

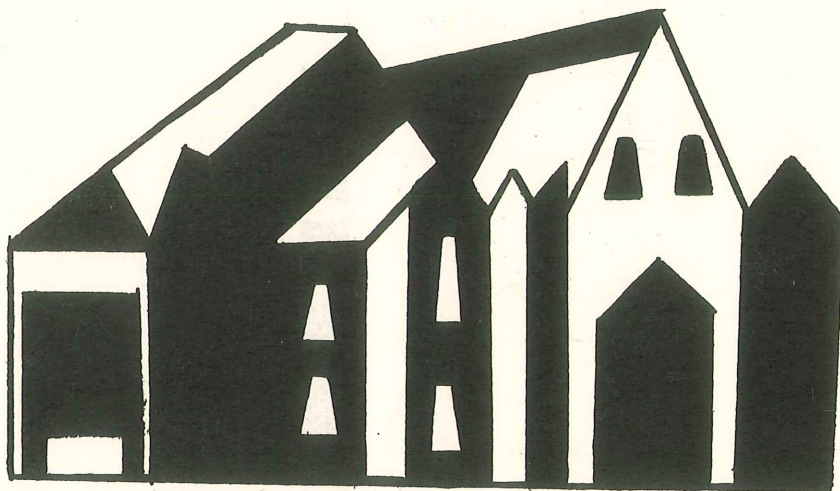
The Scraal

'57

The Scroll

JUNE-1957
SIVAN-5717

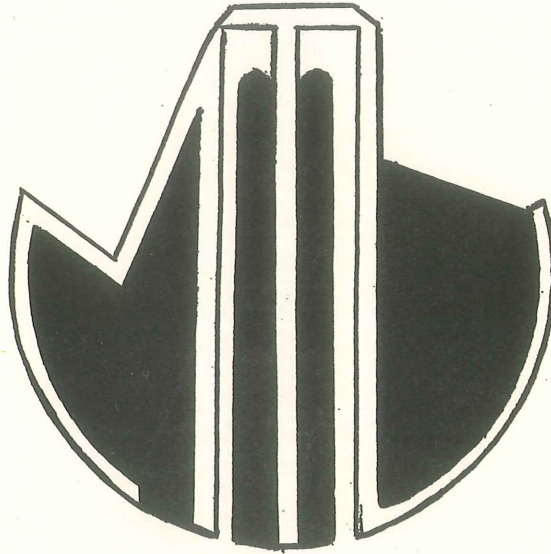
published by the Graduates
of
Torah Vodaath
High School



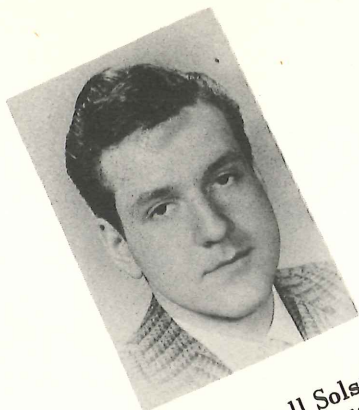
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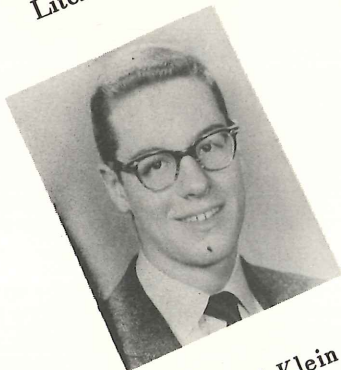
T H E S C R O L L
Dedicated To The
GRADUATING CLASS
of June 1957



In recognition of four years of fruitful labor.
Their path was not an easy one, but nevertheless
their progress has been phenomenal. Their work
shall not have been in vain.



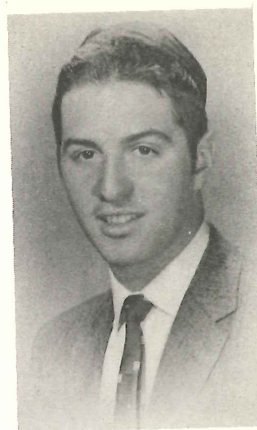
Marshall Solstein
Literary Editor



Michael Klein
Business Manager



David Herman
Art Editor



Harold Basch
Editor in Chief

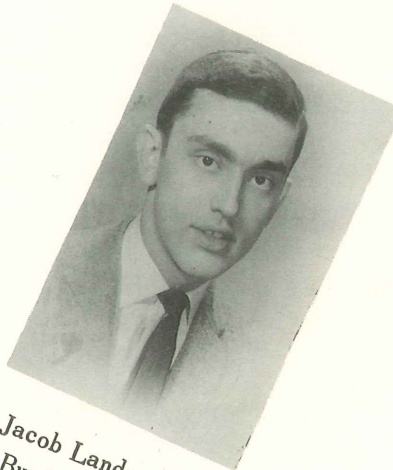
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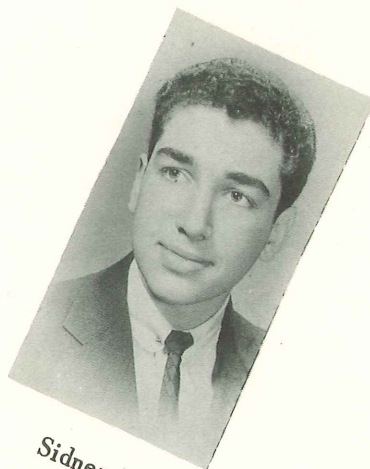
Samuel Shapiro
Editor in Chief



Israel Brafman
Literary Editor



Jacob Landesmen
Business Manager

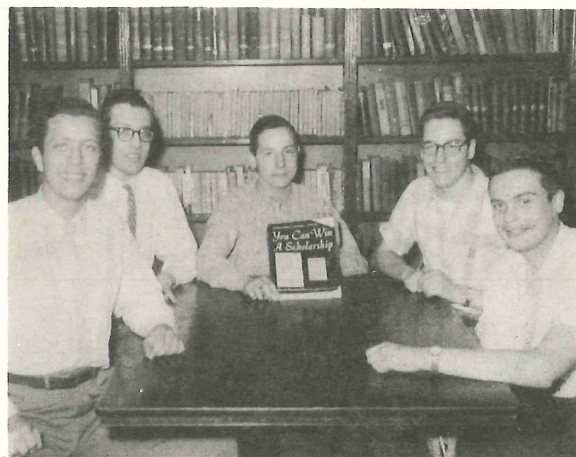


Sidney Waxman
Art Editor

Editors

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Isaac Braver
Rubin Porcelan
Sroel Gruenbaum
Joseph Reiss
Michael Klein



There is a trick to every trade, and our schools 5 scholarship winners show us their's. L-R, Sroel Gruenbaum, Isaac Braver, Rubin Porcelan, Michael Klein and Joseph Reiss show their happy smiles over winning the State Scholarship.

SERVICE AWARD WINNERS

GOLD CUPS

(to ex-G.O. Presidents)

Ira Glustein
Samuel Lew
Jack Traub

SERVICE MEDALS

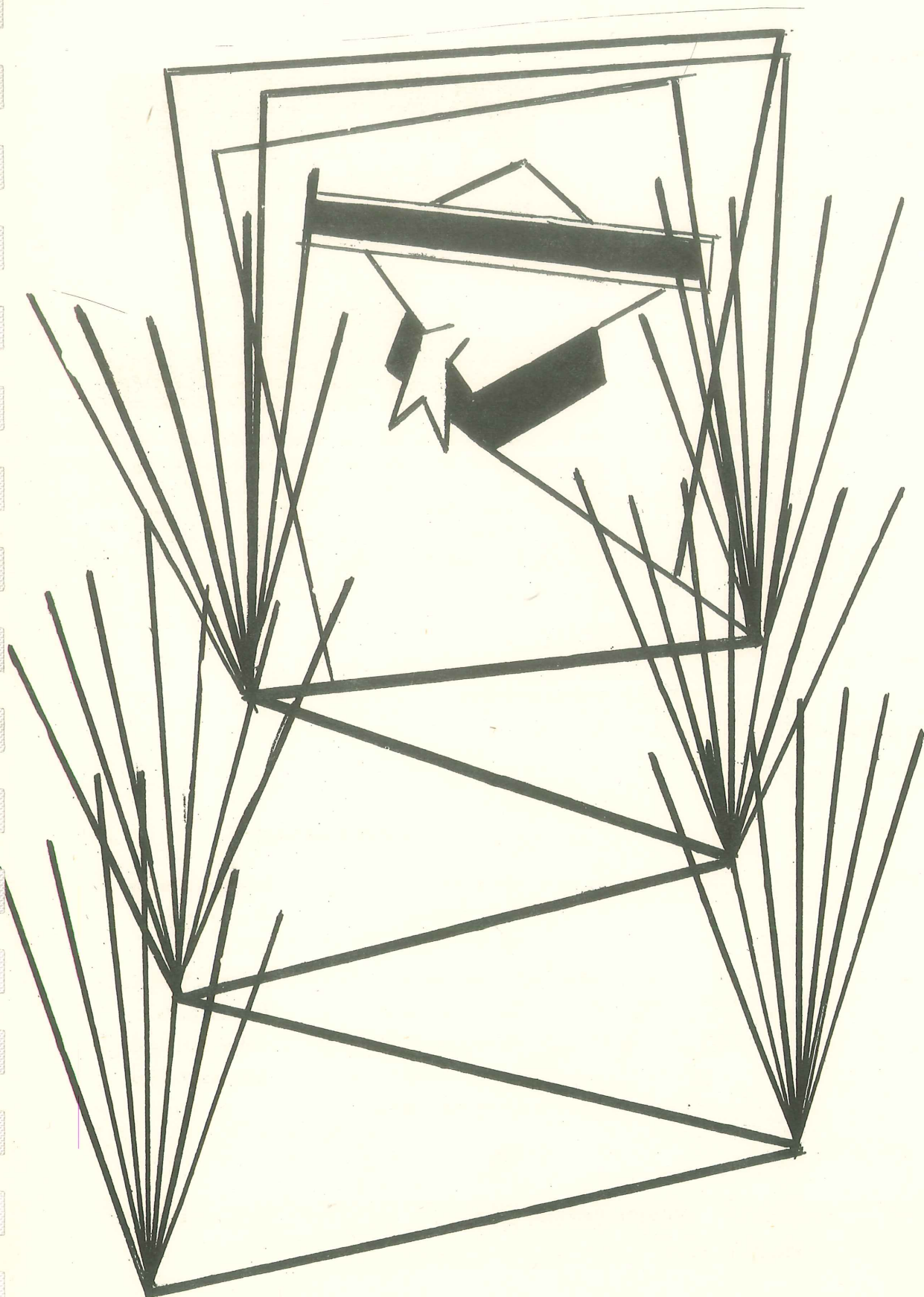
Harold Basch	David Rothstein
Israel Brafman	Simcha Schorr
Albert Kadoch	Samuel Shapiro
Michael Klein	Marshall Solstein
Sidney Kleinbard	Baruch Yoffe
Jacob Landesman	Asher Zeilingold
Joseph Reiss	Abraham Zucker
Larry Ribowsky	

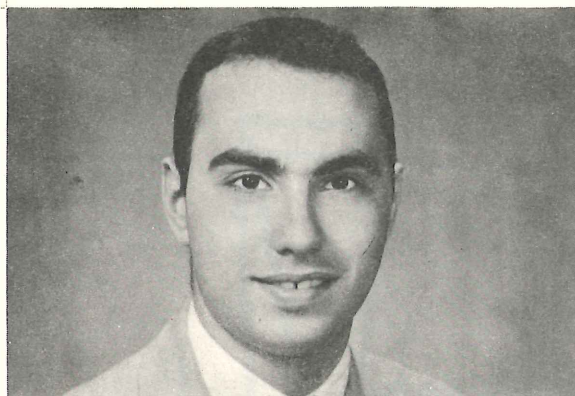
SERVICE CERTIFICATE

Gerald Pressman

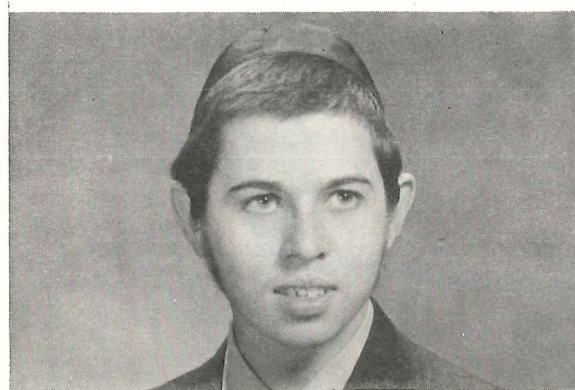
Joseph Seif

We
The
Graduates





ABRAMSON, IRA, NORMAN . . . Ira was born in Brooklyn and is in Torah Vodaath his first year. Reading and collecting stamps are his favorite hobbies. He is a teacher's dream, never arguing and always quiet.

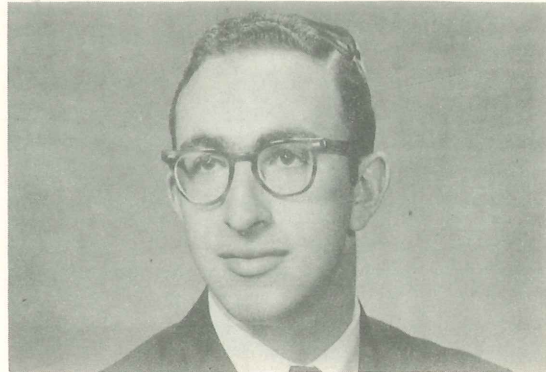


BAR-HORIN, MOSHE . . . Moshe is another "first year man" in Torah Vodaath and is so quiet that nobody knows he's here. He was born in New York City and likes to study science. Mr. Vogel will be very astounded when he finds out that Mr. Bar-Horin is very fond of English literature.



BASCH, HAROLD, NORMAN . . . "Hertz" was born in Brooklyn and has attended Torah Vodaath all his school years. Aside from being Editor in Chief of our Scroll, "Big Hertz" is also one of T.V.'s best athletes. He has led his team to two straight basketball championships and also was a member of 3 punchball championship teams. He was a member of the Student Patrol Force for 2 terms and chairman of the Sports Committee for 1 term. Among his favorite pastimes is eating apples. He expects to find a future in the real-estate business after continuing his studies here at the Mesifita.

BRAFMAN, ISRAEL . . . Irv has been attending T.V. for 12 years. He is Literary Editor of our Scroll, does a lot of reading and microscope work and is interested in biological research. "Brafie" is also a great athlete having won the handball championships twice and having been a member of 3 punchball and 2 basketball championship teams.

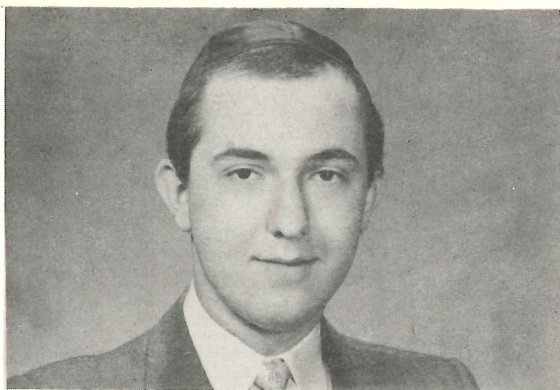


BRAVER, ISAAC . . . Isaac, born in New York, has attended T.V. for 12 years and was always one of its best students. A very serious lad, he is all business in both his Talmudic and secular studies. He is one of Torah Vodaath's five students who won State Scholarships. We predict a fine future for him.

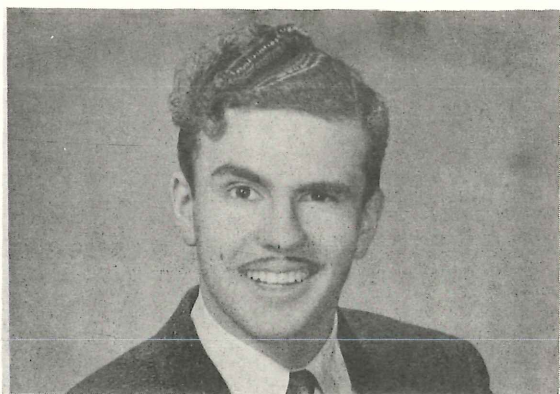


FISHMAN, BENJAMIN . . . "Yamela" was born in Israel and after coming to America 5 years ago immediately entered Torah Vodaath. Although he is the smallest member of the graduating class, he has good athletic abilities and he was the ping pong champion of our school last term. He expects to be the "smallest" business man in a "big business".





FRANKEL, ASHER . . . Asher was born in Poland and later moved to Israel where his home is now. He is in Torah Vodaath for two years and is a member of our chess team. He has a great liking for chess and soccer. His primary aim is to become an accountant.



FRANKEL, MAX . . . Max was born in Zurich Switzerland and has attended T.V. since starting school. He is very studious and reads a great deal. He is interested in music and is an excellent violinist and singer. He has already performed professionally both as a violinist and as a cantor.



GERMAN, JOSEPH, JACOB . . . Joe is another native of New York City and has been attending Torah Vodaath for 12 years. With his wonderful sense of humor he keeps his classmates amused throughout the day. His primary ambition is to be an engineer.

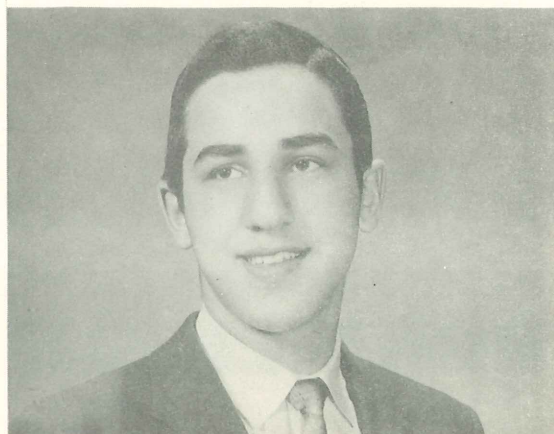
GLUSTEIN, IRA . . . Ira is in T.V. 11 years and was born in Brooklyn. He is very active in school activities and is one of the few boys who have been both President and Vice President of our G.O. One of his favorite habits is giving "musser". Ira is an outstanding speaker. He is a member of the debating team and has also made a name for himself as an orator.



GOLD, BERNARD . . . "Shloime" is in Torah Vodaath three years since transferring from Yeshiva Solomon Kluger. He was born in N.Y.C. and is an excellent and convincing speaker. He spends a great deal of time working with wood and gaining weight. His friendly manner will earn for him many friends in life.

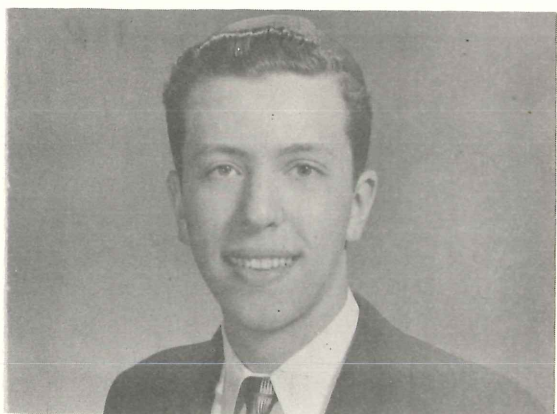


GOLDBERG, FRANK . . . "Froyim" is the one man delegation of Montreal, Canada and has been in T.V. for five years. He was assistant Vanguard delegate of his class for one term and was on his class' Basketball and Punchball teams. Frank likes to sing (especially chassidic melodies). His future profession is undecided, but regardless of his choice we are sure he will be a success in life.

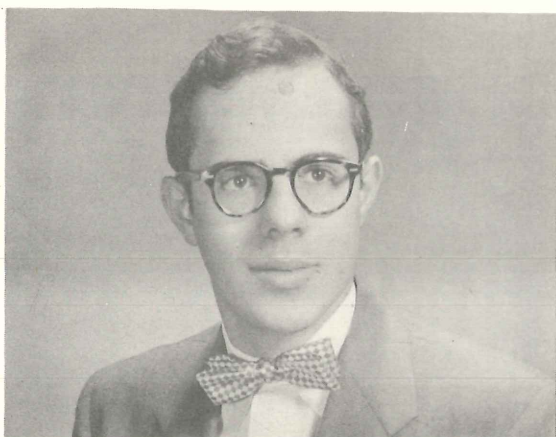




GOLDHABER, JOSEPH . . . Joseph was born in a small town in Pennsylvania and currently resides in Chicago, Ill. He expects to be a business man. He likes to read a great deal and usually spends his spare time in this manner. Joe is attending Torah Vodaath for three years.

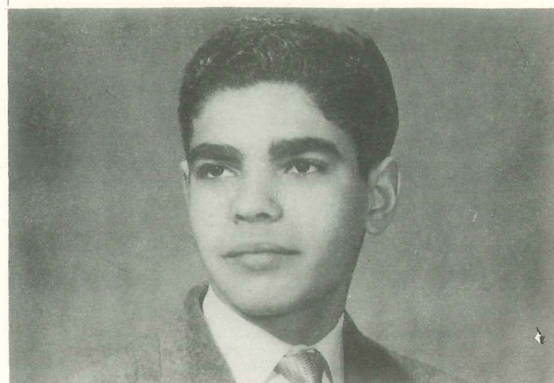


GRUENBAUM, SROEL . . . Sroel was but 8 mos. old when he left his hometown, Havana, Cuba. He has been in Torah Vodaath for twelve years and has a great liking for composing poems and preaching. He is a member of the senior class presidium and of the debating team. He expects to be a chemist after completing college.



HERMAN, DAVID . . . David, a native of Brooklyn is the Art Editor of our Scroll. He is an excellent violinist and has performed professionally as such. He has a tremendous sense of humor and keeps his class (and teachers) on their toes with his timely jokes. David has a most publicized hobby, collecting money. With his sense of humor he's a sure bet in anything.

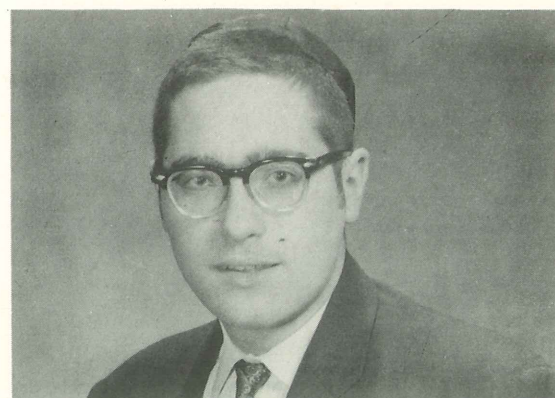
KADOCH, ALBERT . . . Al is quite an industrious chap in and out of school. His hobbies include reading, bike riding and basketball. In school he has been a Vanguard Delegate, a great help to the Scroll, and loyal to Mr. Diamond by bringing him a tootsie roll every day. He hopes to be author of a book called the "Land of Paranearticotirimicvard". We hope he succeeds.



KAHAN, HYMAN, SAUL . . . "Hymie" as he is affectionately called by his friends is a long standing member in Torah Vodaath, in fact he's never been elsewhere. With his keen mind and ready wit he's bound to make a successful businessman. "Hymie" has been a G.O. Representative and a member of the School Patrol System.

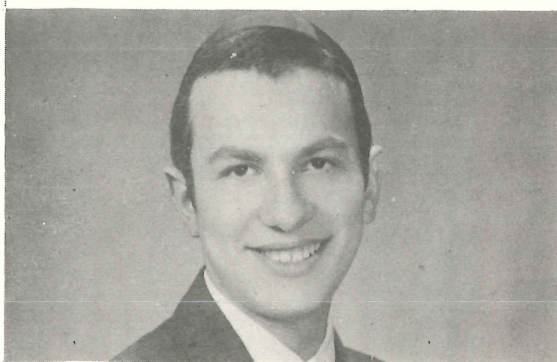


KLAHR, LEONARD . . . "J.J." has come to us from a great, far off smoky city, but in his two years here has certainly become a towering figure. In school he has served as a delegate to Vanguard Conventions. J.J.'s authentic and original wit make him a favorite of all seniors. Let's hope he makes out well in his chosen profession, Engineering.

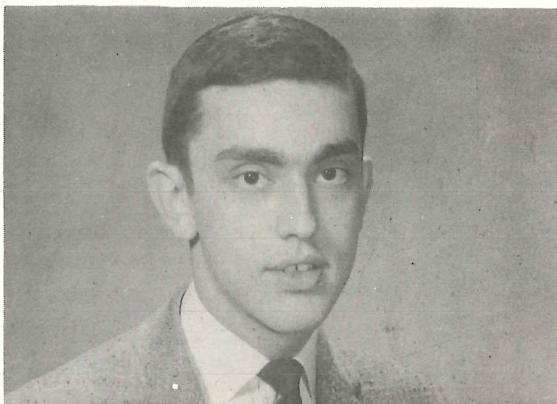




KLEIN, MICHAEL, LEON . . . Born and brought up in Brooklyn, Mike is a member of class 4B². Mike's chief hobby is the "dissection of deceased organisms", and his ambition lies in Dentistry. During his 3½ years in Torah Vodaath he has helped in many a school function including G.O. Representative, debating team, Vanguard writer, Secretary and Vice President of the G.O. and last, but not least, a Business Manager of the Scroll.

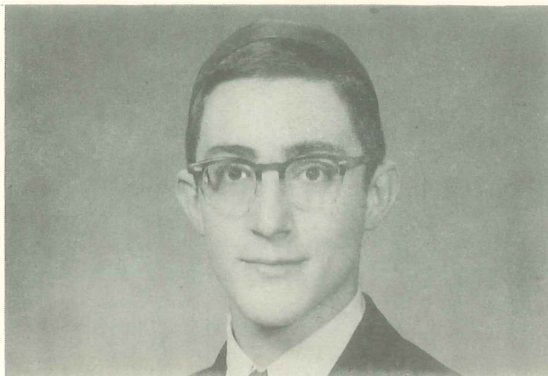


KLEINBARD, SIDNEY . . . Sidney, graduating from 4B² has been in T.V. for the full 12 years. His vocational objective he describes as a "big businessman". Sidney's service to the school has been continuous and varied. He has served on the debating team as a Student Court Judge, as a G.O. President and representative and on the Presidium of the senior class.



LANDESMAN, JACOB . . . "Kelly" has spent a very busy six years in our school and his service record is quite commendable. Among the many positions he has held are: Vanguard delegate, Chairman of the Cleanup Campaign, Constitutional Author for our G.O., Chairman of the Election Assembly, Chairman of the Point System, and of course, Business Manager of the Scroll. His only comment is, "At last!"

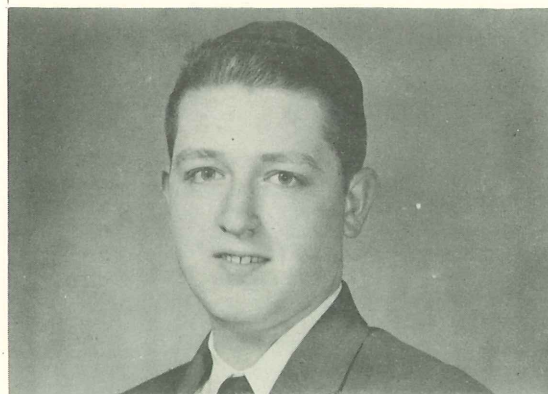
LEW, SAMUEL . . . Sam, from class 4B1, was born right here in Williamsburg and has been in Torah Vodaath for the full 12 years. His ambition is to be a scholar and with his worthy record he'll certainly be an outstanding one. Sam's done oodles of work for the school amongst which are, G.O. Representative, G.O. President, Secretary and cabinet member in the G.O., Inter-Yeshiva delegate, editor of the G.O. Newsletter and Vanguard reporter.



LOSINSKI, GIDEON . . . Gideon has spent four years in our school during which he has been a top winner in the annual Art Contest. In addition he has been active in school sporting events, particularly Ping Pong, which is just one of his many hobbies. Gideon's ambition is to be a radio technician.

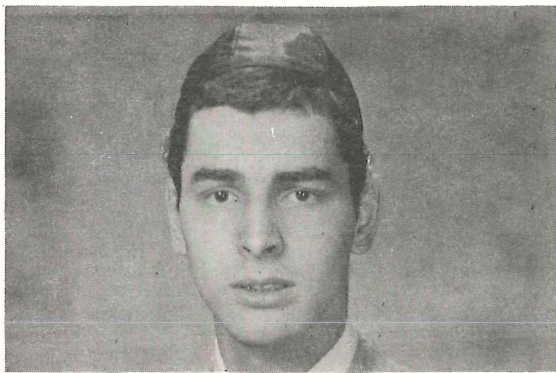


MARGOLIN, MICHAEL . . . Mike has come to us from a country, none less than Israel. It is only some two years that we have been privileged to have him in our midst, but already he has made a mark for himself in school. His official class designation is 4B2 where he enjoys the company of some other Israeli companions. He has taken up advanced math courses and is a member of the "Sixth Period Math Club."





OZER, PHILIP . . . Phil is an old timer around Torah Vodaath, having spent most of his school life here. His recreations lie in the field of sports, particularly that all American sport, Baseball, (he's a hot Dodger fan). In school he has been a member of the Sports League and punchball teams. Phils worthy ambition is to be a Rabbi.



PEJSACH, ELCHANAN . . . Elchanan has been in Torah Vodaath for three years and is a member of class 4B2. He intends to take up Mechanical Engineering. He has been an advisor to the G.O. Congress as well as a member of the "Sixth Period Math Club". He wishes to express the following comment, I'll miss my favorite math teacher"???



PEJSACH, MENACHEM . . . Menachem has been with us here in Torah Vodaath for three years. In that time he has been a class chairman and an outstanding member of the Six Period Math Club". As to the future, Menachem intends to be an Electrical Engineer. He has the following to say, "Rabbi Lonner's courses were the best and the worst"??

PORCELAN, RUBIN . . . Ruby has made his mark in Torah Vodaath in a mere two years. He has been a G.O. Representative and a frequent advisor in school legislation and student expression. His ambition is a two-fold one, a scholar and an engineer, certainly a worthy aspiration.

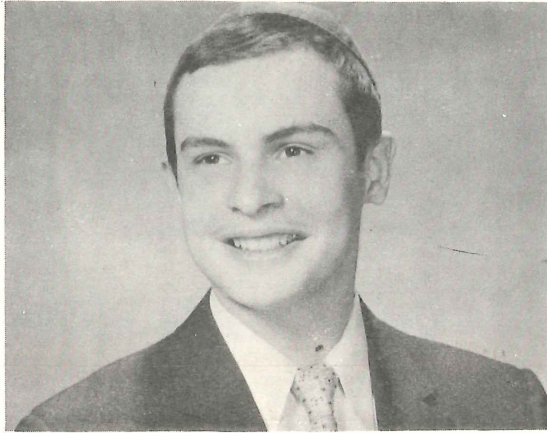


PORTAL, MAKLOUF . . . Maklouf came from Morocco three years ago and has definitely found himself at home in the United States. He is already a linguist having a fluent knowledge of six languages but says he will stop there, because it's becoming too confusing even for him. Already he has set a goal to become a U.N. interpreter. Maklouf thrives on mathamatics problems almost as much as he enjoys playing football. Maklouf has left an indelible impression with his sincerity.

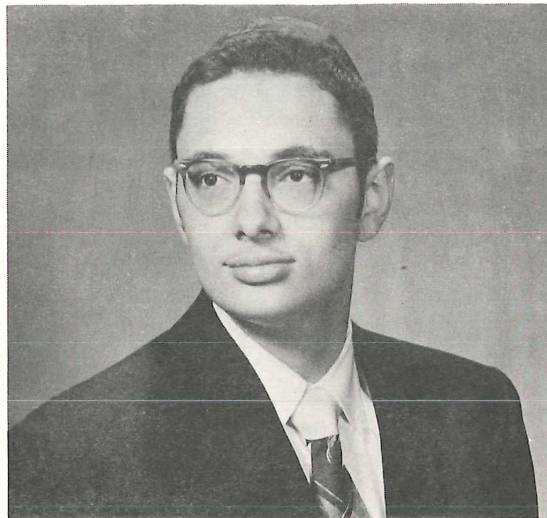


PRESSMAN, GERALD . . . Gerald is another case of a small town loss and New York's gain. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, Gerald has spent four years in Torah Vodaath diligently obtaining pools of wisdom. Not only is he an honor student of long standing, but he has also contributed his skills to basketball, punchball, soccer and handball. Gerald has a driving ambition to be a pedagogue which we are sure will be eventually realized.

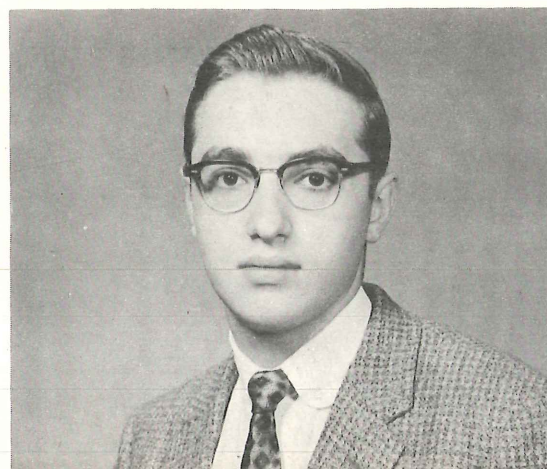




REISS, JOSEPH . . . Joseph has instilled great pride for himself in our cherished school, as well as in all those that have known him. Born and bred in Brooklyn, Joseph has spent 12 years at Torah Vodaath on his way to a career in medicine. Academically, he is tops as he proved when he was awarded a State Scholarship. An ardent speaker, Joseph was a member of the debating team and assistant Vanguard Editor. (Slight in size, Joseph may be a mental giant, there's no denying.)



RIBOWSKY, LARRY, ELLIOT . . . Larry has to his credit the red faces of many teachers, ranking foremost as a Social Scientist. His immense knowledge of American History he advantageously put to use to befuddle his pedagogues. Larry has attended Torah Vodaath for the last six years. His achievements in sports such as basketball are great, being a member of the school championship team. He was an alternate G.O. representative, a member of the School Patrol and also served as typist for the Scroll. The future for Larry is bright as he attempts to convert his genius toward engineering or Education.

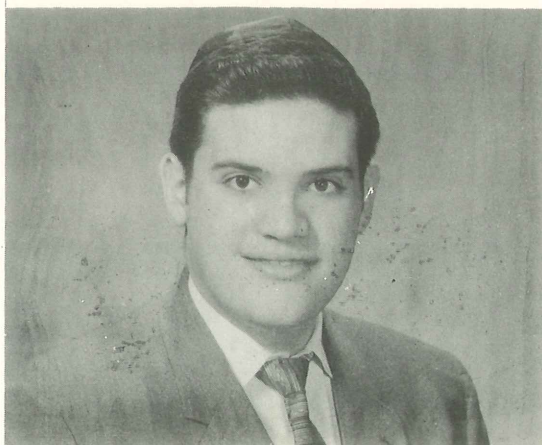


ROTHSTEIN, DAVID . . . Portland, Maine may yet become famed throughout the world as having been the birthplace of Dave. Already, in seven years he has been a distinguished figure in Mesifita life. As one of the writers of the revised G.O. Constitution and Secretary of the G.O. David's accomplishments will never be forgotten. Stamp collecting and reading ancient history are his pastimes. He is also quite at home as Sergeant-at arms at G.O. meetings.

ROTTENBERG, JOSEPH ... "Yosse", an immigrant from Czechoslovakia has blessed our school with his presence for 10 years. His vast store of knowledge has continually amazed teachers and students alike. Joseph's High School average has been a stupendous 95-plus, throughout. His excellence, not only scholastically, but morally, have been in essence an immense pleasure to behold. His favorite saying is, "Follow the sagacious and they shall wisely lead you."



SASLOW, MICHAEL . . . The words, "I'm sorry Sir" may never again reverberate but if they do, the memory of Michael will appear. One teacher explained it quite vividly when he said, "That boy can kill you with kindness." Always around to offer his assistance, Michael's jobs were quite numerous in number. A former guardian of the library, Michael will long be remembered for his photography work in the Scroll. He concedes that his favorite hobby is to be an office pest although he wishes to become a teacher.

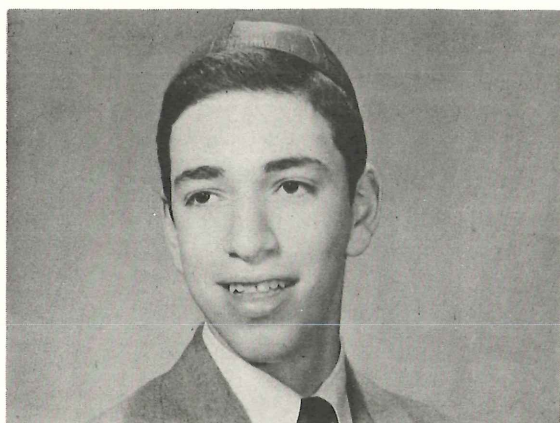


SCHACTER, RONALD . . . For the 11 years Ronnie has been with us, a happy atmosphere reigned supreme. His accomplishments were many and his errors few. Born in Manhattan and raised in Brooklyn, Ronnie will long be remembered for his delightful humor and sharp witted personality. Teachers and friends he will never be short of, for if anything, friendship is his bulwark. His favorite saying is, "Laughter is greater than sorrow."

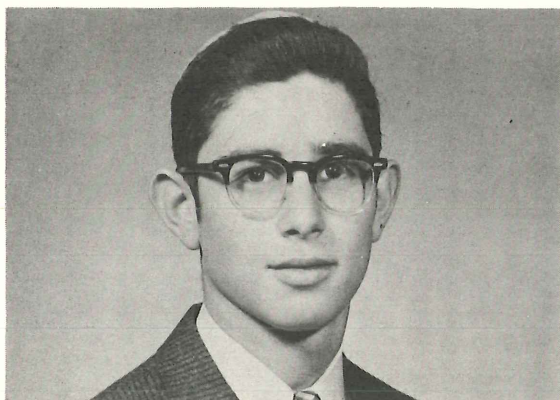




SCHORR, ISAAC . . . He is rarely heard speaking but when he does he's certainly worth listening to. This is in reference to Isaac who has already set his goal to become a Rabbi. A nobler person than Isaac is indeed hard to find. A three time Honor Students and Vanguard delegate, Isaac has become a symbol of righteousness for all to follow.



SCHORR, SIMCHA . . . Simcha is a twelve year student in Torah Vodaath and has really been around. Known to most everyone, he has performed numerous duties to aid his school. As parliamentarian, Secretary of the G.O. and Vanguard delegate, Simcha is kept well informed of the most important school news items. A former Honor Roll student himself, Simcha is always ready to aid another in his studies.

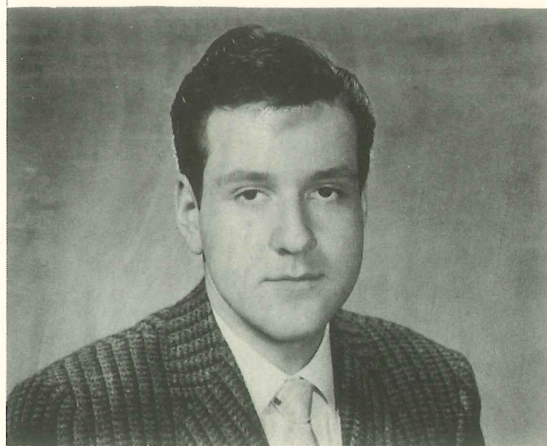


SEIF, JOSEPH, BEREL . . . If ever Berel is to be found you must first look at the cover of a chess book. For buried in the pages Berel will be discovered figuring different elusive moves. A great lover of mathematics, being a member of the chess team seems quite an appropriate thing for him. Berel likes to tinker as an amateur radio whiz and is quite thrilled when a physics period is in progress.

SHAPIRO, SAMUEL . . . "Sax" has been in Torah Vodaath for most of his life. In and out of school he's quite an industrious chap. His hobbies are extremely numerous and diversified, including reading, music, drama, electronics and model aeroplanes. In school his record has been phenomenal. He has been a member of the debating team, G.O. Representative, Vanguard delegate, Member of the School Patrol, Editor of the Vanguard, School Play member, Vanguard writer, Declamation Contest Winner, and Editor in Chief of the Scroll. His comment, "The greatest search in this world is the one for truth, it is also the hardest."



SOLSTEIN, MARSHALL . . . "Demos" is the highly unusual sobriquet with which he has become one of the most popular students throughout the school. Marshall's skills are numerous as displayed by a keen writing adroitness plus an exciting basketball ability which have only served to heighten the admiration and respect he evokes. Before having been elected by the senior class as Literary Editor of the Scroll, "Demos" served his class as both Vanguard and G.O. representatives. A native of Brooklyn, Marshall aspires to enter Brooklyn College to delve into the field of Journalism. His presence in the Mesifita will linger on.

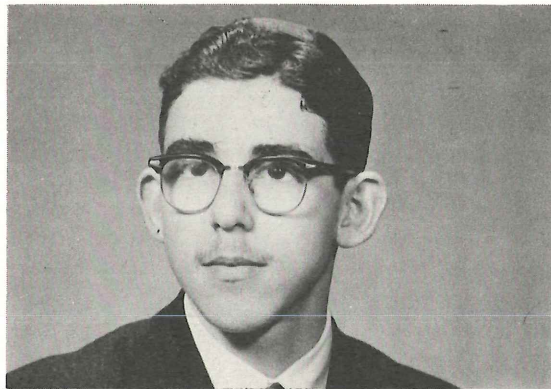


SPIRA, ISAAC . . . Isaac, born in Poland, made his way to Israel before coming to the U.S. 9 years ago. Speaking both Hebrew and French fluently, he is a very intellectual youngster and would like to be a Rabbi. A former member of the "Sixth Period Math Club" his soaring marks show that he has a great liking for that subject. He can always be found preaching in vain to his fellow seniors that, "Honesty is the best policy."

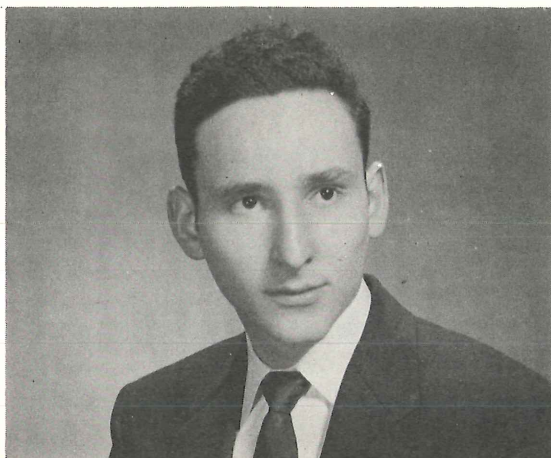




STEINBERG, DAVID . . . David is from Chata-nooga, Tenn. and has been in Torah Vodaath for five years. He is a very quiet student and is very serious about both his Hebrew and Secular studies. He would like to enter the educational field for his profession. David is very interested in trains and spends hours down at the tracks in his home town. As honor student all through High School, he will surely succeed in all his undertakings.



STRAUSS, URI, FELIX . . . Uri was born in Amsterdam, Holland and is in the U.S. for 7 years. This is his first year in Torah Vodaath and he is a member of our chess team. He is an ardent stamp collector and likes swimming and reading.

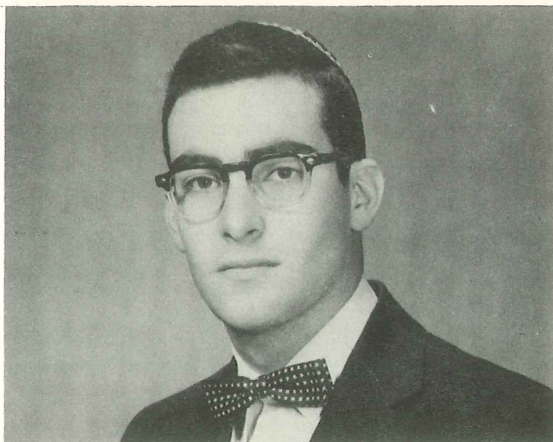


SZECHET, JACOB . . . The "Cuban Flash" as Mr. Greenberg would say, has been in Torah Vodaath for 6 years. He has distinguished himself as an excellent orator, and has been G.O. Delegate of his class for one term, and has also been a member of the debating team. He is interested mainly in the fields of Math and Psychology.

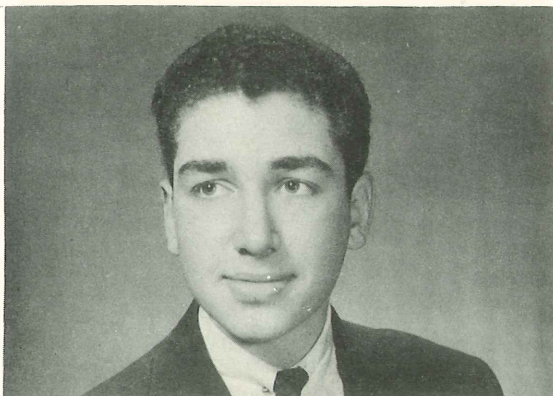
TAUBENFLIEGEL, JACK . . . Jack was born in N.Y.C. and is in Torah Vodaath four years. He is undecided as to his ambitions, although he does have a liking for the photography business. He likes sports immensely, and participates in both punchball and soccer with great interest.

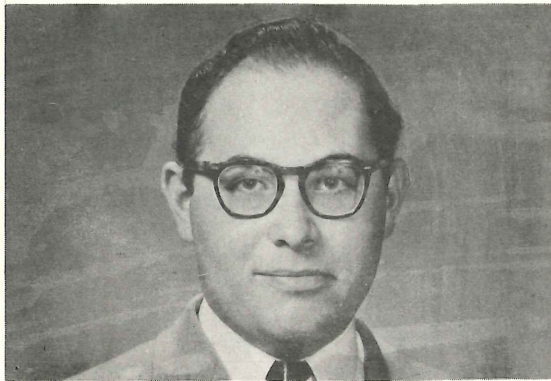


TRAUB, JACK . . . Jack is in T.V. for seven years and is a native of New London, Connecticut. During his years in high school he was a very active fellow in school activities. He was G.O. President for one term, editor of the Vanguard for another, and was a member of the G.O. council for all his 8 terms in High School. He is currently the Treasurer of the Inter-Yeshiva H.S. Council and he is a member of the debating team. His primary objective is to become a lawyer.



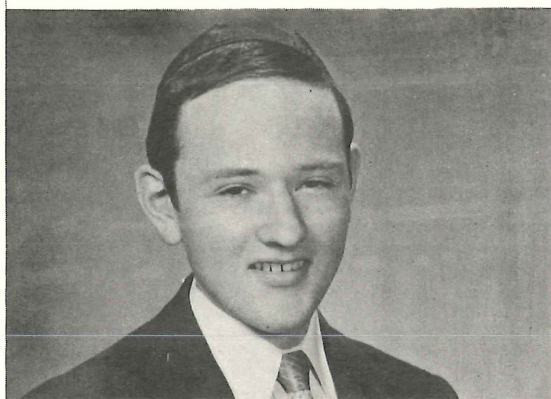
WAXMAN, SIDNEY . . . "Waxy" is a Brooklyn-New Yorker and has been attending Torah Vodaath for 12 years. He is art editor of our Scroll and expects to find a future as a commercial artist. Aside from doing art work, he also has a great liking for collecting stamps.





WEIS, LEO, LESLIE . . . "Les" is in T.V. for 3 years and was born in London, England. He is currently captain of our chess team and was a Vanguard delegate for 1 term. He has a great liking for sports and chess and was a member of the 2B1 championship punchball team. He expects to be an engineer since he is very good at math.

W. H.

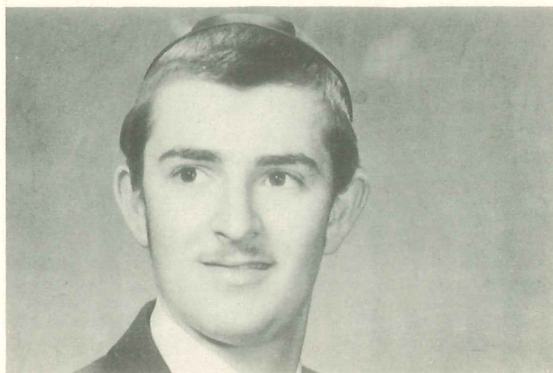


WERNER, SHIMON . . . Shimon is a member of the "East Side" delegation to the Mesifita and has been attending Torah Vodaath for three years. Although on the quiet side, Shimon has nevertheless earned for himself a reputation as an earnest student, both in his hebrew and secular studies. Shimon's plans for the future are not clear except that he expects to remain in the Mesifita a few more years to continue his Hebrew studies.

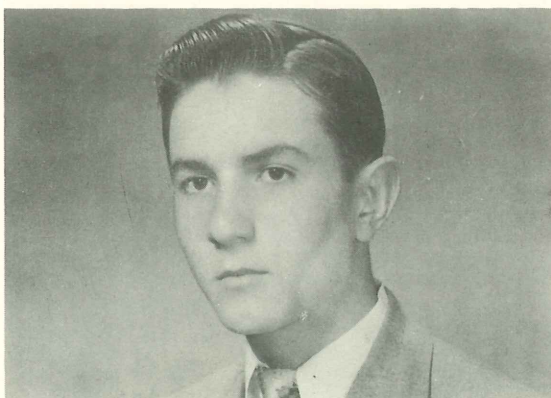


WINKLER, NORMAN . . . "Little Chink" has been in Torah Vodaath for twelve years and was not born in Red China. Neither was he born in Nationalist China. He is chairman of the sports committee and was also a member of 3 championship punchball and 2 championship basketball teams. He is also another candidate for engineering school.

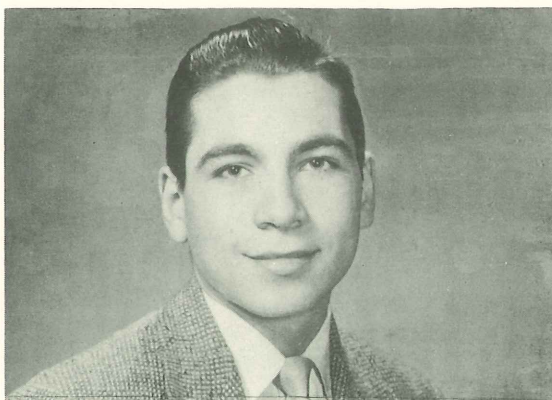
WOLF, Saul . . .Saul was born in Poland and has certainly made his way around the world before coming to the U.S.A. Among the countries he lived in aside from Poland were France, Switzerland, and Russia. Saul has a great liking for math courses and expects to be a businessman in later life.

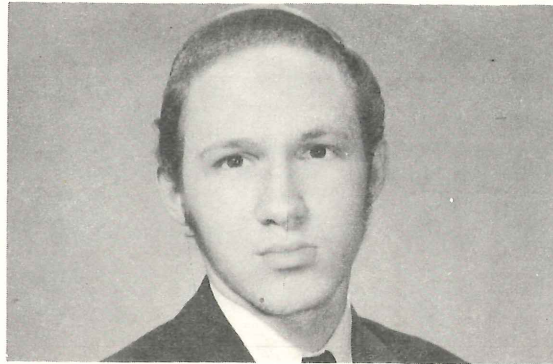


YAKOBOVITZ, SHIMON. . . Shimon was born in Israel and this is his first year in the Me-sifta. After becoming an engineer, he would like to return to his homeland and help in its development. A well built young man he gets great enjoyment out of swimming and playing soccer.



YARMISH, EMANUEL . . . Emanuel was born in New York and is in T.V. for 12 years. An excellent businessman, he was one of the best "ad-collectors" for the Scroll. He was G.O. delegate for his class for one term and is interested immensely in stamps and tropical fish. He wants to become a businessman and we are sure he will be very successful in that field.

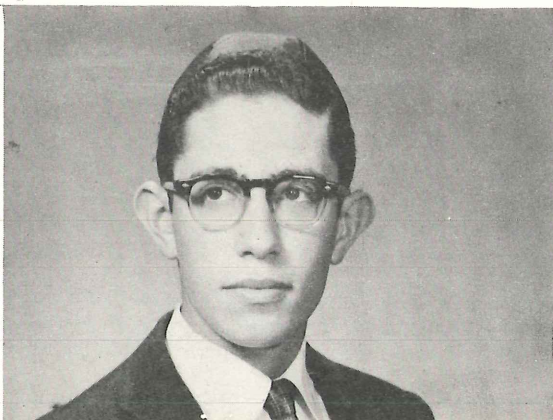




YOFFE, BARUCH, BER . . . B.B. was born in New York and returned here after 10 years of living in various out-of-town cities. The success of Torah Vodaath's G.O. Store is due mainly to him. He has been Treasurer of the G.O. for 3 terms. His aim is either to be a businessman or Rabbi.



ZEILINGOLD, ASHER . . . Asher was born in London, England and is in T.V. for 3½ years. He plans to find a future in the field of education. During his stay in the Mesifta, he was chairman of the G.O. Discount Committee for four terms, Assistant Librarian for two terms, G.O. delegate one term and business manager of the Vanguard one term. Swimming, stamp collecting and reading are among his hobbies.



ZELICHOVSKY, LEVY, ISAAC . . . Levy, another South American student, is in Torah Vodaath for five years. He was born in Rio de Janiero, Brazil and as of now his future is undecided. He was runner-up in the recent G.O. sponsored Ping-Pong Tourney and was also a member of his class soccer team in the 1B2.

ZUCKER, ABRAHAM . . . Abe is in T.V. 5 years and was born in Brooklyn. A good athlete, he was a member of 2 championship punchball teams and of the championship soccer team in the 1B2. He was also runner-up in the handball "tourney" last year. Among the school jobs he has held are office boy, 2 terms, G.O. delegate and Vanguard delegate, one term each. He was also a member of the Sports Committee. He would like to become a mechanical engineer after completing college.



ZUCKERMAN, JOSHUA . . . Josh resides in Brooklyn, New York, and is attending Torah Vodaath for four years. A real quiet fellow, Josh is always eager to learn and spends much of his time engaged in both his Hebrew and secular studies. With such devotion to his work, we are sure that he will be a success in whichever field he enters.



DISHON, SHMUEL . . . Shmuel, born in Jerusalem Israel, has made a great hit with the Mesifita during the year and a half that he has been here. He has thrilled his class with his outspoken opinions, voiced in Jewish, on various topics. Although the only goal he is striving for is to be a pious and learned Jew, it is quite possible that he will enter the field of accounting.



June 1957

Long have we been an integral part of this institution. Our attachment is strongly knit. The fateful day has nevertheless come; as is the way of all Seniors, we, the class of 1957, must also make our exit. The cords which bind our relationships will not be abruptly severed by those who have endeared themselves to our hearts, for we extend to them both gifts to be treasured, and advice to be valued:

Our Last Will and Testament

Mr. Greenberg: A shampoo extracted from orange compounds with which to glorify his hair.

Mr. Diamond: A search warrant for that demonical Hungarian, Mr. Moskowitz.

Mr. Grutman: Next year's students, who, having learned from our experiences will be even more intrepid (and will buy better smoke-bombs).

Mr. Vogel: A pet giraffe he can treat as an equal.

Dr. Horowitz: A step-down transformer to lower the intensity of his verbal flow.

Mr. Kaplan: A geometrical chain, with which to handcuff his students.

Mr. Karman: Our advice: Go west, young man (and leave us in peace).

Mr. Seligman: A tongue-tied student who won't talk back.

Rabbi Pantol: A class with a sufficient degree of "croperation".

Rabbi Krieger already possesses everything

we can humbly bequeath him. We therefore forward to his students a copy of "Masterpieces of English Misconstructions".

Rabbi Wolfson: 10,000 notes to save his weary students the trouble of "branging" them.

Mr. Peck is too sane. To him we leave a formula to precipitate his development of teacher abnormalities.

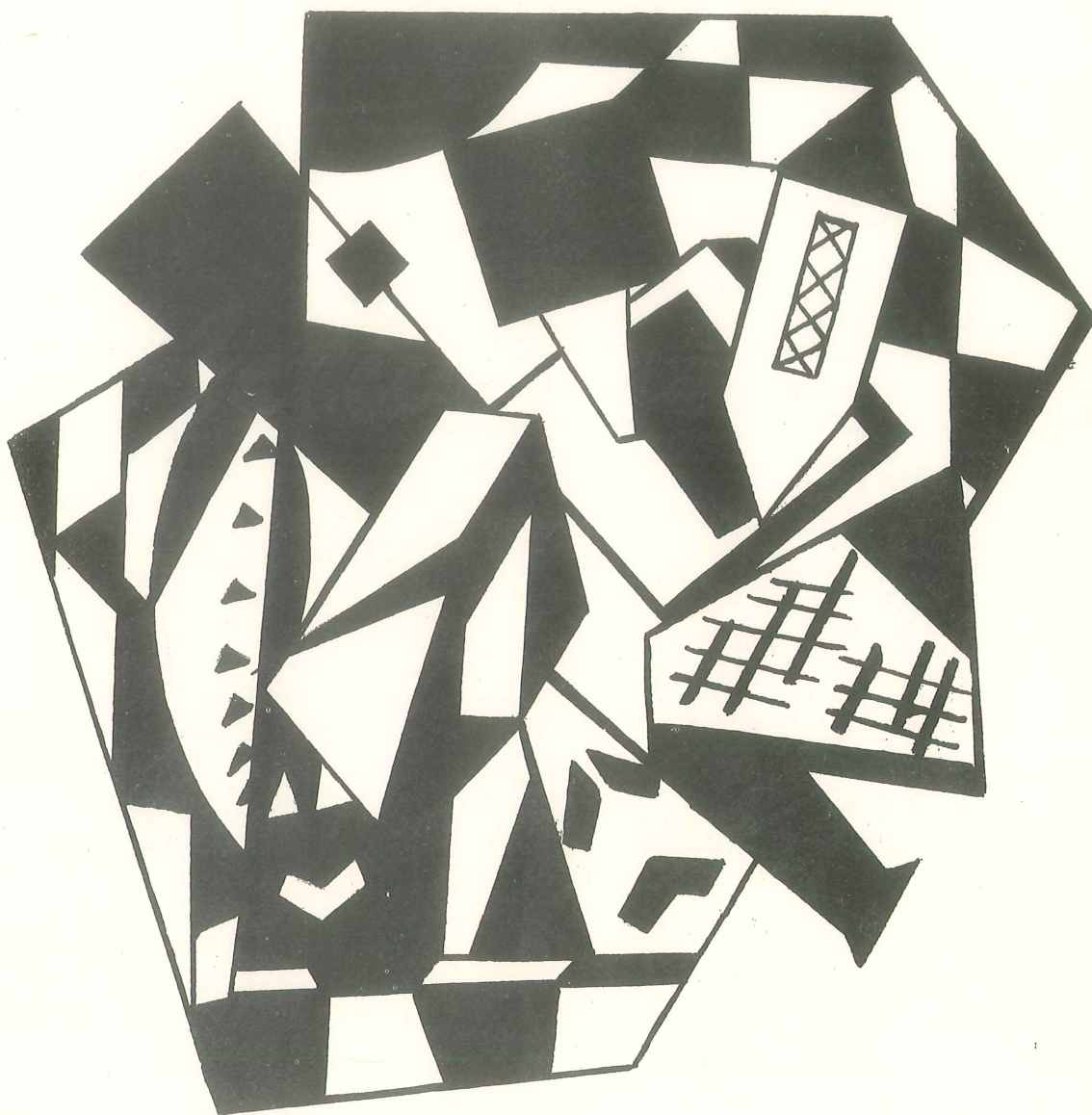
Mr. Lieberman: A crystal ball to aid him in predicting Regents questions. The gift with which we honor Rabbi Lonner will cause the greatest satisfaction. To him - - - we leave.

To the forthcoming Seniors, we leave the tasks of soothing Mr. Grutman and rehabilitating his ravaged Physics lab.

To the incoming Freshmen of the Mesifita, we leave the assurance that they will one day cherish the tribulations they are about to undergo, as we do ours.

Sroel Gruenbaum &
Samuel Lew





Activities

The G.O.



The G.O. Congress sitting at its usual meeting table in the Library listening in "attentive relaxation" to a guest speaker.

The General Organization, which is actually the student government of our school, was presided over by Samuel Lew and Jacob Traub during the fall term. Meetings were held regularly and a new constitution was drafted. The first Hebrew Torah newspaper, Hame'orer, was printed during this administration, edited by Simcha Schorr. Four assemblies, including an oratorical and Declamation contest were presented.

In the spring term, Ira Glustein was elected President, and Gerald Rothstein Vice President. Rabbi Linchner was the speaker at the first assembly presented by the administration. A new ping-pong table was bought and the usual sports program was held.

During the past year, one of the new projects of the G.O., the G.O. Store, under the management of B.B. Yoffe, became the most worthy undertaking ever started by the G.O. Here, students receive cut-rate prices on all school supplies while at the same time all profits go to the G.O.



The Mesifita's championship Basketball team posing for a few moments between halves. Top: L-R, Harold Basch, Larry Ribowsky. Bottom L-R, Israel Brafman, Norman Winkler.



"It's mighty rough under those boards," elbows fly high, as another Bio. period is spent on the field. "Hey ref., you're looking the wrong way."

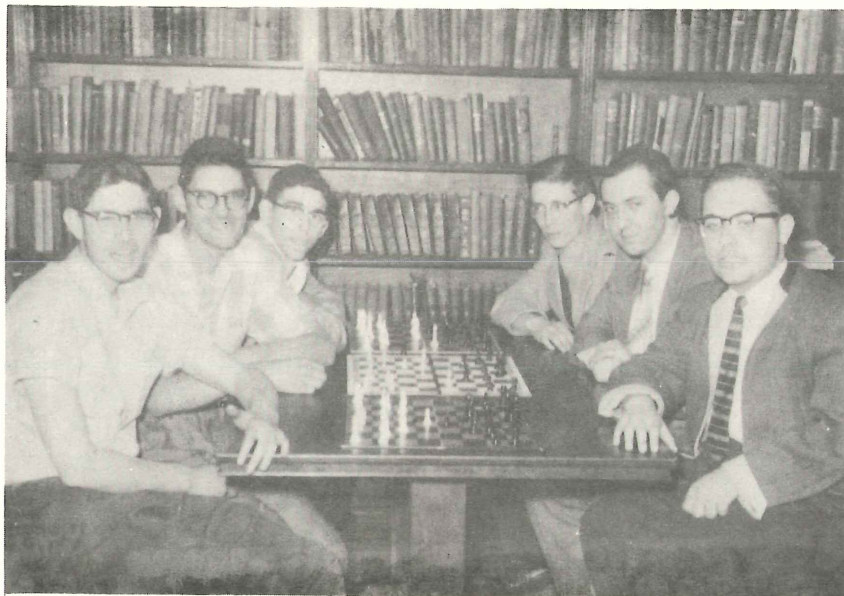
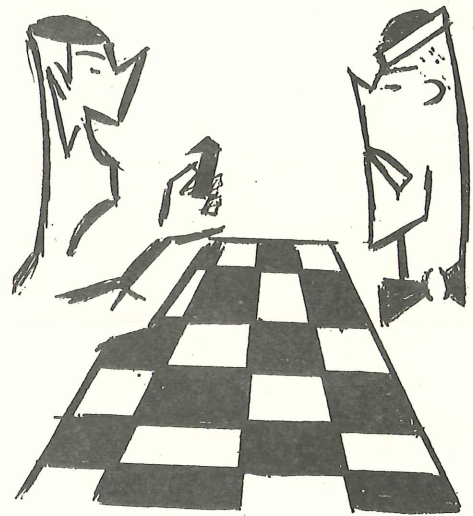
This past school year, the sports picture of Torah Vodaath was dominated by the $4A^2-4B^2$. During the fall term, the team of Basch, Brafman, Solstein, and Winkler captured the basketball tournament championship without much opposition. The ping-pong championship of that term went to Benjamin Fishman who defeated ex-champion Marcos Abramcyck to win the crown.

In the spring term, the ping-pong championship went to Joseph Shalitzky who defeated Isaac Zelichovsky in the final playoff. In Basketball, the $4B^2$ team of Basch, Brafman, Ribowsky and Winkler once again copped the championship. In punchball, it was again the $4B^2$, whose team composing of Basch, Brafman, Ribowsky, Schorr, Winkler, Zucker and Yoffe won their third punchball championship in as many years by defeating $1B^1$ in the final game.



"So what if Rabbi Lonner pays an occasional visit to the ping-pongroom and who cares about the lock on the door, that doesn't stop us from spending Mr. Vogel's period there." (a candid shot)

This year, the Torah Vodaath chess team was one of the best ever assembled. Under the able leadership of Leslie Weis, our team emerged as one of the finest of the Inter-Yeshiva League, supporting an over-all 4-1 record. Among the victories achieved were a 5-0 victory over B.T.A. and a 4-1 victory over HILI. The other wins were over R.J.J. and the Yeshiva of Flatbush. The only defeat was at the hands of Mesifita Chaim Berlin, who beat our team in the first match of the year.



Above we find one of the best chess teams in the Inter-Yeshiva League, and it's no wonder, their smile can disarm any opponent. Seated at the left are Joseph Seif, Michael Rich, and Uri Straus and at the right, Leslie Weis (captain), Asher Frankel and Yaakov Itzkowitz.



The SCROLL

Here you witness a scene of diligence and feverish labor. This is the June '57 Scroll Staff at work - as usual. The Scroll editors hold a unique position in school life - they are the only seniors that work. But work without a goal becomes drudgery. Our goal has been to please - to please our fellow graduates who gave us the opportunity to publish this lasting memento of our graduation. We hope we have succeeded.

The Editorial Staff of the Scroll takes this means of thanking the following for their help on behalf of the Scroll.

Literary Advisors: Mr. Diamond and Mr. Vogel
Staff Typists: Larry Ribowsky and Michael Klein



And now a look at the group that helped make our Scroll a financial success. L-R Jack Traub, Emanuel Yarmish, Baruch Yoffe, Harold Basch, Michael Klein, Michael Saslow, Gerald Pressman and Albert Kadoch.

This year, during the fall term, under the able leadership of Samuel Shapiro, the Vanguard, our school newspaper rose to great heights. Four full-sized newspapers were printed plus a grand final edition containing sixteen color pages.

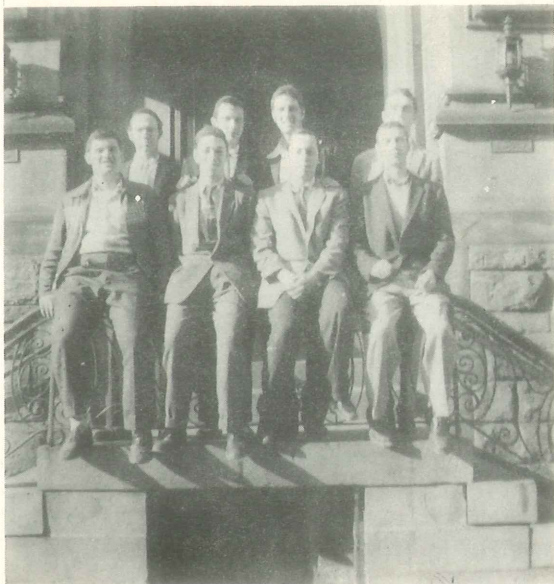
The Vanguard, whose job it is to inform the students of school activities, entertain them with other articles of interest such as interviews and gossip columns, and which also contains some of the best literary work of the school, was not as successful during the spring term under the leadership of Gerald Freidman, mainly because of financial difficulties. However, the Vanguard has really found its place among the students of the school, and will gain even greater importance as the years go by.



"It's great", that's what Vanguard editor Gerald Freidman tells the convention of Vanguard delegates about the next edition.



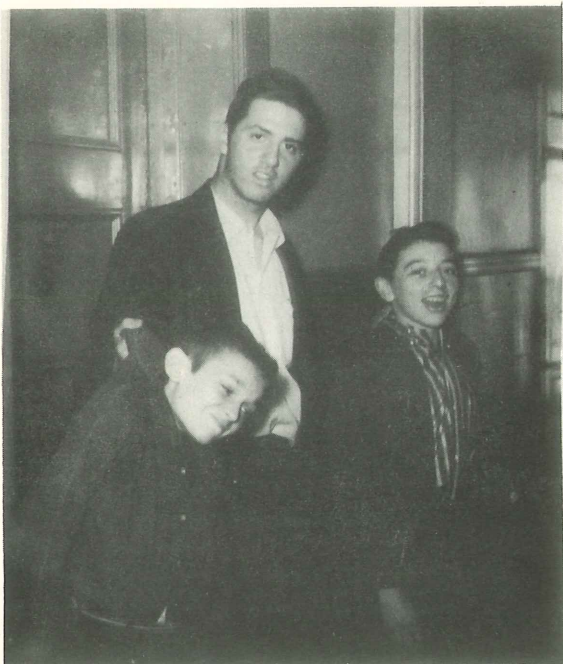
Vanguard Editor and his staff showing off the latest edition before the camera. L-R, Benny Forst - Art Editor, Leon Wein - Secetary, Gerald Freidman, Editor, Rapheal Weis - Assistant Editor.



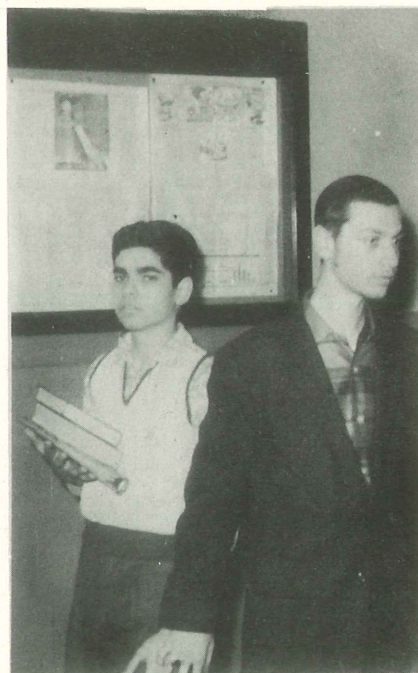
That smiling group of congenial law enforcers is known as the S. P. Force. They're not at their posts right now of course, but when are they? L-R, Standing, B.B. Yoffe, Sidney Kleinbard (captain), Harold Basch, Jacob Landesman. Seated, Michael Saslow, Simcha Schorr, Hyman Kahn, Gerald Pressman. (Not present-Larry Ribowsky.)

The Mesifta service squad known to all as the S. P. force, is a student group consisting entirely of the higher class of school society, namely The Seniors. The actual duties of our student patrol are to maintain order throughout the halls, and to avoid any accident that might occur during rush hours at the end of every period. The small S. P. force is proud of its perfect record of accident prevention. There is no Mesifta student who has not yet been indoctrinated with the simple regulation of keeping on the right side and walking down the correct staircase.

The well trained squad is always on the guard for violators of the basic safety rules. During assemblies they must be extra cautious in the maintenance of law and order. The efficient team of nine is headed by Captain S. Kleinbard and his Lieutenant J. Landesman. Their only wish is that future student patrols continue the great tradition of being the fighters of lawlessness.

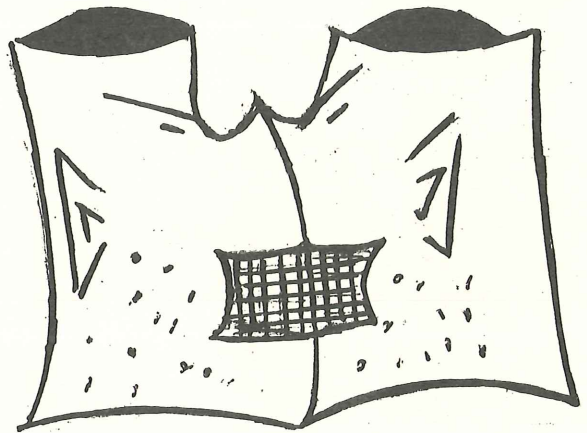


Those little "Freshies" will never learn which is the right stairway.



Whoops, wake up Jerry, another one's sneaking by!

The debating team of Torah Voddath H.S. headed by Joseph Reiss, was once again composed of the school's best and most convincing speakers. Although our record was not too impressive, mainly because of lack of preparation on our part, we astounded the teachers and the audiences in both our school and the ones we visited, with forceful and excellent deliveries.



Torah Vodaath's debating team discussing the reasons why we lost another debate. Members of the debating team are L-R, Ira Glustein, Jack Traub, Samuel Lew, Michael Klein, Joseph Reiss (captain) and Sidney Kleinbard.
Student Patrol



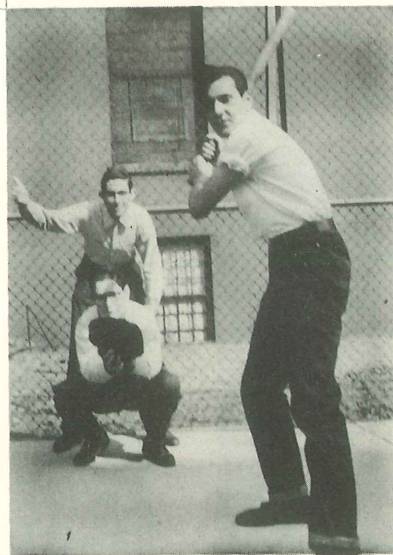
Here goes another
Delaney Book.



In the Hallway



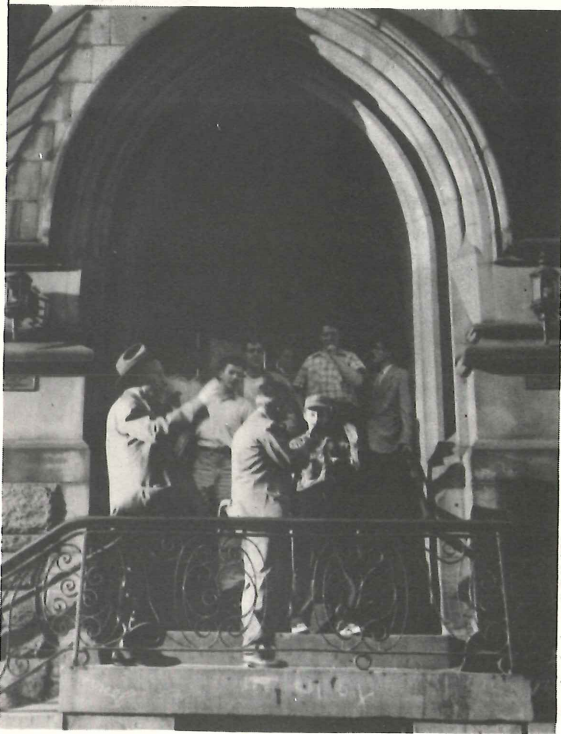
The presidium of that notorious organization known as the Senior class. Sidney Kleinbard and Sroel Gruenbaum join forces to attempt the impossible, controlling the Senior class meetings—still an impossibility.



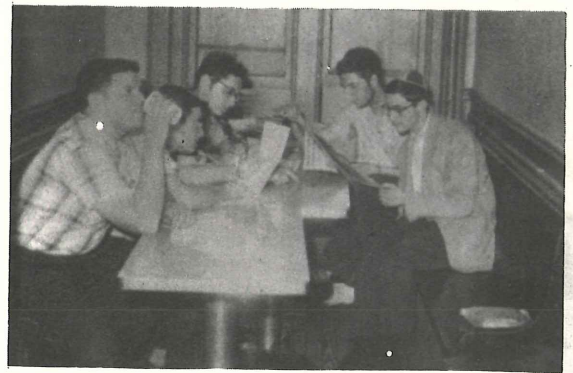
It's Summer and Physics
Takes to the Field.



Working in the Book Room, Jacob Applegrad and Rapheal Schorr are looking for a French book with covers!



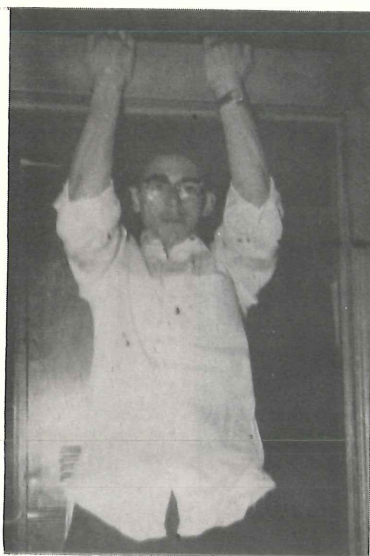
"And thou shalt proclaim liberty throughout the land"; 6:28 PM has finally arrived.



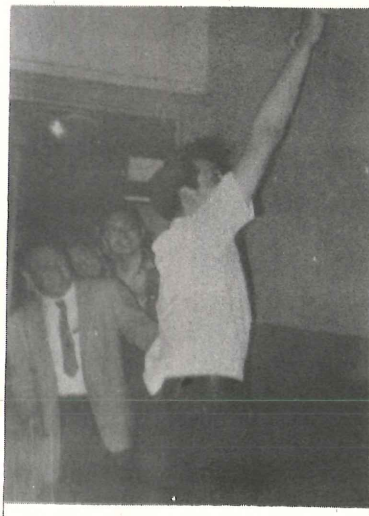
Who said it was a teacher's lounge.



Behind bars, that's what it's like in Mr. Kaplan's class.



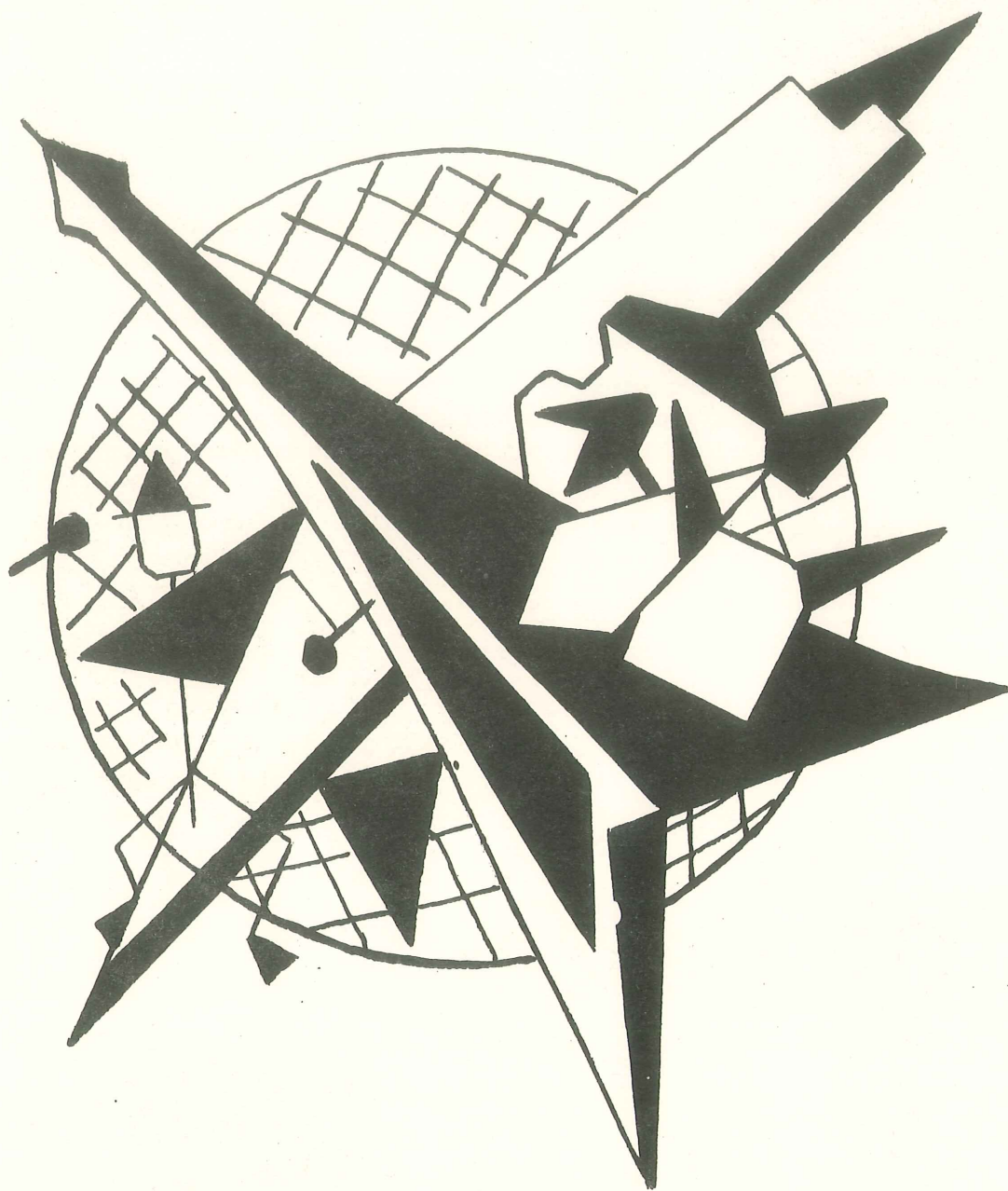
**M.T.V. Gym
Open only during
"Shiurim"**



**"Action at the fuse box",
they finally nabbed him.**



**"Ha,Ha,Peck, too bad,
I knew it would be a girl."**



Languages



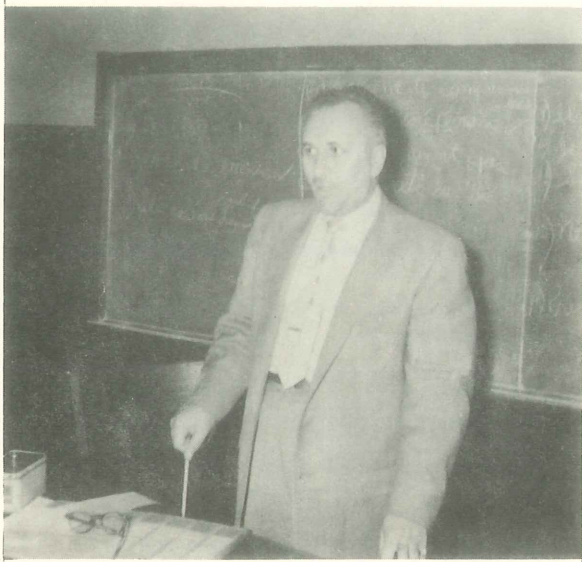
Make way lads, I'm coming through.

LANGUAGES

Amongst the three languages taught in our school a common paradox is evident. It is: Those who teach languages seem to have a peculiar capacity for giving us a good time while teaching these languages. This curious phenomena is, however, a boon to the students. For who has not been joyed by such linguistic masterpieces as, "Either you get out or leave the room." "Don't be a wise guy in your young age." "I even don't care," and so many memorable others. To these heroes of the Language Department, Rabbi Joseph Krieger, Rabbi Meyer Pantel, Mr. Leon Seligman; and Rabbi Isaac Wolfson, we offer our thanks for a wonderful time.



"If you want to lern, iss goot, if not, go out."



"Uh, Uh, Sonney! That's not what I said."



"We'll tear up the boys and throw out their cards."



"Did you do your umm-verk?"



THE PAY-OFF

A One Act Play In One Scene

Time: 2:AM, recently.

Place: Teacher's Room, 141 So. 3rd St.

Props: A table; some chairs; assorted fruit peels, bags, crumbs, left overs from lunch; a few lockers and hangers; and a convenient window.

As the scene opens, the room is pitch black. The squeaky door suddenly sighs open (it was sleeping) and Mr. S., an imposing figure with a lighted bow tie enters. This is the ringleader. He mutters:

"What a night! Wonder where the rest of those lads are?.....chickens!

The window rattles and Mr. S. shudders. Footsteps resound heavily outside. They stop momentarily before the door. The door swings open and a doubled up figure rolls in. This is Mr. V. Mr. V. straightens out and bites his lip, putting on the light at the same time. Mr. V. notices Mr. S. huddled in a corner and says by way of greeting:

"How art thou on this dastardly night..... boss?"

Mr. S. "Okay, where are the others, it's 10 after 2, I gotta get home yet tonight?"

Mr. V. paternally: Fear not.

In a moment a strange sound is heard in the distance. It's a rather difficult sound to describe, somewhat like a batallion of tractors going up the Empire State Building, in 1st gear.

Mr. S. sighs, relieved: "They're coming".

Mr. V. quietly: "Obviously."

The roaring crescendo approaches. Outside it halts for a moment and a dim voice is heard.

"QUIET"! The boss said Quiet!"

Suddenly, miraculously, there is quiet. Quiet walks up to the door and opens it. The sinister figures file in one by one. They are short, tall, thick, thin, awake and asleep, but they have one trait in common, they're desperate. The last

check they got was 6 months ago, and that one bounced. They stand around quietly, commenting, until the boss calls for order. Around the room these various comments are heard. "Yeah, I got all the courses down on yellow slips, it's a cinch."

"It shouldn't happen to a dog."

"It's a scandal, naval oranges went up to a dime apiece."

Mr. S.: calls for order.

"Hush it up men, we got work to do.

Mr. S.: "Now you all know why we are here—"

A Voice: "Sure my landlord threw me out to-day."

Mr. S.: "Don't interrupt, I'm doing the talking. Now we gotta decide once and for all about the cabbage that's coming us. I'm open to any suggestions so long as I get the credit."

Mr. K. rising: "Who needs dem, we will overcome the few and become Jews again! Either dey pay us or give us the money."

Mr. S. E. "Okay, Okay, you don't have to shout."

Mr. K.: ".....Dogs."

Mr. S.: "If the shoe fits, wear it, Now let's get going with the ideas."

Mr. L: "Look. I've been here 18 years and believe me it's hopeless.

Mr. D.: "I knew I should have stuck to acting."

Mr. H.: "Who cares anyway, I get my pension in two years."

Mr. V.: "STOP IT! We are not here to mumble or grouch, we are here to....to plot."

All concur: "Yeah, yeah."

Mr. S.: "Okay, you heard the lad. Now let's have some practical suggestions."

Mr. S. aside: "I know people make mistakes... sometimes... that is, that's why they put erasers

on pencils, ... but... well... we've been waiting 6 months already to get paid... and... and you just can't change the spots on a zebra... for no money." (Turns to assembled) "I got it! We'll go on strike for a day, that'll convince 'em we mean business."

Mr. K.: "That's what you think. The Rabbis tried that last week, and look where it got them."

Mr. S.: "Okay, so what else can we do?"

Mr. V.: "Obviously."

Mr. S.: "Obviously-what?"

Mr. V.: "Obviously-quit."

Mr. S., blowing up: "But I got a wife... and kids."

A slight rasping sound is heard... at first not all hear it... but as it grows louder and louder all ears are perked to it.

Mr. S.; whispering: "THE LIGHT!"

The light is shut. In the dark are heard whispers:

"It's coming from this corner."

"No, it's from that one."

"It sounds like a rat!"

They are all frightened, but curious. Each clutches a nearby weapon, just in case. One has an orange, another a violin case, a third a gigantic briefcase, a fourth prepares a trampling foot etc. etc.

The rasping noise grows louder, more furious, a piece of the wall is heard giving way. Suddenly realization dawns upon the assemblage, they rush madly to the lockers, but.... too late. A broken voice sobs:

"There goes my Delany Book again."

In the mad rush a few skulls were crushed, but gradually they are mended and the group sits once again around its leader.

Mr. G. hysterically: "But my book, my Delany Book...."

Mr. S.: "Knock it off, we still gotta decide what to do."

Mr. W. a quiet individual who hasn't said a word yet, gets up and announces his plan. "Dey

vont to pay us is goot, dey don't vont to pay us is no goot."

He sits down and is not heard from again. All try to think of an idea. In the midst of this profound silence, someone is heard tiptoeing outside the door. The door creaks open and Mr. G. enters.

Mr. G.: "Well, good morning gentleman. Sorry I'm late but I was sort of engrossed in my ouija board... and... and..."

Mr. S.: "Okay, okay. Cut it, so you're late. Got any ideas for us?"

Mr. G. dazed: "Yes, why yes, why this very moment I wasn't thinking about it. You see it's like this. They don't want to learn, they hate me, so I'll just give them another 10 zeroes apiece."

Mr. S.: We are not talking about that, I wanna know about the dough."

Mr. G.: "Oh well in that case, er... well you've heard of these little smoke cylinders that are popular nowadays."

Mr. S. interrupting: "I said no violence, where there's violence there's trouble and where there's trouble they always blame me."

Mr. G.: I have a new formula to transform protoplasm to a vegetable."

Mr. S.: "I said NO VIOLENCE!"

Again all think in profound silence. A stealthy step is heard outside. It grows nearer. The owner is heard mumbling:

"I'm sure I left that cigar butt in here someplace, maybe it's in the Teacher's Room."

He opens the door.

All: "Yipes!"

Caught redhanded they have no choice. There is a mad rush for the window. One by one they plunge out.

Mr. M.L. who had just entered looks sadly out the window, muttering:

"My teachers.... my teachers.... my teachers" as the curtain slowly falls.

by Samuel Shapiro



"I only work here for laughs anyway."



"Well, I'm glad to see nobody is here today, now I can teach something."

PHYSICS AND GENERAL SCIENCE

This year freshmen and seniors witnessed the triumphant return of Mr. Isadore Grutman, eminent head of our Science and Physics Department. Mr. Grutman, beloved by all for his ever-smiling countenance and witty sayings, is also well known for his teaching methods. Physics has become a joy for all. The flame of scientific research has been kindled. Optics — on tests, electricity — fuse-pulling, and chemistry-in hydrogen sulphide capsules. It's been quite an eventful year for us. We don't know how eventful it has been for science.



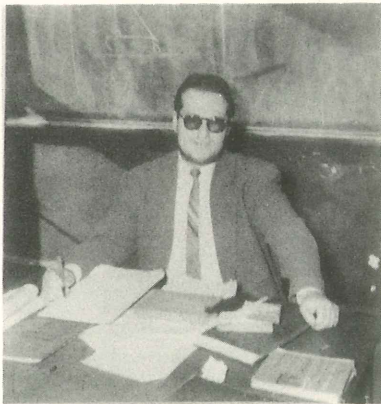
"We're going to see the Rabbi."



"Now I'm warning you, I don't want any more noise in this library!"



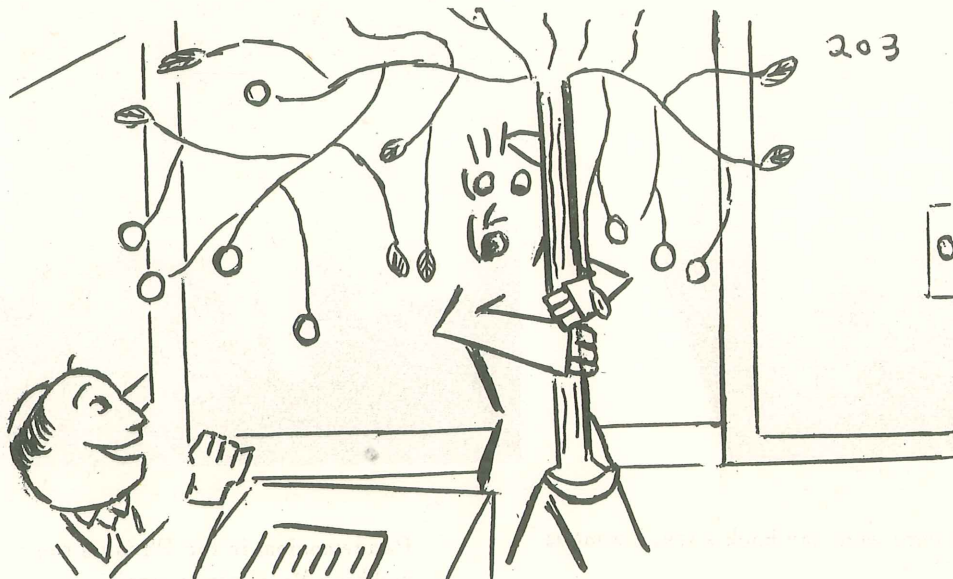
"They make me do everything in this place."

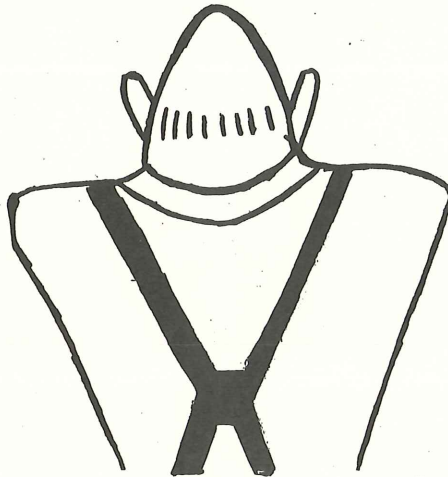


See you in Hollywood this summer.



"Sorry I was out last week, my car crashed up you know."





MATHEMATICS

The Department of Mathamatics is composed of four faculty members; Zelig Kaplan, Sidney Peck, Moses Karman & Rabbi Max Lonner. They have proven that Mathamatics can be interesting and sometimes even fun. Each of them seems to have his own special way of teaching, but the results show unanimous progress. Mr. Kaplan teaches by sheer force of personality, Mr. Peck by nonchalance, Mr. Karmen by vocal amplitude and Rabbi Lonner – unfathomable. All in all though, their combined efforts have finally taught us the essentials of receiving the proper change in the grocery store.



"I don't care what the book says, I want it my way."



Pandemonium in the Physics room; they're mobbing Mr. Grutman again.



They Said It -- We Heard It



"If I knew what I was doing I wouldn't be here." (Mr. Grutman)

"You people are willfully killing murders." (Rabbi Lonner)

"Not more than 5, not less than 10." (Doc Horowitz)

"One lies and the other swears to it." (Mr. Grutman)

"I'm the only one allowed to make the funnies around here." (Mr. Kaplan)

"If you won't walk out, you won't come back." (Mr. Grutman)

"We will learn what is right and what is accordingly." (Rabbi Krieger)

"It reminds me of the time I ate a horse in the Army." (Mr. Greenberg)

"I teach here for nothing but don't tell the Rabbi I told you so, or he'll see that my name isn't put in the hat when they draw for who gets paid." (Mr. Grutman)

"Their prayers will be abominations." (Rabbi Krieger)

"I'm quoting from what you should have said." (Mr. Vogel)

"You wasted one minute of mine with that one moment of yours." (Mr. Grutman)

"Eisenhower should only live to 120 years--and suffer." (Mr. Lieberman)

"Since this mess is equal to this mess and this mess is equal to this mess, then this mess is equal to this mess." (Mr. Carmen)

"You hear the old story of rubbing two Boy

Scouts together to make a fire?" (Mr. Grutman)

"I don't want to waste your time and mine by teaching you, so just keep quiet and I'll let you do what you want." (Rabbi Lonner)

"And if those few don't walk out, the Regents will be postponed." (Rabbi Krieger)

"I like you but you don't like yourself." (Mr. Grutman)

"Here's a question, kick it around." (Doc. Horowitz)

"Some of you lads are just too shifty for me." (Mr. Seligman)

"We are going to review today what we didn't learn yesterday in an effort to teach it to you tomorrow." (Mr. Grutman)

"They don't know what's all about it." (Rabbi Krieger)

"I'll knock that boy so hard he'll wonder why I didn't do it before." (Mr. Grutman)

"If someone's brain is deprived of blood for a few minutes, that person becomes a vegetable." (Mr. Greenberg)

"An election shows the wisdom of the American people in choosing the biggest racketeer." (Mr. Lieberman)

"Don't ask me a question when I ask you a question." (Mr. Seligman)

"Censored--Censored--Censored." (Mr. Grutman)

"If you don't like this course---Drop." (Rabbi Lonner)

"You can do it any way you want but I'll

mark it wrong if it isn't my way." (Mr. Kaplan)

"It's not a test, just a written review."
(Mr. Greenberg)

"Your attitude stinks, your attendance is worse and your conduct ..censored – censored... censored." (Mr. Grutman)

"There are two topics, there is no choice."
(Mr. Vogel)

"Chickie Lonner." (Rabbi Lonner upon entering a noisy physics class)

"All you have to do to pass this course is pay tuition." (Mr. Grutman)

"A few years ago somebody "borrowed" into my locker, and since then I don't keep any finals there." (Mr. Greenberg)

"It probably might" (Mr. Grutman)

"Go to the next class whenever you go there". (Mr. Seligman)

"Some people, out of superstition say that the door opened by itself, that's not so, it may have been a wind....or a ghost." (Mr. Grutman)

"Well, They are really the same except that they are different." (Mr. Seligman)

"Let's take a round number like 11."
(Mr. Grutman)

"If the shoe fits...wear it." (Mr. Seligman)

"Don't talk while he's interrupting." (Mr. Grutman)

"That's a good answer, now lets have the right one." (Mr. Kaplan)

"Well, I didn't mark him absent today, I'll do it tomorrow." (Mr. Grutman to Rabbi Lonner)

"You should know a zebra can't change its spots, lad." (Mr. Seligman)

"Don't do that now, you can do that while you are sleeping." (Mr. Grutman)

"You made two mistakes and got the right answer, so who's going to win the fifth race at Jamaica?" (Mr. Kaplan)

Mr. Grutman's introduction to the daily physics class:

"Please sit down or I'll mark you absent."

"Anybody who is late is absent."

"Whoever is not here is absent."

"You're absent until you're seated."

"I'm failing you for the second third, it's for your benefit, now you'll be able to improve."
(Mr Greenberg)

"I don't beat them up, I beat them down; why should I work against gravity." (Mr. Grutman)

P.S. There are others too:

Demo & Hertzky



Social Sciences



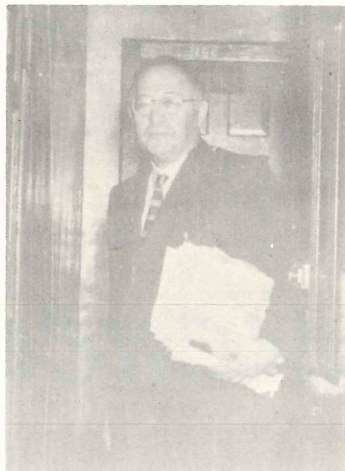
Got paid today, for a change, first time in 18 years.



Mah name's McCarthy. Ah teach Bio.

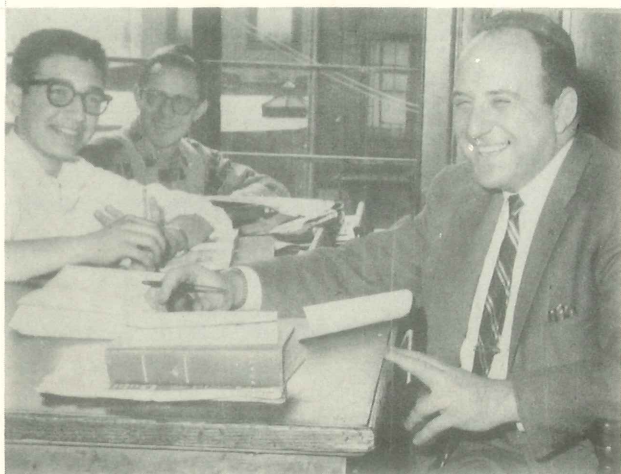
SOCIAL STUDIES

The burden of teaching the social sciences in our school, falls upon three individuals, Eugene Horowitz, Joseph Lieberman, and Milton Greenberg. Their job is not an easy one; teaching facts to youthful minds is quite a feat. But they have done it, and done it well. Whatever their preferred medium, yellow paper, mimeographed sheets or intermittent biblical lectures, our boys finally know that Ben Franklin invented the rocking chair and that it's tough to be "Duller than a Secretary of State".



Sorry I'm late, had a G.O. meeting in my day school.





"Very very funny, I'm only giving you two zeroes."



Now we'll go into Eisenhower's Administration, this'll only take a minute.



Assignment reads as follows, abcdef, a
(wonder what's in that briefcase)



NOBODY ASKED US -- BUT --

Rain is wet.

We work 12 years to become High School Seniors and now they're throwing us out.

Rabbi Lonner should learn to write English.

Mr. Seligman should have known he's had enough when he gave us a Spanish test -- in French.

"Borrowing" on a test should be legalized.

Mr. Kaplan isn't the mean old man everyone thinks he is -- but don't try to prove we're right.

Is Mr. Vogel's daughter really 6 foot 5?

Snow is white.

Our last few G.O. assemblies had no semblance of being assembled.

Wouldn't it be great if Science could split Mr. Lieberman in half? This would fulfill the law of supply and demand.

Someone should wake up Rabbi Wolfson.

How can Mr. Greenberg be an only child if his stories reveal the lives of 8 brothers in law.

I wonder which arena the late Mr. Weissman is wrestling in.

Blood is red.

Rabbi Lonner is more nervous than anyone else on a Regents day.

I think it takes Doc much too long to mark reports.

Don't do "chin-ups" on the locker room entrance when we're coming in.

Mr. Grutman really has a soft heart.

Mr. Diamond seems lost without Mr. Moskowitz at his side.

Shouldn't Mr. Vogel buy a car with a convertible top?

Mr. Carmen's class is still trying to figure out

why one mess plus another mess equals a big mess.

Rabbi Pantel can't stand perfume.

Grass is green.

Dr. Horowitz shouldn't pity the poor undertaker who would be put out of business if people were to stop dying.

Mr. Greenberg's latest yarn tells us that he has a teachers license.

What became of the school's candy sellers who were part of our glorious past, are they still making a penny a bar?

Stop denying the fact that Mr. Grutman tries hard.

Just because the girls get the best of Rabbi Lonner doesn't mean that he has to leave it out on us.

Mr. Seligman is too self confident.

It's really easy to cheat on a regents, but don't try it.

The sky is blue.

The least Mr. Greenberg could do is make believe he's watching us on a test.

Hats off to Mr. Berman who has combined his talents in basketball and math to teach "mathketball."

No matter how you look at it, Mr. Vogel is a pretty good "kibitzer"

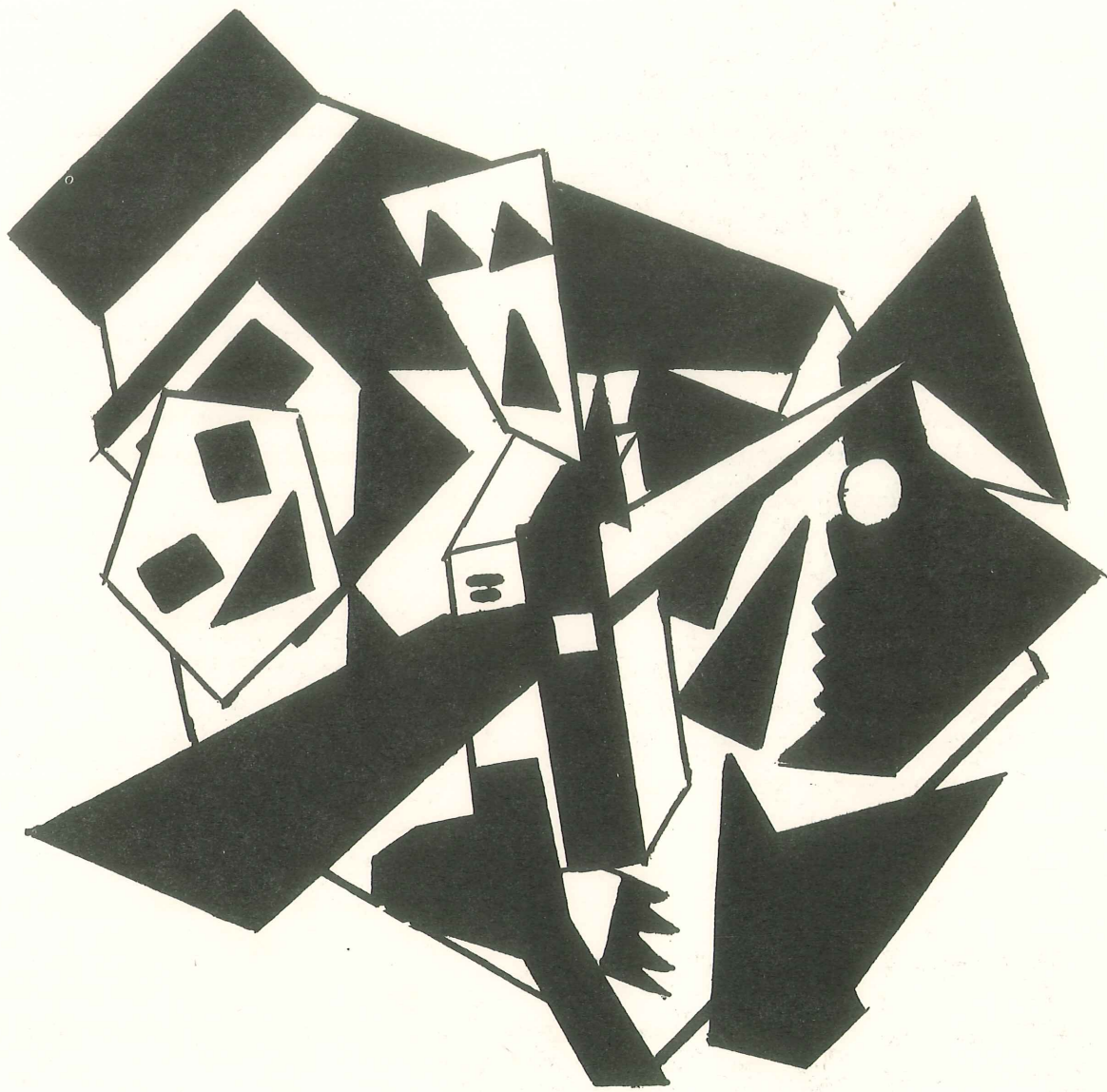
Dr. Horowitz has been blinking his eyes lately, has the density of his tests finally caught up with him?

Why not let Rabbi Wolfson speak at the U.N.? That'll really confuse the Reds.

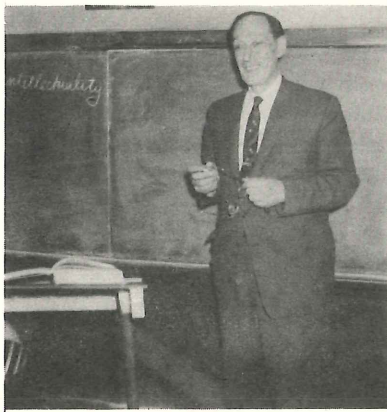
Shouldn't an award be given to Mr. Greenberg for the amount of courses he has talked through?

Why do teachers always contradict themselves?

We talk too much.



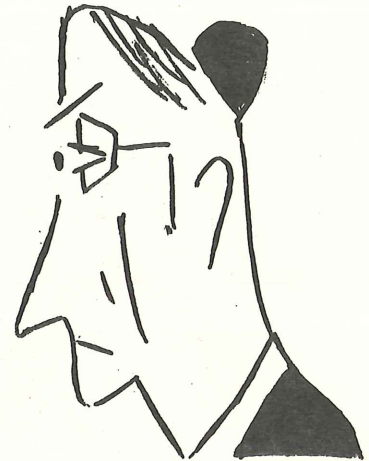
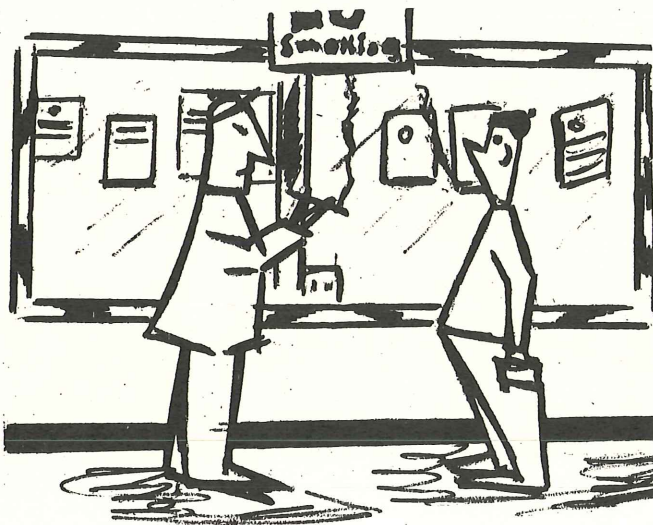
English



Well-eh— it can happen to a teacher too.



Yes, it is a hard question, so what?



ENGLISH

The English Department in our school has grown to towering heights. Real progress has been made. Shakespeare has become a "pass" word, public speaking a matter of intense competition, and drama, an integral part of our lives. The gentlemen responsible for these feats are: Alfred Vogel; Richard Diamond and Chaim Ozer. What can we say in gratitude but — thanks, for educating the future writers, playwrights, actors, poets and speakers of the United States of America.



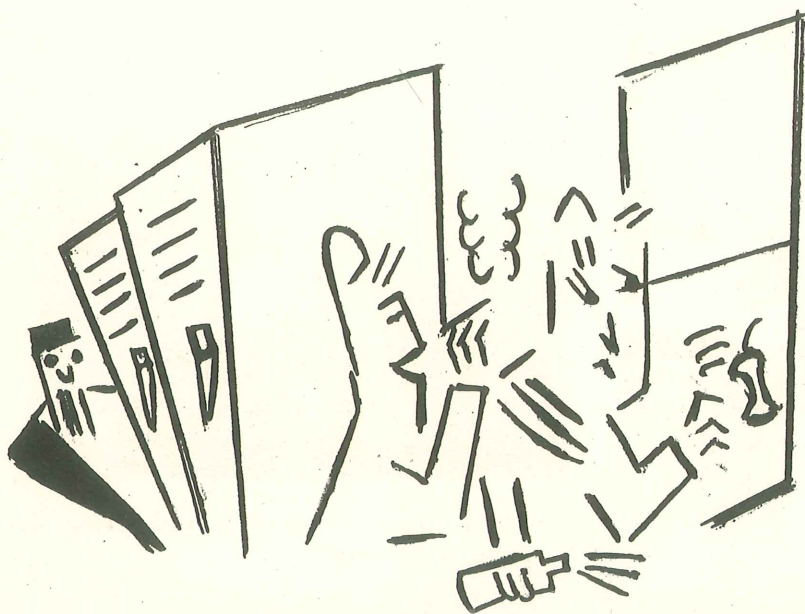
"Why did you leave me with those delinquents, Moskowitz?"



That's right, my name is Diamond.



I hope those fire crackers are not for me.



Hi, I'm new around here, please have mercy.

FRESHMAN DIARY

Freshman-----1953-54

Dear Diary:

We entered High School with eager anticipation and an unbelievable momentary thirst for learning. Mr. Haber's initial lecture transmitted us to his habitual nonchalance. We soon felt transformed into social scientists of the highest caliber. This superior feeling remained with us until Mr. (Zeke) Kaplan enlightened us as to our real status—that of half-witted baboons of the lowest caliber. Mr. Kaplan, although he was a strict martinet, did not give vent to his anger because of a trivial matter. An act with a full measure of insolence was required to bring forth his hottest wrath, such as the gentle click of a ball point pen. One could always forget the fears and anxieties experienced in Zeke's period while listening to the voice of Captain "Anti Scoffer" Greenberg of the Horse Marines. His words never displayed happiness, anger, comedy or truth.... We learned much about science, and were especially intrigued by Dr. Feldman's theory of the generation of electricity for our light bulbs. One could almost smell a savory aroma as Dr. Feldman vehemently uttered the magical words, "ib-bergebblibbener beblach" The obstacles which stood in our way of learning were usually

easily overcome. However, some of us could not very well tolerate the glare caused by the reflection of light from the smooth domes of our teachers..... Being somewhat naive and unwise in the ways of the school, this was the year in which we were thoroughly occupied. We were even pounced upon and interviewed by a mad psychologist loose in the school. He preyed upon innocent Freshmen and bombarded them with such truth-seeking questions as, "Do you get along with your mother?" "Do you ever maltreat your sister"? etc. Despite the heavy school work and the heavy burdens which we carried, we could not resist sympathizing with Rabbi Traube and his severe afflictions—a continuously itching heart. Though we couldn't prescribe a remedy, we proved that "artificial rain" and little paper missiles which constantly catapulted across the room aggravated the condition....Mr. Haber kindled the spirit of journalism in us and we found a means of publicly registering our grievances... In retrospect, we find that it was a profitable year—a year in which we became accustomed to the idiosyncracies of teachers and reconciled to life in high school.

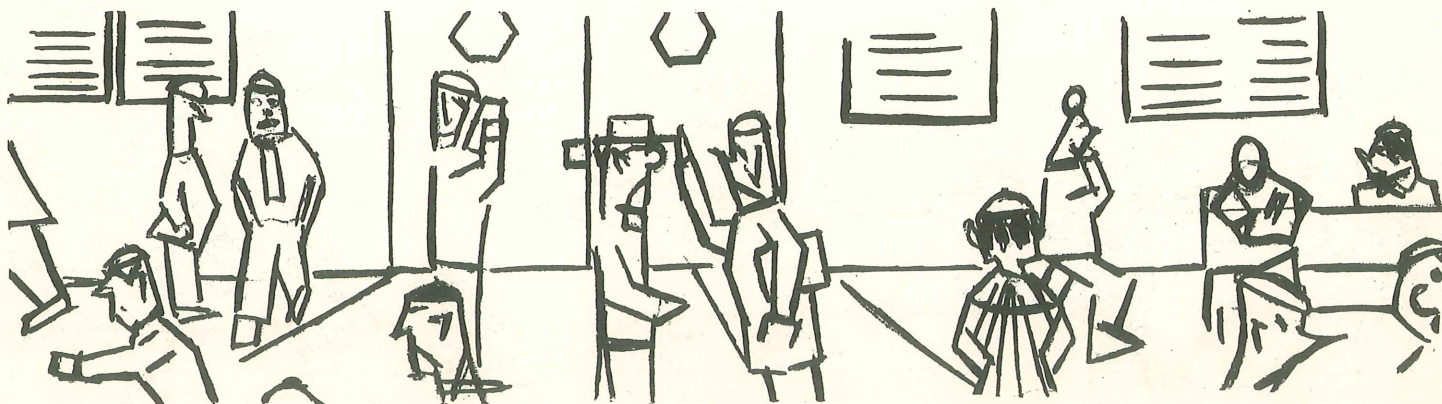


SOPHOMORE -- 1954-55

Dear Diary:

By this time we have learned not to be shocked by anything, but rather to accept everything with laughter. Who can forget Mr. Haber's face, as it brightly shone with embarrassment on the announcement of his attentions to tackle life with the assistance of a spouse. However, contrary to our expectations, his marital aims did not eliminate the tasks he so profusely provided us with -- among them a fatiguing term report.... Although we laughed at most things, we were quite taken aback when we learned that Mr. Greenberg would honor us with his presence on Sundays only. How we yearned and enthusiastically awaited the brow-raising stories and lengthy orations he would bring with him. Mr. Inone, the slick-looking gentleman with the Italian moustache, who took his place, could hardly match the garrulity of Mr. ("Jarvis") Greenberg..... We greatly advanced our knowledge under the guidance of Rabbi Wolfson, who burst

the eardrums of many a student with his booming emanations. Rabbi Wolfson's pupils particularly envied the class of Rabbi Pantol, where the marks reached colossal heights and were reported to greatly exceed the merits of the students..... The Regents, which entered our peaceful lives this year promised to be a fearful new experience. Due to our good grace, we occasionally extended momentary permission to Mr. "Rocky" Eller to teach. Thus fortified, we were able to face the Regents without trepidation. In passing the dreaded exam, we proved that one can pass the Geometry Regents without necessarily memorizing the text of the book--a feat mastered only by "Zeke" (with page numbers) Though we had a hectic time as "suffer-mores", our capacity to endure was immense. Our studies this year did not render us happier, though they did make us somewhat wiser. The glee is yet to come.

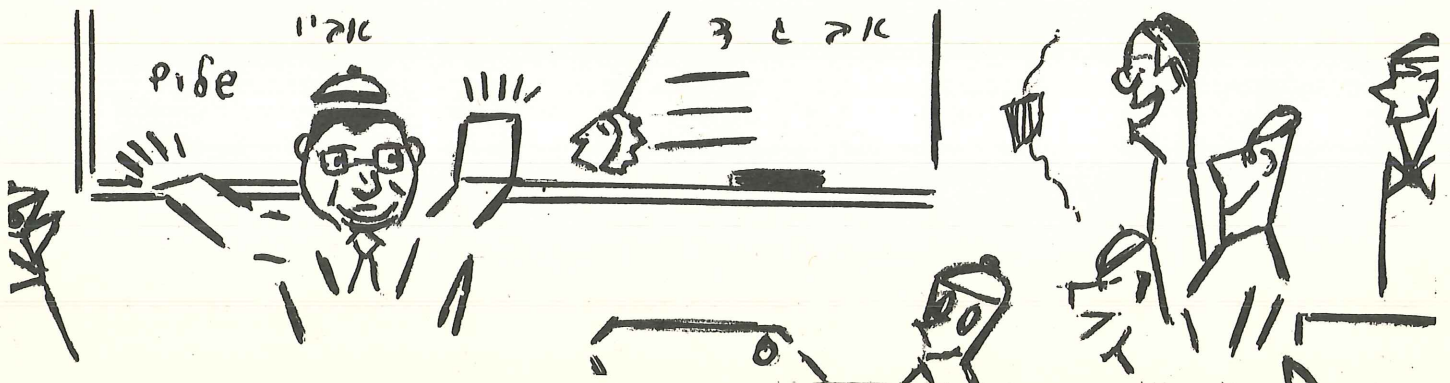


JUNIORS ----- 1955-56

Dear Diary:

We are closer to the end than we are to the beginning, and things, we are informed, will be done ACCORDINGLY. In order to clearly perceive the kind of helter-skelter life we led this year, let us draw from our memories a portrait of each of our admirable pedagogues..... Mr. Moskowitz attempting to mitigate the effect of his announcement of the terms eighth book report by offering a sadistic smile to his class.... Rabbi Krieger weeping with the tears of the prophets as he "abominates dose few in de back over dere"..... In reprimand, he solemnly warns the "Airev Rav" that in the end they will "floonk" the Regents and laugh as he cries..... The vociferous fulmination against the inequity committed to a chicken whose head he found swinging on a light string..... His appropriate exclamation on finding a live cat in his desk; "Only a dog could do this"..... Mr. Lieberman,

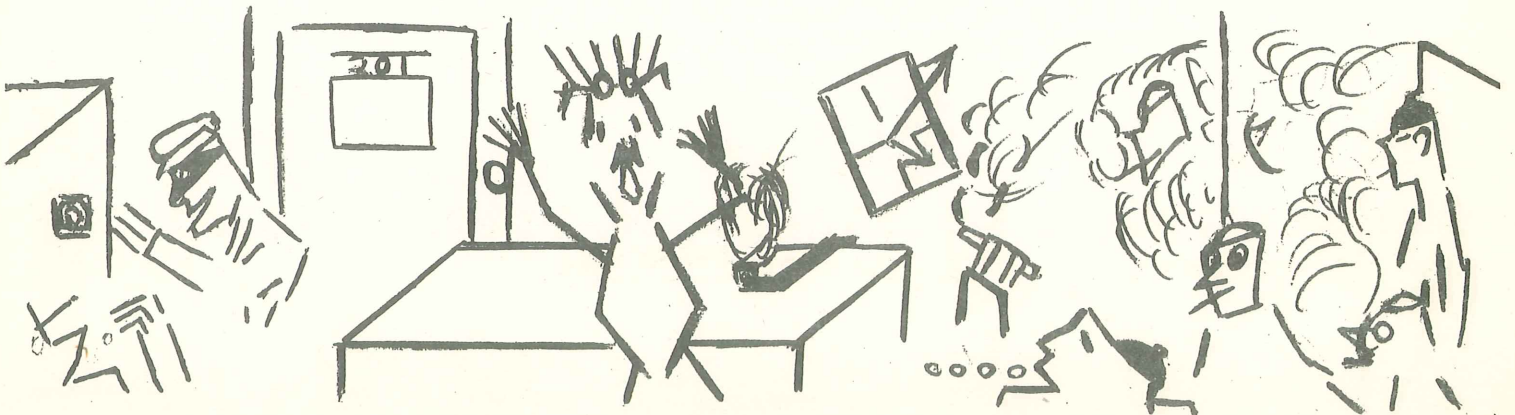
with the heartlessness of his former school chum, Lepky, assigning fifty history essays for study..... His incredible accomplishment of having formed connections in Albany so as to amaze us with his alleged ability to predict Regents questions..... Mr. Seligman, the colorful linguist, chirping "a demain" to his Spanish class and "hasta manyana" to his French class..... The paternal teacher offering to his "lads" words of wisdom: "If the shoe fits, wear it"..... His uncanny talent of building a test solely on the most hidden footnotes..... Rabbi Lonner's daily shiur on "Sharei Teshuva" marred only by an occasional attempt to teach Trigonometry..... Due, no doubt to the spirited height to which we were elevated during this period, we floated through the Regents. (Some however, nearly drowned)..... This was the year that created the condition of vulnerability to the contraction of the disease, "Seniorities."



Dear Diary:

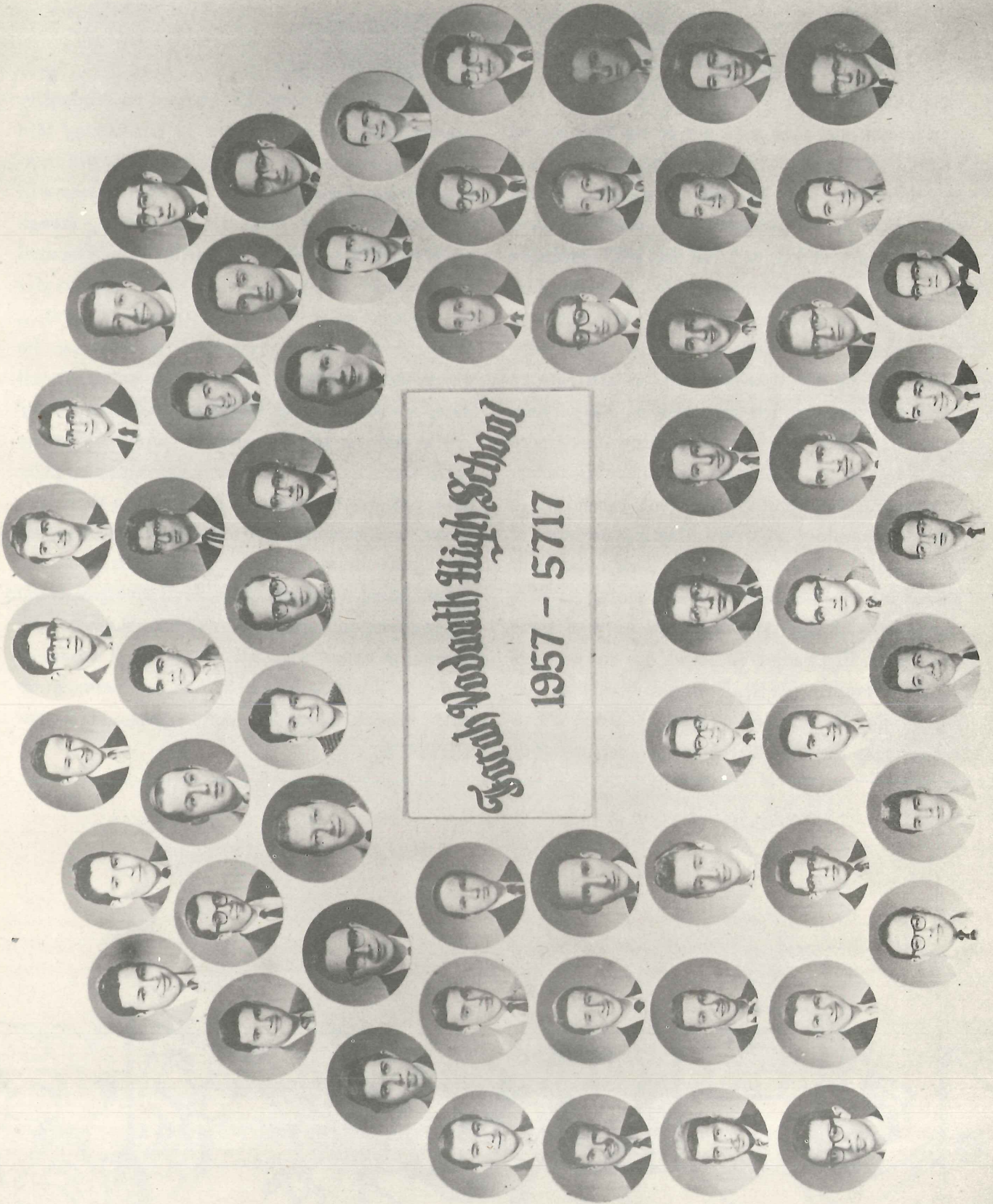
The sun will soon have set on our high school careers. We have reached the ultimate goal, and Mr. Greenberg still has his insatiable passion for oranges. . . A phenomena by which we have long been astounded, and one that still continues to puzzle us, is the loathing Dr. Horowitz possesses for the presence of minute white spots on test papers. The students in his class were electrified by the lessons—this we attribute to “Doc’s” capacity for speaking on alternating current.... This year we were conscious, more than ever before, that time was speeding on unceasingly. This painful awareness caused us to cling desperately to every fleeting moment of Mr. Vogel’s period. This tall, dark and—scholarly gentleman succeeded in entrancing us with the jewels of English literature, so that never were we to find ourselves bored, nor did we pass an idle moment... To Mr. Grutman, we extend our congratulations for having made the keen observation that inter-student correspondence during

tests is here to stay. He showed an originality unparalleled by any teacher in combatting this menace—assigning each student a different test. We are quite confident that Mr. Grutman will eventually realize that all our pranks, though covered with a blanket of mirth, were executed for the sake of science, and that he will forgive us, for none of it was in vain (merely wasted).... Memories are only worthwhile if they can be cherished. All the incidents which we can recall have a substance on which to reminisce. They are a curious species and we enjoyed viewing their kind.... Some of us may be remembered by posterity for the deeds which they, in their lifetimes, will perform. But we will all be forgotten for simply being Seniors. The laughs, both the scintillating and the trite, and disappointments (if any) are only ours to remember. However, we commonly share with all graduates a fondness which will never diminish, and a reverence we will always hold for our school-----our MESIFTA.



Goodrich Vothath High School

1957 - 5717



A SILENT CONSCIENCE

By Joseph Reiss

On November 2, 1956, Gaza fell and the Nasserian aspirations of Arab solidarity and Israeli liquidation crumbled. Israel, now free from the nest of scorpions retarding its growth, instituted a policy of rapid expansion. The port of Elath was widened and dredged to accommodate the vessels now able to ply through the Straits of Tiran. An oil pipeline was built between the Negev and Haifa. Oil prospecting increased; production began anew. Highways and road improvement projects, linking the fast growing South with the rest of Israel, were begun.

But, by far the greatest fruit of victory relished by the people was peace. Peace meant the security Israel never had since she was declared a state.

The children of Shafrin can once more play freely without fear of another merciless Fedayeen attack. Now the border settlements of Hahal-Oz Beeri, Kissufim and Nirim can again flourish. No longer would Israeli travelers huddle in fear at the sight of a stone or clump of brush that might conceal a group of snipers.

The people of Israel resplendent in joy, reiterated the words of their ancestors when they were likewise rescued from the talons of Egyptian tyranny.

"The people shall hear and be afraid,
Dismay shall seize the inhabitants of Philista.
Then shall the Dukes of Edom be amazed.

The mighty ones of Moab shall be taken with trembling.

All the inhabitants of Canaan will melt away.
Fear and awe shall fall upon them".

Gaza and its surrounding area is an enclave between Israel and the sea, geographically a component of Israel. Gaza's union with Israel would greatly strengthen the only bastion of democracy in the Mid-East and insure its blessing to its indigenous inhabitants. The Levantine live in conditions of destitution and ignorance. Under Israeli control, there would be a multiplication of health centers, elimination of diseases, eradication of ignorance, and a helping hand in the development of the area. Instead of the present backward area there would blossom a renaissance for the Arabs, with friendship replacing hatred, intelligence-susceptibility and democracy-anarchy.

But what was gained on the field was lost at the conference table. Due to political intrigue, Gaza was wrested from international control and again misplaced in the hands of its Egyptian exploiters. Again Israel was plunged into chaos and insecurity, and the Gazans sealed to a fate of abject poverty, ignorance, and hate.

The conscience of the world has been silenced; its eyes blinded. The return of Gaza again placed the Mid-East on the brink of war. A democracy has been censored and Nasser's tottering throne restored.

ART and LIFE

by Samuel Shapiro

The artist, whatever his chosen field may be, is confronted with an immense undertaking. He must convey to his audience through an indirect medium, an imaginative idea, a picture, a scene. And furthermore, he must communicate to an audience of *HUMAN BEINGS* and consequently a convocation of intricate individuality. To all these infinitely varied beings he must seek to convey the personal thoughts of one man, himself. He must transmigrate his public from their individual lives to a temporary collective life. People must abandon their present status and enter into..... a new existence. The artist's task is not an easy one.

How is all this accomplished, this overwhelming transformation induced through mere written words or notes or pigmentation? How does the artist provoke his incongruent audience into simultaneous tears and laughter, love and hate, pity and antipathy? How does he persuade rational beings to enter and accept a product of mere imagination? The artist's task is a strange one.

To understand the artist we must first understand art, and the key to understanding art is—*LIFE*.

It is life which is the intention of art. It is life which art portrays. It is life which all true art *MUST* portray. It is life which is inherent in art. And it is life which can explain to us how

the artist overcomes his difficult and strange task.

The artist is essentially a builder; he must construct with his particular blocks that which he attempts to convey. He erects a universe of his own and relates its history to his own liking. He is a creator—a divine imitator. With tender care he molds a people and the world they will live in. He tells how they live in it, and sometimes why they must leave it. This new world is his, it is in his power, he is the sole determinant of its progress. His mind has seen it, his hands shaped it, it is time for his audience to inherit it.

How does this inheritance take place? How shall the artist's audience react simultaneously to the effects he desires? How can he, through artificial communication, provoke spontaneous emotion by confronting them with this fictional world, this world of imitation? The artist's task has merely begun.

No! The artist must do more than create a world. He must beckon his audience to it. They must come closer..... and closer..... and closer..... until they themselves populate this creation as do the artist's characters. It is only when the artist has completely subjugated his audience and transmitted them to his creation, only when he has made them abandon that world in which they each so grossly differed, that he can

hope for them to laugh as one in the place he wants, and cry as one in the place he wants. Creation is not sufficient. It must be accompanied by attraction.

Before the artist now lies his greatest task. He must establish that motivation which will impel people from their own world to a fictitious one-world in which all will think and act alike.

Once again, it is through that inherent word of art—*LIFE*,—that the artist can create that world which can draw his audience to it.

To understand this strange regeneration of an audience from one world to another, let us first look at the world they now exist in, and from which we must extract them. At present they live in a world peopled by other people as they, embroidered with common natural phenomena, abiding the daily occurrences of civilization. In short, they are in the midst of living, engrossed in the great gift of life. But it is time to replace this varied individualism, mold them into a homogeneous mass, and transport them to the created world of the artist.

How does one do this—tearing people away from life? Simply. By creating in the fiction world a life for them, a life they can believe in, a life in which they can feel the security of reality. The artist must create his world with a life that is plausible and acceptable. His audience must feel that they are visiting a new life, a different but genuine one. Here is something they know, they understand, they can enter into—*LIFE!* There it is, recreated before their very senses! How miraculous, ingenious, awesome! They are now *LIVING* in a book, a drama, a composition. Gone for a time are the cares and worries of their life, the shouting children, the wire-cage of business activity. A man, a genius, an artist has transported them to another world as one individual.

The artist has used life to create art, and art to create life. He has used life to create his audience.

The artist has performed that miracle second only to G-d. He has created new worlds, new people, new life.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

by Michael Klein

Innumerable were the occasions that I debated whether to plan for the future with my classmate, Norman Wylie; yet never did he convince me that planning is an essential component of a successful life, nor I him that planning is useless. That was during our college days. Since then he had become a famous archeologist, and I a Nobel Prize-Winning Physicist.

I had just finished writing about my phenomenal discovery of an anti-atom-life which existed beyond the absolute freezing point, when I met the now "Professor" Wylie in the ticket office of Trans American Airlines. Upon learning that my motive in the office was to decide on how to spend my vacation, he beckoned me to accompany his group on an expedition to Africa. The purpose of the trip, he explained, was to prove his theory of a certain extinct ancient civilization having at one time existed in the central part of that continent. At first, I was a bit reluctant in accepting his invitation. However, after he related a few personal experiences which illustrated the amiability of the African natives and the comparative safety of the jungle, I agreed to join him. He assured me that the trip would provide an enjoyable vacation.

A week later, on schedule, we set off. I found traveling quite interesting, and the fact that we were not delayed in any way contributed greatly to my comfort. Once in Africa it took us three days to reach the site selected by Wylie for the excavation. The work was begun as soon as was possible. As anticipated, the professor's calculations were correct and, on the second day of the digging, the first of the many fossils, skeletons and other vestiges was unearthed. Each day the findings grew both in number and value.

I spent the days watching the crews bare the remains of this lost civilization. My experience with delicate instruments and experiments en-

abled my to enjoy observing the experts handle their fragile discoveries so adroitly. On the other hand, my extremely limited knowledge of archeology made it necessary for my host to explain to me each article found, and its significance, and that was how I spent my evenings. In the latter process, I was informed that the materials uncovered seemed to identify themselves chemically; that the stratum in which they were found identified them geologically as the oldest ever found. Furthermore, the civilization to which they belonged apparently was the most undeveloped culture ever to be discovered. These and many other facts acted as stimuli which prevented me from becoming bored.

On the sixth night, the first diversion from the constant archeology took place in our discussion when we sidetracked into the topic of planning for the future—our old favorite. After a heated debate which lasted for an hour and ended in a deadlock, we retired to our cots. However, I felt unusually nervous and tossed from side to side in an abortive attempt to fall asleep. The same feeling that overcame me the night before I made my physics discovery now prevailed. Intuition told me that something which would have a profound effect on my future was about to occur. How I foolishly longed to know what it was. Finally, at one in the morning, feeling defeated, I arose to go for a walk. On my way out of the tent, I stumbled in the dark and awakened the professor. I told him what I was doing and he sleepily replied, "Be careful."

I walked for a while under the jungle trees, temporarily refreshed by the cool night breeze. The tingling scent of the tropical flora almost made me forget the cause of my unrest. Then I returned to the tent. Still unable to sleep, I rested on my cot until the morning.

A short while after the digging was resumed that morning, something that caused a commotion

among the crew was uncovered. However, before I had a chance to inquire, the professor had already taken it and retired to our tent while the men returned to their meticulous work. Nothing more of the incident was said, nor was my friend seen outside the tent for the remainder of the day, except of course for meals. At night, I boldly entered the canvas shelter and seated myself at the table which stood in the center, opposite Wylie. After a moment he looked up from his work, acknowledged my presence and told me that he had something very interesting to show me. He removed from his pocket a corroded metal box that resembled, but was slightly larger than a cigarette case, out of which he took an antiquated but well-preserved parchment scroll. He unrolled the manuscript and began reading aloud its contents which were in some ancient dialect. I protested that I did not understand a word of what he was reading, whereupon he read to me an English translation that he had just written. It read as follows:

"During my youth I made extensive plans for that was the trend of our highly advanced civilization; during the latter part of my adolescence, I began executing my plans and observing the large nations of the world plan. In my early adulthood, I witnessed those nations execute their plans and, in that process, bring about almost complete destruction of life on earth. Indelible in my memory are the scenes that I stared at on that day when everything changed. I was traveling alone in my yacht during my vacation after having discovered in my physics laboratory a new life that exists under absolute conditions of cold, when suddenly the sky became dark and the sea began heaving its huge black waves at the sides of my boat whose motor had just gone dead. Then came an almost deafening sound which joined the waves of the ruthless waters which surrounded me, opened-mouthed, preparing to devour me alive. For hours nothing but the two deadly shades of black could be seen and nothing besides the reverberations of that weird shrieking sound could be heard. Another world

had come to an end and it seemed as though the next would never start, all because of planning. Some time later, when hope had almost been lost, a person clutching a floating log came into view and the extinguished spark of survival was again ignited. With much difficulty, utilizing the wild movement of the water and the battered rudder of my boat I neared the only other survivor and with much effort she came aboard.

As morning approached, the hue of the sky became clear blue, and the chameleon-like sea was once again deep green. In the distance they pleasantly blended into a strip of brown. The smiling sun blithely accosted us, the first inhabitants of the reborn world, attempting to make us forget the unforgettable yesterday. By noon, we were within swimming distance of the shore. We shed all our possessions from the previous civilization, save the pen and ink which I will destroy upon the completion of this parchment and the metal container in which it is to be preserved. I left my vessel with a hole in its bottom to follow the world it came from. The only thing that remained with us is our language from which we deprived ourselves of names. We have seen what planning ultimately causes. Now, we refuse to plan at all."

As the professor read the manuscript, a feeling of victory filled my heart. To my surprise however, after finishing reading his translation he told me that he did not think the document was authentic. The improbability of such a story being true (and the fact that it could have been planted by "someone on the trip" the night before) gave him reason to believe that the entire thing was a fake. Furthermore he said, "The document is signed by a fingerprint" (in conjunction with the fact that the author gave up his name) and that "it would be checked against the prints of everybody on the expedition."

Jovially I took my pen from my pocket and inked my right thumb and then smacked it down on the bottom of his translation. Incredible as it is, to me more than to you, the two prints were identical!

THE AMERICAN JEW

by Joseph Rottenberg

What is the prototype of the average American Jew? Is this man a bearded, black-garmented individual who can be seen every Friday afternoon, emerging from a "mikvah", with his "tzitzis" flapping in the wind, rushing to greet the Sabbath? Is this man a Yeshiva student who can be found almost any time expounding on a difficult passage in the Talmud? Is he a member of the Conservative or Reform sects? Or is he possibly, one who has completely rejected the G-d of Israel and has no connection with Judaism?

The average American Jew is none of these people. He and his like can be found in every large city and especially in the small towns over the length and breadth of the country. He is the man who will tell you how proud he is of being a Jew and how exalted he feels when reading of his illustrious ancestry. He is a man who donates to Jewish charities, who is an influential member of the local Jewish Community Center, who even sends his children to Hebrew school to acquaint them with the religion of their forbears. He is a man who will tell you:

"Why do you bother me about Kashruth and the Sabbath? I'm a devout Jew, I'm a Jew at heart. I believe in G-d and in my religion. Kashruth? Sabbath? This is America. You can't observe those laws here. This is a modern, enlightened country, free of all restrictions. I can't make believe that I am in a small European town, shut off completely from my environment. But don't get me wrong. I have a Jewish heart."

Many people feel that a religious Jew should have nothing to do with such a person. Since he does not believe in the precepts of the Torah, we should not concern ourselves with him in any way. They speak of this type of Jew with contempt and derision when, in reality, they should look upon him with understanding and compassion. This is a Jew, a descendant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob who has been led astray by the wiles of an irreligious civilization. He has been duped by a restrictionless environment. He has fallen prey to the malady known as "Keeping up with the Joneses."

The Mishnah declares that if one saves a Jew's life it is as if he would save a whole world. If this is true of rescue in a corporeal sense, it is more so of deliverance from spiritual destruction.

This average American Jew must be made to understand what the elements that comprise true Judaism are. He must be made to realize that his concepts of what a religious Jew is and what he looks like, are totally wrong. He must be told that "The world was not created to remain barren and unused." It was made for people to live in, to cultivate and to reap benefit from. No one need shut himself away from the world around him. A Jew need not live in a hovel, dress in tattered rags and survive on bread and water. One who lives in America need not be afraid to make use of what America offers. To be a religious Jew, the American does not have to dress in black,

have a beard to his navel, and "peyos" to the ground, fast every Monday and Thursday or walk three miles to work for fear of purchasing a new automobile.

He can be an "American", but when it comes to observing the laws of the Torah, even in the minutest detail, he must be made to understand that America is no different from Europe, Israel or Babylon. The Torah, the American Jew must be told, was not given on Mount Sinai to be subordinate to time and place, and to be adapted to conditions which are brought about by time and place. On the contrary, the twentieth century and America must be adapted to the Torah.

Our sages tell us, "The Almighty does not demand of his creations more than they can give." The laws of the Torah are never too difficult for

a person to observe. Since these laws were made for America too, it is certainly not beyond the power of the American Jew to live by them. It may be difficult to remain firm in Torah-observance when confronted with all the pleasures that seem to lie in the path veering away from Torah, but our sages with the aforementioned words assure us that just as one can overcome the danger of pleasure and affection which pervades America today.

If we, who know the truth and the right path, impart our knowledge to our less fortunate brethren in America, the average American Jew will not speak to us in the way he does now. In fact, he probably won't have time to speak to us. He will be hurrying to "shul" to catch a "minyons" for "mincha."

THE WAY TO PEACE

by Jacob Lendesman

Peace, a word so dear and precious. Throughout the ages it has been defiled by conquerors, defended by patriots and sanctified by martyrs. How strange it is that in our day the only apparent way to insure, maintain and secure peace today is through the opposing medium of war.

These are times that try men's souls. We, in our time, witnessed the rise of Nazi Germany and her Axis allies, a force which threatened to destroy everything in this world that was just and ethical. When this force crumbled and fell, it left in its wake unparalleled destruction. Europe, the center of culture and industry, lay in ruins. The loss of lives as we Jews bitterly know was fantastic. But, in men's hearts and minds a new feeling arose—that this must never happen again. The time had come, they thought, for all peoples to unite to the cause of a free humanity. Man had finally reached his highest goal, he had come to realize what his duty in life was and he began striving to achieve that goal.

However, a new stumbling block arose in man's path toward unity and harmony. A dictatorship dedicated to enslaving men's minds and bodies arose. This totalitarian state, Russia, by its threats and aggression has led many to pessimistically speculate, can we live with such a country in peace? This country has in its power the means of destroying us through atomic war, but most of us don't realize that we have that identical power of destruction, if not more.

This same force which ended World War II will be the very force which will prevent the outbreak of another World War. This atomic force, minute in size, is capable of deciding the future of mankind. It can be used destructively to annihilate a world or it can be used constructively to build a new one.

Here is a power, which if harnessed and put to use for the betterment of men will not only create a new life of luxury and leisure for him, but will insure a hopeful word a long awaited peace.

THE REDEMPTION

by M. Solstein

Gazing back to that awesome night in June, I recall the premonition which plagued me then. I was vacationing with my family at a cheerful country cottage situated adjacent to an immense highway. Lying in my room each dismal evening, I could quite clearly discern the musical whine of trucks and automobiles speeding into the steel claws of time. Very often, I could not decide whether to rejoice at their companionship or be dismayed by their clamor pillaging my hopes of slumber. On this particular night, unconsciousness came rapidly, but remained briefly.

Suddenly, there resounded a titanic explosion which seemed to shake the very foundations of the world. I was lifted from my bed and thrown to the floor in a crumpled heap. When I had fully regained my senses, fear flooded my brain and horror plumbed the depths of my heart. All around me I dejectedly witnessed a scene of destruction. Windows were shattered, walls were seared with heat, beds and chairs lay smashed in thousands of unrecognizable pieces. I prayed to myself that perhaps I was having a nightmare. I shut my eyes tightly together and momentarily waited.

When I opened my eyes it was no illusion, no mirage. I could smell the stench-filled atmosphere of morbidness. The repugnant odor of death clung to my clothes and infected the air with its despicable filth.

A paralyzing thought struck me. I reeled about in frenzied haste and numbness. What had become of my mother and father? Had they been in the house with me? My head grew dizzy with fear and my knees began to buckle as realization of my fate came upon me. I was alive-for my heart beat, my lungs drew breath and my blood ran warm. Yet, as I stumbled about in utter confusion, I was a member of the living dead. My mind was urging me to stop walking but my heart was fiercely goading me to journey in search of my fate.

Close by, I found the source of the disaster which had so altered my life. An enormous truck had hurtled from the road into the side of our bungalow and had instantly exploded. There also I found what I had subconsciously hidden in my mind and was afraid to admit I would find. Side by side in the charred ruins of debris were two undistinguishable corpses burnt into mutations of humans. A solitary thought raced through my head as I wept bitterly, "Man came from the dust of the earth and when he dies he shall return to it."

At the age of fourteen, every boy's face a similar problem. He is expected to emerge from the state of youth and immaturity into manhood. I, in my tender adolescence, behaved as well as could be expected from one who loved his parents deeply. The tears which I shed were not those of hysteria or disbelief. Rather did I weep for the flame of paternal love which still burned brightly within me. To have both parents snatched away is to journey into the night and to discover that the moon and stars have left the heavens. Nausea gripped the pit of my stomach. The air, reeking of death, did little to relieve my agony.

Then I heard it. It was clear like a bell. There was a slight tremor of terror and anxiety intermingled with it. Yes, the voice was familiar. It was calling my name. "Sol, Sol", it called, "are you all right, answer me please."

The moon had just risen over the lake sending golden rays to all the world. The stars gleamed brilliantly upon all the inhabitants of the earth. Even the dense darkness spread regally throughout the land and sparkled incessantly. I saw my mother and father coming towards me and this was no ludicrous dream. It was real. Once again, I became vibrantly alive, as I clung selfishly to my parents. Again a phrase fluttered through my mind, "The Lord our G-d is the G-d of mercy."

A SUMMER MORNING

By Moshe Bar-Horin

The sun ascended the sylvan hills sending lambent rays of sunshine filtering through the trees. Muffled winds rustled the moss-festooned limbs of ancient hemlocks. The ethereal voice of the wood thrush resounded throughout the verdant hills.

Morning had come to the Catskills and with it the last traces of mist lingering over the rivers absconded.

In the middle of the river, we noticed a decaying tree stump. Perhaps years back during the spring floods, the swelling river inundated banks claiming the tree as its own. The river, however, had not receded and there the tree stood, an isolated stump in the middle of the river, a source of delight, no doubt, to many a woodpecker who from the moldy wood extracted fat grubs. Immediately above the waterline, there grew a profusion of wild forget-me-nots. This was the haunt of the iridescent damselfly. On the stump, there lay a few pellets; the vomit of some owl, for the owl makes no distinction in eating its prey, devouring it in its entirety. This necessitated nocturnal regurgitation of which the owl had made a habit, on the decaying stump in the middle of a stream in the dark of night.

Growing in isolated stands on the sides of the river were the turtle-head flowers, white flowers, which seem to masticate the bee which

ventures between its macabre petals — in search of nectar.

Down in the humus of the forest, I spied a group of ghosts, the pallid specters of the woodlands, the Indian Pipe. These ghostly flowers lack the green pigment chlorophyll. Being thus deprived of a vegetative means of metabolism, they resort to parasitism, living on the decaying organic humus.

The wind rushes gently through the trees. The leaves of the forest rustle in harmony. The river pushes on relentlessly. The forest is a contrast of light and shade, and in this forest dwell its inhabitants. Indeed, so familiar are both the birds and beasts with the forest that a bird, the Viero, dares build its nest quite in the open, depending upon the light and shade contrasts of the forest to camouflage its nest. From the far shore, I hear the call: "Killdeer, killdeer"! It is the song of the famous killdeer. Certainly no bird is more admirably adapted to its surroundings than the killdeer, here flitting among the stones of some rocky shore; here, flying low above the water. His somber colors tend to melt into the background and he remains but a gray stone at the water's edge.

The path now leads deeper into the forest. The lights are dim. The silence of noon prevails. Shall we follow the path?

FORCE - THE ONLY SOLUTION

by Harold Basch

Our country was founded on the proposition that, "All men are created equal." This means they are equal before the law and can exercise equal political rights. They should have equal opportunities for education, for economic advancement, for decent living conditions. Discrimination based on race, religion, or national origin must be eradicated. This task requires action, not just in one section of the country but in all sections. It requires the cooperative efforts of individual citizens and action by state and local governments. It also requires federal action. The Federal government must live up to the ideals of the Declaration of Independence and must exercise the powers vested in it by the Constitution.

Recent decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States relating to segregation in publicly supported schools and elsewhere, have brought consequences of vast importance to our nation as a whole and especially to communities directly affected. Until recently, most proposals for the use of force have been rejected, due to waiting for the orderly determination of these matters by the courts. However, nothing has been accomplished.

The school year to start in September, will be the fourth since the Supreme Court outlawed compulsory segregation of the races in the classrooms. In this fourth year the increase in the number of negroes attending mixed schools will be surprisingly small. In the eight southern

states, laws have been passed defying the Supreme Court decisions to do away with segregation. Separate schools have been built in many places. Still, the Federal government refuses to act forcefully on this matter. Is it not open rebellion to dishonor a Supreme Court mandate? The Supreme Court of the United States is one of the three constitutional and co-ordinate branches of the Federal government, superior to and separate from any political or other party, and the decisions of this court are the law of the land. If the states refuse to grant Negroes their rights, it is the duty of the Federal government to enforce the law. Three years without progress is enough waiting. The only alternative is the immediate return to the post-Civil War days, during which the rebelling states were under military supervision. Refusing to obey a Supreme Court order is the same as seceding from the Union.

If these states do consider themselves part of the United States, they must obey all the laws pertaining to that nation. The civil rights problem is a severe test of the ability of our Federal government. Do they have the power to carry out the duties bestowed upon them by the Constitution? Or must they sit quietly and inactive when slight opposition arises? If the latter is true, how does the United States appear in the eyes of the world, unable even to carry out its own laws? How can the United States be proud of its name, if this decadent element of racial discrimination and hatred is present in our midst?

BROTHERS

by Jacob Szechet

The little town lay beneath its white cover. It was snowing heavily and the winds subjugated the majestic trees, making their branches bow humbly to the earth.

The lights of the small hospital were shining brightly through the darkness of the gloomy night. Inside, doctors and nurses moved rapidly along the corridor.

In the luxurious room lay a patient. He was pale, almost resembling the sheets in which he rested and he seemed to be lost in between the linen. The soft voice of an elderly lady crying was the only disturbance in the reigning quietness. Standing near the chair on which she sat was a young man. He was tall and had a muscular figure. He was looking out of the window and was lost in deep thought.

A doctor came in to see the patient. The young man saw him and walked over to him.

"I am Albert Stone, doctor. David Stone, your patient, is my brother. Doctor, will my brother live, is there still some hope?" The question had been asked in a low, desperate tone.

"Its..... it's difficult to say..... There is hope—we have been able to control the internal hemorrhages but..... he is very weak; we need to give him a blood transfusion within a few hours. He will definitely not survive otherwise. The trouble is that he needs blood called "O" type and we don't have it in stock. If the storm would stop, we might get some, but there doesn't seem to be any sign of its clearing up and we can't get any transportation or communication with this storm and fourteen inch snow."

The doctor's words were like daggers cutting Albert's flesh. Only yesterday his brother had been a strong, healthy and dynamic individual. They had made plans to tour the United States

and afterwards visit the South American wilderness, and then—the crash.

Suddenly an idea flashed through his head. He looked up at the doctor and said:

"Doctor. Take my blood, I also have type "O" blood."

"I can't do that; you are too weak and it might endanger your life."

"But doctor, it's doubtful whether I will be endangered. Even so, I might very well recuperate. I shall recuperate. I will regain health, but he, he will not be able to survive without the transfusion. He is hovering between life and death. He is fighting with broken arms a losing battle against death."

"I can't do it, my conscience won't allow me. If I took blood away from your system I would throw you into shock again and endanger your life; after all, you have been in an accident too. You were just a few hours ago under shock because the accident had such a terrible effect on you too. How can I do it? How can I take blood from you, now that you are almost healthy endanger your health all because of your brother who is almost a corpse?"

"Do you have any feelings, doctor? How can I worry about myself and permit my brother to fade away? Will I ever be able to console my mother? Look at her crying in the corner, the tears streaking her white cheeks. Please, doctor, I beg of you, don't let my brother down! Take my blood, let my blood be the sacrifice that will save my brother's life. I implore you."

"Morally I'm not allowed to do so. Legally I may be tried for such actions. Can't you understand that I might even will you if I take blood away from you? I'm sorry that I can't help you. Excuse me, I have to continue with my duties.

Other patients are awaiting me. I shall be back shortly.

"Doctor! Till now I have begged you, I have supplicated; now I'm warning you. If you perform the transfusion, even if it means my life—good; but if you don't and my brother doesn't survive, I'm warning you that I shall murder you in cold blood. I shall even kill your family, completely exterminate them. Nothing will stop me. You worry about your career, eh? Your reputation might even be ruined if you take my blood? You don't have to worry anymore about your career. After you're dead you will not be able to commit any more professional errors."

The doctor looked over Albert's figure. He then stared into his eyes and saw a desperate look, that desperate look of a man that is capable of doing anything. He thought about his family and felt fear in his mind for them. He didn't know what to do. For the first time in his life he was undecided. He had a mental block. He saw again Albert's eyes looking straight at him and he saw the glance in them. He answered tremblingly:

"I don't have a right to endanger my family's safety in saving your life; I will make the transfusion."

The old lady suddenly stood up; her eyes were red from crying. She turned to her son and tearfully said to him:

"No, Albert, don't do it. Must I lose both David and you at one time?"

"Don't worry mamma, we shall with G-d's help survive."

The doctor sterilized the syringe with trembling hands. For the first time in his life he felt like a coward. He was going to remove a pint of blood from Albert's already weakened body. Cold drops of sweat ran down the doctor's back, he was cornered by his knowledge. Albert lay down on the couch and uncovered his right arm. The

doctor walked over to him and injected the needle. A smile of satisfaction appeared on Albert's face. The doctor slowly started to withdraw blood. Albert became pale as the walls, his strength had obviously abandoned him. He closed his eyes and his face took on a cadaverous look. What the doctor had feared was coming true. Now there were two men fighting against death. The doctor heard the mother crying now in an hysterical manner. It seemed to the doctor that the Angel of Death was outside in the corridor, hiding, awaiting a chance to come in. He dragged himself to David's bed. He looked at David again and saw nothing but a poor creature scarcely resembling a human being. The doctor injected a needle into David's vein and almost immediately a little color came to David's face. The words that Albert had so menacingly said, resounded in his head: "...if you perform the transfusion even if it means my life—good." The doctor started sweating even more, a quick shiver ran down his back. He pulled the needle out. He stated meditating: "Oh heavens. If I could only get two more pints of blood I could save them both and this sacrifice would not have been in vain." He murmured these words from the depths of his heart.

He suddenly saw a figure wrapped in white come in through the door. He thought the Angel of Death had come to claim a prey. A voice suddenly called for him: "Doctor, doctor! Have you heard what happened?"

The doctor realized it was only a nurse. He abruptly looked at her and said:

"I don't know what happened, neither do I care to be informed right now. Don't bother, I'm contemplating this case and I don't"

"But doctor, it's a miracle — the storm has calmed down a little and we were able to communicate with New York and ask them for blood. A helicopter has just brought blood to the hospital."

MAN: A WONDERFUL CREATION

Modern Man is a braggart. He points to his test tube, triumphantly proclaiming, "With this vial I can" He can make a Hydrogen Bomb, he can make a vaccine; yet, he can do nothing! Modern man is so absorbed with his own "creations" that he forgets the Lord's.

Let him tinker with his trifling effusions; I prefer to contemplate the wonder of G-d's creations.

Scientists know the chemical composition of life, yet, try as earnestly as they can, cannot create life. Life is divine, it is no combination of chemicals. We are not descended from monkeys. Rather are we individual divine creations blessed with holiness. We should try to make extensive use of this blessing.

We are often amazed with the structure and the efficiency of some machines. Consider the body structure and its efficiency and these man-made machines will seem insignificant. The human body has the most efficient pump known to man, the heart. The strong elastic arteries and valvular veins which carry that magic liquid tissue, blood, should be an inspiration to engineers. The blood carries oxygen, food, waste materials,

antibodies, phagocytes and an agent for clotting. The plasma in the blood does all this and yet is 80% water. The body itself is 70% water.

Man needs oxygen to sustain life. The nasal passages are specially adapted for preparing air for use in the body. The hairs in the nose act as a filter, to keep foreign particles and dust from entering the lungs. The mucus lining absorbs the fine foreign particles, prevents the development of germs and moistens the air. I wonder are our air conditioners as efficient?

Man is well aware of his surroundings due to his magnificent nervous system. Touch a hot stove and you quickly withdraw your hand. The stimulus which had to travel through the labyrinth of passageways to the brain and back took an incredibly short time. The telephone company ought to examine this closely!

Man is not a product of chance, but G-d's creation. We should realize that our creator set us upon this earth for a purpose and we should make sagacious attempts through our physical attributes to fulfill them.

Israel Brafman



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MR. & MRS. LOUIS J. SEPTIMUS & FAMILY

Best Wishes to
Harold Basch, Shmuel Lew & Emanuel Yarmush
from
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מיטב הברכות לבנינו היקר,
מיכאל משה מרגולין
לרגל סימו את ביה"ס התיכון
יהי רצון שתעלה מעלה מעלה
במעלות התורה והסדע
מאחלים,
הוריך ואחיותך,
ירושלים, מדינת ישראל.

Good-Luck & Best Wishes To

Larry Ribowsky
and the Graduating Class

FROM A FRIEND

Congratulations to
Joseph
upon his graduation

MR. & MRS. I. REISS & CLAIRE

Congratulations to

Sidney Waxman

from

MOM, DAD AND SIS

Our Best Wishes

to the Class of '57

CHAIM THEE & FAMILY

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Congratulations to our Cousin

Irving

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HARRY, MALKA, BENJAMIN & SHEVA
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Compliments of

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M.D., F.A., A.P.

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<p>Congratulations to Isaac Spira from MIGDAL & HAOLAM CHEESE COMPANY Mr. M. Turm & Sons</p>	<p>מ"ב למספר בנ"י תשי"ז ברוקלין, רחש לבי דבר טוב, אומר אני לך, נכדי היקר ה' כמר ישראל מאיר שליט"א בראפמאן. ברכה והודאה על המוגמר הטוב, ותפילתי וברכתי להבא, שתעשה חיל בתוי"ש, וקרא שם בכל הלימודים לטובה, וירום קרנך ויזרח מזלך כשמש בצהרים, לחיים ונחת לאבותך היקרים ולזקנך הרו"ש בלונ"ח אברהם ברוך בראפמאן.</p>
<p>Compliments of MENASHE STEIN</p>	<p>Congratulations to The Class of '57 from A FRIEND</p>
<p>Congratulations to our Son Stanley and his fellow graduates from MR. & MRS. IRA GRUENBAUM & FAMILY</p>	<p>Compliments of LOUIS GLICK</p>
<p>Compliments of PERETZ STEINBERG</p>	<p>Compliments of SAM KALB</p>
<p>Congratulations to my Son Saul MRS. HELENE WOLF Helen's Corset Shop 803 Nostrand Avenue (near Eastern P'kway) Brooklyn</p>	<p>DURA-PADS Kosher Sold by MR. M. ZUCKERMAN</p>

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<p style="text-align: center;">Best Wishes to the Graduating Class from the P.T.A. of Y.T.V. Presidium: Mrs. F. Gordon Mrs. A. Rybak Mrs. N. Rotter Mrs. A. Shiffenbauer</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Best Wishes to our Son Hertz from MR. & MRS. ELI BASCH & FAMILY</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Best Wishes to our grandson Hertz from MR. & MRS. O. BASCH</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Best Wishes to our Nephew Hertz from MR. & MRS. LOUIS BASCH & FAMILY</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Best Wishes to our Nephew Hertz from MR. & MRS. ISAAC ROSENBERG</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Best Wishes to our Nephew Hertz from GOLDIE & DAVID RICHLER</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Congratulations to our Brother יצחק בראון from his sisters ESTHER, CHAVE, ROSLYN, MINDY</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Congratulations to Isaac Braver from IRVING OCHS</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Congratulations to Isacc Braver from MR. & MRS. I. GERSTEL 1225 Broadway New York City</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Congratulations to Joseph Jacob on his graduation with our best wishes for a successful future from his parents MR. & MRS. PHILIP M. GERMAN & BROTHER MARVIN</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">סזל טוב לאתי יצחק זאב לסימו את ביה"ס ישראל גלושטיין תלמיד ישיבת רבנו חיים ברלין</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Seymour A. Fox In Memory Of FREDA FINKELSTEIN</p>

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Congratulations to
Shmuel Dishon
upon his graduation
from

THE WHOLE FAMILY

Congratulations to
Asher Frankel
upon his graduation
from

THE WHOLE FAMILY

מיטב הברכות והאיחולים,
לשמואל די שון,
לסימו את ביה"ס התיכון
ממשפחתו .

לאשר פרנקל
שפע ברכות לסימו את ביה"ס ,
עלה והצלח !
ממשפחתו .

לידידי וחברי שמואל די שון
שפע ברכות ואיחולים,
לסימן את ביה"ס .
מחברך, אשר פרנקל.

לידיד נפשי אשר פרנקל נ"י
לסימן את ביה"ס התיכון
ברכת עליה והצלח!
משמואל די שון.

לחברינו הישראלים
ש. יעקובוביץ. מ. מרגולין.
מ. פורטאל.
ולשאר מסימי המחזור.
ברכות כל טוב, עלו והצליחו,
מאחלים,
ש. די שון. א. פרנקל.

Congratulations & Best Wishes to our Son
Bernard
and his fellow graduates
from
MR. & MRS. SAM GOLD

Best Wishes of Success to
Stanley Gruenbaum
and all the graduates
from

JOSEPH FELDMAN & FAMILY

To
David Herman
In Eternal Friendship
G-d Bless You

S A M

A. Kadoch E. Kaiman
G. Losinski J. Szechet
L. Y. Zelichovsky

SEE YOU NEXT YEAR
N. WOLPIN

Congratulations to
A. Kadoch & D. Rothstein
from
MAYER APFELBAUM

THE SCROLL '57

<p>Congratulations & Best Wishes to our Son Chaim Kahan from FATHER, MOTHER AND NACHUM MEYER</p>	<p>Heartiest Congratulations to our dear Nephew Chaim Kahan from MR. & MRS. LASER SCHONDORF</p>
<p>Congratulations & Best Wishes to our Nephew Chaim Kahan from THE BERKOWITZ FAMILY</p>	<p>Congratulations & Best of Luck to our dear Nephew Chaim Kahan from THE PERLMAN FAMILY London, England</p>
<p>Congratulations & Best Wishes to our Son & Brother Moishe Laib from MR. & MRS. CHARLES KLEIN HYLA, JUDY, BLUHMIE & NAOMI</p>	<p>Best Wishes to our Nephew MICHAEL KLEIN from Mrs. & Mrs. Sam Tag</p>
<p>Best Wishes to our Nephew Michael Klein from MR. & MRS. MOE DARABANER & FAMILY</p>	<p>The Best of Everything to MOISHE LAIB from MR. & MRS. JACK GERSTNER & FAMILY</p>
<p>Congratulations to Michael Klein and his classmates from MR. & MRS. D. H. TURKEL</p>	<p>Congratulations to Michael Klein and his fellow graduates from MR. & MRS. ISRAEL KOFMAN</p>
<p>Congratulations to Yaakov and his fellow graduates MR. & MRS. MORRIS LANDESMAN</p>	<p>Congratulations to Yaakov and his fellow graduates from MR. & MRS. JOSEPH MANDEL</p>

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and his fellow graduates
from
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Congratulations to
Maklouf
from
**MR. & MRS. HAIM PORTAL
BROTHERS & SISTERS**

Best Wishes to
Joseph Reiss
upon his graduation
from
HARRY FERTIG

Best Wishes to
Maklouf Portal
upon his graduation
from
A F R I E N D

Congratulations & Success to our Son
Michael
and his fellow graduates
from
MR. & MRS. S. SASLOW

Congratulations to my Grandson
Michael Saslow
and his fellow graduates
from
MRS. SARAH LEWINTER

Congratulations to our Nephew
Michael Saslow
upon his graduation
from
MR. & MRS. L. A. LEWINTER

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from
MR. & MRS. M. LEWINTER & SON

Congratulations to our Nephew
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upon his graduation
from
MR. & MRS. A. SILVERMAN

Lots of Luck to Ronnie Schachter
from
MALKIE & ABE

Congratulations to
J. Berel Seif
from
H. N. S. & FAMILY

Heartiest Congratulations & Best of Hatzlochoh
to my beloved Grandson
David
**MRS. MINNIE SHANKMAN
Chattanooga, Tennessee**

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<p>Congratulations to the Best Graduates:</p> <p>J. Szechet G. Losinski A. Kadoch</p>	<p>Compliments of a friend of JACK TAUBENFLIEGEL</p>
<p>Best Wishes to LESLIE AND HIS PALS</p>	<p>Best Wishes to our Son Norman from MR. & MRS. SAMUEL WINKLER</p>
<p>Congratulations and Best Wishes to our Son Levy Isaac MR. & MRS. SAUL ZELICHOVSKY & FAMILY</p>	<p>Best Wishes to Levy Isaac Zelichovsky and his fellow graduates from RABBI & MRS. IRVING CHINN</p>
<p>Congratulations to my Nephew Uri Strauss from B. STRAUSS</p>	<p>Congratulations to Uri Strauss from MR. & MRS. D. H. TURKEL</p>
<p>Best Wishes to Michael Klein from RABBI & MRS. ELIAS KARP & FAMILY</p>	<p>Compliments of EARL SPIRO</p>
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& Uncle
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to our son
Uri
upon his graduation
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MR. & MRS. JOSEPH STRAUSS

Congratulations to
Michael Klein
from
MR. & MRS. SAMUEL ROSENGARTEN

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Best Wishes to
Our Nephew & Cousin
HERTZY BASCH
from
the Lederer Family

from

A FRIEND

Congratulations & Best Wishes to
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