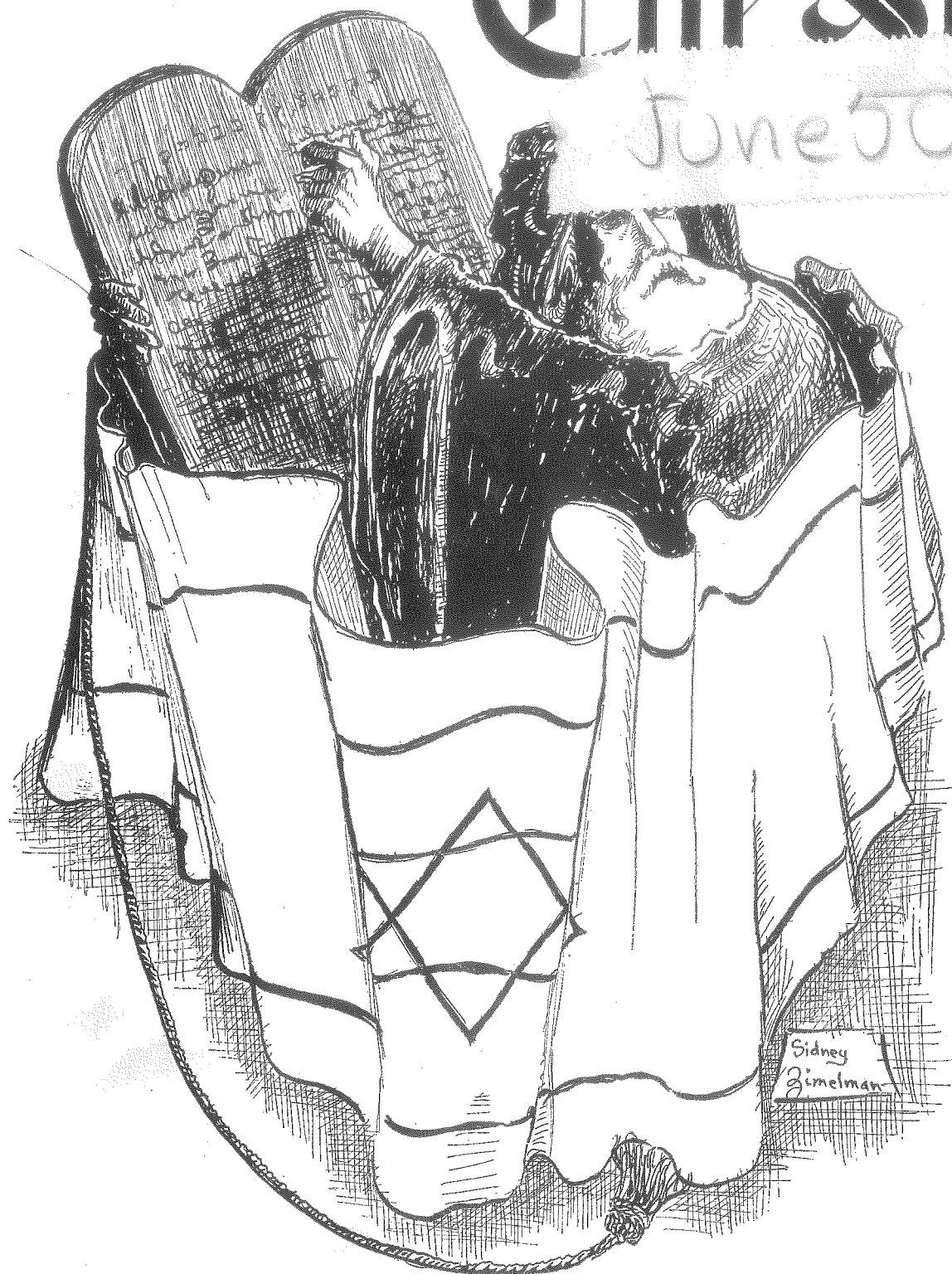


The Scroll

June 50



TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1950

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

THE SCROLL

Published by

The Student Body

of

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

141 South Third Street

Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

STAFF

Literary Editors

KUGELMAN, SHOLOM
SCHWARTZ, WILLIAM
WEINBACH, MANUEL

Business Editor

COHEN, SIMON

Assistant Editors

BAUMGARTEN, SHELDON
GOLD, ARTHUR
OPPENHEIM, ESRIEL M.

THE SCROLL

Commencement

ב"ה. י"א תמוז, תש"י

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1950

at the

DAVID SHAPIRO AUDITORIUM

141 South Third Street

Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

8:00 P. M.

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

Program

Processional	Graduates
Reading from Scriptures	Arthur Gold
Hymn	Graduates
Welcoming Remarks	Harry Herskowitz
Address	Albert B. Joffe
Vocal Selection	Choral Group
Address	Rabbi Simon Goder
Address	Rabbi Shubert Spero
Distribution of Awards	Benjamin Feldman and Samuel Dropkin
Valedictory Address	William Schwartz
Vocal Selection	Choral Group
Distribution of Diplomas	Menashe Stein
Salute to the Flag	Assembly
The Star Spangled Banner	Assembly
Recessional	Graduates

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Faculty

ALEXANDER S. LINCHNER, *Principal*

MARCUS S. ARNOLD, *Assistant Principal*

Epstein, Zelig

Feldman, Jacob

Goodman, Hyman

Gurewitz, Moshe

Horowitz, Eugene

Kantowitz, Solomon

Kreiger, Joseph

Lieberman, Joseph

Lonner, Max

Raab, Harold

Rosenthal, Jacob

Seligman, Leon

Septimus, Morris

Shachor, Ephraim

Shkop, Abraham

Schleyen, Milton

Weinstein, Alfred

Wilkins, Jerome

Auerbach, Morris, *Librarian*

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

Awards

Harry and Rachel Goldman Scholarship for the
Yeshiva Torah Vodaath (\$200.00)

Scholarship William Schwartz
(Central Falls, R. I.)

Morris Feigelson Memorial Award David Steinwurz

Abraham and Sarah Zuckerman Scholarship
Award Moses Hager

Alumni Character Award Henry Feilchenfeld
Ernest Weill

The Irene Cohen Memorial Award for Character
and Achievement Leon Kadoch
(Bogota, Colombia)
David Wielgus
(Medellin, Colombia)
Eugene Weldler

Achievement in Mathematics..... Sholom Kugelman

Young Israel of Brooklyn Award for Proficiency
in the Hebrew Language Shaiall Zachariash
(Los Angeles, Cal.)

Outstanding Service Sheldon Baumgarten
(Passaic, N. J.)
Bernard Handler
Joseph Luria
Esriel M. Oppenheim

Service Pins

THE SCROLL

Class Reunion of 1990

By WILLIAM SCHWARTZ

June 25, 1990.

The "Class of '50" of the Mesivta Torah Vodaath held its Annual Class Reunion at the Waldorf-Astoria today. It was fitting that this reunion be held at the Waldorf. The Waldorf is synonymous for the better things in life. Among the Graduates of this class there are important men of the business and professional field. Here is a list of those who were in attendance:

<i>Sheldon Baumgarten</i>	—World Renowned Cantor
<i>Morton Carpman</i>	—Lawyer of the Law Firm of Glatzer & Carpman
<i>Simon Cohen</i>	—Wall Street Wizard
<i>Arthur Falk and Sol. Katz</i>	—Dress Manufacturers
<i>Emanuel Frankel</i>	—Press Agent
<i>Moses Hager and D. Steinwurz</i>	—Rabbis
<i>Sol Hager</i>	—Author of "A Reunion Is Not Necessary"
<i>Henry Feilchenfeld and Ernest Weill</i>	—Stars of the Current Broad- way Hit "Damon and Pythias"
<i>Stanislav Herman</i>	—Well-Known Violinist
<i>Mendel Kaufman</i>	—Representative from East Side
<i>Moses Kaufman</i>	—Star of New York Knickerbockers
<i>Dr. Murray Korn</i>	—Psychiatrist
<i>Siegfried Kugelman</i>	—Director of Klor-Kite Institute
<i>Joseph Luria and S. Rosenberg</i>	—Book Publishers
<i>Esriel M. Oppenheim</i>	—Super Sales Man
<i>Julius Oelbaum</i>	—Vice President of A. & P.
<i>Sheldon Phillips</i>	—Man about Town
<i>Jack Roth</i>	—Dress Designer who designed the "Excuse Me"

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

Quotes of Teachers

- Dr. Horowitz* —“. . . And that's that, period!"
- Mr. Lieberman* —"At this stage of the game. . . ."
- Mr. Arnold* —"I remember the day when you were a good boy."
- Mr. Kantowitz* —"Get a passport" (admit slip).
- Mr. Rosenthal* —"Well, I think I should know."
- Mr. Feldman* —"Now see here, boy."

Outstanding Graduates

- Best Scholar William Schwartz
- Class Mathematician Siegfried Kugelman
- Finest Character Henry Feilchenfeld
Ernest Weill
- Best Sense of Humor Mendel Kaufman
- Beau Brummel of Class..... Jack Roth
- Best Politician Manuel Weinbach
- Office Assistant Esriel Oppenheim
- Class Financier Simon Cohen
- Most Coöperative Sheldon Baumgarten
- William Schwartz* —Editor of the "Daily Mazel Tow"
- Meir Shapiro* —Mayor of Pittsburgh
- Manuel Weinbach* —Head of Unemployment Compensation
Board
- Eugene Weldler* —Scientist
- Samuel Wertenteil* —Director of F.B.I.
- David Wielgus* —Ambassador from Colombia
- S. Zachariash* —Manufacturer of Religious Articles
- Sam Haimowitz* —Chief Engineer at C.B.S. Television

THE SCROLL

What I Leave Behind

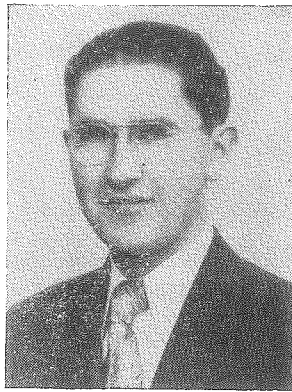
SHELDON BAUMGARTEN	The office keys
MORTON CARPMAN	Glatzer's discussions with his teachers
SIMON COHEN	Ad Blanks
ARTHUR FALK	Physic's Experiments
EMANUEL FRANKEL	Advanced Algebra
HENRY FEILCHENFELD	Ernest WEILL
ARTHUR GOLD	PROSPECTIVE TIE BUYERS
MOSES HAGER	The seat next to Steinwurzels
SOL HAGER	The Cafeteria (we hope!)
SAM HAIMOWITZ	Interpretations of Hamlet
STANLEY HERMAN	Handball and Boxball
S. KATZ	Examinations
MENDEL KAUFMAN	Original jokes
MOSES KAUFMAN	3 Basket Balls
MURRAY KORN	Adventures (?)
SIEGFRIED KUGELMAN	Math Problems
JOSEPH LURIA	The Bookroom
ESRIEL M. OPPENHEIM	The Office's typewriter
JULIUS OELBAUM	Other refugees from Boro Park
SHELDON PHILLIPS	The art of double talk
SAMUEL ROSENBERG	Comic books
JACK ROTH	One suit and two loud ties
WILLIAM SCHWARTZ	I don't think I forgot anything
MEIR SHAPIRO	Misty New York air for clear Pittsburgh sky
DAVID STEINWURZEL	16 overworked teachers
ERNEST WEILL	Henry Feilchenfeld
EMANUEL WEINBACH	Absence notes
EUGENE WELDLER	Homework assignments
SAMUEL WERTENTHEIL	Wrestling championship of Mesifita
DAVID WIELGUS	Test tubes and Bunsen burners
S. ZACHARIASH	Mezzuzos and Tefillin

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

Seniors

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About Our Graduates

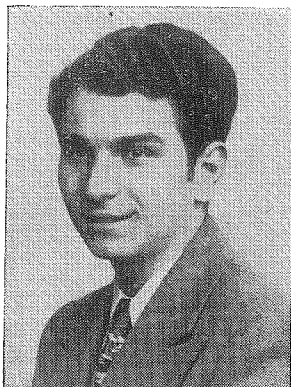
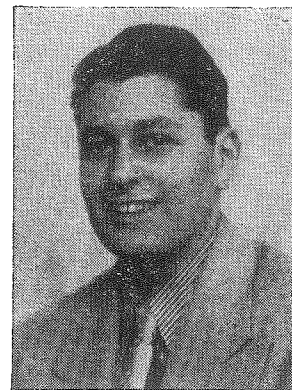


DAVID AIZENMAN

This fellow from Costa Rica hails,
In his endeavors he never fails;
He's always shooting to hit the mark
About his undoubted success we're not in the
dark

SHELDON BAUMGARTEN

When Sheldon reaches his greatest fame
He'll have his wonderful voice to blame
Singing and speaking, the spotlight is his
Success is something he can't miss



MORTON CARPMAN

For thoughts that are above ordinary mind
A superior to him is hard to find
Carpman's philosophies are profound and wise
To heights of wisdom and success he'll rise

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

SIMON COHEN

At getting money he's really great
Our finance he set in perfect state
For business he's really got the knack
Fame and fortune he'll never lack



ARTHUR FALK

A great thing in a small package comes
You can take it from us his chums
That Falk is destined to always progress
Till he's reached the final road to success

HENRY FEILCHENFELD

That smiling lad with the scholarly look
Whose wisdom is an ever-running brook
To go to Eretz is his fervent aim
For him we see most brilliant fame



THE SCROLL

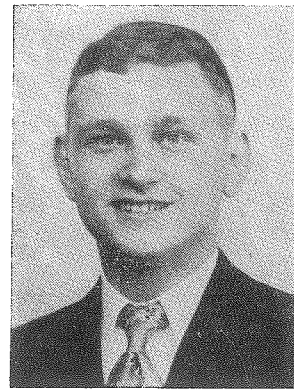


IRVING GESZEL

He's always giving all that he is able
"Conscientious" for him is a fitting label
His personality is one of which we boast
To reach success he strives the most.

ARTHUR GOLD

All that glitters is not gold
So the story is often told
But Arthur is such a wonderful guy
The value of this Gold is really high



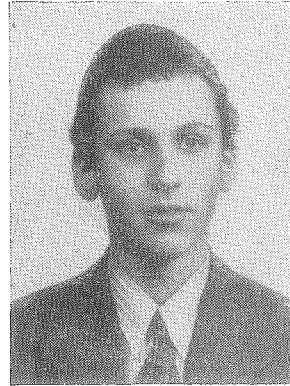
BERNARD K. GREENBERG

The Canadian intellectual is one of us
Over him all teachers make a fuss
But to learn is his heart's desire
He is burning with Torah fire

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

MOSES HAGER

Learning Torah with diligence that amazes all
Moish seems inspired by some heavenly call
His goal is from studies not to withdraw
Till he's a scholar well versed in the Law

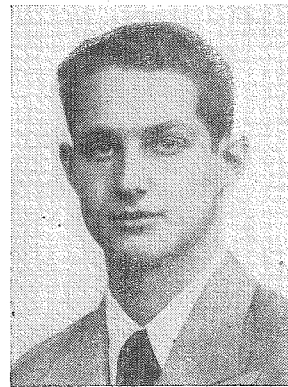


SOL HAGER

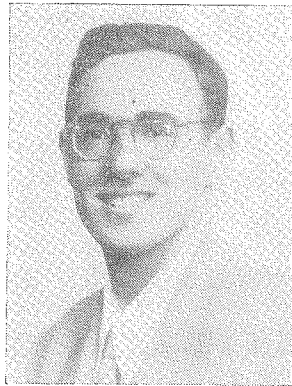
Many phrases are to be sung
About his booming voice and silver tongue
In boasting about Sol we add this too
He's a Torah scholar through and through

SAM HAIMOWITZ

This pleasant lad is every one's friend
In him the finest qualities blend
He's one of whom all can be proud
We're glad to have him in our crowd



THE SCROLL

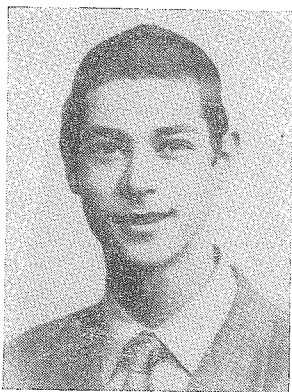
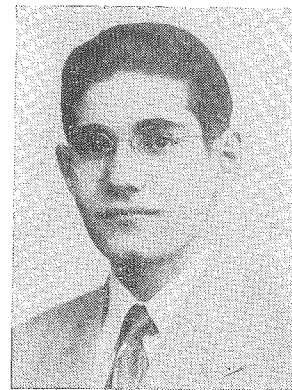


STANLEY HERMAN

His cheerful manner and friendly grin
Have made it easy with pals to win
And though with our company he'll soon part
He'll always remain in everyone's heart

LEON KADOCH

Up from the classes, green in years
Came Solomon with eager eyes and ears
Studying hard for an early graduation
Now his dream has found realization



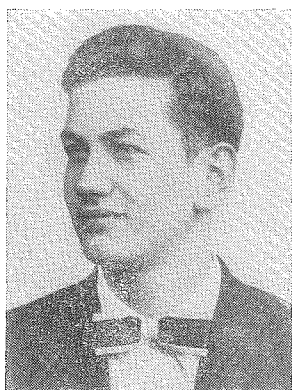
SOLOMON KATZ

This South American Scholar is really okay
We're glad that he came out our way
Leon convinced us with his brilliant mind
That a finer boy is hard to find

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

MENDEL KAUFMAN

A humor as bright as a warm summer day
Mendel possesses a light, sunny way
But beneath it all a character so fine
The most brilliant sun it does outshine

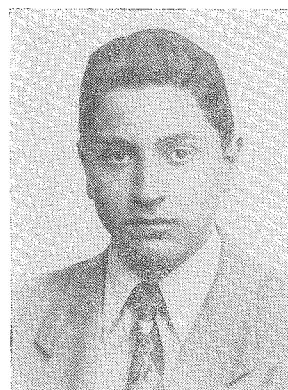


MOISHE KAUFMAN

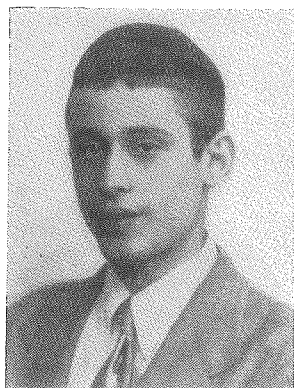
Moishe's Basketball shots are quite the thing
Victory for M. T. V. to bring
He's a shining star all around
For great success Moishe is bound

MURRAY KORN

Korn came to us from across the river
Good results we expect he'll deliver
His deeds testify to his abilities galore
We wish him the chance to do even more



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SIEGFRIED KUGELMAN

Here is a mathematician, our deep-minded
friend

Who'll never to an established conception bend
Until he'll think it over and see it "klohr"
His originality is something we all adore

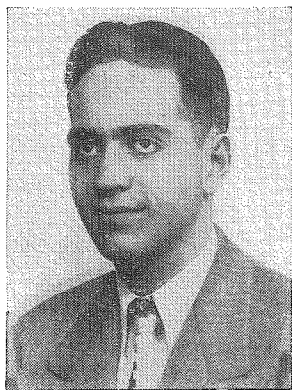
VICTOR LEDERER

Victor is another East Side boy
His company we always enjoy
We really hope he stays around
For another like him is not easily found



JOSEPH LURIA

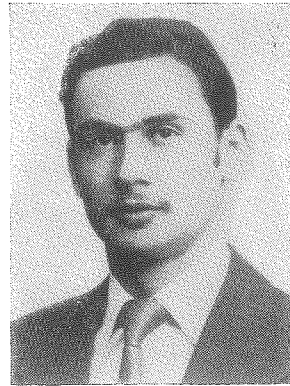
The bookroom now loses its able chief
His departure from there has caused us much
grief
But our consolation is that wherever he'll
belong
His renown will ring out loud and strong



TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

ESRIEL M. OPPENHEIM

In the office and in the class
He never lets an idle moment pass
We who know him don't have to guess
That he is headed for certain success



SHELDON PHILLIPS

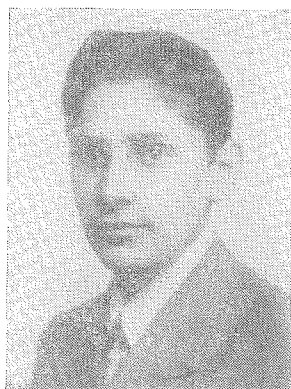
The well dressed fellow we see about
Has qualities we cannot do without
He's always helping to keep things well
Sheldon's a guy who's really swell

BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM

Ben is a student with earnest intentions
For him there are many honorable mentions
In Torah too he has worked with such zeal
More glorious powers he has yet to reveal



THE SCROLL



SAMUEL ROSENBERG

Cuba's delegate to our class of fifty
Is a lad that is really nifty
His wonderful manners he never forgets
Sammy's leaving us causes great regrets

JACK ROTH

Jackie's wit is a refreshing pool
Brightening our many days in school
Making you laugh without a stop
He's really headed for the top



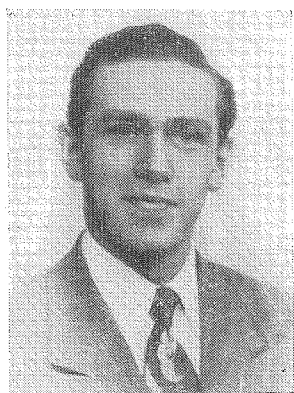
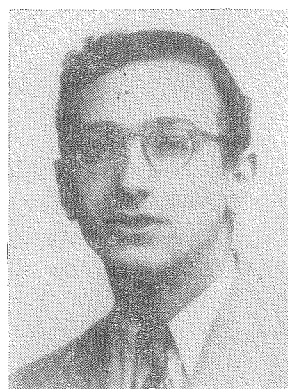
REUBEN SHINDLER

A valuable jewel is in our group
"Ruby" our hero, the star of our group
His physical prowess gives us all pride
We're glad that he is on our side

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

WILLIAM SCHWARTZ

Our brilliant scholar, the head of the class
His scholarship is something hard to surpass
Hard work and his will to know
Have made him the star of our show



MOSES SEMEL

We haven't seen too much of this lad
That he came late to our school is sad
But it doesn't take much to find out
That Moish is a boy worth thinking about

MEIER SHAPIRO

This lad from Pittsburgh has proven to all
That in school and athletics he's on the ball
Good sense and ability will both combine
To make Meier's future really fine



THE SCROLL

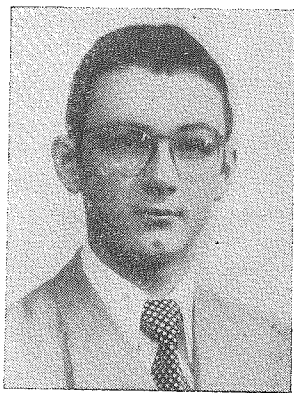
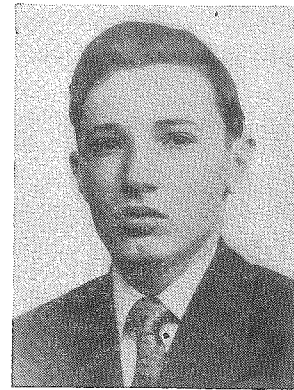


DAVID STEINWURZEL

A prodigy graces the class that is ours
His brilliance above all others towers
For his Torah knowledge we have great respect
David's wonderful manners his learning reflect

JOEL TENZER

He went through school with the greatest of
speed
And with great attention his lessons did heed
Till he finished the course in a blaze of glory
His high school career is a wonderful story.



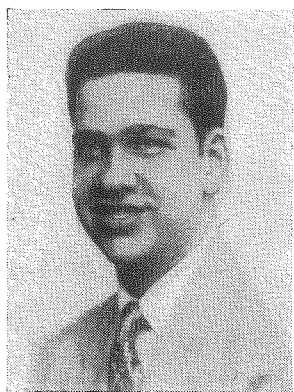
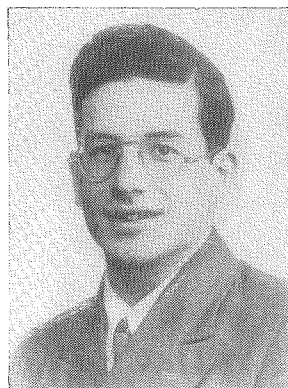
EUGENE WELDLE

This little fellow is smart as a whip
Amazing potentialities are in his grip
Through high school he blazed at a terrific pace
We hope good fortune his future will grace

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

JACOB WIDERMANN

Always striving to get out in front
The way he does it is quite a stunt
Getting to know him is worth the while
We hope he never abandons his wonderful style



DAVID WIELGUS

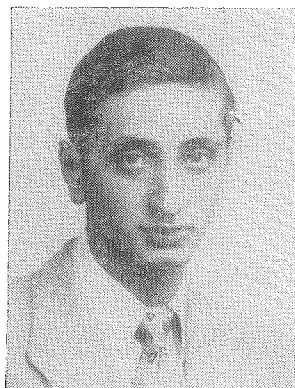
This boy's ambitions are really high
Religion and science, in both he'll try
A chemist discovering new things each day
And a scholar living the Torah way

ERNEST WEILL

Here is a friend we're all glad to know
Dependability and faithfulness have made
him so
Weill's excellence in studies are to be admired
Of staying on top he never gets tired



THE SCROLL

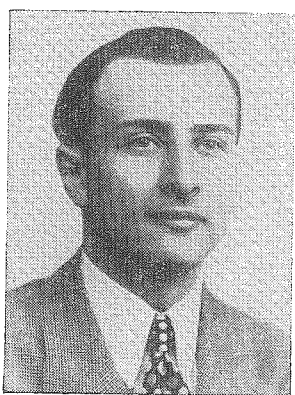
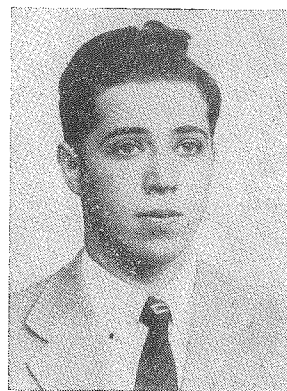


MANUEL WEINBACH

Manuel's excellence in every feat
Proves him to be one of our elite
His brilliance in doing every deed
Makes him very likely to succeed

SAMUEL WERTENTEIL

To take advantage of a famous pun
We ask you "what makes Sammy run"
The result of all his busy ways
Will be successful and happy days



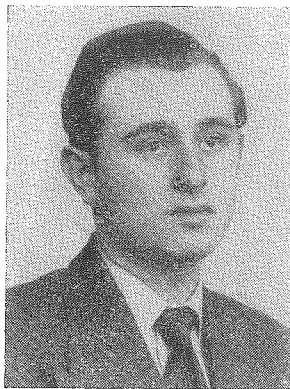
JAN CZUKER

Jan proves that a foreigner can also do well
As far as good work goes, he rings the bell.
His earnest efforts make him a lad
Whose departure leaves us rather sad

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

OSCAR HELLER

"Red" always seems to have the right word
To set right a situation that seems absurd
His keenness has made so many things clear
For his future we need have no fear



HERMAN JOLLES

The big words keep coming from out of his lips
It's a pleasure to hear his wisdom-filled quips
He's overcome his strangeness in the new land
And has developed into a man who's really grand

SHAIALL ZACHARIASH

Skill and knowledge that never fail
Are the characteristics of our friend Shaiall
His talents as a Soifer everyone knows
Towards a brilliant future "BH" he goes



THE SCROLL

WILLIAM KAHAN

A success at getting marks that are high
For everything he knows the reason why
Now he's going to college and doing the same
He's destined to achieve honor and fame.

JULIUS OELBAUM

A really fine fellow with a constant smile
He does everything in an efficient style
His achievements prophesy that he
Great and famous some day will be

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

Literature

THE SCROLL



Quiet Please!

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

My Rebbe

DEAR REBBE:

As I write this piece, plans are being made to have your body transferred from American soil to the hallowed ground of B'nei B'rak, the bright city in Eretz Yisroel your tireless energy helped to found twenty-five years ago. Your last fond wish is now being realized: to have your mortal remains interred in the "daled amos" of our Holy Land that are rightfully yours—in the Land which you always longed to see, and where you prayed to spend creatively the last years of your rich, active life.

The Hashgacha left unfulfilled your boundless nostalgia and deep anxiety for Eretz Israel; and, instead of going with the living, you are now traveling silently with the dead to your eternal resting place. May we, then, your younger pupils, humbly and weepingly say to you:

לך לשלום!

Although we were not privileged to attend your many classes and lectures—where you inspired hundreds of pupils with your brilliant thoughts on Yiddishkeit—we were, nevertheless, greatly influenced by your very presence in the Mesiftha. We had looked forward to those classes, because there you shaped the complexion of the Mesiftha Talmid; and there you imparted to your pupils a clear-cut, uncompromising philosophy of life.

We will miss you, dear teacher, because no one understood our very natures and our characters as well as you.

You impressed many pupils with your brilliance of mind and unusual sweep of imagination; some, with your endless energy; and others, with your great heart and "Ahavath Yisroel". We, your younger pupils, were especially moved by your natural modesty and genuine sincerity. You captured the confidence of your young soldiers, because of your simplicity, friendliness and warmth.

You won the hearts of your Talmidim because of your deep hatred for the veneer of false bigness and inflated publicity. You taught us that the silent, unassuming voice is more forceful, more penetrating and more effective than the sonorous and majestic cry. You exploded the myth that leadership and the lust for publicity must go hand in hand. You did not use the tricks of the orator, but rather the simple, natural and heart-to-heart methods of the sincere teacher.

THE SCROLL

We, the American boys particularly, loved you, because we, by our very nature, welcome one who represents breadth and vision in Yiddishkeit, and not provincialism and narrow-mindedness. You possessed the ingenious quality of perceiving things in their totality. That is why Brisk and Frankfurt, Kozk and Wolozin, were not irreconcilable to you. After all, you said over and over again, the paths leading to G-d may be many, but it is the common objective which counts.

We will always remember those thrilling moments when we suddenly felt a graceful tap on our shoulders and realized that it was your soft hand embracing us. We all loved you because you never assumed an aura of rigid authority and never demanded blind subservience to you. One never needed an appointment to see you, nor ever had to pass through an avalanche of secretaries to have a word with you. Your behavior and simple attire were things which we always admired. We always looked upon you as our General, even though you were garbed in the tunic of a private. It was somewhat "ungeneral-like" to address you as "Mr.", when, by virtue of your scholarship and greatness, you assuredly deserved a higher rank. But it is this unusual humility which lives on; which still characterizes the Mesifta Talmid and permeates the very walls of our Mesifta.

Your impression upon us, dear teacher, will be everlasting, because your affection for us was genuine. In your big and kind heart, you reserved a place for everyone; for the North African Jew, for the Jew in South America and for every living Jew the world-over. We, in turn, have pledged over and over again to reserve a prominent place in our small hearts for you.

As the ship carrying your holy body will be approaching the shores of our Holy Land, we will recall how you were choked up with tears when you spoke of Eretz Israel, or the moment you even touched on a passage dealing with our Holy Land. We will remember how grieved you were and how deep was your pain that you could not devote more time to Eretz Israel. We will remember the many promises you made to contribute your last years to the strengthening of Torah in our Holy Land.

Yes, your plans were many. But the Almighty suddenly took you from us—and charged us with the completion of your unfinished work.

Do not be grieved, our dear teacher, that you were not privileged to build in Eretz Israel. For you build even now in Eretz Yisroel. Nay, you have built Eretz Yisroel here!

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

We, your pupils, further pledge in this solemn hour of your departure for Eretz Yisroel, to finish that beautiful symphony which always played in your soul, by building in Eretz Yisroel those Torah-institutions which will produce the Torah-chalutzim so vitally needed in our Holy Land.

History has a tendency to reward many of its faithful sons only posthumously. The organs of your tired and overworked body can fearlessly bear testimony before the One Above that you gave your maximum and that you were one of His faithful servants.

You were one of the very few who never sought any tangible rewards for your work. That is why, in genuine perspective, it can objectively be said that you were privileged to see many rewards, indeed, even during your lifetime.

Our last words to you, welling up from the very depths of our hearts, are:

אל תירא, אני אגן לך — שורך הרצה מאל.

THE SCROLL

A TALMUD TORAH IN TIRA, NEAR HAIFA



"We, your Talmidim have already begun to fulfill our pledge to build in Eretz Yisroel those Torah-institutions which will produce the Torah-chalutzim so vitally needed in our Holy Land."

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

An Interview

Note.—Upon Rabbi Alexander S. Gross' return from Israel, where he was active in establishing religious schools in the Arab villages, we asked our Scroll reporter to interview him and obtain an objective, first-hand report of the educational picture in Israel. Rabbi Alexander Gross, a Graduate of the Mesifita Torah Vodaath, is now connected with the Ozar Hatorah Movement in Israel.

Q. How many children attend religious schools in all of Israel?

A. According to the most recent report there are approximately 100,000 pupils (not including Kindergartens) enrolled in the elementary schools of the country. Of this number there are about 30,000 children attending the two religious school systems which comprise the Mizrachi and Aguda.

Q. Is there any basic difference between the Aguda and Mizrachi school system?

A. The educational differences between the two systems are an outgrowth of the philosophical and political views held by each party. The Aguda maintains that in their schools the religious studies should be stressed more than the secular subjects and that the pupils should be educated to continue in a Yeshiva with the objective of becoming Talmidey Chachomim. The Mizrachi schools are more modern and more progressive than the Aguda and their curriculum includes a richer secular program. Mizrachi's aim is to give its pupils a National-Religious education.

Q. Are all schools supported by the Government?

A. The Government-recognized school systems which include the Histadrut, Zionists, Mizrachi and Aguda are supported by the Government and the Municipality. There are, however, many Talmud Torahs (on the elementary level) which do not receive support from the Government because of their refusal to change the language of instruction from Yiddish to Hebrew and because they refuse to conform to the curriculum set by the Ministry of Education.

Q. How many pupils are there in these so-called independent Talmud Torahs and where are they located?

A. There are about 2000 pupils in these Yiddish speaking Talmud Torahs and most of them are located in Jerusalem where a great number of Jews still speak Yiddish.

Q. Is there any truth to the charges made by the religious groups against the Histadruth?

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A. It is definitely true. Charges have been brought against the Histadruth even before the Kneset, the Jewish Parliament. The Histadruth has been using inquisitory methods and has been terrorizing parents into sending their children to Labor Schools. In the schools that I helped establish, many parents told me that they were forced to withdraw their children and register them in Histadruth schools. They were threatened to be sent back to transit camps or fired from their jobs if they do not carry out these orders.

Q. Why should the Histadruth discriminate against religious people in the field of Jewish education?

A. To answer this question, we must first understand the aims and philosophy of the Histadruth. The Histadruth believes in a Marxian Socialist philosophy which is basically against religion. Since their Labor Party is in control of the Israeli Government, they utilize every possible method to suppress the religious parties from fear of their gaining strength and ultimately overthrowing the existing regime.

The Histadruth realizes that the complexion of the future State of Israel will be shaped and moulded in the classrooms of the elementary schools. The more children in their schools means a larger membership in Histadruth and, consequently, more ballots during elections.

Q. Is there any change for the religious parties to gain a majority of seats in the Kneset?

A. Yes. Definitely so. It seems that the wheel of history is now turning more favorably toward religious Jews and Hashgocha is prepared to give Orthodoxy a chance to correct a historical error made years ago. With the influx of 250,000 Oriental and Sephardic Jews a year—Jews who are extremely religious—we have an opportunity to absorb them into the religious parties, and if we should have the financial means, the substantial funds to hold them in our fold we can defeat the irreligious parties at the next polls.

Q. What can we, as the Mesifta pupils, do to strengthen the religious groups in Israel?

A. You should intensify your work of building schools in the new villages and Colonies now being set up in Israel. Many of you should try to emigrate to Israel and enroll as Madrichim or teachers in the transit camps. There is an acute shortage of qualified personnel in Israel. Such help can come only from American young boys who possess pioneering spirit to build their country and participate in its development.

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The Forgotten Gift

The headlines never mentioned Miriam Shachor. She was one of the thousands of unknown, unsung young heroes of Israel who gave their lives that others may live.

On the day that the arbitrary division plan of the U.N. was announced, a small detachment of the Palmach, shock troops of the Israeli army, sped across the desert of the Negev in a jeep, Miriam among them. She had become a specialist in handgrenade throwing and her skill was important in this emergency operation: to wipe out an Arab village that was in the position to cut off communications with the settlements in the Negev.

The whole affair took a few minutes. Before the Arabs realized what had hit them, the village was blown into the air. It would have been easy for Miriam to escape. But a member of the Palmach does not think of her own safety. A few of her comrades who had to destroy some special objectives, had not been able to get away before the Arabs had recovered from the shock. Their road of escape was blocked by the raging enemy, and there was little doubt what would happen to them. Miriam, who had already returned to the armored jeep, left it and rushed back into the fray, tossing a few well aimed hand grenades at the closing in enemy. She stopped them cold. A number of her comrades were thus able to make their escape. Five Palmach lads, however, had their young lives snuffed out on the spot. Miriam, too, was hit by a stray piece of shrapnel.

Miriam did not surrender. Bleeding to death she crawled slowly, painfully away from the enemy, further out into the uncharted sand dunes of the Negev. With her last ounce of strength, she dug a hole into the hot, dry ground, and with trembling hand she scribbled the words: "AL TIVKU TADLIKU NER". Days later, after the Jewish army had taken possession of the strategic point, a special searching party found her thus in her temporary grave, the beatitude of inner strength and happiness on her drawn face.

Ephraim Shachor, Miriam's father, is a scholar who spent all his life studying and teaching others. He would not show what went on beneath his calm, collected appearance when the terrible news reached him that Miriam was missing in action. Miriam had been his favorite, the apple of his eye. Her beauty, her charming tenderness and deep love, the inexorable logic of her thinking, all had been the balm of his not always calm and easy life. Miriam had caused him much bitterness when she had joined the underground army as a young school girl and

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had fallen under the influence of people who persuaded her to stay in a Kibbutz of the Emek. He, Ephraim Shachor, the zealot for Torah and Yiddishkeit, had not broken with his misled child. He had never given up hope for her, for he had faith in Miriam. With his whole being he felt and believed that she was blood of his blood, and spirit of his spirit.

The veil of bitterness had lifted somewhat when Ephraim Shachor once visited the Kibbutz and wandered into the House of the Aged, the only place where G-d still had a place of His own. There he saw a beautiful, masterly designed and executed "Parocheth". "Who made this?" he asked one of the old men, the parent of a Kibbutznik spending the eve of his life in this quiet niche in study and prayer. "A young girl by the name of Miriam Shachor," replied the old man, and his answer gave bliss to a tortured father's heart.

Ephraim Shachor did not permit himself to think. Tirelessly he travelled from Kibbutz to Kvutzhah, from Moshav to Moshavah, and from Ir to Iryah, organizing the "Horim Shakulim", the parents whose children had been missing in action.

And then they found Miriam in her self-dug grave. Her body was transferred to a beautiful spot in a Beth Olam outside the city of Tel Aviv. Before they covered the "Aron", Ephraim Shachor said a few simple words of the bond of love, of the depth of thought, and the inexhaustible fount of tenderness and appreciation that had been between him and his daughter. Then he broke down.

For a while Ephraim Shachor had to leave his and his daughter's beloved Eretz Israel. At the urging of his doctor he spent what seemed like endless days and months in the United States far from the soil where she had lived and breathed and bled herself to death.

His momentary Galuth drew to an end and Ephraim Shachor made all preparations for his return to the Holy Land. Then, one night, he had a dream. He had come home and to the joy of all his children he had unpacked his presents, something special for each and every one of them, but for Miriam, his beloved daughter. He could not understand why he had forgotten about her. But there he stood with gifts for everyone, yet with empty hands when her turn came.

Ephraim Shachor awoke from his dream, but he could not dismiss it lightly. And then it dawned on him. No, he would not return to Israel without a present for Miriam. He would have a beautiful "Parocheth" woven dedicated to her memory, and he would hang it up in the Shul of the Talmud Torah Talpiot, Tel Aviv, where Miriam had grown up and where she had sat by his side ever since she had been a child.

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A "Ner Tamid" would burn before the "Aron Hakodesh" and light up the letters of her name woven in golden thread upon the deep blue velvet. This was his present to Miriam, and Ephraim Shachor knew that she would have liked it.

NOTE: On Tuesday, June 20, Ephraim Shachor who taught Ivrit at the Mesifita Torah Vodaath during the months he spent in the U. S., returned to Israel. With him went the "Parocheth" for Miriam. With him went also a "Shas" donated by the students of the Mosifita Torah Vodaath in the memory of the girl whose soul had always been faithful to the ideals, the land, the people and the G-d of Israel.

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Faith

Faith is not facts—
not knowledge drawn
from the limits of logic and lore

Faith is not thought—
not mind overwrought
with pondering G-d and the world

Faith is not feeling—
not heart overawed
with torturing fear and with love

Faith is not bowing—
like reed in the wind
with fervent perpetual motion

Faith is not prayer—
not wish overdone
with selfish zeal and devotion

FAITH is the whole of the
known and the heard
The heart and the mind
The love and the fear
The feeling and thinking
The praying and swaying
if only they're
Fraught with the L-rd.

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והוי מתחמם כנגד אורן של חכמים (אבות, פ"ג).

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The Buckets Were Empty

The Great Zadik, Rabbi Yisroel Meir haKoheyn, known as the Chofetz Chaim, grew up in the small town of Zhetel. Even as a small boy, Yisroel Meir was already different from his friends; he was kind and just in everything he did, and above all he had a great love for his fellow Jews. Once, while he was still studying in Cheder, this happened:

In that town there lived a poor water-carrier who barely made a living by carrying large, heavy buckets filled with water, from the public well to people's homes. At night he would leave his buckets outside his small hut, for there was no room for them inside. When winter came, the wild, mischievous boys found these buckets a good source of fun. Late at night they would steal up to the water-carrier's hut and fill the empty buckets with water. During the night the intense cold would freeze the water solid in the buckets, and in the morning the poor fellow would nearly break his back chopping out the ice.

The boys thought this great sport; how they laughed.

The small Yisroel Meir thought about the cruel, naughty actions of his friends. He felt bad at the trouble they were causing the poor water-carrier. It was wrong for them to make him do this extra work every morning.

One night, Yisroel Meir waited until his wild companions had gone to bed. Then he secretly went to the hut of the water-carrier and emptied the buckets. The next morning the mischievous boys ran out, expecting to see the water-carrier busy, cracking ice out of his buckets. But to their utter amazement, the man picked them right up and cheerfully went to work. The buckets were empty!

The boys couldn't understand what had happened. The next night they again filled the buckets—but in the morning the buckets were again empty! The boys couldn't stay up all night to watch. They filled the buckets a few more times, but always they were empty in the morning. The boys grew afraid. They decided that the water-carrier was a holy man, and an angel was sent to empty the buckets. From then on, they never filled the buckets with water again. They never found out that the "angel" who emptied the buckets was their own companion, Yisroel Meir.

It was soon after Rav Chaim Auerbach had become Rabbi of Lentschitz, Poland. Late Friday afternoon, an entire group of poor,

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homeless Jews entered the town. They had tried to find places to stay for Shabbos, and they couldn't. Lentshitz was their last hope.

They went from house to house asking for food and shelter. The townspeople, not expecting any visitors, had prepared only enough food for themselves. One by one, they turned away the poor, bedraggled Jews in desperation, the beggars went to the Rabbi and told him of their plight.

"Wait," said Rabbi Auerbach, "I will put on my Shabbos clothes, and we will all go to Ozorkov, nearby. There we'll find places to stay."

Word spread through the town that the Rabbi was leaving with the beggars. The townspeople rushed to their Rabbi, and found him already leaving.

"Rabbi," they asked, "where are you going?"

"To another city. I have no desire to be the rabbi of a city where the poor and hungry are turned away."

Burning with shame, the townspeople quickly took the poor people into their homes.

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Two Kinds of Glass

Chassidim still tell this story with relish. In the town of a great Chassidic Rebbe lived a very rich man who never gave a penny for tzedokoh, a charity. He thought only of himself, and he refused to help anyone else. One day, the Rebbe sent for the rich man.

When they were alone in his study-room, the Rebbe said, "My rich friend, please look out the window, and tell me what you see." The rich man did so. "I see," he said, "people going up and down the street. There goes a water-carrier."

"All right," said the Rebbe, "look at him. Can you feel how hard his work is? Can you understand that he often goes hungry? And that so do many other hard workers?" The rich man nodded slowly. "Now," said the Rebbe, "go over to that mirror and tell me what you see." The rich man did. "I see myself, of course," he replied.

"Now think," said the Rebbe. "The window is glass, and the mirror is glass. Why are they so different? Because the mirror is silvered on the back. As soon as a little silver is added, you see only yourself. You no longer see the poor and the hungry. Do you understand me, you who are rich with silver?" The rich man looked down in shame. "Go home," said the Rebbe. "And remember: Look out the window; don't look in the mirror."

The words of the Rebbe remained in the heart of the rich man. Thereafter, he gave readily whenever money for the poor was needed.

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The Esrog

For many years Reb Mordechai of Neschiz refused to become a rabbi. He made his living by buying and selling merchandise in different cities. Every time he made a business trip he put aside some of the profit he made—to buy an esrog for Sukos. A few days before the festival he would take all the money he had put aside, and he would ride to the nearby city to buy his esrog.

One year, Reb Mordechai was on his way to the city before Sukos, when he saw a strange sight. By the side of the road a horse lay dead, and over him stood a water-carrier weeping. Rev Mordechai understood: With the horse dead, the water-carrier was no longer able to bring water from the well to all the homes. The poor man faced starvation.

Without a second thought Reb Mordechai gave the money for the esrog to the water-carrier. "This," he said, "will buy a new horse." Before the bewildered water-carrier could answer, Reb Mordechai was on his way—back home. He would buy no esrog this year. "Well," thought Reb Mordechai, "we can't do everything."

But when Reb Mordechai came home, he found a beautiful esrog on the table—a present from his friends.

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The Wagon Driver

Once the famous Gaon of Vilna, Rabbi Eliyohu decided to travel from town to town and from village to village. Because he didn't want people to "make a fuss" over him, he dressed himself in the clothes of an old beggar who goes from house to house for tsedakah, charity.

He was trudging along a rough and bumpy road when a dust-covered horse and wagon passed him by. When the driver of the wagon saw the beggarly Jew, he halted his horses and called out:

"Where are you going?"

"To the nearby village."

"Get up on the wagon then, and I will take you there."

The driver didn't feel like talking with the poor beggar. After all, what did he have in common with beggars and poor people? And so they rode on in silence. In the meantime, as if sensing the thoughts of his companion, the Gaon kept silent too. He soon was busy, concentrating on some part of the Torah—as was his custom.

When noon-time came and the sun was in mid-sky, it became unbearably hot on the uncovered wagon. Feeling uncomfortable, the driver turned to the Gaon and said, "I am very hot and tired. I would like to rest a while, so please be good enough to change places with me. You get into the driver's seat, and let me lie down in the wagon. You don't have to be an experienced driver. Just hold on to the reins. My horse knows this road well and he won't wander off."

The Gaon, famous throughout the world for his wisdom and scholarship, didn't say a word. It was only fair to repay the driver for giving him the ride. Shifting seats, he took hold of the reins, while the driver stretched out in the back and quickly fell asleep.

As the wagon entered the village, a young man walked by and glanced at the wagon. Then he stopped short. He had learned at a Yeshiva in Vilna, and he knew he couldn't be mistaken—the Vilna Gaon was on the driver's seat, while someone was asleep in the back. The young man could think of only one explanation.

Quickly, he ran to the market place and began to shout: "The Messiah is here. The Messiah is here."

In a minute the town people gathered in the market place. Men, women and children crowded around the young man and asked: "Messiah? Messiah? Where is he? Where is he?"

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The young man, beset by the mob, breathed heavily and kept repeating his story: "With my own eyes I saw his wagon approaching the village. And none other than the famous Gaon of Vilna was driving the wagon. For whom else would the Gaon serve as a wagon-driver if not for the Messiah himself? I tell you it's the Messiah in back of that wagon."

The villagers were stunned. Was it possible—the Messiah coming to their town?

Soon they heard the clatter of wheels and horses' hoofs. The wagon pulled to a stop in the market-place. Respectfully and with fear they approached the wagon. As they came nearer and looked at the "Messiah" in the back they saw it was none other than Yankel the driver, a fellow-townsmen of theirs.

It was then that the Parnas—the leader of the village—approached the Gaon. "Is it right that you—a famous Gaon—should become a driver of a horse and wagon, and he, Yankel the driver—should sit back as a passenger. Where, our most revered Gaon, is the Kovod Hatorah, the Honor of the Torah?"

The Gaon of Vilna smiled and said:

"Look about you. With all the noise and excitement my passenger Yankel is still asleep. It's a good sign that he is tired and exhausted from his long and hard trip back home. After all, it is both dangerous and hard work, to be the driver of a wagon. He does this job of his only to be able to make enough of a living so that he can support himself and members of his family. He is a hard-working man. It is nothing what I did. He deserves his rest. Let him sleep."

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The Boots

Reb Chaim of Volozhin was known far and wide as one of the great Jews of his time. A pupil of the Gaon of Vilna, he had the same love for Torah study as his revered teacher. And so, when he went to Volozhin, a little town in Poland, to build a Yeshiva, students flocked to him. They listened eagerly as he taught them to understand the Talmud; but above all they watched his actions—to learn how a G-d fearing Jew should act.

Once, the students noticed that Reb Chaim bought himself a pair of thick, sturdy boots that could reach to the knees—the kind the Polish wore to wade through heavy snows and muddy roads. The boots stood near the door of Reb Chaim's house. Whoever went in to see him saw the boots and wondered. What use did the Rabbi have for such boots? But no one dared ask him.

Early one morning, after heavy snow had fallen all night, a few students who lived near the Yeshiva, looked out and saw their beloved Rabbi dressed in the large boots, walking from the Yeshiva to the main road and back, up and back, up and back. The thick boots pushed the snow aside, as he walked. The students ran out. "Rabbi," they cried, "why are you walking about in the snow early in the marning?"

Reb Chaim answered simply, "I am clearing a path in the snow for all the students, so that they won't have to struggle to get through. They will be able to start learning right away."

The unforgettable Rabbi Levi-Yitzchok of Berditchev, Russia, always sought to show how great and holy the Jewish people are.

It was Seder night. Every Jewish home in Berditchev was resounding with the happy sounds of the Seder. Only in the home of Reb Levi-Yitachok there was as yet no Seder. For, when the Rabbi, his family, and his many followers and guest had entered the house after prayers, he had immediately sent a few people to visit every Jewish home in Berditchev. "Bring me," he had told them, "every Turkish shawl and every bit of Austrian tobacco that you can find. And also bring me every bit of bread that you can find."

All had stared at Reb Levi-Yitzchok in amazement. Turkish shawls! Austrian tobacco! Everyone knew that every country in eastern Europe forbade bringing in goods from any other country. Anyone who had Turkish shawls or Austrian tobacco in Berditchev could be fined and

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imprisoned. Such materials were not allowed into the country. And strangest of all—the Rabbi had asked for bread! On Pesach night! But the Rabbi sat at the head of the table in complete silence, lost in thought. No one dared to break in with any questions.

The door opened. The messengers of the Rabbi returned. They carried a load of Turkish shawls and plenty of Austrian tobacco. Reb Levi-Yitzchok asked, "Didn't you find any bread?"

"Not a single piece," replied one of them. "Which Jew would have chometz on Pesach?"

Reb Levi-Yitzchok lifted his eyes to heaven, and said with a deep sincerity: "See, Master of the Universe. There are guards all along the borders of our country to watch that no goods are brought in from other countries. Anyone who brings foreign goods into Russia can be sent to prison. Yet see how many fine shawls from Turkey, and how much tobacco from Austria we have found in Berditchev alone.

"You set no guards. You, O Holy One, do not punish us with fines or send us to prison. You only put one sentence in the Torah: no chometz is to be seen in your possession; and behold, not a single Jew in Berditchev owns a single piece of bread."

His face shining with happiness, Reb Levi-Yitzchok began the Seder.

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A Prayer

IRENE COHEN

Almighty Power that has created all,
I must bow my head to You,
To ask in humiliation of pain what I am,
To seek through spirit where flesh has failed,
To wait with fear and hope that I may regain
What at this moment seems past and beyond control—
A new hold on life once more.

This I ask You knowing full well
No other power can help me.

Having first sought healing from man,
Having sought strength from riches,
Having been vain of beauty,
Having been proud of learning,
Having lacked tolerance with other creeds . . .
In the final test all things failing—
I seek my wandering spirit.
I seek G-d.

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