



**Cahanite**

June, '49

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

M. WACHMAN





# *Mother of the Dead*

MARTIN KAHANE

The graves lie quietly in the night,  
No noise, no sounds, but gentle peace,  
Sweet silence encompassing all of these,  
Who fought and bled for good and right.

No ordinary dead are they.  
These children ripped from mother's womb.  
For they have chose the book and tomb,  
And died — O G-d, so cold they lie.

An eerie silence grips the land  
The lambs, the wolves crouch fearfully,  
As stepping, gently, tearfully,  
Comes Mother Rachel with outstretched hand.

The heavens darken way up high,  
Stygian darkness awful, black,  
The lightning flashes, crack,  
As the tomb doors open with mournful cry.

Stepping softly, tears in eye,  
Soft hair flies wildly in the wind,  
At last to reach her goal and find,  
Those graves with bodies piled up high.

The mother kneels beside the dead,  
And tears, tears flow down the tired face.  
O who can this hellish sight erase,  
Of mother weeping with bowed head.

This she hears: "Oh sweet Rachel,  
Your bitter tears have reached my throne.  
No more shall they roam; they have their home,  
And peace to our sons, Israel."



## *President's Message*



June 29, 1949

To the Student Body:

You, the students of our Talmudical Academy, and particularly the Graduating Class of 1949 have great reason to rejoice, for your period of transition from boyhood into manhood was spent in the ideal atmosphere of Torah learning and modern culture. I watched your gradual progress and I was inspired by your spirit, and by the selfless devotion of your Roshei ha-Yeshiva and teachers.

I exhort you to remain steadfast in our religious beliefs; in the mode of living and in the ethical and spiritual convictions which are the essence and guiding spirit of our lives. It is only by the immortal truths of the Torah and our sacred traditions, by being true to ourselves and our sacred heritage that we can best serve ourselves and our fellowmen. Godliness as the foundation of our lives; obedience to the Divine Law of the Torah, and usefulness for the common-good of mankind are the fundamental parts of the training of a Yeshiva man.

These sacred values you must always bear in mind, as well as in action.

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL BELKIN,

*President.*





## *Principal's Message*

My dear young friends:

Thirty-one years ago this month, a small group of six young pioneers received their high school diplomas from Talmudical Academy, the first, and for many years, the only accredited high school organized, managed, and supervised by people of the Jewish faith. Since that first graduation in 1919, several thousand Jewish young men have gone forth from our sacred walls to swell the ever-growing tide of young men and young women who complete their high school studies each year.

To-day, you are about to join their ranks. Many were the obstacles you have had to overcome. Many difficulties beset your path from the first day you set foot in our Yeshiva, but great is the achievement you have accomplished. Not only have you received a secular education which, judged by any and all standards set up by the local and state departments of education, has been proved to be at least the equal of that given in the public institutions of our city, but you have also received that rich heritage of learning and spirituality which has been handed down by our ancestors for thousands of years. Whereas your brothers and sisters in the public high schools have received only a secular education, you, the graduates of Talmudical Academy, have received, in addition, a thorough grounding in Talmud, Bible, Hebrew language and literature, Jewish history and cognate studies. Your lives are richer and fuller and more closely attuned to the traditions and hopes and aspirations—to the heartbeat—of our people.

Even a casual examination of the roster of names that appears in our high school alumni bulletin will cause the heart of every self-respecting Jew to swell with pride and satisfaction. Among their number one finds some of the most worth-while citizens of our community and country. Every walk of life, every trade and profession is duly represented. Not only rabbis and preachers, religious leaders and teachers, but communal workers, teachers and administrators in secular schools, colleges and universities, lawyers, artisans, business men, engineers, dentists, doctors, artists, and musicians received their first training in Talmudical Academy. Every part of our country, every segment of our national Jewish life, is permeated and enriched by the contributions which our graduates have to offer to make up the sum total of human experience.

As we look back with justifiable pride upon the thousands who have preceded you, we can only hope and pray that you, their younger brothers, will follow in their foot-steps. We pray that you will hold precious those high standards and lofty ideals of citizenship and service, of faith in, and loyalty to, our American democracy that we have tried to inculcate in you, and that you will put into living practice, and uphold in your daily lives, the sacred laws and traditions of our holy Torah. May you prove a source of pride and joy to your parents and your Alma Mater!

SHELLEY R. SAPHIRE,  
*Principal*



## *Administrator's Message*

Dear Graduates:

It is indeed a source of pleasure for me to greet you, the second graduating class of the Brooklyn Branch of Talmudical Academy. Four short years ago with the founding of our Branch by the Yeshiva University, your class constituted the bulk of our student body. Our growth during this short period has been so phenomenal however, that today your class register equals only one-tenth of our total student enrollment. This outstanding success is in itself a tribute to the devotion of the student body, the self-sacrifice of the faculty and the vision of the administration.

It is true that even now upon the completion of your high school course you will not be coming into direct contact with the complexities and ambiguities of life, for at least another four years of comparative safety behind the spiritual walls of Yeshiva University await most of you. Yet it is important to examine now what you have gained during these last few years. Although to George Bernard Shaw "youth is wasted on the young" and perhaps others may go even further and say that education too is wasted on the young, we traditional Jews have always felt that it is the *גירסא דינקומא* which is basic and a most influential factor in the shaping of the individual. It is the approach and outlook acquired during the early formative years of life that are of prime importance.

During your stay in the Yeshiva we have attempted to give you more than facts and book knowledge alone. It was our purpose to cultivate, strengthen and develop a strong faith in the timeless truths of our Torah. We have tried to imbue you with the desire and will to preserve those teachings and perpetuate those traditions. We have emphasized the development of your moral sense, because only such issues determine the kind of world we have. The greatest contributions that anyone can make are those of a moral nature. There is no dearth of scientific achievements, of political, social or economic progress. The moral law however has not been able to keep pace with technology—it is easier for man to make an atom bomb than to know what to do with it. You however who are obsessed with an undying faith in the Divine nature of our Torah and its supremacy in our everyday life are prepared to make moral contributions for the betterment of society. By virtue of the specialized training which you have received, you are in a unique position to strengthen the moral structure of humanity.

May your future thoughts and acts always reflect these noble and lofty ideals; may the Yeshiva University be able to point with pride to you; may G-d bless your paths in life with success and spiritual achievement.

RABBI ABRAHAM N. ZUROFF  
*Administrator.*



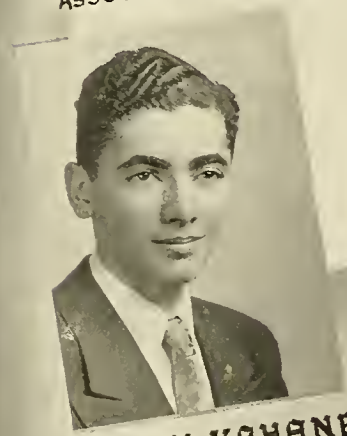
**ISRAEL STURM**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, ART



**RICHARD SILVERMAN**  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

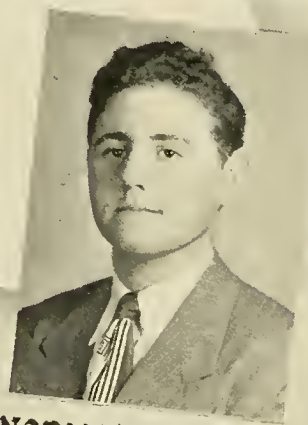


**IRVING GREENBERG**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, FEATURES



**MARTIN KAHANE**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, LITERATURE

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**NORMAN SACHS**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, LITERATURE



**MARVIN BIENENFELD**  
BUSINESS MANAGER



**IRWIN E. WITTY**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, ACTIVITIES





**ROBERT E. BASSELL**  
LITERARY ADVISER



**RABBI BARUCH N. FAIVELSON**  
FACULTY ADVISER



**HARRY ALLAN**  
ART ADVISER

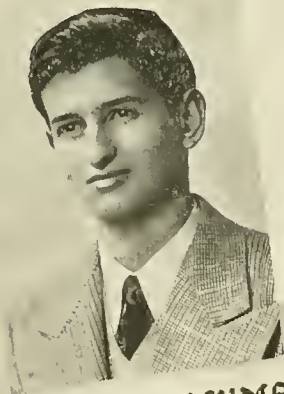


**SAMUEL FEDER**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, ACTIVITIES



**NORMAN TOPOROVSKY**  
BUSINESS MANAGER

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**MURRAY WACHMAN**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, ART



**PAUL SALKIN**  
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR



**Faculty**

## *Faculty*

- Shelley R. Saphire ..... Principlepal  
 B.A., College of the City of New York, 1912;  
 M.A., Columbia University, 1913; Ph.D., 1920.
- Abraham N. Zuroff ..... Administrator  
 B.A., Yeshiva College, 1941; Rabbi  
 M.A., Columbia University, 1948.
- Harry Allan ..... Art  
 B.S., New York University, 1931; M.A., 1933.
- Robert E. Bassell ..... Civics and English  
 B.A., Brooklyn College, 1940; M.A., 1942.
- † Moshe Berenholz ..... Hebrew  
 Rabbi, Ner Yisroel Rabbinical College, 1942.
- Isaac J. Cantor ..... Spanish  
 B.A., New York University, 1922;  
 M.A., Columbia University, 1931.
- Baruch N. Faivelson ..... Hebrew  
 B.A., Yeshiva College, 1935; Rabbi  
 M.A., Columbia University Teachers' College, 1947.
- Charles Friedman ..... Science, Physics and Mathematics  
 B.A., Yeshiva College, 1935; Rabbi  
 LL.B., New York University, 1940.
- Jacob D. Godin ..... French and Spanish  
 M.A., College of the City of New York, 1932; M.S.E., 1933.
- Emery Grossman ..... Music  
 Certificate in Music, 1930.
- Julius Jacobs ..... Physical Education  
 B.A., College of the City of New York, 1929; M.A., 1935.
- Julius Landowne ..... Biology  
 B.S., College of the City of New York, 1904;  
 M.A., New York University, 1912.
- Samuel H. Lebowitz ..... Physics and Chemistry  
 B.S., College of the City of New York, 1922;  
 M.A., Columbia University, 1926.
- Jehiel Lichtenstein ..... French and Hebrew  
 Ph.D., University of Neuchatel, 1933.
- Martin Lilker ..... History and Economics  
 B.A., Yeshiva College, 1945;  
 M.A., Columbia University, 1946.
- Joseph Sarachek ..... English  
 Ph.D., Columbia University, 1936.
- Joseph B. Strum ..... English  
 B.A., College of the City of New, 1929;  
 M.A., New York University, 1931.
- Morris Turetsky ..... Mathematics  
 B.S., College of the City of New York, 1921;  
 M.A., Columbia University, 1922;  
 LL.B., St. Lawrence University, 1927.
- Samuel Levine ..... Director
- Dinah Leviton ..... Secretary to the Director  
 B.A., Brooklyn College, 1947.
- × Marilyn Sherman ..... Secretary to the Administrator





Class of 1949





**senior  
activities**



## MARVIN BIENENFELD

*Arista 5-8, T.A. Publications Business Manager 8, "Academy News" 4, Chief Librarian 5-8, Library Squad 3, Class Secretary 2, Hebrew Club 3, 4.*

Hailing from Boro Park, "Bobo" distinguished himself, in his own big way, by doing most for the class. In cahoots with Rabbi Faivelson, he wrung the money for this "Elchanite" out of the students. A January graduate, he is attending Y.U. where he's getting the business (course).

*Bobo shows his best form  
When he's asleep in the dorm.*



## MARVIN BLUSH

*Arista 5-8, Class Vice-President 1, T.A. Publications 4, Class Athletic Manager 7, Basketball Team Captain 6-8, Basketball Team 4-8, Class Debating Manager 2, Hebrew Club 3-5, Spanish Club 4, Science Club 1, 2, 7.*

Marvin has always been interested in basketball. He dribbled into T.A., passed all his subjects, hooked into Arista and fouled out on seven personal terms. His scoring average — a phenomenal 93.8 per term. His hobby — collecting hundreds in math.

*Summary of Marvin's 3½ years in T.A.: Dribble, dribble, toil, and quibble.*



## WALLACE CHAMEDES

*Class President 1, Class Vice-President 7, "Kolenu" Staff 6, "Academy News" 1, Charity Committee 1-3, Photography Club 1, 2, Science Club 2, Hebrew Club 3-8.*

Vel, a stanch Shomer and Hebraist, set an outstanding record by being one of the quietest and nicest fellows in the Senior Class. Interested in medicine, he will take a pre-med course at Yeshiva, complete his professional education, and finally wind up in Aretz.

*He wanted to go on a sitdown strike, so he went to T.A.*

# ELCHANITE

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## STANLEY COHEN

*Debating Team 7, Librarian 7, Sanitation Manager 7.*

For advice on the fair sex, all we had to do was visit Stan, the class casanova. In his spare time, Stan helped build up our library. He will probably pre-law at Brooklyn.

*It was a long shot but he graduated.*



## NORMAN DACHS

*Arista 6-8, G.O. Vice-President 4, G.O. Committees 4, Class Vice-President 3, Literary Editor of "Elchanite" 7, 8, Basketball Team 5-8.*

Normie, one of the January boys, was never too busy to give advice (especially to you know who!). An ardent basketball enthusiast, his loyalty to T.A. was not overshadowed by his activities in Young Israel. Attending Brooklyn College, Normie is preparing himself for a career in business.

*He came; he saw; he didn't like it.*



## SAMUEL DERSHOWITZ

*Lab Assistant 7, Service Squad 8, Basketball Team Trainer 5-8, Class Secretary 4, School Choir 6-8, Photography Club 1, 2.*

"Dersh," the class' mad scientist, endeared himself to Rabbi Yogel with his astute Talmudic dissertations. As class physician, he was always waiting for the chance to operate on a teacher. Perhaps he'll get his chance at Y.U. this fall where he will pursue, among other things, his pre-medical studies.

*Sam has an inferiority complex — everyone is inferior to him.*





## SAMUEL FEDER

*Arista Vice-President 5-6, G.O. President 1, Class Vice-President 6, "Academy News" Staff 3, "Elchanite" Board 7, 8, Class Athletic Manager 4, Hebrew Club 3, Math Club 7, Science Club 1, 2, Spanish Club 3, Infantile Paralysis Drive Chairman 3.*

Suave and sincere, Sam was always a popular guy. As G.O. president, he got us out of many a broil. Aside from his political activities, Sam was an ardent Talmud scholar and is now continuing his education at Y.U.

*Out upon it! I have studied three whole days together.*



## JOSEPH FISCHER

*Debating Team 7, Class Secretary 6, 7, Sanitation Manager 5, Photography Club 1-3, Science Club 7, 8.*

"Yuss," the lone commuter from Kew Gardens, has the distinction of being the first of T.A. Brooklyn to go to Aretz. He will continue his education there at the Hebrew University. "Yuss's" ambition is to work on his own farm in Aretz.

*Joe is a wail of a student.*



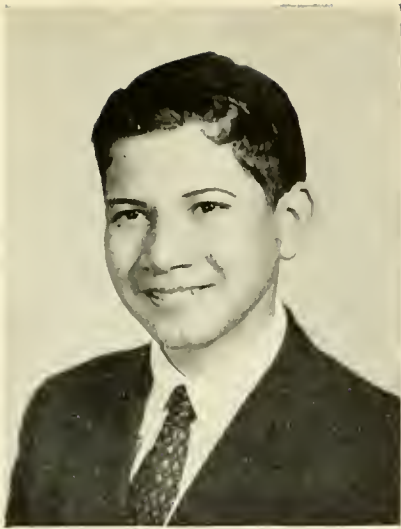
## IRVING FORMAN

*Arista 5-8, Class President 6-8, Class Vice-President 5, G.O. Athletic Manager 3, T.A. Publications 6, Co-Captain of Basketball Team 5-8, Library Squad 7, 8, Math Club 7, Newspaper Club 8, Science Club 1.*

Irv, a rabid hoopster and athletic champ, got through T.A. in his own quiet way. As Senior Class president he led us to the end without a scrape. Irv will attend Yeshiva University this fall where he will prepare for a career in engineering.

*If history was a McCoy, he'd be a Hatfield.*





## JACK GLICKMAN

*Class President 1, "Tatler" 5, School Entertainer 5-8, Class Secretary 2, 3, Hebrew Club 5, 6, Public Speaking Club 7, 8.*

"Inch," whom we inherited from Uptown, is forever performing magic and *trying* to tell what he calls jokes at the same time. An active participant in the Shomer, whose members must also bear his witticisms, Jack will return to home country this fall. (To Y.U., naturally!)

*He's always cracking jokes. In other words, a repeat performance.*



## EDWIN A. GOLDSTEIN

*Arista President 8, Arista 7, 8, Class Vice-President 3, Assistant Editor of "Kolenu" 2-8, T.A. Publications 4-8, T.A. Publications Business Manager 4, 5, Service Squad 7, 8, Debating Team 2, 3, 5, Class Secretary 2, President of Hebrew Club 4, 5, Hebrew Club 2-5, President of Math Club 7, 8, Math Club 6-8, Science Club 1.*

Quiet and retiring (He's constantly falling asleep), Edwin has big plans to become a psychiatrist. (He's going to buy a big couch.) A true lover of Hebrew, he's worked long and hard for "Kolenu" and T.A. Publications and hopes to go to Aretz some day where they teach Gemorrah in *Hebrew*.

*Alas, poor Sigmund, I knew him well.*

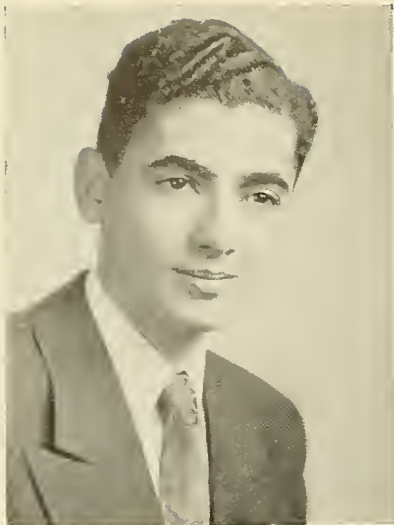


## IRVING GREENBERG

*Arista 8, G.O. President 8, Class President 3, 5, "Elchanite" Board 7, 8, Editor-in-Chief of "Tatler" 7, 8, Assistant Editor of "Kolenu" 4-8, T.A. Publications 6, School Debating Team 6-8, Class Debating Team 1-8, Debating Manager 1, 2, 6, President of Hebrew Club 2-4, Hebrew Club 2-6, Public Speaking Club 7, 8.*

"Itz" is really a mental giant (all 6'2" of him). He's Rabbi Zuroff's nemesis, being the only one the rabbi can't look down at. He's been in the G.O. so long they think it's called Greenberg's Organization. "Itz" really gets along well with the teachers and there is no basis to the rumor that Rabbi Faivelson spiked his Pepsi. An ardent Zionist when arguing, he always says: "I don't know about that; you've got to sho-mer."

*Roses are red, violets are blue.  
"Itzy's" pretty colorful too!*



## MARTIN KAHANE

*Literary Editor of "Elchanite" 7, 8, School Debating Team 7, 8, "Kolenn" Staff 5-8, Class Debating Team 5-8, Library 7, 8, Choir 6, 8, Class Secretary 3, Secretary of Hebrew Club 3, Hebrew Club 5-8, Public Speaking Club 8.*

Good looking (so he says), intelligent, and possessing a grand personality, (If you don't believe it, ask the man who knows — Martin Kahane.), this baby is packaged for delivery in Israel. In the meantime, he's becoming a journalist to while the time away.

*He joined the "Cherut" (Freedom) Movement to get out of school.*



## PAUL KAHN

*Class Vice-President 8, Debating Team 4, Charity Chairman 5, Science Club 1, 2, Vice-President of Photography Club 4, Hebrew Club 1-8.*

Pinchus, a stanch Bensonhurst Shomer, was always one for the wisecrack. (Eventually Messrs. Lebowitz and Lilker got used to it.) His ambition was, is, and always will be to go to Israel, and he will do same via Y.U.

*Shomer is truth, truth Shomer —  
That is all ye need to know.*



## JUDAH KIRSHBLUM

*Class President 2, Chief Librarian 8, Library Staff 5-8, Class Athletic Manager 8.*

Judah, the best dressed man of 1949, finally convinced the administration to let him out. As librarian, he was a good duster. Judah will attend Brooklyn College in the fall where he will prepare for a career in business.

*Education never interfered with his schooling.*

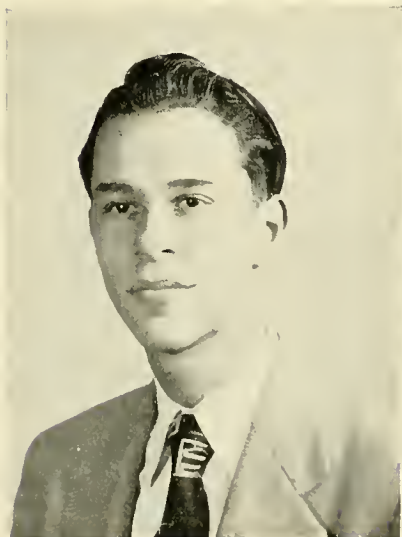


### RONALD W. LANDAU

*Class Vice-President 5, Class Secretary 4, 6, 8, Hebrew Club 2-5, Science Club 1, 2, 6-8.*

Quite a scientific mind has Ronald W. and if he doesn't become a great scientist a lot of people will be surprised. But the erratic Mr. Landau will probably fool us and become a multi-millionaire.

*School has been a constant race between Ronnie and the bell.*



### RICHARD SILVERMAN

*Arista President 7, Arista 5-8, Editor-in-Chief of "Elchanite" 7, 8, Editor-in-Chief of "Tatler" 5, 6, Assistant Editor of "Tatler" 7, 8, Assistant Editor of "Kolenu" 5-8, T.A. Publications 5, 7, 8, Managing Editor of "Academy News" 3, "Elchanite" Typist 6, Class Debating Team 5, 6, President of French Club 7, 8, Secretary of Hebrew Club 3, Hebrew Club 3-6, Vice-President of Science Club 2, Science Club 1, 2, Photography Club 1, 2.*

Richard, quite an active fellow, distinguished T.A. and himself by winning top honors in the National French Contest. Aside from using his wits to grind out the "Elchanite," "Kolenu," and the "Tatler," Dick also keeps tabs on the teachers. He will attend Columbia this fall where he will probably study international relations.

*In English, Richie failed — to get a hundred.*



### SAMUEL SILVERSTEIN

*Class Vice-President 6, G.O. Service Squad 8, "Kolenu" Staff 5, T.A. Publications Art Committee 6, T.A. Publications Typist 3, 4, Class Athletic Manager 4, Basketball Team 4-6, School Choir 6, Class Secretary 5, Hebrew Club 2-5, Radio Club 7, 8, Science Club 1.*

Serious and hard working, Sammy has improved from term to term until he is now leader of the class. (He leads the class to recess.) Since math is so easy to him, he hopes to become an engineer and some day build a dam in Israel named after him. (You know, Dam Silverstein.)

*He cured his insomnia in T.A.*





## AARON STAVISKY

*"Tatler" 5, "Academy News" 2, 3, T.A. Publications 7, 8, School Debating Manager 7, Debating Team 5-7, Class Sanitation Manager 7.*

Aaron took life easy at T.A. (and why not?). As debating manager of the school, he made the phrase "Complacency to utilization implies acquiescence to realization," a favorite T.A. slogan. Now at Y.U., Aaron is majoring in the humanities and will eventually pursue a career in business.

*For all that, and all that  
Aaron's a graduate for all that.*



## ISRAEL STURM

*Arista 8, Class President 3, 6, Class Vice-President 2, "Elchanite" Art Staff 8, "Kolenu" Staff 5, G.O. Newspaper Committee 6, Debating Team 5, Sanitation Manager 5, Hebrew Club 2-5, Music Club 8, Math Club 7.*

Class philosopher, psychologist, adviser on human relations and what not, Israel remains Rabbi Faivelson's classic answer to the Torah V'odaath boys. ("Look at Sturm," says Rabbi Faivelson. "You look at him," retorts the blase senior.) He will take his philosophy, advice, etc. to N.Y.U. this fall where he will pre-med.

*School has been one long interruption of his daily routine.*



## NORMAN TOPOROVSKY

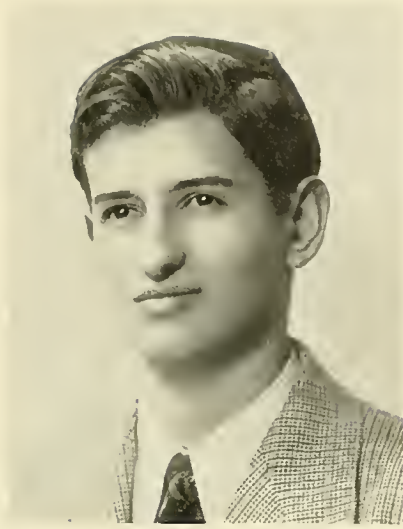
*Arista Secretary 8, G.O. Vice-President 5, 8, G.O. Secretary 3, Class President 4, T.A. Publications Business Manager 8, T.A. Publications 7, 8, Debating Team 4, Class Athletic Manager 2, Vice-President of Hebrew Club 2-4, Secretary of Hebrew Club 5, Photography Club 1, Radio Club 6, 8.*

In between recesses, "Tippy" has done an awful amount of work for the school (with emphasis on awful) and especially for T.A. Publications. He's also been pulling some mighty respectable marks without doing homework. (The secret's out, teachers.) A stanch New Dealer, he was appointed Director of the P.G.A.F.T.A.P. Bureau. (That's the Please-Get-Ads-For-T.A.-Publications Bureau.)

*He gave his all (\$1.50) for T.A. Publications.*



## MURRAY WACHMAN



*Arista 5-8, "Elchanite" Art Staff 6-8, Class President 4, 6, Secretary of G.O. 2, "Academy News" Art Staff 1, 4, Hebrew Club 3, 4, "Kolenu" Artist 7, Librarian 5, Secretary-Treasurer of Science Club 1, Spanish Club 3.*

Murray, the class artist and the only T.A. student who ever took Mr. Allan seriously, came forth with his talents to bring some life to the "Elchanite." (Editor: N.B.) Always ready with a joke to soothe a down-hearted soul, he decided to make his exit quickly and graduated in January. At Brooklyn, Murray is taking a scientific course and will ultimately become an engineer.

*He drew lots and came to T.A.*

## IRWIN E. WITTY



*Secretary-Treasurer of G.O. 5, Editor-in-Chief of "Kolenu" 3-8, "Elchanite" Editorial Board 7, 8, Associate Editor of "Tatler" 6-8, T.A. Publications 5-8, Reporter for "Academy News" 5, School Debating Manager 5, Class Debating Team 5, 7, 8, Class Secretary 4, Choir 6-8, Hebrew Club 3-7, Science Club 1, 2.*

This kid got the service bug into his system and piled himself up a neat 110 service credits plus the honor of doing most for the school. "Itz," a staunch Shomer and advocate of things Hebrew, brought the idea of a Hebrew magazine for the school to a reality. We'll be seeing him this fall at Y.U. where he will prepare for the rabbinate and the bar.

*His extra-curricular activities are his classes.*

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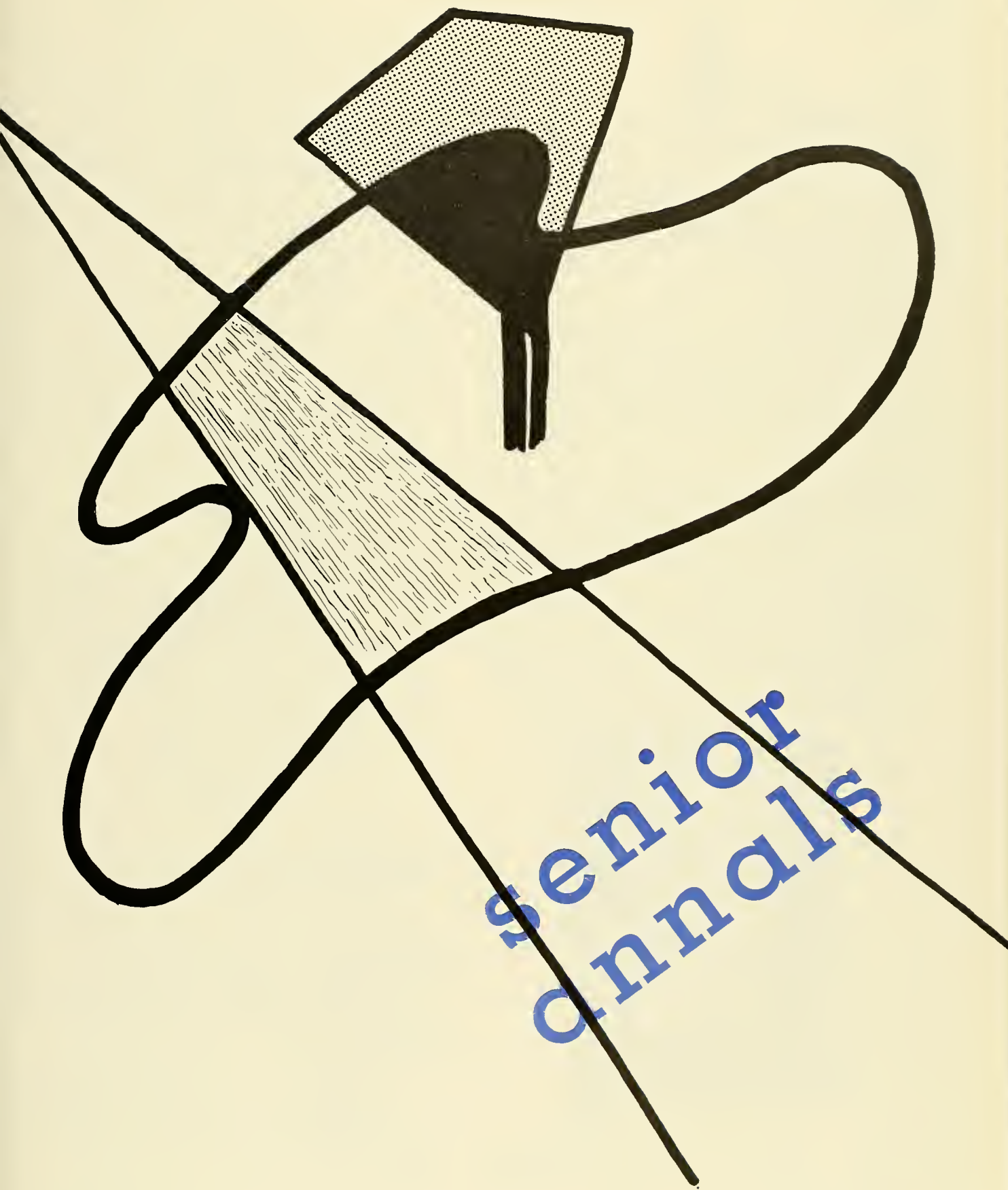
# 1949

## CLASS POLL

Class Artist .....	MURRAY WACHMAN
Class Athlete .....	IRVING FORMAN
Most Brilliant .....	RICHARD SILVERMAN
Class Casanova .....	STANLEY COHEN
Did Most For Class .....	MARVIN BIENENFELD
Most Dependable .....	MARVIN BLUSH
Most Dignified .....	NORMAN DACHS
Best Dressed .....	JUDAH KIRSHBLUM
Class Hebraist .....	WALLACE CHAMEDES
Class Hypnotist .....	JACK GLICKMAN
Class Journalist .....	MARTIN KAHANE
Best Natured .....	SAMUEL SILVERSTEIN
Class Optimist .....	RONALD LANDAU
Class Orator .....	IRVING GREENBERG
Class Philosopher .....	ISRAEL STURM
Class Photographer .....	JOSEPH FISCHER
Most Popular .....	SAMUEL FEDER
Class Satirist .....	AARON STAVISKY
Did Most For School .....	IRWIN WITTY
Class Scientist .....	SAMUEL DERSHOWITZ
Most Likely to Succeed .....	NORMAN TOPOROVSKY
Most Versatile .....	EDWIN GOLDSTEIN
Class Zionist .....	PAUL KAHN

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Favorite Teacher .....	RABBI BARUCH N. FAIVELSON
Favorite Subject .....	MATHEMATICS
Least Popular Subject .....	MUSIC





# Diary



## SEPTEMBER '45

Some place! Really impressive. Best Yeshiva I ever saw. I knocked and a nasty pfc. told me this was the armory and my building was across the street. I looked in that direction and smiled sickly. Oh well, Ebbets Field is only two blocks away.

## OCTOBER '45

New boy came in today. Looks bright. Name's Richie.

## NOVEMBER '45

Three Cohens and two Hymans. I'm still confused. Dr. Charles writes the Spanish assignment on the walls. No blackboard yet. New Spanish teacher . . . Professor Cambia . . . Mr. Stillerman . . . Mr. Gonzales . . . Any more?

## JANUARY '46

Final exams! Some difference from grade school.

## FEBRUARY

Rabbi Kanatopsky teaches us algebra. Mr. Lebowitz, the science teacher, says you can buy a book telling how to make an atom bomb for one dollar. Careful, the Thomas Committee is listening.



## APRIL

No fooling, a new secretary. She's not married. Can't type either. Call for Bienenfeld. We want vital statistics. P.S. Her name's Marilyn.

## JUNE

Exams and vacation. No school till September!

## OCTOBER

Due to the groundwork of the fourth termers, the bio marks are phenomenal . . . Hmm?



## NOVEMBER

New Spanish teacher. Looks more durable. I think Mr. Cantor's here to stay . . . Lunchroom is in full swing.

## DECEMBER

Freshies come to look around. We tell them the elevator is out of order so they can't see the gym or pool. They'll learn. So why break their hearts now?

## JANUARY '47

Geometry I. "I gave you this book but how can you prove I gave it to you? . . . This formula will come in useful if you ever take Advanced Algebra. No, you never use it in geometry." . . . Odd subject . . . Flunked Regents.

## FEBRUARY

Please give me an excused admit. Aw! The other secretary always gave excused admits.



**MAY**

In the Spring . . . Next year Ramaz holds its Lag B'Omer outing elsewhere.

**JUNE**

Bio and language Regents not too bad considering. Arista formed . . . Oh well, maybe I'll get in next term. Finished with minors. Wachman must have made plenty drawing during the past two years.

**SEPTEMBER**

History 1. Well, Mr. Lilker. . . . What's KCL03, Mr. Lebowitz. "You here again. I thought I saw the last of you in general science."

**OCTOBER**

On Tuesday, Rabbi Faivelson tells his classes he wants \$400 by Thursday. O.K. Real money?

**NOVEMBER**

Library now going full force. "Look, Bienenfeld, I don't owe any money on this book."

**DECEMBER**

I hear we're buying the Knights of Columbus mansion in Flatbush for an annex . . . Lot next door bought for two story annex.

**JANUARY '48**

What's logs, huh? . . . Ask Mr. Turetsky.

**FEBRUARY**

Dr. Saphire said no three and a half year course. This is a four year school and that's that. Maybe only hardship cases. Hey Moish, can you get me a draft registration card?

**JUNIOR**



**JUNE**

Bernstein cut 45 out of 50 math classes and got 96 on the Regents. Mr. Turetsky's theory is that he took a home study course while he was absent . . . Feld, who has been counting since first term, says only three days to graduation.

**SEPTEMBER**

Advanced Algebra is unique. No walls in the classroom, no blackboards, (no place to put them) and no textbooks. The teacher's room is American History 11's class . . . Feder sits in the closet (with the door open) . . . 3 1/2 year course announced. Bienenfeld, Dachs, Feder, Stavisky and Wachman get out in February . . . Dershowitz becomes a chemistry major . . .

**OCTOBER**

Double American History, Double English, Double trouble for Messrs. Strum and Lilker. With only five boys graduating we'd have had individual instruction if only Bienenfeld would stop persecuting Stavisky. Then we'd learn mebbe.

**NOVEMBER**

Got our Senior pins. Five men of distinction . . .

Mr. Cantor keeps saying some of his boys disappointed him on the Regents . . . I don't care what you did to Joe Fisher. I still say you can't hypnotize me. Yes, Jack Glickman, I see a three-headed boy.

**DECEMBER**

Hurricane strikes Florida. 12,000,000 dollar damage. How dreadful . . . Dr. Saphir pays Seniors a visit to reassure us we can't make it in 3 1/2 years. However, new five year plan (course) introduced.

**JANUARY '49**

Five familiar faces are no longer with us. They've gone the way of all students and will be no more. Ah well, five down, eighteen to go . . . Say, Tippy, I hear Dr. Sarachek's giving out 100's in English. What? I failed? Aw! Wait till next year . . .

**FEBRUARY**

Seniors in control of G.O. executive. Greenberg, president; Toporovsky, vice-president; Blush, Athletic Manager . . . All three got 160 votes. Roll call reveals 155 students in school . . . We got four new telephones we don't use, so we had to get a switchboard . . . We don't use that either.

**MARCH**

Only 102,240 minutes of school left. As La Guardia would say, "Patience and Fortitude."

**APRIL**

Say, Irv, what's the cotan of a b c over capillary action x Treaty of Chapultepec? Well, "leave the room." . . . Brooklyn College test. Y.U., here I come!

**MAY**

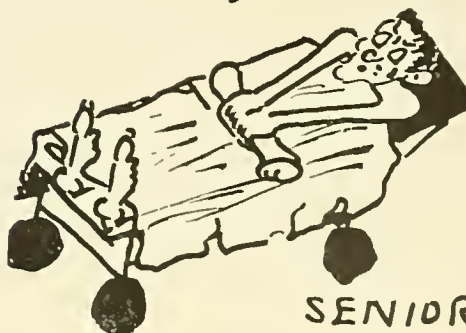
Guess what? The Regents Scholarship Exam! Lucky I had my ouija board along. Gee, that Dershowitz knows his bio . . . Lag B'Omer outing . . . Student Day arrives. What's a matter Greenberg, gotta stiff neck? Mr. Bassell has to read from "Canterbury Tales," takes off jacket. Hot day, huh?

**JUNE**

We passed! We passed! We passed! What? We failed? I want my tuition back . . . Graduation night. Bewildered . . . in a daze. Shake hands. Diploma . . . FREE.

"And all my bonds aside were cast  
Yet these heavy walls to me had grown  
A hermitage — and all my own  
And half I felt that they had come  
To tear me from a second home . . .  
My very chains and I were friends  
So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are — even I  
Regained my freedom with a sigh  
And so to college."

**QUIET**



**SENIOR**

OB NOXIUS PUBLICATUS

# Star Gazer

|| FALSEHOOD, BLASPHEMY, PREVARICATION ||

Vol. 1 No. 1

Published by T.A. Brooklyn Alumni

January 1, 1963

## Kahane Demands Asia!

Martin Kahane, candidate for president on the Cherut party ticket, today closed his campaign with a reaffirmation of his party's slogan, "Reannexation of Asia and Reoccupation of Europe." He again stated his party's platform which is as follows:

- 1) We must have a Jewish state on both sides of the Pacific.
- 2) We demand a port that is frozen all year round.
- 3) 108° 80' or fight!
- 4) Long live shekel diplomacy!

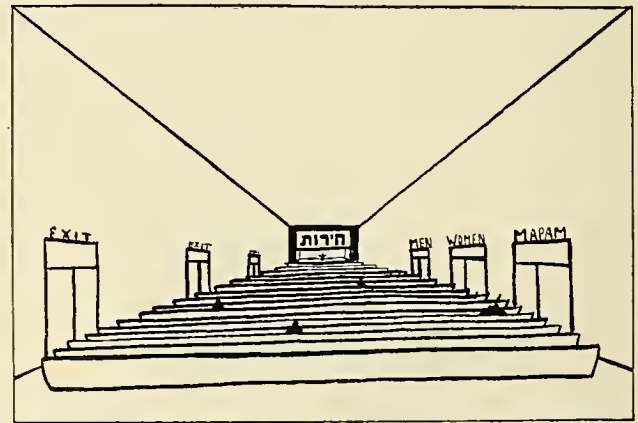
As candidate of the "mildly" expansionist party, Cherut, Mr. Kahane reaffirmed his determination to buy Patagonia for \$7,200,000 though some critics have labeled it "Beigin's Folly."

### NEW ECONOMY DRIVE GETS UNDER WAY IN GOVERNMENT

Marvin Bienenfeld, successful businessman and financier, who amassed a huge private fortune selling old bio tests to students and swimming suits to the Eskimos at the North Pole, today announced new economy measures in the budget. Appointed by an economy-minded Congress after the U.S. announced an 83 billion dollar budget for the third straight year, Mr. Bienenfeld has been doing exhaustive research on each department's expenditures in the government. These are his cuts in the 83 billion dollar budget:

- 1) Instead of putting extra stamps on heavy letters, risk mailing them with one stamp.
- 2) Whereas in the past U.S. government letters were sealed with the gum on the flaps, in the future they will be closed by inserting the flap into the letter. Thus the government saves the price of the gum on the flaps.
- 3) Whereas in the past every department hired unskilled labor to lick the backs of stamps, in the future it will be a civil service job and thus we will have skilled and rapid labor do the job. (Ed. Note: There is no basis to the rumor that Mr. Bienenfeld will hire certain students to the last job even if they are skilled at the work.)

Mr. Bienenfeld estimated the savings by his moves



**Kahane Addressing Usual Overflow Audience**

### NOTHINGATRON DISCOVERED!

Mr. Irving Forman rose to new heights in the electrical world last night when he discovered the nothingatron.

As Mr. Forman said: "I was feeling mighty low last night. Then I sat down on a tack. You have no idea what a lift that gave me. When I landed, I had lost my glasses. It was then that I saw the nothingatron."

Mr. Forman gave the following facts about the nothingatron. Its diameter is .000000 of an inch. In fact it is so small that even the most powerful microscope cannot see it. It has no weight and no electrical charge.

This morning, however, Pravda denounced Mr. Forman's discovery as "capitalist propaganda." "It is a well known fact, said Pravda, that in 1854 Nikolai Formansky discovered the nothingatron in Russia. (That is the same year by the way that Orville and Wilbur Left discovered the airplane near Moscow.)

When asked this morning by your reporter whether he realized the magnitude of his discovery, Mr. Forman answered: "Oh, it was nothing at all."

at a minimum of \$50, which is enough to put a full page ad in the Elchanite, advertising the savings. (Ed. Note: All this trouble might have been avoided if Congress had not revoked the free mailing rights of government departments in 1963.)

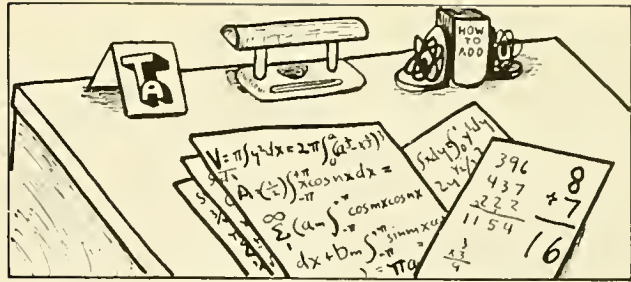


**PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE DISCOVERED  
LANDAU MAKES NEWS AGAIN!**

Ronald Landau, famous physicist and watch lover extraordinary, today announced that he had discovered the long awaited perpetual motion machine. Said Mr. Landau: "After 37 years of experimentation, I have come to the conclusion that my mouth is a perpetual motion machine." Scientific authorities investigating Mr. Landau's claims believe that they are true, for no one who has ever known Landau can remember when his mouth stopped going. As Mr. Landau's lawyer said: "It's an open and shut case. Moreover, I would like to point out that although many perpetual motion machines were invented using the principle of water, this is the first one using a drip."

Mr. Landau is a great watch and clock lover. In fact, last year he fired two employees for "punching the clock" when they entered the office.

Mr. Landau is also a famous mathematician and he used higher mathematics to develop his machine. Some of his calculations are pictured on the right. (See photo at right.)

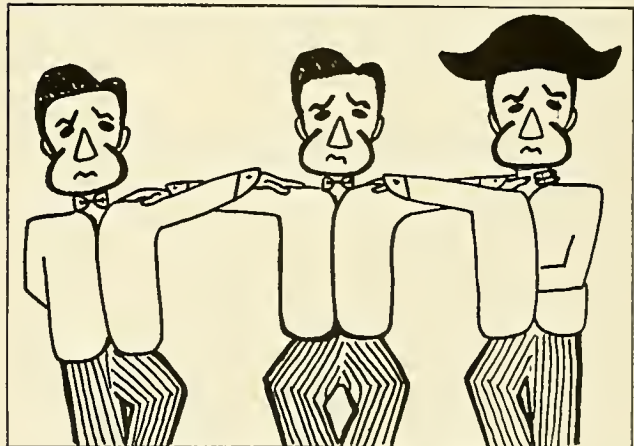


**Mr. Landau's Calculations**

**WORLD-FAMOUS PSYCHOLOGIST INTERVIEWED**

Professor Edwin A. Goldstein, author of the best selling "Sex Habits in the Male Mosquito," was interviewed today by your reporter. The book which sold 18,000,000 copies (Every male mosquito bought one) was written by Prof. Goldstein on one of his periodic "visits" to Ward 3 at Bellevue. Prof. Goldstein told your correspondent that he is now writing a sequel called "I Didn't Meant It" revealing that all his revelations about the revealing facts of mosquito life were revealed to be false. He has already been promised by the Boston censor, his brother-in-law, that the book will be banned for revealing too much and so the book can be expected to succeed.

Prof. Goldstein is now teaching at Westminster College. (See photo below.)



**Dr. Goldstein and two of his patients**

**TOPOROVSKY RETURNS FROM TONGERIK!**

Dr. Norman Toporovsky returned yesterday from Tongerik Atoll where he served as medicine man for the natives for the past ten years. Your reporter had the following interview with Dr. Toporovsky.

*Question:* How is the health situation in South Pacific?

*Answer:* Excellent. Mary Martin is in the pink of health.

*Question:* I meant in the South Pacific islands. How is the health of the natives?

*Answer:* Beastly good. However, the hospital facilities are quite primitive.

*Question:* How have you helped improve the health of the natives?

*Answer:* When I came to the island ten years ago, it was dreadful. The poor natives didn't even know that they were sick. Why, they spent their whole lives without seeing a doctor or going to the hospital. However, I quickly remedied the situation. I showed them how many sicknesses they should have. I instituted many health weeks. There were appendicitis weeks, pneumonia weeks, and influenza weeks. It was I who discovered the three types of cold (which necessitated seeing the doctor three times.) They are the uncommon cold, the fairly common cold, and the common cold.

*Question:* What was your greatest thrill in your ten years at the atoll?

*Answer:* When I almost beat my trained chimpanzee at chess.

Dr. Toporovsky said that he is now worth ten million cocoanuts.

**12 ANARCHISTS ACQUITTED!**

Capping a series of brilliant moves, Irwin Witty, famous lawyer, won a mistrial for his twelve clients last night. Mr. Witty, however, was held in the highest contempt of court.

(The court had nothing but contempt for Mr. Witty.)

Mr. Witty's legalistic moves are worthy of mention. He first swung public opinion to his clients' side by becoming their lawyer. This moved the public to have great compassion for the twelve doomed men. He next demanded a ruling of mistrial because of improper lawyer and defense. This was an irrefutable argument and Judge State, the presiding judge, had to rule a mistrial.

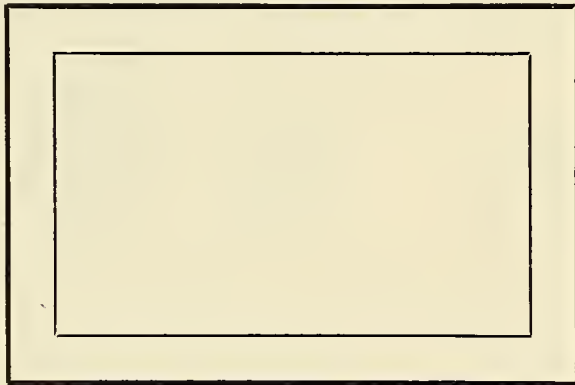


## NEW PAINTING ANALYZED!

Murray Wachman's now famous drawing "Two Polar Bears With Backs to Viewer at North Pole during Snow Storm," (See Photo) was analyzed today by Israel Sturm, noted psychoanalyst. Mr. Wachman's drawing took the intellectual world by storm when it came out a few months ago. In his own words: "I got the idea from poetry. In poetry we have free verse and blank verse. Well, I've seen free painting and now I have painted 'blank painting.'"

Professor Sturm's analysis is as follows: (Ed. Note: See photo of drawing as he analyzes it.) Notice the powerful stroke of white. This shows that Mr. Wachman is forceful and has an exit in life. However the slight waver in the center shows there is an inner conflict. In other words, he has a Thyestes complex. That is, he suspected his great uncle of maltreating his brother-in-law's cousin's aunt whom he thought he once saw. However, now that his sister is married, it is obviously wrong and his picture shows this. The color composition further shows that at the age of one year, three months, and eight days, Mr. Wachman was dropped on his head in a pile of snow thus causing this drawing."

(NOTE: Mr. Wachman is also the artist who drew the famous "Midnight in a Blacked-Out Town when the Moon and Stars Aren't Out.")



## NEW BOOK ON GEMARRA PUBLISHED!

Rabbi Samuel Feder astounded the Talmudic world with the publication of his new treatise on the Gemarra entitled, "Stop the Nigun." In this work, Rabbi Feder asks many questions on the commentaries. Among the questions was the following one. "If a man should hit his friend over the head with an iron bar, and the iron bar should break, and one of the pieces should fly through a steel grate and break a metal magnet which would then repel three pounds of iron filings through the window, is the owner of the steel mill obligated to pay two cents per pound for iron ore to the miner?" Said one commentator: "It is an 'eiseneh' question." A 2nd expert said, "N-n-yah." An unidentified person said: "The answer to this may be found on page 19 of the Reverend's Handbook."

Rabbi Feder is the author of several other books of questions and answers on the Talmud entitled, "So you want to give a Shiur?", "Rishonim or Nothing", and "The 64 answer question."

## SAM, YOU MADE THE EGGS TOO HARD

by L. E. G. HORN, *Special Correspondent*

Samuel Silverstein, engineer and mathematician, was honored last night for solving the age-old enigma, "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?"

Mr. Silverstein said they came together. He proved this by his new formula which has five steps in it.

- 1)  $-3\frac{2}{8} \text{ } ^0x \text{ } ffr^2x3$
- 2)  $-3\frac{1}{4}x4^{\circ} = 3x4 \text{ } x \text{ } 22\frac{1}{2}46 = 90$
- 3) Subtract fifteen just for the fun of it.
- 4) Add twenty-five if in a good mood.
- 5) Mix, shake well and serve slightly warm.

Mr. Silverstein modestly refused any credit for the formula. Said Mr. Silverstein, "Let's be hard boiled about this. I don't deserve credit. My history teacher used the formula for many years. I merely gave it a new use."

As a reward, Mr. Silverstein was given a chicken inspection badge, five dozen rotten eggs, and the title of Grand Egg.

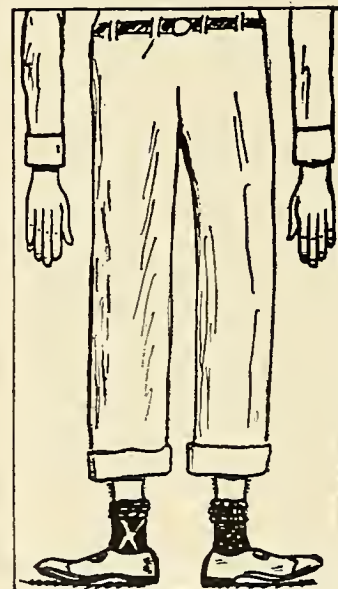
P.S. At the present time Mr. Silverstein is studying the properties of chickens and eggs.

## NEW KIBBUTZ OPENED

### IN HONOR OF GREENBERG

Yitzchak Greenberg, head of the A.F.L. (Aretz Federation of Labor) and famous political leader, whose maiden speech in the Asefat Hanivcharim on behalf of delinquent Yeshiva boys was a sensation, today officiated at the founding of Kfar Yitzchak. The ceremonies, however, were picketed by rivals, who claimed that the kibbutz should be named Kfar Jacob (Avraham has not been heard from yet). Upon being heckled, Mr. Greenberg said: "Stop kibbutzing."

Mr. Greenberg has been in the news several times in the past. Once he was head of the Third Floor Office Worker's Union who wanted to be transferred to the fourth floor. When the boss refused, the workers struck for a raise.



Last year there were also two attempts on Mr. Greenberg's life. Once a hired thug fired buckshot—(dollar bills) at Mr. Greenberg.

However, the money went awry because everyone knows that capital is afraid of labor.

A second time a car attempted to run him down, but Mr. Greenberg merely sprad his legs and the car zoomed under. (For season see photo)

*Space does not permit complete picture.*



### ENTERTAINERS ANNOUNCE NEW ACTS!

Zev Chamedes, Pinchas Kahn and Akiva Glickman, the three chaltz entertainers, for Hakibbutz Hadati, announced their new acts today.

Zev Chamedes and Pinchas Kahn announced a new death-defying act. (They crack jokes before an audience which hasn't been disarmed.), while Akiva Glickman, alias Hypno, the magician and hypnotist, announced his new magic trick. He shuffles a pack of elephants, cuts twice, and deals out ivory keys.

Followers of the entertainment world are breathlessly awaiting the new acts since they recall the sensational old acts of the three. (1) Kahn and Chamedes duet with Kahn singing (?) and Chamedes playing the comb. (2) Glickman's now famous hypnosis of the Sphinx which made it honest. (Up to then, it had always been half lion.)

### U.S. AMBASSADOR REACHES MOON!

Richard Silverman, first U.S. Ambassador to the Moon and founder and originator of the M.R.P. (Moon Recovery Plan) arrived at the moon at 1:57 this afternoon. Mr. Silverman radioed the following message: "Attention all cheese lovers. There is no basis for the rumor that the moon is made out of green cheese; it's made completely of American cheese. However, I t-t-think that I l-l-landed on the w-w-w-rong side of the m-m-moon because the s-s-sun isn't s-s-shining h-h-here at all."

Washington greeted the news of Mr. Silverman's landing with mixed reactions. Senator Miller said: "Ah have always been against this trip. It is obviously a Communist plot. There is no question in mah mind that the moon is anti-U.S. for everyone knows that it is a *satellite*."

### SMASH STAVISKY COMEDY ARRIVES! PLAY GOES OVER WITH A BANG!

A new smash comedy opened last night at the Habimah Theater in Tel Aviv. It was entitled "You Too Can Pass a Regents" and it was in three acts (looking, copying and handing in.) The play was a "riot" and the audience just *died* laughing.

The critics who had been warned beforehand went for the play in a big way. Said one critic, "Looking up the barrel of a gun, the play was terrific." Another critic said, "The jokes came as fast machine gun bullets and were just as funny." Said another critic, "The play smells."

Mr. Stavisky is also the author of a best-selling novel, "Wherefore art thou?" an epic and grand version of the Lost Weekend, entitled "The Last Decade" or "My Ten Years at T.A."

### NEW ANTI-TRUST ACTION IN WASHINGTON!

The Dept. of Injustice brought anti-trust actions against Judah Kirshblum, prominent businessman, for cornering the market in left-handed teacups. Stanley Cohen, corporation lawyer, defended Mr. Kirshblum in a brief submitted to the court. Said Mr. Cohen: "Mr. Kirshblum was raising the price on left-handed teacups to make it impossible for leftists to drink tea. Thus he was defending the American way of life. Besides, one half of the monopoly profits were going to a Y.U. scholarship fund."

Mr. Kirshblum is well known for his terrific coup a few years ago. At that time, he sewed up the rotten egg market just before one of Ernest Bevin's trips to America and made a killing, selling them to demonstrators.

### NEW PRODUCT ANNOUNCED!

Marvin Blush, head of the Legume Tooth Powder Co., makers of Peter, the only soap made out of cabbage, (Motto: If you're tired of washing with it, eat it.) today announced his new product, "B1," the perfume with the magic ingredient, "Dizgazding."

Mr. Blush made the following statement. "B1" is guaranteed to make every young girl a Hollywood star. Our motto will be "Why Dream of Being a Hollywood actress? B1". "B1" is made out of limburger cheese with 'infusion de skunk' added. Be 'outsanding' in company with 'B1.' Nine out of ten Hollywood actresses prefer 'B1' to fertilizer. 'B1' comes in three sizes: economy size, jumbo size, and hooah!"

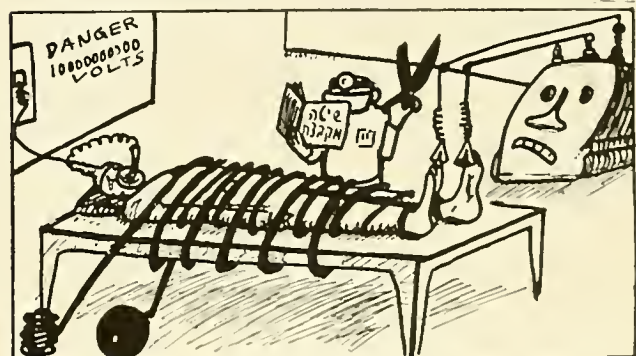
### OPERATION SAVES LIFE!

Dr. Samuel Dershowitz today successfully completed a hazardous operation on Mr. Joseph Fischer. The operation was in two parts. The first was a brain operation which was done with ultra-microscopic tools. The second was a gastro-skeneatelic operation (which was done with mirrors.)

It seems that Mr. Fischer had swallowed a copy of "Life" magazine and it had gone to his head. Thus Dr. Dershowitz saved a "Life" by operating.

P.S. Dr. Dershowitz has mislaid a loaded revolver. If anyone finds it, please return it.

P.P.S. Mr. Fischer announced that he was suffering from shooting pains.



Dr. Dershowitz at Work



## NEW MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERED! HISTORIANS AMAZED!

Mr. Norman Dachs, prominent life-insurance salesman and president of the Dachs Life Insurance Co. (Motto: The Dachs Life Insurance is as strong as a marshmallow), today discovered a manuscript which has revolutionized history. While attempting to sell a life insurance policy to a resident of 1060 President

Street (who's been dead for fifteen years), he dug up an old manuscript. The manuscript had the date 5709 on it and since up to now historians believed that man could not write in 5709 B.C.E., this knocks history into a cocked hat for it is not only written but printed. Here is a reproduction of the document.

### Protocols of Elders of the T. A.

---

We, the Elders of T. A., otherwise known as Seniors, being in complete possession of our faculties (having just taken prisoner our Hebrew and English teachers), do hereby dispose of our unearthly possessions in the following manner . . .

To RABBI FAIVELSON we leave a court record, so he'll know what's involved in his case.

To DR. LICHTENSTEIN we leave a "Chumash" class that understands French.

To DR. SARACHEK we leave a class of boys and girls to increase his basic vocabulary.

To MR. STRUM we leave a loudspeaker so they can hear him in the back.

To MR. FRIEDMAN we leave a new science to master.

To MR. LEBOWITZ we leave a fresh supply of sodium and a can of water to keep it in (and a new lab to take the place of the missing one).

To MR. GROSSMAN we leave 100 Long Playing records and an old phonograph to play them on.

To MR. GODIN we leave a year's supply of pretzels.

To MR. TURETSKY we leave a "Shas" and a Math book in one volume.

To MR. CANTOR we leave a private room for his detective agency.

To MRS. LEVITON we leave a picture of a window to hang in her office.

To MISS SHERMAN we return the stencils of last term's finals.

And much to our relief . . . we leave T.A.

In perjured witness thereof, we hereby affix our signatures (one X for all),







**G. O. Council—Fall Term**

## *The G. O.*

During the past year, the G. O. has taken new strides on its way to becoming a true student's organization serving the student body's every need. This year has seen great successes in every phase of the G. O. A Club Period has been introduced and at present there are ten clubs functioning in the school. The Club Period is held every Sunday morning and thus far all the clubs have been highly successful. Typical of the manifold activities of the clubs are "The Star," the G. O. newspaper, which is published by the Newspaper Club, and a play produced by the English Speaking Club.

Inter-school activities have also taken on new significance as a school debating team was set up. It scored two smashing victories over T. A. Uptown and has already challenged several public high schools.

In the field of sports, T. A. has also begun to show its merits. Our basketball team's record has improved immensely. Ping pong and intramural basketball tournaments have been held and many more are planned for the near future.

Among the other successes that highlighted the G. O.'s activities this year was a highly successful Student Day, in which all classes presented a play and song. This was preceded by class punchball and ping pong tournaments and a Lag B'Omer outing at which all the classes competed in track and baseball. The winning class was 5th Term which nosed out 3rd and 2nd Terms in a very close fight. Our G. O. also arranged for the entire school to attend a Brooklyn Dodger baseball game on June 7. A new school emblem was chosen after a contest was held and new pins were made. An efficient and smoothly functioning Service Squad to patrol the school was also formed. Finally, the G. O. appropriated eighty dollars to help T. A. Publications continue its fine work.

All in all, it has been the most successful year in the G. O.'s history and the G. O. can face the future with high hopes and the assurance of a job well done.

### **G. O. Council—Spring Term**





# *Arista*

Arista, the honor society of the school, continued to function this past year and added to its achievements.

T. A. Arista consists of a selected group of students, outstanding in scholarship, service, and character. Candidates for Arista are interviewed yearly and their admission is voted upon by the Student Assembly of Arista and by the Senate, which consists of a group of faculty members.

The Arista organization has done meritorious service by conducting a coaching club for those students needing help with their studies, by disseminating information concerning the school to various interested parties, by proctoring entrance and final examinations, and finally by exerting a moral influence on the rest of the student body to live up to the ideals for which our school stands.



## *The Tatler*

The "Tatler," our English newspaper, is a revolutionary one in that it is a hybrid newspaper-magazine and of a unique size. Although only eight pages long for a starter, the paper includes excellent news coverage as well as reviews, columns, editorials and articles of a general interest. Particularly interesting is the "Tatler" editorial policy, clearly indicated by the editorials dealing with the Palestine problem and the extra-curricular activities.

This term, the "Tatler" staff consisted of Irving Greenberg, editor-in-chief, Martin Kahane, Richard Silverman, and Irwin E. Witty, associate editors, and Murray Wachman, Art editor.

Unfortunately, the publication of the "Tatler" has been hampered due to the lack of funds. The publication of further "Tatler's" is up to the student body. If it receives the wholehearted support of the student body, the "Tatler" will continue to be one of the more important activities of the school.





## *T. A. Publications*

T. A. Publications constitutes the business board of all three student publications of T. A. Brooklyn: "Kolenn," our Hebrew student organ, "The Tatler," our English tabloid, and the "Elchanite," our graduating annual. The board consists of two representatives from every class elected to serve for a period of one year. The business manager and circulation manager are then elected by this representative body for the remainder of the year.

During the past year Marvin Bienenfeld and Norman Toporovsky have served as business managers, Irwin Witty as circulation manager, and Elliot Aberbach as secretary. Meetings are held bi-weekly under the guidance of Rabbi Faivelson, our faculty adviser, who has been instrumental in molding the group into a functioning student organization.

One of our main difficulties during the past year was the raising of funds. In order to induce more students to participate in the procuring of ads, a ten per cent commission on all ads and various prizes were offered as an extra encouragement and reward. T. A. Publications has held assemblies and sponsored publicity campaigns to make students more T. A. Publications conscious. These efforts have proven to be quite successful.

T. A. Publications can point with pride to this year's record. It is finishing the school year with a balanced budget after having published an "Elchanite" which is larger and better than that of last year.





## *“Kolenu”*

“Kolenu,” the Hebrew student organ of T. A. Brooklyn, is probably the only one of its kind in the world. Its provocative articles, its brilliant style, its exhibition of the most modern terminology in Hebrew, and its original format have received the highest acclaim from Hebrew literary circles. Thus far, two issues of “Kolenu” have appeared under the editorship of Irwin Witty. Rabbi Faivelson, our faculty adviser, has helped us produce issues which were truly beautiful.

Among the various articles included in the last issue were: “The Question of Languages” by Edwin Goldstein, dealing with the problem of Hebrew or Jewish as the language to be employed in our Yeshivos; “Education for Girls” by Irving Skupsky; and a symposium of two religious points of view on the establishment of the Jewish State of Israel, by Samuel Silverstein and Irving Greenberg. Some of the other features included “Chidushei Torah” by Wallace Chamedes, Arnold Turin, and Melvin Heller, a crossword puzzle by Israel Sturm, a humor column by Morton Summer, and short stories by Irving Greenberg and Murray Wachman.

The Editorial Board during the last year consisted of Edwin Goldstein, Irving Greenberg, Richard Silverman, Morton Summer, and Murray Wachman.

The forthcoming issue of “Kolenu” will be published in the early part of next term in order to give students an opportunity to write articles and do research over the summer.









# The Library

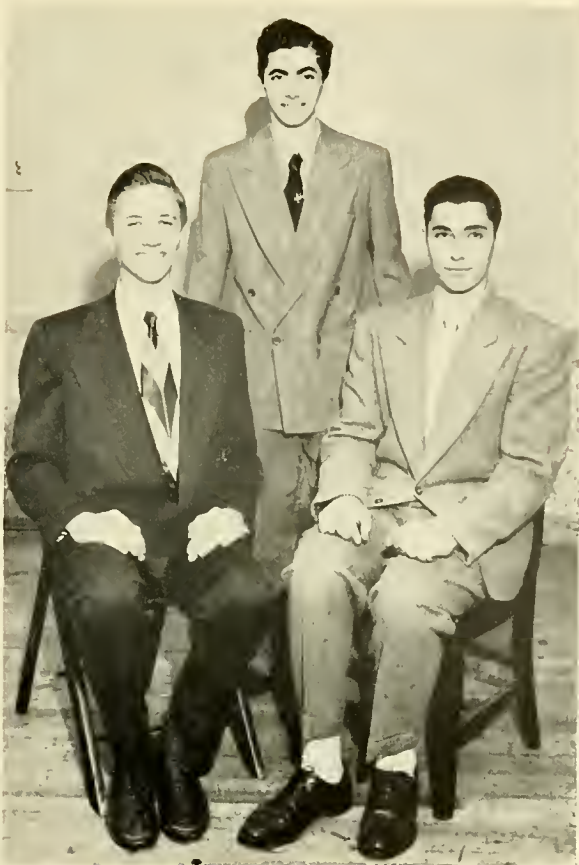
The long and hard work on the parts of Mr. Lilker and Rabbi Faivelson, library faculty advisers, has finally been rewarded. The expanding library has definitely taken its place as a center of student interest.

The library, which consists of English and Hebrew departments, has been under the supervision of Judah Kirshblum, chief librarian. Under a rotating schedule, two librarians are on duty daily and each member of the staff serves only a half a term.

The library has reorganized its reference department this term so as to include encyclopedias, dictionaries, and other reference works. It has also arranged for the importation of books from Israel to augment its already fine collection of Hebrew books.

Library books are available for reference and circulation every day from 1:15 p.m. until 2:00 p.m., except on Fridays and Sundays, and at other convenient hours.





**Spring Team**

## *The Debating Society*

The dream of years has at last become a reality. T. A.'s long envisioned debating team has come to life under the direction of Aaron Stavisky and his successor, Paul Salkin. After many plans which had gone astray, a debate between T. A. Brooklyn and T. A. Uptown was finally arranged and held. Our team consisting of Irving Greenberg, Martin Kahane and Paul Salkin, regulars, scored a smashing victory over Uptown's team. The topic was "Resolved: That the U. S. send all-out military aid to Chiang Kai-shek." Our team took the negative and won. The judges were Dr. Joseph Sarachek and Mr. Morris Turetsky.

At present, more inter-school debates are being arranged.



**Fall Team**





## *The School Choir*

The school choir continued to function this year under the leadership of Irwin E. Witty. The group sang for the school once this year, at the Chanuka affair, but was called upon to perform at other ceremonies. It made a request appearance before the Yeshiva University Ladies' Auxiliary and was received enthusiastically.

The group consists of about a dozen boys and sings in two voices, alto and bass. Its repertoire consists principally of Hebrew melodies in traditional harmonies and of several Jewish numbers. Soloists are Martin Kahane and Samuel Dershowitz, who is also assistant leader.

Although the choir has had many handicaps to overcome, it has achieved a certain degree of success. It plans to increase its activities in the future by performing more often at such school functions as assemblies, parties, and graduations.





## ATHLETICS

On March 21, T. A. of Brooklyn completed its basketball season by defeating an inferior Ramaz team in a thrilling upset. Weakened by the lack of a gym, the team struggled through the season attaining a fine record of victories. Following are some of the highlights of the basketball season.

Opening the season, T. A. trounced M. T. J. to the approval of a throng of students. Setting a precedent, T. A. of Brooklyn ventured out of the Yeshiva League to play Thomas Jefferson's Junior Varsity. After putting up a gallant fight, T. A. succumbed to the superior Jefferson team. T. A. then proceeded to play Lubavicher Yeshiva, R. J. J., Ramaz, T. A. Uptown, M. T. J. for a second time, and finally R. J. J. for a second time. Avenging an earlier setback, Ramaz beat T. A. in the last game of the season.

The prospects for next year are bright. Losing only Irv Forman and Marv Blush, due to graduation, Coach Hal Jetter will have almost his complete squad back again.

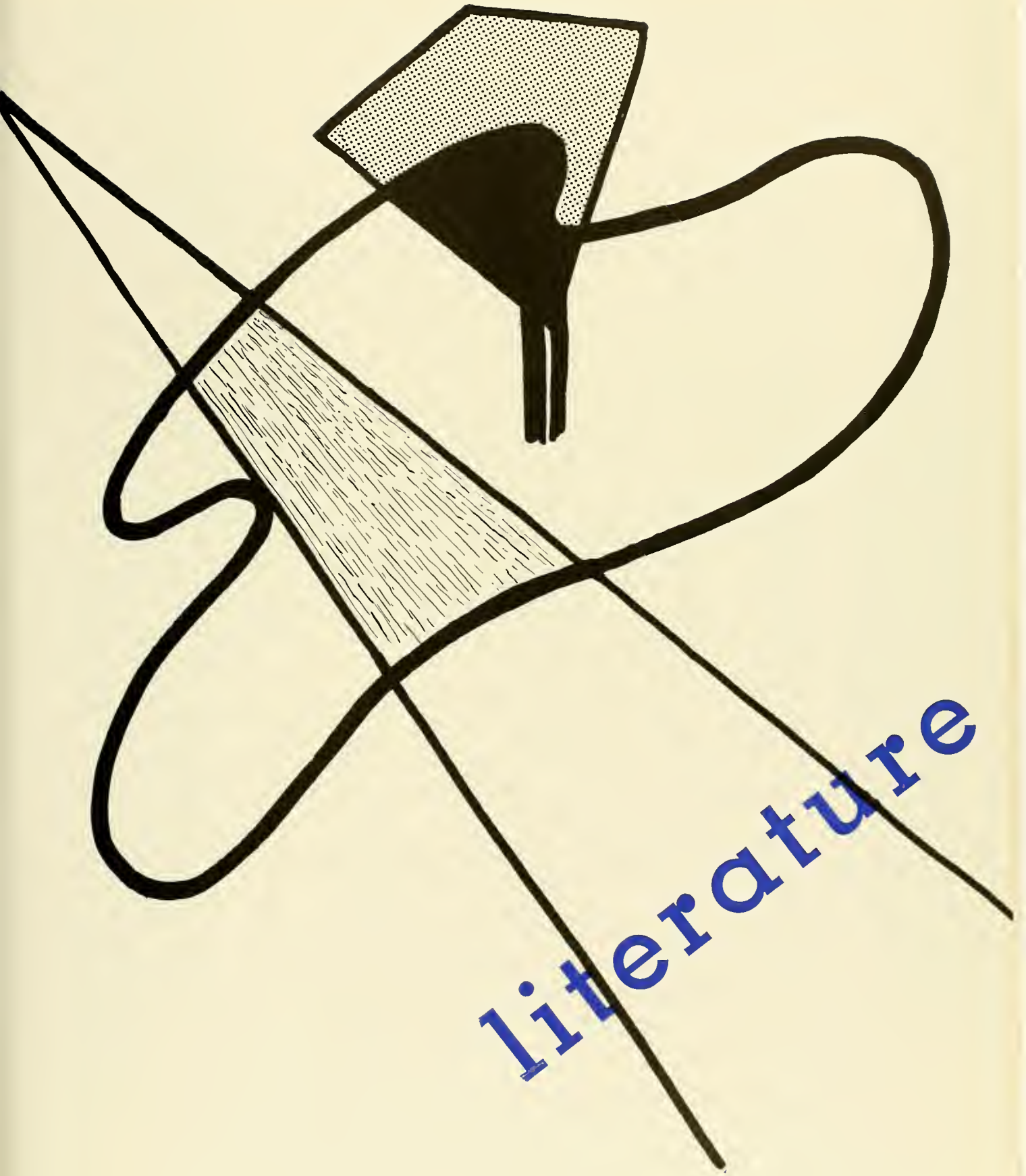
With the close of the basketball season, different sports were practiced at T. A. A thrilling ping pong tournament was won by Sam Dershowitz, who came out first in a field of 104.

Since the purchase of boxing gloves by the administration, our spacious play-room has been the scene of many a bout. During physical education, Mr. Julius Jacobs, our health-ed instructor, gives aid and pointers in the manly art of self-defense.



Isaac J. Carson  
Samuel Lebowitz  
Morris R. Juretzky  
Jacob Lichtenstein  
Myron Grossman  
Chas. Friedman  
Kurt Liller  
Rabbi B. Finkelson

Robert E. Bassell  
Robert D. Rodin  
Rabbi Mordecai Borenholz  
Julius  
Jacob  
De Kelley  
Rabbi Abraham  
Samuel Lerman  
Dinah  
Levinton  
Sturimetz  
Marilyn  
Sherman



literature



## *Attack at Dawn*

Standing there under the shadow of the grey walls of the Old City that morning brought back memories of a visit which I had paid to the sacred city in 1936. Only then I had come to the city under the veil of darkness. It was at the height of the Arab riots, and for a Jew to roam the streets of the Old City in daylight meant sure death. My student's visa had almost expired. But I had to see the Old City. And so I had gone in for a night.

How different was it now as I stood outside the walls among the Haportzim, that crack Palmach unit massed to breach the walls and rescue the beleaguered inhabitants of Jerusalem. For two thousand years the Old City had echoed and re-echoed to the clang of invader's steel. For twenty-four centuries, foreigners had trampled the streets of Jerusalem. For all that time not a Jewish army had raised its banner in defense; not a brigade or company had defended its ancient Jewish birthright. Yet here I was, standing upon the threshold of new days in the Old City's history, for a Jewish army was about to smash its gates, breach its walls, and liberate its Jewish inhabitants. The sun was rising from the east. The pale crescent moon faded in the morning sun and the Arab hold on the Old City was quickly ebbing. The commander of Haportzim spoke to his men: "Chaverim, this is a day for which we have been waiting. I cannot urge you to do anything, but let each and everyone remember that we are the first Jewish invaders the Holy City has seen in 2400 years. Act accordingly!"

It was a simple message. No heroics. No blood and thunder. Just a reminder. Just a reckoning long past due which was to be settled.

At 5:00 a.m. the heavy guns of the Palmach spoke. Opening their yawning mouths, they roared the message of a long self-contained people and cried out, "Kanaim, we have returned!" The battle for the Old City was on.

The Arab Legion was not long in answering. From the rooftops near the walls, from every cranny and nook in the walls, the fire was returned. The duel went on for twenty-seven minutes. Then abruptly came the silence. It was a silence more ominous than the previous noise. Did it spell the defeat of the attempt? Was the attempted break dying already? I glanced worriedly at my watch. For over three-quarters of an hour the silence reigned over the Old City. Then the officer of Haportzim spoke again. "Strike for the gates. Our objectives are the Jaffa and Zion gates. The people of the city are waiting near the gates for you. To the attack, Haportzim!"

Suddenly, the line surged forward. Like an angry torrent it leaped toward the gates. Like a huge carnivore of old, it opened its mouth to swallow its prey. The Legion guns opened again. The Palmach artillery reopened its barrage. The Haportzim reached the gates and formed two parallel lines with a path in

between for the Old City inhabitants to flee through. The firing was becoming more furious, but the Haportzim did not give ground. The second wave went into action. It swept over the advanced Arab positions and went further. For an hour the evacuation continued. Then the officer gave the signal, "Haportzim, withdraw!"

Under the cover of the Palmach artillery, the Haportzim withdrew. The artillery kept up the fire until the Haportzim were back to the artillery positions. First the guns and then the men withdrew. The first Jewish army to invade Jerusalem in over two thousand years had accomplished its mission with a minimum of loss of life. The avenging Jewish army had bested the hated invader. Bar Kochba, they had returned!

*Irving Greenberg*

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## *The Law*

*By* WILLIAM WANDERER

My help, my hope, my strength shall be,  
Thou perfect Law of G-d, in thee!

My faith shall be my rock of might,  
Its Law my portion and my right,  
Its testimonies my delight,  
And day by day, my voice I raise  
In song and hymn to chant their praise.

How did the angels then lament  
When from their midst, by G-d's intent,  
The holy Law to earth was sent.  
"Woe that the pure and sanctified  
Should now on sinful lips abide."

The people trembled when they saw  
Approaching them the heavenly Law —  
Their voices rose in joy and awe:  
"Thy covenant, O Lord, fulfil:  
Declare it, we will do thy will."

Hear thou then Thy people's prayer, O King,  
When like the heavenly host they sing  
Thrice, — Holy, Holy, Holy — uttering  
Sweet hymns and songs of pleasantness  
With joy and awe Thy name to bless.

# Land

By MARTIN KAHANE

Land of a promise, land of Gilead,  
Land oft conquered, land oft seized,  
Land now again held by another,  
Land, raped by Edom,  
Land mocked by Rome,  
We survived all of these — so too this other.

Land of martyrs, land of pride, land great and full of joy.  
Land, for you we dare,  
The will is there.  
The enemy, we'll crush and destroy.

Land of present, land of past, land of future consecration,  
Land, though we die,  
Land still we'll cry,  
'Tis good to die for our great nation.

Land, how they shame you, land how they blame you,  
Land you are not mine, they claim,  
Land, if thou'rt not,  
Let my right hand be forgot,  
And forever accursed be their name.

There's a land of glory, a land soaked with blood,  
A land ripped away from my mother's breast.  
And land till we've kneeled,  
On your sacred fields,  
Until that day, we swear we'll not rest.

Land of tempest, land of storm, land of bitter tragedy,  
Land, we'll take thee,  
Land, we'll make thee,  
O holy land of fathers three.

Land of prayers, land of tears, land crying out in fear,  
Land, we heed thee,  
Land we need thee,  
Land, we march, we strike, we hear.

Land chosen for rule, land chosen for pain,  
Land, when may I call you mine again?  
O land, the road is long,  
And the enemy strong,  
But still we'll conquer this son of Cain.

ELCHANITE



## Chaim Nachman Bialik

By MYRON LERNER

Chaim Nachman Bialik is unquestionably the greatest Hebrew poet of modern Hebrew literature.

He was born in the hamlet of Radi, in Volhynia, Russia, of poor Hasidic parents. When Bialik was six, his father died. In order to alleviate the financial burden of the family, the young orphan was sent to an uncle. While there, he was influenced by a learned grandfather who sent him to the famous Volozhin Yeshiva.

In his poem "The Masmid," one of his many autobiographical sketches, Bialik gives us an insight into his younger years as a Yeshiva student. He pictures himself as "a type of perpetual scholar, deaf to all the whispers and temptations of nature and the lure of his own young blood. 'The Masmid' was considered a specimen partly of comic and partly of tragicomic human degeneration by the apostles of culture, to whom pure intellect, asceticism, and self-sacrifice for more learning had become unity in the highest degree." Bialik regards the Beth Hamidrash (House of Study) as a "holy prison," the pure source of Jewish emotion and desire. In that house of learning the Masmid spends many years — years that know no life nor sunlight, years of a youth growing into manhood, years of struggle to overcome obstacles, years of hunger, sleeplessness, wasting flesh and falling cheeks, years alone with his three friends—his stand, his candle and his Talmud—devoting himself to the study of the Law.

This was the blessed life of the "Masmid" as described and experienced by Bialik. His ability to construct a lifelike picture before the reader and to depict the hardships and difficulties he had to overcome are revealed in this poem.

However, "The Masmid" was not Bialik's only poem. In fact, he has written hundreds of other poems, essays, and stories in Hebrew as well as in Yiddish. His first known poem was "El Hatzippor," an imaginary conversation between the poet and a bird returning from Palestine, in which Bialik gives vent to his deep feelings of grief over the suffering of his brethren in exile. This poem already bore the specifically nationalistic character which led to the poet's being crowned as the national poet of his people.

The poet was seized with "divine frenzy" when he composed his angry pogrom poems, "The Songs of Wrath," which at once established his supremacy as the poetic representative of his nation. The poem "Beir Haharigah"

# ELCHANITE

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(“In the City of Slaughter”), written in 1903, is a graphic picture of the atrocities committed during the Kishenev pogrom. Here he lashes in bitter and angry tones, not only at the instigators of the pogrom, but at the passive tolerator, whom he considered more guilty than the perpetrator of the crime.

He became one of the purest, most expressive lyric poets of modern Hebrew literature. He resuscitated the almost defunct Hebrew language and gave it elasticity and originality, showing that it is capable of expressing all the effects of light, sound, and color.

Before long, he achieved fame as the greatest Hebrew poet of his day. He became the poet laureate of the Jewish renaissance, its most beloved name and popular figure. He was accorded the highest recognition of any Hebrew or Yiddish writer, the central personality in literature—equally respected by all factions of Jewry.

The struggles over Bolshevism which almost cost him his life did not prevent him from protesting against the persecution of his people. With heroic self-sacrifice, he championed the cause of the Hebrew language and its culture. He protested, he complained, and his voice was that of an entire people whose culture was being trampled upon. Bialik was allowed to leave the country in 1921, whence he travelled to Berlin and Hamburg, establishing publishing houses in both cities. He finally arrived in Palestine in 1924, where he spent the remainder of his life.

There he turned to translating and completed several Hebrew versions of illustrious foreign works. Shakespeare’s “Julius Caesar,” Cervantes’ “Don Quixote,” Schiller’s “William Tell” and Heine’s poems were some of the works he rendered into Hebrew.

In his later day, Bialik was active as a leader of the Zionist movement and was a member of the governing board of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

Chaim Nachman Bialik was unquestionably one of the most recognized Jewish figures of his generation. No poet in Israel has been accorded such universal recognition, esteem, and affection. The great poet’s career came to an end on July 4, 1934. Throughout the world, he was mourned by all classes as the resurrector of the Hebrew language and culture.

This date of July 4, 1934 is certainly a memorable one in my life for on that day I was born and named Bialik Myron Lerner.

# *He Was Different*

by SAMUEL FEDER

NARRATOR: This is Maintown — Maintown, Kansas. Maintown is just a small town with small town villagers and small town ways. Like every great city and small town, it has its war dead, the heroes of Bataan, Guadalcanal, Anzio, Normandy, and Iwo Jima.

Today, Maintown is a proud town. Her citizens are proud, for today the people are dedicating a playground to Corporal Joe Greenberg, a Congressional Medal of Honor man. A few facts are in order before we open this story. Joe was Jewish. He was born in 1921 of foreign parents. He died at Iwo Jima in 1945. This is the story of a simple small town boy trying to make good. As we open our story, Mayor Cole is in the act of dedicating a playground to the memory of Joe Greenberg.

MAYOR: . . . Therefore, we who are gathered here today are dedicating this memorial to one of our own boys, Corporal Joe Greenberg. He was well-known to all of us. He grew up among us. You could always have found him with the gang at the corner candy store or at a community gathering. His childhood was that of any young boy of Maintown. He was born . . .  
(*Voice fades.*)

MRS. GREENBERG: He was my boy. He was a good boy. He would be happy to hear them say that he was one of them. Joey never liked to be different.  
(*Her voice fades.*)

MRS. GREENBERG: Why, Joey, I thought you were playing football with the boys?

JOE: They don't want to play with me.

MRS. GREENBERG: Why, what's the matter?

JOE: You see, Ma, it's like this. All the fellows have football helmets and things for Christmas presents and I had to tell them that I didn't have any Christmas. Then one of the fellows said that I was different and that I couldn't play with them anymore.

MRS. GREENBERG: Naturally, I bought him the equipment, but he never forgot that he was different . . . (*Voice fades out.*)

MAYOR: Yes sir, he was one of us. We all hold dear memories of him deep in our hearts . . . (*Voice fades.*)

JOAN: That's my father talking there. You just heard what he said. Yes. I should feel proud of him. Yet there is something I can't forget. It happened one day after school. (*Voice fades.*)

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1949



MAYOR: Why so late, Joan?

JOAN: I stopped to talk to Joey Greenberg on the corner. You know him. He's the captain of our high school football team.

MAYOR: How many times did I tell you that I didn't want you to talk to him? I'll have no daughter of mine talking to a Jew in the street. Har-rumph, especially when I intend to run for re-election next fall. (*Voice fades.*)

MAYOR: We all remember him as the captain of our football team and how he led his team to victory. It was when Joey was nineteen that the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. He enlisted in the marines two weeks later. He made a fine record there and we were all proud of him. It was our privilege that he came from our town. But then he was killed at Iwo Jima. Part of his citation reads, "On the fourth day of fighting, Corporal Greenberg and his men were sent ahead to cover an officer who was trying to take medical supplies to some wounded soldiers in no-man's land." (*Voice fades.*)

MULLIGAN: Yes sir, that's what the citation said. I remember how he was "sent" out. (*Voice fades.*)

MULLIGAN: You guys all know that the captain is stranded out there. I want some volunteers to cover him.

JOE: I volunteer, Sergeant Mulligan.

VOICE: I'll go with Corporal Greenberg.

MULLIGAN: Come here, Greenberg. Listen, you know you don't *have* to go out there. I know you have some serewy ideas about being different. Out here, we're all the same. Nobody's any better than you.

JOE: I don't know what you're talking about.

MULLIGAN: O.K., O.K. Go ahead, Greenberg. (*Voice fades.*)

MAYOR: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, today is a great day in the history of Maintown. We all feel a terrible sickness in our hearts when we think of Joey out there, a lonely grave in the Pacific marked only by a white Star of David. It is, therefore, only fitting and proper that we dedicate this playground as a memorial to Corporal Joe Greenberg.

Every man who served in the armed forces of our country is a hero and every man who received the Congressional Medal of Honor is a special hero. But Joey was different. He belonged to us. Yes, Joey was different. He was one of us.

# ELCHANITE

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## *What is Death?*

*By* MORTON SUMMER

“What is death?” I asked myself, walking down the street,  
 and the echo answered. “Yes, what is death?”  
 Down the block, I saw a crowd gathering around a  
 store window; I walked over and saw a man lying  
 on the ground, lying on the ground cold to the  
 world, still clad in his work apron. The woman near  
 him, standing upright, started to scream, and the  
 scream was a horrible, terrifying, heartbreaking  
 sound, and the ambulance siren in the background  
 throbbed; this is, this is, ~~this~~ is death.

“What is death?” I asked myself, farther down the street.  
 A little old lady was crossing the street, with two bottles  
 of milk and a loaf of bread, the staff of life, when all of  
 a sudden a car came careening around the corner, and in a  
 moment the little lady was lying in the gutter, her head  
 twisted in a grotesque manner, the milk spilt all over.  
 the bread still clutched in her hand, and as the  
 crowd gathered, the police siren wailed in the  
 background; this is, this is, this is death.

“What is death?” I asked myself, as rain-clouds gathered  
 overhead. When the storm broke, I ran up on a porch and  
 asked the old man sitting there. “May I stay?” And he  
 replied, “Yes, my son, you may.” While the thunder  
 crashed and the lightning flared, I asked him, “Are you  
 afraid of death?” and he said, “No, my son, for what is  
 death but a never-ending sleep — a never ending sleep  
 for the body, while the soul rises on high.” And  
 the rain drops falling echoed; that is, that is, that is death.

## *Carl Sandburg: Laureate of Industrial America*

by RICHARD SILVERMAN

The recent opening of the Lincoln letters brings to mind an author who spent years in interpreting the greatness of the civil war president. His name is Carl Sandburg.

Among our modern authors who have written both prose and poetry, Carl Sandburg occupies a prominent position. Though he has won great acclaim for his biography of Lincoln, to my mind, Sandburg has a more powerful and more human facet as poet and interpreter of the industrial life of America. Sandburg's poetry, a poetry of free verse written in the plain speech of the American people, was strikingly new because it was a poetry that contained the singing of the American idiom. It was a poetry that sounded the voice of the man on the street by employing expressive words and phrases like galoots, jazzman, fourflusher, jazz the classics, bring home the bacon, and you said a mouthful. Of course, the language is at times crude and raucous but, as Sandburg says, he wanted "something in the American lingo . . . Unless we keep on the lookout, we write book language and employ the verbiage of dead men instead of using the speech of people alive today."<sup>1</sup> Thus, through his selective vocabulary, Sandburg presents a kaleidoscopic parade of vividly presented pictures.

Sandburg, having gained his education, as Louis Untermeyer says, in the "University of Hard Labor,"<sup>2</sup> is the poet of the lowly born. He is a member of the proletariat and one of its defenders. Sandburg's is a life devoted to the protection of labor, a life dedicated to the advancement of social democracy. A great part of Sandburg's pages is devoted to the worker and indeed these are his best pages. Sandburg truly depicts people in such lines as, "How many cents for the sleepy eyes and fingers?" He wants us to know of the stockyard "hunky" sweeping blood off the floor, getting "a dollar seventy-five cents a day when he works." He must tell us of little Mamie from Indiana who "dreamed of romance and big things off somewhere the way the railroad trains run" and now has a \$6 a week job in a Chicago department store. Sandburg is the "defeated artist . . . crying out against these wrecks, these misshapen hulks of houses; huge ugly buildings that he has to pass day by day, the output of a purely utilitarian age that has no beauty, no joy in it . . . buildings so hopeless that you have to see them only at dusk or by moonlight to get any poetry out of them."<sup>3</sup>

Sandburg's first poetic work appeared in 1914 under the title of "Chicago Poems." In it is perhaps his best known poem, "Chicago," with which he came into his own. "Chicago" is representative of Sandburg's style and philosophy. He addresses the city thus:

Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler:  
Hog Butcher for the World,  
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat  
Stormy, husky, brawling  
City of the Big Shoulders.

(1) Rica Brenner, "Ten Modern Poets," Harcourt, Brace & Co.

(2) Louis Untermeyer, "Yesterday and Today," Harcourt, Brace & Co.

(3) Harry Hansen, "Midwest Portraits"



He goes on to describe the unpleasantness and brutality of the city, criticizes vituperatively the coarse life of Chicago, and concludes:

“Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of youth; half-naked, sweating, proud to be a Hog-butcher, Tool-maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads, and Freight-handler to the Nation.”

Sandburg's brutality is an essential characteristic of his poetry only when the subject dealt with is brutal. Sandburg can be delicate, as in the poem entitled “Fog.”

The fog comes  
on little cat feet.  
It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then, moves on.

Sandburg uses harsh colors and raw dissonances when his theme is a vulgar dance hall or a battlefield, it would never occur to him to paint the howling energy of a steel mill in delicate pastels.

Two years later, Sandburg brought forth his second work entitled “Corn-huskers.” These poems take us to the Illinois country where the poet was born and describe the laborers and hoboes, and women and children he became acquainted with while earning a living.

Soon after, in 1920, Sandburg came forth with “Smoke and Steel” which is perhaps his finest work, for in it he has reached human and artistic maturity.

In “Smoke and Steel,” Sandburg brings us into the shops and factories of America and presents the sweating men of the factory, the huge mills molding steel for American Industry — the vitality of American industrial life. Sandburg's philosophy mellows; his themes become more significant; his artistry shows more restraint.

Sandburg's next volume, “Slabs of the Sunburnt West,” is inferior to his first three works. The greater part of the work is sketchy and weary and the slang is overdrawn. But one poem, “And So To-Day,” deserves mention. A poem inspired by the burial of the Unknown Soldier, it is an attack against the leaders of our nation. He says:

The honorable orators,  
Always the honorable orators,  
Buttoning the buttons over their prince alberts,  
Pronouncing the syllables ‘sac-ri-fice’  
Juggling those bitter salt-soaked syllables —  
Do they ever gag with hot ashes in their mouths?

The poem continues to discuss the principles for which the Unknown Soldier gave his life and which remain unrealized. The poet portrays the procession down Pennsylvania Avenue as “men and boys riding horses, roses in their teeth” and as “skeleton men and boys riding skeleton horses.” He visualizes the nation panegyricizing the dead hero and sketches the uncomprehending crowd of onlookers. Answering the orator, the cynical newsreel man says, “Feed it to ‘em, they lap it up . . . bull . . . bull.” The sear-faced ball player says, “It's all safe now, safe for the yes-men.” The irony of the poem is seen in the last stanza.

And so to-day—they lay him away—  
The boy nobody knows the name of—  
They lay him away in granite and steel—  
With music and roses—under a flag—  
Under a sky of promises.

His later poetic works, "Rootabaga Storics," "Rootabaga Pigeons," "The American Songbag," "The People, Yes," etc. are characteristic Sandburg material. Some treat different themes and others present new ideas, but they are all alike in that they embrace the American idiom. Sandburg stands as the liberator of American poetry from classical forms and as the exponent of the use of the American idiom by the American writer.

Travelling through Sandburg's domain, we see gigantic visions of the massive city. We hear the whistle of the policeman and the sounding of the automobile horn, sounds peculiar to the city. We see America at work—huge crowds of rugged men and women, bent and twisted to form the gargoyles of American city life. In effect, we see Carl Sandburg as the laureate of industrial America.

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## *Green Cheese and the Moon*

By ARNOLD TURIN

We are lost souls in a lost world,  
Naught but ions and ions of space and time  
Sprinkled with broken bits of a lost universe.

So rush on, crush on,  
Oh grab on, crab on,  
Do think on, blink on,  
To clink on, drink on.  
Why, laugh on, chaff on,  
Aye cry on, die on;  
Futility thy name is human!

So, slaughter on, court her on;  
Oh blast on, fast on;  
Do pray on, slay on,  
To defy on, July on.  
Why, rely on, pry on;  
Aye dance on, chance on,  
Into meaningless oblivion!

And why call stop, why call stop  
To aimless, meaningless wraiths  
In trackless, placeless void?

# ELCHANITE

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## *His "Rebi's Talmud"*

By IRWIN WITTY

At twenty-nine, Yaak Romano was the youngest singer ever to be signed for the tenor voice group of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Twelve years ago, "Reedy" had discovered him singing in New York and after only one year's coaching by Angelo, Yaak was accepted.

"Reedy" was Malcolm Reid, manager and talent discoverer extraordinary. He was a short, pot-bellied little fellow with a brogue as thick as a Bumstead special. He could always be found boasting about "his boy" in the thick of the mist curling from his cigar. Yaak had "Reedy" to thank for his position today, and he entrusted him with arranging his concert programs.

When "Reedy" first discovered Yaak's talent, Yaak was substituting for his father, Cantor Romanovsky, at an ordinary synagogue function. Yaakov Romanovsky had a voice. Everybody said so. Even Reb Berel Chosid, the synagogue's greatest authority, said, "We'll see 'nachas' from him yet!"

Yaakov, at the time, was a student of the Yeshiva on the East Side, and he was one of the more brilliant fellows in Reb Yitzhak Isaac's class. People had high hopes for him to become a rabbi. But Yaakov enjoyed singing more. He was a natural cantor and when "Reedy" gave him his chance—and he was only seventeen, mind you—he grabbed it. But throughout his career, the thought of Reb Yitzhak Isaac kept obsessing him.

The plane motor droned on monotonously. He tried reading a newspaper. He tried smoking. "Reedy" watched him carefully. Yaak was worried about something. He had performed before and he had never so much as batted an eye. Once in Hollywood, he performed with Laurith Melchior, Laurence Tibbett, and Robert Merrill in the audience. He walked out and had them dumbfounded. They applauded until the house roeked. And now, he was nervous.

He was returning from Vancouver to New York after a successful tour of Canada to open the season at Carnegie Hall upon the invitation of the Music Critics' Association. In its announcement of its choice, he had been called the greatest living tenor. He had a melodious lyric style, and everything he sang had nothing artificial about it. He had the top tones in his back pocket.

As he descended the plane steps and entered the waiting cab, he glanced nervously at his watch on his shaking hand. It was 6:18. It would take an hour to get to the hotel room, wash, dress, and grab a snack. He would make it all right.

In the hotel room, Yaak glanced over the program and the score for the night. Selections from Verdi, Wagner, Saint-Saens, Gershwin, and Porter were on the program. But his first number was to be a new piece in honor of Israel. It was a composition called "Kol Nidrei." It was composed by Rossolini of La Scala fame who was touring the United States and who would



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be there to hear him perform it. Yaak knew it perfectly. Rossolini had even coached him, but he was not exactly calm about it.

His mother had written him that she and his father would be there to hear him perform, but so would Reb Yitzchak Isaac who had always said:

“Let the man who wishes to have the fear of G-d removed from him go without a hat.”

That was what he was recalling to himself then as he heard “Reedy” calling to him:

“Come on, kid! it’s 7:45 already. We’d better be going. I called a cab already.”

After they arrived at the hall and were ushered into their dressing room, Yaak put on his dress suit. As “Reedy” helped him on with his jacket, he asked:

“Yaak, what’s this undertaker’s cap you’ve got in your suit pocket. Should I throw it away?”

“No,” he said. “I’m going to need it tonight.”

Just before he was to go out, he looked through the curtains. There they were. His mother, now much older, was sitting and waiting anxiously. Her hair had become grayer since the last time he had seen her. She read the program and glanced nervously toward the door and then back to the stage and back again to her husband and Reb Yitzchak Isaac. His father, now weak from a heart attack he suffered the previous year, was sitting with his hat on, mopping his brow and smiling at something Reb Yitzchak Isaac was saying. Reb Yitzchak’s beard was as white and long as ever, and his dark piercing eyes were still hidden beneath his long lashes. Then the overture began.

Yaak looked at the hands of the large clock at the rear of the huge hall. It was almost 9:30. By this time there was an overflow crowd, with standing room only. Yaak was still thinking of Reb Yitzchak Isaac’s thoughts. He recalled how long ago, the other students would push each other to get a seat up front to be able to hear Reb Yitzchak Isaac. Every second day or so, he would take time out to rebuke his students for not wearing “tzizis” and for not wearing a hat. A bare head was the worst thing imaginable.

Then he looked up at the box seats. Rossolini was smoking quietly and peacefully, waiting for the program to get under way. What would he know about a bare head? To him the composition meant royalties and fame. Oh! It was a fine Jewish liturgical composition, a traditional prayer—even a popular classic.

Many who heard him that night didn’t even know he was Jewish. But as he walked out on stage to the cheering of the crowd and bowed in response, he put his hand into his pocket and put on his skull cap. Maestro Pellicini took up the baton and the introduction began. Rossolini was waiting for Yaak when he finished. As he bowed with his hat still on, his rabbi did the same thing Yaak did. He took out a handkerchief also, but not to wipe his brow.

# *The Dilemma of Soviet Jewry*

By ALEX HOFFER

According to the census taken in 1939, 3,020,000 Russians declared themselves of Jewish nationality. According to the analysis of Jacob Lestehinsky, a Jewish economist, "the total number of Jews within present Soviet boundaries does not exceed 1,500,000." The estimate of the research department of the American Joint Distribution Committee is 1,800,000.

One fact, however, remains undisputed. Organized Russian Jewish life is deteriorating deplorably.

The 1936 Soviet Constitution states: "In order to insure to all citizens freedom of conscience, the church in the U.S.S.R. is separated from the state and the school from the church. Freedom of religious worship and freedom of anti-religious propaganda are recognized for all citizens." Nevertheless, once this freedom was granted to the people, there was an appalling turn toward irreligion on the part of the youth, gentile as well as Jewish. The older folk, as usual, clung tenaciously to religion, but because of the rigid censorship of education and the ban on public observance, there need be little wonder at the condition of Judaism there. During the war, however, there was a slight increase in religious interest because of the decline of anti-religious propaganda. This, in turn, was due to war and political considerations.

From infrequent notices in the press, we conclude that a number of synagogues do exist. Rabbis and slaughterers perform their functions and unleavened bread is still being baked for the Passover season, but with much trouble. Nevertheless, witnesses report that it is not quite so easy to conform to the requirements of the Jewish faith, for religious ceremonial objects, scrolls of the Law, prayerbooks, and phylacteries are all hard to find. The fact that no Jewish calendars are published in Russia makes it difficult to observe the Holy Days on the proper dates. It is still forbidden to import these objects.

Since the advent of the war, the cultural institutions have decayed. Publication of Hebrew journals and all activities in Hebrew are strictly forbidden. Only a short time ago, one Yiddish newspaper was published in Moscow three times a week by the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee. E. Auerbach, in the Jewish "Morning Journal," suggests that the "Einigkeit," the newspaper in question, attempted to maintain a bit of contact and unity with the rest of world Jewry. Therefore, it too was suspended. Now, in all of the vast Soviet territory, there is not one journal dedicated to Jewish topics.

No Jewish religious instruction exists in the Soviet Union. Moreover, some people have already been severely punished for having taught their children the precepts of Judaism or for having promulgated the essentials of Zionism.

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<sup>1</sup>"The New Leader," May 8, 1947

As yet, in Russia, the government has not seen fit to maintain even the Yiddishist type of school in which Zionism and Hebrew are forbidden.

The Soviet government has sought to solve the problem of Jewish nationalism by establishing Birobidzhan, an autonomous region for Jewish settlement. For those only wanting to escape from persecution, Joseph Stalin can point with pride also to the Constitution which provides that anti-Semitism is forever eradicated. That communism has properly dealt with the Jewish question is an incorrect supposition, as will be shown below.

Birobidzhan was instituted as a Jewish autonomy to attempt to solve the problem of Jewish nationalism by deflecting the growing interest in Zionism. Menahem Boraisha points out that this failed for two reasons. The Jews who were not interested in the preservation of Jewish nationalism did not bother to settle there because they assimilated where they were and those who cared for traditional Judaism "saw in the Soviet Jewish territory nothing but a mockery of Jewish aspirations."<sup>2</sup>

Anti-Semitism "still flourishes in the country once identified with pogroms."<sup>3</sup> Jews who returned after the war are still demanding the return of their confiscated property. Jewish professors and teachers who were forced to leave their positions are no longer admitted to the universities. In the army, Jews are denied admission into the higher ranks, although in some cases they merit elevation. In the press, Jewish writers and intellectuals are constantly being attacked. Because it is feared that connections might be established with Jews outside of Soviet borders, there are few Jews in the diplomatic corps.

Because of the great catastrophe which befell world Jewry in recent years, certain signs of Jewish national consciousness have become manifest. Unfortunately, nothing can be done to encourage this trend because no separate Jewish political, social, cultural, or relief organizations are allowed to exist in the Soviet Union. Zionism has been outlawed for some thirty years and countless Zionist leaders have been arrested and imprisoned simply because they belonged to "illegal" organizations. The Russian government is not only a political and economic dictatorship, but it also co-ordinates cultural institutions. No personal opinions are tolerated for conformity is the required vogue. Judaism renders its adherents "different" and sets them apart. Therein lies the basic conflict between the latter and communism.

Many disillusioned Russian Jews have concluded that communism has not solved the Jewish problem, but indeed has only intensified it. They have been forced to the realization that the answer depends not upon the bounty of Russian communism and that the solution to the two thousand year old problem of Jewish degradation and homelessness can only be in a Jewish state, under Jewish auspices. However, Soviet authorities refuse to permit Jews to emigrate to their ancient birthright. Here we have the dilemma of Soviet Jewry.

<sup>2</sup>"Congress Weekly," American Jewish Congress, Feb. 21, 1949

<sup>3</sup>"New York Post" Editorial, May 3, 1949



## *The Judgment*

By MARTIN KAHANE

The city slept a troubled sleep. The warm night seemed taut with apprehension. It seemed as if the streets and buildings were nervously waiting. And then it came. With a thunderous roar, the towering Administration Headquarters seemed to leap forth from its foundations, and with an eerie flash of light, it burst into a blazing inferno.

Wailing sirens split the air with ear-shattering effect. From out of the darkness, armed soldiers leaped forth quickly in pursuit of two shadows that fled down the narrow valley.

As Josef Hein raced through the inky blackness, the blood pounded through his head and his dark face felt hot and unnatural. His thoughts raced through his throbbing, weary brain. It's done! Thank G-d, it's done! Oh! . . .

The sharp salvo of rifle shots echoed in the narrow passageway. Josef felt two thuds ripping through his back. The black concrete came rushing up to meet him, spinning crazily, closer and closer, and then—blackness.

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From far off in the distance, the music came; it grew louder and louder, until it seemed as if an enormous chorus was lifting its voice to the heavens. A glowing, radiant light seemed to arise from all about him. There was something intangible about it, as if everything material had been swept from him, and only his soul lay bare before him. Suddenly, from out of the misty white clouds, tens upon tens of similar apparitions, each shedding that radiant light, seemed to emerge. The lines marched slowly and majestically towards seven tremendous gates so high that though Josef raised his eyes upwards, he could see no end to them. The gates were set wondrously with precious emeralds and sapphires, and priceless rubies and pearls. All about was a heavenly fragrance of rare spices and frankincense, so that a delicious smell pervaded the entire scene.

Suddenly, all was quiet. Nothing moved, nothing spoke, nothing breathed. The heavens darkened. Blacker and blacker, a choking, oppressive darkness engulfed all. Josef trembled in his place. He feared the blackness and the stillness, and the awful doubts that pervaded his mind.

Where was he? What was all this? Had he gone insane? His head ached fearfully and he raised his hands to clutch at it just as a terrible bolt of lightning split the inky darkness and illuminated all about him. Slowly, he gazed about him in wonder and fear, for high above him, overshadowing all below, was suspended a throne, a throne that surpassed all for grandeur, for sublime beauty, for strength. It was a gigantic throne. His seat of judgment. Fearfully, the huddled apparitions flung themselves on their faces and trembled violently.

How long he lay there he knew not. All he could recall was that terrible and powerful scene. Then a thunderous voice pealed forth, "Arise, you souls, and seat yourselves!" Josef raised his head and ventured a fearful glance. All about him, the countless souls took their seats. Josef saw, sitting on a

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high dais, looking awesome and terrible, four angels. And right then and there, it dawned upon him that he was dead. He, Josef Hein, had died! It could not be true! He could not die now, not now when there was so much left unfinished down there. It must not be true! But it was. The thought struck him as both terribly important and strikingly strange.

Swiftly, the proceedings unfolded before his eyes. The judges were sitting calmly; the angel for the defense was dressed in spotlessly white linen and the prosecutor's head was covered with a deep black hood. Josef felt his heart beating. Cold sweat broke out on his face, and he bit his lips to keep from screaming out. It was so unreal; it was a nightmare.

"Josef Hein!"

Josef started. His knees felt watery and weak as he slowly approached the great dais. The towering angel loomed over Josef.

"Josef Hein, you stand before the supreme court of all life. You are about to be judged on the basis of your deeds in life, so as to determine whether you shall inherit the life to come or not. May G-d, in His infinite wisdom and kindness, open the doorway of paradise to you!"

Then, turning to the Black Angel, he motioned to him to read the charges. The prosecutor turned to the judges and withdrew a large scroll of paper from a silken packet on the table.

"Worthy colleagues, we are here to determine whether Josef Hein, late of the terrorist group known as Irgun Zvai Leumi, is deserving of paradise. Gentlemen, the man stands before us with his hands soaked with the innocent blood of his victims. In a military cemetery near Haifa lies the first of his victims, a British soldier. This soldier attempted to halt an attack upon the prison of Aere, which was aimed at the freeing of known Jewish terrorists, and was shot down by this man. Gentlemen, this blood must be avenged.

"As a member of the Fascist organization 'Betar,' he provoked harsh measures to be laid upon the Jewish community of Jerusalem, by bearing arms with his comrades against what he claims were Arab killers.

"Worthy colleagues, heed my plea. In a world of evil, deceit, murder, in a society of ruthlessness, the Jewish nation has always maintained an unimpeachable moral standard. They have always been a model of self-restraint to a world where cruelty has reigned supreme. True, they have suffered to a certain extent. They have been persecuted at times. But, they have always upheld the traditions of godliness and peace. Yet here, a young murderer, rebelling against the strict code of his religion, dares to stain this beautiful tradition. He does not realize that his people must suffer to show the world a moral lesson. He does not understand this. He kills and strikes back! He must be punished! He must be taught to realize that the Jews must not retaliate, that they are the people of the book, and not of the sword. And his punishment, when meted out, will be a lesson to all violators of the Law.

"Your Honors, I would like to present to the court a man who is mute testimony to the evil of this man."

Then, turning dramatically to the great doors, he raised his hand and called out, "Enter Lord Moyne!" An excited roar went through the courtroom. The entire court turned eagerly to the door, looking and waiting. Slowly, the door opened. Into the room strode the figure. Tall and slim,

his ghastly pale face reflected vividly the narrow scar which ran down his cheek. He silently strode up to the stand.

Bending over, he whispered something to the prosecutor who smiled thinly. Then, straightening up, he looked squarely at the court, and in clipped, precise tones, he spoke.

"Gentlemen, my name was Lord Moyne. I was formerly British Administrator for the Middle East. I was a conscientious public servant, who devoted everything to his country. I incurred the wrath of the Jews in Palestine, simply by doing my duty. One of these duties was the smashing of illegal Jewish immigration. I considered that immigration a crime against my country, and therefore against myself. Unfortunately, some Jews on the illegal ships *Patria* and *Struma* were killed when I refused them admittance to Palestine. That was regrettable, but unavoidable in troubled times.

"I met my demise on earth at Cairo, Egypt. Some fanatical terrorists, outcasts even in their own community and disavowed by their own government, shot me. I condemn them as I condemn this Josef Hein. Hoodlums and gangsters are not to be tolerated. If he were admitted to paradise, it would be a sin against myself and all honest men."

Finished, Moyne strode calmly out of the room. Smiling, the prosecutor turned to the court and spoke.

"Honored colleagues, you have heard the testimony of Lord Moyne. His words cannot help but be the final link in the chain of guilt which points inexorably to the defendant. Therefore, I feel that the harshest of penalties must be meted out to this perpetrator of evil deeds. You must punish him as a lesson to his compatriots."

The judges glanced at each other; they conversed quietly among themselves. Then a judge turned and nodded to the angel in attendance.

"Josef Hein, address the court in defense!"

Josef stood up slowly. Dazedly, he glanced around the court at the grim unsmiling faces. Speak? Defend? Would it do any good? He was doomed before he started. The bitterness weighed heavily on him. Suddenly, he felt it lift, and he felt free, free to speak what he felt.

"My name is Yosef ben Abraham Hein. I was one of six children in a simple and pious Jewish family of Pinsk, Poland. One of the first recollections of my youth is a pogrom in my town. It was Passover, 1926. The family was gathered around the humble little "Seder" and reread, with tears and heartbreak, the struggle of our fathers in Egypt. The struggle we were reliving here was in an exile known as Poland. Yes, the name was different, but the tortures were the same. The people were different, but the tortures were the same. The people were different, but the beatings and whippings were the same. Whether it was Pharaoh or Pilsudski, the hating eyes and the agonizing rack were the same. All of them meant one thing—death to the Jews.

"But I wander off the topic. We were sitting and reading when suddenly, from the street, we heard the sounds of screaming men and women. I rushed to the window and saw death unleashed. The hoodlums were racing through the streets, killing, burning, looting. And my people lay huddled in fear, on the streets, afraid to defend themselves and their honor, afraid to wipe out these monsters, this cancer.



“Yes, Mr. Prosecutor! They were ‘maintaining an unimpeachable moral standard.’ They were being a ‘model of self-restraint’ to the world. Of course, they were. No other nation would have dared to lie down in the streets and let itself be slaughtered like sheep. They say that if a person beats you, you are honor bound to do only one thing—beat him back.”

Josef paused.

“But, no. The policy of ‘Havlaga’ (self-restraint) was continued and intensified. Yes, Lord Moyne, I remember the day on which you were killed, the day our leaders grovelled before your nation and pleaded forgiveness. I also remember another day in Haifa. An old, weather-beaten boat limped slowly into the harbor. On board were four hundred of my people, rescued from the inferno, freed from the hell of Europe. They asked nothing of you. They only wanted to begin life anew in their sacred homeland. Their hope was not yet lost. Never would it be lost so long as they had ‘Aretz,’ their land. So they pleaded for this one small favor, this tiny boon which to you meant nothing, but which to them meant life. But you refused. You refused to grant them life, so they accepted death. And the explosion which ripped their souls from their martyred bodies, that at last gave them relief from their sufferings, pierced my very heart, my soul.

“We sat there, my brother ‘gangsters’ and I, and we wept till we thought our hearts would break, for these, who died to sanctify His name. Then we stood, and read the Kaddish together solemnly. ‘May His great name be exalted and sanctified.’ We took a solemn oath before G-d and man that the jackals who perpetrated this unheard of crime would be punished though it would mean our last drops of blood. So two ‘fanatics,’ ‘outcasts in their own community,’ shot the administrator to death in cold blood. But as the bullets reached their mark, the two fell to their knees and offered thanks to the Lord who had permitted them to live and reach that day. For the administrator’s death meant Jewish life. It was a resurrection of the dead. The heroes of Israel—David, Judah, Macabee, Bar-Coehba—had come back from their graves to instill once again into the bosoms of their sons a pride, a jealous pride. My people had broken with cowardice, with this yoke of moral standard. You must understand this modern miraele.

“Mr. Prosecutor, you have called my people the people of the book. I am glad. But with this sword I carried, I was not destroying the book. I was not condemning the book. No, never. With every stroke of the sword, the book thrived. Why, if not for the sake of the book, did we carry the sword? Every bomb thrown against the enemy meant that more of my people could read the book, could uphold the unimpeachable moral code of our people, our with pride, with dignity, and with honor.

“Now I stand before you and my fate is in your hands. You must decide whether the will to be free, to live in peace in one’s land, is just or not. You must judge whether seventeen year old lads marching to the gallows, with heads thrust high, and with tears of happiness streaming down their boyish cheeks, are criminals, or the most glorious martyrs the world has known. Judge me, but also judge my people who cry out to heaven for justice, and who are not heard. My duty on earth lay before me. It was a choice between grovelling in the dust before the rulers of the earth, or standing up and believing in the King of all

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created. So judge, but in the name of all holy, of all good and righteous, judge not me alone. Judge my people, judge justice."

The room was still. Silence gripped all about it. Josef sat limp and weary. Far above, even the seventh heaven paused in its work to listen eagerly to the verdict. The judges sat quietly, pondering. Then very slowly, they stood up. The presiding judge, with trembling fingers, raised his gavel. In a shaking voice, he read, "We, the supreme tribunal of all things, living and dead, find the defendant Yosef ben Abraham Hein guilty of crime perpetrated against man and sentence him to the lower domain."

The court sat shocked. Guilty. The judge lifted his gavel high to seal the case. Down came the arm to seal the doom.

BOOM!

A thunderous roar rocked the court. From high above came a blinding, glowing light, encompassing all. The court rocked with fear. It was—

Fearfully, the great judges, the angels, and the seraphim, all trembling violently, covered their eyes, and threw themselves on their knees.

"Wait!"

The booming voice from above sent a thrill of horror through all. The heavens were in chaos. The universe trembled before Gabriel, the messenger of the Lord.

"Wait. Thus hath the Lord spoken. I have heard my children, Israel, sigh, and my heart bleeds. They have sinned, but they repent. They repent in strange ways, but they plead for forgiveness. They die for my Law, for my Torah, for my beloved country. The bombs they throw, the blood they shed, are measures of the desperateness of their exile. Therefore have I seen their tears and have forgiven them. Soon shall I return them to their sacred homeland, Israel, and my dwelling place, Jerusalem. From the wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites and unto the great sea, encompassing both sides of the Jordan, shall be their boundary. And this child standing trial before me is my dearest dream. For two thousand years have I waited for such a generation to arrive. Would that all my children followed in his path, ready to die for my name, my Torah! Never shall he be permitted to suffer more. I command the gates of paradise to be opened before him. Enter my son in thanksgiving. This is the gate of the Lord and the righteous shall enter it."

Josef stood up slowly and his heart was singing. The tears of happiness were down his cheeks and he could neither speak nor offer thanks. As he passed through, the angels and seraphim joined in majestic chorus and sang till the heavens rocked in echo. The song grew louder and louder.

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Hosts,

Lord, Lord, G-d merciful, long suffering and forgiving."

And as the chorus swelled in music, the great gates swung open, and as if in a dream, Josef marched proudly through the misty clouds to heaven, where the great halls of the righteous echoed in song and running forth to welcome him were the good, the righteous, and the holy, as the massive doors slowly closed.

## *Torah and Science; Do They Conflict?*

By WILLIAM WANDERER

A definition of the terms Torah and Science is a prerequisite to any discussion concerning them. Torah, in its restricted sense, means "divine teaching." It is a book of moral instruction and spiritual guidance. Science is knowledge, as of principles or facts, systematized and formulated with reference to general truths or general laws, especially relating to the physical world.

The Torah is not a book of science. Its aim is not to tell us how the world came into existence or how man developed. It is not a work of astrology, astronomy, geology or anthropology. Where it gives apparently scientific facts, as in the first chapter of Genesis, it is intent upon conveying merely certain ethical, moral and religious principles, and uses these statements merely as a vehicle to convey such thoughts. Rashi, who is considered one of the greatest interpreters of the Torah, tells us that the account in Genesis is not intended as an accurate chronological story of creation. For, if it were, then the creation of the waters should have been mentioned first, since they preceded the heaven and the earth. The main purpose is to teach justice and righteousness, that G-d chooses those who practice justice, and ignores those who, by their lives, deny this fundamental principle of Jewish life. A careful reading of the early chapters of Genesis will reveal to us where the real emphasis lies. They attempt to teach us four fundamental truths, not scientific facts.

Religion assumes the existence of G-d. Of course, philosophers have attempted to prove the existence of G-d or a First Cause. However, let us, for the sake of argument, accept it as an axiomatic truth. In science, too, we must assume certain axiomatic truths. No topic could be developed otherwise.

Granting then, that there is a G-d, our Torah tells us that there is only one G-d, who created heaven and earth, light and darkness, inorganic and organic matter. . . . Everything in the heavens above on the earth, and in the waters below was created by Him. This is the greatest contribution made by our Torah to religious thought. No nation of antiquity could reach such an exalted conception. The Babylonians believed there were many gods who were created by some other force. The Persians believed in dualism. They thought that there were two forces, one that created light and another that brought forth the darkness. Even such peoples as the ancient Greeks and the Romans believed in polytheism. While Zeus was the chief deity on Mount Olympus, there were other deities who assisted in the administration of the affairs of the world.

The second truth that the Torah tries to teach us is that the world is good. The Torah's attitude towards the world is that it is not a vale of tears, but that it is good. Man has only to control his animal passions and it appears to him as good. Evil is not of G-d's making, but of man's.

That the Sabbath sanctifies man's existence is the third fundamental truth of the creation. No consideration was shown by the ancients to laborers and slaves, who fell from utter exhaustion. The Jew proclaimed the Sabbath as a sacred duty.



The fourth and last fundamental truth of the creation story is that man is not a mere animal. He is not descended from the ape, or any other lower form of animal. He was created ethically and spiritually in the image of G-d. The difference between him and the ape is not merely in degree, but in kind. Although this is in direct conflict with the Darwinian theory of evolution and the descent of man, this conflict may be resolved in several ways. In the first place, the Darwinian theory has not been completely proven. There is still a missing link, and the chain is only as strong as its weakest link. The Darwinian theory may conflict with the Torah, but I shall attempt to prove that that does not mean that "science" conflicts with the Torah.

The Bible and science do not conflict. They are not mutually exclusive. One supplements the other. Science concerns itself with the physical universe. Science tells what things are. The Torah tells why things are. According to our definition, science investigates facts. Religion tells us the purpose of existence, and the spiritual significance of things. It concerns itself primarily with the relation of things and human beings to one another, to the universe, and to G-d.

One may ask, "If science and the Torah do not conflict, then how could the sages of the Talmud say such things as the world stands on pillars, is flat, and many other scientifically disproven facts. The Rabbis of the Talmud gave remedies for diseases which definitely could not improve the condition of the patient." To this I say that here is a case where one of the two has overstepped its boundaries. It was not in the field of the Talmudists of old to state facts which deal in the realm of science. And at this point, it is extremely necessary that I quote from Rabbi Abraham ben Moshe ben Maimon, the son of the Rambam, who writes in his "Introduction to the Agada of the Ein Yaakov" where he quotes from his father's book, "The Guide."

"Know that it is your duty to understand that whoever propounds a certain theory or idea and expects that theory or idea to be accepted merely out of respect for the author without proving its truth and reasonableness pursues a wrong method prohibited by both the Torah and human intelligence. According to this preamble, then, we are not bound to defend the opinions of the sages of the Talmud, concerning medicine, physics, and astrology, as right in every respect simply because we know the sages to be great men with a full knowledge of all things *regarding the Torah* in its various details. Although it is true that insofar as knowledge of the Torah is concerned, we must believe the sages arrived at the highest stage of knowledge, as it is said (Deut. 17, 11) 'In accordance with the instructions which they may instruct you, etc.', still it is not necessarily so concerning any other branch of knowledge, since we find that the sages themselves had said, concerning medical knowledge, that the opinion of such and such a rabbi did not prove to be true, as for instance, the eagle-stone (Shabbos fol. 66b.) But it would be wrong to argue thus, 'Because they are wrong in one thing, they must be wrong in everything.' Preserve that which deserves preservation, and destroy that which deserves destruction."

Probably the greatest conflict that has ever arisen between "science" and the Torah is that of the evolution theories against our belief that G-d cre-

ated man as he is today. However, is evolution really science? According to logic, science can never be wrong. There can never be any exceptions to the laws of science. Yet, I will show how one theory of "science" can make holes in another. Here we are dealing with theories, with opinions, but not that which science stands for — facts. Once we come to this point, let us understand that it is not science that contradicts the Torah, but opinions, the simple say-so of certain men who are guessing at the causes of the phenomena of our universe.

Pasteur demonstrated that life can come only from life. Frobishes formulated a theory saying that the formation of the world originally came from a *chance* chemical reaction and that organic substances came from inorganic substances. Frobishes said that inanimate chemical elements shaken together could give rise to proteins, the substance without which life is impossible. It was called the fortuitous concourse of atoms. However, Frobishes cannot give us the answer to what provided the energy for the *chance* chemical reaction and to what brought the substances together. And what about Pasteur's theory? Scientists have been trying for ages to bring inorganic substances together, but life has never been the result. We know the chemical constituents of protoplasm; we can mix them, but never get life. In fact, through mathematical calculations, it has been proven that the chance reaction could not have occurred within the estimated 650,000,000 years of the earth's age, much less within 5709 years, the age of the earth according to Jewish belief.

Lamarck stated that environment causes changes by adaptation. For example, the giraffe was once a short-necked animal, but since it had to keep stretching its neck in order to get to its food which was tender leaves and which grew on high branches, it eventually developed the long neck that it has today. This sounds more like one of Aesop's fables, rather than science. It is a fact that acquired characteristics are not inherited. This has been proven by experiment. Experiments have been conducted in which the tails of mice have been cut off for generations, but each succeeding generation of mice always had regular full-sized tails. It is a fact that X-rays can cause inheritable changes as experiments with fruit flies have shown, but it has never been seriously argued that this occurs to a sufficient extent to cause evolution.

Darwin's theory of evolution is based on natural selection and the survival of the fittest. Darwin knew that there was a gap in his theory — the gap between organic and inorganic substances. Although he knew it and admitted it, his disciples disregarded it. They were overthrilled at finding a theory that would explain a lot of things around them.

De Vries advanced a theory of evolution, the mutation theory. According to this theory, as generations advanced, certain sudden changes occurred to one or more of a certain plant or animal species which were inherited, thereby forming a new species. The only fault with this theory is the fact that most mutations are usually reproductive mutations, rendering the mutant sterile, as the Thomson seedless grapes, navel oranges, and so many others, that require artificial grafting because of their inability to reproduce. Since they could not reproduce by themselves, there could not possibly be an evolution.

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Genetics has established the *constancy* of the species and the *rigidity of hereditary* characteristics (e.g. blood types). On the other hand, the basis of evolution is *plasticity*, the ability of a species to change its characteristics by adapting itself to external changes. Here we find two theories that contradict each other. Neither theory can be checked; neither is "scientific."

In general, the main objections to the evolution theory are: (1) Variations amongst animals of a given species are so small that it can make no difference in the battle for survival for many generations.

(2) If accidental evolution gave rise to the different species, it would be difficult to account for the remarkable adjustments we see. For example, it is impossible for termites to digest cellulose; yet they eat wood which is for the most part cellulose. But the termite has within its digestive tract certain protozoa (one-celled animals) which break down the cellulose for it. How could this have ever been an accident, a mutation?!

(3) We see around us no indications of transformation of species. True, the cow was once an animal that gave enough milk for one calf, and man has bred it to its present state. The cow has improved, it is a better cow; but it has not changed into a horse, or any other species.

(4) Let us consider what I mentioned before concerning the differences between man and the animals. We see a definite break here. Man can talk, has reasoning faculties, can deal psychologically with his fellow-man, heals his sick, has a thumb, and produces machines to work for him. All these beside the spiritual differences.

The expounders of the evolutionary theories claim that they have proofs for their claims. These "proofs" are divided into three classifications. 1. Paleontological evidences are arrived at through the study of fossils embedded in the different strata or layers of rock in the earth. There was once an accepted geological theory that the layers of rock came on to the earth as the earth advanced in age, that in each layer lived an era, and by "peeling-off" these strata, we can discover exactly what came first, what type of life existed before ours, etc. All was fine, except for the fact that quite a few times, the geologist found himself dazed to find a fossil in a much higher stratum than the time that he found the same type of fossil before. Evidently, the earth's strata are not arranged as the skins of an onion, as it was previously thought to be. This was also later proven.

It is a theory that the earth is six hundred and fifty million years old. According to Judaism, the earth is five thousand seven hundred and forty-nine years old. The conclusion that the earth is six hundred and fifty years old is drawn by a very ingenious method. It is based on another theory that in the beginning everything was radio-active, as radium or uranium. Through experimentation we have found that it takes a certain amount of time for the atomic weight of uranium to lower and change to lead. According to calculations based on this theory, our earth is supposed to contain the ratio of lead to uranium which will lead us to the number 650,000,000. We must remember though that



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all this is true only if we accept the assumption that in the beginning everything was made out of uranium. Then, again, if we do assume that, how do we know whether or not the amount of time for the change increases or decreases as time moves on? A falling object increases in speed as it falls; why not say the same about the uranium-lead transformation? Why didn't all the uranium change by now? Where did the other elements come from? These questions cannot be answered because the entire explanation is merely theoretical.

(2) The second proof of evolution is known as comparative anatomy. The front fin of a fish is seen as the ancestor of the arms of animals and the wings of birds. But it seems fairly obvious that the bones of fins and limbs are quite similar in number and position because this is necessary for the equally similar function. Note this point. The eye of the squid, one of the octopus family, is remarkably similar to that of the human being. It has the same muscle formation, iris, cornea, and pupil as man does. Yet, the squid is considered a much lower form of life *and not directly related to man on the evolutionary tree*. Did this complex eye develop twice? If this is granted, then structural similarities can no longer be considered a proof for evolution. It, then, may be assumed on *biological and scientific* grounds that the various species did *not* have a common ancestor, but were created separately, *as the Torah tells us*.

(3) The third proof of evolution is known as embryological evidence. One theory claims that the embryo of any animal shows, during the stages of development, definite signs of the embryological stages of animals that preceded it. That is to say that the embryo of man will show the gill slits of a fish, the head of a sheep embryo, the lungs of a bird embryo, etc. This is supposed to prove that all those came before man. It also is supposed to tell us which animals came first, and their order. This is given as proof positive in the average high school biology book. But the more a person delves into biology, and the more he observes in real life, he realizes that the scientist who claimed that, must have had a very strong imagination. It was a scientist named Haeckel who stated this theory when he said, "Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny." That is to say that the embryological stages relate in brief the stages of development of the species.

Embryology is the study of the egg from fertilization to birth. This evidence has been disproven more than proven, for there is no stage in the development of the human embryo when it can't be recognized as such. The most outstanding features recognizable in the human embryo which seem to prove Haeckel's theory are the gill slits. These so-called gill slits have been traced by modern biologists to the parathyroid endocrine glands, the tonsils, and slightly, the jaws. So we see that those gill slits are not what they look like, but have a purpose and belong where they are.

We see that evolution *does* contradict our Torah, but how can one say that that makes evolution correct, and the Torah wrong? The theories change, not the Torah. The theories contradict each other, are proven wrong, not the Torah. Our science text books attempt to make these theories look crystal-clear and perfect. Many theories that have been accepted as science have been disproven by true science, through the investigation and checking of facts. The theory

of spontaneous generation, the phlogyston theory of burning, the theories that the sun circles the earth and that the atom is indivisible are dead and buried. The true scientist who investigates facts, as the archaeologist, has many times helped prove the Torah, as the excavations in Palestine and Egypt have shown.

Till now, we have looked at these theories from a scientific point of view. For a short while, let us look at them from the Torah's point of view. Let us assume that without doubt it has been proven that certain rocks have been found on the earth that are 650,000,000 years old. That is explainable. There is a Midrash that states that G-d created seven worlds before our earth, and destroyed them, and with their parts, created ours. This can also explain fossils of prehistoric animals as the dinosaur. The Torah does not deny that some species of animals may have died out on our earth.

The only way to investigate whether or not science conflicts with the Torah is to be scientific and explore the theories and the Torah. If we do that logically and in an unopinionated way we can come *to the conclusion that they do not conflict.*

*Autographs*

ELCHANITE

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