

The Scroll



TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL

GRADUATING CLASS OF '52

The Scroll



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STUDENT BODY

of the

Torah Vodaath High School

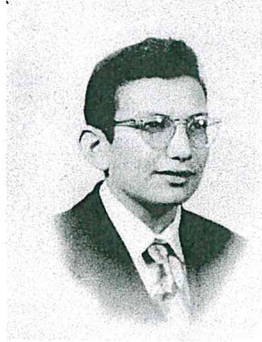
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NOVOGRAD



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GOODMAN
(Art)



GERALD
FRIEDLANDER



ALLAN REITER

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SIDNEY GOLD

STAFF



JACOB
FINK



ROBERT DAVIS



MELVIN
SCHONBRUN

Commencement Exercises

TORAH VODAATH HIGH SCHOOL



PROCESSIONAL	Graduates and Orchestra
WELCOMING REMARKS	Rabbi Alexander S. Linchner
VOCAL SELECTIONS	Graduates and Orchestra
1) "Hinai Ma Tov"	
2) "Ovinu Malkeinu"	
ADDRESS	Rabbi Chaim Pincus
ORCHESTRA SELECTIONS	Mesifita Orchestra
1) Cossack Dance — <i>Moussorgsky</i>	
2) Lomir Alle in Einem	
DISTRIBUTION OF AWARDS	
VOCAL SELECTIONS	Graduates and Orchestra
1) "V'taher Libeinu"	
2) "Hovo Nogiloh"	
VALEDICTORY ADDRESS	Morton Waldman
DISTRIBUTION OF DIPLOMAS	
ORCHESTRA SELECTIONS	Mesifita Orchestra
1) Petite Suite de Ballet	
2) Tumba	
SALUTE TO THE FLAG	Assembly
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER	Assembly and Orchestra
RECESSIONAL	Graduates and Orchestra

Awards



HARRY AND RACHEL GOLDMAN SCHOLARSHIP AWARD for the YESHIVA TORAH VODAATH (\$200.00)

SCHOLARSHIP Martin Fingerhut
Murray H. Danzger

MORRIS FEIGELSON MEMORIAL AWARD Leon Gersten

ABRAHAM AND SARAH ZÜCKERMAN SCHOLARSHIP AWARD Morton Waldman

ALUMNI CHARACTER AWARD George L. Ribowsky
Stanley Storch

ACHIEVEMENT IN MATHEMATICS Serayah Berman

ERETZ YISROEL SERVICE AWARD Calman Fishman

OUTSTANDING SERVICE Benno Birnhack
Jacob Fink
Oscar Follman
Calman Fishman
George L. Ribowsky

SERVICE PINS School Patrol

GENERAL ORGANIZATION AWARDS Jay Shapiro
M. Herbert Danzger
Martin Fingerhut
Allan Novograd
Jacob Fink
Melvin Steinberg
Gerald Friedlander
Jerold Roschwalb
Melvin Schonbrun
Marvin Beer

FACULTY



ALEXANDER S. LINCHNER

Principal

MAX LONNER

Assistant Principal

ADLER, LEO

EPSTEIN, ZELIG

FELDMAN, JACOB

GOLDSTEIN, HARRY

GREENBERG, MILTON J.

HABER, MYRON M.

HOROWITZ, EUGENE

KLEIN, SAMUEL

KRIEGER, JOSEPH

LEVINE, LEJMA

LIEBERMAN, JOSEPH

SALZMAN, JOSEPH I.

SCHLEYEN, MILTON

SELIGMAN, LEON

SEPTIMUS, MORRIS

WEINSTEIN, ALFRED

KAPNICK, JOSEPH, *Librarian*

CLASS OF '52

By JAY SHAPIRO and GERALD FRIEDLANDER

What I Leave Behind

Marvin Beer
Julius Berman
Serayah Berman
Benno Birnhack
Herbert Danzger
Robert Davis
Michael Engel
Martin Fingerhut
Jacob Fink
Calman Fishman
Oscar Follman
Abraham Frankel
Gerald Friedlander
Leon Gersten
Aaron Gleich
Gershon Goodman
Nathan Gold
Sidney Gold

Futura ma

Mr. Haber's Term Sheet
Rabbi Rivlin
P.S. #50
Absence Notes
14 G.O. Delegates
My Gemorah
Chess Club
My Physics Book
An Airless Cubicle (The Bookroom)
3 Merom Zion "pushkes"
Jacob Fink
Physics "crib sheets"
A Basketball
Moishe Linchner
An Empty Seat
The Philharmonic Orchestra
Dr. Feldman's Jokes
The Office Typewriter

Famous Milwaukee Brewer
Professional Handball Player
Mgr. of Brooklyn Dodgers
M.T.V. Registrar
President of the United States
Author of "A Scroll Isn't Necessary"
World's Chess Champion
Star of New York Knickerbockers
Owner of Lending Library
Head of "Lend-Lease to Israel, Inc."
Certified Accountant
Head of Agudath Israel
Star of Y.U. Basketball Team
Author of English Regents
Chaufeur for Camp Mesifia
Famous Accordionist
East Side Water Commissioner
Business Mgr. of New York Times

G. Kenneth Greenwald
 Jacob Grunhaus
 Abraham Kramer
 Jacob Halpern
 Isaac Kirzner
 Eli Kuperman
 Moische Linchner
 Harvey Miller
 Sidney Pertavitz
 Allan Reiter
 Jerold Roschwalb
 Solomon Rosenfeld
 Herbert Rosenstein
 Melvin Schonbrun
 Jay Shapiro
 Melvin Steinberg
 Peretz Steinberg
 Saul Stolzenberg
 Stanley Storch
 Morton Waldman
 Meier Weinberg
 Charles Weiss
 Stanley Weiss
 Abraham Wolf
 Isaac Schapiro
 Melvin Rubenstein
 George Ribowsky
 Allan Novograd

My Famous "Quotations"
 Four College Applications
 Shmura Matzo and S'chach
 Mr. Schleyen
 Trigonometry Book
 Uncle Max
 Mr. Schleyen's Lectures on Morals
 (CENSORED)
 Wouldn't You Like to Know?
 Dr. Horowitz's Assignments
 Same Mess I Found
 Debates with Mr. Schleyen
 An Unforgettable Experience
 My Prize Winning "chup"
 The Best (?) Years of My Life
 My Favorite Teacher (Mr. Seligman)
 Rabbi Linchner's Cleanup Campaign
 Four Years of Silence
 Assistant to Dr. Feldman
 Afternoon Naps (3:40-6:28 P.M.)
 Dr. Feldman's Praise
 Four Overworked Teachers
 A Better (?) School
 Anglo-Jewish Daily
 Five Free Periods
 Spanish Regents
 The Office (to Rabbi Lonner)
 My Editorial Staff

Author of Science Fiction Stories
 Horse Doctor
 Champion Weight Lifter
 English Teacher
 Assistant to Dr. Einstein
 Assistant to Dr. Horowitz
 Principal of Mesifta
 Brooklyn College Professor
 Author of "School Isn't Necessary"
 Chief Engineer of Brownsville
 Instructor at N.Y.U.
 Renowned Philosopher
 Chief Rabbi West of Mississippi
 President of Butcher's Union
 Vice-President of the United States
 Rabbi Lonner's Bouncer
 President of Bird Food Company
 Successor to Rabbi Quinn
 Mashgiach of Beth Hamedrash
 Noted Scholar
 Mayor of Vineland, New Jersey
 Economics Teacher
 Owner of "Weiss Beach," Arverne, L. I.
 Military Strategist in Lower Slobbovia
 Chassidic Rebbe
 Real Estate Dealer
 Police Commissioner
 Editor of the New York Times

Graduation Day



*Many a dream came true tonight
Many the nightmare that's o'er.
Now the future comes into sight
With promise and hope in store.*

*A decade ago we were little men,
Just starting on life's tortuous ways;
Learning every why, and where, and when,
Loving the world in an innocent daze.*

*Years went by with onrushing speed,
Spreading a few clouds on life's sunny side,
But a growing youth of time takes no heed —
For youth is a crazy carousel ride.*

*Rousing from this innocent and blissful sleep
We looked around for a place to stand.
Wandering like shepherdless, homeless sheep
Over a barren, unfamiliar land.*

*Education was the key to strange new locks
That barred us entrance to the gates of success
Aware that opportunity rations his knocks,
We searched day and night to find his address.*

*Guided by patient and skillful hands,
We discovered the road that we must travel.
A path of hope through despairing lands
Where the caravans of G-d are led.*

*A road well marked by the teachings of sages,
Brightened by a holy eternal light.
A road that has survived the test of the ages,
That road has brought us here tonight.*

*On this road we pause a moment, 'today,
As we complete one phase of life's great plan.
One last look then we're off on our way,
On the road that serves both G-d and man.*

SENIORS

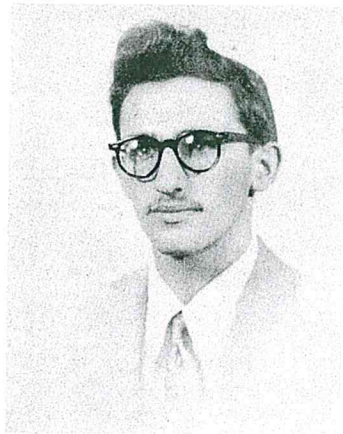
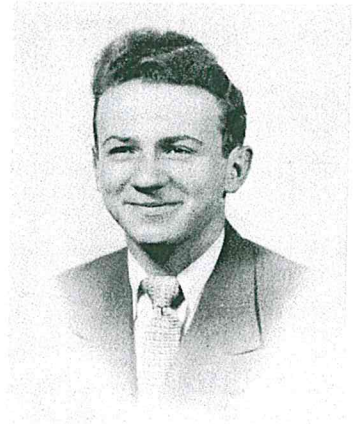


GODMAN



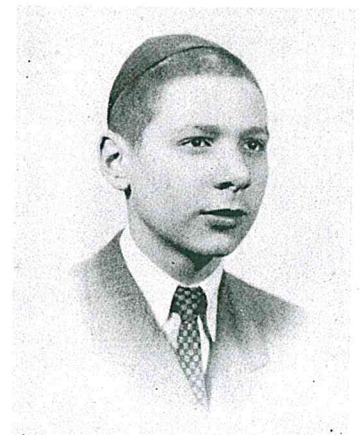
MARVIN BEER "MENDY"
 10 Taylor St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Mendy, through life will go far,
 In studies and sports he is a star,
 Always cheerful, merry and gay,
 With all the boys, he is Okav.

JULIUS BERMAN "JULE"
 25 Lenox St., Hartford, Conn.
 From Hartford, Conn. to T.V.H.S.
 He has proven himself a great success.
 His friendship to all is very dear,
 Concerning his future we have no fear.



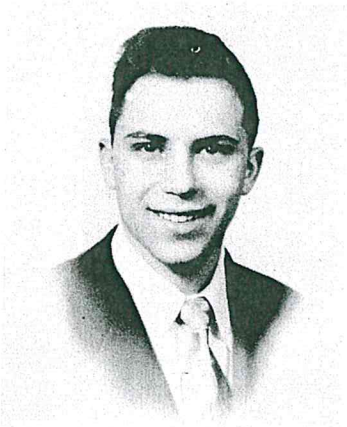
SERAYAH BERMAN
 239 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Serayah is a credit to our school,
 When it comes to math he is no fool.
 To Brooklyn College he will go,
 And his rare genius he will show.

BENNO BIRNHACK
 104 Wilson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Benno's a boy who will never abuse,
 Always respecting the other's views.
 Every time he speaks his mind
 His thoughts are only the right kind.



HERBERT DANZGER "HERBIE"
162 So. Eighth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

As G.O. President, he was great,
With his mates he does highly rate.
On the job throughout the day,
Without a moment lost in play.

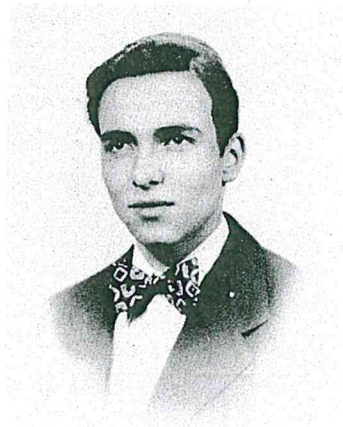


ROBERT DAVIS "RUBY"
203 Ross St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This boy Ruby, so hard at work,
Never a task does he shirk.
Like an emerald does he shine,
Success will be his in very short time.

MICHAEL ENGEL "MIKE"
1004 Oglewood Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

Mike's record is really a wonder.
Rarely does he make a blunder.
He studies much with "vigor and vim,"
"A very bright future," we wish him.



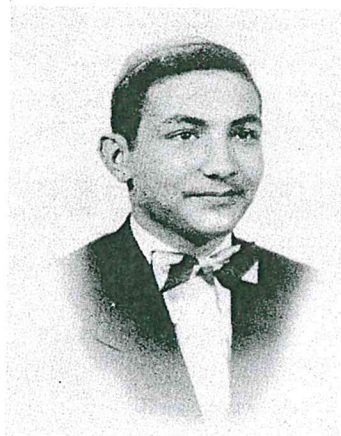
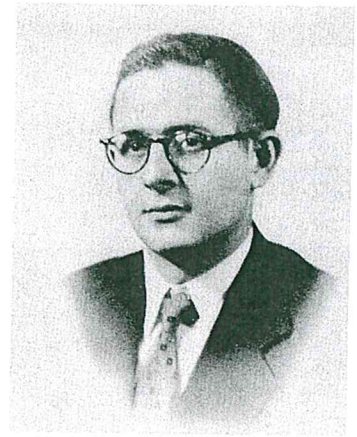
JACOB FINK "JACK"
500 West 176th St., New York City

Organizer of the punchball teams,
He's working all the time, it seems.
Keeping our books clean and neat
Truly is a remarkable feat.



MARTIN FINGERHUT "MARTY"
157 Rodney St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
In all undertakings, he is a star.
In the world of business he'll go far.
His achievements prophesy that he
Great and famous some day will be.

CALMAN FISHMAN
9 Spruce St., Westerly, R. I.
Calman, my boy, we shall see
The great success you will be.
Working hard and rating fine,
Studying much to keep in line.



OSCAR FOLLMAN "YOIKY"
188 Clymer St, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Last, but not least of the Follman fold,
His virtues, here, need not be told.
His achievements on the ball field and in school.
Make him shine like a brilliant jewel.

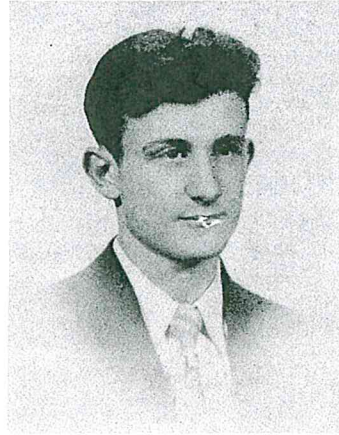
ABRAHAM FRANKEL
947 Dumont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
This lad has shown us that he is quite sincere.
His friendship to us is something dear.
But to learn is his heart's desire.
He is burning with Torah fire.



GERALD FRIEDLANDER
154 Hooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"FRIEDY"

Friedy is a boy who is so clever,
An athlete like him there will be never.
Whatever happens he is content,
Never putting up an argument(??)



LEON GERSTEN
212 East 52nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"LAIBEL"

With a constant smile and pleasant expression,
Leon has made a lasting impression.
His reason always being sound,
To a great future he is bound.

AARON GLEICH
Grove St., Monsey, N. Y.

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



NATHAN GOLD
319 Houston St., New York City

All that glitters is not gold
So the story is often told.
Now we add a brand new line,
Our Gold is really fine.



SIDNEY GOLD

"SHOLOM"

91 Lee Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A very fine boy he surely is,
When it comes to wisdom, he's a Whiz.
One of the Yeshiva's very best,
Full of laughter and full of jest.

GERSHON GOODMAN

"GERSH"

4200 Main Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Gersh, the musician, is always in tune,
To our class he is a boon.
Noted for his smile and generous heart,
He looks forward to a future in the field of art.



G. KENNETH GREENWALD

"KENNY"

190 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

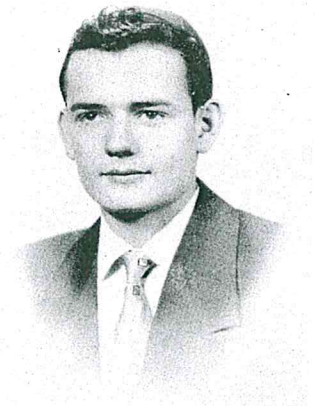
Kenny's glib tongue has made him known to all.
He's a basketball star, thin and tall.
To great success he is surely bound,
Because a nicer fellow can't be found.

JACOB GRUNHAUS

"YANKELE"

P.O. 1228 — San Jose, Costa Rica

Yankel is our three year wonder.
All high school records he tore asunder.
In the medical world, a success he will be,
For he works with a will and very rapidly.



JACOB HALPERN
86 East 4th St., New York City

Jacob, here, has our trust,
Knowledge to him is a must.
Making friends is his Goal,
Helping them is his role.

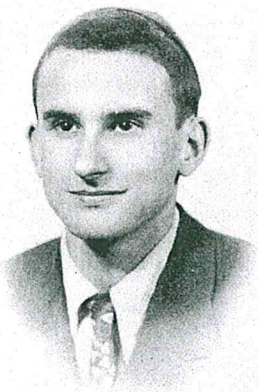


ISAAC KIRZNER
5224 15th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This gift from Canada has a brilliant mind.
The right way in life he is sure to find.
Like Edison, in science, he will gain his fame,
All the world will know his name.

ABRAHAM KRAMER
122 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This shrewd fellow is smart as a whip,
Amazing potentialities are in his grip.
His physical prowess gives us all pride,
We're really proud that he's on our side.



ELI KUPERMAN
4815 15th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Though small in size, he's great in knowledge.
He'll whiz his way right through college.
Of him we are very sure
Honor and fame he will secure:



MOISHE LINCHNER "MOISH"
120 South Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Moish, our pal, is a regular guy.
Here, at Mesifita, he really rates high.
His actions never have caused scorn,
He acts like Gabriel, with his horn.



HARVEY MILLER
196 So. First St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A really fine fellow with a constant smile
He does everything in an efficient style.
Always a fellow with a good name,
He is sure to rise to success and fame.



ALLAN NOVOGRAD
190 Ross St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

If you are searching for a friend,
Consider your quest at an end.
Scholar, editor, all around guy,
No goal, for him, is too high.



SIDNEY PERTAVITZ "PENNY"
578 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our Sidney is quite an ambitious lad
When he leaves us, we'll all be sad.
All difficulties he overcomes with ease,
Both G-d and people he is sure to please.

ALLEN REITER

537 Hopkinson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our mathematician is always right,
His formulas are quite a sight.
This world is a chessboard in his mind.
The way to serve G-d, he will try to find.

"RED"



GEORGE RIBOWSKY

521 Bradford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

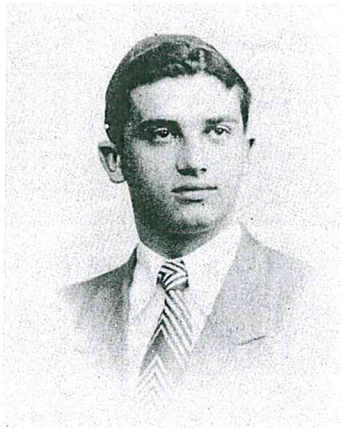
Rabbi Lonner's office is his land,
He rules his S.P.'s with an iron hand.
Quite soon his name will be known well,
For he is a born leader for Israel.

JEROLD ROSCHWALB

180 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jerry from his studies never takes a rest,
To which fact his marks will attest.
Journalism or physics, he'll get a name,
Throughout the ages will last his fame.

"JERRY"



SOLOMON ROSENFELD

230 Hewes St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

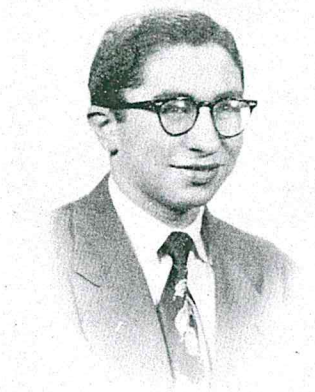
Always in thought, this deep-minded youth,
Candle in hand, he searches for truth.
This Solomon, too, is clever and wise,
To new heights of wisdom will he rise.



HERBERT ROSENSTEIN "ROSIE"
4101 Chestnut St., Kansas City, Mo.
Though Horace Greeley advised "Go West,"
In the other direction came one of our best.
A batch of wisdom, clever and witty,
That's our friend from Kansas City.



MELVIN RUBENSTEIN
200 Ross St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Silent Melvin in speeches believes not,
"Talk a little, do a lot."
His reticence a great talent does hide.
Through life, successfully will he ride.



ISAAC SCHAPIRO "IKEY"
Here is a fellow we're all glad to know.
A kindhearted fellow, a real "good Joe."
Good sense and ability will both combine
To make Ikey's future really fine.



MELVIN SCHONBRUN "RED"
78 Rush St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The well groomed fellow we see about
Has qualities we cannot do without.
A valuable jewel in our group,
"Red," our hero, the star of the hoop.

JAY SHAPIRO

1239 Cottman Ave., Phila., Penna.

Statesman, scholar, leader and friend,
This list of virtues has no end.
To this prophecy all take heed,
He's most likely to succeed.

"NOCKY"



PERETZ STEINBERG

7247 141st St., Kew Garden Hills, N. Y.

Here's a lad who is one of the best.
From his studies, he never takes a rest.
Concerning his future, we don't have to guess.
He is sure to be a great success.

MELVIN STEINBERG

919 42nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A clever fellow is our friend "Mel"
All his efforts are done well.
He goes toward success at a very quick gait.
To be outstanding in life is his "Fate."

"ST—"



SAUL STOLZENBERG

89 Hooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A quiet and diligent boy is our friend Saul.
When it comes to studies, he's "on the ball."
He's known for doing work very well,
In the business world he's sure to excel.



STANLEY STORCH

6263 Elwell Crescent, Rego Park, N. Y.

The path of scholarly Stanley Storch
Is well lighted by Torah's torch.
His yearning for learning is something to see.
A torah-true Jew he's sure to be.

MORTON WALDMAN

"MUTEL"

Now, here's a "masmud," Morton, by name,
To tackle a problem, he's always game.
The rabbinite is right down his alley,
So he's off next year, to Spring Valley.



MEIER WEINBERG

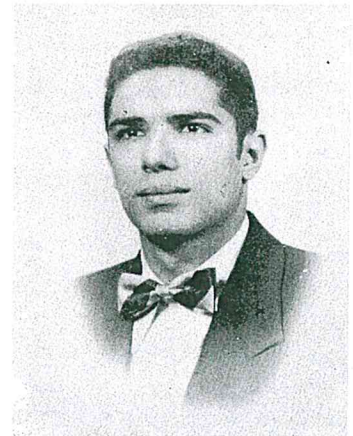
50 West Park Ave., Vineland, N. J.

Already on top and still going higher,
No goal is beyond the reach of Meier.
Destiny chose him from out of the masses,
And placed him where, now, he surpasses.

CHARLES WEISS

48 Lee Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All profits and gains our Charley nets,
For patience and skill are his greatest assets.
This lad has a very great future ahead
All over the world his fame will spread.

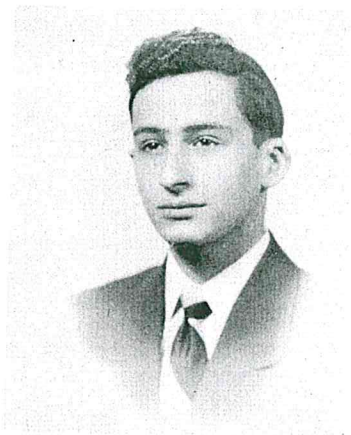


STANLEY WEISS

"SONNY"

348B 67th St., Arverne, L. I.

Sonny's a scholar, as we can readily see,
He's Rockaway's gift to M.T.V.
Here, he has established a very fine name,
And, in the business world, he's sure to achieve
fame.

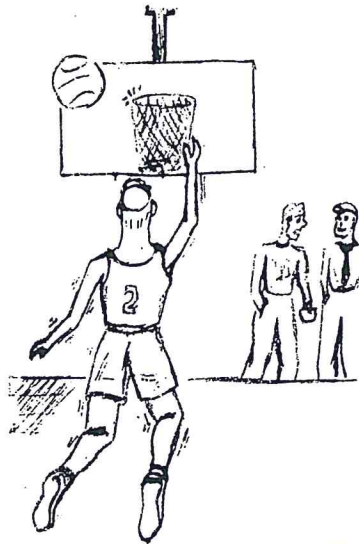


ABRAHAM WOLF

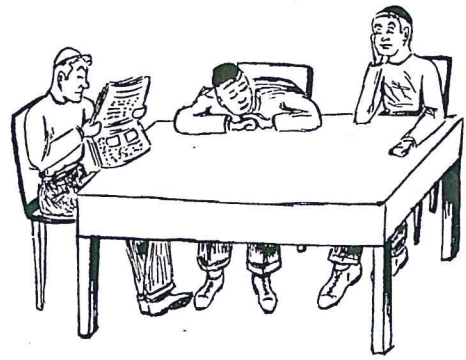
161 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This little fellow is smart as a whip.
He breezed through school at a wonderful clip.
His earnest efforts make him a lad
Whose departure leaves us rather sad.

Class Portraits



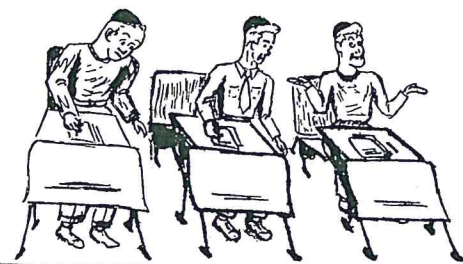
"THAT'S HIS FIFTIETH MISS!"



G.O. MEETING



EXTRACURRICULAR
ACTIVITIES



"I DIDN'T STUDY, EITHER!"

LITERATURE



ALMA MATER

JAY SHAPIRO

The alumnus of an institution, upon recalling his Alma Mater, is wont to praise and glorify the beauty of the place. He well remembers the ivy covered buildings, the shaded walks and the vast campus of "dear old School."

But, there is more than just the superficial appearance of a school that must be taken into account.

Four years ago, I viewed the Mesifta for the first time. I must admit that it was not the awe-inspiring sight for which I had been preparing myself. Its setting was not romantic nor did it suggest an atmosphere that was conducive to furthering knowledge along religious and secular lines.

The passage of time that brings us to the present day has seen a change come over me. The Mesifta has won a dear and cherished place in my heart. I can never forgive myself for having doubted for even a moment that this was a worthy institution. Nor can I forgive myself for ever believing that a Yeshiva is comparable to any other school.

Does it really matter if, for example, a door knob is loose on a classroom door? Does it detract from the value of a lesson learned if the room in which it was taught contained a broken desk?

Certainly not!

But, before I continue, I hope that I am not giving you the impression that the Mesifta is a ramshackle relic of some bygone era. Although it is not an architect's dream of the latest in modern design, it is a modest structure which houses all the facilities needed to accommodate the students. Unfortunately, time and perhaps carelessness, have taken their toll.

Friendship is a bond that defies breakage. There is a nameless tie that exists between Yeshiva students. There is a spirit of camaraderie that can be found only in an institution like the Mesifta. The classrooms, regardless of condition, become alive and cheerful, when filled with the sounds of light conversation or the sing-song chant of a Talmudist.

This, then, is a Yeshiva building. The structure, acting as a means to an end, betters itself by the accomplishment of that end. Since the dedication of the Mesifta in 1941, thousands of students have passed through its hallowed corridors. The graduates have become leaders in their chosen professions. With the help of the Almighty, the Mesifta will continue to be the Fountain of Wisdom from which the students of today may drink in order to become the leaders of tomorrow.

The Mesifita is not a brick and mortar frame, housing a vast spiritual emptiness. It is a structure which contains, among other things, a multitude of lofty ideals and traditions. It is the instrument with which we must bridge the gap between yesterday and today.

The Golden Era of traditional Jewry in Europe came abruptly to an end in 1933. In our generation, we have witnessed the destruction of a mode of life that had been continuing uninterrupted for almost two thousand years. The Jewish communities of Lublin, Warsaw, Pressburg, Volozhin and countless other cities, towns, villages and hamlets are no more. The Yeshivas, which for countless generations had produced the core and backbone of Jewry, no longer are in existence.

The responsibility of keeping the Jewish nation alive falls on us, the American Jewish community. In order to meet this responsibility, we must have the leaders who are capable of guiding us in the right direction.

The spiritual center of Judaism is now situated in New York. It is our duty to support the Yeshivos in every way we can. We *must* encourage the youth of this country to attend institutions of learning such as the Mesifita.

In the Ethics of the Fathers we find a very interesting and appropriate passage: "Rabbi Nehorai said: *Wander forth to a home of the Torah and say not that the Torah will follow after thee.*" People are afraid that unless they send their children to an institution that contains the latest in modern design and conveniences, they will be branded as "traditionalists" or "fanatics." To people of this type, the Mesifita is but a reminder of our glorious past. But to us, the Mesifita is the gateway to the future.

In the years ahead, when we are busy with worldly cares and worries, we will recall, perhaps longingly, the carefree days of our youth. We will remember the happy hours spent in learning Torah or pursuing our secular studies. The Mesifita prepared us for a place in the world. To the Mesifita we owe a debt that we can never repay.

Thank you . . . Alma Mater:



... Future ...

I. KIRZNER

What does the Mesifta graduate of 1952 see when he looks at the world? What encourages him; what distresses him and what creates in him a stolid disinterest?

He sees the ancient land of his people's origin blooming once more after a lapse of two thousand years but desecrated by his own brothers and sisters; he sees two mighty powers striving to out-do each other to gain the ability of annihilating the human race; he sees the government of his adopted homeland eaten through by internal rot and corruption; and he sees an organization of nations pointing to its ambitious ideals of peace on this earth which seems so far away.

He realizes that somehow he must fit himself into the turbulent pattern. He may turn away in disgust, at the resulting scene placed before him or he may find it difficult to encompass and to grasp the varied components which make up the problems of our world today. He may give up and let his mind sink into a state of mental indolence in which he falls back and lets the world pass by without the stamina or initiative to impact his contribution into the eternal stream. He may cower in fear of attempting to understand the myriad facets of the world in which he lives.

But woe unto him if he does, for he will end his days regretting the misfortune which led him along his cowardly path to oblivion.

Let us dwell no further upon this unhappy future. He must stand up and face the perplexities of his environment. He must take an active part in the life of his community, his country and his world. He must do something, however small, to improve upon the countless shortcomings which present themselves to him in modern society.

And if he does take strength and courage to show his individuality to his fellow human beings, he may finally attain the pinnacle of success — that of having lived a useful life.

MESIFTA DORMITORY

HERBERT ROSENSTEIN



Of all the extraordinary accomplishments of the Mesifta, it can be stated that the dormitory is the pride and joy of every out-of-town Mesifta boy. I say out-of-town boy because only one who has made the dormitory his home can appreciate what a great accomplishment it is.

The dormitory, the most modern building in the Torah Vodaath institution, is a four story, all brick building which stands directly opposite the Mesifta. There are twenty three rooms on each floor. Each room is equipped with all the facilities needed to accommodate its occupants.

But just why is the dormitory such an important organ of the Mesifta? Is it because its outward appearance is more respectable looking than the other buildings of the institution?

Certainly not!

The unity and spirit of the Mesifta exists because no barrier exists between boys from different countries and cities, and boys speaking different languages. Where else, but in a dormitory such as ours, can one find boys from Cuba, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Israel and France bound together in a tie of friendship that cannot be broken. And this spirit prevails throughout the whole dormitory among hundreds of boys from the four corners of the earth.

Since the dedication of the dormitory five years ago, hundreds of boys have had a chance to brighten themselves with the light of the Torah. Boys from forsaken cities, where Judaism has long lost its hold, have become a living flame of Jewish spirit. These boys will one day return from where they have come and kindle the fire of Judaism in the hearts of those who have forgotten our Torah.

G-D'S WAY

MARTIN FINGERHUT



Private First Class Howard Naiman. Serial No. 417367, Regular Army, was dying. There was nothing that the doctors could do. Four machine gun bullets would be enough to kill any man. It was miraculous that he had lived this long.

The little field hospital just behind the front lines was silent except for the occasional moans of the wounded and the rumbling of the distant guns.

Chaplain Philip Klein entered the tent. He had been urgently summoned upon the demand of Naiman. Chaplain Klein didn't like these jobs. He was never quite sure of what he should say. After all, what could you say to a boy who was lying on a cot, struggling uselessly with death. He was led to a corner of the tent. Naiman's eyes were open. He saw Klein, tried to smile and failed. "Good afternoon, Chaplain. I'm sorry to bother you like this. Rotten weather, isn't it?" Naiman grinned, gagged and continued. "Chaplain, I'd like you to notify my parents. The army does such a poor job. A telegram and that's all. I'd like them to know that I received a Jewish burial. You will do that, won't you, Chaplain?" There was a pleading note in his voice. Chaplain Klein nodded his head. Naiman seemed to breathe easier. "You know, Chaplain, dying isn't so bad. The pain gets so bad at times, I'm kind of eager to go. One thing gets me, though. Why am I dying? What did I do? Before this thing broke out I was going to college. I had a bright future in front of me. Then this war or police action — to the ones at home it is a police action, but to us it is war — broke out. I was among the first to go. At the tender age of 21 I was a killer. And now at the ripe old age of 22 I have been killed. Why, Chaplain? Why? Why?"

Chaplain Klein felt a lump in his throat. This young boy lying in front of him was asking why he had to die, and Chaplain Klein didn't know the answer! He started talking, almost choked and started again. "My son, you ask a difficult question. I do not know whether I have the answer. I am not sure there is an answer. Since Creation, there has been evil in the world. We, as Jews, have been particularly subjected to this evil. Once more evil has struck. Another of history's madmen has decided to conquer the world. Your country was in danger. You were asked to serve and did so nobly. You . . ."

Naiman's weak, almost inaudible, voice interrupted. "You have not answered my question, Chaplain. Why must there be killing? Why must there be evil in the world?" Chaplain Klein sighed. "It is G-d's way, my son. It is G-d's way." He leaned over and felt for the pulse of the still form on the bed and slowly pulled the covers over his head.

Private First Class Howard Naiman, aged 22, Serial No. 417367, Regular Army, was dead.



The first thing that impresses visitors upon entering the Beth Medrosh at night is the noise!

Some argue; some in their anxiety to convince their partners, pour forth a torrent of words that reach the remote rooms of the floor. The visitor also notices the ideal arrangement of seats for just such a circumstance. The seats are placed in pairs so that there will be the element of seclusion. They are connected to the floor just in case relations should become so strained between the partners because of their differing opinions that one of them might be tempted to use more practical means of persuasion.

These boys are the nucleus of the Yeshiva. They are the ones who give up that little leisure time in order to gain a much deeper conception and clearer memory of the Gemorah than does the ordinary boy. It is only by taking advantage of the very few years that the student learns Gemorah that he can leave the Yeshiva familiar with basic principles of the Talmud. It is at this time that he gets a vague glance into the past. He realizes that our strength lies in the Torah.

CHARLES WEISS

Sports in America

SOLOMON ROSENFELD

As an observer of the American scene, I have been seriously watching the increasing popularity of sports in this country, often wondering whether we profit from being so sports conscious, or whether the American people simply seek to escape from the realities of life, by indulging in sports. Is there any danger that sports will replace the eternal and moral value of knowledge, as an inspiration to our people?

Athletics was an important aspect of ancient Grecian culture. It was more than the everyday hobby of a fun-loving people. It was a national philosophy of life, of a nation which has contributed so much to our western culture. The gods of sports were worshipped and honored. Men were national heroes if they excelled in sports. Large stadiums were built, where thousands were able to watch the games. Annual tournaments were held on Mount Olympus.

In Ancient Israel, Physical Culture nearly brought about a civil war. They were used as a medium by the Sadducees to influence the people towards Hellenism. Large stadiums were built in the Holy Land. The Pharisees fought against this with their lives. They saw the dangerous decline of the study of the Torah because of athletics. This was one of the reasons for which the Hasmoneans fought against the Greeks.

In our country, sports are gradually replacing the weather as a common topic for conversation. In the classrooms, at home, and at work, one can hear discussions and arguments about yesterday's game, on the favorite team's chance of winning the pennant. People like Ben Hogan, Sonja Henie, Joe DiMaggio and Joe Louis, will remain permanent figures long after they die. Participating in games, or even as spectators, many of our youngsters and teenagers have been kept from loitering on the streets, which is usually a prelude to crime. Organizations such as the P.A.L. and the Boy Scouts have kept many of our youths from becoming delinquents.

However, when our indulgence in Physical Culture becomes excessive, there is an imminent danger. If educated men meet together, and the subject of conversation is sports rather than world problems, it is a sad commentary. When colleges and universities stress athletic ability, instead of scholastic ability, there is a need for soul-searching. If sports become so important that players are bribed to lose games, and they accept it, then the time has come for us to do something about it.

We must teach our children that real and eternal values lie only in the realization that sports should be used only to benefit our physical growth. Men of science and letters, who make this world a better place to live in, should be the heroes who influence our youth. We should make ourselves an example for them and guide them through the straight and beaten path. We must protect our children, for a nation is only as strong as its youth.

TORAH VODAATH IN ISRAEL

SIDNEY GOLD

During the last four years, the Mesifita has made great strides in its drive to give children in Israel a Torah-true education.

About three years ago an organization of the student body called "Brith Emunim" was formed. Mesifita boys unselfishly gave their spare time to gather money for this organization.

One of the first projects undertaken was the founding of a "Kfar Yeladim" (a children's village) adjoining the Agudath Israel Kibbutz "Komemiut" in the Negev, near Faluja. The Kfar has provided shelter and clothing for many needy children.

Two years ago, Rabbi Sandor Gross, a graduate of Torah Vodaath, set up nineteen Talmud Torahs with funds collected by Mesifita graduates.

Just this winter, Rabbi A. Linchner, our principal, left for Israel. Upon his return, he reported that Torah Vodaath had founded a branch in Jerusalem. The Yeshiva was named "M'rom Zion" (the Heights of Zion) and is being supervised by two Mesifita graduates. The Principal is Rabbi Isaac Sheiner, from Pittsburgh, and Yehuda Gluskinos, from Chile, is the Executive Director. The Yeshiva has an enrollment of 32 children and hopes to have many more in the near future.

This past Purim all forces in the Yeshiva Torah Vodaath and Mesifita were enlisted to raise funds for the Yeshiva in Jerusalem. The response was really amazing. Everybody pitched in and did their best.

We are all hoping that some day this Yeshiva will grow and be large enough to carry the torch of Torah all over the world.



"Shut that radio! What do you think this is? A place to catch up on the latest baseball scores? This is a place where you have to work! You can't expect to accomplish anything by sitting and day dreaming or listening to that radio. Just because it's spring, you think that you can start to loaf? Well, you can't. I don't understand you at all. In my day when it was spring, I used to feel more ambitious. I was willing to do all the work that was necessary. What's that? You don't think that this is necessary? Well! We'll see about that! I'll pile on so much work you'll wish you had gone someplace else! I'll make you wish you had never heard my name. You can't get away with that sort of nonsense in my classroom. Starting tonight you're going to have two hours homework every night. I'll keep you busy so long, you'll learn what work is!"

Do you recognize this one-sided conversation? It could never have happened to you, could it? H-m-m-m?!

SERAYAH BERMAN

... TRUTH ...

JEROLD RSHWALB

An eternal soul hovers over this miserable sphere we call our world. His name is Truth. You may have met him somewhere. He goes to one place and then to another, and certain questions occupy his mind. He has been wandering over the face of the earth since the beginning of time. He has seen the good with the bad and is beginning to tire of it all. Let us enter his mind and see what seems to be troubling our little friend.

Is it just a repeat performance? Has it happened and now is being copied? It seems to be a visible echo. The dress changes and perhaps the characters do too, but the plot is essentially the same.

Truth is perplexed. Is this the way the world has been, is and always will be for all eternity? Shall the eras to come witness the same antics its predecessors have? Have humans handed down to posterity a set of rules by which they in their times may tangle up this world in its usual mess? But now he is more perturbed. What is this he sees? Some people forgetting the ideals which have kept families and nations together for centuries. Governments are corrupted to such a degree that even citizens lose interest. Officials losing their last bit of honesty. Has humanity really sunk to such a point where its next stop is destruction?

But the headlines of newspapers scream their protests against these injustices. They demand reform. Perhaps this is not the lowest ebb in time.

Could it be that the minds of men are finally being opened to the cruel facts? Do they realize that the faults have been existing always and that now is the time to change? What does the man in the street think or does he think at all? Is this a new Renaissance? Is it a coming of some kind of physical Messiah? Progress! Yes, that is the word. Machines, medicines and even an Atom Bomb. It is progress to bring oneself to such a point where he must shelter himself from the works of his own hand, a powerful robot gone wild.

In a wild gesture of disgust Truth throws off all these depressing thoughts and he speaks.

I am the most powerful thing in the world. I have lived through storm and fire. I am indestructible. I cannot be overcome by wealth or power. I haunt. I am never forgotten. Deep in the minds of men have I found my hallowed grounds, and there I live till these mortals wreck everything that is good. I never die. Truth has friends. In the cachets of justice he is welcomed. In the astronomer's abode high in the mountains he is bade to enter. In the scientist's laboratory he is an honored guest. In the minds of philosophers he is sought. And so, Truth finds his answer.

Hated? Yes! Despised? Of Course! Driven away so that my voice is stilled and I cannot sound my name from the rooftops? Certainly! Extinguished? Never! Dead? No! For in the hearts of men have I seen the panorama of this world. Yes, it is a visible echo. Times have never changed. Corruption will always thrive. But some day, somewhere, somehow, Truth shall triumph. I and my martyred friends. Justice and Honesty shall rise and vanquish our enemies. I shall drive them into the filth which they in their times have established. That day shall come when humanity shall hold its head high and march side by side with me, its only friend.



IS THE U. N. ENOUGH —
OR DO WE NEED
WORLD GOVERNMENT?

World Government — Pro and Con

A world government on the federal plan has been the dream of pacifists for centuries.

With the addition of jet power as a means of speeding up air travel, our world has shrunk. Such an invention as short wave also has resulted in the peoples in the four corners of the world thinking and trying to understand each other.

We have survived two World Wars. Although they caused terrible damage to life and property, we were happy to find that recovery was possible. A third World War would not pass so easily. It could possibly mean the end of our civilization.

The time has come, therefore, to seriously consider a Federal World Government as a means of effecting a permanent peace. The question then arises — is world government advisable? Is it practical?

In the United States, the federal plan has succeeded. Unfortunately, a Federal World Government would create problems of a greater magnitude than those facing the original thirteen states. Uniting the varied political and economic systems of the world would be no mean task. Can we unite all the theocratic creeds and nationalities of the world? Would it be wise to unite them?

A discussion will follow in which both the arguments for and against World Government will be stated. Arguing for World Government will be Marvin Beer and against, Gerald Friedlander.

MEIER WEINBERG

I believe that it is a practical necessity because it is the minimum price of peace, and peace is something we need to continue the life of our civilization. International anarchy with its resulting armament races and wars were endurable until now, but with the discovery of Atom and Hydrogen powered weapons by both the East and West, another war may result in the annihilation of mankind. The threat is here and must be faced.

It is my contention that only World Government can prevent this race of armaments and eventual war between East and West. By World Government, I do not mean that all powers should be invested in one man or group. Such a proposition should be strongly opposed. What I do mean by World Government is a Federal Government such as our own. In this way, we can preserve our national culture and different economic systems.

In the World Government which I propose, there would be legislature, executive and judicial bodies as we have in the United States. I believe that by mutually subjecting themselves to a binding legal order, nations could find a common security that they could never get in a race for armaments.

Some argue that World Government is a good idea but not all countries are enough developed to take part in such a government, that the people themselves would be unwilling to give up many of their rights. I disagree. Two World Wars and the possibility of a third one, have shaken the confidence of both the governments and peoples in their own sovereignty.

It is true that without Soviet Russia, a World Government could not even hope to exist. A belligerent Russia could also doom this government even if she were to join. However, I believe that once Russia has a chance to study such a union, they too will realize that their best interests lie in World Government.

There is another question. What part would the U.N. play in World Government? The Federalists (as those advocating World Government are called) want the United Nations to be the foundation of a World Government. They want to see, through charter amendments, the setting up of the legislative, executive and judicial bodies. They maintain that at this time, the U.N. has neither the legal authority or material power necessary to protect its members. By setting up the above mentioned agencies, through the charter, they hope to overcome many of these defects.

I believe that eventually, a World Organization will be established. Why not do it now and stop an inevitable third World War?

MARVIN BEER



There are many critics who believe that the U.N. is not capable enough to preserve the peace. They claim that no league of sovereign states can meet the needs of the world today and that we must proceed immediately to transform the U.N. into world government. I believe that there isn't even the slightest possibility of world government, for very few nations would be willing to agree to a world government. The unwillingness of the countries of Western Europe to go ahead with plans for even a limited union is proof enough that such far reaching developments are very improbable.

The immense difference in size and strength of members of the U.N. is reflected by the fact that the U.N. assigned special privileges to the great powers. But there are even greater differences in the habits of mind and economic standard of citizens of different countries. The Soviet Union would never accept such an abolition of national sovereignty and it is inconceivable that we should try world government without Soviet Union. The advocates of world government claim that if Russia was presented this plan of peace she would accept it. But I can say with assurance after listening to the Russian delegates of the U.N. that the only plan Russian leaders would accept is absolute rule from the Kremlin. Since the Kremlin controls the Satellite states of Europe and China, it would seem obvious that there is no prospect for world government. Even if it were desirable to set up world government for

Even if it were desirable to set up world government for the non-communist world, how would the people be represented? U.S., England and France would never agree to have a government completely represented by population, for India alone would outvote all of them. The only conceivable idea is that the number of votes be assigned by population and also according to economic development and educational levels, but I doubt if India and other Asiatic countries would agree to it. The fact is that in our time, there is no way of achieving an international organization outside the U.N. The development of world government must be gradual depending on the success of the U.N. and not an extremist device to make up for the alleged failure of the U.N.

By GERALD FRIEDLANDER



The Calamity of a Test

JACOB GRUNHAUS



It all happened on a cold Sunday afternoon. The bell rang and I entered my mathematics class. The class atmosphere was jocund, as everyone chatted with his friends. The windows were closed, and the steam was on, producing a stuffiness in the air. The teacher was giving a test. I was confident of passing it. I was feeling great and full of joy.

The teacher walked in; the class became dead silent. The teacher gave out the papers, my confidence melted. It melted slowly but incessantly as a cube of ice in a glass of water. I began the test. As I proceeded my heart palpitated stronger and ever stronger. I successfully worked out the first two questions, however, when reaching the third I got stuck. I raised my trembling head, and saw how every single student was busily going about his work. Was it possible that I was the only dummy? This was incredible!

I laboriously tried to work out question three but in vain. I was puzzled with so many petty things, that I was impeded from getting the right answer. Is 6×8 , 54 or 48. Is 9×7 , 63 or 64? The abscisse going from right to left or up and down? I looked at my wrist watch and saw how the hands swiftly drew near to the moment at which the test would end. And I was sure that my life would end with it. My nervousness could not be restrained and soon found an outlet. My feet began a rhythmic up and down movement; my head went in cycles, and I vigorously visited every star of our galaxy.

Some minutes elapsed, and the inevitable took place. The bell rang, and the papers were collected. Half dead if not totally dead, I left the classroom. As some hours went by, I thought it over. And I continued to live in spite of failing the test.

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SCROLL—18

MORRIS HANDLER

I N S U R A N C E
Residence:
1148 — 52nd STREET
Brooklyn 19, N. Y.

MR. IRVING BADER

4193 BROADWAY
New York 33, N. Y.

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TO JAY
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TO JAY
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