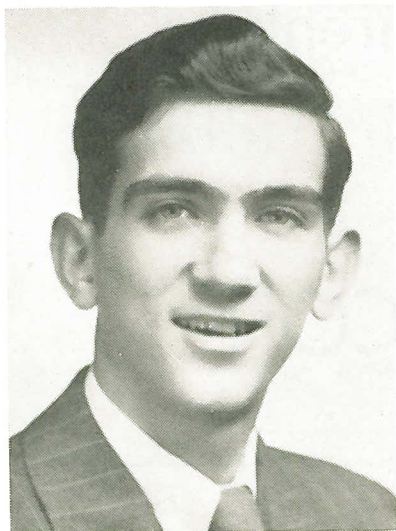

IN MEMORY OF
OUR BELOVED SON
ALBERT BERNSTEIN



It's lonesome here without you, Son,
Sad and weary the way
Life has not been the same to us,
Since you were called away
How often do we tread the path
That leads us to your grave
Where rests the one we loved so well
But whom we could not save.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bernstein
and
Sons and Daughters

IN MEMORY OF
My Beloved Husband
HENRY FREEDMAN
Past President

— and —
IN HONOR OF MY
CHILDREN AND
GRANDCHILDREN

•
Zelda Freedman

IN MEMORY OF
Our Beloved Parents
DAVID BERYL
AND
TZIREL BOYARSKY
AND
LOUIS GORDON

•
Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Gordon