



“FRATRES”

VOLUME 27. No. 1.

Pentecost, the Festival of the Giving of the Law.

JUNE 1ST, 1941.

Man must feel the compulsion of law, and yet, through that compulsion, he must rise to a higher freedom. He stands between the animals and God. The animals are freer than man; they are also more bound than man. They are freer, for they know, and bow down before, no outside law. The lion and the gnat, desiring to do one thing, do not, through a constraining law, do another. But they are more bound, because they simply follow the sting and lead of their impulses and instincts and desires. The constraint of law is the beginning of the higher freedom. Man's freedom resides and consists in the free acceptance and execution of the moral law. The more he freely fulfils that law, the more man he becomes, and the more he becomes like unto God.

CLAUDE G. MONTEFIORE,

"Outlines of Liberal Judaism."

"FRATRES"

This should be the jolliest season of the year, the early summer when Nature robes her bareness and barrenness with all the radiant garbs of colourful beauty. In winter it is difficult to visualise the loveliness with which the countryside will again bedeck itself in the coming spring and summer. Yet one knows that the tree branches will bud again, and that from the ground will grow the flowers and fruit and vegetables, that the birds will once more nest and breed their young, and that music, warmth and happiness will again spread their wings everywhere.

So in the midst of the winter of war, with hideous devastation and ugliness, pain, sorrow and death on every side, do we believe that something lovely must in the end be born, something lovelier, it is to be hoped, than anything we have known before.

The writers of so many letters this month have expressed a longing to get back to the "good old days". I know that they are dreaming of something more than the peace which will come with victory, of the day when we can "beat our swords into plowshares and our spears into pruning forks, and when nation shall not lift up sword against nation and when they shall not learn war any more". They dream of days more beautiful than any yet known.

"The good old days" were good, but they were nothing like as good as they could, and should have been. The East End with its miles of filthy slums bred many noble men and women, but the housing conditions were a disgrace for any civilised society to have tolerated. Out of the devastated slum areas there must be planned a new city where each family will be provided with adequate housing, convenient, healthy and in beautiful surroundings. No more will there be the great contrasts, for no more will there be the very rich or the very poor; no longer must there be an inherited privileged class, nor an inherited submerged class. Each child who is born on earth must have an equal opportunity to make his way in the world. Men are not equal and they never will be but there must be no barriers barring the way of progress for those who have the ability to rise. It must be made possible for all who are worthy to benefit from them to go on to the Public Schools and the Universities. Money must no more buy these great privileges; they must be obtained through merit.

In the past how few, after leaving school, have even ever wanted to go to Evening Classes, there to study subjects connected with their work; fewer still have had the desire to study art or literature or philosophy or music or religion or politics! Education must not only fit boys and girls into industry but it must fit them into becoming citizens of a free democracy, fit them to enjoy all that life can offer them in beauty, fit them to be happy in this world, both as an end itself, and as a preparation for the "great unknown" beyond this world.

Yet as we look back we know that it was neither good housing nor good education which of themselves produced good people. There was often to be found as much selfishness, inanity of purpose, broken lives and unhappiness among the rich as among the poor. Those who were truly happy were those whose characters were strong and sweet and generous and sympathetic those who had mastered their lower passions, those who received most from others because they gave most of themselves. They were the most content whose material needs were most easily satisfied.

Man must be free from want and insecurity; he must never be free from the desire for greater righteousness, greater lovingkindness, greater wisdom, greater loveliness.

Besides education, he will need, more than he ever has before, religion.

"For ever thus the trend of progress flows !
Unfettered, lawless spirits strive in vain
Perfection's crystal summits to attain.
Who would be great must his own ruler be;
In self-restraint his power the master shows,
And law alone it is that makes us free."

So far the Law which was given to man so many hundreds of years ago by the Prophets, those who spoke in the name of God, stands out unequalled in the splendour of its Truth. If he is to be free, by this Law must man be bound. If there is to be a better world after the war, it must be peopled by better men and women. They must obey the Law of God as scrupulously as they have learnt to obey the law of the land. Today men take more care not to commit a crime by breaking the law of the land than not to commit a sin by breaking the Law of God. Tomorrow men must see the Law of God as something so supremely sacred and good that they will seek above all things to obey it, and through doing so, they will commit fewer crimes. They must know to-day that the Spirit of Righteousness, whom we call God, a part of which is in every human being, can through prayer—the channel through which that Spirit flows—restrain them from evil, and inspire them to good. Then we can hope that to-morrow, with minds more fully educated, they may be able to produce in themselves and in their children men and women who will be free members of a free society which is bound together by a common purpose, a common understanding and a common service. That is the freedom for which we are now staking our all to-day.

What then will be the function of the Club and the Settlement after the war? Surely it will be very much what they aimed to be before the war: a Home of Friendship, a "University" where each human personality can be developed as an entity in itself without being made to conform to a uniform pattern; a Place of Re-creation where members can learn to indulge in hobbies according to their tastes, in arts and crafts and drama and literature and music, in games and sports and athletics of every kind; a Centre to promote the well-being of all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; a House of Prayer, where the brotherhood of man is made real through the Worship of the Divine Father, and where the Law of Righteousness may be so well learnt that it will be almost unconsciously and automatically carried out.

It is right then, for members to dream of "the good old days" so long as they dream of them as intensified, enriched and ennobled. Our ideal will still be to live in freedom to the Glory of God and the Glory of Man, knowing that there is no freedom except through the Law.

MORRIS BAYNARD.

Morrie was one of our most promising members, a scholar at Raine's, a fine athlete and a most popular member. He had been in the Club most of his life, and was an officer of the 1931 Club. Always of exceptionally fine physique, he was devoted to all forms of sport and excelled at P.T., boxing, athletics and swimming. Good looking, shy and modest, he made many friends and was a leader.

We deeply regret that he was killed by enemy action on Saturday May 10th.

THE SINKING OF THE 'BISMARCK'

At the moment of writing, I am in the forward part of the 'Rodney'. As you know, the 'Rodney' had to leave her convoy in the North Atlantic and set off in pursuit of the 'Bismarck'.

When the Captain broadcast to the crew that we were going after the 'Jerry', well you can imagine the excitement that ran right through the

ship. It was pretty tedious while the chase lasted, as we had to go right down into the bowels of the ship, under about nine inches of steel. This happened every night, so you can guess we were just about sick and tired of the whole business—then came the welcome news on Monday night that after two attacks our aircraft had by aerial torpedoes reduced the speed of the 'Bismarck' to twelve knots. All during the night the Captain kept us supplied with news and then when morning came, the bombshell dropped! About 6 or 7 a.m. a buzz-buzz and then, "Captain speaking; the 'Bismarck' has turned north and is making straight for us, so it looks as though we will get our chance. That is all for now." As though it wasn't enough!

About 9 a.m. came the eagerly awaited news which was: "The 'Bismarck' is ten minutes away". About a quarter of an hour later the sixteen inch guns started banging away. Where I was under the B. turret it sounded a terrific racket and I could only hear three guns, so I don't know what it was like when all the guns were pounding away. About an hour later the Captain told us that the enemy had stopped firing. We kept on firing for another fifteen minutes and then cleared off, as there was some danger of enemy bombers appearing on the scene. The 'Dorsetshire' walked in while we were leaving and finished the 'Bismarck' with torpedoes.

It was a very triumphant 'Rodney' that sailed into port. The gunnery officer of the 'Bismarck' and the commander of the 'Norfolk', both said it was the accuracy and persistence of the 'Rodney's' guns that put the 'Bismarck' out of action. Besides the 16" shells we put two torpedoes in the 'Bismarck'.

Mr. A. V. Alexander, wearing a hat similar to Winston's, came down to the officers' lounge where I had the honour of serving him and some of his staff with drinks.

I guessed I had stepped into something when I came on board the 'Rodney', but I never thought it would turn out like it did.

JOHNNY WILLIAMS.

REACTIONS OF A FIRE-WATCHER.

Whenever a blitz commences or all the well-known signs and portents clearly indicate that one is about to "break", up I go on to the roof to join the fire-patrol lads already at station. This top-most portion of the building deserves a special word of its own. I cherish a real regard for "my" roof, for I have left there many millions of the best years of my life. Each actual minute seeming an age and each hour an eternity. Upon its breast of grey asphalt I have certainly experienced in all their subtlest shades and tones every possible emotion,—excepting that of love. And I have there learned for myself that fear and courage are twin spirits that walk hand-in-hand into the darkness.

Up to this roof, then, I wend my dutiful way, the while thinking of stirrup-pumps, the books I always meant to read and hadn't, and the personal correspondence I have so disgracefully neglected, and a vast conglomeration of other thoughts both related and unrelated to my specific position.

As the keen night-air touches me, the thick, spasmodic "errrr-errrr" of what sounds to be hundreds of planes fills the air and gives it an intensity of weight that seems to press down upon my very head. How much less deadly, even if more deadly, raids would be if only planes were silent, I Irishly think! Our guns begin to cough and splutter, bespattering the sky with orange spots, and this gives me some slight satisfaction. Even this faint pleasure vanishes, however, when I see flares are falling, for I have come to loathe those portentous beads of dull-gold light which hang so tentatively and so insultingly below the stars. The younger members of the patrol see in those flares a beauty which entirely passes me by. They stand in the open and strain their necks watching the slowly-dropping in-

candescant specks. I am glad they cannot read my mind, though I am conscious that my face holds a faint I-know-what-I-know smirk.

"The business"—as I am pleased to call it—commences. I hear a stick of bombs on their way earthwards, and the thinly sizzling whine of them thrills yet shrivels me even as I calculate where they are likely to land. That I fear I personally am the direct target for every falling bomb proves me a conceited fool, but there it is, this is what I do feel. The roof trembles and dithers beneath my feet as the German baubles bite deeply into the earth and scrumblingly displace air and more solid substances. My stomach turns pale, then indulges in a wild spasm of jitterbugging. My hair becomes electrified, my arm-pits quiver comically, my forehead feels hotly sticky within its steel encasement. My comrades keep deadly quiet until the last crump: has echoingly vanished, then break out into a torrent of high-pitched "phew's" and "blimey's". I am content to give my body a chance to relax. As usual the Gaffer avers "they" were guns, while I am equally emphatic "they" were landmines, each of us taking care to point out that our practical knowledge of blitz details must needs make us infallible. An old feud, this, and one which is in essence so nicely insanely sane.

The business progresses along all too familiar lines, and soon stick after stick of bombs and baskets of incendiaries are spewed down all around us. The building reverberates shudderingly, regains its composure, trembles feebly again, reverts to normal stolidity. I shake with it in sympathy but don't achieve stolidity so easily. Gazing sadly into the blasphemed night, for the life of me I cannot, as does the bard, "see a budding morrow in the midnight," while my future and not my past life passes ghost-like through my mind.

When they first start burning the incendiaries throw out grotesquely picturesque lights, indeterminate greens and blues and violets intermingling and throwing up shaded arcs of morbid colour, and the sensuous velvet of the night forms a cynically perfect background. The building rumbles and shivers almost continuously beneath the shock of explosions. We seem to be encircled by vicious fires and the sky redly reflects the dying misery of burning buildings, while darkly massive smoke slinks across and blots out the stars. Worse, infinitely worse than anything else, I detest this perpetual drone, this noise which bites into me, this Devil's Symphony of Hate... out hear! the clang of some speeding fire-van's bell boldly cuts through the air, and the brassy sound comforts me strangely, bringing as it does a sense of reality and of everyday things into a world certainly not real to me at the moment. Blessed commonplace bell!

The night drags wearily on and still Jerry persists in forcing his attentions upon us. The fire areas have been the targets of the marauders for some time. The fire-bell now thrills where before it comforted me, and I feel more real admiration for the firemen than I have ever felt in my life for anything or anybody. And so these double-men struggle, I mutter, of a purpose misquoting the Browning who never knew planes, blitzes and those who brave them. What is my job compared to theirs, I think, and somehow know a greater calmness up on the roof than I thought possible.

I await now the "All Clear" and, with it, that delicious, lovely silence that I crave. This damned noise—when will it stop? I feel we have all earned silence. Yes there is nothing so beautiful as silence. The patrol are chattering blithely about facetious nothings as I smoke my tenth, scrounged fag of the raid. I have reached the stage where the raid cannot touch my spirit any more, for I am wrapped up within my now in-different mind, the mind which is now my friend where before it was my enemy. This is a final stage I always achieve, something that just happens to me and which I cannot explain. All I want now is silence and I shall be happy...

After a quiet lull the "All Clear" really does sound, and my tired stomach finds its natural level. How many years has the raid lasted? Who cares—it's over, isn't it? And it is silent again, so silent I can almost feel it as something tangible, and I am content.

Yet how I wish I could see the point of a patrol-member who, during a particularly hot spell, spoke thus: "Gee! but we do see life up here don't we Gaffer?"! SAM KIRKWOOD.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

The Settlement Synagogue is going to be very much engaged, for the following marriages of Club members are due to take place there: Kate Sopel to Archie Lewis, an Old Victorian, on July 6th.; Harry Hiatt to Lily Rose on July 20th.; Cecil Bruce to Golda Siddick on August 4th.; Bully Isaacs to Eva Mazzer on August 10th. Sam Smith to Jean Collins on August 17th.

Joe Fox gave a farewell party to his bachelor friends the night before June 8th.

Jack Roll is marrying Hettie Baum on June 22nd. Barney Landau and Jack Simons are engaged.

Lou Franks who was severely injured on duty with the A.F.S. is making good progress. Nat (Lutsky) Lester has also been in hospital suffering from injuries to his hand received on duty. Jack Cohen and Harry Shaer are still in hospital, but are doing well. Liza Kellinger has had his tonsils removed and Joe Lee has had an operation on his toe.

Brian Geoghegan has got his commission, and the following have been promoted: Hubert Beddington and E. Lester (Issy Levy) to Sergeants, Joe Fox to Corporal, Ralph Marks to L.A.C., Morris Feldman, Alec. Kaufman, Willie Kaufman, Mendy Rabin, and Hyman Sigler to Lance-Corporal and Jack Hoffman to A.C.I.

We warmly congratulate them all.

BENEATH THE VEIL. V.

It is nearly six months since there has appeared an article in "Frates" under this heading. During the past month, perhaps because of what was written in the last number, perhaps because the horrors of war have been brought nearer home to us, perhaps because in the darkness we are groping for light, in our pain we are yearning for consolation, in our doubts we are longing for reassurance, many have written on religion. It is because their thoughts may help others that extracts from their letters are printed.

Hateful as most fellows have found those night guards to be, yet in the loneliness of the watches they have had time to think, sometimes of the past, sometimes of the future, sometimes of their friends, sometimes of God. One chap wrote as follows:

"The quotation I like best on a fine night is from the psalms: 'When I consider the works of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?'"

The insignificance of man in the face of the vastness of the universe, and yet the greatness of man in the face of God's incomprehensible greatness.

Another member who, crippled and wounded in one of the raids, wrote from his bed in hospital soon after he had had a great personal bereavement:

"I keep thinking of 'But I will sing of Thy power, yea I will sing aloud of Thy mercy at all times, for Thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.' Sorrow stricken and in pain he is ready to praise God even as in the hour of deepest grief the Jew, through the recitation of Kaddish, shows

that he does not lose faith in the goodness of God. "Thy will be done", that ancient prayer seems to say, "Thy name be praised".

It would be interesting to know what are other people's reactions to this letter:

"I think men can live together in almost perfect contentment and peace, as my company has for over a year, *without* the aid of any kind of religion. I have done very little praying since I've been in the army, but I don't think I'm any the worse for it. But I certainly believe that there exists a spirit of goodness and love in every man, and for that reason I believe in God."

The answer may be that the men of the company were inwardly far more religious than they care to admit. The writer himself believes in God, although he would be the last person ever to talk about his belief. Surely, there are millions like him. He does not consciously say his prayers, and yet he is straining to live a highly moral life. That striving after an ideal is itself a prayer. It is only those who let themselves go, and who indulge as they will, who really lose touch with God, and who cease to make life a prayer. The company got on very well without any formal religion, but it might have got on even better, the effects might have been far more lasting, had they had the courage openly to admit that they shared the same ideals, that they were drawn to one another through devotion to the same Father.

Lastly the following letter was written by one who had seen his life's work destroyed, and many of his dearest friends killed in a raid:

"I have found as I did before when sorrow seemed unbearable, that if you surrender to God He does send peace to your heart, and you *can* get on with your job.

It is possible, if one surrenders to God, to feel the wonderful peace about which we are taught. I think it is a help to know that theories work, and to be told this by people who are actually testing the knowledge."

Here is real experience, here is proof of the power of God to help those who love Him. Not bowed down, but with head lifted high, does the writer accept his fate and begin his work all over again. Surrendering to God does not mean lying back and doing nothing; it really means the exact opposite, for it means actively seeking the help of God to build our lives, believing with a passionate faith that he will never desert us nor fail us, but will help to lift us up to the heights to which we would rise.

CLUB NEWS.

Partly owing to our having no electricity, partly because of the long evenings which should attract members to the roof, the Club has been transferred into its old quarters on the top floor, the girls retaining the privacy for themselves of the second floor, the boys retaining theirs in the Pulverness rooms. It is indeed good to have those empty rooms again echoing with noise and laughter.

Bonzo Basofsky, as secretary of the House Captains, supported by the four House Captains, Goldwater, Kliman, Pedro and Swerner, and by the newly-elected officers has succeeded far more quickly than was expected in getting the tone of the Club back once more to what has been known as "the O.St.G. at its best". Fortunately all the officers are aware of how much better the Club still can be and are keen ever to make it so.

Cricket, swimming and rambling are taking place each week; boxing and P.T. are held in the roof gym.; the cottage at Leighton Buzzard has been kept full, and indoor activities are being organised, drama, a news-sheet, topical talks, music etc., the varying success of which all old members well know.

There are very few old boys left now. They share the Pulverness rooms with the seniors. Some, but by no means all and certainly not enough, are helping in the Junior Club.

The shelter is almost finished. Now that we have steel bunks, slumbers sleep sounder, and altogether are more comfortable. "Things" outside cannot be heard; they can only be felt.

The number of small boys who come and make a noise in the Club in the late afternoons has increased. So has the noise. Again it can be said that the heart of the Club beats strongly and regularly.

CHARLES' ANSWER.

There are 34 ex-House Captains in the Forces and 18, (38.2%) of them have been promoted; there are 62 ex-Club Officers and 22 of them, (35.4%) have been promoted. 8 of the 22 serving members who did not pass through the Junior Clubs, (36.3%), have been promoted, whilst 15 of the 128 members who were never Club Officers, (11.7%), have had promotion in the Forces.

20 of the 23 Managers, (86.99%), and 80, (29%), out of the total of 275 Club members serving in His Majesty's Forces have been promoted.

Thus we leave it to Charles and any other statistical students of Army and Club methods to draw their own conclusions.

ROGUES' GALLERY.

We have received likenesses of the following: Louis Cohen, John I. Ginswick, Syd Kaufman I, Nat Kissin, Syd Louis, Mick Noble, Dennis Samuels and Louis Steingold. And yet there still are many who have not yet "obliged". We aim at 100% record and hope to reach it.

COMFORTS FUND.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE FORCES.

Dear Club Member,

In last month's 'Fratres' you read a paragraph to the effect that socks, gloves, and so on, would, if you sent them along to us, be repaired for you and promptly returned by the Comforts' Fund Committee. For some reason or other, there has been little or no response to this offer, so once again we draw your attention to the fact that we are only too willing to prevent your feet getting sore or your finger-tips chilly.

As you no doubt understand getting comforts these days is a difficult job as the field of selection is restricted, but we know there must be certain things still obtainable which you would appreciate, for example, magazines, books, periodicals, journals and a limited number of writing pads and envelopes. If you would like any to be sent on to you, please write telling us your wants in this direction.

Finally, we now wish to start in earnest writing letters to those fellows who feel the lack of personal correspondence. Will those interested write to the Gaffer, who will keep the Comforts' Fund Committee informed about those who would welcome letters from Club chaps and girls.

Yours fraternally,
The Comforts' Fund Committee.

OXFORD AND ST. GEORGE'S FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

As this is the period when many of our evacuated members are leaving school in order to take up employment, you are reminded that you can join the Club's National Health Approved Society. Write for particulars to the Hon. Secretary of the Friendly Society, care of the Settlement.

THE MONTHLY SNIGGER.

If only jokes could put out incendiaries, Sam, with his bottomless well would be an even better fire-watcher than he is,—if that were possible.

PARTING OF THE WAYS

Re Germany and Russia: How much longer is it going to remain the Hammer and Sichelgruber?

WILL SPEAK FOR ITSELF

'Germany interested in Britain's latest fighter.' Have patience Hun—it'll soon be plane for all to see.

WITH APOLOGIES TO B.P.

Musso doesn't believe in Libyan lot live, but, failing to Caesar lot of land he envied, he is forced to Axis partner how to Goebble up territory and rule the Wavells.

BEYOND PRAISE.

Possibly more than anybody else, the A.F.S. men are helping to keep the home fires burning by putting them out.

IN PASSING.

Looking at Press notices we come to the conclusion that England's greatest war tune is still Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

ME AND MY SHADOW.

"The Axis will conquer the world," says Hitler.

"The Axis will conquer the world," says Musso.

This is, of course, a clear case of two thoughts with but a single mind.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NON-JEWISH MEMBER:

'Fratres' remains one of the few pieces of sanity and true religion in a mad world."

ANON (A MEMBER'S WIFE):

"Every time I read 'Fratres' I think of the evenings I used to spend alone when Q was at the Club, and how I sometimes grumbled to him. Now I am very glad that he had such a Club to go to, as I am sure that a good deal of the character he has always shown me was moulded by his association with the Settlement."

ANON (OVERSEAS):

"'Fratres' makes me think of the talks you used to give us lads at the end of an evening, talks which I am sure have helped to keep us on the right side of the road. I confess that I was one who did not fully appreciate them then, but certainly do so now. I remember how you sometimes hammered away at us about playing the game. Well, now is my test, and the test for us all.

With us here is a Jewish chaplain. I attended a service the other night; it was an experience I shall never forget. I cannot explain, but it was gripping. Personally I have never taken our religion seriously, have never troubled to understand its full meaning, but now I am beginning to see its philosophy more clearly, and I felt proud that night of being a British Jew, and shall continue to do so to the end, come what may."

BEN ALEXANDER:

"I really and truly like army life. The Club has given me the greatest happiness a man can wish for, that, of course you know, is my wife and in my heart I know I owe the Club a lot."

MARY BEDFORD:

"The Hotel is a very modern, up-to-date building; it accommodates 500 girls, all training for various duties. The grounds are very lovely and very picturesque with fountains and flowers. The girls are friendly and I get on with them well."

(An Adamless Eden—Editor)

HUBERT BEDDINGTON:

"2nd. Lieut. Liston asked to be remembered to you. It was great fun meeting him; actually the badge on the writing case attracted his attention."

ERIC BENSINGER:

"I gave up my old, very good job in Intelligence, and am back in an ordinary rifle company."

ARNOJD BERNSTEIN:

"We have some chaps from a different battery here training on our guns, and right now they have mentioned the name of Phil Goldstein. Phil is a well-known sporting gunner in this battery, and according to the conversation he seems to be very popular."

(Rabbits, grouse or Huns?—Editor)

COLIN HOLTMAN (at sea)

"I am surprised how quickly I have adapted myself to my new task. Among five first-trippers aboard, I was the only one who did not have any bouts of sea-sickness—not even when we ran into a ten-day gale. The catering staff on a ship work 365 days in a year, and 366 in a leap-year. It will probably be another three months before I return."

RABBI BRODIE (who is overseas, airgram 29.4.41.)

"In the course of my travels I have met some of your Oxford and St. George's boys. They're certainly proud of their association with the Settlement, and don't hesitate to tell the world about it."

TOM BROWN:

"When I eventually write you a letter without starting with an apology, I think peace will be declared."

(Get a move on, then—Editor)

MYER BROMNICK:

"Although I witnessed the official closing of the Club, I didn't feel it had ended—not the Club as I knew it, full of friends and their spirit. I knew that would never cease, and that it would be the means to the re-opening."

I found 'Fratres' so absorbing that it has landed me on a charge. I was duty bugler, and in the afternoon I had my slippers on whilst reading 'Fratres', and suddenly found it was time to blow cookhouse. I rushed out having no time to change into boots (and gaiters), and whilst spitting out cookhouse, an officer spotted me and immediately placed me on what we term the "fizzer". I shall probably get 7 days C.B., unless our O.C. wants to see the book which I found so interesting."

(It might then be 14 days—Editor)

DAVE CAMINER:

"Aerial attacks on Germany are the only way to fight, and the sooner we reach the point where we can do non-stop raiding on Berlin, Hamburg etc. the better.

I have got a new lot of cadets, all ex-army men. They've a long way to go before they reach the standard of the previous lot.

Sam should be a famous writer some day.

Last Sunday I took Church Parade and read Isaiah 55."

ALB CAPLIN:

"We are moving to another station; the move, unlike the previous ones I've made, will be for the better. I hear from home that London is slowly recovering from her wounds. Though there have been amputations and operations, the spirit of the patient has assisted in the recovery, and she promises to be almost as virile and active as ever in the near future. London certainly can take it."

(Without chloroform too!—Editor)

EDDIE CHOWN:

"I often wonder if we will ever get back to the old life again."

HYMIE COHEN:

"I visited a site last week, and of all the millions of people to show me over the instruments was one proudly wearing 'our' badge on a very greasy tunic,—none other than Nat Shine. Break No. 2: I walk into a

site miles from anywhere and sit down to a meal, when the person next to me strikes me as being one of our own. I tap him on the back. "Didn't see you taking 'Time for the 14s'. He looks at me enquiringly, "Can't say I know you." He is Schleimer Solomons. Yes it certainly warms the cockles of the heart to meet some of the faces known to you. Both these lads are well liked on their respective sites. I am feeling absolutely in the pink and have gained many lbs."

JACK COHEN:

"I was taken into hospital with bronchial pneumonia. I am getting on very well although it's nearly 5 weeks since I was taken bad."

LOUIS COHEN:

"The place here is wonderful. We are in private billets and the food is grand, the beds are great, and the comradeship—well you couldn't hope for better. The chaps in the Forces who say they miss the Club certainly know what they are talking and writing about. I miss Matron calling me in the morning and Sam telling me off for some little job I might have forgotten. I've got the Sergeant to do that now."

(Sam and the Matron are taking English lessons—Editor)

WOOLF COHEN:

"I am getting settled down at my job, and have a big responsibility. They look on me here as something like a doctor. It gives you confidence in yourself in a job like this. I met Stanley Woolf. There is an old Club boy here, Stricofsky, and also Cpl. "Gashy" Cohen who is a P.T. Instructor. It's grand to have some of the boys from the Club here."

(It's grander to have some of the boys from the Forces here—Editor)

JACK UORB (who is overseas 30.3.41.)

"I received 'Fratres' just at a time when I was down in the dumps. I was in bed with a touch of sand-fly fever, and never could a speedier recovery have been anticipated; I was out of my blankets like a shot, without a sign to warrant my return except to sleep, and I am as right as ninepins today.

It was grand to allow my mind to wander back to the wonderful times that I had with you all, and to forget the distance that separates us. We have had no time to think about anything except work.

I can now consider myself a well-seasoned warrior. I have been through the whole campaign out here, and what a chapter of incidents it has been!

The desert has been a great disappointment to me, as there are more rocks than sand, and I had pictured to myself miles and miles of beautiful sand such as one sees at a seaside resort. We have to put up with many inconveniences at the moment such as fleas, mosquitoes, flies, scorpions etc. but when there's a war on these are just minor ailments, so why worry?

Please ask my friends to write, tell all my very dear friends at the Club that we have an easy job compared to them; may their courage never desert them.

We cannot fail."

MICK DAVIS:

"I've been drafted to a small arms course. It's no holiday—you're on the go all day until 4 o'clock, and then in your own time you study all you've been taught."

EMANUEL DESSER:

"It is so lovely around here that we all feel content, even if the nearest cinema is 20 miles away, and the nearest pub. 3 miles."

JERRY DOLTIS:

"It was my luck to come and visit you on a blitz night. I am really proud of the good work the Club is doing. It was the first real insight of

have had of the way the Wardens and Firemen carry on in a blitz; it amazes me and fills me with pride at such fearless bravery as I saw on that night. It is a thing I shall never forget."

BARNEY DOVE:

"I've just had a letter from Mr. Huggett, and, would you believe it, he's hoping that they will call him back for teaching once again. Just like him, isn't it?"

The atmosphere here is very pleasant and friendly, and you can almost feel the chumminess sprouting. We get plenty of sport, and I seem to have become the recognised regimental left winger."

CHARLES DREYFUS:

"A boy of 11 organised his brothers to steal for him. That's leadership wasted, so I have informed the Padre who is getting in touch with the local T.O.C., and the result may perhaps be a Club here.

1805 Trafalgar—and then Austerlitz—and no British Army stayed more than a few months in Europe until 1811—6 years after. So what!

I feel it is about time I got back to practising what I have been preaching for the last five months.

I notice that rather over 1 in 4 has risen from the lowest initial rank in his service, which is a good testimony to training in leadership. Noticeable are house-captains without a stripe. It would be interesting to know the proportion of house-captains and officers who have reached 3 stripes E, 1 etc. If it's high, it's a compliment to our training; if it's low, it's a reflection on the inability of the army to recognise the talents we fostered—it might, of course, be due to our bad selections. Perhaps S.I.E.F. might find it amusing to work out the statistics."

(Historian turned mathematician—Editor) (No, he wants to employ one—sub-Editor)

DENNIS FAY (who is overseas):

"The whole of this show here is just Camp all over again, carried out in an even greater spirit and with a grimmer task, but Highdown on a larger scale nevertheless. I am in a part of the world where there is always some activity: eighty miles from the nearest rail head, surrounded by English flowers and fruit. A sign-post outside says that I am 6191 miles from London. I have to bound up and down about four times the equivalent of Arundel hill several times a day. O.St. G. to the N.W. Frontier is a far cry, but the flag still flutters here."

"UNCLE" FAY:

"I am not only reconciled to my job, but actually loving it. It is definitely interesting, and really useful."

SOL FAUX:

"It's much simpler to write not to worry about the Club than really not worry. I would not think much of any member (nor would you) who does not worry about the safety of the Club and its occupants. You could just as well ask a Club member to stop breathing as to stop worrying about the Club's welfare.

It tickled my vanity (or something) when I read my letter saying that I can take 4-5 words a minute. I passed on 14's this morning. I honestly thought it impossible that anyone could read more than 10 words a minute. The stories of 30-35 words I looked upon as an unworthy attempt to encourage us.

In one hour we are taught everything there is to know about condensers, circuits etc. We may get 2 or 3 formulas, (or is it formula?), to learn. It is beyond me, and I don't mind admitting it. I try and grasp as much as I can understand, and hope for the best."

(At any rate look intelligent—Editor)

TONY FILAR:

"I met Len Fass on his first night at the Club. He became attached to playing badminton or squash, indeed he played squash at every opportunity. Just before the war broke out, he mentioned his intention of joining the R.A.F.; he sounded very keen, and I am sure that it was this keenness that won him his promotion. I was absolutely sure of his sincerity, and fellowship. He was also longing to represent the Club at football. His spirit, courage and friendship will always be remembered by me and by all who came in contact with him."

GINGER FINEBERG:

"Sam's article is really the finest ever written, except Joe Moss'. He put me back at Highdown; I forgot the war; it even eclipsed the Hess sensation."

I read with great regret and burning indignation that Queen's Hall has been bombed. That place has been my spiritual home since I was 9.

I still seem to have a sense of humour mingled with rather a bad temper—but still why worry? My Sergeant Major gets paid to worry over things like that. Coming into the Club always gives me a grand feeling of optimistic reassurance. You flatly refuse to be shaken into a downtrodden mass of nerves like all the other countries, by the brutal bombing and ruthless intimidation. The reverses and setbacks we have had would have finished any other race but ours; it is certainly an example of the indomitable courage of our bull-dog spirit."

JOE FOX:

"The other evening I was guard commander, and as I marched the relieving guard out to the post I happened to glance down, and marching alongside of me, almost to time, was a young bantam-cock. Almost at once I lost the 100%-true-to-copybook-guard-commander expression on my face. Was my face red! and the bantam, even more arrogant in posture than I had been ten seconds before, successfully upset what might have been as good a phanging of the guard as might have been seen in the good old days at the Horse Guards Parade!

I had a short spell in hospital for some internal trouble, which has now been cleared up. I have been promoted to the rank of Corporal, and given the job of Pay N.C.O.

I am getting married on June 8th."

(Cause and effect?—Editor)

PERCY FOX:

"I am attached to H.Q. doing fatigues and don't know when I am going abroad."

There is plenty of time for thinking here, and my thoughts have wandered back to Club life, where I have spent some of my happiest days. I even remember the pair of skates the Missus sold me, and to this day I have not paid back."

(It's never too...—Editor)

MORRIS FRADKIN:

"What a grand spirit there is at the Club, each and every one trying to keep the shadow of the raids away from the Settlement. From what I saw on that evening, the fraternity that exists between us is greater than ever. I often sit and think of what those who do attend the Club would do in these times, if they never had the Club to help them to forget, at least for a few hours, what unhappiness is being caused around them."

LOU FRANKS:

"Once more I am resting in hospital owing to Saturday night's blitz. Like the man on the flying trapeze I flew through the air with the greatest of ease when a stick of bombs fell near me whilst on a job. I was lucky enough to manage to turn my back when they fell, so I missed most of the blast. I hurt both my legs and my left arm. My left patella is bruised

and badly knocked up, and my right patella is badly bruised and may be slightly cracked, but apart from that I am O.K. It goes to prove that I only bounce and do not break."

It took about half an hour before I could look at 'Fratres'; it took that long to decipher your letter. I don't see why you have to write in code, the Gestapo are not down here."

SOL FRYED:

"My personal opinion is that fleeting glimpses of each other are superfluous so long as Club members have the ever-present thought uppermost in their minds that they owe more than they wish to admit to the O.St.G. and the spirit which has embedded itself into their very characters. When we Club boys refer rather flippantly to the O.St.G. as just the "Club", I think that it is meant "spiritually", because you must agree that the Club does not now offer members the facilities it once did, and yet,—here is the acid test—members make for it as soon as they reach London."

LESLIE FREEDMAN (from the Gold Coast):

"The Gold Coast Regiment is living up to its reputation with regard to tropical warfare."

Without the grounding gained in the Club, I am sure fellows would not be half the men they are now. It is very odd to be away from the fear of attack. Our thoughts are always with you, and there is not a single person here who would refuse to go home if allowed. We are anxious to have a go

BRIAN GEOGHEGAN:

"Things are likely to get moving, and one might well be sent anywhere at short notice; a spot of variety and the chance of a real job of work at last."

JULIUS GINSWICK:

"Not only must I be a teacher, but also a mother and father to these lads. Most of them are supposed to be 18 or over; half of them should be in school. I feel as though I've been away from home for about fifteen years."

(That schoolboy or maternal or paternal or conjugal feeling—Editor)

HENRY GLENTON:

"There are altogether about 60 officers and 120 senior N.C.O.s training to be instructors. This morning I went in for an exam. and got a "distinguished". I feel confident that I shall pass out a qualified instructor."

ALLY GLYNNE (who is overseas) 21.3.41.:

"The boys here are full of admiration for you all, and, believe me, I feel no end of pride! The day of reckoning must come, and I hope it comes soon. Lord help the jerries if we ever get hold of them."

I've met Lou Levene; unfortunately I have not been able to see him again. I have read and re-read 'Fratres' a dozen times."

Nature showed her nasty temper in the form of a sandstorm. Some pals of mine were left destitute when their tent almost came down, and it was a sight seeing them running around in nightwear, with a 50 m.p.h. gale blowing!

If one goes for a tram ride one is persistently pestered by bootblacks, pedlars, orange-sellers and beggars. I often whistle tunes from the "Beggars' Opera" in this place. We here are with you in mind and spirit. May God bless you all."

I am O.K. and in the best of spirits. Whilst you huddle round your fires we sweat and broil in the Eastern sun! It's a funny world."

(Not when you are huddling—Editor)

"YANK" GOLD (who is overseas):

"We are on our way and our conditions are very luxurious. With one or two exceptions it is much as one would expect in peacetime."

LIONEL GOLDRING:

"When I saw the rescue-squads digging for the dead in the houses surrounding mine, it hurt to think of them, my friends from childhood, perishing without the chance to hit back. Anyhow, some day, all debts will be discharged, and with full interest, I hope."

I applied for a transfer last week to the R.A.F. as a medical orderly, but was refused by my colonel. It has been my ambition to get this transfer somehow, 'but as yet, after three tries, I am still unsuccessful."

"ARRROL" GREENBERG:

"I'm O.K. down here—bags of grub and bags of sunshine. I have been on a course of bridge building and demolition. I've managed to make myself useful with the latter as I have been slinging down some bombed houses."

(Leaning?—Editor)

PHIL GOLDSTEIN:

"I've played for the battery cricket team; we had the usual ending: rain stopped play after I had scored 37 not out. I certainly wish I had been playing with the Club boys instead of playing with the officers; they don't seem too keen to go on the bear after the match."

SIDNEY GORMAN:

"The wife and I have had some wretched luck re sickness, the wife with bronchitis and I with a fractured finger; it put me off for nearly 2 months."

HARRY GROPPER:

"I received 'Fratres'; it was the happiest moment since I have been here. Serving in H.M.F. will do everybody the world of good."

(Amen—Editor)

JACK HEWITT:

"We are losing plenty of sweat rushing around training, but the boys are still as cheerful as ever."

MARK HOFFMAN:

I am up on crutches though I am still in plaster. I feel quite well but I can't be certain that everything will be right till I leave the plaster off."

JACK HOFFMAN:

"My wife is here with me. Every evening she comes to visit me, and when I get my 24 hours off I am able to spend them with her."

H. P. HUGGETT:

"It's hard to believe that it's almost nine years since I left school. All the boys I knew then have become men, and are mostly serving in the Forces, and giving I feel certain, a very good account of themselves. It's fine to read their letters in 'Fratres', and to know how cheerfully and bravely they're facing the hardships and dangers of army life. What a good job they are doing, too, in helping to break down the age-old prejudice against the Jew! Who, for instance, however prejudiced, could serve alongside such a man as Dave Caminer, and not have to re-cast his opinions about Jews?"

NAT HUSSMAN:

"I am looking forward to visiting you again, perhaps in my native dress, the kilt,—but sorry, no bagpipes."

(No apology needed—Editor)

MORRIS ISBITSKY:

"I am in the best of health and am having quite a good time. I must apologise for not answering sooner, but you know how it is with us soldiers; we have got to be in the right mood for writing."

(So has the civvy—Editor)

DOROTHY JACOBS:

"I think if 'Fratres', and your letter failed to arrive on the dot, I should immediately apply for compassionate leave and come up to Club to find the reason why."

The club spirit is very good in these quarters, by which I mean that all classes and types of girls (aged from 18 to 51) blend in harmony and good fellowship.

There are fierce arguments between the Highs and the Lows, the Church of England, and the Church of Scotland, and the Methodists and Presbyterians; the Orthodox versus Liberal Jewish arguments are mere chats in comparison."

PAUL JACOBOVITCH:

"There are a few of us under canvas and we are miles from the nearest town. Still I am not in the army to have a good time."

(You manage to, nonetheless—Editor)

ALF JOSEPH (who is overseas) 9. 4. 41.:

"We reached our first port without any accidents, which is something I didn't think would happen. I managed to buy 72 bananas for 1/3d."

Seeing everyone in shorts reminds me of Camp, the green fields are missing, but I shall have the sea and the sunsets to bring back happy memories."

I am looking forward to the future, come what may. I am so far enjoying every minute of this voyage. We are quite content to laze about on the deck and read. The food is too good to be true."

GEOFFREY KAHN:

"Sam's article on Camp is marvellous."

This place is a tremendous improvement; it's a lovely camp, absolutely new and up-to-date. Although I have never stayed in the Ritz Hotel, I am sure this must be like it. I know you will be pleased to hear that the food is excellent, and I am getting fat. You must certainly know what that means!"

(I've forgotten. Am booking a room for you at 'The Three Nuns'—Editor)

DAN. KALICSTEIN (who is overseas April 1941):

"Life on this vessel is almost luxurious. We are in cabins that simply reek of well-to-do business men and tourists. I have no doubt that I shall be thoroughly sick of the sea by the time this voyage is over, but for the present I am quite enjoying it. I've got back to being a batman again, hardly arduous on board ship where a steward does most of the work. The C.O. is a perfect gentleman and really a fine man in all respects. We should be quite a happy Company wherever we are. I believe I understand why we have an efficient Navy—it's the food!"

Just before Passover, one of the Jewish boys on board went to the ship's chaplain, and asked him whether it would be possible to have a service for Jews. He offered us the library in the officers' quarters. There is the usual Jewish crowd on board—three or four indifferent, but quite agreeable to attend a service; two or three rather enthusiastic, and very vociferous; one definitely against all organised religion (he left us to it); one Liberal Jew (St. John's Wood) who was the senior soldier, a full corporal; and myself. On the Friday before the service the corporal and I tried to get up some sort of a service (we had only an Old Testament between us). We had no idea whether anyone besides ourselves would turn up. I'm afraid we got off religion very soon, and began discussing the theatre (he being an actor in civvy street.)

The chaplain had even offered to allow us to pray by the church altar, but somebody thought this would not have been correct—tho' we were appreciative of the gesture—so we stood in a far corner, and I read a little Hebrew from the Passover morning service. Having come to an uncomfortable pause, we all read it again in English; then someone suggested we might be seated, which was a welcome relief. The corporal read a few verses from Exodus. The corporal, and I, had thought of only a short 20 minute service, but one Orthodox chap apparently wanted a long service.

I was hungry, and did not want to miss breakfast, so finally we decided on the "Shema", and we carried on. Unfortunately my idea of the "Shema" wasn't quite the same as the others'. Having known only an Orthodox rendering, they carried right on to the end of the "Armidah", which dismayed me rather. The corporal couldn't read Hebrew at all, but stuck it very bravely. It was a triumph for the Orthodox over the Progressive and Liberal; finally "Adon Olam" was mentioned, and striking up the same tune after one or two attempts, we managed to conclude the service with quite lusty, enthusiastic singing.

Then the corporal and I rushed down to breakfast.

It was a quaint service. Perhaps it wasn't very awe-inspiring, but I think it was quite sincere and just as sacred as a more elaborate and well-planned service."

(And so perhaps after all a triumph for the Progressives—Editor)

ALEC KAUFMAN:

"I am fighting fit. We seem to have drawn Jerry up here, and our guns gave him a very warm reception. I get on very well with all the lads here. (There) is one thing I must write, and that is "Thank God for the O.St.G." It helps to make army life much easier."

WILLIE KAUFMAN:

"I have been made up as a L/C and sent on a course on P.T. I have n't entirely forgotten how to teach. In the gym. I can still do vaulting and agility but not so well as in the past, but I am trying to catch up.

"I am training my voice to be as like my sergeant-major's as possible— at the 2nd. class test. If I pass this, I shall stand a very good chance of being transferred to the A.P.T.O."

LIZA KELLINGER:

"My nose and throat operation proved successful, and I am feeling quite fit once again."

MARK KELMAN:

"I am training my voice to be as like my sergeant-major's as possible— you know the kind: it starts deep down in the feet; at first it is only a faint rumble like distant gun-fire; then it increases in volume until it sounds like an earthquake; and then the finale "Ah I". Sweet is the chirping of a wild sparrow."

JACK KIRBY:

"I am working at a repair depot, and find the work very interesting."

NAT KISSIN:

"I am the only Jewish chap in our Platoon. What an enormous task rests upon my shoulders, to show what a high standard we Jews can attain. So as to muck in with the rest I always have at the back of my mind. Training here is just like the Camp we used to have together in a bond of friendship on Highdown. When we go out on a route march, I imagine we are just going out on a ramble and that the sergeant is taking your place at the front of the platoon."

(He awoke, and behold it was a dream—Editor)

BEN KLIGER:

"I have taken the voluntary post of P.T. instructor at 06.30 hrs. As this does not interfere with my duties I find it a welcome relief to be out early, breathing the fresh morning air.

My duties as orderly room sergeant entail far too many hours of hard administrative work, and it leaves me with very little time to myself. When I am finished I have to cycle 2 or 3 miles back to my billet, which is on a farm, miles from civilisation. I then proceed to make butter (twice a week); go out and feed the chickens; I've yet to learn to milk a cow; I've

already been taught how to milk a goat; in fact I think I can honestly say I can compete with any dairymaid (or can I?)."

(Ask Gertie, not me—Editor)

AARON KLOOS: (who is overseas April 17th.):

"I'm on a wonderful troopship with all the conveniences I wish for. I have a little cabin with all modern fittings and the food is quite excellent. The first few days I didn't know whether I was walking on my feet or on my head.

We have crossed both tropics, and equator which was rather too warm for me. We held the usual game "crossing the line", with one of the officers dressed as Father Neptune. I myself entered for it, came in front of the jury, and was charged with making eyes to the girls in another ship. Anyway I was found guilty. On the operating table I was to be smothered with red paint; then suddenly through the air I went, landing in a pool of water. Really this trip is just like a holiday cruise to me."

(But there would be more trials—Editor)

HARRY KNOTT:

"It is not too bad here and the fellows are a pretty decent lot. I belong to a Scots-London Regiment.

I am sending my photograph for the famous Rogues' Gallery. If it is not good enough you can use it to keep the mice away."

HENRY KUPLER:

"I have my wife and my daughter here and I have nothing to grumble at."

(Have they?—Editor)

JACK KUPLER:

"The personnel of this unit, I suppose, is about the strangest mixture of various nationalities ever brought together under the Union Jack. There are Germans, Austrians, Roumanians, Hungarians, Lithuanians, a few Greeks, a Turk and a Czech. Every man is a volunteer and has in him a hatred of Germany that I believe no Englishman could ever fathom. So ingrained and so personal is this hate that it is only when hearing them speak of Germany, when seeing them at drill, when watching the younger chaps fight like blazes in the ring, that one can feel or understand how deeply they hate. I know hate is not a nice emotion to feel, but I can only describe their feeling by using that word.

I have become friendly with a German boxer who will represent this company in the championship fights. His fights seldom last more than one round and never see the end of a second. He was just 19 years old when one night the Gestapo came and took him. His crime was that his parents were Hebrews. That was in 1933 when Hitler first came into power. For the first two years he was given 50 lashes each and every day in order to make him forget any pleasure that life might have brought him. He stayed in the dreaded Dachau for more than 6 years, and then was deported to Holland. His soul is one mass of hatred for Germany. When I first knew him I did not imagine he was one of my own faith, for he is tall and blond, has regular features and is a Prussian to the core. All he asks is to join the Paratroops and to be dropped in Berlin.

The food is excellent, for our cooks were one-time head chefs in the leading hotels on the Continent. They have lost none of their skill, and do wonders with the army rations."

BARNEY LANDAU:

"We are now in a place just like a grave-yard—ten miles to the nearest town, and when you get there, there are two shops.

I am boxing in June for the Irish distressed people.

I am now engaged to a Miss Jean Bolton, an old member of the Club."

JOE LEE:

"I shall never forget my last night at the Settlement. Though materially the Club had changed enormously, there was something that had been there in the whole period of my association with the Club. I had hoped in my letters to avoid mentioning what I had thought to be a much overworked phrase, namely the Club spirit. Such an omission I now know to be impossible. There is a club-spirit, and though most of the members were unknown to me I nevertheless felt bound to them by a tie that is admirably expressed in that beautiful word 'Fratres'. As long as that spirit abounds in the Club then we, who are far from you all, need never fear as to the Club's future.

Five days after "joining-up" I found myself in hospital awaiting an operation upon my left foot. All I do is lie in bed, and, in accordance with the surgeon's instructions, wriggle my toe to prevent the joint from stiffening; a poor occupation for one of those men to whom so much is owed by so many."

ANGEL LEFCOVITCH:

"Once more I was struck by the way Londoners take all that happens to them on the chin. If Jerry were to blitz London from now until Doomsday they would still come up smiling and ready to give as much as they receive. After being away for months, home seems better than the best."

LESLIE LENT:

"The weather here is simply glorious. Last Sunday reminded me of old times when I walked along the prom. It was simply packed."
(Worthing boy—Editor)

TONY LETZER:

"I was very happy to read that my old pal Morris Visokle's wife has given birth to a daughter. I'm in a nice billet; I am expecting my leave in June. I shall make it my honeymoon again. Keep smiling and we will beat the Hun."

(Some grins are certainly pretty awful—Editor)

ALF LEVACK:

"Those extracts from the letters act as a sort of bond joining us all together. I like the letter which old "Squiggy" wrote explaining the Club spirit, and I agree with him when he says it's up to the younger chaps in the Club to keep that spirit up. We have raids every night, but we still manage to carry on."

(So do we in spite of blanket raids and internal blitzes—Editor)

JOE LEVENE:

"I am back at the place with every convenience at hand! Thank goodness I leave on Saturday. The place has, however, changed. The once derelict Fun Fair now grinds out carousal music; screams and cries signify that the "Giant Switchback" is now in operation, and everywhere are side-shows vainly seeking for the gullible "sucker". She has donned her new summer dress, but what of that? The lady beneath the dress is the same! And she makes no impression on me. Roll on Saturday!"
(A date?—Editor)

LOU LEVINE (who is overseas):

"We have managed to run a league and cup competition, and our team, after finishing second in the league, is well in the running for the cup. I have played quite a number of games, but haven't gained a permanent place in the team in spite of being secretary!

We were treated to something that we were dreading, the "campseen". This is a terrifically hot wind that blows in clouds of dust and sand that get into your eyes, ears and noses, in fact everywhere. However what's a sandstorm compared to a bombstorm?

I had a great kick when I ran into Alf Glynn in the Y.M.C.A. I'm trying to get a week's leave for Passover, and if successful I shall go to Palestine."

AARON LEVY:

"My house was blasted, but thank God my parents were not at home. I am getting along quite well here."

CURLY LIPTON:

"I am undergoing my P.T. course. The college has one of the finest gyms and swimming baths that I have ever seen. All that I learnt in the Club has certainly been a guidance and a help in the work that I am now doing, and the thought of the Club is an inspiration and guidance to the job that I have undertaken to do.

I have made quite a good name for myself as far as the work in the gym is concerned. The instructor in charge complimented me for being able to do hand-springs, cartwheels and dives over the box, etc. About being able to use the rifle, I think, if it came to the test, I shall have sufficient knowledge of it to kill a few lousy Germans."

SYD LOUIS:

"I am by now a fully qualified tent putter-upper. My technical course is going to be very interesting. It deals with every part other than the engine."

I am enclosing for the perusal of the head hanger of the Rogues' Gallery my ghastly photograph."

SOPHIE LUDWIG:

"I am going to receive the pay of a Sub/Ld. I am glad to be back. It's a wonderful feeling when you have a job of work to be done and, what is more, you are being appreciated by those you work for."

(It's lovelier still when it's done—Editor)

SALLY MALINA:

"I wonder whether it is possible for anyone, who is able to get to the Club frequently, to understand what joy, and link 'Fratres' is to me and the hundreds of Club brothers and sisters who are in the Forces or evacuated."

BOZZY MARKHAM:

"Our billets are exceedingly comfortable. Unfortunately my time off in I bumped into Besser; I had barely left him, when 2nd. Lieut. J. Gins-the evenings does not permit of much sight-seeing.

wick crossed my path; it was the queerest salute ever—a mixture of an O.St.G. handclasp and an infantry salute. I felt not a little proud at seeing one of our chaps fully commissioned. I am droppnig a note to "Squiggy" to visit me. I met Len Somers the other night too.

I wish we would sing the songs you had in the last war, like "Pack up your troubles" and co., and that we had one or two bands in the streets."

(Get together and sing "Forty Years On"—Editor)

MONTY MARKS:

"The spirit of the trainees here is truly magnificent. Most of them are married men who have had to give up good jobs in civilian life and join the Forces; men, many of whom had their own businesses, and had the misfortune to see them crumble before their eyes. A week doesn't go by without some fellow receiving a telegram saying that his house has been bombed, and often the whole of his possessions destroyed. Nevertheless one doesn't hear the cry that we should surrender and ask for an armistice. No, all they ask for is a chance to pay the Huns back in their own coin. They are quietly resolved that they will see it through to the end, despite the sacrifices that might be necessary during the struggle. Whatever happens their supreme courage in the face of such hardship must never be forgotten, for deep down in their hearts these men, fear that they might be treated like the ex-servicemen of the last war, when it's all over.

I am spoiling for some real work. I want to take a hand in cleaning up this mess."

RALPH MARKS:

"In this, the second year of the war, most of us are beginning to see the consequences of war, and through such personal suffering people may come to regard life as something greater than they have hitherto regarded it. Only then will the prospect of further wars be diminished.

I was re-classified L.A.C., and have thus left behind completely the innocence of the "rooky". It seems as though I've been in the R.A.F. much more than a year. This is probably because the break with the past is so complete that it (the past) almost ceases to exist. Yet this cannot really be so, because in our hearts we sigh for those days, and look forward to better days to come, days which will, we secretly hope, have more than a touch of the past in them."

LOUIS MARTINSON (who is overseas March 31st.):

"The food is the best we have had so far. Perhaps that is because our cooks are used to luxury cooking, because our ship was a luxury liner in peace time. There has been no sign of enemy "subs" or planes. The sheer beauty of the sea and sky is almost unbelievable, and I would not have missed this experience for anything. I have brought my carving and modelling tools and sketch book etc. in case I get any opportunity for carving and sketching. I have been allowed to bring a gramophone and records with me and they are very much in demand. The records are fairly highbrow, and I am frequently asked to give gramophone recitals."

(Did you forget your rifle?—Editor)

ALAN MASTERS (who is overseas April 4th.):

"At last we are sailing. It has been a pleasant voyage so far, and I surprised myself by not being seasick at all. We have quite a good canteen, which supplies us with chocolate and fruit and other things that were hard to get ashore. We have a small swimming bath which I intend to use as much as possible when they allow us to."

MOTTLE MAZZER:

"They made me into a staff car driver. Perhaps I should not have told them I was a London taxi cab driver. I passed through Goring; I wanted to stop, even with the colonel in the car, and say "The good old days", but the old boy was in a hurry."

VICTOR MER (who is overseas):

"We got to our first port of call about four weeks after we left England. We anchored about a mile from the shore. All went well till the people started to barter their shirts for coconuts and oranges."

(You would!—Editor)

(later)

"We have arrived safely at our temporary base. We are in very comfortable quarters, with large, airy huts, beds and very good food."

(So nothing else matters—Editor)

MOUTHY MICHAELS:

"I still take P.T. for the troop, and have run several football and boxing matches."

SOPLY MONISH:

"It is certainly a pleasure to be in the country."

(So say all of us—Editor)

CYRIL MYERS (who is overseas) 4.5.41. airgraph:

"We arrived at my depot, and I am gradually settling down to eastern life. I manage to stand the heat during the course of the day, but it is the flies that are the main nuisance; still I suppose I shall get used to all the inconveniences after a while. Good billets, and food and also plenty of amusements for us. Am at present working in the sheds on ground sheets. Haven't located any Club boys who are in the M.E."

LEN MYERS (from Cape Town):

"Another convoy has poked its nose into C.T. and among the men who are ashore is Cyril Myers. It was a great pleasure for me to be able to meet an O.St.G. boy at long last. Cyril and I drove out one day to Rhodes' Memorial. We had tea there and signed the visitors' book, and Cyril showed me his Club badge which I answered by showing mine; a simple action but the display of those badges said more than words could possibly express. We belonged; that's what it meant. We 'belonged' and it followed that my manner of entertaining Cyril differed very much from the way I have entertained other visitors. I couldn't help it. It was just as though a member of my family had called on me. You mustn't think that I lavished hospitality in this case to the detriment of others. Oh no. It was just that this visitor was a personal link to something which I hold dear. For example, I've never dreamt of taking other visitors to church etc., but with Cyril both he and I went to synagogue and enjoyed the service together."

(And Lemmie had not read "Squiggys" last article—Editor)

Young **BILL NATHANSON:**

"I cannot describe the joy and relief I felt when I had read Jack Corb's letter.

Never have so many hours seemed so few for so much work."

HARRY NEEDLE (at sea):

"I'm safe and making the best of the things which lie ahead of me. Reading so much about how London can take it, I think it is a victory for us;—keep your chins up East-Enders."

JACK NOBLE:

"Remember I once said that I'm fed up and always grouching. I work so hard that I have to lay down for an hour before I get my breath: this place is 10 times worse than the other, but am trying to make the best of it."

Tell Barney Landau that all his pals sent him letters, but no one gets any answers."

(They go to a more-than-a-pal—Editor)

MICK NOBLE:

"My training is over and I am settling down to work. We get plenty of excitement and I have seen airmen bale out after a dog-fight.

My boy, aged seven, has been evacuated since the war started. My wife and baby girl, aged two, are still in the East-End. I was bombed out last September and the L.C.C. gave me another flat, and this has now been bombed. The workshop I had was burnt down, and what I worked for for years went up in flames. Now that I am in the army it seems my only alternative is to work, and fight against the people who destroyed my homes, and livelihood. Although when we win, and we shall, I shall start again at the bottom, and work my way up again."

(Good luck to you—Editor)

MENDY RABIN:

"My elder sister Jane and her friend Martha Brown are living together. They literally devoured 'Fratres' from cover to cover. Although it is years since they were both members, they cannot discard those feelings bred in them by years of membership, and insist on hearing about the "good old Club"."

BUSHY RAPPAPORT:

"I think Sam's article was a masterpiece, each word a gem which could not be improved upon. After reading it twice I could picture in my mind the exact scene on that sacred hill at Highdown.

David's squadron are very keen and fit,—they always beat us at football. It's annoying to know that we soldiers are having a holiday at the seaside, whilst the civilians are going through hell.

An R.A.F. air-gunner, who has made 18 trips over Germany including daylight raids, told me that our new type of bomb creates terrific damage.

I haven't seen Dave for a long time; it's really awkward for me to visit him because of the difference in rank, but I shall keep my eye open for him when in the street. I've joined a library, I would like to get under canvas again."

MENDY REMER:

"We are starting on our wireless course, and it has taken up some of my spare time.

I have been in the Club, since the play-centre, and now I have definitely realised what the Club means to me.

Please do me a favour and write more clearly. I'm afraid I cannot understand your handwriting. Please don't take this as an offence."

(It's an indication of poor vision—Editor)

SQUIGGY RICHMAN:

"I bumped into Wilfred Banes and Len Somers. We are going to try and contact Bozzie."

SIMON ROSENFELD:

"My leave was the most enjoyable I have had. I think changing into civvies must have had an effect. I felt like a human being once more. I am still having a grand time."

DENNIS SAMUELS:

"I have just finished my first week of Morse. We do much P.T."

HARRY SHAER:

"This continuous popping in and out of hospitals is getting very trying.

"I'm feeling fine, but the doctors insist upon my being in bed. When I ask them what I'm in for, they just look at me and smile, and say "Have a good rest, and don't worry." So I really don't know what is wrong with me."

T. LEAF SHINDLER:

"I haven't been taking very much P.T. as this site is a new one, and there is so much to be done. I am feeling fine and fit."

JOE SHUR (who is overseas):

"Nothing gave me more pleasure than when I read that Benny Kliger was a sergeant, a great guy, and one of the best chaps in the world."

HYMAN SIGLER:

"Married life is still full of surprises, one most important was "breakfast in bed" on my last leave."

(There are more important still—Editor)

ELI SILVER:

"One thing the magazine sadly lacks is PHOTOS; a spread of pictures on the centre pages would be a hit."

(It would burst us—Editor)

ALGY SILVERMAN (who is overseas 12.4.41.)

"I have now been on a boat three weeks. I am having a good time, good food, and as much as you want. There are also shows, and I have sung in one, and it went down O.K. My company is giving one soon, and I have been asked to be compere."

(Who will go down then?—Editor)

MOSSY SIMONS:

"The real moment I enjoyed in my guard, was about 4.30 to 5. in the morning, when everything was fresh and new once again. You must think I am getting sentimental, but I daresay you probably had those same feelings."

(It's even better at 7—Editor)

JACK SIMONS:

"This is a beautiful part of the country. We are billeted in a private hotel on the front. The weather is scorching and I am thoroughly enjoying the gifts of God—fresh air and sunshine. I've never felt so physically and mentally fit. At this lovely fishing village-seaside resort I'm having a really grand time. We are allowed on the beaches almost every day, and for two hours we are like youngsters at Club all over again. I never dreamt the government would ever treat me to such a lovely holiday. I propose getting engaged during my leave."

(There's many a slip...—Editor)

GINGER SINGER:

"I often wish I had gone with my old unit overseas. I am working in the cook-house, for we are all tradesmen here waiting for posting and the sooner the better."

I'm in a grand place. There are a decent lot of chaps and the work I do is the same as before. I am in civvy billets, and it certainly is a treat to sleep in a soft bed again."

TIPPER SIPPEN:

"Life here is a lot better now, most probably through the Spring coming on. I have a tidy little job in the men's mess dishing out grub. I don't expect this sort of life is going to do my tummy any good,—but still I dare not crib about eating too well—and good grub at that."

Had a letter from Alan Masters, he says plenty of time is had for sunbathing etc.; I wrote him back straight away, which made me wonder whether the cook put a "Panzer Pill" in the tea with the sugar."

ISRAEL SLUTSKY (at sea):

"Today I am going to my next ship, as a parachute packer, and am both eager and excited with this new prospect. It's the job I volunteered for, and the job I want."

If I get 'Fratres' as regularly as hitherto then everything will be perfect."

FRED SMEWIN:

"It needs a lot of courage to vow soberly to carry on to the end, when that vow involves further desolation of places held dear and people who made life splendid. Yet I think we have the belief in the justice of our cause, and the power to endure until "the day breaks and shadows flee away."

ALBERT SOBER:

"I am training to go on the guns."

(Everybody take cover—Editor)

MAURICE SOLLOF:

"The people of London will, I hope, be recompensed for their fortitude and determination in the face of the barbarity of Hitler. Don't think I've mis-spelt the word Hitler,—I just don't think it deserves a capital letter."

(But it does a capital something else—Editor)

SCHLEIMER SOLOMONS:

"In spite of the conditions you were subject to, the Club was still the Club, and I enjoyed the brief hours I spent there very much."

SCHNOZZLE SOLOMONS:

"I am still very busy making unserviceable camp-beds serviceable, and am able to see my wife once a week."

LEN SOMERS:

"I am getting on slowly but surely, though I can't walk long distances yet. I am doing practically nothing; it's a bit boring. I am looking forward to seeing Julius Ginswick. I hope he pulls me up for not wearing boots and gaiters, as firstly I'm excused and secondly I haven't been issued with any yet."

After last week's blitz, I was surprised to find the Club open as usual; whether it's in the Hall or in the gym., the main thing is to carry on. Carry on O.St.G."

WOOLF SORRIN:

"We usually do fatigues until noon, and we have the afternoons free, until we start our fire-watching. I wish we were going overseas, because there is more chance of me doing nursing, which would please me, as I am very interested in nursing. I've visited "Fowie" Levene and also the Jewish Institute, but it's not a mixed club."

(And "Fowie's" married. What a life!—Editor)

DODDY SPERO:

"I am still in the band, and we have raised several hundreds of pounds for various appeals. The firm I used to work and play cricket for has asked me if I can get to London to play in a charity match. Our flight sergeant has given me the week-end off."

ALEC STERN (from Australia):

"The spirit of England is wonderful and makes one proud to be an Englishman. I am responsible for the safety of 5000 people.

Most of the names are strange to me, but after reading 'Fratres', I feel that I'm back in the Club playing "cod'em" or ping-pong.

I think the Australian Jews are doing more than their bit.

It is simply marvellous that you are all able to stand up to the strain without breaking down. "Nerves" must be almost up to breaking point."

(Only tempers—Editor)

LOUIS STEINGOLD:

"I was put into the office here. The C.O. asked me if I would like to stay in the office; I took the opportunity of repeating my ambition—a P.T. instructor. I have so far had no football or cricket; instead I find myself included in the boxing team."

MAURICE STEINMAN:

"It is difficult for me to express the deep emotion I experienced that morning on opening the buff envelope. The physical aspect of my surroundings appeared to deaden. I was suddenly aware only that I was in the midst of a wonderful dream; I was being conveyed back, a long way back, re-living those incomparable days of my Club life."

I have taken a technical training course in surveying, and draughtsmanship, and am now on H.Q. staff."

IDA TEACHER (née Goldstein):

"Once I stepped into the Club I felt as if I had never left it."

MARK TITTON:

"Soon I finish my fitter's course, and then I shall be getting posted. This is very much like going back to school again—writing all day, and swotting at night (sometimes). Unfortunately for our swotting the nearest town has a great reputation for amusements, and we are allowed out every night until twelve."

SAM VELTMAN:

"We are working at a tremendous rate. You have to be very fit to stand up to it. I am happy because I know now I can manage it. We are getting impatient for this training to be put to some effect."

SYD VELTMAN:

"This is just the time of year that you would be giving reminders to fellows to pay in for Camp. Your voice should be telling us of the dangers of getting too "brown"—there's a big difference between being brown and being "browned off"."

(But it's equally dangerous—Editor)

LEN WEINSTEIN:

"My training seems to take all forms apart from driving and gunnery. One of the jobs I often get is digging for victory. I think I have dug miles wide and deep and we don't seem to have found it yet, so I suppose we will have to keep on till we do."

(It's there all right, so stick to it—Editor)

EDDIE WOOLF:

"We shall probably move soon, and you know that I shall have you, and all my friends of the Club, in my thoughts all the time."

STANLEY WOOLF:

"The last three months have been far from boring, if only for the fact that I have never got settled at any particular place."

SID YOUNG:

"It is at a time like this that the best qualities of the average man and woman come to the fore. I've heard the war situation discussed frequently enough. Opinions are as numerous as windfalls in an orchard on a gusty day. The majority are simply angry that previous governments were blind enough not to see the writing on the wall, and build the necessary precautions. But the belief that we shall win in the end is unanimous. With the positions reversed Germany by now would be asking for peace terms, and broadcasting, "It wasn't our fault—we were misled" propaganda.

HOSPITALITY CORNER

The following members living in the provinces or overseas, have very kindly said that they would welcome visits from any Club members who may find themselves in their neighbourhood. For ready reference it is proposed to print this list in each issue of "Fratres", so that if there are any other kind friends willing to have their names included in the list, would they please inform S.E.F. at the Settlement:-

BEDFORDSHIRE Mr. & Mrs. Harry Dombey, 44 St. Leonard's Avenue, Bedford.

BERKSHIRE Mr. & Mrs. Barney Callis, Remington, Blenheim Hill, Newbury.

BUCKS Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Finn, 22 Aylesbury St. Wolverton, Nr. Bletchley (Station Wolverton L.M.S.)

Mr. & Mrs. Nan Dombey, Stud Farm, Southcourt, Leighton Buzzard.

CORNWALL Mr. Harold Llewellyn Smith (of the "Crown" Club), Battery House, Portreath, Nr. Redruth.

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

HERTFORDSHIRE Mr. & Mrs. Sam. Kay, Jessame, Brookside South, East Barnet (Phone Enterprise 4795 before calling)

Mr. & Mrs. Jack Crest & Mr. Barney Cohen, 98 Old Hale Way, Hitchin. (Week-ends only).

Mrs. Lionel Loewe (The Gaffer's sister-in-law), 3 Bricket Rd., St. Albans.

LANCASHIRE Mr. & Mrs. Jack Titton, 43 Sherborne Road, Heston, Bolton (Free at week-ends only)

Mr. & Mrs. Eli Silver, 65 King's Road, Prestwick, Manchester.

LEICESTERSHIRE Mr. & Mrs. Jack Yellin, 11 Prebend Street, London Road, Leicester.

IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,

June 2nd, 1941.

MIDDLESEX Mr. & Mrs. Harry Morris, 92 Francklyn Gardens, Edgware.

MONMOUTH Mr. & Mrs. Teacher, (nee Ida Goldstein) "Malta", The Oaks, Cardiff Rd., Newport.

NORTHANTS. Mr. & Mrs. Scholey Maliney, 8 Copelands Road, Desborough, Nr. Kettering.

Mr. Mark Cohen, Sunnyside Cottage, Station Road, Creston, Northampton.

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

STAFFORDSHIRS Mr. Harry Shaw (Shur), 14 Elstonhall Lane, Bushbury, Wolverhampton.

SUSSEX Mr. & Mrs. A.M. Fay, 20 First Avenue, Hove, Brighton.

WILTSHIRE Mr. Bernard Green, (L.C.C. Instructor) Glebe House, Little Cheverell, Devizes.

OVERSEAS

GOLD COAST Mr. Leslie Freedman, Coast Staff, United Africa Co Ltd. T.C.L.C. Takovadi.

CAPE TOWN (S.A.) Mr. & Mrs. Jacoby, (nee Golda Zenoba) 114 Upper Mill St.

Mr. & Mrs. Lennie Myers, Erica, Cotswold Avenue, Kloof Nek Road.

SYDNEY (Australia) Mr. & Mrs. Alec Stern, 6 Stratton Flats, 88 Coogee Bay Road.

PERTH (Australia) Mr. & Mrs. Harold Boaz, 48 A.M.P. Chambers, St. George's Terrace.

CIVIL DEFENCE.

AIR RAID WARDENS.

Chaikin, Jock Addisman, Rose
Shinkerman, Harry

AMBULANCE AND STRETCHER PARTY.

Goldstein, Gitz Roll, Jack
Guedalla, Kato Shinkerman, Cock
Kunick, Yetta Young, Robert
Marks, Maisie

AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE.

Bostoff, Joe ('Polly') Markofsky, Jerry
Kosky, Sid Mazzer, Ginger
Franks, Lou Nathanson, Bill
Lutsky, Nat Sipel, Myer

RESCUE AND DEMOLITION SERVICE

Kravitz, Josh Morowitz, B. (Cowboy)

WAR RESERVE POLICE.

Fairburn, Jack Rayleigh, Chinner
Goldstein, Chooner Winkel, Joe
House, Jack

CANTEEN WORKER

Jacobson, Sybil

Abrahams, Gr. 'Gumsey'	R.A.	Fay, 2nd Lt. Dennis H.	Indian Army
Adler, 2nd Lieut. E. R.	R.A.	Feldman, L/Cpl. Morris	K.O.B.R.
Aitman, Pte. Ben	The Buffs	Filar, Pte. I. 'Tony'	R.A.O.C.
Aitman, Sergt. Joe	R.A.	Fineberg, Gr. 'Ginger'	R.A.
Alexander, Gr. Ben	R.A.	Fogel, Rfm. M. ('Dick')	Rifle Brigade
Banes, Gr. Wilfred	R.A.	Fox, Cpl. Joe	Signals
Baron 2nd. Lt. Maurice	The Buffs	Fox, Gr. Percy	R.A.
Batue, Pte. Joe	R.A.M.C.	Fradkin, Gr. Morris	R.A.
Beddington, Sergt. Hubert	F.S.P.	Freedman, Pte. Morris	Sher. Forest.
*Bedford, Vol. Mary	A.T.S.	Fykin, L/Cpl. Max	R.A.O.C.
Bellman, L/Cpl. Lou	P.C.	Garfinkel, Gnr. Len	R.A.
Bensinger, L/Cpl. Eric	L.E.B.	Geohegan, 2nd. Lieut. Brian	Signals.
Bentley, Sig. W. (Harry)	Signals	Ginswick, Trp. John I.	R.A.C.
Bernstein, Gr. Arnold	R.A.	Ginswick, 2nd. Lieut. Julius O.	& Bucks.
Bierman, Pte. George	Essex	Glenton, Cpl. Henry	R.A.M.C.
Biller, Rfm. Alf	K.R.R.C.	Glickman A.C.2. Syd	R.A.F.
Bloom, Eng. Off. 'Honky'	Merc. Mar.	Glynn, Sap. Alfred	R.E.
Boltman, Colin	Merc. Mar.	Gold, Pte. Aaron	R.A.S.C.
Brahams, Gr. Sam	R.A.	Gold Gr. Gilbert	R.A.
Branstatter, Reuben	Merc. Mar.	Gold, L/Cpl. Israei (Johnny)	C.M.P.
Brownick, Fus. Myer	Royal Fus.	Gold, Sig. 'Yank'	Signals
Brown, Gr. Tom	R.A.	Goldberg, Sig. Alf	Signals
Brownhood, Gr. Alec	R.A.	Goldberg, Gnr. Louis	R.A.
Caminer, Pilot Off. David	R.A.F.	Goldberg, Bdr. Mick	R.A.
Caplin, L/Cpl. Alf	Royal Berks.	Goldberg, Flg. Off. Ulla	R.A.F.
Caplin, Capt. Harry	R.A.M.C.	Goldman, Rfm. Harold	K.R.R.C.
Caplin, Dvr. Phil.	R.A.S.C.	Goldring, Pte. Lionel	R.A.M.C.
Carroll, Major Dennis	R.A.M.C.	Goldsmith, Gr. Alf	R.A.
Charkin, Pte. Willie	R.A.O.C.	Goldstein, Gr. Jack	R.A.
Chellone, Pte. Morris	R.A.P.C.	Goldstein, Gr. Phil	R.A.
Chown, Dvr. Eddie J.	R.A.	Goldstein, Sig. Tanny	Signals
Cohen, Gr. Hyman	R.A.	Gorman, Bdr. Syd	R.A.
Cohen, Tpr. Jack	R.A.C.	Greenberg, Pte. 'Aroll'	Gloucester
Cohen, L/Cpl. A. 'Koonya'	R.A.S.C.	Greenberg, L/Cpl. Sam	Rifle Brigade
*Cohen, A.C.2. Louis	R.A.F.	Gropper, Pte. Harry	R.A.O.C.
Cohen, Rfm. Mark	Rifle Brigade	Guedalla, Lt. Basil	Rifle Brigade
Cohen, Pte. Wolf	R.A.M.C.	Guter, L.A.C. Myer	R.A.F.
Cooper, Pte. Harry	Royal Berks.	Hamberger, Sergt. G.	P.C.
Cooper, Dvr. Hyman	R.A.S.C.	Harris, L/Cpl. Jack	S. Stafford
Corb, Dvr. Jack	R.A.S.C.	Harris, Pte. Marcus	Oxf. & Boks.
Crash, Pte. Jack	R.A.M.C.	Harris, Sap. Mot	R.E.
Davis, Gr. M. Firpo	R.A.	Heilbuth, L.A.C. Donald	R.A.F.
Davis, Pte. I. (Michaelofsky)	Oxf. & Beks.	Hescovitch, Jimmy	Merc. Mar.
Davis, L/Cpl. 'Young Mick'	The Buffs	Hewitt, Pte. Jack E.	Suffolk
Dean, Pte. Reginald	R.A.M.C.	Hiatt, Gr. Aaron	R.A.
Desser, Pte. Emanuel	P.C.	Hoffman, A/C.1 Jack	R.A.F.
Doltis, Gr. Jerry	R.A.	Hollick, A/C.1 George	R.A.F.
Dove, Troop. Barney	Inns of Court	Hornstein, Gr. David	R.A.
Drage, Capt. 'Jerry'	Royal Sussex	Hussman, Pte. Nathan	Argyll & Suth.
Dreyfus, 2nd Lt. Chas.	R.A.	Isaacs, Gr. I. ('Bully')	R.A.
Edgar, Capt. Leslie	C.F.	Isbitsky, Pte. Morris	Wores.
Eichen, Gr. Hyman	R.A.	Jacobovitch, Rfm. Paul	Reece. Corps.
Eichen, Pte. Jack	Royal Berks.	Jacobs, Rfm. Alf	K.R.R.C.
Faux, Sig. Sol.	Signals	Jacobs, Dorothy	Naval V.A.D.

Jacobs, Maj. Bertram Hampshire
 Jacobson, 2nd Lt. Gerald R.A.
 Jewell, 2nd Lt. Ben. R.A.
 Joseph, Pte. Alf R.A.M.C.
 Joseph, Fus. Leon Royal Fus.
 Kafton L/Cpl. Sam R.A.S.C.
 Kahn, A.C.2 Geoffrey R.A.F.
 Kalicstein, Gr. Dan R.A.
 Kaminash, Emanuel Merc. Mar.
 Kamofsky, Pte. Jack Sher. Forest.
 Kandler, Sig. Alf Signals
 Kane, A/C.2 B. 'Hawkeye' R.A.F.
 Kaufman, L/Cpl. Alec R.A.
 Kaufman, Pte. Jack Cheshire.
 Kaufman, Gr. Syd (I) R.A.
 Kaufman, Dvr. Syd (II) R.A.S.C.
 Kaufman, L/Cpl. William The Buffs
 Kellinger, Gr. 'Liza' R.A.
 Kelman, Sergt. (Mark) R.A.
 Kersh, Gr. Max R.A.
 King, Gr. Julius (Kosky) R.A.
 Kirsch, A.C.2. Harry R.A.F.
 Kissin, Pte. Nat Leicesters
 Klein, Rfm. Stanley T.H.R.
 Kleinberg, Pte. Joe East Surrey
 Kliger, Sergt. Ben. R.E.
 Kloos, Pte. Aaron Suffolk
 Knott, Gr. Henry R.A.
 Koren, Dvr. Harold Signals
 Kossansky, Pte. Wolf R.A.S.C.
 Krongold, Cpl. Harry R.A.C.
 Krongold, A.C.W.I. Lily W.A.A.F.
 Kupler, Cpl. Hyman P.C.
 Kupler, Pte. Jack P.C.
 Kurrant, Fus. Louis R. Welsh Fus.
 Landau, Dvr. Barney R.A.
 Lang, Pte. Jack Beds. & Herts.
 *Lee, A.C.2. Joseph R.A.F.
 Lefcovitch, Sergt. A. A. R.A.M.C.
 Lenoff, Gr. Syd R.A.
 Lent, Pte. Leslie East Surrey
 Lescovitch, Gr. Eddie R.A.
 Lester, Sgt. E. (I. Levy) R.A.F.
 Letzer, Pte. Tony Essex
 Levack, Cpl. Alfred M.G.T.C.
 Levene, Cpl. Joe R.A.S.C.
 Levene, Pte. Louis R.A.O.C.
 Leverson, Coy. Asst. Nancy A.T.S.
 Levy, Sig. Aaron Signals
 Levy, Gr. Robert R.A.
 Liebner, Gr. Cyril R.A.
 Lipton, A.C.2. A. (Curly) R.A.F.
 Liston, 2nd. Lieut. David Signals
 Loperton, Pte. Coleman R.A.M.C.
 Loperton, Gr. Judah R.A.
 Louis, A.C.2 Syd R.A.F.
 Ludwig, Vol. Sophie A.T.S.
 Mackevoy, Pte. Alf R.A.O.C.
 Markeson, Trp. Hyman R.A.C.
 Markham, Pte. 'Bozzy' Royal Berks.

Marks, Cpl. Monty R.A.F.
 Marks, L.A.C. Ralph R.A.F.
 Martinson, L/Cpl. Louis R.A.O.C.
 Masters, Pte. Alan D.C.L.I.
 Mazzer, Dvr. 'Mottle' R.A.S.C.
 Measure, Pte. Phil Royal Berks.
 Melina, L/Cpl. Maurice Dorset
 Mer, Sergt. Victor R.A.M.C.
 Michaels, Gnr. Mouthy R.A.
 Mileberg, Pte. Wolf Royal Berks.
 Moeatta, Lieut. Jock R. Dragoon Gds
 Monish, Gr. Solomon R.A.
 Moss, P/O Joe J. R.N.
 Myers, Pte. Cyril R.A.O.C.
 Needle, Harry Merc. Mar.
 Needle, Pte. Reuben P.C.
 Newgass, Lt. Harold G.C.R.N.V.R.
 Noble, Gr. Jack R.A.
 Noble, Pte. Mick P.C.
 Nyman, Rfm. Syd Rifle Brigade
 Osborne, Claire V.A.D.
 Packer, Pte. Sam Royal W. Kent
 Penner, Sergt. Alf Royal Lancers
 Pollard, Gnr. Jack R.A.
 Posner, Rfm. Syd Rifle Brigade
 Rabin, L/Cpl. 'Mendy' R.A.C.
 Rabin, Sergt. Ins. Nat A.P.T.C.
 Happaort, Rfm. 'Bushy' Queen's West
 Rapport, Sergt. Jack P.L.K.R.
 Ravitch, Gr. Morris R.A.
 Remer, A/C.2 Mendy R.A.F.
 Reuben, Gr. Isaac R.A.
 Richman, Pte. 'Squiggy' Royal Berks.
 Richman, Pte. Harry Royal Berks.
 Rimmon, Sig. Cecil Signals
 Rinkoff, Rfm. Sydney K.R.R.C.
 Rosenberg, Pte. Bert Devons
 Rosenberg, Cpl. Joe K.R.R.C.
 Rosenfeld, Gr. Simon R.A.
 Rothenberg, Rfm. Simmy K.R.R.C.
 Rudolf, Capt. Jack R.A.
 Samuels, A.C.2. Dennis R.A.F.
 Saunders, Pte. Louis Norfolk
 Schmaltzman, Gr. Sol. R.A.
 Schneider, Fus. Jack Royal Fus.
 Schulberg, Bernard Merc. Mar.
 Segal, Sergt. Alec R.A.
 Salford, Gr. B. (Zelinsky) R.A.
 Shaer, Gr. Harry R.A.
 Shapiro, Dvr. Harry R.A.S.C.
 Shiffman, Gr. Leslie R.A.
 Shindler, L/Bdr. M. (Tealeaf) R.A.
 Shine, Gr. Nat R.A.
 Shur, Dvr. Joe R.A.S.C.
 Sigler, L/Cpl. Hyman Dorset
 Silverman, Sap. 'Algy' R.E.
 Simcovitz, Pte. Hanan Gloucesters
 Simmonds, Dvr. Michael R.A.S.C.
 Simons, L/Bdr. Jack R.A.
 Simons, Pte. Moss P.C.

Singer, Sig. Ben Signals
 Singer, Pte. 'Ginger' R.A.S.C.
 Sippen, Fus. 'Tipper' Royal Fus.
 Skolnick, Morris Merc. Mar.
 Skolnick, A.C.2.I (Nick) R.A.F.
 Slater, A/C.2 Sam R.A.F.
 Slutsky, A/B Israel R.N.V.R.
 Smewin, O/S Fred R.N.
 Smith, A/C.2 Frank R.A.F.
 Sober, Gr. Albert R.A.
 Sollof, Pte. Maurice M'm'thshire
 Solomons, Pte. Judah R.A.M.C.
 Solomons, Gr. Mark R.A.
 Solomons, Pte. 'Schnozzle' R.A.O.C.
 Somberg, Sergt. Instr. D. A.P.T.C.
 Somers, Pte. Leonard Oxf. & Beks.
 Sorrin, Sap. Solomon R.E.
 Sorrin, Pte. Wolf R.A.M.C.
 Spero, Cpl. David R.A.F.
 Steingold Gr. Louis R.A.
 Steinman, Sap. Morris R.E.
 Szladowsky, Pte. Max P.C.
 Tanner, Pte. Ben R.A.S.C.

Tanner, Gr. Leslie R.A.
 Thoik, Pte. Syd R.A.O.C.
 Tisman, Gr. Harry R.A.
 Tittton, A/C.2 Marcus R.A.F.
 Tobias, Gr. Harry R.A.
 *Torrance, A.C.2. Bernard R.A.F.
 Touche, Sergt. Sam Royal Berks.
 Tregar, Rfm. 'Pip' R. Ulster Rifles
 *Truman, Gr. Ralph R.A.
 Veltman, 2nd Lt. Sam Northants
 Veltman, Rfm. Syd R. Ulster Rifles
 Weider, Gr. Fred R.A.
 Weinstein, Gr. Len R.A.
 White, Pte. Sinclair Suffolk
 Williams, O/S John R.N.
 Wiseman, A/C.2 Alf R.A.F.
 Woolf, Sergt. Eddie R.A.
 Woolf, Pte. Stanley Royal Berks.
 *Yates, A.C.2 Chas. (Yenclovitch) R.A.F.
 Young, Pte. Joe R.A.O.C.
 Young, Pte. Syd N. Staffs
 Zeff, Sergt. Monty R.A.F.

*Names added since last issue.

KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Sergt. Obs. Leonard Fass R.A.F.

OFFICIALLY REPORTED MISSING.

Harris, L/Cpl. Ronald Grenadier Guards.

PRISONER OF WAR.

Carretta, Fus. Anthony Northumberland Fusiliers.

DISCHARGED THROUGH ILLNESS.

Filar, Pte. Morris R. West Kent

Krongold, Sap. Alfred R.E

Kaye, Gr. B. ("Lefty") R.A.

Pulverness, Gr. A. M. R.A.

Krendal, Pte. Syd. R.A.M.C.