

Levy, Sig : Aaron	Signals	Saunders, Pte. Louis	Norfolk
Levy, Gr. Robert	R.A.	Schulberg, Bernard	Merc : Marine
*Liebner, Gr. Cyril	R.A.	Segal, Sergt. Alec	R.A.
Liston, Cadet David	O.C.T.U.	Selford, Gr. B. (Zelinsky)	R.A.
Loperton, Pte. Coleman	R.A.M.C.	Shaer, Gr. Harry	R.A.
Loperton, Gr. Judah	R.A.	Shapiro, Dvr. Harry	R.A.S.O.
Ludwig, Vol. Sophie	A.T.S.	Shiffman, Gr. Leslie	R.A.
*Mackevoy, Pte. Alf	Royal Fus :	Shine, Gr. Nat	R.A.
Markeson, Pte. Hyman	R.A.O.	Shur, Cpl. Joe	R.A.S.O.
Markham, Pte. 'Bozzy'	Royal Berks.	Sigler, Pte. Hyman	Dorset
Marks, L.A.C. Monty	R.A.F.	Silverman, Sap. "Algy"	R.E.
Marks, A/C.2. Ralph	R.A.F.	Simcovitz, Pte. Hanan	Gloucesters
Martinson, Pte. Louis	R.A.O.C.	Simmonds, Pte. Michael	The Buffs
Masters, Pte. Alan	D.C.L.I.	Simons, Pte. Moss	A.M.P.C.
Mazzer, Dvr. 'Mottle'	R.A.S.O.	Singer, Sig. Ben	Signals
Measure. Pte. Phil	Royal Berks.	Singer, Pte. "Ginger"	R.A.S.C.
Melina, L/Cpl. Maurice	Dorset	Sippen Fus. "Tipper"	Royal Fus :
Mer, Pte. Victor	R.A.M.C.	Skolnick, Morris	Merc : Marine
Michaels, Gnr. Mouthy	R.A.	Slater, A/C.2. Sam	R.A.F.
Mileberg, Pte. Wolf	Royal Berks	Slutsky, A/B Israel	R.N.V.R.
Mocatta, 2nd Lt. Jock	R. Dragoon Gds.	*Smewin, O/S Fred	R.N.
Monish, Gr. Solomon	R.A.	Sollof, Pte. Maurice	Monmouthshire
Moss, P/O Joe J.	R.N.	*Solomons, Pte. Judah	R.A.M.C.
Myers, Pte. Cyril	R.A.O.C.	Solomons, Gr. Mark	R.A.
Needle, Harry	Merc : Marine	*Solomons, Pte. 'Schnozzle'	R.A.O.C.
Needle, Pte. Reuben	A.M.P.C.	Somberg, Sergt. Instr. D.	A.P.T.C.
Noble, Gr. Jack	R.A.	Somers, Pte. Leonard	Royal Berks.
Nyman, Rfm. Syd	Rifle Brigade	*Sorrin, Sap. Solomon	R.E.
Packer, Pte. Sam	Royal W. Kent	Sorrin, Pte. Wolf	R.A.M.C.
Penner, Cpl. Alf.	Royal Lancers	Spero, Corp. David	R.A.F.
Pollard, Gnr. Jack	R.A.	Tanner, Pte. Ben	R.A.S.C.
Posner, Rfm. Syd :	I.T.C.	Tanner, Gr. Leslie	R.A.
*Rabin, Trooper 'Mendy'	R.A.C.	Tisman, Gr. Harry	R.A.
Rabin, Sergt. Instructor	Nat A.P.T.C.	*Titton, A/C.2. Marcus	R.A.F.
Rappaport, Rfm. 'Bushy'	Queen's West	Tobias, Gr. Harry	R.A.
Rapport Sergt. Jack	P.L.K.R.	Touche, Cpl. Sam	Royal Berks
Ravitch, Gr. Morris	R.A.	*Tregar, Rfm. 'Pip'	R. Ulster Rifles
Richman, Pte. 'Squiggy'	Royal Berks.	Veltman, Cadet Sam	O.C.T.U.
Richman, Pte. Harry	Royal Berks.	Veltman, Rfm. Syd	R. Ulster Rifles
Rimmon, Sig. Cecil	Signals	White, Pte. Sinclair	Suffolk
Rinkoff, Rfm. Sydney	K.R.R.C.	Williams, John	Merc : Marine
Rosenberg, Pte. Bert	Devons	*Wiseman, A/C.2. Alf	R.A.F.
Rosenberg, L/Cpl. Joe	K:R.R.C.	Woolf, Sergt. Eddie	R.A.
Rosenfeld, Gr. Simon	R.A.	Woolf, Pte. Stanley	Royal Berks.
Rothenberg, Rfm. Simmy	K.R.R.C.	Young, Pte. Joe	R.A.O.C.
Rudolf, Lt. Jack	R.A.	Zeif, Cpl. Monty	R.A.F.

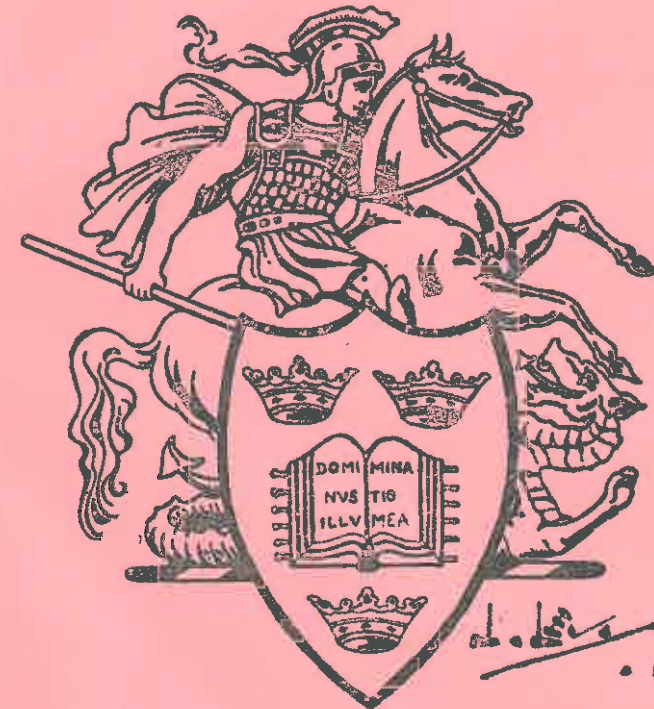
\*Names added since last issue.

OFFICIALLY REPORTED MISSING  
Harris, L/Cpl. Ronald Grenadier Guards

PRISONER OF WAR  
Carretta, Fus: Anthony Northumberland Fusiliers

DISCHARGED THROUGH ILLNESS  
Kaye, Gr. B. ("Lefty") R.A.  
Pulverness, Gr. A.M. R.A. Rimelofosky, Gr. Joe R.A.

T. Leadbeater, Printer, Leighton Buzzard



“FRATRES”

VOLUME 26. No. 1.

## A PRAYER OF DAVID AND OF OURS.

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*"Lord how many are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.*

*Many are they which say of my soul, there is no help for him in God.*

*But Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory and the lifter up of my head.*

*I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and He heard me out of His holy hill.*

*I laid me down to sleep; I awakened; for the Lord sustained me.*

*I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.*

*Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; Thy blessing is on Thy people."*

*Psalm 3.*

---

*David was faced with much the same as we are and there were many who sneered at him because he sought help from God, the "lifter up" of his head by day, his sustainer by night. Yet he kept his faith and in the end he triumphed, for God's blessing was upon him.*

## "FRATRES"

The letters have required a great deal of editing this month, for without exception they have contained the same four sentiments, which it would have been monotonous to print.

- (I). A profound admiration for the civvies in the front line in London whose courageous conduct has been exactly what was expected of them.
- (II). An intense admiration for the work of the A.R.P. men and women, whose names, many feel, should be printed in the list of serving members rather than their own.
- (III). A tremendous desire to get to grips with the enemy.
- (IV). A certainty that bombing civilians will never win the war for Germany, and an equal certainty that victory will eventually be ours, no matter how dark the night may seem. The darkest hours precede the dawn.

The civilians have undoubtedly been given a power which is super-human. They are facing dangers, suffering the loss of loved ones and bearing the destruction of their entire possessions with a fortitude and cheerfulness which have to be seen to be believed. They are prepared to lose everything except one thing, their freedom; they are ready to bear all things rather than to bear to be German slaves.

It would be foolish to pretend that the strain is not immense, that the discomforts in many of the public shelters are not unnecessarily great, that the help given to the homeless could not be infinitely improved, that there is not a painful, physical, mental and moral wastage among the non-evacuated, shelter-haunting school children, or that the recreational education of working boys and girls has not come to a standstill. Nearly all these war evils can be and must be overcome. It should be done by the government, but voluntary effort may have to do it. For the moment we are prepared to put up with them for the sake of what is at stake, difficult though it often is.

When an O. St. G. member is given the badge, he is told that it stands, among other things, for sportsmanship, and this is defined as: "Playing fair and trying your hardest, even when things seem against you." In many a game of football, in many a race, and in many a boxing fight, the O. St. G. have come out victorious just because they have been imbued with that spirit. We were always told that the game which every single one of us plays and in which this ideal must ever be practised is the game of Life, and that the Club is a team, every member of which must help the other to live up to what the Club stands for.

To-day we feel that the Club team has been enlarged into the team of the British Commonwealth. We are drawn to one another by common suffering and common ideals. We are one body, each individual part of which interacts upon the other. We feel our interdependence upon one another. We have got to help one another. This is the fiercest match we've ever played, and the words of the old Harrow School song will all the time be ringing in the ears of every man and woman alike: "Play up, you fellows, play up."

## CLUB NEWS.

This can partly be given in the words of "The Dug-out," a fortnightly news sheet got out by the members themselves. It is headed "And we shall build Jerusalem on England's green and pleasant land," and opens with the words: "Greetings to our nightly sleeping companions, our temporary cave-dwellers, somnambulists, snorers, chatterers and all who inhabit the settlement from dusk to dawn. We give you this expression of our subterranean life so that we can show that we are endeavouring to recapture our former selves, our sense of humour, our pride in sportsmanship and our love for our fellow men."

The Missus is now full time at the settlement and is doing ten people's work there and all around the district. The changes she has introduced in the club are very great. Every member now has his own palliasse, sewn by the members and stuffed with cigarette corking, his own blanket, pillow and pillow case. Breakfasts are served in the morning to all who wish, and soup in the evening. Most of the pews have been removed from the Synagogue, and a rota of members sweep the rooms clean each night.

We have a steady population of about 200, a few of whom sleep elsewhere. The old boys sleep on the stage, the boys in the synagogue, the girls in the Rabbi's room.

In the words of "The Dug-out" "every evening sees something new." A stage is erected in the Synagogue on Saturdays and under the direction of Mo Sopol and Harry Kirsh variety concerts, which have each time produced unknown talent, are given. Dancing on Sunday. A unit of the Red Cross has been started by Dr. Smith on Mondays; on Tuesday a group listens to a member describing "My Job"; Wednesday, debates; Thursday, piano recitals or camp songs; Friday, service. Each night there is ping pong and the canteen is going all the time. There is a group of drawing and painting artists, another group of "swing mad" gramophone listeners, and a play reading group.

At weekends when the club is open by day, there are the band, football on the roof and now we want to get started a cobbling class, and even talk of a cutting class and a book-keeping class.

One set is making comforts for public shelter dwellers, another has undertaken to mend the clothes of A.R.P. wardens whose wives are evacuated.

A large depot for clothing the homeless has been established and is almost a full time day job in itself.

The Poor Man's Lawyer and the Citizen's Advice Bureau still carry on. Assistance has been given in evacuating the aged and infirm.

Altogether it may be said that the settlement is very much alive; some of the night dwellers think in more ways than one!

Although so many have evacuated, and so many are unable to come to the club now, few of those on leave in London fail to visit us, and our correspondence is becoming immense. We still clasp hands, visible and invisible, in what we believe to be eternal, fraternal friendships.

## NATURE STUDY.

### SPECIES "CLUB MANAGER."

It is not definitely known when the "Club Manager," the well-known animal of strange habits and customs, first began to flourish in England, but experts are rather inclined to agree that the thinly-wooded districts of St. George's began to hear and take note of the species' bark some 20-30 years ago.

It is interesting to reflect that the inhabitants of St. George's were at first inclined to fear and distrust the animal, but they now welcome it in their midst. Indeed, some have even been known to imitate its bark and traits with remarkable success.

Of abnormal tastes, the animal prefers its surroundings to be as little pleasant and comfortable as possible; in fact, the less pleasant its locality, the healthier the breed in question finds it. In appearance it deludes the inexperienced human into believing it to be one of themselves; however, this is by no means true of its young, which can usually be easily detected by its penchant for shabby sports jackets, flannel bags, tattered golf shoes and old school ties.

What the "Club Manager" does during the day-time has never to this day been discovered, although it has been conjectured that it rolls itself up into a ball and then goes to sleep in its lair packed with old pipes, cigarette ends, books, pamphlets, treatises, note-books, etc.—the animal is notoriously unfussy and untidy. As to food, it appears to be non-carnivorous, subsisting mostly on tea, coffee, extremely thin sandwiches with mysterious "innards," fresh fruit and—if these can be classified as "food"—cigarettes and tobacco.

Nevertheless, it does shed its eremitical habits on occasion, having been known to eat chocolates, cream buns and trifle—this, during certain festive (for it) periods in the year. But such instances are rare, and it must be accepted as a general rule that it lives frugally, although it must be said that it gets a surprising amount of enjoyment out of watching humans eat well and plentifully.

As with all nocturnal animals, the "Club Manager" is at its liveliest at nights, shedding its lethargic daytime habits and actually appearing to like its self-imposed tasks. It congregates in small packs inside large and small buildings, which are fitted out with all manner of games and contraptions, the same serving as a subtle bait to attract victims. These victims are young humans of both sexes who, attracted by the bait, fall to the animal's wiles by walking right into these buildings known to scientists and students as "Clubs." Inside, the young humans are pounced upon by the animal, which immediately divests them of their money by means of its long tongue and prehensile claws. It does not, however, drink its victims' blood, as is popularly presumed to be the case; at least, there is no authentic instance of this happening. Having got its money, the species then contradicts itself by devoting much loving care and lavish attention upon its young victims, who have not the slightest fear of it. On the contrary . . .

So strangely does the animal behave when in direct contact with its young victims, that it quite frequently becomes almost human itself, although this has and never will be admitted by the victims concerned. Be that as it may, young humans, once ensnared, very rarely show any desire to escape their captor's clutches, and, indeed, have been seen to surrender monies of their own free will and desire. It can only be assumed that the animal possesses some strange magnetic influence, or that young humans have mental, moral and physical lapses to such an extent, that there arises some sort of affinity between victim and captor. Professor Gafferlongun believes such to be the case, and has termed the disease 'Fratresitis.' Further, there are authentic instances on record of young humans being enveigled

into the species' den and coming out therefrom in full possession of their limbs and even their belongings (string, jack-knife, Football Annual, and so on). This, apart from everything else, further proves the contention that the "Club Manager" definitely does *not* eat human flesh.

During evenings in its den ("Club"), it walks stealthily around, watches its victims use its bait—ping-pong, gymnasia, snooker, etc.—absolutely gloating over the enjoyment derived from the use of its wily contraptions. But it scowls and snarls in a frightening manner if it sees this bait mishandled or wilfully damaged, which is not a rare occurrence, so little does the young human fear its captor. And though the animal is known to pack a useful wallop in both claws, it always manages to curb its savage instincts and never bodily attacks its human teasers. Instead, it makes great use of its long tongue—a murderous and very effective weapon, as countless victims can readily testify.

Left alone, the "Club Manager" retires to its lair, often with others of its own pack, discusses in its own language the peculiar ways of its victims, fills its hideout with a black blanket of smoke, and then gets down to preparing devilishly clever plans to ensnare more victims for future evenings. It is never content, always pathetically restless for more and yet more young victims, and mourns like a stricken mother on the rare occasions upon which it loses a young human.

A fascinating animal of paradoxical habits, the "Club Manager," and, on the whole, quite tame and harmless.

SAM KIRKWOOD

#### BENEATH THE VEIL—IV.

Throughout the ages people have turned to God in times of stress, or of sorrow, or of danger. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that many of the letters this month should touch on religion, yet some of the extracts below express feelings which have little to do with the present crises. Perhaps they were aroused by the Holy Days which have just past. They show the simple faith which many an average chap really possesses, but rarely talks about.

"I wonder if other *Freres* miss so greatly as I do those peaceful endings to each night which we had in days so far off now; moments when we sang, listened and were silent, finding again the strength of the everlasting arms; moments when the cares and weariness were forgotten and there came again vision and purpose, strength and understanding. How many, yearning to-night for home and friends and club, must be murmuring with me: 'How long, O Lord, how long'?"

The boy who wrote the following was not alone in his experience:

"You know, Gaffer, one swears more in the army and in various ways has the polish rubbed off one's manners and thoughts of life, yet this, I believe, helps one to understand and appreciate the power and glory of God. To see, as I have seen lately, the glorious autumn colours in the lanes, or the gradual rising of the sun, makes one appreciate what I can perhaps best describe as the serenity of God, His dependability and unchangeableness. It's terribly difficult for me to explain exactly what I mean, but it seems whatever we do He is there, ready to receive us.

This may seem a silly example, I know, but recently on a 15 mile route march I felt at times I could not carry on; I prayed hard and somehow managed to keep going until I felt better. This may sound like only praying in time of need, but there have often been times when I have felt comforted by knowing that a single thought of mine was also a prayer which brought God's presence close to me."

The same experience was had by the writer of this:

"I was on a route march on Yom Kippur. It was difficult to realise it at first, but after a while I felt as I have often felt on Friday evenings at camp on Highdown, somehow uplifted, and closer to nature and God. It was a wonderful feeling, and one that I shall never forget."

There must be many who feel the need for private prayer like this chap;

"I am not much of a hand at praying, but each night my thoughts are of all my friends that I have left in the front line, and I offer silent prayers that they may be spared any suffering."

Or this one:

In spite of your saying that unless a special day and time is set aside for praying, praying will never be done, I still try to make *every* day fit into the spirit and meaning of the high holidays."

Some are missing the public services. One satisfied his need in this way:

"We Jewish soldiers here don't get a chance to attend any Synagogue services, but I personally am quite content to look at my 'Prayers for French and Base' occasionally; it, certainly, helps when I get moments of fed-upness."

Another in this way:

"In these days of sirens, time for meditation in privacy is impossible, so I chose a strange alternative—I went to Church. The service was short and very beautiful and, except for occasional additions, it was perfectly adequate for me. There was even a prayer for the liberation of persecuted peoples."

Others are able to get help from past memories. There is a strong resemblance between the following letter and those of Sophie Ludwig and Israel Slutsky:

"While I was on guard the tunes we used to sing at Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur kept running through my mind until I had to burst forth into song. Can you imagine the scene: steel helmeted and bayonet fixed sentry emitting songs, the melodies of which were in vivid contrast to the war-like dress of the singer."

What we have to cling to more than anything else these days is summed up in the short message to us all, written by a serving member:

"Keep your chin up and remember that whatever foul things may be occurring here on earth, there is still our Father in heaven caring and helping us."

#### PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

Aaron Gold, George Hollick and Fred Wieder have all been married; Cecil Bruce, Schnozzle Solomons and Stanley Woolf have become engaged. Hyman Cohen hopes to be married before he joins up this month.

The wife of Louis Franks has presented him with a 2½lb. baby who is perfectly healthy and fast putting on weight.

Dolfus Pulverness and Joe Rimelofsky have been discharged from the army as medically unfit. Mick Dobkin has also been discharged for civil work.

Sam Kaye has again been very ill. We understand he is now making progress. Several members, both civvy and serving, have been in hospital, but they are all doing well. Alf Jacobs has again injured his leg, and is greatly enjoying sick leave at the club. Henry Pincus, a club officer, was very seriously injured by a bomb. He is still in hospital and is doing fairly well.

We congratulate Dennis Fay and Gerald Jacobson on getting their Commission, Brian Geoghegan on going to an O.C.T.U., Nat Rabin (Chilberness) on becoming a Sergeant Instructor in the A.P.T.C., Gussie Segal a Sergeant after being a Bombardier for only a week, Sam Touche a Corporal and Israel Slutsky an Able Seaman.

All O. St. G. members, male and female, will want to send their sympathy to B.P. and Prinnie whose brother sister-in-law and nephew and niece have been killed, and to Syd and Willie Kaufman, whose sister was killed in a maternity hospital. After waiting many weeks to be evacuated with the infirm, Harry Shaer's father died a few days after getting into the reception area.

### ROGUES' GALLERY.

Len Garfinkle, Hawkeye Kane, Liza Kellinger, Hyman Kupler, Joe Rimelofsky, Les Shiffman, Len Somers, and Sinclair White have sent us excellent portraits of themselves. We are anxiously waiting for photographs of those who still have not sent us one.

We have started a "Roguish Gallery" for those in the A.R.P. Already we have pictures of Lou Franks, Kate Guedalla, Yetta Kunick, Claire Osborne and Prinnie. We want the others. Please send them.

### Note to those going Overseas.

Two club members in Cape Town offer hospitality to any of our members who pass through. They are:

MRS. JACOBY,  
114, UPPER MILL STREET,

and

LENNIE MYERS,  
"ERICA,"  
COTSWOLD AVENUE,  
KLOOF NEK ROAD.

### THE MONTHLY SNIGGER.

Bombs may burst water mains; they do no harm whatever to Sam's stream of jokes.

#### BORROWED PLUMES.

And then there was the soldier home on leave who tried to show off by disguising himself as a civilian.

#### TOPICAL SLOGAN.

"Come to London and lead a sheltered life."

#### "EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL."

"Continued world-praise for Civil Defence Services." ARPing on it.

#### TRUE TO TYPE.

"Italians standing by for big offensive." Ever the race of waiters.

#### TOO TRUE!

"Oh, blast!" as the man said when he was knocked off his feet by the effects of a nearby explosion.

#### HE ASKED FOR IT.

And then there was the stupid A.R.P. warden who couldn't recognise an unexploded bomb when he saw one, and got severely blown-up over it.

#### TURN AND TURN AGAIN.

"Nightly R.A.F. raids over Germany."  
"Deutschland uber Alles"? — "Allies uber Deutschland"!

## CORRESPONDENCE.

ANON:

"When conscription first began I looked upon the fellows in the A.R.P. services as scroungers, but now I very much regret that, and am proud of the fellows I know in the A.R.P. services, men and women who are individually doing more than any score of us here today."

ANON:

"I think the morality of the London people is marvellous."  
(I wonder!—Editor).

JOE AITMAN:

"I'm longing to go into action with Berner Street burrowers."

JOE BAETU:

"I think it is marvellous how you are carrying on as usual."

LOUIS BELLMAN:

"Though I have only been in the army just over 3 months, my travels have made it seem like 3 years.

We are sleeping in sheets, which reminds me of home, so that when the Orderly Sergeant woke us in the morning, I shouted 'All right Mum.' Most of us here are Cockneys and have a debt of our own to settle—it shall be paid."

MYER BROMNICK:

"I see that the Club hours have been extended until the next morning. Some people get all the luck! We who are away from London cannot get there too often and those in London get our share and more."

TOM BROWN:

"If you could see me now, I don't think you would recognize me. All the fellows have been egging me on to grow a moustache; I'm in bed; it's about 10 o'clock and best of all, I'm smoking a cigar, and it's not a cheap one."

(I can recognize the ten o'clock part.—Editor).

ALF CAPLIN:

"It was a great feeling to read letters from so many dear friends. Life now is very quiet and but for the anxiety for family and friends, would be quite pleasant."

DAVE CAPLIN (from Brighton):

"I have spent only one night in town since the 'fun' started (excuse me using that word, but most of the Londoners whom I have met and who have had the regular experience you are undergoing, seem to regard it almost as such)."

PHIL CAPLIN:

"As regards married life, I must say I am quite pleased with it. I have now left the ambulance-column, I shall probably take on despatch-riding."

HARRY CAPLIN (Who is Overseas):

"This part of the world is just coming out of winter and the day we were on shore the sun was shining on the white walls and coloured roofs of the houses, and the bibiscous and wattle trees were in bloom.

Jack Corb is on the same ship with me, I understand that he met Lou Levene whilst he was ashore."

SYD CHAYTOW (Still in the Sanatorium):

"The problem of my going back to Stepney has been temporarily solved by my accepting an orderly's job here. This will impress you, more than words, that I am really fit."

EDDIE CHOWN:

"What in heavens name are we waiting for? I think that all this fiddling about has gone far enough, and the quicker we get to grips with the enemy, the better for everybody.

I know we might have had a rough time in France, but I would much sooner have stayed there, and taken my chance, than that this should happen to our civilians. Everybody is ready to fight no matter what the consequences.

We are going down South, and it will be quite a change to hear people talking modern English, instead of old biblical stuff."

WOOLF COHEN:

"I am still nursing 'Jerries.' Think of the destruction they are doing, and yet here am I helping to heal them. I suppose it's my job irrespective of who they are.

I am back on the wards again, this time on night duty; 'Fratres' is keeping me wide awake, this is unusual as I always fall asleep about this time (1.30 a.m.) So many 'Christians' say to me, that they always thought Jews were bad people, but they now see that they are wrong.

My mother has now 4 sons in the Army and another waiting to be called up, two volunteered. Something for my mother to be proud of, eh?"

KOONYA COHEN:

"When I received the long awaited for 'mag' I was on duty, and I just sat down and read from cover to cover. What would have happened if an officer walked in then, I should not like to say, but then I couldn't wait.

I am ever so pleased that the spirit of the east-end cannot be broken, but then I was fully confident that it could not.

I have seen quite a lot of Isbitsky."

IVAN DAVIS (Michaelofsky):

"They decided to take us on a route march for about 20 miles. When we finally got there the place happened to be the Zoo. They decided to let us out after a 1½ hours wandering about. My wrist has been better. Whilst playing football in the true Oxford and St. George's manner, I injured it once again."

F. M. DAVIS (Young Mick):

"This Cook's Tour is certainly far better than I would have thought possible in the Army.

Equal sacrifice is not being shared by all; many are the occasions that I have heard that people in distress have been turned down when trying to get billets. If Londoners and other big townfolk can bear the major brunt of this war, the small townfolk can put up with a little overcrowding in order to save human lives."

EMANUEL DESSER:

This beastly bombing of civilians is beyond my understanding unless he thinks he is breaking our spirits. Well I think he is doing the reverse. We were amongst the 5,000 pioneers to clear up London, but we didn't stay there."

CHARLES DREYFUS:

"New Year was so quiet that I thought Adolph was at Shool.

There was very little of Stepney not worth knocking down. I rejoice that the houses are destroyed. I bewail the destruction of homes, and will avenge the destruction of life.

We have just fired a barrage; the wooden hut shakes like fury; I hope the Hun does also.

I should, I suppose, have been in a towering rage last night when I interviewed a Hun in our guard room; he had crashed on Friday night. But I found it impossible to be brutal to a kid of 23 who had had a bad shaking, who as far as he knew was a sole survivor (he wasn't) and who chiefly wanted to write to his mother. Incidentally she had been bombed out of their home in Muenster."

LESLIE EDGAR:

"I have just returned after a bout of pneumonia and am still a bit shaky."

KACKIE EICHEN:

"Last week I went to a dance and I met Sid Veltman."

DENNIS FAY:

"I was sure that the morale and club spirit would show when the real test came. What looked like being the smashing up of twenty-five years work, now looks like being its climax."

"GINGER" FINEBERG:

"We have been on the road most of the time, never staying in a place more than three days, living like Gypsies.

I'm lucky to be in such palatial surroundings. There are beautiful grounds with orchards, a swimming pool, and deer and swans. We have a magnificent Library. I am reading Pickwick Papers for the umpteenth time. I am going to hear Solomon; he is giving a recital and I wouldn't miss it for anything, even though it may mean C.B."

LESLIE FREEDMAN (Who is on the Gold Coast):

"I am waiting now for my commission, as Sub Lieut. R.N.V.R. There is a grand spirit of standing shoulder to shoulder under any conditions.

'Fratres' is the real link which keeps us all together, although we may be thousands of miles apart."

MICK FILAR:

"The only thing Hitler has got from bombing London is people hating him more than ever. I think every man in the club is very interested in each other's thoughts and feelings. I find them very interesting and as a matter of fact usually read the book backwards."

TONY FILAR:

"The people from what I saw are splendid, and I am more proud of them than ever. The spirit of the English people is one thing Hitler will never dampen. I am longing for the day when Jerry and I meet again."

BRIAN GEOGHEGAN:

"I have been praying that God would protect all those wonderful people I met during my six months at the settlement.

I came to the O.C.T.U. a fortnight ago. It is intensely interesting, particularly for one who has not previously studied the purely technical side of our trade."

JULIUS GINSWICK:

"Our chance has now come for reconstruction. and if this reconstruction does not come, many awkward questions are going to be asked by millions of demobilised soldiers."

HARRY GLENTON (The man with seven voices):

"To-day the whole of my company held a general discussion in the Garrison Theatre, and it reminded me of one of our Parliaments that we held so often in the Club. So far I have enjoyed my change of life."

ALF GLYNNE (Who was on his way Overseas):

"Just try to imagine this:— The boat has engine trouble and drops out of the convoy, suddenly a four engined Nazi bomber appears, he machine guns and bombs us, the stern is lifted out of the water and all electricity fails (during all this I am naked as I had got drenched whilst being sick) I slip on a vest and pants grab my lifebelt and run upstairs to the deck, at the head of the stairs I was turned back and told nothing much happened, so I resumed my dressing with extreme haste. Having dressed I find my pals who are all having a sing song in the mess, we get up to our emergency stations. Three hours at emergency stations and the Navy appears, we are safe, what a relief! we are sent below to our own deck, later on we are told that torpedoes have been fired at us, when we wake in the morning we are in sight of land. You've never seen so many smiles as we saw when we stepped ashore.

I was awfully seasick during the journey."

(Later). "We are now in private billets and I have never been so comfortable as this; it's 'a home from home.'

'Bravo London,' is the popular toast here."

('Bravo the Navy' and 'Bravo Alf' is ours.—Editor).

LOU GOLDBERG:

"I seem to like the army life very much."

LIONEL GOLDRING:

"I was posted to this hospital for a course in nursing. I am attached to the Operating Theatre. I never thought that I should enjoy the work so much. The sight of a man with his intestines halfway out of an excision is not so gruesome as it sounds or appears to be."

JACK GOLDSTEIN:

"From what I have heard, the Club is now almost a permanent air-raid shelter for our members and I should very much like to join in our communal haven of rest, and experience once more that sense of brotherhood which is felt when we are all together as one big family.

I have been appointed as Regimental Policeman, and am quite satisfied with my work. We control in and out going traffic. Signalling a car to stop, I found it to be Neville Rosinsky. He told me that Sol Freed was working at an aircraft factory."

SYDNEY GORMAN:

"I have in some of my squads a sprinkling of 33's and I suppose will soon be saying 'Come on Dad, knees bend!'"

ARROL GREENBERG:

"I thoroughly enjoyed 'Fratres' except for one particular remark detrimental to my marvellous physique. Still you must admit that the crater would not have been very big, so why should it be roped off?"

(Admit it? Never!—Editor).

MARK GUTER:

"I spent the night in an Italian cafe, and felt perfectly safe, since it would split the axis if one half bombed the other,"

G. HAMBERGER:

"I have been put on the permanent training staff."

MOT HARRIS:

"I had to go sick after my first day on the square, as I was nearly doubled up with pain. I have been here a week now and am having the time of my life.

In civvy street most of the news in 'Fratres' was stale by the time it was in print, but here it's like a glass of ice-cold lemonade after you have been fielding on the cricket pitch for several hours on a burning hot day.

I have to be in bed for 17 days in all."

(Stick to lemonade.—Editor).

JACK HEWITT:

"We are at present like greyhounds on a lead, waiting to be let off, and get going.

I have got a room to myself, our billet overlooks the sea. You can guess how cold it gets in the evening. We amuse ourselves by cooking supper on the fire."

(Don't damp the other appetite.—Editor).

JACK HOFFMAN:

"'Fratres' seems to bring the club to you. In the R.A.F. everybody, from top to bottom, seems to want to help each other. The spirit is wonderful, it is a fine service, there is a real 'Fratres' spirit running through it. I haven't come across a breath of anti-semitism anywhere."

GEORGE HOLLICK:

"I have been married now two months and up till Wednesday it was the finest 2 months of our lives, we had a good home and every comfort, and everything was just grand. The Hun came over last Wednesday and being as my house was a 'military object,' such as every working class district homestead is in the eyes of the Nazi thugs, my home is no more, due to, of all things, a magnetic mine.

I am hoping to get my wife up here, then I hope to rebuild a home."

(Later.—In his new home). "You can imagine me with pipe, writing paper and pen, bedroom slippers and a large fire giving inspiration for your letters through the medium of the leaping flames."

NAT HUSSMAN:

"This madman's unorthodox method of warfare of killing defenceless civilians, and breaking up their homes, has given me a new fighting spirit, it has made me grit my teeth and itch for a crack.

(Later). "I have now got false 'ones' in their place; it makes a big difference to my appearance and you wouldn't even know they are false."

(You must have done a lot of gritting, go slow now.—Editor).

BULLY ISAACS:

"When one reads of the massed air-raids on London and the spirit in which it is taken, it makes you feel proud to have been born in a country such as ours."

BERTRAM JACOBS:

"My strength suddenly grew from 90 to 250. These have all had to be organized into specialists for H.Q. Alone I did it, and good fun it is."

DOROTHY JACOBS:

"Every word in Fratres brings back in retrospect the good things Club has given me. I have been 'specialling' critically ill men."

PAUL JACOBVITCH:

"Now that I have been shifted to an area where the sirens wail very frequently, I feel very much better; and the knowledge that I am in the same danger as our unfortunate civilians makes me feel more satisfied."

GERALD JACOBSON:

"It makes me wild to think that I am up here living a life of peace; I want to get out and to be given the opportunity to help bring those Huns out of the sky. It will not be long before I am doing my bit. I will no doubt get all the action I want; perhaps even more than I want."

(Later):

"I feel that I am settled in to my new life. So far, I have been in action three times."

(Clear the skies.—Editor.)

SYBIL JACOBSON:

"Three nights per week I am a St. John's nurse at a Tube Station; it is the nearest approach to club work that I have done."

GOLDA (ZENOBA) JACOBY (from South Africa):

"Some of our serving members may pass through Capetown, we shall be most happy to entertain any of them."

GEORGE JEWELL:

"From the reports of the old inhabitants, I am writing to-day before I start work, as I understand there will be little time afterwards."

RUTH JEWELL:

"The Army chaplain some time ago gave a short service. The only two people there were 'George' and myself. We felt as if we were being married again."

ALF JOSEPH:

"Apart from winning this war for freedom, we of the O.St.G. have another reason for doing our bit for the downfall of Hitlerism—the swine has stopped our magazine from being published for a bit, which is indeed a grave crime in our minds. How I wish I was in a fighting unit! I am now a fully qualified nursing orderly. I have arranged for my wife to live here."

(Who will act as nurse?—Editor.)

LEON JOSEPH:

"Luck has been with me, as there have been many occasions when bombs have missed us only by yards."

DANIEL KALICSTEIN:

"I don't think I've ever appreciated a Club magazine more than I did this issue of Fratres. I suppose I say that each time, don't I? Still, they do become more welcome as the period of estrangement from Club life becomes longer. I have developed a prodigious 'snore' owing to the noisy life I lead. One can live anywhere under any conditions, so long as one has a group of friends. I'm getting fat but less lazy."

WILLIE KAUFMAN:

"When the time comes, I hope to make as good a job as some of these A.R.P. men have."

SYD KAUFMAN I:

"I was terribly pleased to feel once more that I was in the presence of a lot of the Club chaps. You have spent all your life teaching us how to be and act like men, and I'm sure none of us will let you down. There is one thing I looked for in 'Fratres' which I'm sorry to say I haven't seen, and that is mention of the Club members who are in the A.R.P. I'm sure they are doing as much, if not more, work than some members of His Majesty's Forces. I think some space should be set aside for them."

SYD KAUFMAN II:

"I have got the reputation of being the best tailor here. I consider my job is an important one, keeping the R.A.S.C. smart, at least our section of it, is certainly a job."

LIZA KELLINGER:

"I suppose one gets used to moving quickly these days. I am staying down here with the most marvellous Gentiles I have ever come across, and we are just like brothers to one another. When I told them that I am a Jew they had the surprise of their lives, as they took me for Irish."

(They hadn't heard you speak.—Editor.)

MAX KERSH:

"If Hitler calls those homes in East London military objectives, well I'm a cowboy! But time will tell. I've got nothing to do and can wait, and so can Britain. I do not feel shaken in the least; if anything, more bitter and furious."

My brother is in the Tank Corps and doing well, he has been married a month."

JOE KLEINBERG:

"I have been a demolisher, carpenter, bricklayer and what not—I'm classed as a Pioneer; I like the work. It was a long journey here and I was in a child's delight when I was on the boat; I would like to go to sea."

BEN KLIGER:

"London, after withstanding this onslaught, can take it on the chin and then come up for more. Londoners have proved their true worth and are a revelation to the world."

JUDAH KUPLER:

"Receiving Fratres was just as if I had met an old and trusted friend. It is amusing to read that my chum Arnold Bernstein's chief worry seems to be dancing and its variations. I happen to know that he has pursued a much more manly pastime, and that he is representing his regiment in boxing."



AARON KLOOS:

"Now that we have all the O.St.G. football team in the Army, I'm afraid our opponents, the Jerries, are in for some rough play.

I am stationed in a Militia camp with all the conveniences I need. Oh Boy, what a town! On Wednesdays and Saturdays it gets so crowded with people, it reminds me of Petticoat Lane on Sunday mornings. It also has three cinemas, three dance halls with plenty of girls to dance with; naturally I have my partner already, trust me."

LILY KROINGOLD:

"I understand that 'Hawkeye' Kane is in the camp somewhere, in a clerical capacity; but it's like hunting for a Jerry in the sky."

HYMAN KUPLER:

"I am trying to be together with my brother. My name has been put down as a potential N.C.O."

LOUIS KURRANT:

"The continued barbarities make me feel like a caged lion straining at the bars to go forth and devour the enemy."

ANGEL LEFCOVITCH:

"Some of the men down here used to decry the Londoner: 'He had no guts; you couldn't trust him; get him on the wrong foot and he's done for.' Well, the recent experiences have caused a complete reversal of these people's opinion. Londoners are in the front line and they certainly can take it.

It is now about a year since circumstances enforced my giving up active work in the Club, and during this time I have often felt the call of the O.St.G. There have been, and still are, times when I feel the need for the companionship the Club affords."

LESLIE LENT:

"I volunteered last week. Can anyone in the club correspond with me, as I like writing and receiving letters?"

TONY LETZER:

"I am under canvas. I feel O.K., but I think I would feel a lot better if I was stationed in a billet."

ALF LEVACK:

"I have now been made a lance-corporal and am going on a P.T. course. All those people down the Club shelter must remind you of the nights we have at camp when we all go up on the hill and you speak to us in the dark."

NANCY LEVERSON:

"I have that dreadful after-Sunday-dinner feeling, as I have eaten too much.

I like this Platoon, I like the women, the camp, the general atmosphere and the officers and my billet.

Running a Platoon is similar to running a club. We have the same human problems, and intriguing love affairs. We are a sort of buffer between the men and women and have to protect both sides."

(How unpopular you must be.—Editor.)

JOE LEVENE:

"If Bacon did not err when he claimed that both 'manners and apparel maketh man,' I am the complete soldier. My locker is chock-full of brushes, long pants, shirts, Bluebell, razor-blades, and what-nots, and if I carry on acquiring such a complete collection of odds and ends, we shall live to see the day when Woolworths will flinch at the mention of my name."

(There will be a good many competitors.—Editor.)

AARON LEVY:

"I am still on light duties. I may have to see the Medical Officer next week."

ROBERT LEVY:

"Fratres maintains its position as the most interesting of all the correspondence I receive.

We are in the middle of the very painful process of developing into a fighting unit, and I shall be glad when we come out of our shell.

In a fortnight Sadlers Wells Opera Company will delight my ears."

JUDAH LOPERTON:

"Coleman is in Palestine after a lot of travelling, which must have been a grand experience for him.

There are several chaps in my detachment who are interested in Fratres. Most of them are Territorials, and are from here. They had had a bad impression of the East End, but after reading Fratres they have changed their opinion and would like to visit the O.St.G. Club."

SOPHIE LUDWIG:

"To-day is the first day of the New Year. As I write I can still see the Synagogue crowded and tense, and perhaps anxious, too, as to what the New Year would bring, as the final notes died away, leaving a feeling of glorious ecstasy at the wonder of God and of Judaism."

ALF MACKEVOY:

"After searching my mind I find no other place I wish more earnestly to be in than the simple air-raid shelter where I made so many good friends.

To any of my intimate friends this would seem absolute hypocrisy. Why? Well, Gaffer, I am a Gentile; furthermore an East End Gentile. Like all others I was imbued with an hereditary hate for Jews. The reason? There wasn't any, really. It's just that we are told time and time again from the moment we are able to distinguish right from wrong that a Jew is our natural enemy, and must be treated as such. I feel I should have tried hard to find why this should be so, instead of taking the war cry from others. Now I sincerely wish my mind had been enlightened much sooner than it was. The spirit of the O.St.G. would, I'm sure, be an inspiration to many other organizations and clubs I have attended."

JOE MOSS (At Sea):

"The 'East End-er,' hard-working, honest, happy in adverse circumstances, is showing to the world that when it comes to the test he is not found wanting, and the outside world must be astonished at the grim determination of these people to see it through. So it will continue till victory.

Instead of 'Highdown' the Club has apparently gone to Lowdown! We're pretty busy and have no time to worry over what might happen."

● BOZZY MARKHAM:

"It is a magnificent change to come away from the topsy-turvy life you are living. Yet I am glad I spent the seven days there with you, as it gave me a cheerful picture of the all-important question of morale. In their new surroundings members have their grand opportunity. They are living so closely together that they can surely organise their communal life so that their communism can live. They will soon have to think in terms of 'shelter being home.' Away from the ties of conventional life, they can build something fine. A world where the carpenter, the dress-maker, the engineer, will be forever giving of their best for the good of the communal life. Their chance has come, and through all their 'anti-this and pro-that'—and in spite of the ghastly war—the Settlement will become a settlement with a small 's'."

MOUTHY MICHAELS:

"I have been in the R.A. for three whole days. The fellows are grand, all young and eager to get fit and be on the job."

SOLOMON MONISH:

"I am in hospital, but I expect to be out in another few days."

CYRIL MYERS:

"It's about time the Army was given something to do. I am sure some regiments would only be too pleased to give a hand in London."

LEN MYERS (from South Africa):

"The whole of the Empire is expressing its deep admiration for the heroic manner in which the folks at home are carrying on."

ALAN MASTERS:

"Last Saturday I was going to a vacant seat in the pictures, and I found my path blocked by a mountain of flesh that said 'Hallo.' It was Arrol Greenberg."

MONTY MARKS:

"I am now back at school, I shall have to 'Go to it' with gusto. Time is now on our side. We must hold out and fight on; we can do it; we must do it."

RALPH MARKS:

"I was home for seven days. I was thrilled by the way people are facing the continual air-raids. Hitler would need to adopt some other and more subtle tactic for victory."

MOTTLE MAZZER:

"I know Bully is envious of my being in a town. We might be here for the winter; I hope so. We are a working company but we don't over-work. I wonder what Bully will say when he reads my letter. Perhaps he did write that poem without the aid of a book."

I saw Mot Harris in hospital. He is looking fit and well. You gave me the wrong ward number. I had to see five Harrises before I came to the right one. He was playing cards, and winning."

(Not due to Club training.—Editor.)

BILL NATHANSON:

"I am uncomfortably anticipating another up and away to H.Q. training staff. The discomfort is going to be the difficulty of holding a rank above that of hundreds of men of the original L.F.B."

TUBBY NATHAN:

"Our city place has been entirely destroyed, there are only two iron girders left."

REUBEN NEEDLE:

"I was fortunate to arrive in time for the 'Kol Nidri' service. I had several offers to go to homes to break the fast, which I foolishly declined. I promise that won't happen again."

SAM PACKER:

"The remarks of some of the chaps after reading Fratres indicate sympathy and admiration of the people of East London, but they are very bitter towards the people who have allowed such a state of affairs to exist."

JACK POLLARD:

"David is being kept busy at his firm of an evening, acting as fire-man and Home Guard at the same time. Life at the camp is extremely interesting. We are rushed about from one lecture to another and are kept fit with an occasional route march, P.T. and some drill. I am being taught electricity; not a bad change after 14 years of tailoring."

T. J. PHILLIPS (of the A.J.Y. ; at an O.C.T.U.):

"I am more or less back at school here and have enjoyed the last six weeks, more than any since war began."

DOLFUS PULVERNESS:

"All the Nazis are doing is merely to sharpen the sword which will be turned against them at the right moment. All old Lower Chapman St. boys feel proud that the man who made the school famous throughout the East End has not forgotten them. I've been given several weeks' sick leave pending discharge from the Army. I shall try and get a job in the local armament factory."

ALF PENNER:

"I am in a unit of Shock Troops! Pray for me."  
(We shall.—Editor.)

MENDY RABIN:

"Another of your great flock has now joined a bigger flock; this one is in the Tanks. My first impression is that there is a great deal to learn. Team work is one of the great essentials, and I am pleased to say that those early years in the Club are standing me in good stead. Another thing is taking orders and doing things, however unpleasant the jobs, without any moans."

BUSHY RAPPAPORT:

"This is about the nicest bit of country I've ever seen. We are camped in the centre of towering mountains. The nearest big town is six miles, and although it may be dull, the beautiful country is a sufficient consolation. The river runs across the camp and is world famous as one of the best rivers for fishing. I am still learning all about motors; I'm not very mechanical minded, but I'm trying as best I can to be interested."

I have entered my name for a dramatic section which is being organized by Frank Lawton, our officer actor. I hope what Joe Levene has taught me will help. I feel sure that the Club and those in it will come through this war undamaged, because they stand for those things which are right and good."

**SQUIGGY RICHMAN:**

"It's indescribable what a fine feeling of comradeship one gets from reading the Fratres letters. We are now in a rest line, that is if a town which seems to consist alternately of churches, church halls and public houses can provide much rest.

I have run into a Jewish family, and have been there several times on my days off. No! they have no daughters, but roast kosher chicken is glorious after unsalted Army stew.

Remember I'm in the Army. We must win."

**CECIL RIMMON:**

"My sister wrote and told me that she was writing from the Club, and there were so many varied attractions down there that she found it hard to concentrate; the attractions might be males, or any other thing, but I hope it was the noise the Junior boys were making, or the sing-songs, because I feel sure that that music (P) would take anybody's mind off Hitler and his bombs, and that's what people need most of all."

**SIMON ROSENFELD:**

"I may end up as telephonist."

**SIMMY ROTHENBERG:**

"If England can bring peace and freedom to the world, all these hardships will be worth while. I am in hospital. I have broken out in boils."

**LOU SAUNDERS:**

"The sights I saw in the East End and London generally, filled me with sorrow and bitterness, but also gave me a far greater determination than I have ever experienced before."

**GUSSIE SEGAL:**

"I've just been made a sergeant. I'm sure you must know why. For the life of me, I don't. If the Forces can copy the fighting spirit of the civilian population (actually 'civilian' is the wrong word, I should say 'front line'), then the war is won, and won it will be. I played football to-day for my battery; we lost 4-3. The other side had a forward that used to play for Stockport County, the pro. team, so the defeat wasn't so bad. I don't think I'll try any more taxi rides through London during a night air raid. I think the gunfire shook his meter up."

**B. SELFORD (ZELINSKY):**

"I have been in hospital with boils."

**HARRY SHAER:**

"When the first bomb exploded on London my regiment took a vow to see that Hitler's hordes will not get away with it in this part of the world. I'm proud of you all, and when the time comes I shall endeavour to do equally well."

**LES SHIFFMAN:**

"My C.O. in the course of his life had inspected the Club. He told me that there would in all probability be some cross-country running very shortly, so if I do represent my tent I will try to uphold the Club tradition and stroll in first."

**NAT SHINE:**

"I had a honeymoon I would not curse my worst enemy with. Still, it might have been worse. My wife has been very ill. She is now recuperating at a village not far from here."

**JOE SHUR:**

"I have not heard from 'Koonya' or any of the boys or girls I know now for about four weeks."

**TIPPER SIPPEN:**

"Just as I was getting used to town life, our platoon are sorted out for outpost duty again. Blimey, what a spot! It's over two miles to the nearest sign of life. We even have our own cook here. There are only a dozen chaps here. I call it back to desolation again.

To think that I have been in the front line for four months, and I haven't any idea what a bomb dropping near is like, is most unbelievable. I think we are very wise in not taking reprisals on German open towns. We will never win this war if we rely on terrorist methods. Nothing has done Hitler more harm than the ruination of his industrial power.

I've seen enough of the countryside and the sea to last me a lifetime."

**SAM SLATER:**

"I'm having the time of my life. I am enjoying every moment of my training, and of course the fact that I am enjoying my leisure goes without saying. I am a member of the squad football team."

**GINGER SOMBERG:**

"Little news have I had from Stanley these last few weeks, so I'm afraid I'm not up to date with what's his latest achievement.

My hearty congratulations to Eddie Woolf and regards to Tanny and Joe Aitman, and also thanks to Gorman for his flattery."

**LEN SOMERS:**

"Fratres always seems to buck me up, just like an aspirin or brandy. When I get it and start reading, I become entirely unconscious of what's going on around me, and for a brief few minutes I am in a sort of trance my mind picturing everything in the Club and the East End."

(Try lemonade.—Editor.)

**MAURICE SOLLOF:**

"I sincerely hope that the O.St.G. will always stand, because from there permeates that undaunting spirit and courage which is the basis of any victory."

**ISRAEL SLUTSKY (who is at sea):**

"We are now taking an active part in offensive action. I know how proud you would feel if I could tell you some of my adventures.

It's odd to recall that in the last war the Kent did every station in the world, and I sincerely hope we are lucky enough to do the same.

Quite recently when preparing for action on a Sabbath Eve, I could see the Club's Synagogue before me, feel the spiritual atmosphere that prevailed as the 'Missus' played her fugues and cantatas and hear the choir's soprano chant the conclusion of the eighteen blessings. I get quite enough of the noise and bangs heard at the conclusion of service.

From somewhere in the world I convey my sincerest wishes."

**WOOLF SORRIN:**

"I am here as an officer's batman and am doing quite well."

**DAVID SPERO:**

"I have managed to get into the station football team; we are playing in aid of the Spitfire Fund. Already 3,000 tickets have been sold. The Mayor is kicking off and the local brass band will be playing, and I am very happy to be picked to play on this occasion. The station dance band is going well and we are giving a concert next Wednesday.

It's a funny business with me having an easy time and my parents going through what they are."

## IN HIS MAJESTIES FORCES.

NOVEMBER 17th, 1940.

### SCHLEIMER " SOLOMONS:

"It was marvellous to see how well the civilians stood up to the horrors of aerial bombardment, and how well everyone carried on, adapting themselves to the most unusual circumstances. From the way people in various basement shelters prepared themselves for the night by holding a concert and singing all the popular tunes, one would imagine that London was the jolliest place in the world.

The time will come when we shall strike, and then we shall remember; people who act as uncivilised beasts must be treated as such."

### ALEC STERN (in Australia):

"Our hearts and sympathy are with you."

### MARCUS TITTON:

"It makes my blood boil when I hear of the damage being done to London, and actually I feel rather a coward being away from it all."

### HARRY TISMAN:

"I am rather mad at not being on the A.A. defences of London. This part where I am is like a convalescent home. It sometimes makes me feel as if I am in the 'Boy Scouts'."

### R. T. THORNTON (N.A.B.C.):

"We see the beasts going over this house towards you, but we also see what you do not: our men turning them back and giving them hell. The countryside is littered with them."

### HARRY TOBIAS:

"I have been away for near on two years, and I am sure looking forward to seeing the old town again, so the sooner we duff old Hitler up the better.

I know that it will take more than bombing to make our folks think of packing in. It was the same East End-ers who showed Mosley where to get off on that memorable day of October 4th. It was the same East End-ers who were so ready to help the victims of the Spanish bombing by giving their pennies to collections. East London has a glorious tradition, East End-ers are known to be fighters, fighters who don't know what it is to quit."

### SYD VELTMAN:

"Tell me, is Fratres an air raid casualty? I do miss the familiar envelope and accompanying note. (No need to mention the much more important contents of the envelope.)

Time will never chase from my memory those nights I spent down there in the Synagogue shelter. Everybody seemed to be trying his or her best to help each other."

### MORRIS VISOKLE:

"My house was badly damaged. My wife was staying that night with friends and I was doing voluntary fire service, so we both escaped."

### SINCLAIR WHITE:

"I am now in the modern Army and I think I like it. They used to call me Dick when I was home—soppy name, that. Here is a warning to some of the boys: I was soft when I was in the Club, but if any of the boys are cheeky to me now, they will have to watch out."

### EDDIE WOOLF:

"Ruth has been following my unit about the country; I think we ought to issue her with a uniform and make her regimental mascot."

### STANLEY WOOLF:

"I've been seeing Frenchie almost every week. I'm sorry I've had to go on to the old typewriter, but my ink has run out, and since the Army ink is made out of water squeezed gently through old socks, I don't choose to ruin my fountain pen."

### JACK YELLON:

"I am a storekeeper in an aero engine repair depot."

Abrahams, Gr. 'Gumsey'	R.A.	Goldsmith, Gr. Alf	R.A.
Adler, 2nd Lieut. E.B.	R.A.	Goldstein, Gr. Jack	R.A.
Aitman, Pte. Ben	The Buffs.	Goldstein, Sig. Tanny	Signals
Aitman, Sergt. Joe	R.A.	Gorman, Bdr. Syd	R.A.
*Banes, Gr. Wilfred	R.A.	Greenberg, Pte. 'Aroll'	Gloucester
Batue, Pte. Joe	R.A.M.C.	Greenberg, Rfm. Sam	L.R.B.
Beddington, L/Cpl. Hubert	The Queen's	Guedalla, 2nd Lt. Basil	T.H.R.
Bellman, L/Cpl. Lou	A.M.P.C.	Guter, A/C.1. Myer	R.A.F.
Bensinger, L/Cpl. Eric S.	L.R.B.	Hamberger, Cpl. G.	A.M.P.C.
Bentley, Sig. W. ('Harry')	Signals	Harris, L/Cpl. Jack	S. Stafford
Bernstein, Gr. Arnold	R.A.	Harris, Pte. Marcus	Oxford & Bucks.
Bierman, Pte. George	Essex	Harris, Sap. Mot	R.E.
Biller, Rfm. Alf	K.R.R.C.	Heilbuth, L.A.C. D. S.	R.A.F.
Bloom, 'Honky'	Merc: Marine	Hewitt, Pte. Jack E.	Suffolk
Branstatter, Reuben	Merc: Marine	Hiatt, Gr. Aaron	R.A.
*Brightman, Alfred	Merc: Marine	Hoffman, A/C.2. Jack	R.A.F.
Bromnick, Fus. Myer	Royal Fus:	Hollick, A/C.2. George	R.A.F.
Brown, Gr. Tom	R.A.	Hornstein, Gr. David	R.A.
Caplin, L/Cpl. Alf	Royal Berks.	Hussman, Pte. Nathan	Middlesex
Caplin, Lt. Harry	R.A.M.C.	Isaacs, Gr. I. ('Bully')	R.A.
Caplin, Dvr. Phil	R.A.S.C.	Isbitsky, Pte. Morris	Worcs:
Carroll, Major Dennis	R.A.M.C.	Jacobovitch, Rfm. Paul	T.H.R.
Charkin, Pte. Willie	R.A.O.C.	Jacobs, L/Cpl. Alf	K.R.R.C.
*Chellone, Pte. Morris	R.A.P.C.	Jacobs, Capt. Bertram	Hampshire
Chown, Dvr. Eddie J.	R.A.	Jacobson, 2nd Lt. Gerald	R.A.
*Cohen, Gr. Hyman	R.A.	Jewell, Cadet. Ben	O.C.T.U.
Cohen, L/Cpl. A. 'Koonya'	R.A.S.C.	Joseph, Pte. Alf	R.A.M.C.
Cohen, Rfm. Mark	T.H.R.	Joseph, Fus. Leon	Royal Fus:
Cohen, Pte. Wolf	R.A.M.C.	Kaffon, Dvr. Sam	R.A.S.C.
Cooper, Pte. Harry	Royal Berks.	Kalicstein, Gr. Dan	R.A.
Cooper, Dvr. Hyman	R.A.S.C.	Kaminash, Emanuel	Merc: Marine
Corb, Pte. Jack	R.A.S.C.	Kamofsky, L/Cpl. Jack	Sher: Forest:
Crash, Pte. Jack	R.A.M.C.	*Kandler, Sig. Alf	Signals
Davis, Pte. I. (Michaelofsky)	Oxf. & Bucks.	Kane, A/C.2. B. 'Hawkeye'	R.A.F.
Davis, L/Cpl. 'Young Mick'	The Buffs	Kaufman, L/Cpl. Jack	Cheshire
Dean, Pte. Reginald	R.A.M.C.	Kaufman, Gr. Syd (r)	R.A.
Desser, Pte. Emanuel	A.M.P.C.	Kaufman, Dvr. Syd (r)	R.A.S.C.
*Doltis, Gr. Jerry	R.A.	Kaufman, Pte. William	The Buffs
Drage, Capt. 'Jerry'	Royal Sussex	*Kellinger, Gr. 'Liza'	R.A.
Dreyfus, 2nd Lt. Ohas.	R.A.	Kersh, Gr. Max	R.A.
Edgar, Capt. Leslie	C.F.	King, Gr. Julius (Kosky)	R.A.
Eichen, Pte. Jack	Royal Berks.	Klein, Rfm. Stanley	T.H.R.
Fass, Sergt. Len.	R.A.F.	Kleinberg, Pte. Joe	East Surrey
Fay, 2nd Lt. Dennis H.	Indian Army	Kliger, L/Cpl. Ben	R.E.
Feldman, Pte. Morris	K.O.R.R.	Kloos, Pte. Aaron	Suffolk
Filar, Pte. I. 'Tony'	East Yorks	Koren, Dvr. Harold	Signals
Filar, Pte. Morris	Royal W. Kent	Kossansky, Pte. Wolf	R.A.S.C.
Fineberg, Gr. 'Ginger'	R.A.	*Krendal, Pte. Syd	R.A.M.C.
Fogel, Rfm. M. ('Dick')	Rifle Brigade	Krongold, Cpl. Harry	R.A.C.
Fox, L/Cpl. Joe	Signals	Krongold, A.C.W.I. Lily	W.A.A.F.
Freedman, Pte. Morris	Sher: Forest:	*Kupier, Pte. Hyman	A.M.P.C.
Fykin, L/Cpl. Max	R.A.O.C.	Kuper, Pte. Jack	The Queen's
Garfinkel, Gnr. Len	R.A.	Kurrant, Fus. Louis	R. Welsh Fus:
Geoghegan, Cadet. Brian	O.C.T.U.	Landau, L/Bdr. Barney	R.A.
Ginswick, L/Cpl. Julius	Shropshire	Lang, Pte. Jack	Beds: & Herts.
*Glenton, Pte. Henry	R.A.M.C.	Lefcovitch, Sergt. A. A.	R.A.M.C.
Glynn, Sap. Alfred	R.E.	*Lenoff, Pte. Syd	Shropshire
Gold, Pte. Aaron	R.A.S.C.	*Lent, Pte. Leslie	East Surrey
Gold, Gnr. Gilbert	R.A.	*Lescovitch, Gr. Eddie	R.A.
*Gold, Pte. Israel	East Surrey	Lester, Cpl. E. (I. Levy)	R.A.F.
Gold, Sig. 'Yank'	Signals	Letzer, Pte. Tony	Essex
Goldberg, Sig. Alf	Signals	Levack, L/Cpl. Alfred	M.G.T.C.
Goldberg, Gnr. Louis	R.A.	*Levene, Pte. Joe	R.A.S.C.
Goldberg, L/Bdr. Mick	R.A.	Levene, Pte. Louis	R.A.O.C.
Goldring, Pte. Lionel	R.A.M.C.	Leverson, Coy. Asst. Nancy	A.T.S.