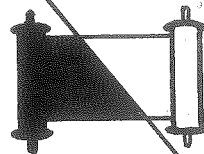


THE

SCROLL

JUNE 1955

TORAH VODAATH



E. SOESMAN

THE JUNE 1955
SCROLL
HAS BEEN DEDICATED
TO THE
TORAH VODAATH FACULTY



RABBI ALEXANDER S. LINCHNER, *Principal*

RABBI MAX LONNER, *Assistant Principal*

RICHARD DIAMOND

ROBERT ELLER

MILTON GREENBERG

MYRON HABER

EUGENE HOROWITZ

ZELIK KAPLAN

JOSEPH KRIEGER

ANDREW MOSKOWITZ

MAYER PANTOL

JOSEPH SALZMAN

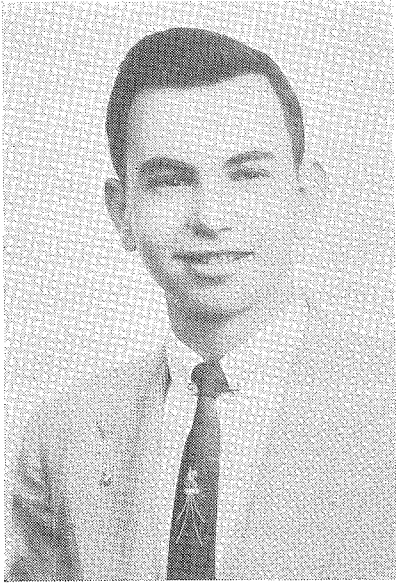
LEON SELIGMAN

ISAAC WOLFSON

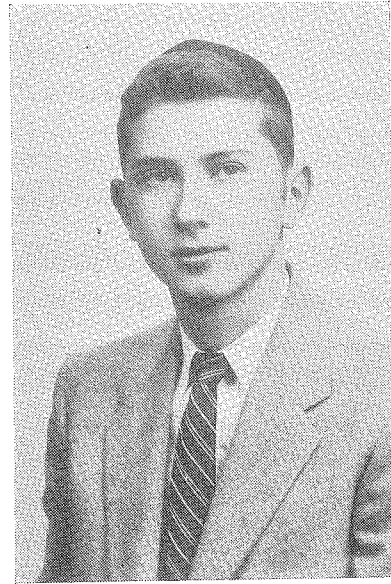
JACOB HALPERN

JAMES STUBER

EDITORS IN CHIEF

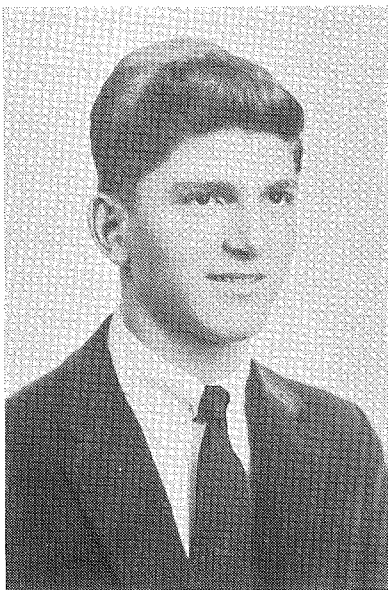


ALFRED SALGANICK

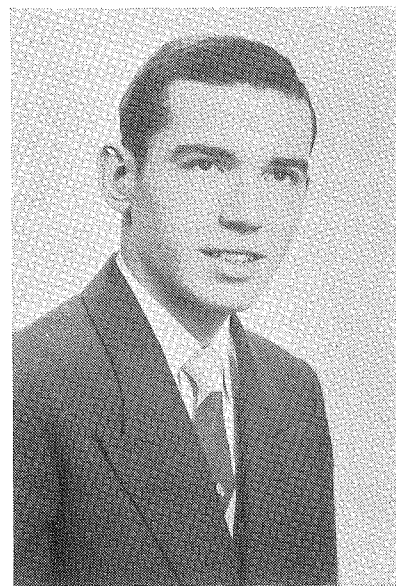


ABRAHAM FINKEL

LITERARY EDITORS



ALBERT RUTTNER

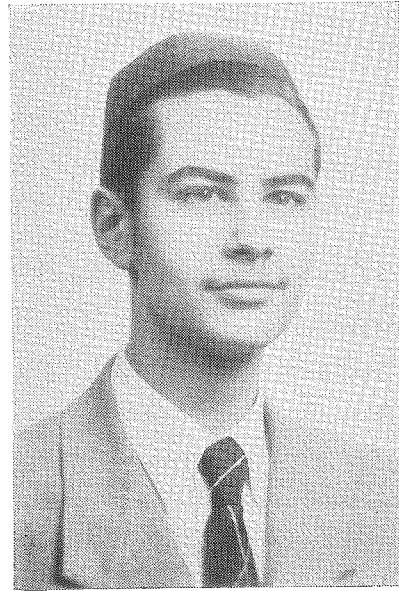


SIDNEY KAUFMAN

ART STAFF

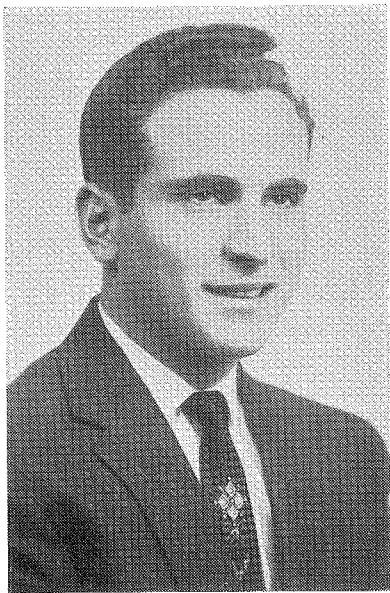


ERWIN SUSSMAN



LEO DAVIDS

BUSINESS MANAGERS

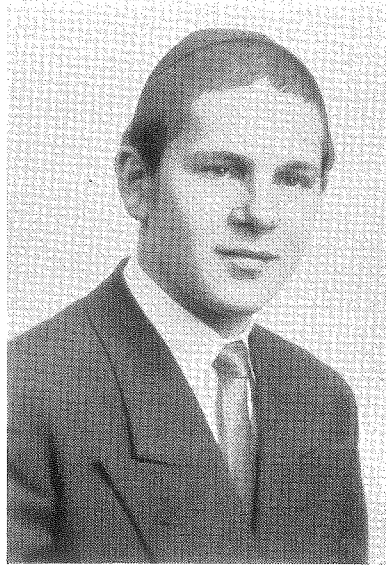


MELVIN DAVID



JACOB LOWENTHAL

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR — STEPHEN HERMAN



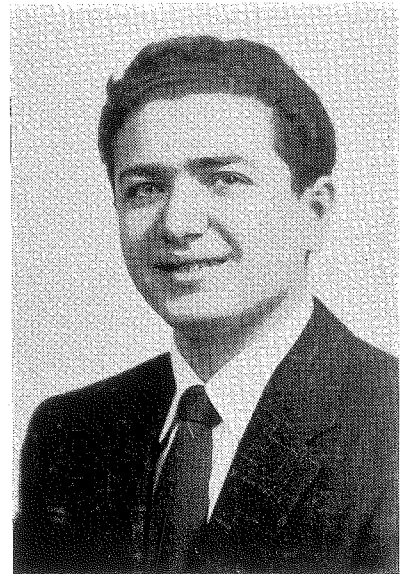
MOSES WOLF

Although he is a bit shy
His laurels we praise to the sky
To learn is his heart's desire
He is burning with Torah fire.



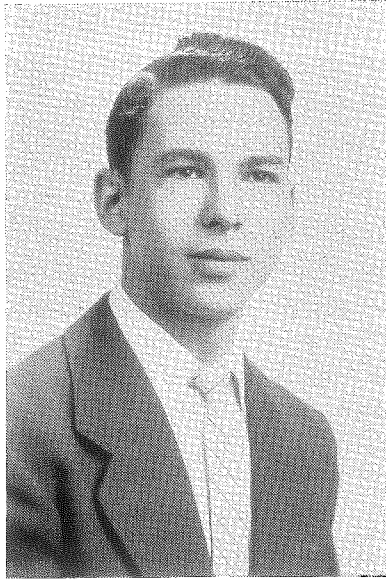
MITCHEL BANKS

Mickey Banks is very bright
To be a Rabbi is in his sight.
From Tennessee, Banks did come
To the Mesifita, accomplishing some.



DAVID ELISHIS

David is a fine European boy
He always speaks with lots of joy.
He's never too late at all
For fooling around or playing ball.



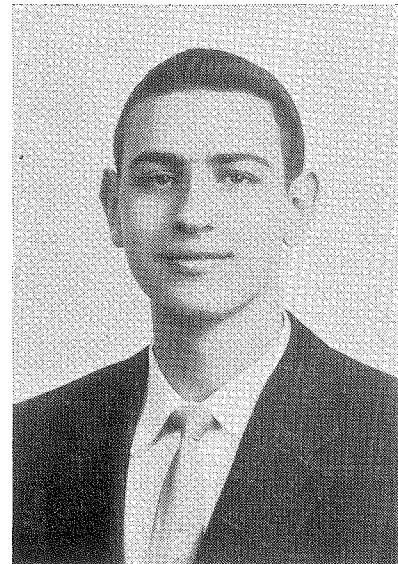
MARVIN WEINER

Mary is a very fine chap
He's always willing to "take the rap"
Weiner, a lawyer wants to be
And win his cases — one, two, three.



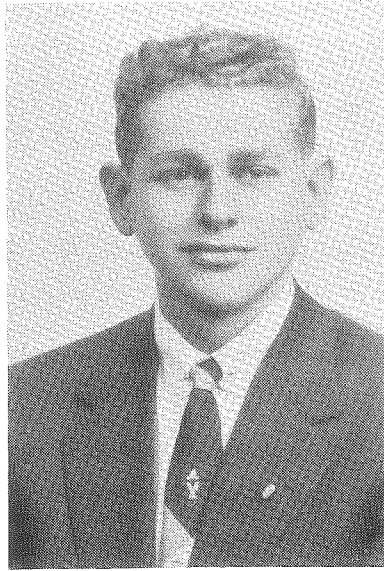
MELVIN SINGER

The illustrious president of our G.O.
Is sure to succeed — that we all know.
Executive posts are in his line
As he will surely prove in time.



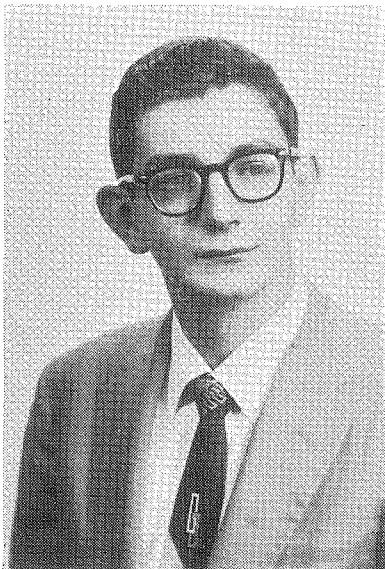
DAVID GOLDGEWERT

David has wealth in his sights
For that goal he constantly fights.
He's not one to "cry in his beer"
He'll just become a rich engineer.



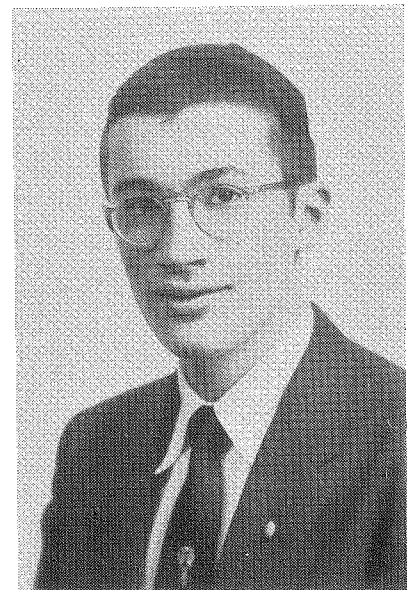
MAX FISZER

He does never worry us,
His work is meritorious.
Brooklyn College, he'll soon hail
Where he'll go to blaze a trail.



NORMAN SCHWARTZMAN

Norman is one fine lad,
Who never quarrels, even when "mad."
Keep your mind upon your work
And success near you will always lurk.



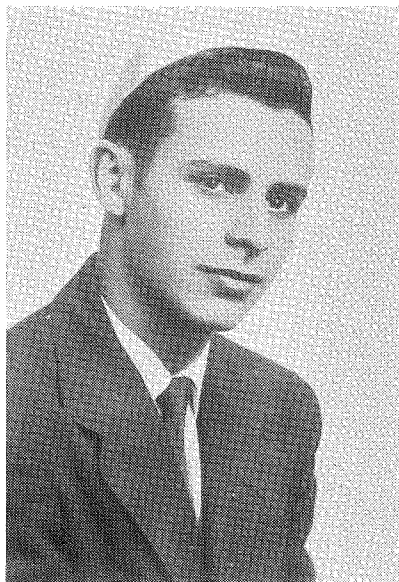
ISRAEL BELSKY

Belsky, an intellectual, is one of us,
Over him, all teachers make quite a fuss.
He commands abundant knowledge,
Enough to teach in any college.



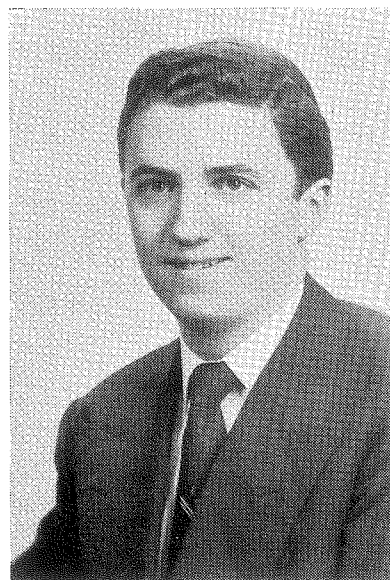
ALFRED SALGANICK

He's one of our editors, busy as a bee
He's responsible for the Scroll, you see.
We're very sorry he has to leave,
But still greater honors he'll achieve.



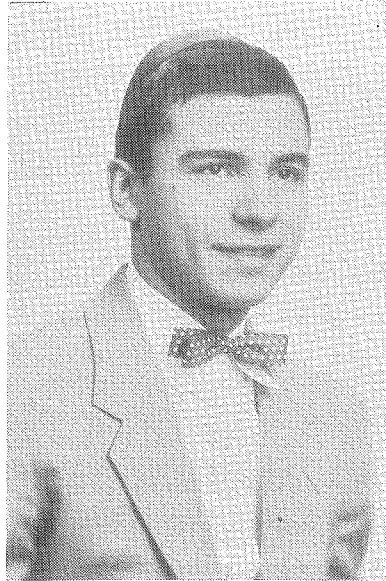
JACOB RABINOWITZ

This fellow from Cuba hails,
In his endeavors he never fails.
For this lad we needn't fear
He'll reach success with many a cheer.



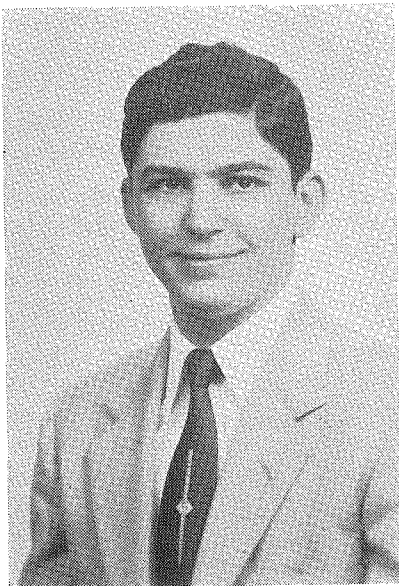
LAZAR MARGOSHES

He reminds us of old King Cole,
With his smile and merry soul.
He has lots and lots of friends,
Because for all his pals he fends.



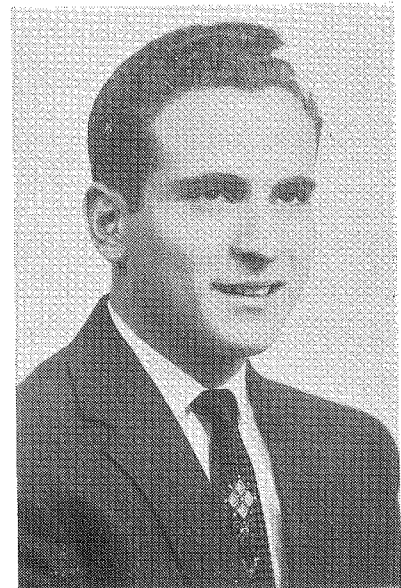
DAVID HOROWITZ

In religious studies "Doody" excels,
That's a fact, everyone tells.
In the contests he does lead,
We're very sure he'll succeed.



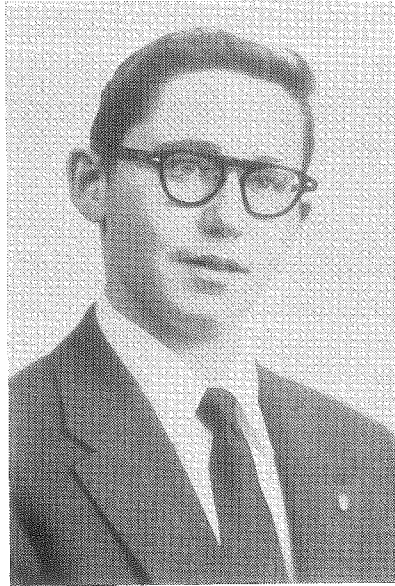
VICTOR ZAKAY

Vic is our South American delegate
To be outstanding is his certain fate.
Zakay is such a studious lad,
When he leaves us we'll all be sad.



MELVIN DAVID

Mel is one of our finest lads
He told us to go and get those ads.
To be a businessman, he will try
Success to him shall surely fly.



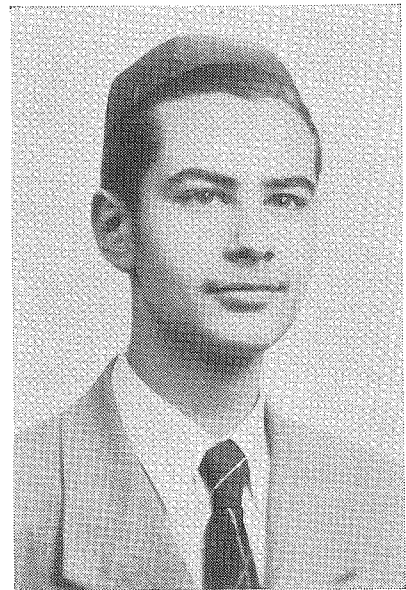
SAUL BERMAN

Saul does his work without a sigh,
In life he'll surely go high.
To Yeshiva College, he will go,
Where his Mesifita knowledge he will show.



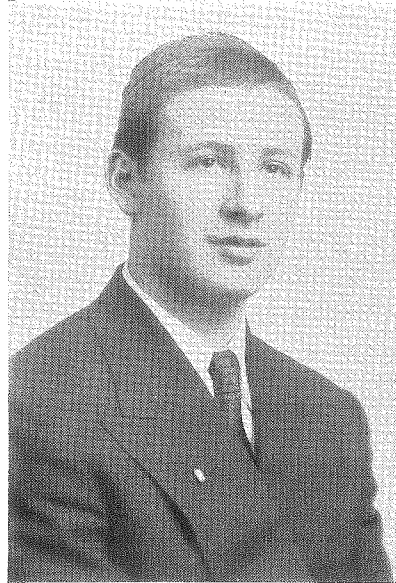
MOSHE FELDSTEIN

When Moshe was made they broke the mold,
There's no one like him, we're told.
One of our studious ones is he,
A contemporary of Einstein he will be.



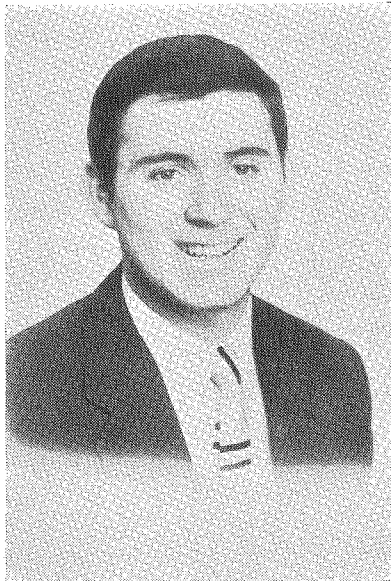
LEO DAVIDS

In Talmud, English and all the rest,
He's always there among the best.
He's one of whom all can be proud,
We're glad to have him in our crowd.



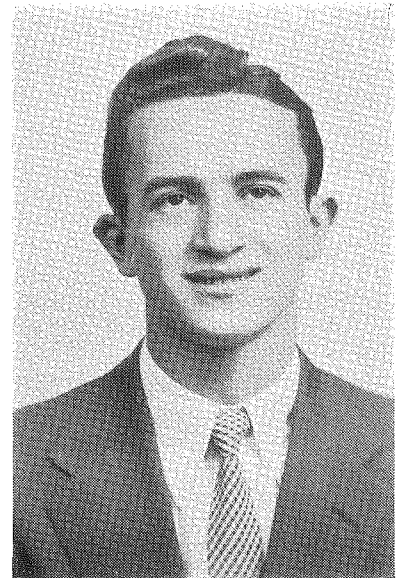
HIRSH SPIRA

As future "Rabbi Hirsh" he'll preach
The lessons sages always teach.
Spira is a special type,
From him you'll never hear a gripe.



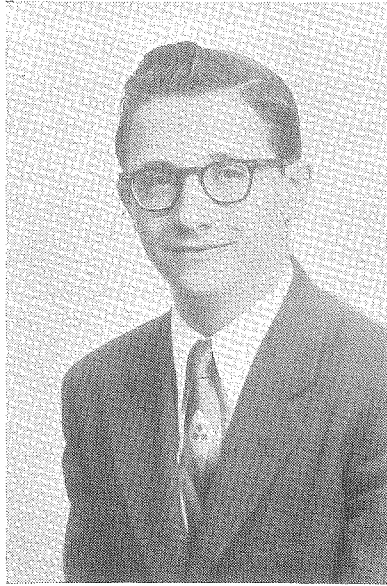
CARLOS GOLDBERG

From Brazil he was sent to us,
He's a fine boy — never any fuss.
To be a Rabbi is his goal,
He has the Torah in his soul.



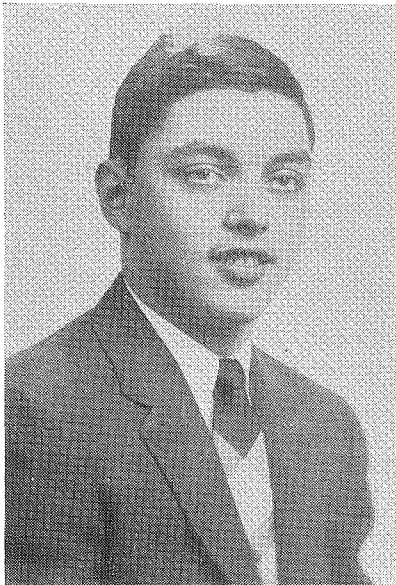
ABRAHAM BRONSPIGEL

Abe here has our trust,
Knowledge to him is just a must.
And it's not only just a must
It's know it all or bust!



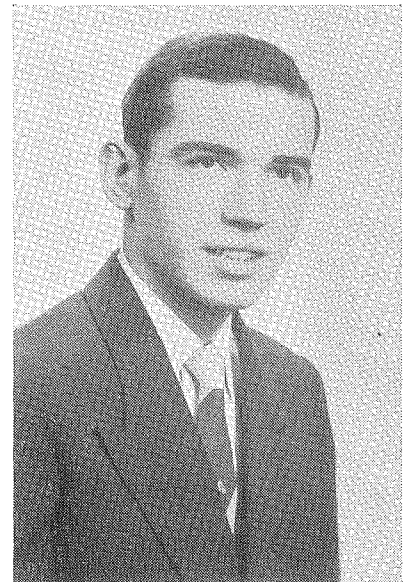
JACOB LOWENTHAL

We've never seen him frown or groan,
He never speaks in an angry tone.
Jacob will live up to his name,
And soon will grace the Hall of Fame.



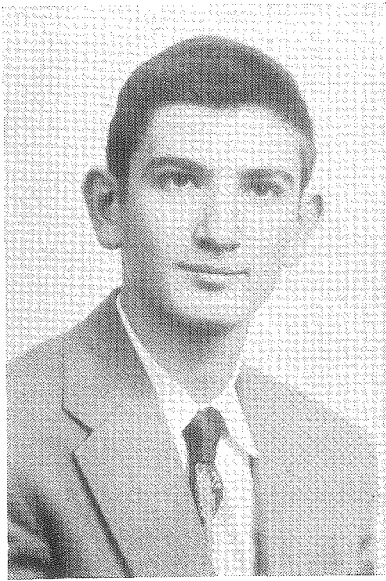
GEORGE APPLEGRAD

Listen my children and you shall hear,
Of the boy who never shed a tear.
He a Rabbi will try to be,
This is no empty wish, you'll see.



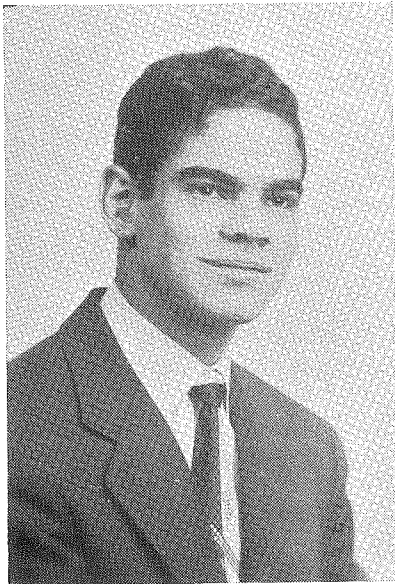
SIDNEY KAUFMAN

Simcha is quiet and neat,
To know him is quite a treat.
Good traits like his are hard to find,
But in him they're all combined.



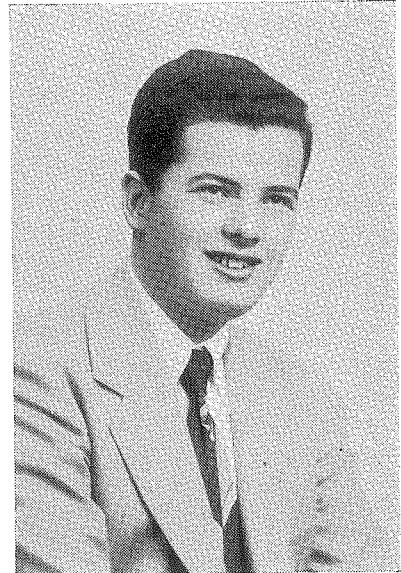
ALFRED FRIEDMAN

Alfred is nice and quiet,
He's not one to incite a riot.
To be an accountant is in his mind,
An excellent student now—a great account you will find.



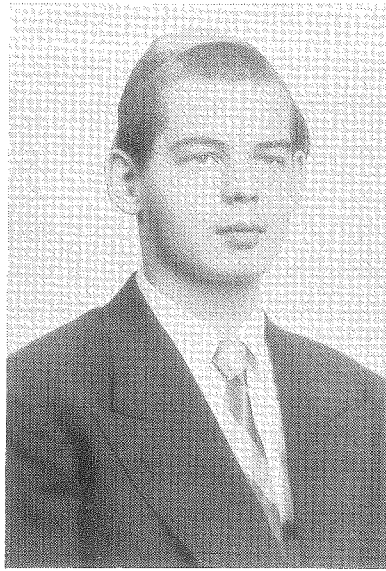
JOSEPH KADOCH

This South American is "okay",
We're very happy he came our way.
He studies hard throughout the day,
Without a moment lost in play.



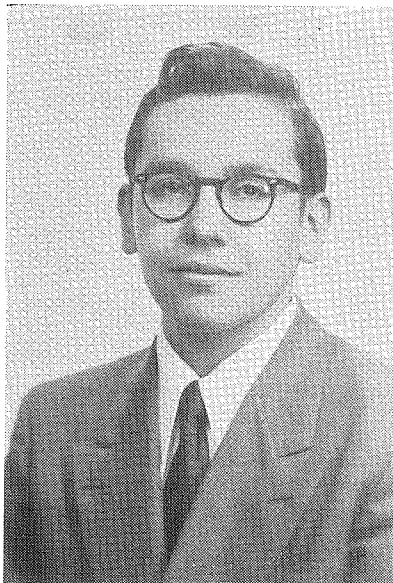
ISSAC ZLOCHOWER

Issac is very sincere,
Always in just the right gear.
He a great success will be,
At Brooklyn College he'll work with glee.



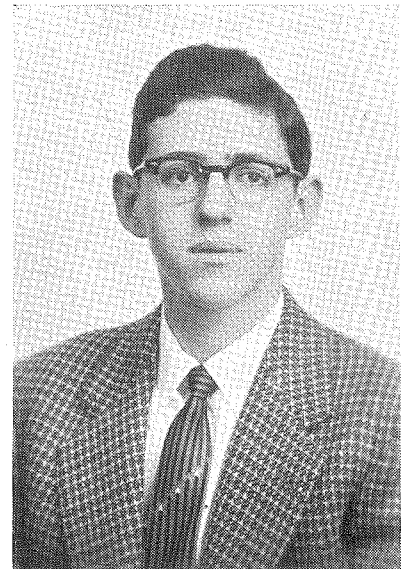
SHLOMO ROKEACH

Shlomo, our boy, need not worry,
Success he will reach in a hurry.
The light of Torah is his light,
The fight for Jewry is his fight.



ISRAEL ZALISKY

Israel works very well,
We all think he's really swell.
He believes calmness does pay,
Never a complaint throughout the day.



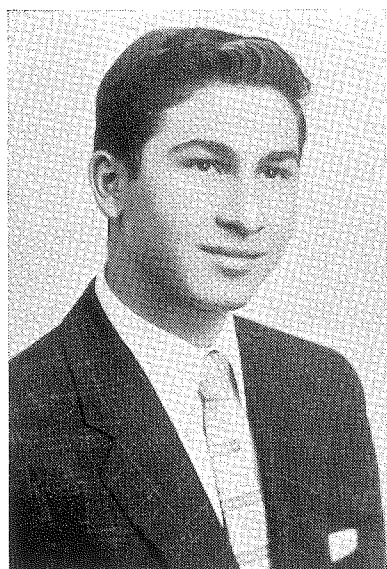
ABRAHAM MANDLEBAUM

Yeshiva College is his school,
When he speaks he's always cool.
To become a Rabbi is his goal,
He'll try to save many a soul.



LAZAR KATZ

Lazar, of course, a lot will learn,
To know the ways of money to earn.
He's headed straight for City College,
Where he'll gain much useful knowledge.



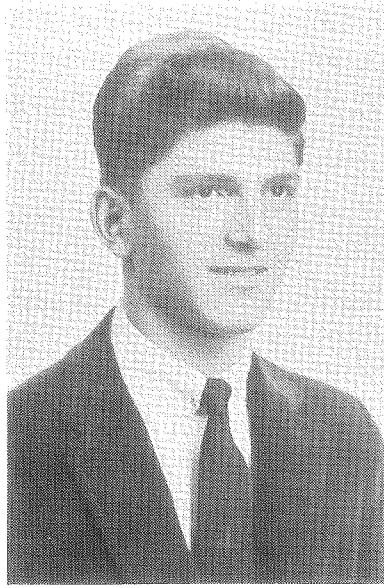
ROBERT HEYMAN

This is our boy Heyman,
He's the opposite of Simple Simon.
Always shooting to hit the mark,
For success he will embark.



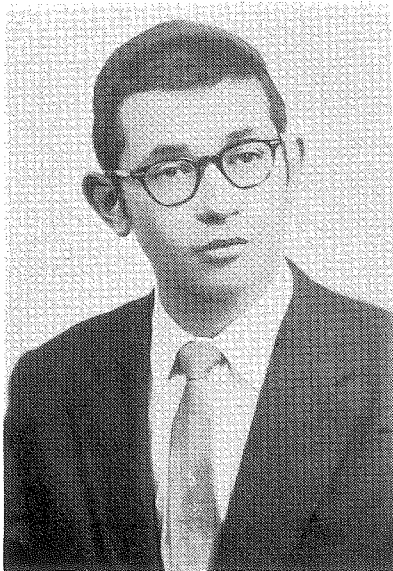
HERSCHEL PARNES

He's the athletic sort,
Who enjoys every sport.
"Heshy" isn't the type to rest,
He's always full of laughter and zest.



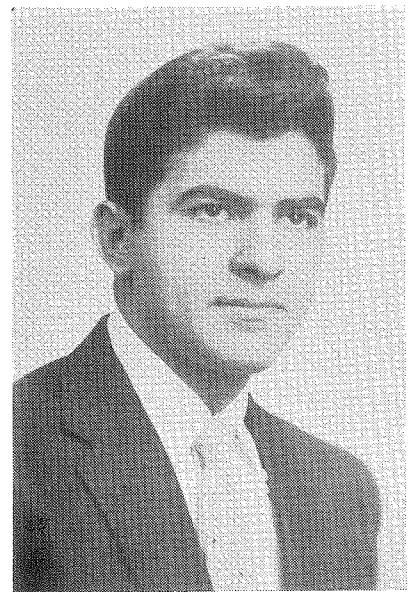
ALBERT RUTTNER

A writer fine, a scholar true,
He's top man in any crew.
Success is his, its plain to see,
At rainbow's end, that's where he'll be.



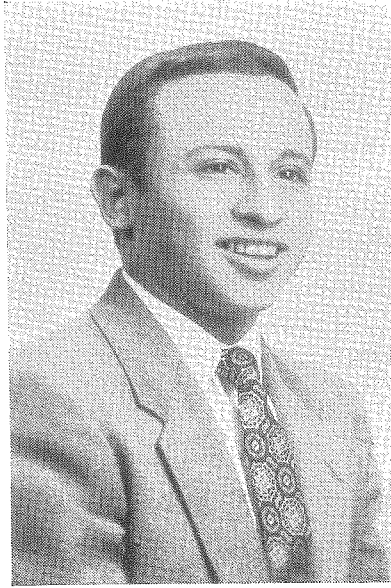
MOSHE FELLER

"Moish" is the "Masmid" of our class,
A chance to learn he won't let pass.
To be a Rabbi is his ambition,
And then to spread the Jewish tradition.



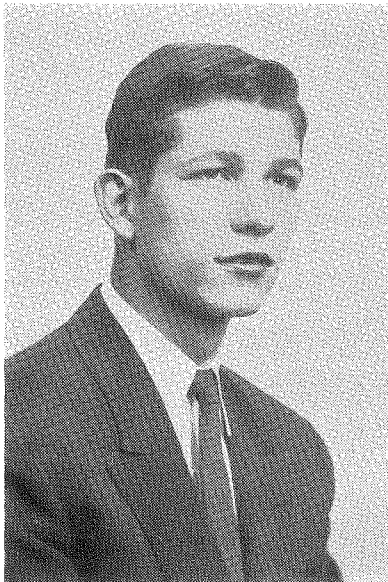
JACK GADELOFF

Jack sure loves to learn,
To be a businessman he does yearn.
Jack, with his perpetual grin,
Will never, never commit a sin.



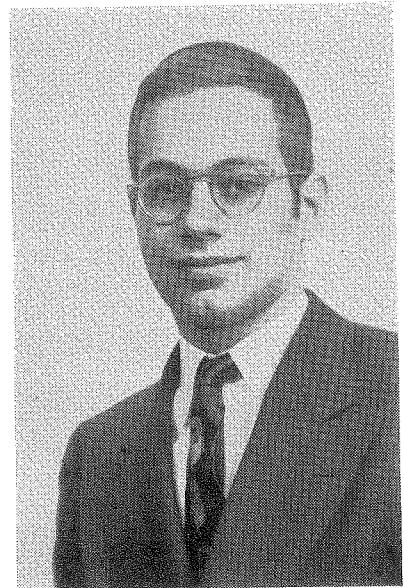
BORIS KATZ

"Pussy," "Pussy" has no fright,
For he knows his work is right.
Everything told he tries to do,
He's also a Torah scholar — through and through.



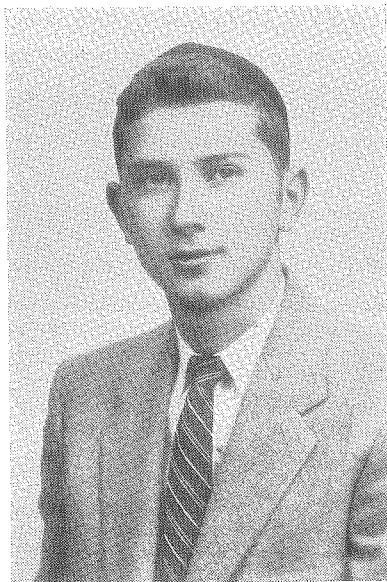
GERSON SHAIN

Gerson, the musician, is always in tune,
To our class he is a great boon.
Noted for his smile and generous heart,
We hope from us he ne'er will part.



MENDEL BEER

No one would "Mendy" abuse,
Always respecting the other's view's.
At college he'll pass every test,
To be a physicist he'll work with zest.



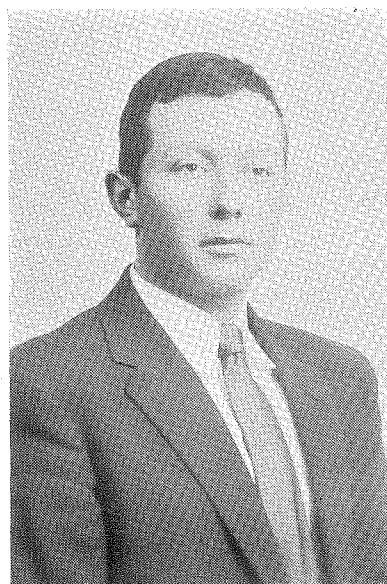
ABRAHAM FINKEL

Our hard working editor, a dentist will be,
His future is bright and clear as the sea.
Step by step on the ladder he climbs,
The ladder of success will be his with the times.



STEPHEN HERMAN

A businessman he'll be, more or less,
We're sure that he'll be a success.
Stephen hails from the "Garden State",
He's always happy and works first rate.



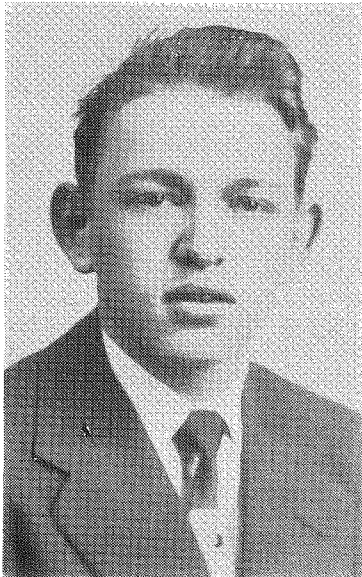
SOLOMON MOKOTOWSKY

His teachers he'd never annoy,
Because he's the average Mesifita boy.
He will succeed in all that he tries,
And, of course, always take first prize.



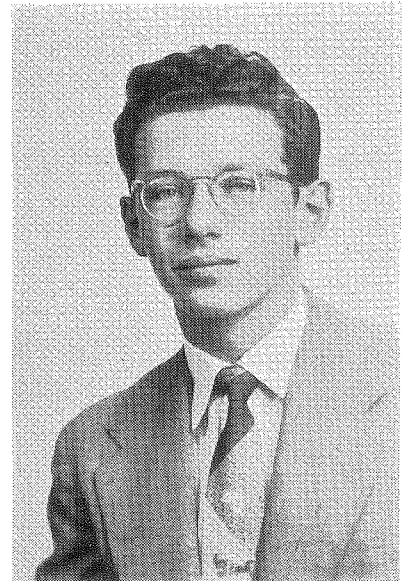
HENRY NAIMAN

From St. Louis our friend arrived,
To learn Torah, he continually strived.
He thirstily seeked the knowledge for his need,
And we happily confide — he did succeed.



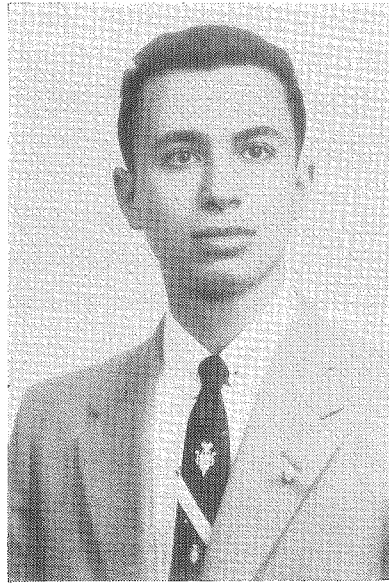
MORRIS REINITZ

Morris, from Israel, made a trip,
To learn Torah — He'll never slip.
"One of our best," we all cried,
He is truly the Mesifita's pride.



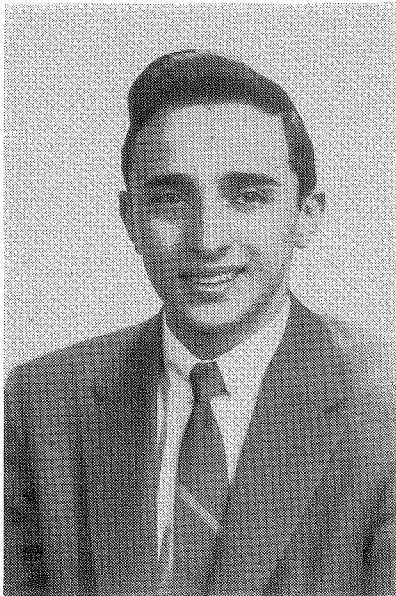
IRA PERNICK

To be an accountant is his desire,
We all know he'll go higher and higher.
Keeping friends is his goal,
Helping others is his role.



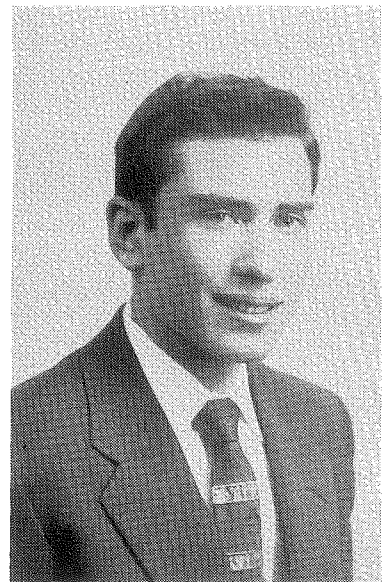
JOSEPH TOVEY

Joe from Colorado came
To the Mesifita where he rose to fame.
Joseph from his studies never rests,
To which fact his reputation attests.



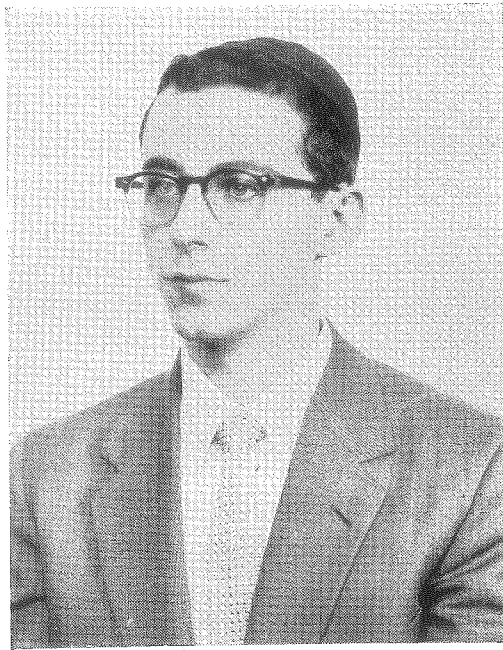
ERWIN SUSSMAN

His marks are usually very high,
And through college he will fly.
We can say without any jest,
That Erwin is really one of our best.



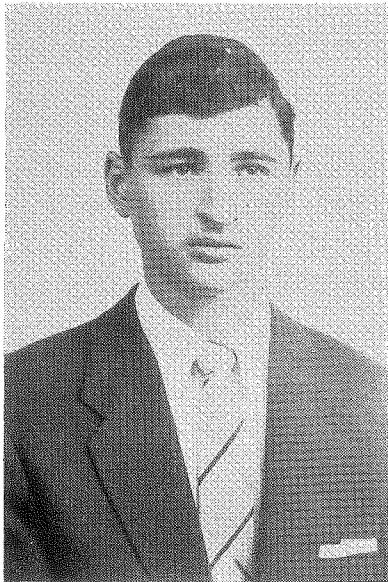
MARVIN SONTAG

The piano he plays with such a nice style,
He always has a brilliant smile.
We are sure that he will progress,
And so someday will reach success.



MICHEL SAMEL

To City College Samel will go,
Of doing wrong he's a foe.
An outstanding businessman he will be,
A bright future for him we foresee.



CHARLES BLUM

Charlie, a man of music is,
All through college he'll be a whiz.
A great career for him we foresee,
Even as great as Liberace.

(Photo not available)

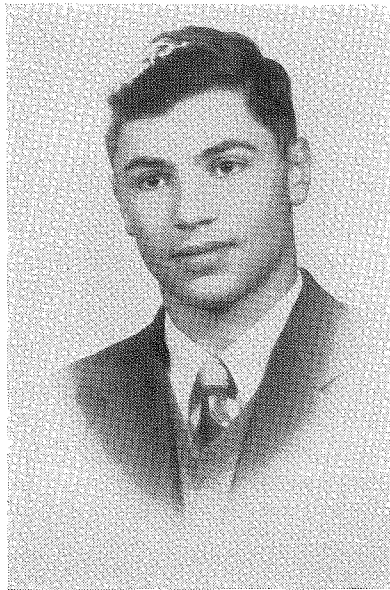
ROBERT ULLMAN

The rules of our school he heeds,
Always eager to do good deeds.
Robert is such a good lad,
Always smiling, never sad.



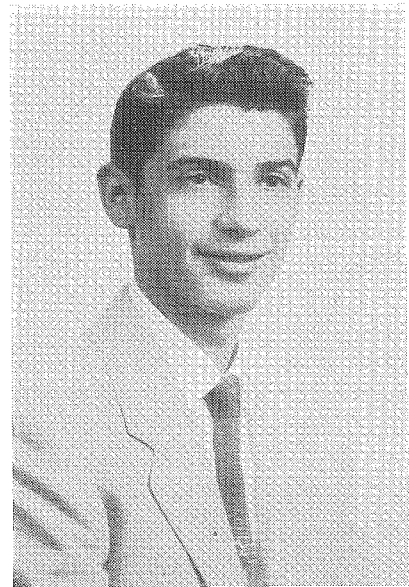
DAVID FEIGENBAUM

As Captain of the S.P.'s he's really swell,
For spinning tall stories he's always well.
Civil engineering will be his profession,
He'll improve the nation's highway in just one session.



ABRAHAM SOFFER

We are all very happy to present
This fine lad from Israel sent.
In Brooklyn College he will learn his trade,
We're sure he'll make the finest grade.



GEORGE GELB

George, a businessman hopes to be,
A good one too, as we can see.
He toils for knowledge with all his might,
For he always likes to be right.

רבנו שלמה... לו משפט הבכורה, בדבריו אהגה, באהבתם אשגה ועממם יהיה לנו משא ומתן, דרישה וחקירה, במשפטי ומדרשיו וכל אגדה בצורה, אשר בפירושו זכורה, ועם רבי אברהם בן עזרא תהיה לנו תוכחה מגולה ואהבה מסותרת. מלבד שני אלו עמודי הפרשנות יש עוד חכם אחד שהרמב"ן מביא בפירושו ומתווכח אתו וחולק עליו והוא הגדול בין הפרשנים, הרמב"ם.

רוב ימי חייו עברו על הרמב"ן בשלושה בגירונת עיר מולדתו: במסיבת בניו ובנותיו מוקף חוג גדול של תלמידים מעריצים ומוכר כבר סמכא גדול של יהדות ספרד לא רק בקהילה היהדות שבגירונת אלא גם על פני כל המלכות. והנה סמוך לזקנתו של הרמב"ן נתגלגלו הסיבות שהפרו את שלומו והוציאוהו משלוותו ואף הכריחוהו לעזוב את ספרד.

בשנת 1263 נדרש הרמב"ן לבוא לברצלונה להתווכח בפומבי עם המומר פבלי כריסטיאני בענייני האמונה במעמד המלך ג'מס מארגין. בעזו ובאומץ שאין דוגמתו נלחם הרמב"ן מלחמת עמו ודתו. הוא הראה את כל גדולתו ורוממותו במלחמת דברים עם ראשי הנזירים, שלא יכלו להחליש את הרושם העז שעשו טענותיו ההגיוניות והמבוססות. מקץ ארבעה ימים נפסק הוויכוח, ותקנת הנזירים לנצח את גדול רבני הדור נתאכזבה. הרמב"ן יצא מן הוויכוח כמנצח, והמלך העניק לו מתנת כסף הגונה. אולם אחר שהרמב"ן רשם את דברי הוויכוח בספר דרשו הכומרים מן המלך להעניש את הרמב"ן על העלבת הדת הנוצרית, וסכנת גירוש רחפה על הרמב"ן. אז החליט הרמב"ן לעזוב את ספרד ולעלות לארץ ישראל.

יחס הרמב"ן לא"י ושנותיו האחרונות התקשרותו עם א"י היתה עמוקה וחזקה מאד. הרמב"ן הוא אחד מן הרבנים שהבנתם בכל עניני היהדות היא עמוקה ומקפת ביותר; בפירושו על התורה, שבו הוא נוגע בכל שאלות העולם והחיים, הוא מבאר גם כן את ערך א"י ביחס לעם ישראל ולתרבותו, ובין כל חכמי ישראל שהיו מימות חתימת התלמוד עד דורו של הרמב"ן — מלבד ר' יהודה הלוי — אין גם אחד שהרבה כל כך לדבר ולכתוב בספריו על חובת הארץ, על טובתה וקדושתה כהרמב"ן. הוא מפרש מאמר הכתוב: „ארץ טובה ורחבה ארץ זבת חלב ודבש“ (שמות ג' ה) בדברים אלה: „כי שבה תחלה את הארץ שהיא טובה לומר שהאוויר טוב ויפה לבני אדם וכל טוב ימצא בה ושהיא רחבה ושיעמדו בה כל ישראל. כמרחב, או טעם רחבה שיש בה רחבות שפלה ועמק ומישור גדולים וטובים ואין רובה הרים וגאות, והזר ושבה אותה שהיא ארץ מקנה שיש בה מרעה טוב והמים יפים ויגדל החלב כבהמות כי אין הבהמות בריאות וטובות מרבות החלב רק אויר טוב ועשר רב ומים טובים, ובעבור שימצא זה באחו ובמרום הרים אין הפירות שם שמנים ויפים מאד אמר כי היא עוד שמנה שפירותיה שמנים ומתוקים עד שתזוב כולה כדבש מהם, והנה שבה אותו על טוב ד' על דגן ועל תירוש ועל יצהר ועל בני צאן ובקר, וזהו צבי לכל הארצות.“ כהתאם להשקפתו זאת, הרמב"ן מפרש את הפסוק: „והשימותי אני את הארץ ושממו עליה אויביכם היושבים

בה“ (ויקרא כ"ו, ל"ב) „היא בשורה טובה מנשרת בכל הגליות שאין ארצנו מקבלת את אויבינו, וגם זו ראה גדולה והבטחה לנו כי לא תמצא ככל הישוב ארץ אשר היא טובה ורחבה ואשר היא נושבת מעולם והיא רחבה כמוה, כי מאז יצאנו ממנה לא קבלה אומה ולשון וכלם משתדלים להושיבה ואין לאל ידם“. ולמקרא „והורשתם את הארץ וישבתם בה כי לכם נתתי את הארץ לרשת אותה“ (במדבר ל"ג, נ"ג) הוא מפרש „על דעתי זו מצות עשה היא, יצוה אותם שישובו בארץ וירשו אותה כי היא נתנה להם ולא ימאסו בנחלת ה', ואילו יעלה על דעתם ללכת ולכבוש ארץ שנער א. ארץ אשר זולתן להתישב שם — יעברו על מצות השם“.

ובספר המצוות הוא משיג על הרמב"ם שלא מנה מצות ישוב ארץ ישראל בין המצוות והוא אומר: „ולא נעזבנה ביד זולתם מן האומות בדור מן הדורות“ (בספר המצוות מצוה ב').

בתשיעי לחודש אלול ה"א כ"ו בא לירושלים. הוא גם יסד ישיבה ומעט-מעט החלו להתאסף אליו תלמידי חכמים, שבאו לשמוע תורה מפיו. מארץ ישראל שלה מכתבים לארצות הגולה לעורר ביהודים אהבה למולדתם ולהשפיע עליהם לתמוך בישוב הקמין. והוא בעצמו היה מתפרנס בעבודתו בתור רופא.

בארץ ישראל גמר הרמב"ן את פירושו לתורה. רק שלש שנים פעל הרמב"ן בארץ ישראל ובשנת 1270 נאסף אל עמיו והובא לקבורה בעיר חיפה.

שלשה בנים היו לו לרבנו: האחד ר' שלמה שנשא בת רבי יונה בן אברהם, השני רבי נחמן, אליו כתב הרמב"ן האגרת שבה מתאר מצב ארץ ישראל בבואו שמה, והשלישי ר' יהודא שעמד לפני המלך בקשמיליא. לרבנו היו תלמידים מכל קצוי הארץ כי שמו היה מפורסם בכל העולם, ומחס היו גדולי ישראל בדור שאחריו, כמו ר' שלמה בן אדרת (הרשב"א), רבנו אהרן הלוי (הרא"ה) ועוד.

ר' יצחק בר ששת (ריב"ש) כותב על הרמב"ן: „הוא היה סיני ועוקר הרים וכל דבריו נגחלי אש ועליו סומכים בכל גלילות קטלוניא כמשה מפי הגבורה“. גדול המקובלים רבנו חיים וויטל כותב על הרמב"ן, כי ביאורו על התורה עמוק מאד ואין מי שיוכל להבינו, שדבריו סתומים מאד“.

ר' יצחק קנפסון הגאון מקשמיליא מיעץ בספרו דרכי הגמרא: „ובחדושי הרמב"ן צריך אתה לעיין דק היטב ולהשתדל ולהוציא ולצמצם כל לשונו בענין שלא ישאר בו דבר מיותר אפילו אות אהת כי כל דבריו הם במספר ובמשקל ובמדה“.

האגדה מספרת על דבר מותו כדברים האלה: כצאת הרמב"ן מארץ מולדתו ארצת ארץ ישראל, וישאלו אותו תלמידיו לאמר: „רבנו, תן לנו אות ומופת לדעת על פיו יום מותך“. ויאמר להם: „בואת תדעו כי מתי, אם כיום ההוא תבקע מצבת קבורת אמי, ובתוך המצבה תיראה דמות מנורה מצוירה“. ויהי כעבור שלש שנים מיום נסעו ארצת ישראל, ויבואו כל האותות האלה, וידעו כל בית ישראל כי מת משה עבד ה', ויבכו לו ויספידוהו מספד מר ושמו הוקדש לזכר עולמים.

רבנו משה בן נחמן (רמב"ן)

חייו מפעליו וספריו

מאת יוסף קרייגר

אולם לא רק בתלמוד לכדו הגה הרמב"ן כל ימי חייו. הוא הקדיש עתותיו גם ללמוד חכמת הרפואה, והיה לרופא מומחה, ועסק בחכמתו זאת בלתי ספק, למען למצוא ממנה לחמו, כדרך רוב חכמי התורה בעתות ההן.

אישיותו של הרמב"ן היא אחידה במלא המוכן של המלה. אין בה נגודים וסתירות. כל הנימות של הנשמה האדירה הזאת מתאחדות יחד להרמוניה עליונה. אחת מן המדות המצוינות של רבנו, הרמב"ן, ענותו היתרה, ענוה ושלמות-רוח שאיננה נמצאת במדה כזו רק אצל האנשים שהם באמת גדולים. בהירות שכלו הוא חודר בכל מקום אל עומק הדברים. תמיד הוא נכנע להגאונים המפורסמים. ובהיותו עניו מאד ובעל חרוץ ושופט מישרים, "חכמת ישרים" היתה לו לקו ומשקולת, לאחוב ולכבד את כל הגדולים אותם ואת חכמתם בכל לב, וכל דבר מדבריהם היה לו לחוק ולא יעבור. הוא היו אומר: "הלומד מן הזקנים דומה לשותה יין ישן" (מלחמת ה' ב"ב). בלבו נקבעה הדעה, כי כל חכמתם של האחרונים אינה אלא לסגל דעות הראשונים, להעמיק בדבריהם לצרפם וללבנם, לא רק כתבי הקודש עם ספרי המשנה והתלמוד והספרים הנכללים בהם, כי אם גם פתגמי הגאונים, פסקיהם ודיניהם על הלכות ר' יצחק אלפסי ועד בכלל.

עודו בגיל צעיר הצטיין הרמב"ן בכשרונותיו הגדולים. כבן שש עשרה שנה כבר החל לחבר את חיבוריו התלמודיים, שהעמידוהו לאחר זמן קצר בראש חכמי הדור. הוא חיבר ספרי חידושים על רוב מסכתות התלמוד וספרי הלכה הבאים להשלים את הלכות ר' יצחק אלפסי (הרי"ף) במסכתות שהשמיטן (נדרים, בכורות). הוא כתב "מלחמת ה'" להגן על הרי"ף מפני השגותיו של ר' זרחיה הלוי גירונדי (הרו"ה) בספר המאור, ובספר "הזכות" השיב על השגותיו של ר' אברהם בר' דוד מפושקירא (הראב"ד) על הלכות הרי"ף. כמו כן יצא להגן על ר' שמעון מקירא בעל הלכות גדולות כנגד השגותיו של הרמב"ם בספר המצוות.

את פירושו לתורה כתב אחרי שעברו עליו רוב מיו, כשכבר היה גדול בחכמת התלמוד ואחד מגדולי ההוראה בדורו. המטרה שהציב לו הרמב"ן בחיבורו הפירוש על החומש להדריך את הלומד אל ההבנה הנכונה של התורה הן בסיפורה הן במצותיה, ולהשפיע עליו על-ידי זה באופן פדגוגי כדי להתעמק בו. הפירוש מתחווה הרבה יותר מפירוש פשוט. הוא מביע בתוכו כל השקפתו על היהדות, השקפתו על העולם ועל החיים בכלל. בהתאם אל הכלל "דברה תורה כלשון בני אדם" הוא מכרר בתחילה פשט הכתוב. חוץ מפירוש רש"י והראב"ע הוא מביא הרבה פעמים מדרשי חז"ל, כי בענין האגדה מראה לנו הבנה עמוקה יותר בתורה. תמיד יש בה גרעין של אמת. היא מוסרת לנו תורות מוסר שיש להם ערך חשוב, וסיפוריה ומשליה הם הרבה פעמים מלבוש של רעיונות נשגבים. בהתאם לדעתו זאת הוא מביא בהרבה מקומות מאמרים מתלמוד בבלי וירושלמי כדי לברר דברי הכתוב או כדי לפרש הוראת המלות. פירושו של הרמב"ן הוא כעין תוספות לשני פירושים אלו. וכך הוא אומר בהקדמתו: "ואשים למאור פני... פירושי

רבנו משה בן נחמן (רמב"ן) נולד בעיר גירונה שבספרד הצפונית, בשנת ד' אלפים תתקנ"ה (1195) בערך, לכריאת העולם, כעשר שנים לפני מות הרמב"ם. ובכן טרם שקע השמש המאיר בקצות אפריקה — הרמב"ם — זרח השמש אחר בקצות אירופה, הוא הרמב"ן. כזה כן זה אחבו את עמם, תורתם וארצם הקדושה אהבה עזה כלי מצרים. כזה כן זה פעלו הרבה להרים רוח אהיהם ולחזק בקרבם האמונה הטהורה בקדשי לאומיותם, אך שונות היו פעלותיהם אלה מאלה, כי שונים היו גם הם — הרמב"ם והרמב"ן — איש מרעהו בהשכלתם וברוחם.

הרמב"ן היה חומר מגזע חכמים אנשי שם. היה אחד מגדולי ההוראה, תלמודי ומפרש, פוסק ומקובל, בלשן ומשורר. אביו זקנו היה רבנו יצחק בן רבי ראובן אלברגלוני מעיר ברצלונה, אשר חי בזמן רבנו יצחק אלפסי (תשב"ץ). הוא היה בלבד גדול בתורה, גם פייטן גדול וכתב פיוטים לימי החגים, ורבי יהודה אלהריזי אמר על שיריו כדברים האלה: "ושירי רבי יצחק בן ראובן סודם מי חכם ויבן, כי הפליא לעשות מליצות נאות". אמו של הרמב"ן היתה אחות שני גדולי הדור רבי אברהם ורבי יוסף מגירוני.

מוריו בתלמוד והלכה היו החכמים האלה:

רבנו יונה הראשון שהיה גם קרובו. רבנו יהודה בר יקר, אשר עמד לפני רבנו יצחק בן אברהם הצרפתי (ארחות חיים). ורבנו נתן בן רבי מאיר אשר חיבר ספר העזר ממדינת פרוכינצא. אצלו למד גם תורת הרפואה. ורבותיו בקבלה היו רבי עזריאל ורבי עזרא אשר היו תלמידי רבי יצחק סני נהור בנו של (הראב"ד) רבי אברהם בר' דוד בעל ההשגות.

בעודנו צעיר לימים רכש לו הרמב"ן לחבר את רבנו מאיר אבולעפיה בעל "פרטי פרטין פירוש על התלמוד" נשיא עדת ישראל בטולידו. הוא היה לרע נאמן להרמב"ן ויקראהו בשם "ידידי ויקירי".

ככה ספג בקרבו תורת שלוש ארצות אשר היו מרכזי התורה: ספרד, פרוכינצא וצרפת הצפונית, וברוחו נתמזגו והיו לאחדים. היו לו ידיעות מקיפות גם בחכמות חיצוניות, ובלי ספק השפיע במדה רבה על הכבוד שחלקו לו גם בחוגי הנוצרים ובחצר המלך. הוא ידע לדבר בלשון ספרדית, ערבית ויונית, וידע גם פילוסופיה היונית והערבית, אף כי לא הלך לבו אחריהם, כי האמין באמונה שלמה בכל מה שקיבל מרבותיו על אודות השגחת הא' והנהגתו את העולם מיום כראו אותו. הוא מכאן את הנסים והנפלאות המסופרים בכתבי הקודש כפשוטם, כי האמין בכל לכו ככתוב כן היה הדבר. לכן השקפתו על האמונה הישראלית ועל התורה שבכתב ושבעל פה עשו לו שם גדול וקדוש בעולם ובכל ארצות ספרד וצרפת. גם בארץ אשכנז יצא לו שם לתהילה, כי רבו מאד ידיעותיו בתלמוד ובחכמה אלקית, וכי נאמן לבו את א' ודתו ומגין על קדשי עמו.

"We pass the torch of knowledge
to those who follow."

— PLATO'S REPUBLIC

Tribute To A Memory

Have we really graduated?

- So we are told.

Leaving is difficult, isn't it?

- We never thought it would be like this.
- Now we feel the true time impact of our departure.

Will we forget?

- The pleasant times.
- The everlasting bonds of friendship.
- The spirit of Torah that is a part of us.
- Those who taught and inspired us.

— Never!

Will we remember?

- Our first towering impressions as freshmen.
- Our gradual awakening as sophomores.
- Our first glimpses of maturity as juniors.
- Our achievements and determination as seniors.
- The nostalgia which grips us on this day.

— Forever!

Knowledge and wisdom are stored in our minds and within our hearts — A Memory.

THE EDITORS

A Tribute to Torah Vodaath Dormitory

Five years ago a child stood on your threshold. His first time away from home, the child faced you with bewildered hostility, challenging you to confine him for even a week. Now, five years later, the same person, no longer a child, stands by your portals. Looking back before leaving, he smiles recalling that first day. That person will eternally be grateful for the education you gave him; education he could not possibly gain at home. You provided him with an atmosphere unadulterated with the moral deterioration of the outside world, giving him the strength to withstand the pressures of the materialistic world he shall later encounter. Through you, he associated with others coming from the five continents of the globe. Living, eating, learning and playing with them, he learned to understand and tolerate people of other backgrounds; to get along with his fellow man.

You gave him independence from his parents' protection, thereby teaching him to act and think for himself. Above all you gave him the opportunity to indulge in the eternal truth, the Torah, with greater intensity. All this shall remain with him for the rest of his life.

Torah Vodaath Dormitory, for all this we thank you as we enter the storm of life, and pray that you may remain the citadel of Judaism, spreading G-d's Torah to the four corners of the world.

STEPHEN HERMAN



A Case Against Wealth

Wealth is the evil power that has brought greed to the world. For its possession men strive honestly and dishonestly. For money people rob, kill and commit unheard of atrocities. It is for wealth that man gambles. It is for wealth that wars are waged. The physical, mental and moral destruction that it has brought to the world is incalculable. People no longer work for sublime ideals but for wealth.

What is this wealth, despicable from its very origin? Our scholars and sages said wisely in the Ethics of the Fathers: "More wealth — more worry; more charity — more peace." Wealth, while gathering money and prestige, simultaneously accumulates worries. Each dollar bill is a new predicament. Many are those who sought utter felicity in riches but they only encountered deception. A wealthy man is not necessarily a happy person. However, man blinds himself with greed and lust, and does not heed advice. He struggles to reach the very peak, only to realize that he has been going in circles.

As Carl Sandberg said, "Money does not buy happiness, love and immortality. Money is the root of all evil."

From this world we depart bare, as we first entered it.

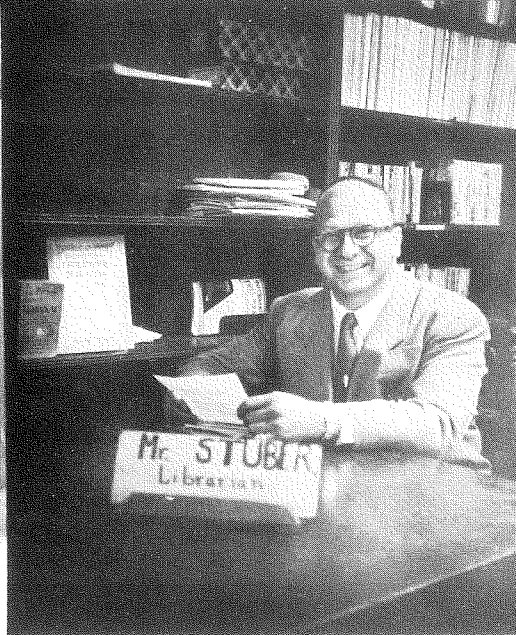
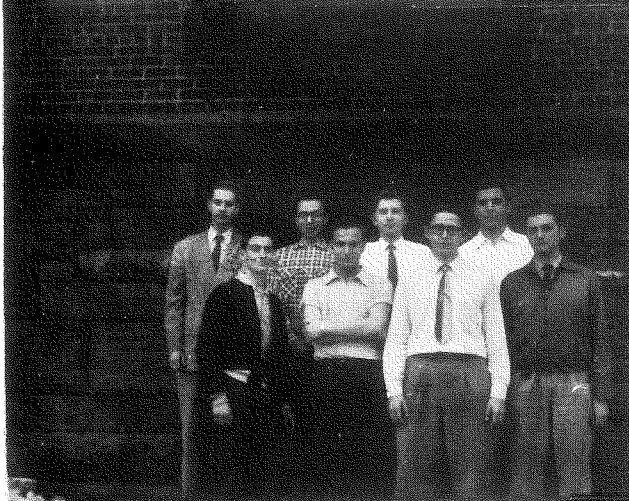
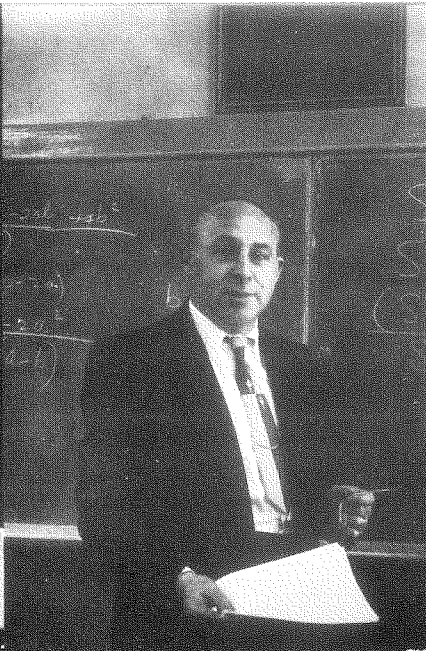
The pursuit of riches is not the pursuit of happiness. Where, then, in this vast world lies the secret of happiness?

I again refer you to the Ethics of the Fathers.

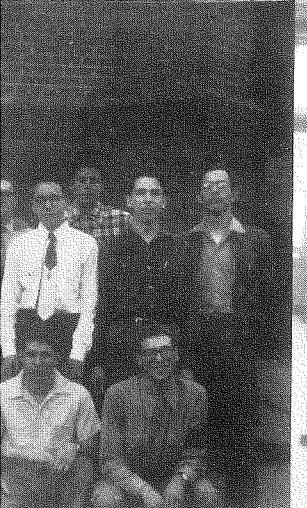
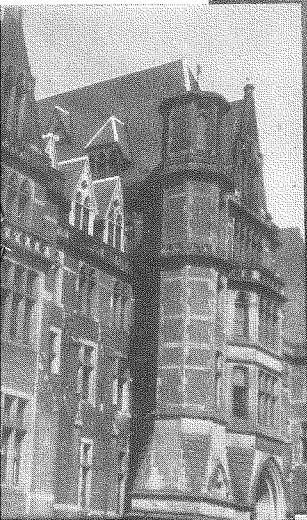
"Who is wealthy? He who is contented with his lot."

ROBERTO HEYMANN

SCHOOL I



N ACTION



The Artist

A psychiatrist is subject to the revelation of many intimate, detailed cases of emotional distress. I am not the exception. The incident I shall presently relate still stands out clearly in my mind because of its uniqueness.

The man came into my office at exactly the time arranged. He was of medium height and slight build. He looked like a poor, small businessman, being neatly dressed in a cheap, blue suit. A very ordinary-looking person indeed, one who could quite easily melt into a crowd. I was, therefore, taken aback when he told me he was an artist.

After the preliminary check-up I asked him, as is my usual procedure with new patients, to talk about himself and his reason for seeing me.

At first he found difficulty in beginning. After prolonged silence he started. "I am an artist, doctor," he said. "Ever since I was 12 years old I dreamed of seeing my paintings in famous art galleries the world over. I thrilled to the moment when, with a final flourish of the brush, a masterpiece would be completed. I was poor, but through perseverance, sweat and toil I managed to work my way through art school. Winning a scholarship, I went to Paris and other European centers and studied under the masters. My teachers saw great promise in my work and urged me to pursue my studies earnestly.

I returned to America and commenced painting as a professional."

At this point he explained the difference between the realistic and idealistic currents of thought in art and said that he had accepted the latter view as a young man. He then plunged into a very technical and complicated discussion of thoughts and methods of which I understand naught, although I noticed a certain bitter edge to his words.

As he spoke I perceived the tragedy of this man's life. He had been struck with a severe attack of tuberculosis and only the prompt removal of one lung saved his life. The operation left him in dire poverty and in ill health. This occurrence left the touch of irony in his heart and distorted his idealistic views. Worse yet, in poverty his few friends had deserted him. He was forced to live on state aid.

When he was well enough to continue painting, bitter realism gained ascendancy in his soul. His old methods and patterns could not be regained in these altered circumstances. He reacted strangely.

In his words, "Color! That is what I want; brilliant colors, strange hues. The sun glaring white, mother of all beauty. Yet, how can I portray that on the canvas." These words were uttered in a thunderous salvo of despair with a violent wave of the hand.

The man had evidently retreated inwardly and refused to acknowledge the oft vicious ways of nature and society, compensating for them with his warped idea of happiness; blinding white. "What," I wondered, "was the result of his emotional crisis?" I could not accord any specific conflict accorded to different psychotic types.

My question was soon obviated. Great soul-rending sobs issued from his breast. Beads of perspiration fell from the worried brow, his flushed cheeks contrasting violently with the ashen-pale forehead.

When he could finally control himself, he said, "I am still an artist but my materials are not the brush and easel." The palms of his hands turned upwards on my desk were now covered with cold, clammy sweat. The terrible gleam of desperate fear in his eyes made me shiver in spite of my knowledge of the dreadful hallucinations besetting the sick mind. "I now use gasoline and fire," he said. "You see, I am a pyromaniac."

MENDEL BEER

The Meaning of True Happiness

Happiness and joy in life should be the ultimate goal of every individual. A life without these necessary and all-important elements is void of any real sense of fulfillment. Such a life becomes a burden, an implacable foe to its bearer. Every individual within his own realm should be an idealistic dreamer. He should create a goal for himself towards which he may strive and earnestly fulfill. This is indeed what the Almighty intended for each one of us when we were created and endowed with a basic drive, spiritually or materialistically, toward some goal.

The completion of a well rounded life of prudence and accomplishment is indeed a proud past upon which to look back. A man who is not happy is imprisoned within himself and can never break his bonds. Any person with a strong will and determination can mold his flaccid mind and character into one of exemplary and propitious manner.

To conclude, we must all strive for some ideal, some goal, which, once attained, will give us a life of true happiness and a fuller understanding of accomplishment.

ABRAHAM FINKEL



And There Was Light

On the first day of the creation, the Lord said "Let there be light!" and as the Torah tells us, there was light. Reflect, however, that our sole conception is limited to our basic knowledge of the radiation of such energy from the sun and the stars. Yet the sun and moon were created on the fourth day whereas light was created on the first. This first light was a supernatural light. G-d found his sinful world unworthy of such an illumination and has concealed it from them throughout the generations. The light that now clothes us is a minor one and with its aid, our eyes can see but few of the truths which our Creator has set before us. Man, and his governments are guided by false suppositions and their eyes can only see their own wants and the secrets of nature still lie undisclosed.

. . . "And there was light" . . . The world knows of no such light for it grovels in darkness. Is it that we have uncovered some of the secrets of the atom and other powers that causes us to rely solely upon our own faculties? Is it this that permits us to renounce our basic responsibilities to our Creator?

In our generation we have seen the knowledge of man advance in great strides. The standards of our imagination have in turn risen by the same proportions. No longer do we limit our futures by the limit of our conceptions. The intellectuals among us have already begun to fancy their own brains as the fountain of wisdom. And so we dream of new conquests and new frontiers to overcome. We think that new progress will obviate war and bring peace to the world. Yet our dreams of conquest grow higher with our material and intellectual progress.

Let there be no doubt in our minds that there is one power that limits all of our own. That light which he has hidden from our eyes will be redeemed in due time for the sake of the righteous, and only those who limit the terms of their own thinking by those terms that our Creator Himself has imposed upon them, will live to attain that light.

ISRAEL BELSKY

The Propagation of Our Eternal Light

Our Torah, in the possession of its persecuted adherents, wandered over the centuries and eventually found refuge in many countries and states where, under favorable conditions, it bloomed and flourished. The Torah centers of Lithuania and Poland were truly great in their times. Their scholars have illuminated the Talmudic field with a vast number of brilliant commentaries and essays, and have enlightened the already darkening and forboding shadows of conservatism.

Exactly ten years ago, the remnants of our war-ravaged masses were confronted with the problem of reestablishing their religious fortifications. The problem of again building the traditional Jewish home in coordination with our age-old precepts in a modern civilization challenged the leaders of European Jewry. America, presenting itself as a liberal country, tolerant to the ways and beliefs of minority groups was chosen to be the haven for the weary.

But even in America Jews have and still are spreading out in remote cities and villages, thereby losing contact with the core of Jewish life which had been established in New York. In these small towns they are at present falling prey to the rapidly gaining Conservative movement and are forgetting the principles and ethics for which their parents and grandparents forfeited their lives a mere decade ago. This modified form of Judaism is advocated by a group of people who are ashamed to tell and show the world that they are Jews, and who bury their heads in the sands of assimilation.

The basic reason for this degradation lies in the fact that American Jews have not fully awakened to the necessity of educating their youth in the path of Torah. They foolishly believe that the observance of Shabbos and Kashruth labels them a Jew. They are content with their children growing up as they did, and do not encourage them to forge ahead in spiritual values. Naturally we can not minimize nor detract from the credit due these observers, but certainly Judaism encompasses a much broader scope.

Our Torah, however, does not sleep nor do its supporters slumber. About fifteen years ago there arose amongst religious circles those who have been interested in carrying the light of our heritage to the distant and remote sections of our country. Rabbi F. Mendlowitz, of blessed memory, was one of the first sponsors of Torah Umesorah, an organization based upon Law and Tradition, the two torchbearers of Judaism that have preserved us as a nation for over two thousand years. This organization has assisted the growth of thousands of Day Schools and Talmud Torahs all over America. This work is not yet completed. It will only be so, when Orthodoxy can take its triumphant stand and shine forth as a prominent and respectful province of worship and prayer, unyielding to the modernized ways of serving G-d.

Let us cooperate with all such endeavors by giving them our wholehearted backing and support. By doing so we may hope to again assume our beauty which was so brutally shorn from us in the last war. In this manner we may expect to attain the title of an American Jew, in the fullest meaning of the word.

But let us not forget what we represent.

"We are American Jews. We can not be intelligent Americans if we are ignorant Jews.

DAVID HOROWITZ

Indifference

He lay there on the smooth white space with complete relaxation and ease. He simply loved this spot. It was a long hard way to get there but he finally did. On these hot summer days it sure was the most pleasant place to stay. So cool and moist was the air, so fresh and full of wonderful smells. Proudly he decided to make himself at home, to get the utmost enjoyment he could. There was nothing to care about, no place for everyday worries, no fear from jealous mates or any other danger. No one could get him here. He was here alone all by himself. It was his kingdom. He started dreaming about happy days to come in a world full of sweetness and joy.

He wasn't aware of the approaching danger. When the sound of the water first came to his ears from the distant falling stream he heard it as sweet violin music. Suddenly the tune grew louder and unpleasant. He was disturbed. He lifted his eyes and then he saw it. Water came gushing towards him. Hot raging water. He had to escape as soon as possible. He fled. He ran and ran as the water approached, faster and faster. He reached a large smooth wall which was blocking his way. He started looking for another way but the flood was already over all the area. He decided to climb the wall. With all his strength he moved his hands and legs upon it but he couldn't have gone far. There was nothing on the wall to hang on to and he finally slipped into the storming water below. He did not give up, but shook his hands and legs madly but it was hopeless. The streaming water carried him like a piece of paper toward the large whirlpool and pulled with a devilish force down, down and down, never to be seen again.

And while all this was going on a man was standing by, calmly watching the scene. After all was over, he said indifferently in a sleepy voice — "I can take my bath now. That filthy cockroach is finally down the drain."

SOLOMON MOKOTOWSKY

Oil: The Driving Power

If the Middle East were not one of the largest storehouses of natural oil now available in the world, Israel might never have been the object of intrigue as it has been the case for centuries. It was oil, and not the lives and the happiness of the native population that Anglo-American interests were mainly concerned with for a long time, and some of these ill-will forces still think and feel the same way.

This story illustrates a very humorous and realistic picture of the oil problem.

A hard working citizen, upright and law-abiding all of his life, died and made his way to the Gates of Heaven, where he humbly asked for admittance. The Angel guarding the gate looked at him with pity in his eyes and said, "I am deeply grieved, but I can not let you enter this paradise."

"Why not?" gasped the man, "Have I not led a life that is worthy of Heaven?"

"That you have," replied the Angel, "And for that you be blessed. But Heaven is so crowded that it has been decreed that no man may enter however worthy he may be." The Angel turned and opened the gate slightly. "Here my good man look for yourself," he suggested.

The man looked longingly. Heaven, what he could see of it, was crowded indeed. The large plaza near the gate reminded one of market day in Orchard Street. The Angel began to pity the lone wanderer.

"There is one condition under which I might let you in," he said.

"What is it?" exclaimed the man in great anticipation.

"If you can persuade one single person to leave, you may take his place. But, you must not speak to any one."

"I shall try," said the man. He took a piece of paper, wrote something on it and gave it to the Angel, who without looking at it, let it slide to the floor of Heaven. Minutes passed, then suddenly, excited groups began to form. Every one talking and gestulating. And there was a sudden rush toward the gate. People left Heaven in swarms. Soon the place seemed deserted.

"You may come in now," said the Angel to the man. "But tell me what did you write on that slip of paper? What was it that made all these people leave?"

The man replied, "I wrote just six little words." "Oil Has Been Discovered In Hell!"

MICHEL SAMEL

I Accuse

I accuse the world from South Pole to North Pole, from Greenwich to Greenwich, from the Year 580 B.C. to the Year 1955, for the misery, suffering and the persecution of a small minority, a powerless nation that has been crushed under its heavy yoke in every generation and in every corner of the world.

I refer, as you all well know, to our brethren, the Sons of Jacob, the chosen people the Jewish people. First, it was the Babylonians under their brutal leader Nebuchadnezzar.

They swarmed down like creatures of the wilds, conquered, robbed, killed and left our precious Holy City with its women attacked, its children forgotten and its men put to the sword. What was once a way of life was now reduced to an insignificant pile of ashes.

It was seventy years later when, with their own sweat and blood, our brethren rebuilt our next Temple. Once again, our brethren gathered together in a secluded corner of the world where they could forget the unjust and rude world and pray in peace.

Thus came Titus — spawn of the clouds, and sire of many disciples. Like a lion in pursuit of his prey, he crushed the vulnerable Jewish state. Once again, our Holy Temple was put to the torch. Hundreds of Jews with the "Shma" on their lips leaped into the burning House of God to be consumed by the licking flames, for their hope was vanished with their Sacred Temple.

Deported to all corners of the world, they suffered the ridicule and laughter of their neighbors. Why? Because they were found guilty of being the first to recognize that there exists only one G-d; because their customs differed from those of their enslavers; because above all they were Jews. For these sins, they were massacred by the crusaders, slaughtered by Almohaide, burned at the stake in the Spanish and Portuguese Inquisitions.

What horrible crime did those innocent souls commit? Why did they deserve to be driven from city to city, from country to country?

They ventured eastward to seek refuge, only to find the ghettos and the pogroms waiting to greet them. The infamous, blood thirsty nazis eventually tortured, killed and burned six million of our fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers.

You, the rising generation, are fortunate for you have lived to be a rising generation.

G-d has not forsaken his chosen people, nor has he forgotten the promise he made "I will bear you on eagles wings and bring you unto myself." Justice will triumph, for their sins are many and their deeds are corrupt.

Children of Israel raise your heads in hope and pride for the day of redemption is very near.

HENRY NAIMAN

The Murderer

This is the day. This is the day that will be remembered as the first of the New Era, the Atomic Age. This thought strikes me as I climb unsteadily to my seat in the plexiglass nose of the Superfortress and I think with horror at the part I am to take in this needless extermination of innocent people. Ever since I was assigned to this mission I have had horrible visions of the holocaust which shall be perpetrated by me today. In vain have I pleaded to be excused from this task, for the Air Force is a strict organization.

The engines begin to turn; the ground drops away beneath us and I look back longingly at the familiar air-base, wishing that I were down there instead of in this executioner's seat. The continuous throb of the engines duplicates the sound in my tormented brain. Every turn of the giant propellers makes me tenser and tenser.

In a little while, the fast-approaching coastline, which is our destination, appears on the horizon. Soon we are above our target and the pilot's voice crackles in my earphones, "Okay, Johnson, take over. Good luck."

Below us lies the sprawling city, unaware that it is breathing its last breath. With trembling hands, I prepare the mechanisms which will bring havoc and destruction to thousands of innocent people. I pray to G-d for forgiveness as my hand depresses the button that opens the doors to man's most terrible weapon. It hurtles earthward, for a moment reflecting the sunlight from its shiny surface and then, a dazzling and violently loud explosion envelopes the whole vicinity. Paralyzed, I stare at the enormous, mushroom-shaped cloud blooming over the stricken city. I try not to think of the unfortunate victims below. Radioactivity, fire and rubble have surely and horribly snuffed out countless lives. A city growing for centuries, destroyed in a few seconds.

A shudder courses through my body as the full meaning of this horrible disaster strikes me. I bury my face in my hands for it is impossible for me to look upon the chaos that I have caused.

Back at the airbase, the men gather joyfully to celebrate our success. I, however, feel differently and walk away, knowing that for the next few weeks I shall suffer from insomnia; the insomnia of a murderer.

ERWIN SUSSMAN

Terror In The Night

The time was 1944. The place, a medium-sized Russian town named Mogilew. One could see at a glance that it had once been a beautiful and prosperous town before being ravaged by the war. Now it was mostly in ruins. At the outskirts of the town stood the Casino with its numerous one-room apartments. It was a quiet, peaceful night. In one of the rooms in the Casino a man was getting ready to go to bed. He looked around the crowded little room that served as a bedroom, kitchen and dining room together. It had become a habit with him and gave him some assurance, looking around the room, making sure every thing was all right. As if anything could be all right in the midst of such a devastating war. He smiled bitterly as his mind wandered back to the times before the war; to the time when bombardment and destruction did not hang over a man's head; to the time when a man could be happy and secure and could plan ahead. A deep sigh escaped his throat as he climbed slowly into bed; carefully so as not to wake his wife. He lay on his back and stared at the ceiling. Outside, the night was quiet. In the room, the stillness was broken only by the regular, even breathing of his wife and his little boy. He tried to shut the sad thoughts out of his mind and get some sleep, but they just would not go away. He knew it was no good filling his heart with bitterness, but it was no use. He realized bitterly that his life was over; even if he survived this war; if that could be called survival. He thought of his boy and the grim future that lay ahead of him. He wondered what . . . At that moment his thoughts were interrupted by a now familiar sound. The faint roar of airplanes could be heard approaching. The church bells were ringing with all their might. The alarm was spread everywhere. The quiet town suddenly became alive with people swarming in every direction, running for shelter. Terrified women were clutching their crying children and the men were leading them as most were in night gowns and robes; others, partly dressed. Terror was revealed on every face. And in the little room in the Casino, the man, his wife and his little child, were hurrying out towards a shelter. The basement was already filled with people. They rushed out to the nearest tree. The little boy was crying sleepily and his frantic mother was clutching him as the man led them on. They reached the tree just as a shell fell on a part of the casino. They watched in terror as the fruits of war ripened before their eyes. They saw people running. A shell would fall and there would be no more running. The man glanced at his wife and saw that she was praying silently. He tried to concentrate his own mind on prayer but his thoughts kept floating back. Old memories of the life that was no more flashed repeatedly through his brain. They say that when death is near a man reviews his entire life. It was partly true in his case.

Up in one of the airplanes, a crew member was getting ready to drop a large bomb on the rest of the casino. Nervousness had gripped him too. His hand slipped and the bomb was released a little early. Instead of falling on the casino it fell on a nearby tree with three people under it. The tree was no more and the people under it were reduced to ashes. A little universe of one family with its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures, its trials, hopes and plans; everything gone; annihilated, wiped out! And up in the airplane the crewman cursed softly over his slip and readied the lever to release another bomb.

L. MARGOSHES

"The Sherlocks of The Masses"

"When the Founding Fathers established our government structure of liberty under law, they borrowed from the ancient Romans a remarkable device — the Tribunes of the People . . . officials elected . . . to see that laws were enforced, that justice was done to the ordinary citizen. The Fathers of our country . . . assigned these duties to the investigating committees of Congress." — *Reader's Digest*, February 1955.

Like the Roman Tribunes, investigators are immune from arrest or persecution so that they can ostensibly continue their investigations unhampered or impeded by pressure groups or judicial threats — and that is where the fault lies. Congressional investigations are fine, provided they exist only to benefit the people at large and the law making body of our nation, but when they use their powers to distort the facts and employ subtle implications to reflect the ignorance and intolerance of the masses they are despicable demons, worthy only of condemnation and contempt. Why, the situation is so far out of hand that suspicious Congressmen have even set up investigating committees to investigate investigating committees. When our nation, founded on liberty and order can descend to the odious depths of doubt and suspicion, and make use of the public's credulity for personal gains it is truly time for a change.

Where else but in a decadent society such as ours could a bigot like McCarthy slander and denounce people against whom he has not a shred of proof or evidence? Where else but in our distorted republic could such a situation arise? Where else could an amendment of our revered Constitution be maliciously debased into a farce; a farce that threatens the value of our laws and ruins our prestige in the eyes of the free world? Can we put a more formidable weapon in the hands of the Communists that will compel us to lose all hope of ever rescuing the world from the bloody clutches of the Red menace?

I accuse the Congress, the executive branch and the masses of a structural, malicious lassitude; a lassitude that can only lead to the utter failure of all our forefathers died for. I accuse them of stupidity, of mishandling, of avarice and viciousness; of injustice and intolerance; of immaturity and incompetence.

Yet, throughout our nation, people innocently shrug their indifferent shoulders and forget the familiar, well-trodden path of now defunct Greece and Rome that we are so comfortably coasting on.

Men all over the face of the globe raise their eyes to the skies with the query "Where will it all end? . . . Where?"

ALFRED SALGANICK

The Fate of Mankind

Man's existence upon this earth has been long, and his superior intelligence has led to great achievements. Man has always been the master of ingenuity, each generation in its respective scope. Now, in the twentieth century, his ideas have reached a climax. He has traversed continents, became master of the sea and air, and is on the threshold of the conquest of space.

Yet, his ideas are now on the verge of self-contamination and self-destruction. What is the fate of mankind? This is a question which belittles our very ability for thought. Our imagination is incapable of viewing the ominous disaster which man himself has created.

To save humanity from doom, we must not let our ancient moral code pass into oblivion. We must change our basic ideals and philosophies of today, and return to the principles of our forefathers. Harmony must prevail among nations; harmony and peace which would feed upon love and mercy rather than on materialistic conquest. We must, once and for all, perceive the futility of war. We must strive to achieve a permanent peace whose roots would be immersed in the fertile soil of justice. It is then that the destiny of mankind will be built on a foundation that can hold, not only the present civilization but the generations of humanity yet to come, at peace — forever.

LAZAR KATZ

4B² June 1955



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