier mentally. I have exchanged *Fratres* with a member of 'Oxford House' in Bethnal Green."

MAX RINKOFF:

"Although I have met some grand fellows in the R.A.F. I think I am extremely fortunate to have met such a grand set of friends as those at the Club."

SYD RINKOFF (overseas, 1/12/42):

"I am still alive and kicking. I see Simmy Rothenberg, being in the same Company. We are making ourselves quite comfortable with part of the furniture Jerry kindly left for us. He actually meant to stay in Libya. (Wishful thinking on his part.)"

JOEL ROACH:

"I took my A.C.C. test, and was lucky enough to pass. It's surprising the amount of power a cook wields on a detachment. I have only to ask the officer-in-charge for anything and I get it. I have been cooking for twenty-three men, and I am pleased to say I made a very good job of it—in fact the officer-in-charge was eating with us, and he said it was better than he had at the Officers' Mess.

"I think the Club was better on my last visit than it has been since I joined the Army, and the enthusiasm of its present occupants is a sight for sore eyes. We up here are hoping to see a second front and an end to this war, and nothing would please me better than to be in on a second front."

RALPH ROSEN (overseas, 6/2/43):

"We still have a difficult job ahead of us, but it will be done. The Camel Corps seems to have made its headquarters some distance away. Every time these camels stop around our camp for some grass to eat, the air is foul in less time than one can say Jack Robinson."

HYMIE ROSENBAUM:

"I have been attached as wireless operator to a travelling wireless van. As you can well imagine, under those circumstances it is very difficult to receive or send letters. However, I have now been called back on my Wireless 'Op.' Air Gunners' Course. I expect to pass out as a Sergeant W.O.P. A.G."

JOE ROSENFELD:

"I have got a new job on the flare path, which I like very much; it's much better than the Sergeants' Mess. The job on the flare path is to light up the flares so that the planes safely land."

PEANUTS RUFFMAN:

"Well, here is a mere private writing a letter to you and finding there is tons to write about but no physical strength to write with. I was put into a hut with boys my own age, and only one Jewish boy with me. The boys are absolutely first-class fellows, and we get on really wonderful. I am enjoying every minute of it, and am certainly thankful that practically every bit of the foot and arms drill taught here I knew beforehand. The people who go in the Army knowing their stuff feel tremendously confident, and already the sergeant has separated the Home Guard people from the others. This means that whilst the rookies are doing foot drill we are doing elementary fieldcraft and aiming off for wind. This all comes very easy to me as I've learned practically all this stuff in the Cadets. I'm not kidding when I say that a person who knows something beforehand has a really terrific advantage over the ordinary recruit. I hope the N.C.O.s are carrying on their course, as this is the main stuff taught here. I forgot to mention that unless you're physically fit in the Army it's not worth living. Tell the boys."

MAX SAX (overseas, 6/1/43):

"Believe me, now I realise what the Club really is and what it stands for. I shall never forgive myself for being the absentee that I was. I have not received a single copy of *Fratres* since I have been overseas."

BERNARD SCHULSINGER:

"I have finished my training here, and now I am going to a hospital or a Field Ambulance. I have found a new lot of Club brothers here, and I get along all right with them."

ALEC SEGAL (at sea):

"I've been at sea for close on two weeks now, and I'm taking this opportunity of writing to you. My first taste wasn't very pleasant. I've been seasick, not violently, but still seasick, and it isn't a very nice sensation. I've got over it by now though, and maybe I'll develop a 'sailor's roll'

yet. Living conditions on board are quite good. I'm sharing a first-class cabin, with sheets and spring beds, an electric heater and fan, and wardrobe and small writing table. The food is grand and there's plenty of it. The ship's canteen stocks fags at ten for threepence, chocolates, sweets, biscuits and tinned fruits, all unrationed and quite cheap—and to think that whilst I was seasick, I lived on dried biscuits and crisps and missed two real fried eggs! It's still a very horrid thought! I've got not the faintest idea where I'm bound for, and I'm not really interested; it's just a case of wait and see. I've got with me all the football photos from the 1922's to the Old Boys, and Sid Thoik's snaps of one of the camp fires at Camp."

(Later.) "I'm on dry land. It's very warm, and I'm getting very closely acquainted with the sand—too closely! It rains like hell some nights, and the tent resembles a 'Noah's Ark,' except that it doesn't keep the water out. The grub is fine, and I feel very fit. I don't know where I'll finish up, but it's all so new that it's certainly an experience."

HARRY SHAER (overseas, 17/12/42):

"We are still doing plenty of guards and a good deal of sport. I guess you will be hearing about my regiment's exploits as soon as General Wavell gives the word. I hope it will be soon too."

HARRY SHAPIRO (overseas, 26/1/43):

"I am very well. I have left Benny Kliger behind now, still working like mad; I did not even have time to say 'Cheerio' to him, but I hope to say 'Hello' very shortly to our Ben. There are four grand chaps in my bivvy, full of fun, and real decent. One belongs to the Oxford and Bermondsey Club, and he is the pick of the crew, 4 ft. 10 ins. of fun and laughter."

LES SHIFFMAN:

"My present occupation is tackling an Asst. Detachment Commanders' Course, something I'm not very used to. They seem to want an excuse either to take my lonely stripe away altogether or present it with a mate."

(What grew out of a rib can grow out of a stripe—Editor.)

TEALEAF SHINDLER:

"Somebody said to me on Euston Station, 'Hello, Tealeaf.' I looked up and saw it was Julius Ginswick; I was so pleased to see him."

NAT SHINE:

"My Regt. has gone abroad. I have been left behind, considered unfit by the M.O. The place we're in at present was once the Poor Law Institute (Workhouse) and I have the temporary job of 'manning' the telephone. My place of work is the nearest thing, in size, to a kiosk, I've ever seen. It was once a punishment cell, three paces square, with four blank, dreary walls, and no method of heating. It is my first 'taste' of 'prison' life, and I don't like it! After being with the regiment for over three years I am to miss them very much. I had made many good friends, and one especially, who though of different religion, never let that interfere with our great friendship.

"I am settling down among my new comrades. They don't seem to fill the voids caused by the departure of my old friends and colleagues, and I don't think they ever will. The specialist is of the opinion that I am quite well, and should be upgraded to A.1. I wish I was as well as he says, but I'm *not*."

PAUL SHOBEN (overseas, 13/1/43):

"If leave boats had been sailing, as regularly as they should, I was hoping to be home for my twenty-first birthday (for date, ask S.E.F.), but I guess I mustn't grumble, because I know that the boys out East would like to be in my shoes. The only things that have changed since I last wrote are my rank, and the weather. I've held the rank now of L.A.C. for about three weeks, and it does mean a nice few krona extra in my pocket. (Being

engaged, I really mean 'our' pocket.) As for the weather—well, if I had to write to you last week, I couldn't. Everything, including myself, was frozen; cups were frozen to plates; frost was inside billets, and when we washed our plates in the cookhouse with hot water, they were coated with ice by the time we reached our billets, which are only fifty yards away. At night, to keep myself warm, I put two coats over my ordinary sleeping kit, but the cold and wind bite through everything, including this. Whilst this cold spell was on I only wore three pairs of socks, and two pullovers, with etc.'s. Oh yes, a fur-lined hat, which is not on issue, but which we have to buy from Icelandic shops.

"*Fratres* relieved my 'browned-off' feeling. Previously I, as others, were grumbling about the state of affairs in Iceland, but when I read the letters of the boys from out East, I realised that I wasn't so badly off as it is possible to be. My worries now are centred upon the post-war conditions. Promises have been made about jobs for all servicemen, but will there be enough jobs to go around? Women have moved into men's jobs very satisfactorily. Will employers engage men for higher wages? All these problems I think should be thrashed out now, because service life has made me, as many others, realise that life is really very short, and we don't want to stay in the Forces longer than necessary, because life is too precious to be wasted."

GERALD SILVERMAN:

"Here am I in my new unit. We do fire-watching drills and route marching."

DAVE SIMONS:

"I have been touring the gun-sites and searchlight sites and have been selected as an Instructor of this Group School, and I feel rather flattered. My report was a lot better than I expected. We have a grand assault and battle course, in which live ammunition is used, and also gas bombs. I think the Colonel of this School must have been a Boy Scout in his youth. Once a month we are given our food rations, and we have to fend for ourselves. Our meals must be cooked on an open fire and in the woods. A report is made out on each individual's capabilities."

JACK SIMONS:

"A terrible mistake has occurred over my posting to this unit. I'm afraid I'm feeling pretty despondent. The specialist was going to send me into the Pay Corps; imagine my amazement on being posted to an A.A. unit."

(Treatment by shock, perhaps—Editor.)

MOSSY SIMONS:

"I have at last passed my trade test, and have to fill in the final papers for my remustering into the R.A.S.C. I have waited nearly two years for this opportunity. My running has improved, and I can now do 4½ miles cross country, in boots, in thirty-six minutes."

GINGER SINGER (overseas, 7/2/43):

"I got a boomalacka at Benghazi, but it had to be a solo, for I did not see any of the boys. I was struck by your editorial in the September issue, more so than by any one I have read before, because of its frankness and sincerity. It is the truth when you say that an individual looks at another with a brotherly feeling whilst in battle. I have experienced the same feeling, in spite of any differences we may have had. I have never had an inferiority complex about our religion; reading that editorial makes me feel that I am a Jew and proud of it, and also a true Briton, and I won't let anything get in the way of either of them. You have made me feel that we are going back to live in a better world for both Jew and Gentile, and that each one shall have the same chance. We have started a football team and I have my old position of I.R. In the third game I must

have stretched a ligament or something like that, and so I have to rest for a while. Another attraction is a mobile cinema. It was the first film I had seen for eight months. When the actresses appeared on the screen you should have heard the noise from the lads, for like myself, since leaving Cairo we have not seen a European girl dressed properly, and it was a change to see the fairer sex, even though it was on the films. The scene around us has changed from a desert to lovely wild flowers and grass. To get up in the morning and smell the lovely fresh air is quite a treat, but I am not looking forward to the summer, as it is much too hot for me."

TIPPER SIPPEN:

"The specialists' course was quite interesting, though to me some of the stuff did appear 'foreign.' I visited the house where I spent my first New Year in the Army. It's 2½ years since I last saw these fine folks. When I trooped in the house I was kind of scared, but I was treated like one of the family, and really enjoyed myself."

NICK SKOLNICK:

"Just to assure you that I have not, and never will, forget either you or the Club, in spite of my long silence. I have a lot to say, and not being much of a hand at writing letters will reserve my defence until I come on a forty-eight hour."

(You'll need longer than that—Editor.)

ISRAEL SLUTSKY:

"I have suddenly developed a great urge to fly as an air gunner. On arriving at our new billet I immediately applied for the course I had in mind, feeling sure that I'd get it, but instead, found to my disappointment that ratings of the Fleet were not eligible at present, so very much fed up in general, I applied for another course adhering to maintenance. I hope the Club is going as well as the many conflicts now raging in all the four corners of the world."

DAN SMITH:

"My daughter is fast growing into a little terror."

(A chip of the old block—Editor.)

FRANK SMITH (overseas, 16/12/42):

"I notice in *Fratres* an extract from a letter from the Chairman of the Durban Jewish Club, and I can fully endorse what Mr. Moshal says. I enjoyed many good meals at the place, and I assure you they are kept very busy indeed. They have a very nice Club, and every amenity is thrown open to the troops; everyone I have met who has been there has nothing but praise for the Jewish Club, and for that matter the way that troops get treated and entertained whilst staying at Durban is really wonderful. Many of us have made very real friends in South Africa. I had a very uneventful trip in so far as any action was concerned, thanks to the vigilance of the Navy. Now I have reached my destination, I cannot of course say where I am, but I am out in the wilds, with nothing but native villages around."

MORRIS SMORGAN:

"I feel fine. This hospital, in which I spend my first stage of convalescence, is very nice and comfortable; it is a 'civvy' hospital for old people with a wing for Service men. I spend twenty-eight days here and then go to a Convalescent Depot."

ALBERT SOBER (overseas, 20/10/42):

"I am quite well and in the best of spirits, but naturally I'm a bit homesick."

MORRIS SOLLOF:

"I'm gradually getting used to the place; you've got to get used to it. But honestly speaking, it's not so bad."

SCHLEIMER SOLOMONS (overseas):

"There isn't much to write about at present, and when I shall have something to write about, it will probably be censored. We went for a five-mile run the other day, and I could not help finishing up the last hundred yards in the traditional O.St.G. sprint."

SCHNOZZLE SOLOMONS (overseas, 7/1/43):

"My sojourn in hospital has terminated, and I returned to the unit, after spending thirty-one days' sick leave up in the hills. I had the most wonderful time, and am now feeling a hundred per cent. fit and well. If any one would have told me that it snowed in India, I would have laughed and thought they were pulling my leg, but I soon found out that it snows just as much in certain parts of India as it does in England, in fact more. Leon Joseph seems to be doing O.K., and he says that since he got married he is the happiest person on earth. That's what they all say for the first six months or so."

(Some do every six—Editor.)

MAURICE SOPEL:

"I am at the moment a mess-waiter, and the grub is good and plenty. The lads have remarked how much weight I am putting on, but I dare say I will lose it, quite soon."

(I also dared say—Editor.)

CECIL SPEYER (overseas, 19/1/43):

"I've a conviction that the Cadets represent the type of lad who won't be content with a Beveridge Report, and then another Commission to report on the Beveridge Report. They will demand definite action for 'Freedom from Want' instead of bags of pretty speeches. Please congratulate the perpetrator of the story which encompassed so many of the Club names. It's the first time my name has been linked to a church spire, but I assume the author has a poetic licence."

(He does not aSPEYER to the title of poet—Editor.)

LOUIS STEINGOLD:

"Ginger Singer apparently is quite fit, trying to keep pace with the Hun in the cross-country race."

ALEC STERN:

"Thank you for *Fratres*. Instead of being in Australia, I feel as though I have been transplanted back to Betts Street."

ALF STRUDWICK:

"When I read about my posting, I jumped about like a madman. After picking up the Morse alphabet in two days, I went sick with 'flu, a touch of (note Army Lang.). This Company is filled with the intelligent chaps of the Battalion; of course, some of *us* do manage to squeeze in. To-day we got our berets, and I really look cute; somebody referred to me as a donkey in it."

(They are supposed to hide at least one ear—Editor.)

AUBREY SUMRAY:

"I've never felt happier or healthier in all my life. Maybe I shouldn't say happier; it just doesn't seem to ring true, so I'll say happy."

LOU SUSSMAN (from an Italian P. of W. Camp, 26/1/43):

"After having been burnt rather badly on the legs, face and hands last June, I am well on the road to complete recovery. I owe this to the doctor here, who has done his very best for me."

MAX SZLADKOWSKY:

"My transfer has come through. At the moment I am trying to let my experience go loose in repairing a big gun, which involves quite a lot of complicated work. Army life here, in comparison with the Pioneer Corps, is much more stiff and regimental."

RONALD TANNENBAUM (TENNENT):

"When I volunteered for the R.A.F. my one ambition was to come home and to the Club with a pair of wings on my chest, but I'm afraid the R.A.F. thought otherwise, and here I am training to be a grease monkey. I was not physically fit for flying duties. I have been keeping the Club colours flying playing Rugby, and have had some grand games."

SNORTY TANNER (overseas, 18/12/42):

"During the last few months we have been moving about so much doing things that we didn't have much time to think about writing. I am waiting for the day to come for the marching in and taking over of Tripoli. I congratulate the Club on the fine Cadets. It must make the Club very proud of itself. I have to close now. It seems funny, but I have to go to a Cadets' class myself under the battery sergeant-major, and you can't keep him waiting. Oh yes, we have cadet classes too, just to keep us N.C.O.s up to standard, so keep going and good luck."

HARRY TISMAN (overseas, 1/1/43):

"For the second time I find myself in contact with the French. France now is virtually a German colony. French N. Africa I believe, though, will be the base for the re-birth of France. Certainly the Frenchmen here are really back on the side of the Allies. We're now in the middle of the rainy season here. It is a rainy season with a vengeance. Scotch weather isn't a patch on the weather we have here. The rain pours down one day, and the next day we might have a terrific wind that simply carries one along. The temperature is similar to that of early autumn in England, except at night, when it's almost unbearably cold. I'm looking forward to receiving *Fratres*, and I hope it won't be too long before I get it. It's wonderful how one longs for news out here, especially news of one's friends. I hope *Fratres* will tell me that everyone is O.K."

SAM TOUCHE (overseas, 16/12/42):

"My work is very interesting. We are very comfortably quartered in one of the very select areas of the town. I get plenty of swimming. I met Coleman Loperton, who is here on leave."

PIP TREGAR (overseas, 8/1/43):

"Since being here I have been too busy to write a lot. If all goes well and we make contact with the Eighth Army I should have a chance of seeing some of the lads, especially Nat Kissin. Well, I have settled down as much as it is possible to settle in a foreign land, and not being able to understand the people. The language spoken out here is French, and any soldier able to speak it (it doesn't matter how badly) is on the go all day interpreting the people here."

RALPH TRUMAN:

"We are billeted in the racing stables of a prominent trainer. This might sound rough, but it is not so, as the stables are very clean and up-to-date. Our work is extremely hard and important, and after two days' toil one does not feel like going out."

(*I suppose you remain installed—Editor.*)

HARRY VELTMAN:

"We are working hard, and I mean working, and getting in trim for the last and final round. By the time I'll get my ticket, I'll be anything between a soldier and a housewife. Nearly all the men here are anxious to get across to the other side, and have a go. A chap here, who, until he said it, I considered to be my best friend, said it was a Jewish war and that it was caused by the Jews. What annoyed me was I'm the first Jew he's met, and he was always telling me I'm one of the best friends he's ever had. I asked him if he thought that I and hundreds of thousands of Jews wanted this war, and I asked him to name one country that, when the Jews were

persecuted in Germany, would have declared war on Germany to make an effort to save them, and not just sit back and give us their sympathy. Yes, I know that this outburst may sound unjust, but I think that it's true; the Jews to-day stand alone, just as they always have done. Never was I prouder that I am a Jew, because now I know what the Jews have had to go through, through all the past centuries, being spurned by different policies, given the brunt of the evils of nations and yet still existing, fighting the whole time against odds that would have demoralised many of the modern so-called powerful nations. Don't think that this is because of one man, but lots of times I've had to close my ears to things said by some of my so-called friends. True they say, 'I'm sorry; it just slipped out,' but then it only goes to show what lies so close to that veneer of friendliness."

SAM VELTMAN:

"Since I came to the Battle School, my work has kept me busy until late every evening for seven days a week. Battle Schools are extremely busy places; during the week the school functions as a normal army course, and at week-ends the Home Guard comes in for a modified battle course."

CLARENCE WEBBER:

"I am residing on a racecourse, where the accommodation is much better than I expected. I am sleeping in what was the Tote when racing was done here. I have 'graduated' to the Royal Corps of Signals, and been selected for a special Wireless Operator."

GRAHAM WEBBER:

"I have had very little time to myself. I have enjoyed every minute of it. I must say again what lovely food we are getting here, and there is nothing I like more than a good meal. The chaps here say that I am getting fat, not that I worry, as I am never happy till I am full."

(*Ambitions* fulfilled—*Editor.*)

FRED WEIDER:

"We have been kept well at it, and we're doing exercises and stunts galore. There seems to be no end to the different kinds of tactics. Its surprising how easy soldiering is now compared to the early days. My boy really is the grandest baby in the world."

JACK WEINER:

"The operation I had was very successful, though I am still fairly groggy on my feet. I'm taking no chances, and don't go out much."

LEN WEINSTEIN (at sea):

"I am writing aboard ship and am trying to get settled down. My thoughts are with those whom I leave behind and I feel the same thrill that I felt going to my first camp so many years ago, and around are the men whom I have come to know so well in the last couple of years, a fine set of chaps. I could not have better comrades to share come what may, and the comradeship you taught us at the Club throughout the years has stood its test well by my knowing and being able to get along with all."

(16/1/43.) "We are under canvas in a very pleasant valley, and a little stream runs by us about five yards from my tent. It's very hot during the day and very cold at night. If this is their winter, I shall be dreading their summer. I am quite content here, and I seem to imagine that I am still under canvas with the O.St.G. on Highdown Hill; instead of the Millers' Tomb, there are plenty of Arab ones. Thanks to the 'British Navy,' one could hardly imagine there was a war on, so peaceful and calm did our voyage across strange seas proceed."

DICKY WHITE:

"I have been on a coastal trip, and I am all right. I am waiting a convoy. I hope to go to . . . . (censored)."

JOHNNY WILLIAMS (overseas, 29/12/42):

"We celebrated Christmas Day at sea and had a rather good time. Big eats with all the 'trimmings.' The Navy way of playing games is real good fun. If you happen to make a good score at anything you come in for a ducking, with about a dozen hands trying to hold you under. Things have settled down now, and the normal routine will prevail to next Christmas. I had the good fortune to run into Charlie and Benny Aitman while we were in port. Gosh! I was certainly glad to run into them. Charlie and Benny had bumped into one another in the main street, and I met them more or less in the same way. They both looked very well. I missed S.E.F.'s birthday card, but I had an airgraph from him. I am afraid I have neglected him. I guess he'll give me a couple of days No. 6 for not writing."

(*Or a couple of number 9—Editor.*)

ALEX WILSON:

"The recent raid experience is very useful; unfortunately the knowledge of the impending raid over London taxes your nerves if you come from town. The information reaches me long before the aircraft reach London."

JOE WINKEL (overseas, 23/12/42):

"I cannot believe that the pen is mightier than the sword, because I have so much to write of, and just don't know how to start. Is it because I believe in deeds, and not words? My pals await delivery of *Fratres* nearly as much as I do. I say nearly, because it would be impossible for any one to welcome it, except a Club chap, as much as I do. I have travelled quite a long way, through very lovely country, and I don't wonder why the Italians put so much money and labour into the green belt of Libya. Benghazi seems to have been a very nice town, though I have not yet been through it—you know, just a cursory glance. Tobruk was in a mess, and how! It was really amazing to us chaps who only a day previous were entirely surrounded by sand, and never imagined that grass could be so green and cattle so fat, so near the desert.

"For the first time for months I am not under canvas. Incidentally, it can only have been a week or two since Jerry, and the Ities maybe, used the same billet as I am in now. In fact, over my head are crude drawings of nearly nude females, one Marie and one Louise, with the inscription 'Meine mädels,' and this particular Jerry had a good taste in women, or else a vivid imagination.

"As you can imagine, I have not seen, nor heard, of the Levines for weeks and weeks, but this morning, I had occasion to go sick, and went to the nearest mobile hospital, and whilst having a dressing put on my finger, asked where Alf Joseph's crowd were, and if the chap doing the dressing knew of him. Believe it or not, he was in Alf's unit, and in less than five minutes I was shaking Alf's hand, and then we were like two old women, and never stopped talking for ages. He is fit and well and had just returned from Benghazi, where he had been for a week—working. If we stay here for a day or two I shall, and will, see him again. When we two get yarning all the chaps in the tent are amazed, and if they did not read *Fratres,* or understand just what the Club is, would think we were crazy.

"At the present moment, in this room, there are six of us, all trying to do something different from each other. Our only light is a small oil lamp. I am trying to write and sing (?) at the same time; one of us is playing a mouth-organ, another a trumpet, one so-and-so insists on tap dancing, and the other two cannot make up their minds whether to sing, dance or whistle. But we are happy, and that is the main thing. Every time I read *Fratres* I am afraid that envy creeps into my heart. The reason? That I would love to be with chaps like Bromnick, doing something in a personal way to win this war. Then I try and tell myself I am doing my share, but the

shall I say jealousy still persists, and I get a bit down in the mouth. Maybe my chance will come, who knows?"

(23/1/43.) "The fact that the few remaining Old Boys are taking such an active interest in the youngsters is something great. You might mention just how I feel and tell 'em to keep on with the good work. If the several airgraphs I have received from chaps who are not my personal friends are due to Mark Slater, he is doing good work, as receiving letters is one of the few things I can look forward to. They help to make desert life a bit brighter. I guess we shall not be here for long, and maybe when we move, it might be to a land of green fields, running streams and all that sort of thing. I am keeping well, but not exactly fit, as I am not getting much exercise these days."

ALF WISEMAN:

"The highest compliment that I as a Jew have received is the following, given me by a large number of Christian fellows. 'One thing I must say about you people of the Jewish faith is that you all stick together, and look after each other; I wish our people did the same.' I cannot tell how proud I feel that I am a Jew. For some time now I have been back on my old job on the fire tender, and I stand by for any emergency while flying is in progress, and as we are in 'Training Command' there should be plenty for me to do. But I think I must be one of the few people suffering from unemployment in the R.A.F., because there has been a shortage of crashes and no work for me, and I am getting out of practice. Still it is a good thing to know that my services have not been wanted in that direction."

BERNARD ZLOTNICKI:

"It appears we are here for the duration. Never can there have been so sad a case of hundreds of fellows, all keen and anxious to do their bit, being tucked away in a corner and forgotten. Here there is no escape except death from old age. This letter is not intended to convey the impression that I am cheesed off. The evenings here more than make up for the days. We don't let the D.I.s get us down. We just keep smiling and looking forward to the time when we can have a crack at Jerry. Who knows, we might even fly some day."

HOSPITALITY CORNER.

An O.St.G. welcome and a "nice cup of tea" await any Club members who may find themselves near any of the undermentioned addresses.

S.E.F. will be glad to hear from any other hosts outside London.

BERKSHIRE.—Mrs. Barney Callis, Hill View, Paddock Road, Old Newton Road, Newbury.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Myers (Cyril's parents), 15, Boyn Valley Road, Maidenhead.
Mrs. Barney Dove, "Breezes," Windsor Road, Bray, Nr. Maidenhead.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry (Tank) Waxman, 90, Castle Street, Reading.

BUCKS.—Mrs. Nan Dombey, Stud Farm, Southcourt, Leighton Buzzard.
Mr. and Mrs. Morry Pulvernis, 1, North Park, Iver.
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hornstein, 157, Micklefield Road, High Wycombe.
Mrs. Len Solomons, 40, Whitelands Road, High Wycombe.

DURHAM.—Dr. and Mrs. Mark Guter, 28, Crayke Road, Hartburn Lane, Stockton-on-Tees.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Teacher (née Ida Goldstein), 3, Deepdene Road, Seaburn, Sunderland.

ESSEX.—Mr. and Mrs. Hymie Cohen ("Eggie"), 100, Malden Road, Colchester.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Mr. Joe Goldstein, 30, Leda Avenue, Knowle, Bristol 4.

HAMPSHIRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Solomons, 28, Truscott Avenue, Winton, Bournemouth.

HERTFORDSHIRE—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crest, 98, Old Hale Way, Hitchin.
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hart, 53, Risedale Road, Hemel Hempstead.
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kay, Jessame, Brookside South, East Barnet.
Mrs. Lionel Loewe (The Gaffer's sister-in-law), 3, Bricket Road, St. Albans.

IRELAND (Northern).—Mr. and Mrs. Eli Silver, 40, Dufferin Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down.

KENT.—Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Thornton (of the N.A.B.C.), Lime Tree Farm, Stone Street, Petham, Canterbury.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Alge (née Fanny Goldberg, original G.C. member), 251, Hainton Avenue, Grimsby. (Tel. 3344.)

MIDDLESEX.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morris, 92, Francklyn Gardens, Edgware.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Abrahams, 1646, Gt. Cambridge Road (near Turkey Street), Enfield. (Week-ends only.)
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Finegold, 457, Whitten Avenue, Greenford (near Sudbury Town Station).
Mr. and Mrs. Manny Tobert, 64, Devonshire Road, Harrow.
Mrs. Dave Pollard, 2, Remenham House, Devonshire Road, Hatch End. Hatch End.
Mr. and Mrs. Max Rose, 10, Grey Tiles, Queen's Road, Teddington.

NORFOLK.—Mr. and Mrs. Levene (parents of Arnold), 199, Woolton Road, Kings Lynn.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pleat, 6, Fishpond Drive, The Park, Nottingham.

OXFORDSHIRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Sol Freed, 24, Cricket Road, Cowley, Oxford.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—Mrs. Myer Guter (née Esther Davis), 175, Tixall Road, Stafford.

SUFFOLK.—Mr. A. A. Kershaw (of Cephas St. School), Prior's Close, Walsham-le-Willows, Nr. Bury St. Edmund's.

SURREY.—Mr. and Mrs. Stein (parents of José Stein), Bryony, Southwell Park Road, Camberley.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moss, Roysted, Hydestile, Godalming.
Mrs. Lionel Ellis, 72, Ewell Road, Surbiton.

SUSSEX.—Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fay, 20, First Avenue, Hove, Brighton.
Mr. Julian Q. Henriques (the Gaffer's brother), Alchorns, Nutley, Uckfield.

WALES.—Mr. and Mrs. Winkel, Dan-y-Deri House, Ystrad Road, Ystrad, Glamorgan.

WILTSHIRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Bensinger (Eric's parents), Shaw House, Melksham.
The Swindon Ivri (Jewish Social Club), 27, Milton Road, Swindon. (Invitation from Morris Davis, late of Anthony Street.)

YORKSHIRE.—Mr. and Mrs. George Levine (née Rachel Fox, "Foxie"), 173, Spencer Place, Roundhay Road, Leeds 7.
Mrs. Lily Caminer, "The Chessington," 6, The Crescent, Scarborough.

OVERSEAS.

CAPE TOWN (S.A.).—Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby (née Golda Zenoba), 60, Upper Mill Street. (Tel. 2—9679.)
Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Myers, Erica, Cotswold Avenue, Kloof Nek Road. (Tel. 3—0736 or 2—0025).

OUDTSHOORN (S.A.).—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kenner, Kent Lodge, West Bank.

SYDNEY (Australia).—Mr. and Mrs. Alec Stern, 47, Cogie Street.
Mr. Sid Bader, 3, Raleigh Flats, 84, Brighton Boulevard, North Bundi.

MELBOURNE (Australia).—Mr. and Mrs. Harold Boaz, St. Carols, Caroline Street, South Yarra.

WELLINGTON (N.Z.).—Mr. David Markham (Bozzie's brother), 14, Buller Street.

M.E.F.—Members on leave in Alexandria or Cairo are referred to the Jewish Club there, where they may get news of other members.

CIVIL DEFENCE.

AIR RAID WARDENS.

Chaikin, Jock
Shinkerman, Harry

AMBULANCE AND STRETCHER PARTY.

Marks, Maisie
Shinkerman, Cock
Roll, Jack
Ties (Teisheff), Syd. I.
Vollock, Louis

NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE

Alexander, Lily
Lutsky, Nat
Bostoff, Joe ("Polly")
Markofsky, Jerry
Caplin, Jack
Mazzer, Ginger
Karp, "Freezy"
Nathanson, Bill
Kerstein, Gertie
Ornstein, Alf
Kligerman, Rachel
Ornstein, Mick
Kosky, Sid
Sopel, Myer
Visokie, Morris

RESCUE AND DEMOLITION SERVICE.

Kravitz, Josh
Morowitz, B. ("Cowboy")

WAR RESERVE POLICE.

Fairburn, Jack
House, Jack

WOMEN'S LAND ARMY.

Gellman, Hilda
Moss, Celia
Touche, Fanny

IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,

March 8th, 1943.

Abrahams, Pte. Alfred	R. Sussex
Abrahams, Gr. " Gumsey "	R.A.
Abrahams, Rfm. Sam	K.R.R.C
Adler, Capt. Earle	R.A.
Aitman, Tpr. Ben	R.A.C.
Aitman, B.Q.M.S. Joe	R.A.
Aitman, A.C.1 Syd	R.A.F.
Albert, A.C.1 Max	R.A.F.
Alexander, Gr. Ben	R.A.
Allman, Cpl. Alf	R.A.F.
Altman, A.C.1 Sid	R.A.F.
Assenheim, L.A.C.W. Phyllis	W.A.A.F.
Banes, Gr. Wilfred	R.A.
Barclay, A.C.2 Len	R.A.F.
Baron, Capt. Maurice	The Buffs
Barrie, A.C.1 Mick	R.A.F.
Batue, Pte. Joe	R.A.M.C.
Beddington, 2nd Lt. Hubert	24th Lancers
Beerman, A.C.2 Ruby	R.A.F.
Bellman, Cpl. Lou	P.C.
Bensinger, 2nd Lt. Eric	Oxf. & Bcks.
Bentley, Sig. W. (Harry)	Signals
Berner, Pte. I. (Sid)	Manchesters
Bernstein, Gr. Arnold	R.A.
Bernstein, A.C.2 Colin	R.A.F.
Bernstein, Gnr. Harry	R.A.
Besser, A.C.1 Judah	R.A.F.
Bierman, Pte. George	Essex
Biller, Dvr. Alf	R.A.S.C.
Binder, A.C.2 Lew	R.A.F.
Blatt, L.A.C. Alan	R.A.F.
Block, Sply. Asst. Joe	R.N.
Bloom, Eng. Off. " Honky "	Merc. Mar.
Boltman, Sergt. Colin	A.I.F.
Braman, L.A.C.W. Sally	W.A.A.F.
Branstatter, Reuben	Merc. Mar.
Brenner, A.C.1 Bernard	R.A.F.
Bromnick, Pte. Myer	Parachute
Bronstein, Cfn. Hyman	R.E.M.E.
Brooks, Joseph	Merc. Mar.
Brown, Dvr. Mech. Tom	R.A.
Buber, A.C.W.1H. (Arbesfield)	W.A.A.F.
*Bylaski, Pte. Morris	G.S.C.
Callis, Pte. Barney	G.S.C.
Caminer, Dvr. Alec	R.A.S.C.
Caminer, Sqn. Ldr. David	R.A.F.
Caplin, 2nd Lieut. Alf	R.A.
Caplin, Capt. Harry	R.A.M.C.
Caplin, L/Cpl. Phil	R.A.S.C.
Caplin, Cadet Robert	O.C.T.U.
Carr, L.A.C. Harry	R.A.F.
Carroll, Major Denis	R.A.M.C.
Cayton, Sergt.-Inst. Willie	A.P.T.C.
Charkin, Cfn. Willie	R.E.M.E.
Chellone, L/Cpl. Morris	R.A.P.C.
Chown, Dvr. Eddie J.	R.A.
Cohen, Rfm. Alf	Rifle Brigade
Cohen, Pte. Ben	U.S. Army
Cohen, Gr. Hyman	R.A.
Cohen, Tpr. Jack	R.A.C.
Cohen, Pte. A. " Koonya "	R.A.S.C.
Cohen, L.A.C. Louis	R.A.F.
Cohen, Rfm. Mark	Rifle Brigade
Cohen, Sig. Monty	Signals
Cohen, Pte. Wolf	R.A.M.C.
Coleman, A.C.1 George	R.A.F.
*Compton, Pte. Norman	G.S.C.
Conway, A.C.2 " Dodger "	R.A.F.
Cooper, Tpr. Harry	Recce. Corps.
Cooper, Dvr. Hyman	R.A.S.C.
Corb, Sergt. Jack	R.A.S.C.
Cornbleet, Sergt. Sidney	R.A.F.
Coshover, L/Cpl. Sid	R.A.S.C.
Crash, Sergt. Jack	R.A.M.C.
Davies, A.C.2 Joe (Mick)	R.A.F.
Davis, Pte. I. (Michaelofsky)	Oxf. & Bcks.
Davis, Sergt. ' Young Mick '	Oxf. & Bcks.
Dean, Cfn. Reginald	R.E.M.E.
Desser, Pte. Emanuel	P.C.
Doltis, Dvr. Bert	R.A.S.C.
Doltis, Sergt. Jerry	R.A.O.C.
Dombey, Pte. Arthur I.	G.S.C.
Dombey, Sig H. (Nan)	Signals
Dombrand, Pte. Harry	The Buffs
Dove, Tpr. Barney	Inns of Court
Drachman, A.C.2 Arnold	R.A.F.
Drage, Capt. " Jerry "	Recce. Corps.
Dreyfus, Lt. Chas.	R.A.
Edgar, Capt. Leslie	C.F.
Eichen, Pte. Jack	Royal Berks
Ettlinger, O.S. Norman	R.N.
Fagelson, Louis	Merc. Mar.
Faux, L/Cpl. Sol.	Signals
Feldman, A.C.2 Monty	R.A.F.
Feldman, L/Bdr. Morris	R.A. (Mar.A.A)
Filar, Cfn. I. ' Tony '	R.E.M.E.
Fineberg, Gr. ' Ginger '	R.A.
Finesilver, Gr. A. (' Killer ')	R.A.
Fleischer, A.C.W.2 Debbe	W.A.A.F.
Fogel, Rfm. M. (' Dick ')	Rifle Brigade
Fox, Cpl. Joe	Signals
Fox, Cpl. Percy I.	R.A.M.C.
Fox, Gr. Percy II.	R.H.A.
Fradkin, Gr. Morris	R.A.
Freedman, A.C.2 Harold	R.A.F.
Freedman, Lt. Leslie	R.N.V.R.
Freedman, Gr. Mark	R.H.A.
Fykin, Sergt. Max	R.E.M.E.
Garfinkel, Sap. Len	R.E.
Geffen, Fus. Sydney	Royal Fus.
Geoghegan, Lt. Brian	Signals
*Gilbert, Pte. Harry	G.S.C.
Gilroy, Sergt.-Obs. Norry	R.A.F.
Ginswick, Tpr. John I.	R.A.C.

Ginswick, Lt. Julius	Oxf. & Bcks.
Girling, O/Sig. Teddy R.	R.N.
Glazer, O.S. Jock	R.N.
Glenton, Cpl. Henry	R.A.M.C.
Glickman, Sgt.W/o.A.G. Syd	R.A.F.
Glynne, Sap. Alfred	R.E.
Gold, Pte. Aaron	R.A.S.C.
Gold, Dvr. Gilbert	R.A.
Gold. Cpl. Israel (Johnny)	C.M.P.
Gold, Ldg. Rad. Mech. Issy	R.N.
*Gold, Pte. Leslie	G.S.C.
Gold, Sig. ' Yank '	Signals
Goldberg, L/Cpl. Alf.	Signals
Goldberg, A.C.2 Eric	R.A.F.
Goldberg, Gr. Louis	R.A.
Goldberg, Gr. Mick	R.A.
Goldberg, Flt. Lt. Ulla	R.A.F.
Goldenberg, Sig. A. (Bunky)	Signals
Goldman, Rfm. Harold	K.R.R.C
Goldman, Pte. Sadie	A.T.S.
Goldring, Pte. Lionel	R.A.M.C.
Goldsmith, Gr. Alf	R.A.
Goldstein, Gr. Jack	R.A.
Goldstein, Dvr. M. (Gitz)	R.A.S.C.
Goldwater, A.C.2 Syd	R.A.F.
Gorman, Sgt. Inst. Syd	A.P.T.C.
Grant, Sub-Lt. (A) Jack	R.N.V.R.
Grant, O.S. Larry	R.N.
Green, Sig. Bernard	Signals
Greenbaum, Pte. Marcia	A.T.S.
Greenberg, Tpr. ' Aroll '	Recce. Corps
Greenberg, Rfm. Sam	Rifle Brigade
Greenspan, A.C.2 Harry	R.A.F.
Greenspan, Pte. Percy	Royal Berks
Gropper, Pte. Harry	R.A.O.C.
Gross, A.C.1 Hyman	R.A.F.
Guedalla, Lt. Basil	Rifle Brigade
Guter, Sergt. Myer	R.A.F.
Haftel, A.C.1 Mannie	R.A.F.
Hamberger, Sergt. Gus	P.C.
Harris, L/Bdr. Jack	R.A.
Harris, Pte. Marcus	Oxf. & Bcks.
Harris, Cpl. Mot	R.E.
Hellbuth, Cpl. Donald	R.A.F.
Henriques, 3rd Off. Esmé	W.R.N.S.
Hiatt, Sig. Aaron	R.A.
Hoffman, L.A.C. Jack	R.A.F.
Hollick, L.A.C. George	R.A.F.
Hooper, Cpl. Sophie (Ludwig)	A.T.S.
Hornstein, Gr. David	R.A.
Howard, A.C.2 Ron (Darkie)	R.A.F.
Hussman, Gr. Nathan	R.A.
Isaacs, Gr. I. (' Bully ')	R.A.
Isaacs, A.C.2 Norman	R.A.F.
Isbitsky, Pte. Morris	Worcs.
Jacobovitch, Tpr. Paul	Recce. Corps
Jacobs, Rfm. Alf	K.R.R.C
Jacobs, Maj. Bertram	Hampshire
Jacobs, Dorothy	Naval V.A.D.
*Jacobs, Pte. Leslie	G.S.C.
*Jacobs, Pte. Philip	G.S.C.
Jacobson, Capt. Gerald	R.A.
Jacobson, Pte. Jack	P.C.
Jewell, Lt. Ben	R.A.
Joseph, Pte. Alf	R.A.M.C.
Joseph, A.B. Harry	R.N.
Joseph, Cfn. H. (" Chick ")	R.E.M.E.
Joseph, Fus. Leon	Royal Fus.
Kahn, Pil/Off. Geoffrey	R.A.F.
Kalicstein, Pte. Dan	R.A.O.C.
Kalmanson, L.A.C. Nathan	R.A.F.
Kaminash, Emanuel	Merc. Mar.
Kamofsky, Cadet Jack	O.C.T.U.
Kandler, Sig. Alf	Signals
Kane, L.A.C. B. ' Hawkeye '	R.A.F.
Kaufman, L/Bdr. Alec	R.A.
Kaufman, Sergt. Jack	R.W.A.F.
Kaufman, L/Bdr. Syd (1)	R.A.
Kaufman, Dvr. Syd (2)	R.A.S.C.
Kaye, A.C.2 Charles	R.A.F.
Keen, Pte. Alec	R.A.M.C.
Keen, Cfn. Phil (King)	R.E.M.E.
Keen, A.C.2 S. L. (Ben)	R.A.F.
Kellinger, Gr. Leslie (Liza)	R.A.
Kelman, Bdr. Mark	R.A.
Kersh, Pte. Max	P.C.
King, Pte. Julius (Kosky)	R.A.M.C.
Kirkwood, Tpr. Sam	R.A.C.
Kirshenberg, Gr. Hyman	R.A.
Kissin, Dvr. Nat	R.A.S.C.
Klein, Rfm. Stanley	Rifle Brigade
Kleinberg, L/Bdr. Joe	R.A.
Klieff, A.C.2 Peter	R.A.F.
Kliger, Sergt. Ben	R.E.
Kliman, A.C.2 Willy	R.A.F.
Kloos, Pte. Aaron	Suffolk
Knott, Gr. Henry	R.A.
Koren, Dvr. Harold	Signals
Kossansky, Pte. Wolf	R.A.S.C.
Kreeger, Gr. David	R.A.
Krongold, Sergt. Harry	K's Afr. Rifles
Krongold, Sergt. Lily	W.A.A.F.
Kunick, Cadet Phil	O.C.T.U.
Kupler, Cpl. Henry	P.C.
Kupler, Cpl. Jack	P.C.
Kurland, A.C.1 Manny	R.A.F.
Kurrant, Fus. Louis	R. Irish Fus.
Landau, Dvr. Barney	R.A.
Lang, Spr. Jack.	R.E.
Lang, L/Cpl. Sam	P.C.
Lasman, A.C.2 Ralph	R.A.F.
Lazarus, L.A.C. Ernest	R.A.F.
Leberman, Dvr. Alec	R.A.
Lee, L.A.C. Joseph	R.A.F.
Lefcovitch, A.C.1 Percy	R.A.F.
Lennard, Gr. Sid	R.A.
Lenoff, Gr. Syd	R.A.
Lester, Gr. Eddie	R.A.
Lester, Sergt. Eric	R.A.F.
Lethbridge, Sergt. Angel	R.A.M.C.

Letzer, Gr. Tony	R.A.
Levack, Cpl. Alfred	Middlesex
Levene, Sergt. Joe	R.A.S.C.
Levene, Sgt. Louis	R.A.O.C.
Leverson, Jun. Com. Nancy	A.T.S.
Levontine, A.C.2 Leon	R.A.F.
Levy, Dvr. Aaron	Signals
Levy, Gr. Cyril	R.A.
Levy, A.C.2 Harold	R.A.F.
Levy, Pte. Robert	R.A.O.C.
Lipton, Cpl. A. (Curly)	R.A.F.
Liston, Maj. David	Signals
Llewellyn Smith, 2nd Lt. H.	Scots Guards
Loperton, Pte. Coleman	R.A.M.C.
Loperton, Gr. Judah	R.A.
Louis, L.A.C. Syd	R.A.F.
Maister, Pte. John	Devons
Manstoff, A.C.2 Alf	R.A.F.
Marcusfield, L.A.C. Barney	R.A.F.
Markeson, Tpr. Hyman	R.A.C.
Markham, Cadet 'Bozzy'	O.C.T.U.
Marks, Sergt. Monty	R.A.F.
Marks, Cpl. Ralph	R.A.F.
Martinson, Sap. Louis	R.E.
Mazzer, Dvr. 'Mottle'	R.A.S.C.
Melina, L/Cpl. Maurice	Signals
Mer, Sergt. Victor	Intelligence
Merkel, L/Cpl. Harry	Intelligence
Michaels, Gr. Goff.	R.A.
Michaels, Bdr. Mouthy	R.A.
Mileberg, Tpr. Morris	R.A.C.
Mileberg, Pte. Wolf	Royal Berks
Miles, A.C.1 Alf	R.A.F.
Miller, O.Tel. Ernest	R.N.
Mocatta, Lieut. Jock	Recce. Corps
Monish, Gr. Solomon	R.A.
Moses, Pte. Fay	A.T.S.
Moss, Pen. Joe J.	R.N.
Moss, Tpr. Max	R.A.C.
Mugridge, L/Cpl. M. (Bedford)	A.T.S.
Murray-Leslie, L/N.A. M.	Fleet Air Arm
*Myerovitch, Pte. Morris	G.S.C.
Myers, Pte. Cyril	R.A.O.C.
Nathanson, A.C.2 John	R.A.F.
Needle, Harry	Merc. Mar.
Needle, Cpl. Reuben	P.C.
Newgass, Lt.-Cr. Harold, G.C.	R.N.V.R.
Newman, L.A.C. Robert	R.A.F.
Noble, Gr. Jack	R.A.
Noble, Pte. Mick	P.C.
Nobleman, A.C.2 Sam	R.A.F.
Nyman, Rfm. Syd	Rifle Brigade
Offenbach, L.A.C Henry	R.A.F.
Packer, Cfn. Sam	R.E.M.E.
Penner, Sergt. Alf	R. Lancers
Perlofsky, A.C.2 Morris	R.A.F.
Pieters, O.S. Sam	R.N.
Plotzker, Rfm. Norman	Rifle Brigade
Plutman, Cpl. Boris	R.A.F.
Pollard, L/Cpl. David	R.A.S.C.
Pollard, Gr. Jack	R.A.
Posner, Rfm. Syd	Rifle Brigade
Price, A.C.2 Arnold	R.A.F.
Rabin, L/Cpl. 'Mendy'	R.A.C.
Rabin, Sergt. Inst. Nat	A.P.T.C.
Rabinovitch, Gr. Simon	R.A.
Rappaport, Rfm. 'Bushy'	Queen's West
Rapport, Sergt. Jack	P.L.K.R.
Ravitch, L/Bdr. Morris	R.A.
Reiter, Pte. Herman	Commando
Remer, Pte. Dave	R.A.S.C.
Remer, A.C.2 Mendy	R.A.F.
Reuben, Gr. Isaac	R.A.
Richman, Pte. 'Squiggy'	R.A.P.C.
Richman, Pte. Harry	Commando
Rimmon, L/Cpl. Cecil	Airborne Sigs.
Rinkoff, A.C.2 Max	R.A.F.
Rinkoff, Rfm. Sydney	K.R.R.C
Roach, Pte. Joel	R.A.S.C.
Rose, A.C.2 A ("Danny")	R.A.F.
Rose, A.C.W.1 Pearl	W.A.A.F.
Rosen, Sig. Ralph	Signals
Rosenbaum, L.A.C. Hyman	R.A.F.
Rosenbaum, Cadet Sydney	O.C.T.U.
Rosenberg, Tpr. Bert	Recce. Corps
Rosenberg, Cpl. Joe	K.R.R.C
Rosenfeld, A.C.2 Joe	R.A.F.
Rosenfeld, Gr. Simon	R.A.
Rothenberg, L.A.C. Nathan	R.A.F.
Rothenberg, Rfm. Simmy	K.R.R.C
*Rubinstein, Pte. Hyman	G.S.C.
Rudolf, Lt. Jack	R.A.S.C.
Ruffman, Pte. M. (Peanuts)	G.S.C.
Salmon, Mark	Merc. Mar.
Samuels, Sergt. Dennis	R.A.F.
Sax, Sig. Max	Signals
Schmaltzman, Bdr. Sol.	R.A.
Schneider, Arm. Pte. Jack	R.A.O.C.
Schulberg, Bernard	Merc. Mar.
Schulsinger, Pte. Bernard	R.A.M.C.
Segal, Sergt. Alec	R.A.
Selby, Pte. Tom	R.A.M.C.
Selford, Gr. B. (Zelinsky)	R.A.
Shaer, Gr. Harry	R.A.
Shapiro, Dvr. Harry	R.A.S.C.
Shapiro, A.C.2 Mo (Darkie)	R.A.F.
Shiffman, L/Bdr. Leslie	R.A.
Shindler, L/Br. M. (Tealeaf)	R.A.
Shine, Gr. Nat	R.A.
Shoben, L.A.C. Paul	R.A.F.
Shur, Cpl. Joe	R.A.S.C.
Shur, A.C.1 Vavel	R.A.F.
Sigler, Sergt. Hyman	Dorset
*Silver, O.S. Jack	R.N.
Silverberg, Leslie	Merc. Mar.
Silverman, Sap. 'Algy'	R.E.
Silverman, Pte. Gerald	P.C.
Silverman, Sap. Jack	R.E.
Simcovitz, Pte. Lily	A.T.S.
Simmons, A.C.1 Maurice	R.A.F.

Simons, Sergt.-Inst. David	A.P.T.C.
Simons, Pte. Denis	Middlesex
Simons, Gr. Jack	R.A.
Simons, Pte. Moss	P.C.
Sinclair, Pte. Hanan	R.A.O.C.
Singer, A.B. David	R.N.
Singer, Pte. 'Ginger'	R.A.S.C.
Sippen, Gr. 'Tipper'	R.A.
Sirotkin, Pte. Bernard	R.A.O.C.
Skolnick, Morris	Merc. Mar.
Skolnick, L.A.C. (Nick)	R.A.F.
Slutsky, A.B. (F.A.A.) Israel	R.N.V.R.
Smewin, A.B. Fred	R.N.
Smith, Cpl. Daniel	R.A.F.
Smith, L.A.C. Frank	R.A.F.
Smorgan, Tpr. Morris	R.A.C.
Sober, Gr. Albert	R.A.
Sober, Ben	Merc. Mar.
Sollof, Gr. Maurice	R.A.
Solomons, Gr. Mark	R.A.
Solomons, Pte. 'Schnozzle'	R.A.O.C.
Sopel, Sap. Maurice	R.E.
Sorrin, Sap. Solomon	R.E.
Sorrin, L/Cpl. Wolf	R.A.M.C.
Spero, Cpl. David	R.A.F.
Speyer, L/Bdr. Cecil	R.A.
Speyer, Cpl. Jack	R.A.S.C.
Steiner, Cpl. Celia	A.T.S.
Steingold, Gr. Louis	R.A.
Steinman, Sap. Morris	R.E.
Strudwick, Rfn. Alf	Rifle Brigade
Summers, A.C.2 Sam (Destry)	R.A.F.
Summers, A.C.2 Willy	R.A.F.
Sumray, A.C.2 Aubrey	R.A.F.
Swerner, A.C.2 Henry	R.A.F.
Szladkowsky, Cfn. Max	R.E.M.E.
*Tannenbaum, A.C.2 Ronald	R.A.F.
Tanner, Bdr. Leslie	R.H.A.
Tanzer, A.C.2 Ben	R.A.F.
Tholk, Pte. Syd	R.E.M.E.
Tisman, L/Bdr. Harry	R.A.
Titton, L.A.C. Marcus	R.A.F.
Tobias, L/Bdr. Harry	R.A.
Touche, Cpl. Sam	Royal Berks.
Tregar, Cfn. Pip	R.E.M.E.
Truman, Gr. Ralph	R.A.
Van Den Burg, Sergt. Joe	R.A.
Veltman, Gr. David	R.A.
Veltman, A.C.2 Harry	R.A.F.
Veltman, Capt. Sam	Northants.
Veltman, Sergt. Syd	R. Ulster Rifles
Wayne, A.C.1 Robert	R.A.F.
Webber, Sig. Clarence	Signals
Webber, A.C.1 Graham	R.A.F.
Weider, Gr. Fred	R.A.
Weinstein, Gr. Len	R.A.
White, Gr. Sinclair	R.A. (Mar.A.A)
Williams, Off/Std. John	R.N.
Willis, Geoffrey	Merc. Mar.
Wilson, A.C.1 Alex.	R.A.F.
Winkel, Stoker Alec	R.N.
Winkel, Sig. Joe	Signals
Wiseman, L.A.C. Alf	R.A.F.
Wiseman, Cpl. Cyril	R.A.F.
Woolf, B.Q.M.S. Eddie	R.A.
Woolf, A.C.1 Lawrence	R.A.F.
Woolf, Cpl. Stanley	R.E.
Wrestler, Sig. Philip	Signals
Yates, L.A.C. Chas.	R.A.F.
Yershon, A.C.2 Mark	R.A.F.
Young, Pte. Joe	R.A.O.C.
Young Gr. Robert	R.A.
Young, L/Bdr. Syd	R.A.
Zeff, Sergt. Monty	R.A.F.
Zlotnicki, L.A.C. Bernard	R.A.F.

* Names added since last issue.

KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Sergt. Obs. Leonard Fass	R.A.F.
Sergt. Air Gnr. Sam Slater	R.A.F.

DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Sergt. Inst. David Somberg	A.P.T.C.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

L/Cpl. Ronald Harris	Grenadier Guards

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Bartick, L/Cpl. Leonard	R.E.
Carretta, Fus. Anthony	N'thumberland Fusiliers
Emden, Sergt. Alfred A.	Signals.
Masters, Pte. Alan	D.C.L.I.
Measure, Pte. Phil	R.A.O.C.
Newhouse, Gr. David	R.A.

MISSING.

Brownhood, Gr. Alec	R.A.
Fay, 2nd Lieut. Dennis	Indian Army
Hewitt, Pte. Jack	Suffolk
Saunders, L/Cpl. Louis	Norfolk
*Torrance, Sgt. Obs. Bernard	R.A.F.

DISCHARGED THROUGH ILLNESS.

Besser, Gr. Joe	R.A.	Liebner, Gr. Cyril	R.A.
Davis, Gr. M. Firpo	R.A.	*Liebner, Dvr. Mendel	R.A.S.C.
Eichen, Gr. Hyman	R.A.	Nathan, Gr. H. (Nanty)	R.A.
Filar, Pte. Morris	R. West Kent	Newstone, Gr. Harry	R.A.
*Gold, P.S.B.A. Monty	R.N.	Osborne, Claire	V.A.D.
Goldstein, L/Bdr. Phil.	R.A.	Pulverness, Gr. A. M.	R.A.
*Goldstein, Sig. Tanny	Signals	Rimelofsky, Gr. Joe	R.A.
Isaacovitch, Gr. Simie	R.A.	Sabel, Cfn. Stanley	R.E.M.E.
Kafton, L/Cpl. Sam	R.A.S.C.	Simmonds, Dvr. Michael	R.A.S.C.
Kaye, Gr. B. ('Lefty')	R.A.	Solomons, Pte. Judah	R.A.M.C.
Krendal, Pte. Syd	R.A.M.C.	Somers, Pte. Leonard	Suffolk
Krongold, Sap. Alfred	R.E.	Tanner, Pte. Ben	P.C.
Lent, Pte. Leslie	E. Surrey	Weiner, A.C.2 Jack	R.A.F.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

We are also in touch with the following, who have passed through the Clubs, but were unable, for various reasons, to keep up their active membership after reaching the Old Boys' or Girls' Club :—

Abelman, Gr. Bert	R.A.	Kussman, A.C.1 Morris	R.A.F.
Apter, A.C.1 Monty	R.A.F.	Lancod, Spr. Sid.	R.E.
Apter, Sergt. Sam	Recce. Corps.	Lee, A.C. Matthew (Levy)	R.A.F.
Balcon, Pte. Henry (Bonk)	G.S.C.	Lester, Pte. Alf (Zipperman)	Gordons
Berman, Cpl. Gerald (Pandro)	R.A.S.C.	Letzer, L.A.C. Frank	R.A.F.
Brodie, Rabbi I.	C.F.	Levene, A.C.1 Victor	R.A.F.
Caplin, Capt. Max	R.A.M.C.	Levy, Cpl. Syd.	Signals
Cohen, Pte. Abe (Cockeye)	P.C.	Levy, S/Sergt. Syd. D.	R.A.S.C.
Cohen, A.C.1 Morris	R.A.F.	Lister, A.C.2 H. (Lichtenstein)	R.A.F.
Conn, A.C.W.1 Marian	W.A.A.F.	Pressman, Bdr. Jack	R.A. (Mar.A.A)
Diamond, Pte. Joe	P.C.	Pruskin, Pte. Sam	R.A.S.C.
Englander, A.C 2 Issy	R.A.F.	Rapport, Willie	Merc. Mar.
Fader, Pte. Louis	The Buffs	Rosenbaum, Pte. Max	R.A.S.C.
Fox, Gr. Alf (Faux)	R.A.	Rosenberg, Dvr. Harry	R.A.S.C.
Fox, L/Cpl. Jack	Signals	Schlazer, Sig. Morris	Signals
Galman, Sig. Sol.	Signals	Schreiber, Gr. Alf	R.A.
Ginsberg, Cfn. Monty	R.E.M.E.	Sheinberg, Pte. David	The Buffs
Goldring, Pte. I. Derek	R.A.M.C.	Simons, Cpl. Abe John	Signals
Goldstein, A.C.1 Alf.	R.A.F.	Stein, Rfn. Charles	Rifle Bde.
Goulden, A.C.2 Sid (Goldstein)	R.A.F.	Stern, Spr. Issy	R.E.
Grant, Sig. Sid (Ginsberg)	Signals	Stern, Lieut. Maxwell	Royal Marines
Greenberg, Pte. Sylvia	A.T.S.	Summer, Pte. Issy	R.A.M.C.
Jacobson, Pte. Len (Jay)	P.C.	Vilka, L/Cpl. Gerald	C.M.P.
Kassel, Spr. Frank	R.E.	Weinberg, Pte. Charlie	Oxf. & Bcks.
Kennedy, L/Cpl. Alf. (Kliger)	The Buffs	Weiss, Pte. Eugene	P.C.
Kershook, Tpr. Pinkus	R.A.C.		

MISSING.

Shulman, Pte. Sol.	Gordons

WOUNDED AND PRISONER OF WAR.

Sussman, Gr. Louis	R.H.A.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Caplin, Dvr. Henry	R.A.
Lifchitz, Pte. Charles	Green Howards

DISCHARGED THROUGH ILLNESS.

Shattner, Pte. Frank	R.A.M.C.

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