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1941

# The Scroll

Published by

THE STUDENT BODY

of the

*Hebrew Parochial High School*

141-151 So. 3rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## Dedication Number

*June*                      *1941*



### STAFF

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Editor-In-Chief

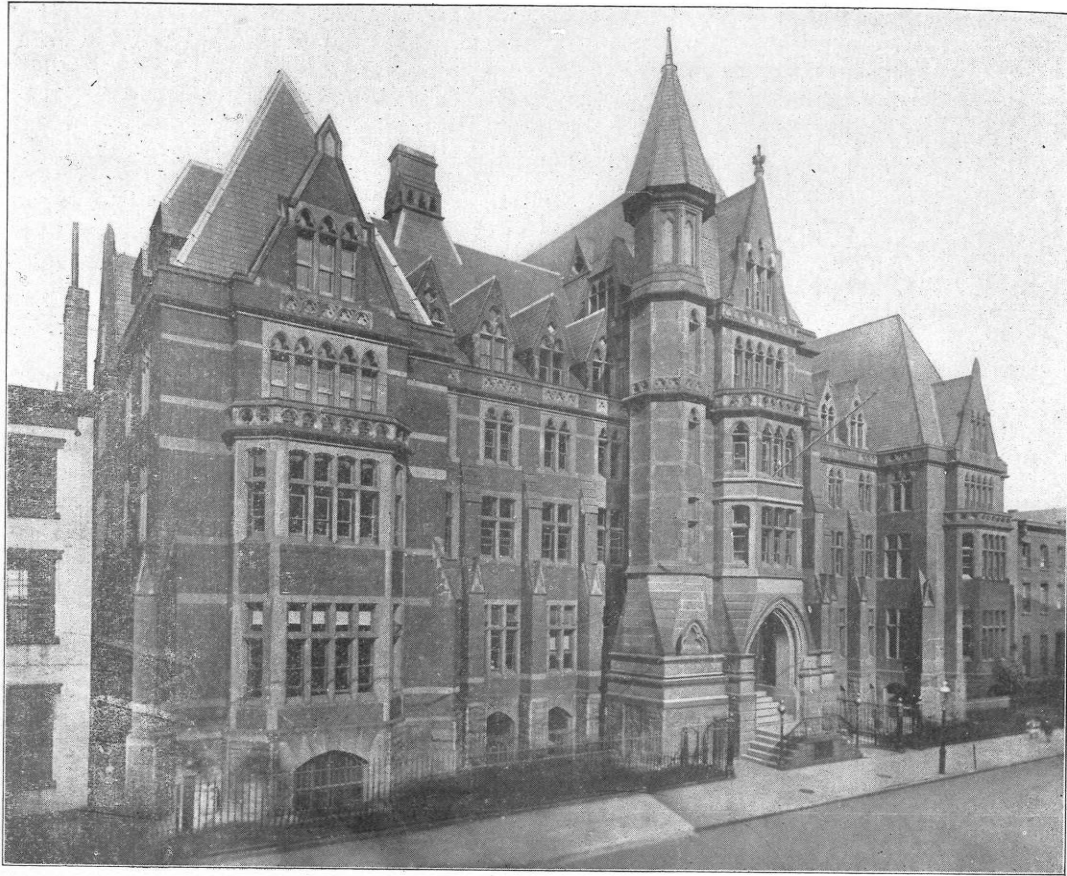
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LEON J. YAGOD

REYNOLD HOCHBERG  
Business Manager

MR. MORRIS SEPTIMUS  
Faculty Advisor



*Mesifta Talmudical Seminary*

"A CITADEL OF TORAH"

## *Dedication*

Early this Spring, on a beautiful sunny Sunday morning, the students of the Yeshivah and Mesifita Torah Vodaath marched, 1200 strong, through the streets of Williamsburgh. Thousands of onlookers jammed the sidewalks at all vantage points of the parade, lustily cheering these triumphant boys on their way. Flags, placards, and banners, plentifully displayed by the celebrants, loudly proclaimed their devotion to the Jewish religion and their fidelity to their country. "A True Jew and a Loyal American" declared the signs; "Build More Yeshivas", "Educate the Youth". The brass band blared and the students sang delightful Hebrew marching songs. And thus was there joy and celebration in Williamsburgh.

The occasion for all of this unusual fanfare was the opening ceremonies of "Dedication Week" at the new building of the Mesifita Talmudical Seminary at 141-151 South 3rd Street, Brooklyn. There, for a full week, thousands of guests viewed the new quarters of the Mesifita and packed the auditorium, where nightly dedication programs were conducted by various Jewish orthodox groups of the United States.

With the opening of these new halls of learning came the stronger realization of a dream — a vague dream of 20 years ago in which a handful of "Torah" Jews met in a private home to make plans for the organization of a parochial school — never dreaming that their little institution would develop into the greatest orthodox Torah center in this present war-torn world, wherein the holy seminaries of Europe have been destroyed.

The acquisition of more spacious quarters to house the local stu-

dents, the hundreds of refugee students and out-of-state students who come to satiate their thirst for Torah-true knowledge, has been brought about by a group of philanthropic men. Messrs. Abraham Lewin, Samuel Shipper, Louis Gurfein, Benjamin Feldman, Benj. Wilhelm, Harry Herskowitz, Max Stein, Daniel Reisman, Benj. Liechtung, Morris Eckstein and Earl Spero are among the men who have understood the need for an institution of the Mesifita type in America and have adhered strongly to the principles of the Mesifita, unselfishly and assiduously devoting their time and money so that the multifold purposes of the Mesifita might be achieved.

In recent years we have come to know the "New Friends of the Mesifita", men who have always supported worthy institutions, men who have always sustained everything and anything truly Jewish, and of late have come very close to our own Mesifita. Among these new friends are Messrs. Henry Hirsch, Joseph Rosenzweig, Isidore Klein, Andrew N. Miller, Jacob Lack, Henry L. Kraushar and Alexander S. Linchner.

These two groups of men, working together hand in hand, have succeeded in erecting this citadel of Torah, which has long won the acclaim of the leaders of the rabbinate as well as of the laity.

To these men and to all friends of the Mesifita, the members of the graduating classes of 1941 say, "We cannot express too strongly our appreciation for all that you have done for our school and for its students. We only hope that we may be worthy of your efforts to help us in our plans to be 'Torah true Jews' and good citizens. We promise you that your efforts will be fruitful. We shall endeavor to make you feel proud in saying; 'I, too, am a part of the Mesifita'."



# Hebrew Parochial High School

(Yeshivah Torah Vodaath and Mesiftha)

English Department

141-151 So. 3rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



My dear Graduates:

On this most joyous occasion I desire to extend to each of you my heartiest felicitations, and to leave with you this parting behest: Ever remain true to the ideals inculcated in you by your Alma Mater — ideals so well epitomized in its very name — "תורה ודעת", — "Religion and Culture."

Yours is the first class to be graduated from our new and capacious building. This is a זכות for which you should be truly grateful. You are fortunate, indeed, in having received your Jewish education within the sacred walls of our beloved Mesiftha. You have acquired a profound knowledge of תורה שבכתב and תורה שבע"פ simultaneously with a thorough Secondary Education in our High School. Thus equipped with תורה and חכמה may you go forth to find your proper niche in our social structure.

These are perilous and soul-trying days! The very foundations of civilization and of our democratic way of life are being threatened. But the Jew has never known fear! ה' לי לא אירא has been his watchword throughout the ages! With faith in G-d he emerged triumphant through every crisis.

May such faith, and such courage be yours! May our Heavenly Father guide you, so that you may prove a true blessing to your people, your country and your fellow-men.

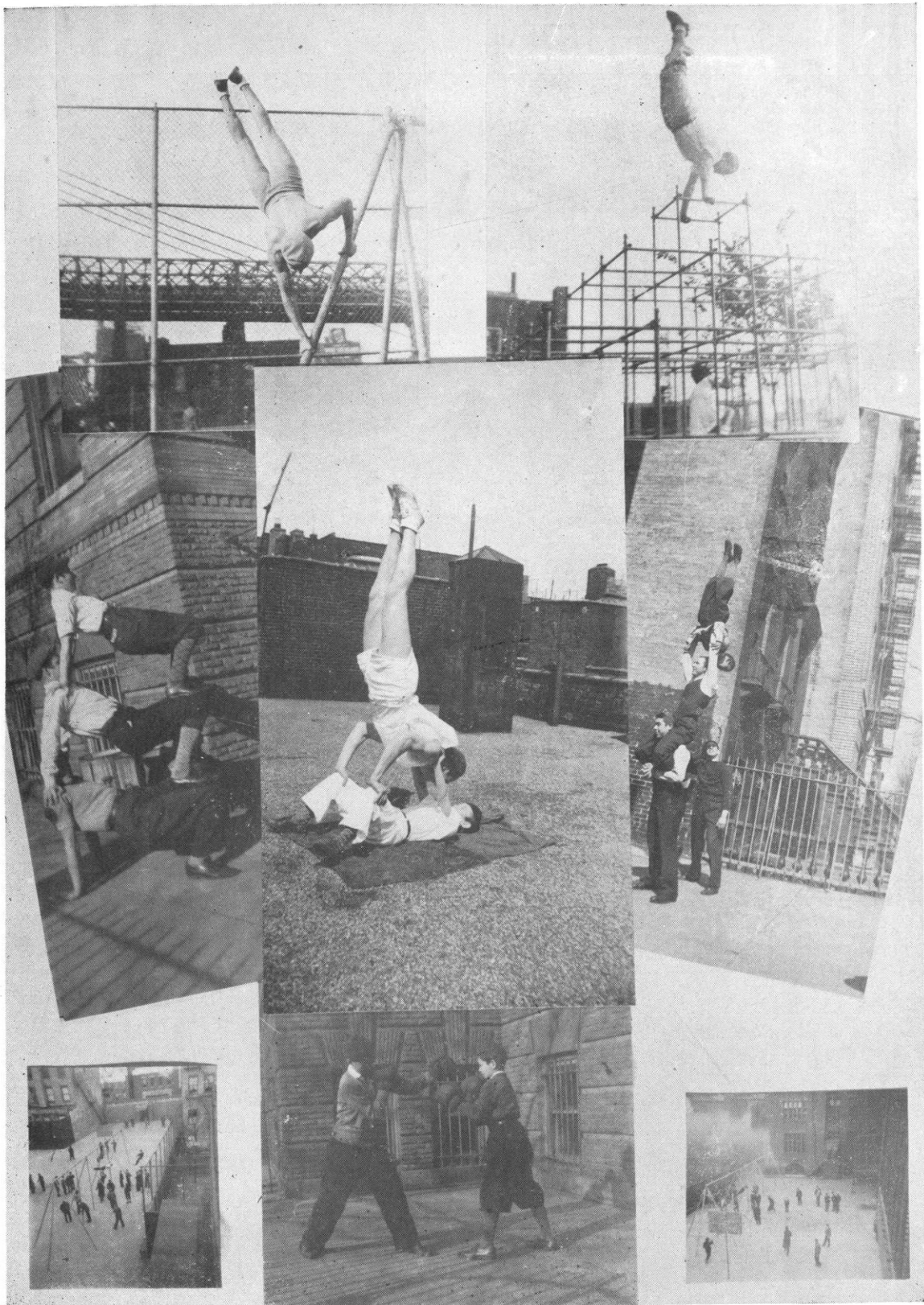
With the best wishes of our entire faculty, I am,

Your friend and principal,

JACOB A. DOLGENAS

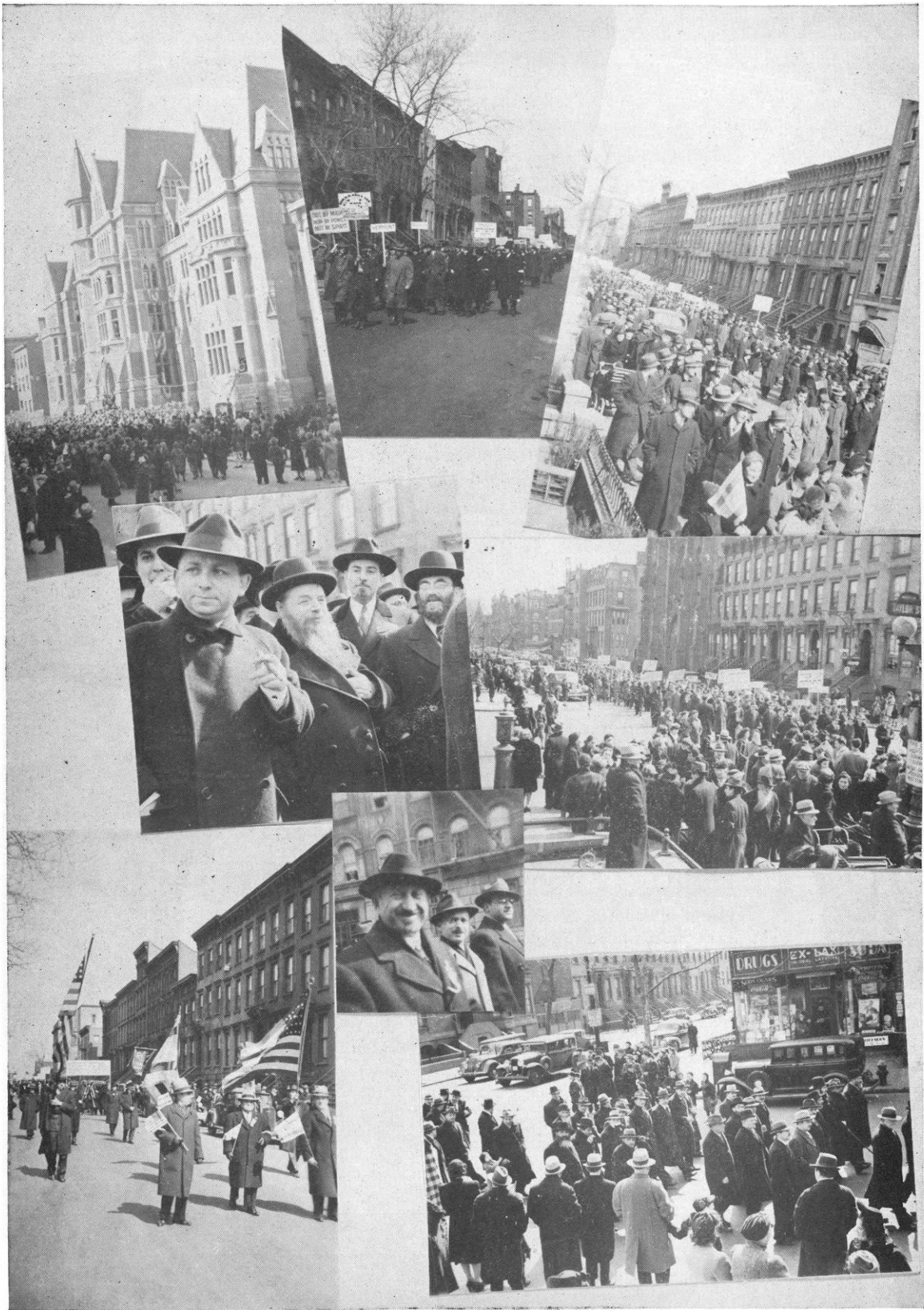


A Jewish world rejoices,  
This our culture, our arts,  
And we marched, a thousand lifting feet,  
Marched, marched, marched to the beat  
Of a thousand singing voices,  
Singing in our hearts.

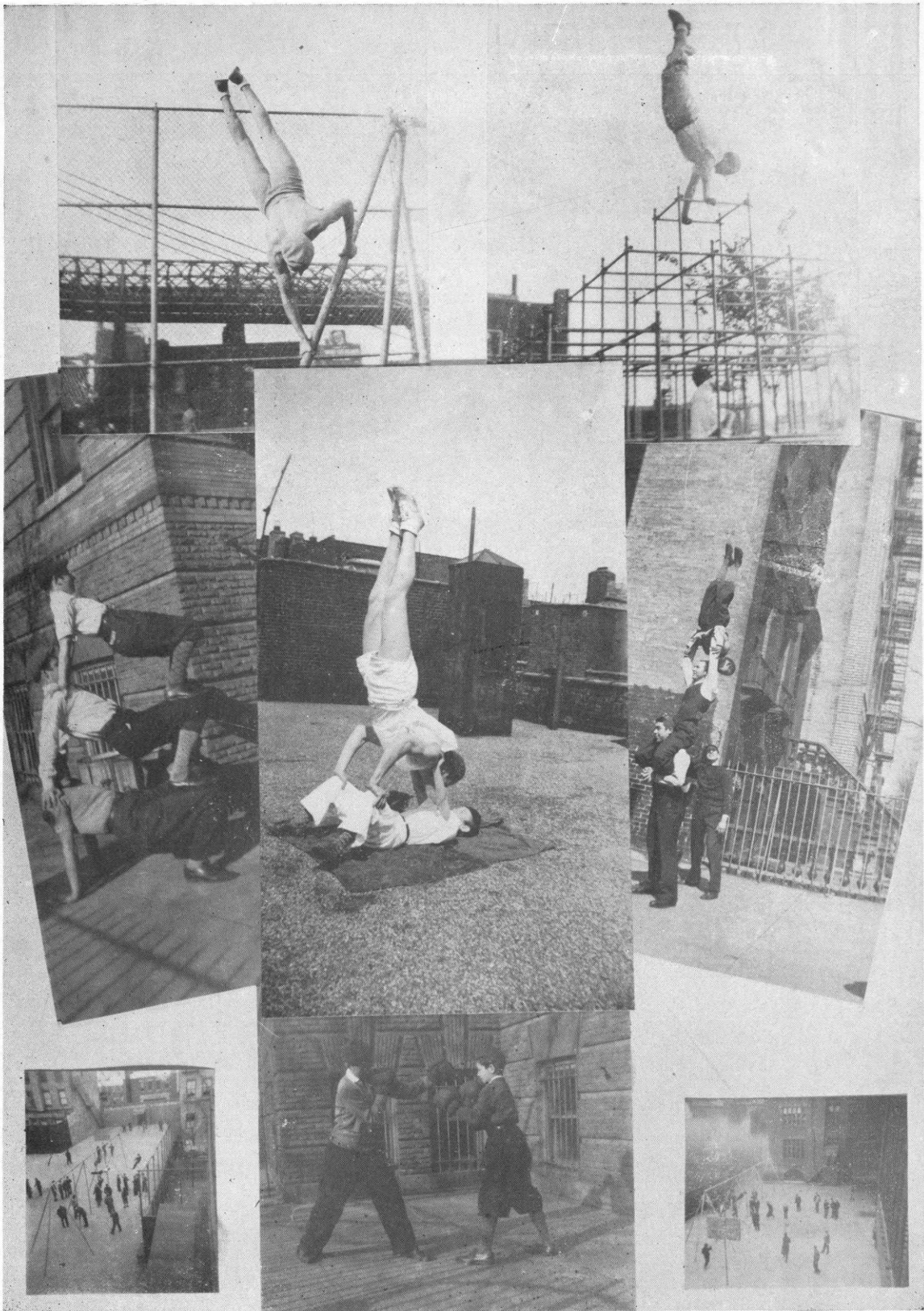


Under the warming, soothing sun,  
Shouts and cheers in glorious peal  
Of youth let loose, on the run,  
Playing, jumping, with happy zeal;  
Forgotten French and Mathematics;  
Now only Baseball and Acrobatics.





A Jewish world rejoices,  
This our culture, our arts,  
And we marched, a thousand lifting feet,  
Marched, marched, marched to the beat  
Of a thousand singing voices,  
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Forgotten French and Mathematics;  
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## *Faculty*

Rabbi Jacob A. Dolgenas, B. A., M. A.  
Principal

Morris J. Applbaum, B. S. S., M. A.  
English

Marcus Arnold, B. S., M. S. E.  
Science

Joseph Janovsky, B. S. S., M. S. E.  
Social Studies

Julius Janowitz, B. S.  
English

Joseph Lieberman, B. S., M. S.  
Social Studies

Irving L. Schechtman, B. S., M. S. E.  
Science

Morris Septimus, B. S., M. S.  
Mathematics


Harry Sherer, B. A., M. A.  
French

Morris Turetsky, B. S., M. A.  
Hebrew


Abraham Venner, B. S., M. S.  
Social Studies

Morris Weiss, B. S., M. A.  
French

Rubin Sherer, B. M.  
Registrar



# SENIORS



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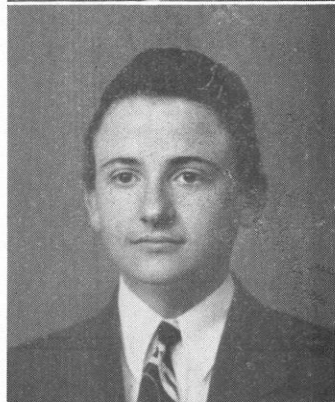
**ADAMS, ABRAHAM**

We proudly present, dear sirs and madams,  
Our future rabbi, Abe Adams.  
And though he lithpht in Jewish style,  
It doesn't affect his brilliant smile.



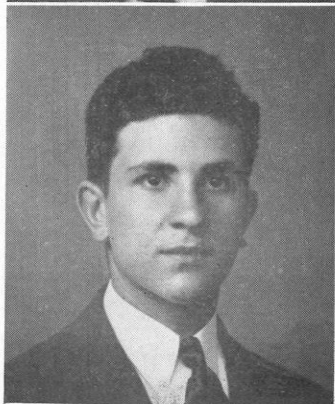
**BALK, Y. DAVID**

His voice, so soft, as soft as lace,  
A Kansas drawl, a catch,  
The closest description is "baby-face",  
His mind, though, doesn't match.



**BAUM, MORTON**

Five feet four he stands in his socks,  
Five feet of which must be brains.  
(They always work as right as clocks)  
And every day he gains.

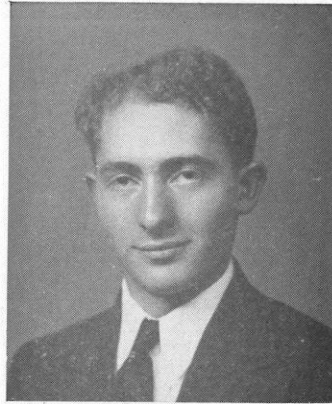


**BEINHORN, JOSEPH**

To be a "Chazan" is his ambition  
But we haste to assure this "graddy,"  
That he will never get recognition  
By singing "Beat Me, Daddy".

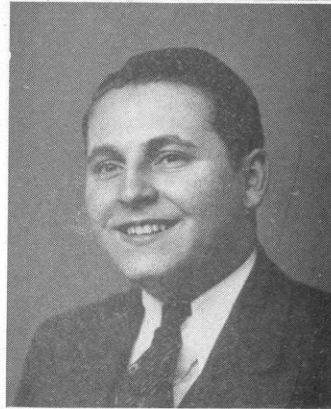
**BERKOWITZ, MAX**

All hail, oh future engineer  
Of air-conditioning,  
Breezy be all thy career,  
O'er air may thou be king.



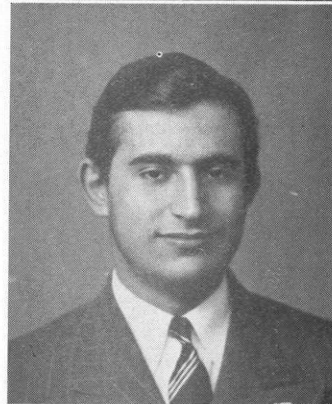
**BLECH, SAMUEL**

Spouting poems of Heine,  
He doesn't sound so sheine,  
But let him start on English wit,  
Believe me, then the kid's got IT.



**COHEN, JOSEPH D.**

Full of things like erudition,  
He writes a nifty composition,  
He'd lend a needy guy his shirt,  
But then he "auto"—he hails from Detrit.



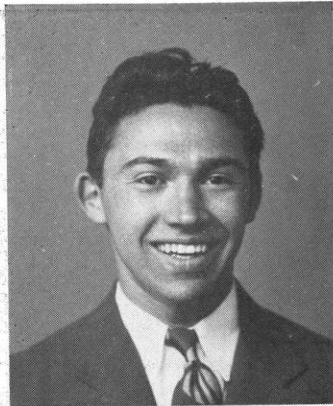
**COHEN, PHILLIP**

The best in Hebrew of all his class,  
He's likewise good at dribble and pass;  
Mesiffa's claim  
To basketball fame.



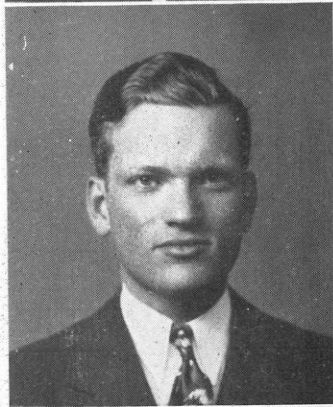
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Page Eleven



**DROPKIN, IRVING**

Absolutely free of all conceit,  
As an athlete, Chink is hard to beat;  
As a Don-Juan, well, let's not debate,  
Just ask the girls who live in Sea-Gate.



**EIDELSBURG, WILLIAM**

If we'd believe one German barbarian,  
This blonde should be a perfect Aryan,  
But the worst of his ambitions consist  
Of wanting to be a journalist.



**ELLER, S. ARTHUR**

With bubbling wit and merry soul,  
He makes his home among us;  
We like him too much, on the whole,  
(That is, if he shaves his fungus.)

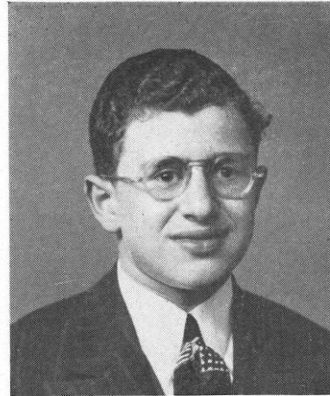


**ELLER, NORMAN M.**

We hereby wish to bless  
Our ed. with blessing eternal.  
May you have better success  
In life, than you had with this journal.

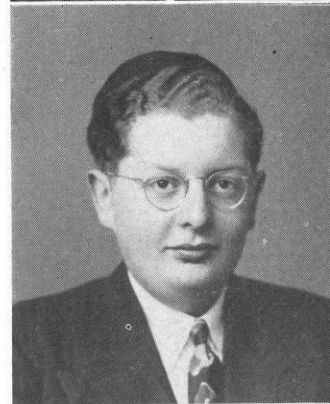
**FEDER, LOUIS**

A ready smile for all,  
Of us; he ne'er grows sick,  
So, though he's rather small,  
We have no cause to kick.



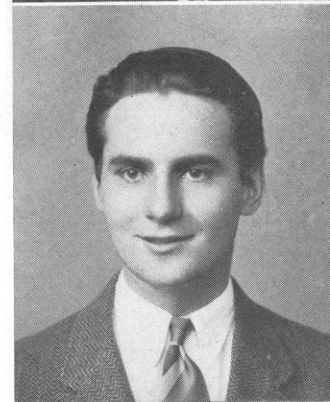
**FENICHEL, SEYMOUR**

We want to praise our camera bug  
For never having criminal intent  
Against even the hundredth lug  
Who asks, "Whence the permanent?"



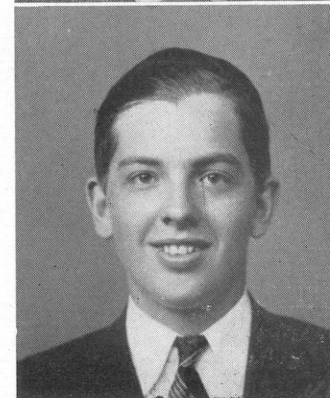
**FRIEDMAN, ISAAC H. (Newark)**

This Newark boy is quite well-built  
And handsome, too, like some dark flower.  
We're sure his beauty didn't wilt  
In the recent black-out hour.

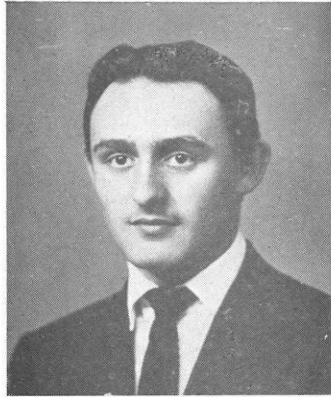


**FRIEDMAN, ISAAC M. (Manhattan)**

We pen this simple lay  
About this boy from East Side, yonder,  
To express our sincerest say,  
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."







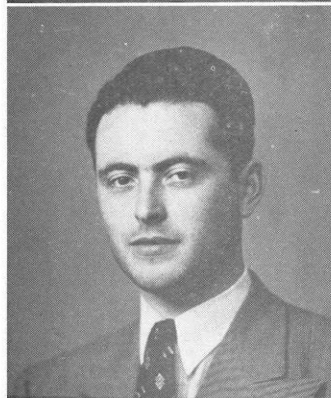
**GLICK, LOUIS**

A "Tzadik", in Torah he lies,  
An angel is he in disguise,  
The devil he always defies,  
Except when he's cracking wise.



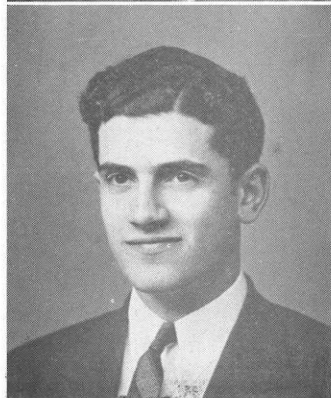
**GROSSMAN, JOSEPH**

Another business-man have we,  
Also taking accountancy,  
May we put down C. P. A.  
And never switch to W. P. A.



**HECHT, MORRIS**

As a pupil, Morris Hecht  
Never was the least bit "schlecht."  
His face is just a mass of smiles  
Because of which he never riles.

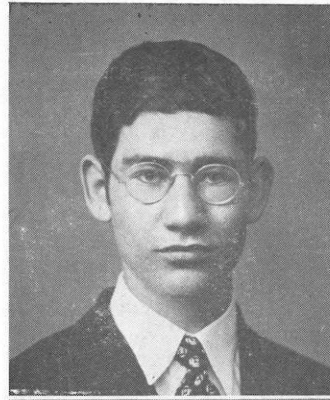


**HOCHBERG, REYNOLD**

We all admit he's unsurpassed,  
As a perfect Business Administrator,  
But his allowance goes so darn fast,  
That "I'm inclined to disagree," says Pater.

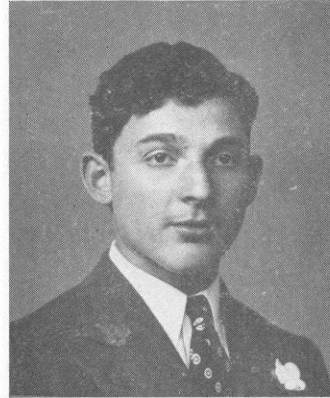
**KELMANOWITZ, NATHAN**

Taking regents every term,  
In droves, and on the run,  
He's proved his character's quite firm;  
The Man Who Gets Things Done.



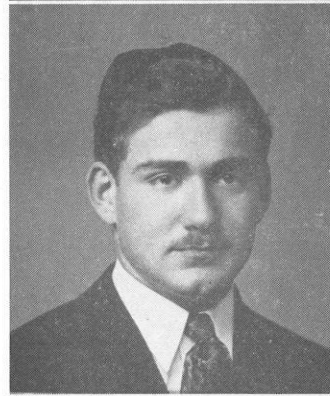
**KORCHAK, EARL**

Though Earl Korchak doth rime with whack  
It doesn't fit at all,  
This charming bloke with merry joke  
Who plays good basket-ball.



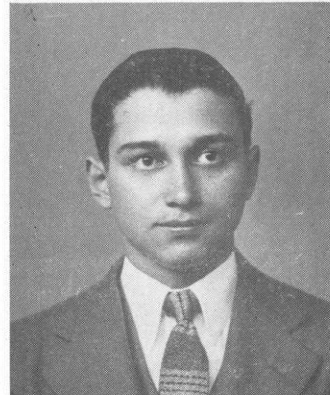
**LEHMANN, MANFRED**

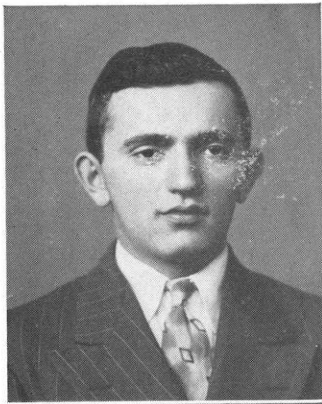
His is a peaceful nature,  
Studying stuff and nomenclature,  
Friends he has so very numerous  
For he never tries to be humorous.



**LEVITON, MORRIS**

"A lass! A lass! is Levvy's cry,  
However it isn't one of woe,  
For H. Lamarr is his sigh,  
"Hey, look!! the blonde in the third row!"





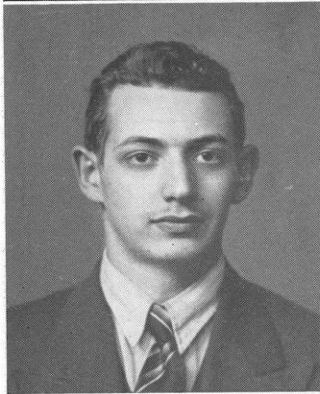
**MARKOVITZ, EUGENE**

In both his English and Hebrew studies  
He has surpassed most all of his buddies,  
This extremely excellent record,  
Makes his success double-deckered.



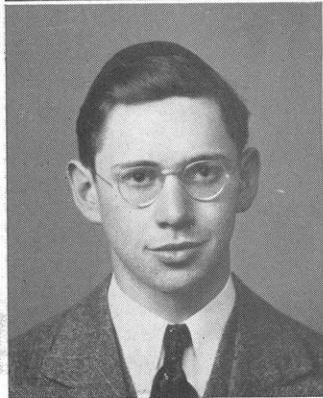
**MARYLES, JOSEPH**

The teacher who had our Maryles  
Felt like a tight-rope dancer.  
The reason they felt so perilous  
Is that his questions they couldn't answer.



**MOSESON, MORRIS**

At acrobatics, he's A-1  
First-aid to him is pie,  
A life-saver, too, just for fun,  
What more could you want from the guy?

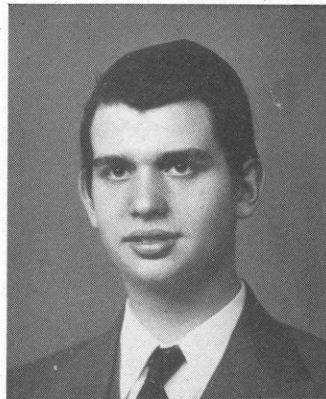


**OSOFSKY, ABRAHAM J.**

Of live wires and shocks, having no fear  
He'll be an electrical engineer.  
Remember, now, oh heavenly muse,  
Should you ever blow a fuse—.

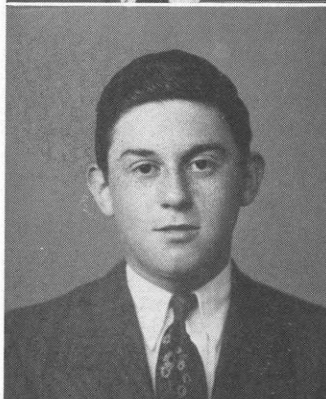
**RAPPAPORT, JACOB**

From competitive M. T. J.  
Came a pupil who, I must say,  
Has lots of the little grey matter, —  
I'll bet he's bored with this silly chatter.



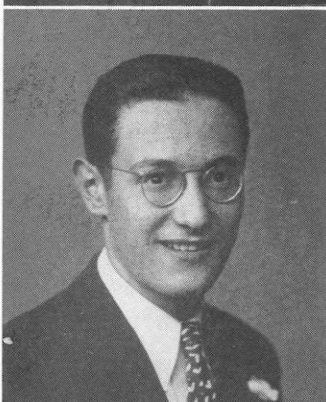
**RAPPS, HARRY**

May he succeed in all he tries,  
May his paintings take first prize,  
May he make the other fellow quiet,  
When arguing over Whitlow Wyatt.



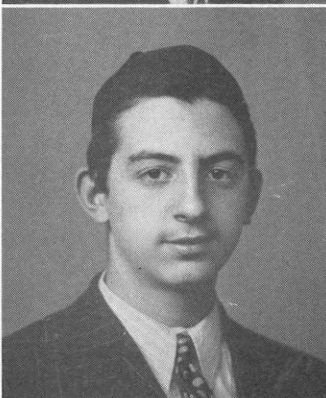
**SAMUELS, ARTHUR**

Surveying over land and ridge,  
A civil engineer no less  
He'll be. May he build a darned strong  
bridge  
Between himself and full success.

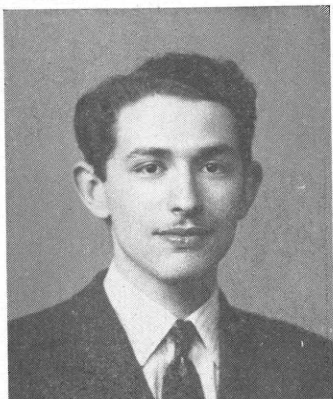


**SCHIFF, SIDNEY**

Perfect specimen of masculinity  
This brilliant student of divinity  
Carrying all of his stately six feet  
In an elegant suit by Rogers Peet.

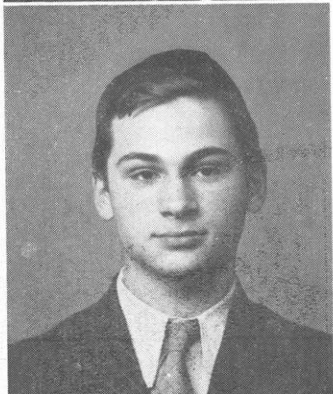


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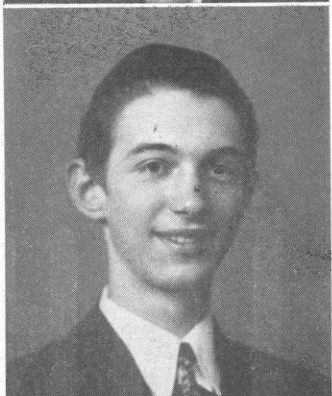
**SCHLESSEL, JOSEPH**

The piano he bangs, boom-boom  
A concert he'll give some day;  
He played in our dining room  
And they took the piano away.



**SCHNEIDER, ALFRED**

He never makes the least bit fuss  
Quiet, nice from shoe to brim.  
He'd never dream of insulting us  
Why should we here be insulting him?



**SCHWARTZ, BERNARD**

We want to make to our teachers clear,  
That they need not continue to drivel,  
Of Bernie's behavior they need not fear,  
As an engineer he'll be quite "civil."



**SILBERMINTZ, JOSHUA**

Ambition — to conduct a choir,  
To train soprano and bass to shout,  
To mount the podium, all should admire,  
Raise the baton — put all to rout.

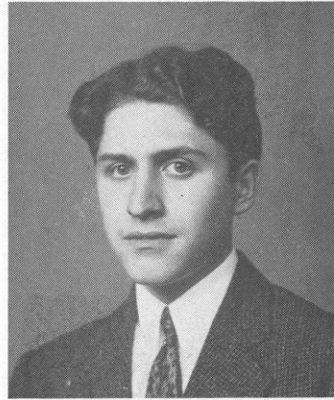
**SKY, HARRY**

Our red-haired head of "Lost and Founds,"  
Almost an institution on the grounds,  
Has proven fully in many a game  
Red-hair and temper aren't the same.



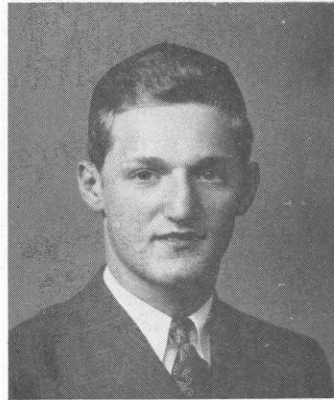
**SPERO, SHUBERT**

Shubie now gives "City" trouble,  
His jokes, you see, smell like k'nubble.  
He'd never never believe the pun is  
denounced  
As a babe, when he dropped, feet up —  
he bounced.



**SPITZ, HARRY**

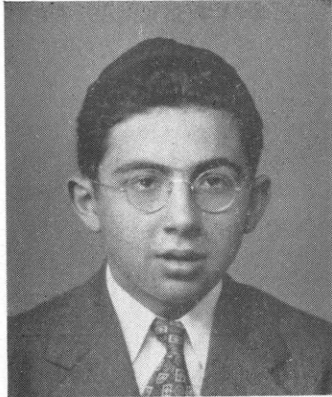
What he will be, he doesn't know,  
Although to college he intends to go.  
Yet after all, I'm willing to bet  
He'll end up as a "Shochet" yet.



**STEIN, MORRIS**

We now wish to write a line  
In praise of Brother Morris Stein.  
His wit is always clear as a flame  
Unlike Gertrude of the same name.





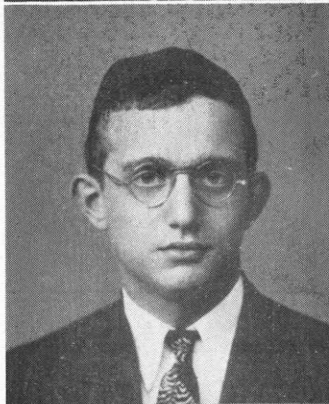
**SVEI, ELI**

In Beth Medrash he's the McCoy,  
To the Mesifita he's a joy,  
His teachers he'd never annoy,  
Not the average Mesifita boy.



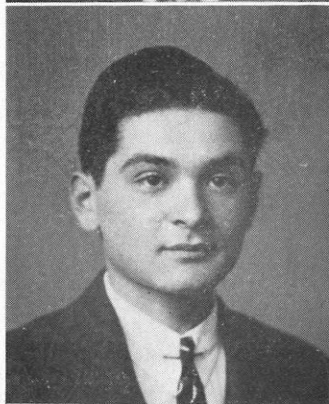
**TAUBENBLATT, DAVID A.**

Taubenblatt, a poet to be,  
Writes with ingenuity;  
May he be a man of note,  
Our one and only free-verse pote.



**ULMAN, BENJAMIN**

As an ancient prophet of old  
His brethren doth he chastise and scold:  
To return to the ways of yore  
Through the medium of Talmudic lore.

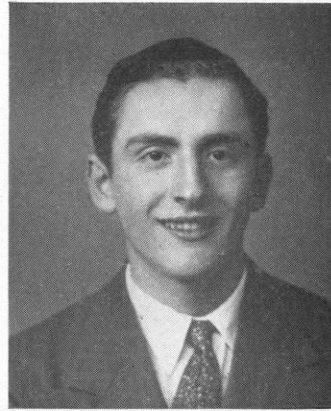


**WEINBERG, SOLOMON**

To be a Morgan he doesn't profess,  
Yet he is good in finance.  
He helped make the Scroll a success,  
Without pawning anyone's pants.

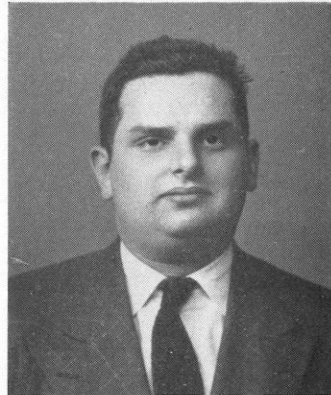
**WENGROVSKY, CHARLES**

Undoubtedly a man of nimble wit,  
His jokes, though, oft turn sour,  
And as they do, we cower,  
With cries of "Quick, Henry the Flit."



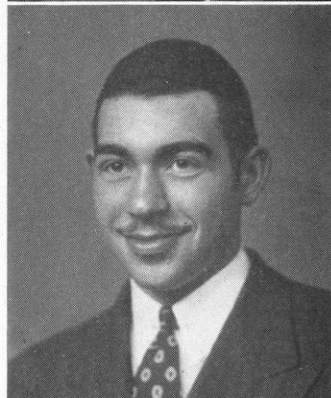
**WITTLIN, ALBERT H.**

Although but recently arriven  
An opportunity hardly been given,  
He already has won recognition  
In the best of Mesiffta tradition.



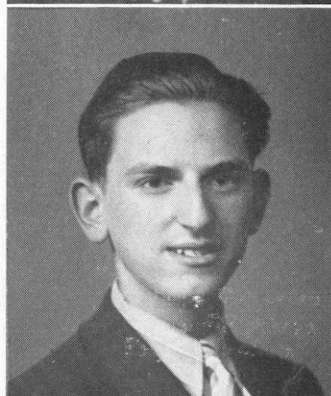
**WOLF, ARNOLD I.**

Magnificent strength, matchless power,  
By looking at milk, he makes it turn sour.  
And yet, beneath doth ever flutter  
A heart as soft as peanut butter.



**YAGOD, LEON J.**

His language is clear and concise,  
Developed to the point where it's nice,  
While chased through 14 counties  
By the Royal Canadian Mounties.



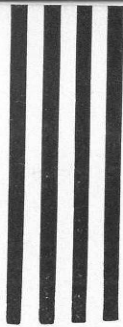




EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF



SERVICE SQUAD



# LITERATURE



## *The Bus Trip*

The only bus that was scheduled to leave for Jerusalem that dreary afternoon had just left from the Tel Aviv station. Normally there would have been at least fifteen buses leaving for the holy city that day, but the recent Arabian riots against the Jews had made it extremely perilous to travel the distance. Joseph, a young man of about twenty, was seated closely behind the chauffeur. Somehow, he did not seem to fit in with the other occupants of the bus. He did not possess the determined expression and intent look that could be seen on the faces of the other passengers. He appeared possessed with mental anguish, as a man whose hopes have been shattered. The gloom of his face harmonized with the dreariness of the day.

Joseph was one of the many people who had found themselves unemployed as a result of the Arabian riots. However, while most of his friends had volunteered to go out in groups to protect Jewish colonies from Arabian attacks, Joseph let himself be carried away by his pessimism. At this very moment he was running away from himself. He was going to the home of his parents, with no definite intentions in his mind. It hadn't even occurred to him to follow in the footsteps of his friends. By now the bus was well nigh out of the city limits and everyone seemed to sense the danger and insecurity of his position. The only sound that could be heard throughout the fast moving vehicle was the rain beating steadily on the solid steel top. The driver was bent over the steering wheel and was scanning very observantly the road ahead. He knew that if the bus were forced to stop by some obstacles planted on the highway, they would be overwhelmed by Arabs. But so long as the bus was in motion there was nothing to fear.

The steady silence was suddenly broken by the sound of a screeching shot that echoed through the air. Ah! The Arabs spotted them, but what chance did they have? The cyclonic speed of the bus would soon leave them firing into space. Everyone instinctively fell to the floor. Then they suddenly sensed what was most feared. The bus was stopped by a nail that had found its way into the right rear tire.

The steadily increasing noise of gunfire indicated that Arabs were climbing up a hill to the road where the bus had been stalled. Without a moment's hesitation, the driver jumped out of his seat and grabbed the spare tire. "Get that machine gun from under my seat and cover

us!" This cryptic command was addressed to Joseph, as the driver dashed into the rain to replace the tire.

Considering the state of mind in which Joseph had been up to the time, he carried out the command rather quickly. He was soon in position, pointing the gun through the open door of the bus. This being the first gun he had ever handled, he pulled at the trigger with a little uncertainty. Finally, he brought it all the way back, but the gun did not fire. He pulled the trigger in rapid succession, but still, nothing resulted. Joseph's mind was now working feverishly. The machine gun was jammed and he couldn't fix it. Just a few minutes and the tire would be replaced. If he could only hold back the Arabs for that little precious time, the passengers could be saved from disaster. Then suddenly, he tumbled into the driver's seat. There was still a chance. Joseph was praying with all his heart that it would work. He started the motor, pressed the accelerator to the floor, and in rapid succession opened and closed the ignition. The Arabian shots were drowned in the sound of the rapid backfiring. Their bold open advance was halted. However, two Arabs maneuvered their way up the hill to the rear of the bus to see of what the Jewish force actually consisted. Reaching the summit, they saw the smoke coming from the exhaust and immediately signaled their henchmen to advance. But it was too late. The tire had been changed and the driver, soaked by the downpour, was entering the bus. Joseph, already planted at the wheel, put the bus into gear and off they went.

The blank expression on Joseph's face had now taken a definite form. The little action was all the inspiration he needed to awaken him. His face now reflected a strong confidence and a fiery determination. He had determined to keep on fighting and he was confident that the Almighty would not allow them to suffer for long.

The sky was clearing, while the sun was setting behind the neighboring hills. The atmosphere was charged with a mist that was rapidly disappearing. It was obvious that the morrow would be a bright day. — Once again Joseph's feelings were in tune with the weather.

Joseph D. Cohen



## *Barberphobia*

"No, I'm not a Nazarite."

"Do I play a musical instrument? No sir, I can't even carry a tune."

"Oh, why don't I take a haircut? That's a fair enough question. Pull up a chair — no, the other one, and listen."

I am possessed by an inexplicable dismay of the barber when nape trimming or lock snipping time arrives and so I delay as long as humanly possible my trip to his tonsorial parlor. My emotional feelings are the same at all shearing-times. Something seems to clutch at my insides, and with a quick heart "beating it out" in my throat at the rate of 140 a minute, I reluctantly trudge to the male beauty parlor. Hear what happened at my last visit about three months ago.

The "American Barber Shop", ruled by a strict "you are next" policy, is operated jointly by four Italian barbers—brothers-in-law. The place is only a three minute walk from my apartment, but I managed to delay my arrival for all of fifteen fleeting minutes. With green gills, a pallid face and shaking palsily, I slowly opened the portals to the house of fear and sank dejectedly, with a sigh of resignation, into a high-backed metal chair which needed more than an oiling to cure its chronic squeak.

Dominique, barber number three, called cheerily to me from behind a thick black moustache.

"You next, younga fella," he said, stropping a wicked-looking razor.

Oh, that's all right," I nervously replied, "take your time. No hurry."

The shoe-shine boy, whose American ancestors arrived from Ethiopia via England on the maiden cruise of the Mayflower's cousin ship "The June-Bug", solicited my trade. Staring at my cadaverous face he impudently remarked, "Say, boy, you should have stopped at a whiskey emporium for a bracer. You're as white as a ghost."

"None of your cheek, black boy," I tartly replied, "just shine them up."

While Ham's grandchild applied himself assiduously to his blacking duties, my eyes roved about the barber shop. I noticed Dominique glancing at me between snatches of political conversation with his customer, a hearty Swede with an enormous red, liquor nose.

I swallowed hard and gripped the chair, at the same time casting my eyes at Luigi behind chair 4. There he was, the Roman artist, pouring gallons of liquid on the bald pate of his patron, cooing to and coaxing the shiny skull to push forth one solitary hair, or even a weed of some species. Oh, it was a hilarious sight! For a moment or two my fears abated and then, meeting Dominique's eyes once more, my horrors returned two-fold.

Amid a cloud of talcum powder, Dominique's client left the chair.

Dominique called, "Okay, younga fella."

In halting steps I mounted the throne after divesting myself of coat and tie and sank full of anxiety into the red plush seat awaiting my de-coronation. Dominique wrapped a yard of sterile gauze about my neck, which temporarily cut off my air supply and then he clothed me in yards of pin-striped broadcloth.

Taking my spectacles from the bridge of my nose, Dominique safely laid them tenderly on his counter. He then snatched up his shears and comb while I shivered in sheer unaccountable horror.

I was nervously taciturn, decidedly so. Trying to pick up some talk, Dominique essayed the "open sesame" of conversation — the weather. I was dreadfully indifferent. Dominique took the hint and shut up like a clam. My body trembled and Dominique who couldn't proceed with his work enquired, "Whatsa da matter kid? Gotta the Santa Vitus?"

"N-n-n-no," I stutteringly replied.

"Den whata for you shakin' like leaf? Not 'fraid o' me, are you?"

"Truthfully, yes," I answered.

"Oh, coma on, bucka up! I'm a vera careful guy."

This remark accompanied by a hard shove to force me back into the seat.

Once more Dominique picked up his tools, and then I fainted away dead to the world.

\* \* \*

"Say, Doctor, do you know of a cure for barberphobia? I have this bush three months now and I'd like to dispose of it."

Norman Michael Eller

# Julius Caesar

(Rewritten in Blanker Verse)

In pre-Benito Rome,  
In ancient White House Dome,  
Whenever he was home,  
    There sat a gnat called Caesar;  
But right now he was out,  
To fight a ten-round bout,  
And put old Gaul to rout,  
    To show he was no appeaser.  
Returning home real grand,  
He got a three-piece band,  
From everyone a hand,  
    They sounded like hounded teachers;  
The mikes then shouted down,  
That J. C. nixed a crown,  
Full thrice and with a frown,  
    And poof! went the roof of the bleachers  
But up there bobbed a seer,  
"On Ides of March stay near  
Your bed; if what you hear  
    You won't heed, you'll need a coffin."  
"Go take a powder, fade,  
Migosh, what stuff you brayed, —  
It seems to me you made  
    Chasidish Kiddish too often."  
But a club was formed by a worm  
Called Cassius, sloganned, "Be firm,  
For Caesar, No Third Term,  
    No diff if the stiff's your neighbor."  
He got Brutus, Caesar's chum  
With the line "You stumped for the bum  
November, as good as they come,  
    Did the Red make you Head of Labor?"  
The fatal deadline came,  
"Stay home" begged him his dame,  
But the boys came round, "For shame  
    Down put your foot, be Aryan".  
They cut him, sure enough,  
Into ham, though he was tough,  
Took souvenirs and stuff . . .  
    The first and worst Caesarian.  
They gave him a funeral royal,  
Old Brutus gave 'em the oil,  
" 'Twas all according to Hoyle,  
    As it oughter, the slaughter was kosher,"

Then let one, Anthony,  
The last real pal of C.  
Deliver an eulogy  
    ("If we don't, it won't be Yosher.")  
Ad libbed he, "Lend me your ears,"  
Continued, "Caesar, my dears,  
Left each of you two beers."

    The boys thought the noise past endurance,  
One night they spent in jail,  
Then got some dough, sprung bail,  
Forgot to collect by mail,

    Or wire their fire insurance.  
But soon they decided to fight,  
Which wasn't very bright,  
For out they went like a light,

    Went down in a gown of armor,  
At last old Brutus died,  
They all sat up and cried,  
"Now Shakespeare's sure to decide  
    To write a frightful drama."

Charles Wengrovsky



## *High Pressure Salesmanship*

Or The Old Building's Day of Wreckening

I

Ay, tear that crumbling building down!  
Long has it dwelled on high.  
And many a Jew has danced to see  
That edifice against the sky.  
In it rang the students' shouts  
Debating Talmudic lore.  
This stronghold of Hebraic faith  
Shall grace Taylor St. no more.

II

O, better that her bescribbled walls  
Be deposed by pick and ax,  
Than stand empty and forlorn  
To accumulate government tax.  
So just sign on the dotted line  
And put your mind at rest:  
That the matter will be disposed of  
And that we sha!' do our best.

O'Brian, O'Brien, O'Brien & Ginsberg  
General Contractors

Shubert Spéro.



## *How the Jews Were Preserved*

Or From One 'Jam' Into Another—



The world in all its enormity  
Presents many a riddle.  
But, the biggest nonconformity  
Is the riddle of the Yiddle.  
Living for ages and years  
Without a land or home  
We outlived their many fears  
From Germany to Ancient Rome.  
An example of their tenacity  
Is, when they slaved in the slime,  
Under wicked Pharaoh's audacity  
Who didn't even pay them overtime.  
Not at all content with that  
Pharaoh threw the boys into the water  
But that scheme fell pretty flat  
When Moses was rescued by his daughter.  
Pharaoh's plans were to no avail  
'Cause the Lord got pretty sore  
And now they return Pharaoh's mail  
Stamped, "Pharaoh doesn't live here any more "  
'Cause when he chased us into the sea  
He was pretty well drowned in the foam.  
The reason why this happened to be  
Was, 'cause he left his water-wings home.  
Gathered on the opposite shore  
The "Yiddles" from man to buoy  
At the prospect of not being chased any more  
Were singing the "Shiroh" for joy.  
Say! Better than any sermon  
Would be — if this informative "Shiroh"  
Were translated into German  
And read to a certain little Fuehrer.  
He would learn that his work so brutal  
In trying to kill a "Yiddle"  
Is as useless and as futile  
As Jack Benny's playing the fiddle.  
For long after this little pest  
Will have been captured by the British  
The "Yiddles" on their day of rest  
Will still be making "Kiddish."

S. Spero

## Dishing Out the Dirt

A. D. Versary

Freshman Dep't — — Don't tell him now but Johnny Joshua certainly is a handsome kid. Did you ever hear "Canada" Flam sing? Such talent! Tsk! Tsk . . . Interesting "Hard-to-Beats" — — "Milo" Blech's inimitable imitations of certain members of the Mesifita Hi Faculty. "Beaver Falls" Balk's mid-Western accent. Nathan Kelmanowitz's genial smile. C. W.'s putrid poetry. Add Library Scenes — — "Jitterbug" Eskowitz "beating out the jive" on the corner table facing South 3rd St. "Ickies" and "Alligators" gather about and "get hep to his jive," stamping on the floor and calling continuously for Woody Herman's rendition of the Golden Wedding. — — Canadian Tony Levine certainly appreciates the American conception of wit. It's quite refreshing, in these times, to hear him guffawing uproariously at the better jokes found in the Reader's Digest. Oh, please stop it Tony! I can't study my Algebra — — Note!!! All material in our library has been thoroughly "sexpurgated".

Reporter's Item — — I spotted him at Broadway and Forty-ninth, in front of the Roxy, last Saturday evening at nine. When I collared and interrogated him, he said "I ain't talkin'." After application of method 4 of the Gaspipo Handbook on "How to Obtain Confessions" he finally admitted that he was in the vicinity soliciting "ads" for the "Scroll." But I wouldn't believe him if I were you, chief! — — Condolences to our editor-in-chief whose first essay at playwriting (something about a study of something) ended in a successful fiasco. Keep plugging away, son! S. T. didn't grow his beard in a day.

Senior notes — — "Newark" Isaac F's new tan sport jacket certainly helps define his handsome profile! Still using Jeris, I. F.? — — Lou G. is certainly disappointed at his own literary abilities. So too are E, K. and A. S. it's an innate art, kids — ask me. — — When asked by a freshman as to the spelling of phlegmatic, A. A., one of our brighter students, looked it up in the Unabridged under the letter "f"!!! Find it yet, A. A.? The new Mesifita "Conga" — — Yours truly was astounded at the latent talent discovered in the conga line at the new Mesifita this past holiday. The White Shoe Brigade, composed of "Scranton" Samuels, "Chicago" Schur and "Pittsburgh" Korchak certainly went to town on the 1, 2, 3½ stomp. 1, 2, 3½ stomp. Some swaying, I'll say — — Clothes style flash — — "Wackensack" Wittlin from New Jersey certainly has taste but my, what a figure he cuts. "Chicago's" Danny Schur "wowed" them this past holiday with that maroon, blue and white combination. Clean those white shoes yet, Danny boy? Poetry Department — — N. M. E. won't swear to it, but he strongly asserts that he saw our "Janitor Joe" once drinking

water and so this little ode:

He saw our Joe,  
Once drinking H<sub>2</sub>O.

Pet Sayings — — Canadian Leon Yagod's "Borrow me a book, please!" — — S. Fenichel's "D.....". Bernie Schwartz's has been censored. — — Sam M. Hello pop, I've flunked again!! Sports Dep't. — — A baker's dozen or so Mesifita Hi students are reputed to be fair anglers while taking those hebdomadal fishing trips down Bedford Avenue every Friday nite. With tears in their eyes the "M" boys tell about the auburn fish (five foot six . . . a natural) that got away by using its fins. Those red marks make pretty trophies, boys!! . . .

Inquisition Dep't — — Which Mesifita Hi student tried a Sir Walter Raleigh stunt (on a smaller scale, of course) while taking the entrance exams at Brooklyn? Item — — "Milo" Blech of the Mesifita S. S. (Service Squad) contributes the following: I was at my post at the end of the hall when I saw him sneaking from Room 209. He glanced in all directions and when satisfied that no one was watching him, he speedily picked a scrap of paper from the floor and threw it into the waste can. "Milo", we still don't believe it!

Business Dep't — — "Flash" Gordon trying to peddle his green sports jacket for \$2 seemed kind of desperate. Try Personal Finance, fellow. Foreign Language Dept. — — Is it true that the head of our social science department is being taught how to speak Hungarian by members of his "English for Foreigners" class? Egan, Egan! Nem, nem, nem!



#### FROM A "BROOME ST. SOCIALITE'S" DIARY

In spring a person's fancy  
Turns to vacation plans.  
But the deb's down in Delancey  
Are ardent Coney Island fans.

Some prefer a round-the-world cruise  
To some romantic and distant land.  
But these "Yentes" would rather snooze  
And eat sandwiches seasoned with sand.

With Pierpont's pails and toys  
Half the beach they do clutter  
And add to the general noise  
With a "Pierpontala, arois fun der blutter!!!"

The water seems to be well fed  
With plenty of vegetables and ham — which,  
If you dive in with two slices of bread  
You emerge with a double-decker sandwich!!

S. Spero

# ישראל בגלות



אלפים וחמש מאות שנה עברו מהיום שאבותינו לקחו את טרמילם ומקלם ויצאו לגלות. מרים וקשים עד מאד הם חיי העם העברי בגלות. בדרך נדודיו סבל הרבה פרעות, בבלולים, ואינקביזיציות שונות. הנדודים אכלו את כחו, וצערו שבר את גופו, אבל, למרות הכל לא נתיאשו היהודים, ותקותם להגאל בווערת בקרבם כנר תמיד, ולא עזבה אותם לרגע.

כשנחקר ונדרוש בהיסטוריה העולמית, נמצא שלא כן הוא גורלם של העמים האחרים. בכל פעם שעם הגלה מארצו מיד התבולל, ונהיה לטרף לאויביו ונמחק מעל פני הארץ. והנה, נשאלת השאלה: מדוע? איזה שנוי קים בין עמנו ושאר עמי הארץ? מדוע אין זכר מהמצרים, היונים, ומהרומאים העתיקים, ועמנו ב"ה חי וקים?

אבל קל מאד להשיב. הכח היחידי המקשר את בני עמי הארץ ומחבר אותם לעם מאוחד הוא ארצם ומנהגייהם, וברגע שהגלו מארצם, התבוללו, ושכחו את מנהגייהם ולכן נמחקו מעל פני הארץ.

אבל ליהודים יש כח אחר לגמרי. כחנו המקשר והמאחד אותנו ללאום אחד הוא יותר גדול ויותר חזק, וזהו כח התורה ומצוותיה. התורה והמצוות הן חוטי הקודש המקשרים אותנו לעם אחד חזק מאד. התורה היא חומה תוקה אשר לא תשבר מעולם, וגם לקיום עמנו אין שום סכנה, בכל זמן שנוסיף לחיות בתוך החומה הזאת.

אנו חיים עתה בלי שום ספק בתקופה הכי נוראה בקורות עמנו. רחובות אירופה מלאות דם אחינו האומללים. בתי הספר ובתי הישיבות אשר מהם שאבו אחינו את כחם להתגבר על כל הצרות, המעינות שמהם שאבו אחינו את כוחם העז למות על קידוש השם, ב"שמע ישראל ה' — אחד!" על שפתותיהם, נחרבו. ואנחנו, יהודי אמריקה, נשארו לעצמינו. עלינו להמשיך את העבודה הקדושה, שעד עכשו עשו אחינו מעבר לים. עלינו לבנות בתי ספר וליסד ישיבות אשר יתנו לנו את החנוך הדתי ההוא אשר עד עכשו אחינו קבלו בישיבות אירופה. ואולי, הפרעות באירופה הם "הכתובת על הקיר", להודיע ליהודי אמריקה לברוח אל "ערי המקלט", להכנס לישיבות. כי מגפה נוראה פרצה בעולם, והרפואה היחידה אשר תוכל להציל את נפשינו, היא התורה ומצוותיה.

כי, ידע נדע, כי כל זמן שנר התורה בווערת בקרבינו, עם ישראל חי וקים!

מאת יוסף ביינשוואויץ



## *Why Read Biography*

The Yeshiva student of our day finds himself confronted by a great problem when the time arrives to choose the occupation which will yield him the means of existence. It is difficult for him to determine which occupation will allow for greater practice of Jewish religious principles and for the study of the "Torah." But, that is not my point. All young men of our age, regardless of racial or religious differences, cannot readily decide upon the choice of an occupation. They have their aptitudes and aspirations; they must consider their resourcefulness and the wage scales of various occupations, the average profits yielded by various businesses. There are numerous factors which, in the end, determine the choice of a life's work. The point I want to make is that the average high-school graduate today is either ignorant or misinformed as to the extent to which he is capable of succeeding in a certain profession, business, or as a laborer. He is the object of rumor and hearsay, delivered to him by those who think they are thus "advising" him. For example, he is told that, because of his religious beliefs, he would not be allowed in certain institutions; or that eventually he would have to disregard his faith to adapt himself to his work. He is told that the competition in a certain business or profession is very intense and "there is room only for the perfect." The result is that he is thrown into a state of confusion. He turns from one study to another and excels in none. He is fearful of the world about him. He considers himself incompetent. He decides his own fate beforehand and proclaims himself a failure.

There is something, however, which can help to offset the effects of rumor which are delivered into the ears of the high-school graduate. That is the reading of biography. By doing so, the high-school graduate will come to realize many things. He will read about the many men and women who have trodden the paths of this world, who had their difficulties and handicaps and who nevertheless succeeded in establishing for themselves world-wide fame. He will undoubtedly notice that they were faced with the very problems from which we recoil in fear and fail to solve, but which could not make them even shirk from their determination to succeed; that they also had their periods of depression and utter discouragement from which they emerged reinforced with determination to withstand them.

By reading biography the young inexperienced man may become acquainted with the methods of great men in handling all types of

people in all kinds of situations. There is a certain art in acquiring the confidence of people and their cooperation. A person's success may depend largely upon the impression he leaves with influential people. To be concise, the reader of a biography may gather experience without having to suffer for it. When he would otherwise be wholly unprepared for a task, the knowledge of how another successfully accomplished the task, may help him.

Biography presents life as it really is and was to certain individuals. It is more successful than fiction in revealing the truths of the life we live because fiction has that fantastic touch in it which makes the reader feel as if he were reading a fairy tale.

To those who are in constant despair as to their futures, I recommend the reading of biography as a source of faith and encouragement.

Benjamin Chinitz (4B)



### *Appreciation*



WE WISH TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO  
EXPRESS OUR SINCERE THANKS AND GRATITUDE  
TO MR. M. SEPTIMUS, OUR FACULTY ADVISOR,  
WHOSE UNTIRING EFFORTS AND UNSELFISH CO-  
OPERATION MADE POSSIBLE THE PRINTING OF THIS  
MAGAZINE.

THE EDITORS

# Legacy



We, the class of June, 1941, being all of sound body and boasting (yes, boasting!) of a sane and mature mind, realizing that this is the closest we shall ever get to graduation (or so they tell us) hereby, in the effusive generosity of the moment (I personally think it's the heat) bequeath upon the the mentors of our faithful Alma Mater, this our last will and testament:

To Rabbi Dolgenas: Our long suffering principal, we leave the joy that needs must pervade him at the thought that the rowdiest and most troublesome of the classes is finally leaving. (Now, perhaps, he'll catch up on his sleep.)

To Mr. Septimus: Who is still in quest of that rarity of rarities — a responsible and able editorial staff for the "Scroll" (he's also on the lookout for a "Scroll"), we leave several soft beds which would no doubt make the intermediate algebra period a bit more comfortable.

To Mr. Venner: Upon whom we have lavished ample marks of our "respect and affection" in the form of a rattle and a book "How to Teach History", we give a timely warning and some excellent advice. His ancient storage of anecdotes (he calls them "jokes") dating from Squire Benjamin's wild oats have followed the rule that what is true of good wine is not true of a good anecdote ("joke" to you).

To Mr. (Joe) Lieberman: (There's an unquestionable charm about that name) We bestow on our smiling pedagogue a class of H. P. H. S. which he may address as "Boys and Girls" without blushing an apology, and please, by all means, call this "event" to our attention.

To Mr. Turetsky: We leave his ever increasing "chutzpanicks" and zeros (you know, those little round things with holes in the middle) and advise him to get a bottle of hair tonic right quick.

To Mr. Arnold: We leave all the little red "corpuscles" and a first class jokebook which might guide him in his superhuman efforts to crack a good joke.

To Mr. Weiss: We leave the sum total of that vast French vocabulary which we guarantee would not exceed the hundred word limit on Regents compositions.

To Mr. H. Sherer: We leave bigger and better chocolate bars and the new theory on psychology. (His French periods consist of just that. Strange, isn't it?)

To Mr. R. Sherer: Who intends to turn this "jernt" into a regular "high school", and intends to do it with his version of a good song well sung by a singer??? we prescribe several fresh, clean, beautifully scented, large white dozens of Jersey eggs — for his voice. (Don't ask us for them. All we could offer right now is several rotten ones.)

To Mr. Janowitz: That healthy, robust, rigorous and vigorous, but, above all, moral, ethical, scrupulous specimen of mature manhood, we leave sincere hopes for a better and fatter batting average (oh, them college days).

To Mr. Janovsky: We bestow the distinction and untold honors derived from the position as Head of the Economic Citizenship Department.

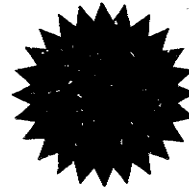
To Mr. Schechtman: We leave our excellent, fully equipped gymnasium (prison yard to us), with its dozen or so handball courts and a service pin.

To Mr. Applbaum: A gentleman at any cost, we leave an unabridged dictionary, a complete copy of Shakespeare's works (as if he already doesn't know them both by heart) and also, lest we forget, the next senior class.

Sworn to and subscribed before me  
this 5th day of June, 1941.

R. HOCHBERG,  
Notary Public

My commission expires June 4, 1941





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