

PRESENTING

The

Scroll

1942

HEBREW PAROCHIAL
HIGH SCHOOL



m. cohen

BUY STAMPS

BUY BONDS

BUY STAMPS

BUY BONDS



America is now at war with the Axis powers. War means sacrifices:

We must put away our own selfish desires and cooperate with our government.

We must buy defense stamps and bonds.

We must save old waste materials needed for defense.

We must stop hoarding.

This war is costly and we must do our share.

These are only a few things that everyone can do. By the wholehearted cooperation of all citizens we hope to defeat our foes and gain an ultimate victory.

Morris Zacharish

[ED. NOTE: Thanks to Mr. Arnold, our school is all out for victory. Congratulations to Mr. A. Janowitz and his IB-2 class for leading our school with one hundred dollars worth of defense stamps. Hats off, Mesifita boys, to the IB-2!]

בעיה

The Scroll

Published by

THE STUDENT BODY

of the

Hebrew Parochial High School

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

June 1942



OUR NEW MESIFTA BUILDING

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Scroll Executive Staff

Editors



ZACHARY DERSHOWITZ



ABRAHAM H. TALANSKY

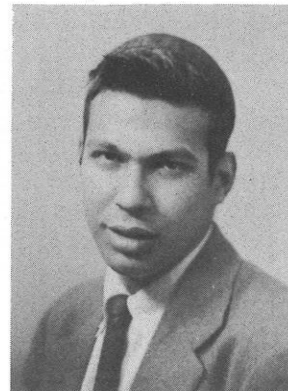
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English Department

RABBI JACOB A. DOLGENAS
PRINCIPAL

141 SOUTH 3RD STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

June, 1942

My dear Graduates:

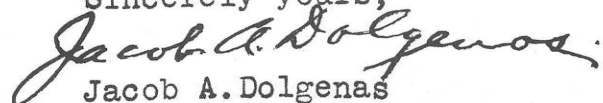
It is indeed a privilege and a great pleasure for me to extend to you my felicitations on this joyous occasion of your graduation. It seems but yesterday that you, as "timid Freshies", entered our High School and now, thanks to *הש"ו*, you have reached your goal. After four years of diligent study you are being given your diploma - so richly earned. It is a source of special joy and gratification to me to reflect that simultaneously with your secular studies you have throughout all these years drunk freely and deeply from the *מקור מים חיים* the fountain of everlasting water - our Holy Torah.

May you grow to be true leaders in Israel, inspiring others by your example, and spreading the glorious teachings of our faith among all with whom you come in contact.

In these bitter days of sorrow and travail one needs wisdom, faith and courage to live as a Jew. May our Heavenly Father grant you of His wisdom and fill your hearts with the necessary courage and faith. May you do your duty, as Jews and Americans, to usher in the day of lasting peace and hasten the realization of the fond hope of our people when G-d will be One and His name One. *ביום ההוא יה' ה' אחד ושם אחד*

With Torah greetings,

Sincerely yours,



Jacob A. Dolgenas
Principal

JAD/rs



STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

HERBERT H. LEHMAN
GOVERNOR

May 27, 1942

Mr. Zachary Dershowitz,
Editor of the "Scroll,"
141 South Third Street,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

My dear Mr. Dershowitz:

I am very glad indeed to receive your letter of May 18th, in which you tell me of the war efforts that are being carried on by the staff and students of Mesifita Torah Vodaath.

Mesifita Torah Vodaath is the largest orthodox Jewish school in the country. I am confident that the unselfish and devoted efforts of the faculty and students will be of very great value in the war effort. At this time when we are faced with the greatest crisis in our history, it is necessary that we stand shoulder to shoulder to make every effort, regardless of sacrifice, to destroy Hitler and all the terrible things which he and his evil associates stand for. The forces of good must prevail over the forces of darkness or evil.

May I ask you to convey my greetings and good wishes to the faculty and student body of Mesifita Torah Vodaath.

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Herbert H. Lehman". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name.

Faculty



Principal
Rabbi JACOB A. DOLGENAS, B.A., Pd.M.



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GEORGE GRAAF
B.S., M.S.



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B.S., M.S.



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B.S.S.



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B.S.



HARRY SHERER
B.A., M.A.



MOSES LEWIN
Librarian



RUBIN SHERER
B.S.
Administrative
Assistant



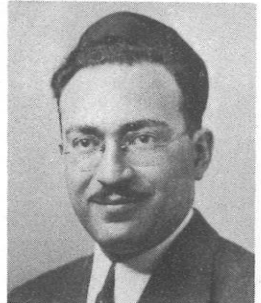
JOSEPH LIEBERMAN
B.A., M.A.



MORRIS TURETSKY
B.S., M.A.



HERSH LIVAZER
B.A.



MORRIS WEISS
B.S., M.A.

Editorial

The purpose of this publication, is to give the boys of the Mesifta an opportunity to compete in extra-curricular functions. In average high schools, the students have occasions in which they can show their ingenuity in non scholastic subjects. Our students, however, lack the time and place in which to apply their skill to such activities.

When the staff assembled for the first time, they planned to turn this "Scroll" into a school project. Students in all classes were urged to aid the seniors in making this year-book a success. The response from the undergraduates was even better than was expected. The students of our institution awakened fully to the necessity of mental relaxation. School spirit rose to its highest point in school history. The students finally began to realize the purpose of a school magazine. That is why we are able to present the best "Scroll" yet published. We hope, that our magazine will set a precedent for all future classes.

Nevertheless, we would like to leave a few words of advice for future staffs. Even though we received the full co-operation of the student body, we were taxed to the limit. This was due to the fact that the executive staff had a late start. We therefore suggest, that all future staffs, be elected at the very beginning of the term. (This will prevent future editors from the trouble of sitting at the typewriter at 2:30 A.M., the night before publication.)

We wish to take this opportunity to thank the following people for their very noble help, without which this magazine would not have been a success:

Mr. H. Hirsch and Mr. I Klien for their financial aid.

Mr. J. Dershowitz for drawing the illustrations.

Messrs. Klien, Ackerman and Kestenbaum brothers, for their soliciting of ads.

We hope that you will enjoy reading this "Scroll." In it you will find articles of all types. If you will discover some articles that are not quite "up to par," please excuse us, and remember that every class in the school is herein represented.

We know that in coming years our School Spirit shall grow in true Torah fashion.

HONOR ROLL

The following contributors receive our thanks for their fine work. However, lack of space didn't permit us to print their articles: SAMUEL BALK, WILLIAM GOLDBERG, IRWIN LEVY, JOSEPH KRAMER, JESSE SODDEN.



SENIORS





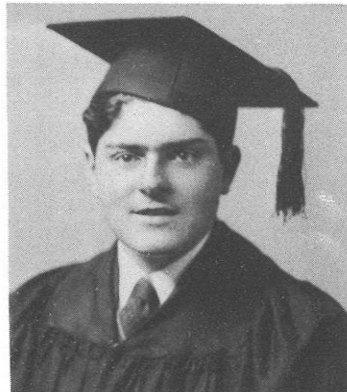
BLUM, REUBEN

In all he tries, he is best
Talmud, sports and all the rest,
Reuben this, and Reuben that,
He helps all, that comes to bat.



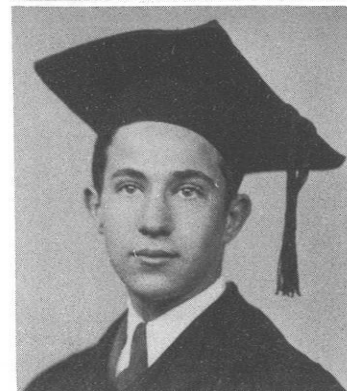
BORNSTEIN, ABRAHAM

Quiet as a babe
Is our own little Abe,
But, when there's a "horrah,"
He voices his "svorrah."



COHEN, MARVIN

As a business manager he's not so bad,
He never gets the least bit mad.
He has brought in many an ad;
That fellow Cohen, what a lad.



DERSHOWITZ, ZACHARY

Harmful germs he wants to kill,
With his knowledge and medical skill.
This he shall — and soon we'll see,
"Zachary Dershowitz — M.D."

DICKER, ABRAHAM

Just look at our dear Professor,
To Mesifita teachers, he'll be the successor.
To his sincerity, there is no denial,
Be he put to the stiffest trial.



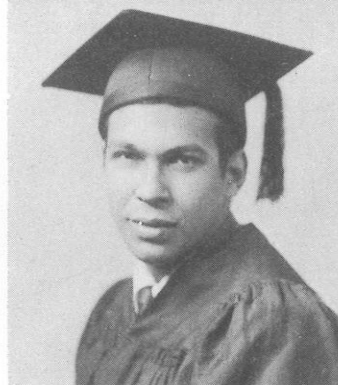
ESKOWITZ, SEYMOUR

For Mesifita's No. one jitterbug,
Esky sure can cut a rug
Benny Goodman is his favorite band,
So look for Esky at the Strand.



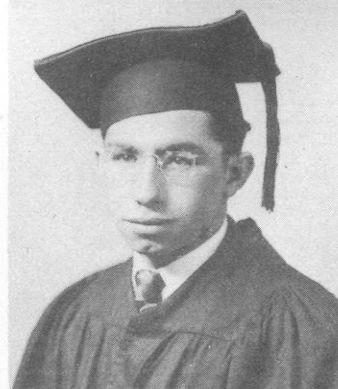
FISCHER, RALPH

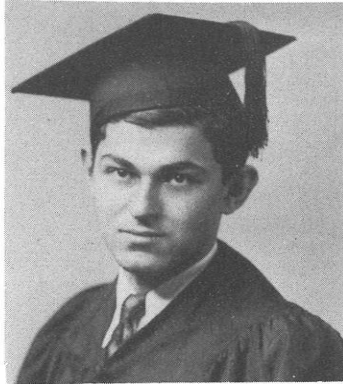
This young chap from Olyphant,
Sure has got the right slant.
He'll receive his recognition,
In the true Mesifita tradition.



FLUSBERG, SIDNEY.

His trademark in life is modesty,
Hand in hand with honesty.
Whatever his aim in life may be,
It will be attained successfully.





FROST, IRVING

He writes a nifty composition,
His brains increase by binary fission.
If he keeps on growing brighter,
His burdens in life will be much lighter.



GORDON, JOSEPH

Gordon shows a lot of pep,
His flashy clothes have gained a "rep."
In the Mesifta he sets the style,
And his marks are first on file.



GROSS, PINCUS

Quoting Shakespeare was his joy;
He was Mr. Applebaum's ideal boy.
To build a bridge he has an urge,
Europe and America he wants to merge.

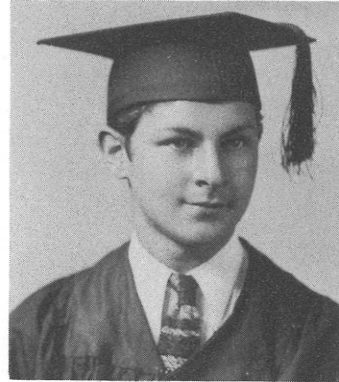


ISAACS, ALBERT

He sure has got
What it will take.
On some future day,
He will a salesman make.

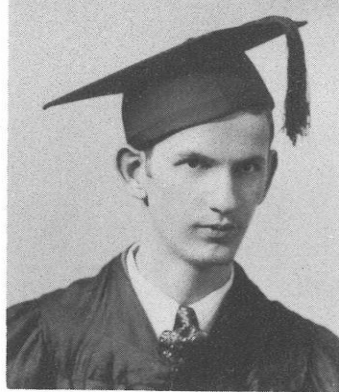
KLAPHOLTZ, LEONARD

Just you mention Ott and Hubbell,
Klap will be there on the double.
Every Sunday at 2:00 P.M.
He's at the field to root for them.



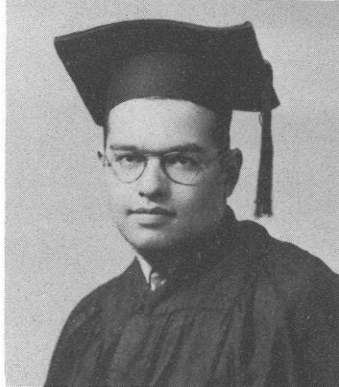
KRAMER, AARON

He is one we all admire,
His "Divrai Torah" are like fire.
At Jewish studies he's one of the best;
For when it comes to Torah he's got zest.



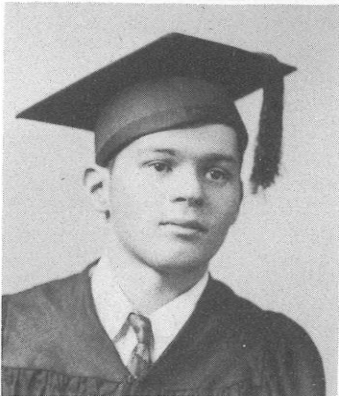
LANDY, MILTON

Out of the dark
Came Scranton's Land;
To attain the highest mark,
And lead the band.



LEVY, IRWIN

Irwin Levy is very quiet,
He's not the one to incite a riot.
While sitting and learning gemorrhah,
He thought up many a good svorrah





PRONMAN, ALECK

Although his name is Aleck,
He is no Bialik.
He sings while learning,
Which is his chief yearning.



REISS, PHILIP

A true picture of timidity,
This student of divinity.
You'll never find him in a hurry,
He hasn't got a single worry.



RHEIN, KURT

In Zurich he went to school,
Because he was nobody's fool.
Now his marks are all on top,
And in life he'll be no flop.



ROSEN, SOLOMON X.

Sharp as a matzah
Twice as slick;
With the Dodgers
He'll always stick.

SCHREIBER, SIDNEY

Of the class he is the baby,
But about his success there is no maybe.
He comes from far off Penn.,
And to be a doctor is his yen.



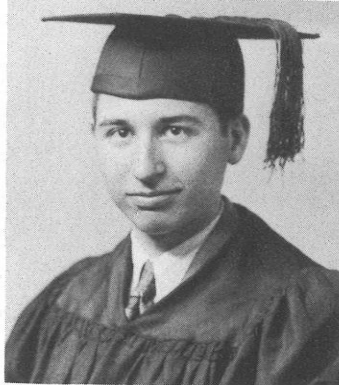
SHWAMENFELD, FRED

Shwammy a very good Mesifita boy
Would, as others, M. J. A. annoy.
To kibitz the teachers he would adore,
Or else through the period he would snore.



SHENKER, BENJAMIN

The classics are what he chooses,
A good opera he never refuses.
On good music he can thrive,
But he doesn't go for real hot jive.



SINGER, SEYMOUR

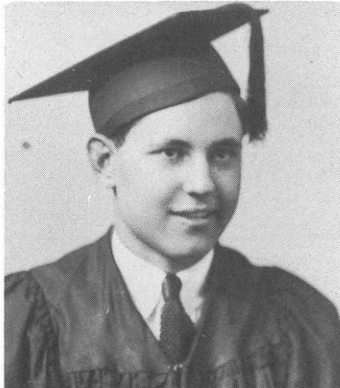
A talmudical student more or less,
He put the Yeshivah in a mess
His jokes are our pride and joy
They surely are the real McCoy.





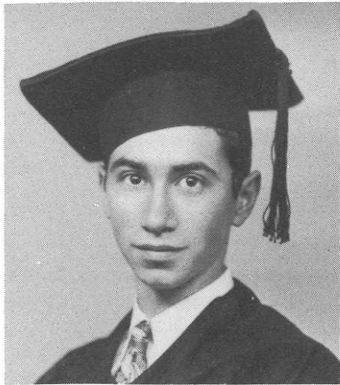
TALANSKY, ABRAHAM H.

A true tzadik who hails from yonder,
To the Mesifita he's no shandah.
For the Rabbinate he is our bid,
He's the well known Pittsburgh kid.



WALFISH, BERNARD

Dorsy puts him in a trance;
Even with his sharp pegged pants.
But in sports he does excell;
Yummie's head will never swell.



WALKENFELD, CECIL

A descendent of the Rebbi Elimelech,
He is, as him, very "Frailech."
In school he may not hit 95,
But in Rav Shorr's class, he's of the upper five.



WAXMAN, HARVEY

As an arsenal of Talmud, he's hard to beat,
To hear him "Darshen" is quite a treat.
From early morn, till late at night,
We find the Torah, his everlasting light.

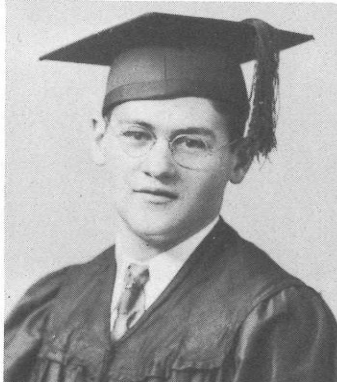
WELLER, SEYMOUR

From way down Newark way he hails,
The girls are always on his trails.
For his size he's full of pep,
You should see him when he gets hep.



ZINGERMAN, ARNOLD

Arnold Zingerman from the Middle West,
Came to New York to do his best.
In this town he's gained a name,
A swell fellow good and game.



Appreciation

We wish to take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks and gratitude to

Mr. Morris Applbaum

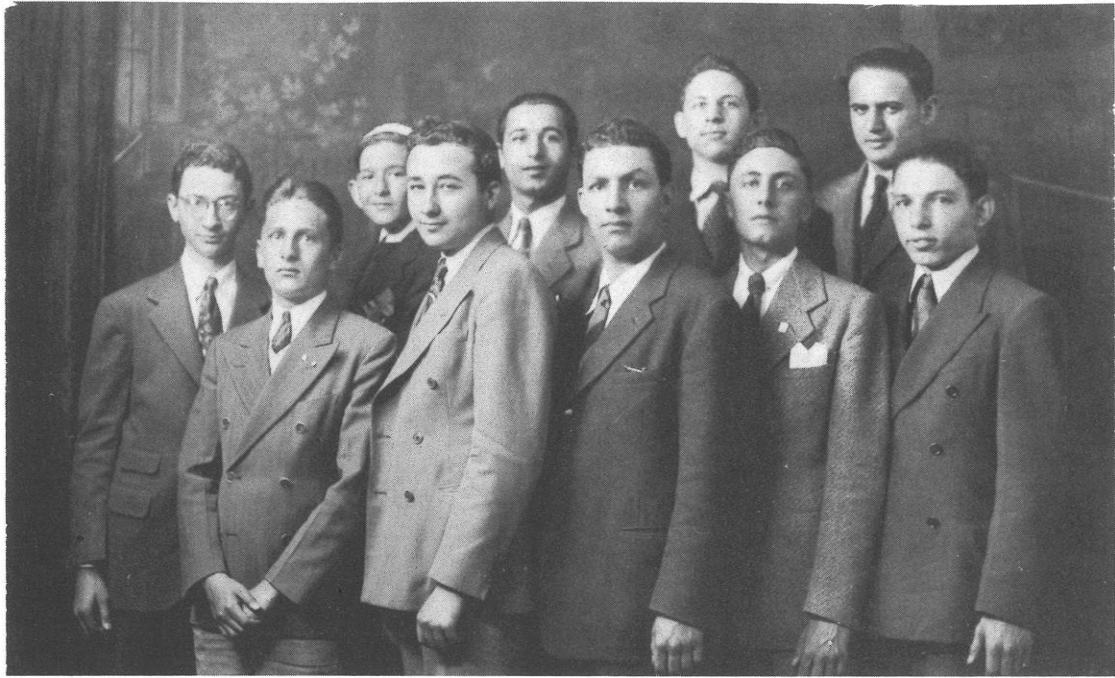
Literary Advisor

Mr. Rubin Sherer

Business Advisor

whose untiring efforts and unselfish co-operation made possible the printing of this magazine.

The Staff

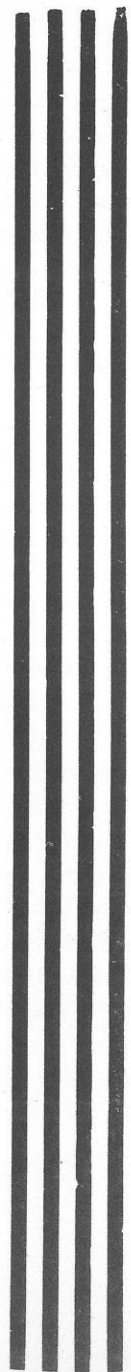


SCROLL STAFF



SERVICE SQUAD

LITERATUR



Mesifita Institute of Public Opinion

The M.I.P.O. releases for the first time complete returns on many important topics. Our poll has reached approximately 90% of the student body. This makes it the most accurate and most honest poll in the country. We have covered subjects from every walk of life, and we have the views of our schoolmates on many issues.

Our fellow students were bombarded by many questions, and each student came forth with intelligent answers. How many years will it take the United States to subdue its enemies? Do you think our foes can bomb New York? Who will be the pennant winners? How long will Joe Barrow remain "Champ"? We've covered literature, too. Most important though, are those questions that concern internal affairs. (Or, what goes on inside our dear school.)

World Events—Pearl Harbor is still fresh in our memories, and we are waiting anxiously for the United States to avenge these Nipponese atrocities. But when? The poll shows the following results:

Lower Grades 3 years
Upper Grades 2½-3 years

All our grades seem to agree that the war will end in 1945. (With the aid of G-d, their prophecy may come true.)

Will New York become a target of enemy bombers? The M.I.P.O. shows the following results:

	Yes	No
Lower Grades	59%	41%
Upper Grades	63%	37%
School Average	60%	40%

Sports—For a few minutes let us forget this sad topic and brighten up with some sport news. Who will win the pennant? You don't know, but we have the decision of the experts. Yes, the student body of the H.P.H.S. says that the Dodgers and

the Yankees will play the World Series again. The only competition in this race was given to the Brooklynites by their intra-city rivals, the Giants. (It's good to see that there are still a few loyal Giant fans in the Mesifita.)

The boys of this school are also experts in the pugilistic ring. I don't mean they fight, but they know exactly how long Joe Louis will remain World Heavyweight Champion. They say that it is until Joe loses. Nevertheless they are sure that he won't lose in 1942.

Literature—The world of literature has many gems and jewels. Of course, our high-school curriculum gives every student an opportunity to study these classics. What books, though, among this ocean of wealth are most precious to Mesifita Students? Well, Scott's "Ivanhoe" and Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities" were chosen among the lower grades. The students in the upper classes favored Shakespeare's "Hamlet." I'm sure the faculty agrees with these choices.

Internal Affairs—What goes on behind the Mesifita walls, I'm sure interests you greatly. Which teacher is most beloved and is known as the student favorite? What teacher has the ill-luck of being on bad terms with his students? (Poor fellow). The Mesifita Institute of Public Opinion has the facts, and here they are:

Mr. Janovsky was the winner in our poll for the favorite teacher of the school. He led his closest rivals by fifty votes. In second place we have a triple tie shared by Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lieberman and Mr. Sherer. Their scores were so close that we consider these three teachers as tied for second place honors. (It pays to be good to your students, dear teachers. Doesn't it?)

(Because of censorship our poll won't

print the name of the instructor who was chosen the "unfavorite teacher.")

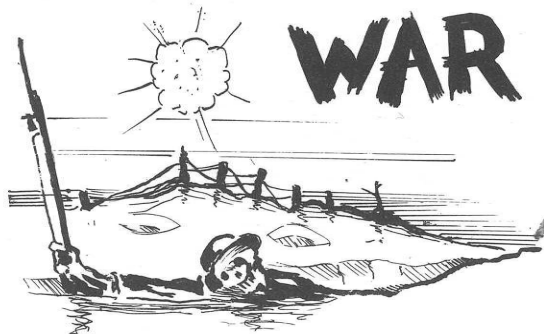
Our fellow students are also judges of art and beauty. When asked for the most beautiful part of the school, they responded as intelligent boys should. I'm sure that your choice too would be the Beth Hamed-rash, the lobby, and the auditorium.

We can also be proud of our regular attendance. The only time our students stay away from school is when they are very ill. Our poll proves this. "Where do you go when you are absent from school," demanded the M.I.P.O. of the students.

They claimed that they visited Dr. Marcy, Dr. Commodore, Dr. Paramount, and other noted physicians, when they are away from school because of ill health. I'm sure that the office can now trust our boys and do away with admit slips.

The Mesifta Institute of Public Opinion thanks the students for their cooperation. We also thank Mr. S. H. Wininger and Mr. S. Wahrmann for their assistance in this poll.

Abraham H. Talansky,
Director



Ruin! Death! Desolation! Destruction!

The rumble of the guns, and the blood curdling shrieks of the wounded, portray a vivid picture of the horrors and terrors of the battlefield.

The mobilization of a generation of men compelled to participate in the war.

Now the atmosphere is dense; the air holds anxiety; deathly silence reigns.

The soldiers quickly slither from one trench to another, dreading: "Shall I find enemy or friend; will it be one of the enemy crouching in a corner, waiting to spring on me, or will it be a dying buddy in need of medical or spiritual attention?"

The warrior is tired and weary. He seeks rest, but there is none to be found!

I gaze above the trenches. There is the barbed wire fence. Some parts of it are muddy and rusty, others are gleaming new.

These new ones are the ones we put up this morning, replacing those cut by the enemy when they attacked last night. Yes, we repulsed them, but not before two hundred of our boys were killed, and three hundred others wounded.

There is the signal passing along the line now. Prepare to go over the top!

An ear-piercing blast from a whistle! A bugle blows! Charge! Charge! Charge for all you're worth! Over the top; on the double! There's a burst of machine gun fire! Hand grenades are thrown. The earth trembles and shakes beneath our feet, as the mighty war chemicals explode.

There, amidst all this tumult, I see a friend fall, a dying gurgle in his throat. There is no stopping now! Run onward, forward all the time! Watch out!!! A grenade is flying our way!! Down! Down!

Down on your belly! Crawl like a snake through the mud, slime and dirt. A bomb explodes above me! It rockets the earth. I bury my head in the mud. My hand gropes around for a grip of some sort; then I break out in a cold sweat. What had my hand caught hold of?

I shudder, then I look. I scream in terror! It is a human hand, but there is no shoulder above it. I quickly regain control of myself. This is nothing unusual. I see it many times a day.

Then the enemy opens fire. Many of us go down, but we go on. Down into the enemy trenches! "Use your bayonets," the sergeant yells. "Cut their galls out." A short but fierce struggle ensues.

We are victorious once again, peace reigns. All is calm now, but we know tomorrow that the same thing will happen again.

Who knows, I may be next!!

Jacob Beer



War and Weather



In their frantic search for a plausible explanation for the amazing success of the German military machine, "General Weather," the all deciding factor seems to be overlooked by our erudite brethren of the military strategy school. Yet a brief glance through the pages of history should convince our most skeptical expert of the importance of the behavior or misbehavior of "General Weather," in the art of winning or losing wars. In fact, many empires have been crushed by the fickleness of this decider of the fate of nations.

One striking example would be the ill-fated Armada of King Philip of Spain. Determined to destroy the ascending sea power of England, the Spanish monarch assembled a mighty fleet with the intent of laying waste to England. But alas! Poor King Philip had forgotten to take "General Weather" into consideration. Caught by a great storm, the mighty Armada was

reduced to shambles and the sun began to set on the Spanish Empire. Already he had occupied Moscow when the dreaded Russian winter made its appearance and played havoc with his mighty army.

Now in our present struggle, history seems to be repeating itself. Notwithstanding the advice of his generals to trench himself for the winter, Herr Schickelgruber, with his unerring instinct decides to break the iron ring of defenses surrounding Moscow. Despite his most energetic efforts the Russian lines held and with the aid of the cold and bitter weather of the Russian Steppes, the Red Armies are making it very uncomfortable for Herr Hitler and Company.

In a final analysis it can be truly said that "General Weather" has always had a good share in making history.

Irving Frost

Memories

The most horrible thing that I ever saw, occurred on November tenth, in Vienna. That week, a German officer was assassinated in Paris, and in reprisal, the Germans started a pogrom on the Jews. I will not tell you about Jews being taken to concentration camps and being tortured to death, these are common occurrences. What I will tell, is the perpetration of the most horrible deed I have ever witnessed.

Across the street from our apartment, there was a synagogue, closed by order of the Nazis. The Torahs and pulpits had not been removed. On the morning of that day,



a truck-full of Storm Troopers parked in front of the Temple. In a few minutes, all the "Sefer Torahs" were thrown into the street, and rolled over the pavement. After the mob all spat on our most holy treasure, a huge fire was built and the Torahs were burned. Whenever I recall the sight of those flames shooting higher than fivestories, I shudder.

This however was not the end. After the Torahs were burned, all the Jews of the neighborhood were forced to take the ashes into their houses. This scene, was just one of the countless terrifying events that I witnessed that year.

In contrast to the previous incident, I will relate a scene which took place on May 17, 1940. It was my first sight of the Statue of Liberty.

It was seven o'clock in the morning. Despite the heavy weather, the decks were lined with people eager for a view of the symbol of American liberty, and their new fatherland. Upon passing the statue, my emotions were so great, that one not having witnessed my last two years could hardly understand them.

After an escape from Hitlerite Germany, and still a narrower escape from war-torn France, I saw before me: a land where freedom reigns, a land where peace reigns,



and a land where one may go to sleep without fear of the Gestapo.

The statue seemed to me an angel of God, who with raised hand, gave us the signal to enter the only country on earth where there is freedom of opportunity for all, be they Jew, Gentile, Negro or anything else.

When the ship landed and I set foot on America, I felt like a person, who having overcome a deadly sickness, sets foot again for the first time on solid ground.

This is but a brief description of the thrill that America gave me, but I hope that it will give the reader a slight idea of what this meant to me.

David Diamond

An American Pilot's Soliloquy

"Squadron 44—take off at once. Enemy planes above."

That message, summoning our squadron into the air, was the beginning of my unhappiest memory.

Four of us took off, Bill, Jim, Bob, and I. Then we met that filthy Nazi squadron. They had seven of their newest planes against our four P-40s. Then the dogfight began. Weaving, dodging, spinning, turning, diving, with guns spitting death from every angle, two—three—five Messerschmidts went hurtling down past me like flaming meteors. Yes, I got one of them myself. It was then that I noticed that one of our own planes was on fire, Bob's plane was on fire. And then, Bob's farewell:

"I got two of them, but I'm done for. So long, boys, and good luck."

Down he hurtled to a horrible death . . . one of the nicest, bravest guys I've ever met. He believed in what he was fighting for. He believed in America. He loved America, and . . . America let him down; America killed him. Or was it America? Was it not Germany that killed him? Those damned Nazis. Yes, they killed him, they and their filthy dictatorship. America is worth the supreme sacrifice. It was those dirty yellow Nazis that killed him.

That loud-speaker—he's ordering my squadron into the air again—

I'll live up to your favorite saying, Bob. "Help America keep her light—Freedom of speech, Freedom of religion, Freedom of assembly."

I'm coming, America, I'm coming!

Zachary Fendel

Brothers

A poor, bedraggled old Jew with a yellow badge of shame on his arm, seemed very much as though he had somehow survived the days of the Spanish Inquisition. He wore a black skullcap deep on his forehead, and a ragged cloak which served both as trousers and shirt. In his hands he clutched the only treasures he had ever valued, the symbols of his race, his Talith



and Tephillin. He stood dejected, lonely, but proud, for in truth he seemed to portray the spirit of Israel. He did not respond or even wink as a rough German soldier walking by shouted, "You dirty Jew" and spat at him, fully in the face.

However in the face of all this, he had still gained a great deal, for with the conquest of Poland and the brutalities, the cruelties, that succeeded it, he had learned to rely more and more in the G-d that had saved his ancestors from their enemies. Yes, no matter what happened, he would always have his religion, his faith and his G-d to turn to, whereas the worst his enemies could do would only increase his zeal to serve his G-d.

On the other hand, let us look back, 10 years perhaps, to a wealthy home in Germany, the home of an important Jewish industrialist. In all probability he had been brought up in the traditional Jewish manner, but had discarded his religion when he saw that it did not have any effect upon his business success. His children were brought up as true Aryans and good citizens of the German Republic, but they had to be reminded by Hitler that they were Jews. When Hitler came, this particular fellow was not only separated from those whom he loved, but he was also shipped, away from the beauty and comfort of his home, to the untold and unknown horrors of the German Concentration Camp. His spirit was easily broken for he had nothing to fall back upon, for he had denounced his faith. He was doomed to die a horrible and comfortless death.

It is possible that in the crossroads of

life these two people will meet. One, his spirit sorely tried but unbroken will hope for better days, for salvation. The other, forlorn of hope and fortitude, will in all probability end up with denouncing humanity and G-d forbid the Divine Being who guides it. He might look at his brother first pitifully at the sight of a fellow sufferer. However, when the realization occurs to

him that this bent figure, this silhouette of persecution beside him has not lost his courage, his mood changes to that of envy . . . because his brother has not lost heart.



Meyer Fendel

The New Order



The covers came off and on, and a young, tragic figure rolled restlessly from side to side. For three nights he hadn't slept trying to picture things as they were not, but stark reality could not leave his muddled mind. Wasn't it he who had caused it? He and 4,000,000 other Frenchmen who had fought without heart and hand. Wasn't it he who had said "Let the enemy come, it can't be worse than it is NOW. And then NOW left, and the

enemy did come, and it became worse, yes even worse than it was then. It became so bad that the wrath of his people had reached the conqueror. The people of his own town, the farmers and the plain folk, people whom he had thought were weak in mind and in body, were blowing up bridges and tracks. They were laughing and mocking an enemy who had shouted that he was unconquerable. They mocked and threatened him until he became brave if he would say "I am not afraid to go out alone in the streets." And his people became braver and braver until the unforgivable sin had been committed. It had reminded him in a way of Moses and the Jew whom he had saved from the Egyptian's hand. He had heard two people argue in loud voices and then the German had whipped out a gun. A sharp knife whistled through the air and a German sentry slumped to the ground dead. That knife had come unwittingly from his pocket.

Jacque awoke from a sleep he hadn't slept and again the voice came back to say: "Fifty Frenchmen, your people, are being shot tonight on account of you." The voice had plagued his conscience these past three nights. Jacque had always been greedy and selfish. A greed that met him now and told him that he was too young, too young to give up a life that he had just begun to live.

It wasn't a brave or even noble thought that found Jacque thinking of confession. It was rather a selfish act—an act to save himself from G-d, a G-d he had never reckoned with, but who had sent this voice that wouldn't be stilled. "It is all so melodramatic" thought Jacque as he found himself walking toward the German Police Office to give up his life.

He opened the luxurious doors of the conqueror to see a man with eyes, and a head so large that it burdened the thin neck that carried it. The eyes looked up at Jacque and asked him what he wanted. Jacque thought about the perfect Aryan

and the "superior race" and laughed a light sarcastic laugh. Again the eyes looked up and asked politely, "What is it you want?"

"I have some information about the murder of the German sentry, but before I give my information, I want absolute assurance that the fifty Frenchmen . . ." Jacque was rudely interrupted but no less startled by the strange words of the man. "The fool murderer has confessed, but he refuses to give his name. Come with me, you may be able to identify him."

Jacque was led into a large room where he saw what was once a beautiful specimen of a man, but now physically broken, apparently tortured with unbearable living deaths. Jacque recognized the man at once, as the man whom he had saved from the German's bullet. Once again Jacque looked at him and became frightened. Jacque left without identifying the man and as he left remembered that the captive was smiling. Jacque looked up to heaven and became afraid.

Nathan Horowitz

What Am I Doing to Win This War

Aside from, what appears to me to be, the trifling practices of buying bonds and enrollment in volunteer services, I believe that there is a more important task, rather difficult and complicated, that we as students must indulge in. The task can be labeled as simply learning from our experiences.

Upon analysis, it will be found that these practices I mentioned are essentially an aid in winning the war. It is up to our parents to win the war; it is up to us to win the peace.

We are living in an age when gigantic advancements and achievements are being performed. The greater these are, however, the greater are the problems usually involved in great change. We who are to be the citizens and statesmen of tomorrow, must study these events and learn how we can reform and lessen or completely eliminate the errors.

In 1918, a World War came to an end. Tired of war and its bitterness, the people of the world frenziedly patched up a flimsy peace agreement, that could not stand up to its high ideals. The "war to end wars" became a war to begin wars: wars of revenge, wars between whole races. Had the peace-makers taken more time in examining the complex post-war problems, I think we should have gained an everlasting peace. I have studied this futile attempt and its consequences.

I believe that any just peace can be formulated only by capable historians, after preparations twice as long as the war itself. In coming to this conclusion, I think that I did for our country, what is equivalent to a heavy purchase of defense bonds. However, there are many more conclusions to be drawn, and it is up to us to draw them.

Anshel Steier

Winning the Peace

Winning the war is America's most pressing job, but right behind it is the job of winning the peace. Some of America's most capable men are tackling that problem now. They recognize the fact that we can lose everything we are fighting for if the aftermath of this war will mean millions of idle men and machines. They are convinced that we do not need a post war depression if we use the lesson we were taught in the First World War.

Looking back to 1918, we see miles and miles of returned soldiers parading down Fifth Avenue. We see industry dusting its hands of the defeated Kaiser, and expecting to turn back to pre-war business. Everything was going to be all right, for about a year.

However, people rushed out and bought refrigerators and furniture, where before they had bought Liberty Bonds. In a few months the country was riding on the crest of a boom. Where were the jobs for the unemployed defense workers and soldiers? Why, they would get jobs, for wasn't prosperity to stay?

Nine months later, in 1920, the crash came. Everyone had bought as much as they could afford, or even more. Prices sky-rocketed; factories shut down; unemployment spread. It was almost two years before business returned to normal.

The planners of today know that this tragedy is likely to reappear, unless we work now to prevent it. First, of course, we must win the war. Then we must make the change from war-time to peace-time production, without causing any unemployment in the industries involved. We can do it, and we will.

How will our government handle this critical situation? This can be answered if

jobs can be gotten quickly for former defense workers and post-war soldiers. The National Resources Planning Board has the answer. This bureau is building up what they call a "reserve shelf" of public works. The idea is to blueprint projects and then set them aside until the war is over. At present, there is over six billion dollars worth of reserve projects on the shelf, and many more are being planned. The Department of Agriculture, the Public Roads Administration, the Federal Power Commission, and almost all major government agencies are planning projects for the post war emergency.

In transportation for example the board has on shelf plans for the construction and improvement of thirty-four hundred airports as recommended by the C. A. A. The Roads Administration is working on a plan for eleven inter-regional highways, and eleven other public and private transportation companies are studying what may happen as the result of post-war changes in planes, automobiles and railroads.

The National Resources Planning Board believes that part of the program can be blueprinted and put on the "reserve shelf" now, and be used when found to be necessary, after the war. The blueprints, of course, will need money, but this bill was defeated in the House. Nevertheless we expect Congress to awaken in the near future. This would then start America on the road to win the peace.

Post-war planning is still in an early stage, but the fact the people are thinking now of the future of this country, when peace is attained, let President Roosevelt's words have greater significance: "We are going to win the war, and the peace that follows!"

Abner German

A Day in Manhattan

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is an apology. The board here wishes to announce that they have had nothing to do with the writing of this literary effort (for lack of a better phrase many writings have been called literary efforts). The characters herein described are fictitious as are the places and incidents. They never existed and we entertain severe doubts as to their existence in the future. Thank you.]

Author's Preface

It is the purest of chances that you are reading this. Had it not been for the wide range of the photographer's camera, this piece would never have been written. You see, when the photographer's proof of the group picture of the editorial board was delivered somebody or other noticed a blot on the right side of the picture. Of course, it was attributed to the developer's ink or something of the sort and it was generally hoped that during the process of retouching it would be taken out. Great was the consternation when the retouched photographs were delivered. The blot was still there! Then someone said, "Say, that blot looks like someone I know."

"Yes, said another. It does look like someone we know. Why it's . . . no, it can't be . . . but it is. It's Gross. So there I was on that picture and, since as an editor I had to write something, I wrote this. At first I was to submit it anonymously, but after seeing the finished work, the editor decided that it was to be signed by me.

"After all," they said, "we don't want anyone unjustly blamed for it."

Brooklyn has been called the hometown of all the zanies now in existence. I, however, am fully convinced that Manhattan is more native to them. As evidence, I submit the following story.

It all started when I decided that I wanted to be different and take the Hebrew three year Regents instead of the French three year Regents as everybody else was doing. At that time our school did not offer more than two years of Hebrew in its course—that is, you took one

year of it and got credit for two years. The only solution was to attend the evening session of one of the New York Public High Schools. My first step was to apply to Western Section Evening High School which was but a few blocks from where I lived. To my disappointment, they didn't offer Hebrew at all. This did not deter me in the least. I inquired among some of the boys, who, for reasons not to be mentioned here, were already initiated into the mysteries of night life in the schools.

The first boy that I approached gave me a pitying look and turned his back to me. The next fellow did the same. I finally located in our library a good friend of mine (all my good friends are found in libraries) who told me that Shorewood Park High School was the school I was looking for.

"And where may Shorewood Park High school be? How do I get there?" I asked him.

"It's across the river, on Manhattan Island."

At this I turned pale. Was I to have the unknown dangers lurking on the other side of the murky waters of the West River (it is west of Brooklyn, you know). Why, it was like going into the lions' den unarmed. But then I thought of my determination to take the Hebrew Regents.

"I'll take it even if it means that I must cross the river," I thought to myself. "Yes, even if I must go to Manhattan."

I decided that I would register the very next day.

That night I put my small affairs in order. I scrawled my last will and testament on a piece of paper and put it in an envelope. Everything was in readiness.

The next day dawned bright and sunny (so the papers said). As soon as the hands of the clock on the living room wall showed 12:00, I slipped out of the house and made my way to the Bridge Plaza to take the trolley to Manhattan. As I board-

ed the trolley the motorman was chanting in a dolorous tone of voice.

"Nostrand Ave. Trolley. Last stop on other side of bridge."

I walked past him to the rear of the car. The handful of people on the trolley turned to look at me curiously, pityingly, as though saying to themselves. "Too bad. So young too!" The doors of the trolley closed with an ominous band. We were off for the other side of the river and fifteen minutes later I was in Manhattan. As I walked out into the street an avalanche of noise resounded on my sensitive eardrums. Evidently some sort of preparations were being made for some event.

I was rash enough to stop a woman and ask her in a polite manner, "Madame, would you kindly point out to me the street along which I must walk in order to reach the Shorewood Park High School, using the minimum amount of time and effort."

She glared at me strangely and then in a shrill voice which seemed to waver perpetually on high C, she answered, "For vy dun you spiking Hanglish, hah? Maybe you are beink a furriner?"

"Madam," I replied, "the fact is that I was born in a foreign land, but for the life of me I can't see how you stumbled on to it. I've been repeatedly praised about my faultless use of the King's English."

"Oh! So you are beink in ah submersive hactivity, a fift culemmiker? Go vay befur I am callink here a police."

Her shrill voice had attracted a small crowd and as I turned to go, someone remarked, "The nerve o' de guy. Tryin' tuh make her a fif' colummist. He oughta be lockt up."

"Yeah," remarked another, "dey ought-er do somtin' about guys like dat."

"De big bum. Why don' he go back ter where he come from."

This last remark made my blood boil. I had been called many things before, but never a bum. I turned to the last voice.

"Did you call me a bum," I said to him.

"Yeah, I called yuh a bum."

"That's what I thought you called me."

I was about to turn and continue on my way (he was bigger than me) when he grabbed me.

"Maybe you wanna make sometin' outa it?" And saying this he siezed me by the lapels with his right hand. I grabbed him by the lapels with my right. He grabbed my right hand with his left. I took hold his right arm with my left. He glared at me evilly. I glared at him evilly. I shifted my weight from my left foot to my right (I was becoming original) hunched my shoulders, grunted and noticed out of the corner of my eye a representative of law and order, in the form of a traffic policeman, beating down on us through the crowd. He shifted his weight from his right foot to his left (he wanted to be original too) hunched his shoulders, grunted and noticed out of the corner of his eye a representative of law and order, in the form of a traffic policeman, bearing down on us through the crowd.

The representative of law and order pulled up within a foot of us. He glared at us and in a voice, gotten probably from associating with foghorns over a long period of time, he said,

"Awright! Awright! Break it up! Come on! Break it up!"

At this order we reluctantly unhande each other.

"What's yer name," the officer demanded of me.

I gave him my name.

"Where do yuh live?"

"In Brooklyn," I said.

The crowd had up till now kept up a steady stream of excited babble, but at mention of Brooklyn, an awed hush fell on the populace. The gendarme gazed at me in amazement.

"You're from Brooklyn?" he said in a voice which sounded more like a bassoon than a foghorn.

"Yes," I said. "I'm from Brooklyn."

In a remarkably short time a whole cordon of blue coated gentlemen were surrounding me, and every now and then,

very bright flashes of light told me that newspaper photographers were plying their trade.

In spite of all my protests that all I wanted was to register in the Evening High School, I was quickly hustled into a limousine and a voice coming from somewhere in the dark depths of the cushions, said, "To the City Hall."

The news had gotten about on bird's wings, for all along the route to the City Hall, people were crowding the sidewalks, gazing in open-mouthed admiration at the "Remarkable boy from Brooklyn." (I know of nothing remarkable about me, but that's what the papers called me.)

As I stepped from the car in front of the City Hall steps, a host of public officials surrounded me.

"What do you think of our fair city?"

"How long do you intend staying?"

"Do you plan to settle down here permanently?"

"Will you go on the radio?"

I again began to explain that I only wanted to attend the evening session of the Shorewood Park High School, but hardly had I finished saying five words, when I noticed that approaching me was a slightish man, dressed in a cap (I think he had a gown on also. I'm not sure and I doubt whether he was.) and wearing spectacles whose lenses were at least an inch and a half thick. My first impulse, naturally was to run, but after looking around me, I noticed the immense odds and stayed where I was. This slightish man advanced, carrying in his outstretched hand a roll of paper tied with a blue ribbon. As he neared me he said:

"I'm Professor Hardington of City University. Allow me to bestow you with this Honorary Degree in Mathematics." The newspaper cameras clicked.

Another slightish man, dressed in the



A man without shoes was very angry,
until he saw a man without any feet.

same way as the first (even to the look he wore on his face) approached. He too, bestowed upon me an honorary degree—this time in English. Again the cameras clicked.

He was followed by a third professor and I was the bewildered recipient of a third degree—in French. The cameras clicked again.

Suddenly (everything in Manhattan is sudden)—suddenly, I say, the sky became overcast. A bolt of lightning passed overhead and was immediately followed by a peal of thunder.

Suddenly the sky became overcast (everything in Manhattan was sudden). A bolt of lightning split the sky in two—that's what always happens with a bolt of lightning—and was followed immediately by a peal of thunder. I felt a raindrop fall on my cheek. It seems that everyone felt a raindrop on his cheek, for the crowd was slowly dissolving. Another bolt of lightning crashed down to earth but a few blocks away. It had now begun to drizzle. The newshounds tucked their tails between their legs and ran for shelter. A deafening roar heralded the landing of a bolt of lightning across the street. The rain was now coming down in earnest. The city officials, seeing themselves deserted by their public, withdrew into officialdom, and the stout pillars of justice donned their raincoats, twirled their night sticks and returned to their respective beats.

I turned up my collar, pulled down my hat and began walking. From a walk I broke into a trot and then I began running. I soon reached the trolley depot.

A Nostrand Ave. car, filled with smiling, happy people, was about to start on its way. I made a dash for it and managed to squeeze myself in between the motorman's elbow and somebody's ribs. As the doors closed, the motorman shouted out in a joyous voice, "Next stop Bridge Plaza, Brooklyn."

THE END.

Pincus Gross

Our Mesifta

"Today, we have opened Williamsburg, as a new Baval." This statement was uttered in early 1918 at the opening of the Yeshiva Torah Vodaath. Little did they realize then, to what extent we would become a new Baval.

In 1916 a few religious men of Williamsburg, my father included, decided to open a Yeshiva. For two years, these men went from person to person, trying to raise enough money for the school. Finally they bought a building on Keap Street, and organized two classes. During the first few years, the Yeshiva suffered immensely from financial difficulties. The teachers and Rabbis, out of dire necessity, had to strike practically every month. These were trying times.

Finally, the Yeshiva got its name, and a new building was bought. Here, on Wilson Street, the Yeshiva eventually opened eight classes. Although the teachers still struck quite often, the Yeshiva had gotten a foothold.

After a few years, the Yeshiva's name was wide-spread, and the Mesifta department was opened. Boys from all over the country, started a migration towards the

Mesifta. More classes were opened; bigger classes were opened. The Mesifta took its place among the leading Yeshivas of the world.

Then came the war, refugees from all over war torn Europe came to the Mesifta, "the Yeshivas of Europe are closing." It was then that the Yeshiva realized the great burden that was being placed upon it. A few men got together, and enough money was raised to buy our present building. In this structure, we have enough place for five hundred students. The Mesifta opened its doors. It now had a greater student capacity. The school organized excursions from far off cities. Last Shevuoth, for instance, we had eighty boys from such cities as Baltimore, Scranton, Rochester, etc., coming into the Mesifta for the holiday just to look the building over.

We now have become the citadel of Judaism. We, the boys of the Mesifta, must strive to help our school maintain this high position.

Here's hoping, for more strength for our Mesifta.

Zachary Dershowitz

The Secret of Success

At this time—the time of your graduation—you are undoubtedly getting advice from your principal, from your teachers, from your parents and from your friends. You are led to believe that (in the words of La Rochefoucauld) "nothing is given so profusely as advice."

If you would only realize that your well-wishers—your principal, teachers, parents and friends—merely want to direct you into the paths which will ultimately lead to success, you would begin to reflect, you would begin to meditate and you would arrive at the conclusion herein arrived.

All of you are hoping to achieve success. Success is not handed out to you like ration books—success must be earned by

patience, perseverance, energy and hard work.

At this point the word success needs defining. Success surely does not mean the amassing of wealth, although this frequently follows. It does not mean the acquisition or the winning of honors—this would be fame. It means the giving of unselfish service, of leaving the world a little better for our having lived in it, of improving the lot of our fellow-men, and of adding a little to the sum total of happiness.

You must learn to build your future upon a spiritual, not a materialistic, basis. You must be in harmony with G-d and His laws. You must remember that "'tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success."

You must possess an honest purpose and you must build up a serene mental attitude.

Success has the characteristic of being progressive. It comes very slowly by millimeters not by leaps and bounds. You must continue to grow and accomplish some-

thing worthwhile, something that will prove a boon to mankind, something that will further the progress of the human race.

Remember that "the secret of success is constancy to purpose."



How to Prepare for an Examination

The students in our modern school age are faced with great obstacles, the most important one being marks. However, by delving still further one finds that the examination is the cause of all trouble for the scholars of this era. Some teachers use this weapon to control their disciples. Others even give examinations for mere enjoyment, for they love to watch the anguish that appears on the faces of undiligent students. We, the student body, must formulate rules to counterbalance this powerful instrument. The only way for us to do so, is to know the correct preparations for examinations.

How should a student attack his studies? What underhand methods should he prepare for emergencies? When should he employ this method, better known as copying? I, through many years of experience against our cruel oppressors, have gathered sufficient knowledge to answer the above questions.

How should a student attack his studies? This can be answered very simply; one should study his lessons and not attack them. This means that we should try our utmost to like the subject, and make it as enjoyable as possible. Once the student takes pleasure in his studies he will easily master them. However, if one hates the subject it will master him instead. Thus, if a student likes a subject he will study, and eventually he will know it.

What underhand methods should one prepare for emergencies? Through personal experience and through those of my friends I have collected many methods that can be used for copying. Rewriting important facts in tiny letters on miniature sheets of paper is very successful, and if bad comes to worse they can be easily chewed, in the place of chewing gum. This same method, except that the palm of the hand is used instead of the paper, has been found to be dangerous, for it has been difficult to disguise one's hand for gum. Secret codes with other students is only a fair method, since teachers usually cut the lines of communication. Outright copying from a neighbor is unsuccessful, since by accident you might copy his name also. There are many other methods, but they must first be tested under fire before they can be made public.

When should one employ this method known as copying? This question can be very easily answered also; one should not copy when he isn't sure he'll "get away with it." It has been proven that once a student has been caught defending himself during a test, or what teachers call copying, he is doomed for the rest of his career. Our dear teachers spread the alarm and our friend is guarded as if he were a convict. Thus one should only copy when he is positive of being undetected.

Abraham H. Talansky

My First Regents

In exactly two minutes and thirty-two seconds the scourge of our educational system, the Regents, will commence. The only audible sound in the room is the clock on the wall, whose hands are relentlessly moving towards the fatal hour. As the time draws closer, cold sweat covers my forehead and my heart starts doing a tap dance. Now I know how men feel before being executed in the electric chair. This torture is worse than death, and I silently pray that I shouldn't go completely insane. Suddenly a thunderous report fills the room! What is it! Lightning? An air-raid? No—it is merely the proctor saying that the regents has begun.

I grab my pen and begin to write—that is, my intention was to begin writing, but my (one word censored) pen is as dry as a bone. I plead with it, but to no avail. In exasperation, I jab it into my mouth, moisten it with saliva and begin my career as a Regents victim.

I write continuously for ten minutes and then I cease for, alas and alack, I am stymied by what I consider a spurious question. I stealthily raise my eyes, of course without any intention of cheating, only to be confronted by the sneering countenance of the proctor who has apparently mistaken my innocent action.

Quicker than a flash I lower my head and write at a more furious pace than ever.

From this point on all I do is write, write, and write some more. Won't this Regents ever end? My haste only results in more errors, which means more words to be written. However, I dare not slacken my pace for I must finish—must finish—must finish—that thought continuously revolves in my mind until I am dizzy. Wherever I look I am only confronted by sheets, sheets, sheets! The walls are covered with numbered lines when I look at them. I am going crazy! What time is it? Where am I? Ch yes, yes—I am taking a Regents; I collect my wits and continue scratching away for all I'm worth, consequently, not expecting a very good mark. Finally, the moment comes. I finish the last question and with a sigh of relief I pass into unconsciousness.

That was my first Regents and never will I forget the paralyzing fear that gripped me. So severe were the effects that it took several weeks to revive me. I recovered from my sickness, however, and after several weeks regained my health. My mark? Well, I got one hundred percent. That's right—one hundred percent.

M. I. Friedman

On Teachers

I presume that everyone who reads this, has gone to school, and has had some experience with teachers. I base this presumption on the belief that all those who can read have learned to do in school. The teaching profession, through the ages, seems to have absorbed teachers of all types. Many members of this agglomeration of various talents, seem to have a somewhat peculiar and sometimes queer sense of humor.

We have, for example, the type of instructor who likes to play "Pearl Harbor"

with the students. He walks into the class with a smile lurking at the edge of his mouth. The students take their seats, expecting to do some work. Suddenly the smile ventures forth from the edges of his mouth, eventually taking the form of a broad grin. He begins to chuckle to himself, as he looks about the classroom. This sudden metamorphosis leaves the class bewildered. Then with a whiplike motion, he pulls out a stack of papers from their hiding place between two books. He hastily gives a quiz amidst a chorus of noisy

protests from the class. His enjoyment hits its peak as he collects the half-blank papers. He is somewhat dismayed, however, when he hears several boys mumbling curses at him under their breaths.

At this point, I must ask you not to get any mistaken ideas. All teachers do not have ice-boxes for hearts, with cold water running in their veins. Most instructors are human; but even among those who are not stone statues emotionally, there are various and major differences. Teachers range from "Regular Fellers" to just plain, shall we say, (one word censored).

I will endeavor to elucidate the various differences among what is commonly called the third sex. In order to do so, I will take an average program in an average school. (This has no bearing whatsoever on my own program.)

For our first period, we have the automatic teacher. His periods invariably run like this: He comes in. He sits down. He checks the roll. He teaches. He answers questions. He unintentionally puts the class to sleep. He leaves.

Our next teacher, begins with a good joke to enliven the class. He peppers his lectures with jokes. This keeps the class interested. The "Reg'lar Feller" usually can teach, but relying on his popularity among the boys, just doesn't.

A new period—a new case. Here we are confronted with the panicky teacher. He appears to be living in dreaded fear of not completing the term's work. So what if the class is well ahead of schedule? That doesn't alleviate his nervous condition. From the middle of the term, his daily one-minute speech (incidentally, that runs for ten) goes something like this, "Boys, we're behind; we've got half of the book left and only one-fourth of the term to finish it in. We'll never fin-

ish unless you work hard, so from now on it's work, work and more work." He un-failingly wastes half of the last month trying to impress the class that there is no time to lose. Despite his slightly twisted figures, he always ends the term with a day or two to spare. Then he makes this speech: "I told you that we would finish in time if you boys worked hard." Those smirks that you'll find on the student's faces are due to the fact that the boys are reminded of his first speech. This, plus the recollection of the fact that, because they had been forewarned by the previous class, they didn't take his speech seriously; and accomplished the term's work without any extra effort on their part, contributes to what is, out of due respect for the teacher, only a smirk.

The day ends with one of those natural born comedians (so they think), the ever-popular "wisecracker." He mixes his lessons with efforts to crack a good joke. Most of the class laugh; his bosom swells with pride; he probably goes home at night and tells his wife or girl-friend, as the case may be, of his terrific sense of humor. Little does he know that the class finds its greatest pleasure from watching the teacher swell with pride, while they are laughing at him, and not with him. He is the teacher to whom the "gradies" invariably leave "one good joke book" in their year-book.

Lack of space necessitates the curtailment of my description of various types of teachers. I think, however, I have given you examples of some of the eccentrics in the teaching profession. But one more thing I must say. I wish to express my heartiest thanks to the teachers, since they have taught me to write. It is they who made this dissertation possible.

As for me, I'm studying to be a..... that's right a teacher!

I. Davidson

The Talmudist

(With Apologies to EDWIN MARKHAM)

Bowed by the weight of centuries he stands
Above his Talmud, and lingers over a passage;
The spark of learning lighting up his face,
The knowledge of Torah a crown upon his head.
This man that learns and knows and hopes.
His visage lights up again as he recites
And sings the laws and rules, debates and questions,
That our dear Torah has given unto him.
Whose was the hand that created this beautiful mind and tongue?
Whose breath blew in him this religious fervor?

This is the creature that the L—rd G—d meant by man.
"To have dominion over sea and land";
To rule the world, by ruling his heart and mind.
There is no shape more beautiful than this ——
"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,"
This is the handiwork of our dear G—d;
This is a man, this son of Torah.
"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,"
How will you ever measure up to such a model?
When will you know that he is man?

Abraham H. Talansky.

Mesifita at Lunch Time

The minute hand approached the six
With a slow, agonizing motion,
As divers faces (untouched by Schicks)
Sneered with suspense and emotion.

One would expect lofty issues
To hold sway under a "yomicle,"
But all their "grey tissues"
Engaged matters — gastronomical.

He wondered — this would be scholar,
If his lunch contained a pickle
And whether his sandwiches were of "chola"
Or Russian Pumpernickle.

A distant bell was audible
Brown bags were now in sight,
And, (which wasn't very laudible)
Some stole a hasty bite!

The supreme moment came
The class as one arose,
Their intentions, all the same
(Cept one who had taken a doze).

No fighter leaped at the bell,
With more intent and zeal,
Than Mesifita boys at the Knell
Of an impending meal.

Some charged the busy faucet
To perform "netilas yawdaim,"
One with a ball, went to toss it
(Of course "leshem shawmaim)

One, a "P.M." ran to seek;
Another prepared a "Mizumin,"
While one group began to speak
On every topic (except on women).

Soon the room was bedecked
With waxed-paper, bags and peels
As all "de finger haben geleckt"
From the inimicable home-made meals . . .

S. Spero.

Thanks Mr. J.

In the long, turbulent history of the Mesifita I have yet to see a record of any official interclass tournaments. This term, however, such an event has been duly inscribed in the annals of our institution. This is not due to a great national trend towards sports, but is due to the persistent efforts of one of our teachers. Astounded at the state of sporting affairs in our school, he decided to do something about it, and he did. As a result of his noble pleadings we now have almost daily scheduled games between classes, proceeding in the yard of our new building.

I am not divulging any closely guarded

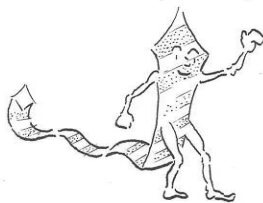
secret when I identify that instructor as Mr. J. Janowitz. Regardless of the opinion one may have of him in his official role as teacher of the intricate byways of the English tongue, one has only thanks to offer him for the introduction of box-ball in the Mesifita on a large scale.

His famous "out" accompanied with the applause or sighs of the onlookers and players, is now a frequent sight.

In the capacity of representative of the students, I wish to say to our noble teacher-umpire: "Thanks, Mr. J."

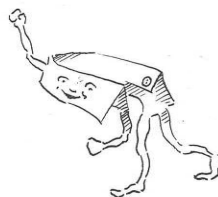
Jacob Klausner

Concerning Ties



Ties are queer creatures. They hang from one's neck like a coiled snake, and dance, twist, and squirm whenever the wind blows. Some ties have designs like the diamond snake of India. Others are shaped like the Python snake of Africa. A few are designed like the Amoeba.

But then, it's the tie that makes a man. Going without a tie is like having one shoe on and one shoe off. Then again, if the tie doesn't blend with the rest of the color scheme, people will think that you have bad taste; it distorts one's whole appearance. If the tie is not of the latest style, people will jump to conclusions, saying that you're old-fashioned. Should you have a wide collar and not make the "Windsor Knot," why you would look like a giraff with a ribbon tied 'round its throat. A spot on your tie invariably induces people to



believe that you have bad manners. Personally, I hate ties, and wear them only to hide the spots on my shirt.

There are many different reactions felt by people when ties are received as gifts. Some whole-heartedly thank the giver. Others say "Thank you," and to themselves, "the old miser! He couldn't bring me anything better than a \$1.00 tie." There are those who immediately begin to feel the material, whether it's silk or just an imitation. Then again, there's the docile husband who kisses his wife and says, "Thank you, dear," and when her back is turned, sneaks out and buries it, six feet under.

Of course we forget the immortal bow tie, that famous mark of the aristocracy, that thing that has always been a torment to men, who at the mere thought of it

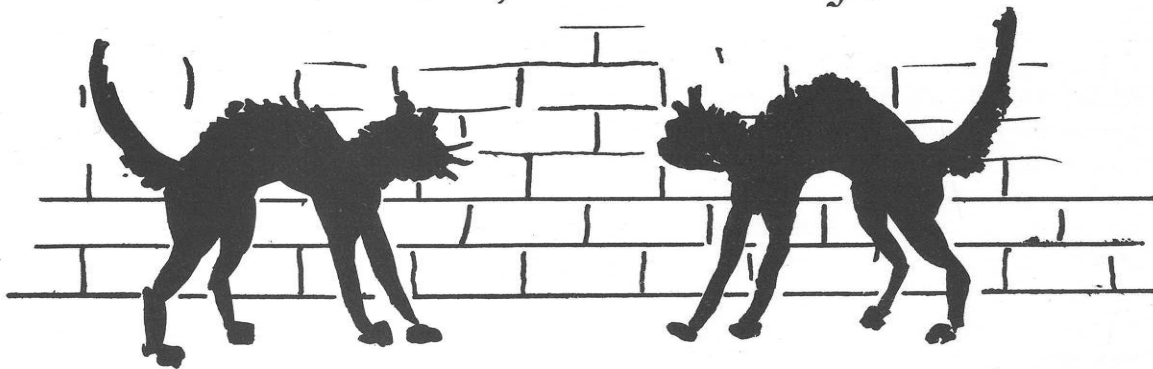
immediately begin to sweat, shiver and shake. It will sit on the top of the poor sufferer's adams apple and bob up and down whenever he swallows as if acknowledging the respect it deems itself due. There's the harried groom who spends two hours fixing his bow tie, and then finds that he forgot his pants. Then, when he

gets his pants on, he finds that his bow tie has turned off at an angle again. You have to keep your head high or else it will get a strangle-hold on you, and then people will think that you are stuckup.

But, who am I, a mere highschool student, to criticise the sages of etiquette!

Seymour Gassel

The End of Pluto's Reign



Dusk had fallen over the Lower Basin Alley. Sounds of clattering dishes and snatches of jazz music drifted from the adjoining tenements. An aroma of well-cooked, spicy goulash and delicious spaghetti hovered over the neighborhood. Pluto, master of the canine underworld, was on his nightly prowling in search of invaders who possessed the temerity to challenge his rule. Peering bellicosely in all nooks and crannies, his keen and piercing look left nothing unobserved. As he passed down the road in an insolent swagger a sudden hush fell over the animal inhabitants of Pluto's Kingdom.

After a moment of stunned silence, the entire section galvanized into action. Leaving behind a trail of partly devoured pork chops and remnants of a Sunday dinner, canine and feline members alike for-

getting their traditional feud quickly scaled the nearest fences in an effort to reach a haven of safety. Pluto, surveying the scene with disdainful eyes merely emitted a low growl to make his presence felt and quietly consumed the choicest portions to the anguish of his assembled subjects who followed the movements of his jaws with sorrowful eyes. All fervently prayed for deliverance from their tormentor but Pluto's long lived reign had instilled them with a fatalistic resignation.

Suddenly the unexpected happened. Following the odor which the wind had spread to all parts of Lower Basin Alley, a ruffianly, truculent mongrel with a menacing scowl upon his face made his appearance. Without much ado he disregarded the scandalized Pluto and to the horror of the audience fell voraciously

upon the meats. Seeing his throne at stake Pluto with a loud howl threw himself upon his opponent. To his chagrin and dismay he discovered that his energetic attack had no effect upon his rival. Rather it roused the latter to a great pitch of fury. Disregarding all principles of chivalry and international law he pounced upon the helpless Pluto and mauled him mightily. Hoping that their moment of deliverance was at hand the entire assemblage en-

couraged their savior with yelps and mews. At the last moment however, Pluto was saved from an ignominious end. Not appreciating the critical moment at hand in the history of the animal world of Lower Basin Alley, Guisseppe, the Barber, quickly brought the bitter struggle to a close with a well directed pot of water. Thus once again peace and tranquillity reigned over Pluto's former kingdom.

Irving Frost

Habit

How true and how wise are the words of the sages! Many's the time I came across their words, but never have I been able to so fully appreciate their wisdom as I do now. For they said: "Habit is a cable, we weave a strand of it every day until it becomes so strong, that we can not break it." Yet young and strong as I once was, I thought their words to be idle statements of uncivilized leaders of an era long outmoded. For I was foolish, so foolish I thought myself wise. In youth, such attitudes prevail; in time they learn otherwise. But I did not have a chance to make use of the later mood; it was too late. I walked the narrow and crooked streets of my town one dismal day with a newly made comrade, when he chanced to confide in me. He urged, pleaded and wept that I accompany him to a "house" he frequented. Little did I then know the tragic result of the innocent little escapade. We went into that house, my comrade and I, and paid our way into a large dark and smoke filled room. The air of the room was sickening. In little dens on the side, men were laying and happily enchanted, murmuring incoherently. We were handed our opium filled pipes and shown into a den. A feeling of deep disgust crept into my soul, but I decided to

give the foul drug a chance. Harmless, I thought, as I inhaled the brain-killing fumes. In little time I was in a strange world, full of irrecountable pleasures, drifting off to oblivion.

So the dreadful habit formed, unnoticed. Daily I took my dose of the slowly-killing drug and was carried to that fanciful and beautiful Utopia which soothed and deadened my brain.

And so it came to pass that when one day I found the doors of the opium-emporium patrolled by gendarmes I became frantic. My mind groped wildly for a plan but failed to grasp anything concrete. My drugged emotions got the best of me and I foolishly attacked the gendarmes.

Now I am able to write this tragic tale of a youth since grown old. For long years I have suffered behind the drab walls of my prison, silently yet gruesomely. So from my life tale a moral and profit by my experience for I hope my tale of woe is not written in vain.

In my life tale there is a moral by which others may profit, I hope my tale of woe is not written in vain.

Jacob Klausner.

The Story Without a Title

Out of the county jail, into the drizzling rain, down the monotonous stone steps, along the puddle-strewn sidewalks, our hero walks slowly, resignedly, calmly, gravely. Having just finished a fifteen year sentence, Max Nordac, our hero reflects. He had a family, kids, a decent home, and led an average life. But because of the disgrace his well-meaning actions brought upon them, they had held it against him and he hadn't heard from them all these bleak, wasted years.

Machines can be moved without interfering with their producing ability. They have no sentimental feelings. But people aren't so, nor was Max. All these years he couldn't forget his children. With the years, his craving for one last sight of them increased. Now that he was free nothing could deter him. He must see them!

Hitch-hiking on almost anything that

has four wheels and walking more often than not, he finally arrives at the city where they lived when he last heard from them. Tramping through the city's streets, thoughts fly through his mind. How should he conduct himself? Would they recognize him? Did his wife marry someone else while he was racking his brain for some imagination that might show him his growing children? The names of the streets remind him of pre-prison days. Ah! Here is his section. But what's this? The houses are being torn down! An inquiry proves that a factory is being built upon the site. The inhabitants have moved away, who knows where? Like a soap-bubble, Max's hopes fall to the ground and are shattered. The "Evening-Star" bears the following note under the word "Obituary"—MAX NORDAC, SUICIDE . . .

Bernard Merling

On Day-dreaming

What a precious possession is a vivid imagination! What cannot a person do or have, when he is gifted with the powers to imagine? Wealth, power, and fame are within his calling, for dreams know no limit. Whoever you are and wherever you are, you can be happy if you are able to form pictures in your mind. The hero who accomplished the daring and miraculous deed may be you; the most charming of epithets and the most noble of titles may be bestowed upon you; you need only to imagine.

Of course, it requires courage to express such thoughts openly. People, today, have a word which expresses their contempt for those who utilize their imagination: "Day-dreamers." They work and, at times, slave for weeks in order to be free to enjoy themselves for a day. They under-

stand that people of means and opulence can enjoy luxury, but they fail to realize that people can be wealthy without the possession of money; they can be rich in their imagination.

Perhaps people would learn to value more dearly their imaginations if they knew Fred Wadder. They would hear him describe his feelings when he returned from the war, deprived of the service of his feet. He would tell them how, when on the verge of desperation, he discovered that his loss was not as great as it at first seemed. He found that he could still walk, in the imagination one needs no feet to walk. He could sit in his wheelchair, while in his dreams he may be mounting the stairs which lead to a microphone from which he could address thousands of cheering listeners.

Or they might place themselves into a dictatorship, where free speech and civil rights are prohibited. Where could they pour out their protests? What friend would they have to confide in without fear of betrayal? The only answer: the imagination. In there they could visualize liberation, for into the imagination they alone have access. It is true that these dreams bring no practical results; never-

theless they do bring consolation.

The imagination is the cheapest and most valuable luxury that has ever been conferred upon us. Some people have spent their only happy moments with their imagination.

Imagination is a world by itself, in which everyone can be happy. It is a Utopia.

Solomon Weinberger

Footsteps and Character

"Clothes make the man," is an expression with which we are all familiar, but with which I heartily disagree. Never do I judge a man by his vestments, but rather by the character of his footsteps. There are various types of footsteps, of which I will enumerate a few and describe the manner in which they impress me.

First, I will analyze for you the "sledge hammer" walker. He's the fellow whose footsteps are reminiscent of Tilda, the ponderous pachyderm of the Barnum and Bailey Circus. His efforts seem to be concentrated on pulverizing the pavement, thus rendering it incapable of supporting any pedestrians who may possess the audacity to tread upon the spot sanctified by his presence. Inasmuch as I am aware of this menace, I am meticulous in avoiding the spots that have just undergone such ruthless punishment.

The most amusing type of pedestrian is the "jack-in-the-box" walker. He appears to be perpetually perambulating upon mattresses, producing the aforementioned "jack-in-the-box" effect. This unwarrant-

ed display of agility causes me to form the opinion that he is either a pole-vaulter, a high-altitude flyer, or verily a victim of Cupid's unerring aim.

The third type to be described is commonly referred to as the "split-walker." With the use of a protractor one can discover that every time he spreads his legs to undertake another step, his body automatically forms a right triangle. It is possible that this statement is an exaggeration, but remember I am discussing the manner in which they impress me. As far as that's concerned, two split-walkers present to me the possibility of forming a perfect square.

With the revelations I have just made, we can see how each of these innocent idlers betrays his character with every step he takes, be he bow-legged, pigeon-toed, or knock-kneed. This further illustrates my statement that character cannot be determined by clothing, for what kind of clothing can make a man a sledge-hammer, a jack-in-the-box, or an angle of a square?

M. I. Friedman



I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Stephen Grellet

The Tragedy of a Five Dollar Bill

Business was at a standstill early in the afternoon. If someone would have looked into the closed door of the K & D Kiddie Shop, he would have set eyes upon a store devoid of customers. Merchandise was piled neatly in shelves along the walls of the store. To the left of the doorway was a narrow desk. In back of it a young woman, obviously the cashier, sat knitting a sweater. A sticker on the bag in which she carried her wool read "Bundles for Britain." At the rear of the store a clerk was slouched in a chair reading a magazine labeled "True Detective."

Suddenly the door opened. The cashier dropped her knitting and stood up. The clerk pushed his magazine under the chair he was sitting on and got up to take care of the customer. A middle aged woman walked slowly into the store, after quietly shutting the door. Although her clothes were well worn they were spotless, as was her entire person. She walked up to the cashier's desk, carefully avoiding the clerk. She glanced about the store very slowly as if she were afraid that something might hurt her.

The cashier's request of "What can I do for you?" broke her chain of thoughts and she turned to her and answered in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"I bought something here about three-quarters of an hour ago . . ."

"Oh yes, I remember you," the cashier interrupted in a voice filled with sweetness and cordiality, "you bought two pairs of rubber panties."

"Well," the lady continued, "I gave you a ten dollar bill and you gave me \$4.50 change instead of \$9.50."

"Surely there must be some mistake," the cashier replied in the same sweet tone, "I distinctly remember putting the change down here on the counter. You picked it up, counted it, and dropped it into your bag. You walked out without your package and you came back a few moments later."



"That's right," returned the lady in front of the desk, "but I didn't count the money, I just dropped it into my bag. When I left here I didn't open my pocket-book for some time. But when I did open it only \$4.50 was in it. You probably made a mistake and forgot to give me a five."

The cashier looked around, not knowing what to do. Arguing seemed futile. The lady would only continue to insist that she had made a mistake and had not given her the five dollar bill.

"Louis," she called out in a voice that was no longer sweet but showed signs of impatience, "come here, please."

The lady turned towards the direction in which her voice had been thrown. At the rear of the store a door marked "Manager," opened up. A tall, thin man stepped out. He was about to say something, but, on seeing the customer, he walked silently to the desk.

He inquired as to what was wrong. The cashier hastily explained the entire situation to him, adding, "I distinctly remember giving her the missing five also."

"I'm afraid there is nothing we can possibly do," replied the manager in a voice that showed that he was accustomed to speaking politely. "We know that this girl is honest. She's been with us for three years now and not once have we had a complaint, nor have we had any money missing. You've probably dropped the money somewhere else."

"No sir," retorted the lady. Any hope that she had of retrieving the money seemed to be vanishing rapidly, "I couldn't have lost the money except in this store," her voice steadied as she appeared to regain confidence in herself, "I didn't open my pocketbook from the time I left this store until I discovered that the money was missing." The tone of her voice seemed to say, "That'll convince him."

"But what do you want us to do," the manager replied in desperation, throwing his hands out in front of him as if to say that the situation was hopeless, "she says she gave you the money. The only explanation is that you probably dropped it after you left the store."

The lady stared at the manager blankly for a few seconds and then burst into tears. The manager took a step toward her but decided that it would be better to let her alone for a while. Her wailing changed to short sobbing just as the cashier was about to return to her knitting.

"Listen," the lady mumbled between sobs, "I am a simple lady. I don't want to start trouble for anybody. I mind my own business. I don't want this girl to get into any trouble or lose her job. But I need these five dollars very badly. It is not for myself. My little boy, he's six years old you know, needs shoes so he can go to school. Without these five dollars I'll have to cut down on my other babies' food. I won't be able to give them enough milk and vegetables."

She paused to blow her nose, tears dripping down the sides of her cheeks. She brushed away the tears and continued,

"My husband has been out of a job for a long time. He got a new job today but he doesn't get paid until next week. It's not as if I had lost a dollar or even two dollars, but (sob) five dollars. My poor babies," her voice broke into a long wail that was followed by a soft sobbing.

The manager tried to comfort her, but his efforts were futile. The lady merely leaned against the counter, her head buried in one of her arms, sobbing and mumbling softly.

The manager tapped her on the shoul-

der. She looked up. He then explained to her that by checking with the cash register he could tell if there was any extra money in it. As he counted the money she eyed him carefully, her eyes not leaving him for a moment. She stood up straight as he started back to her, bracing herself by leaning one hand on the desk.

"I'm sorry, madam," the manager answered before she could say anything, his voice reflecting his thoughts that anything she would say would be useless. "The cash register balances with the sales for today. There is nothing extra in it."

"What," the lady shrieked with a dying note of hope in her voice. "Then there is only one explanation. The cashier is just a common thief trying to rob a poor lady's children of their food. A thief is what she is, a thief, a thief, a thief," and she burst into tears again.

The cashier began to knit, paying no attention to the accusation. Suddenly the lady leaped behind the counter and started striking the cashier with her fists. The girl stepped aside and the manager tried to calm the already completely hysterical woman. He sat her down, and after a minute or two she seemed to have regained her senses.

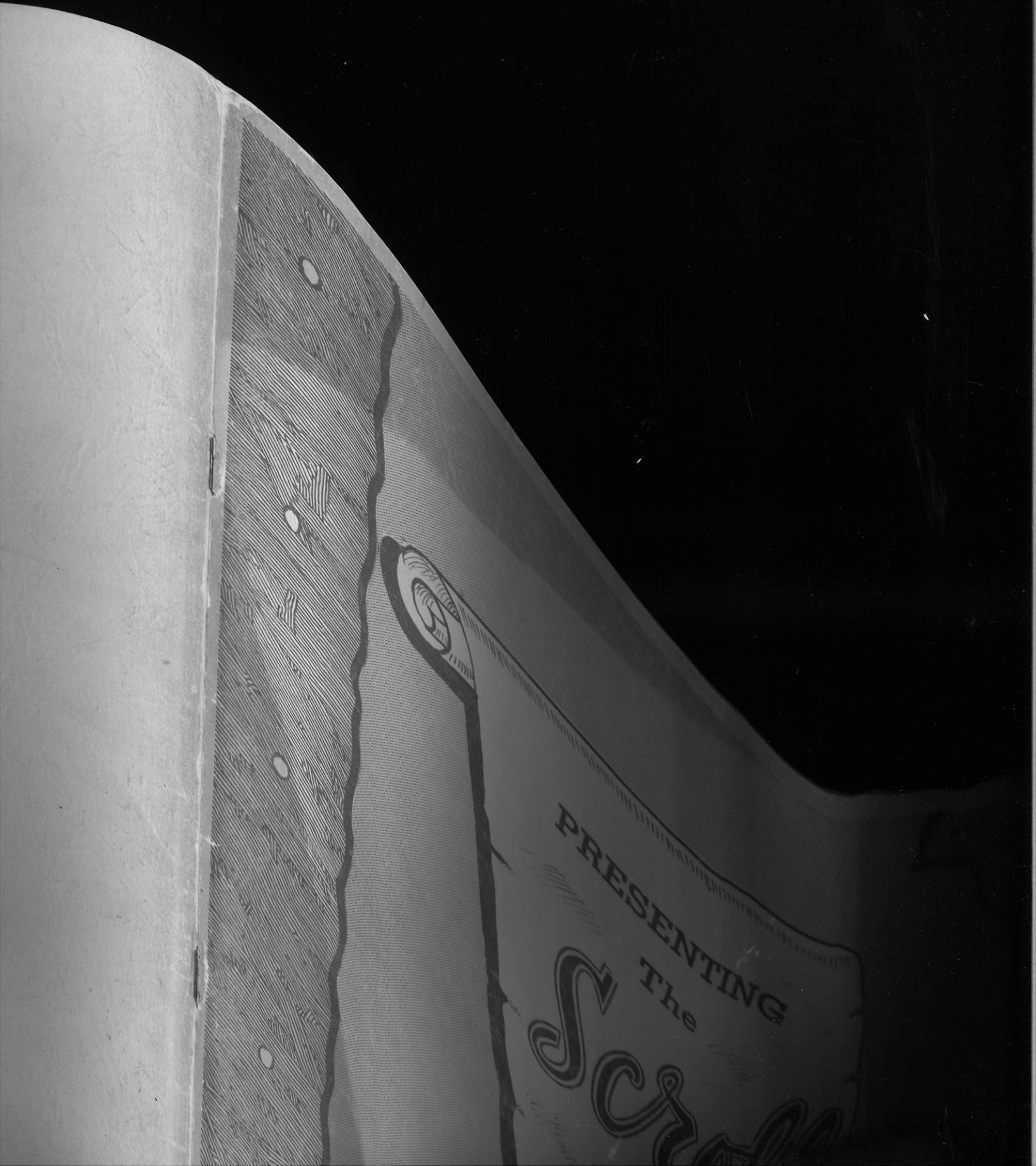
She sat still in the chair, staring blankly ahead of her, but as soon as the manager's back was turned she leaped to her feet. Grabbing a heavy object lying on the desk, she began beating the cashier. One of the blows apparently hurt the girl and she lost her temper. She seized the lady and began giving her a good sound beating.

During this last outburst a customer walked into the store, and horrified, turned and hurriedly walked out, obviously amazed at the strange doings.

The manager stopped the fight before any serious damage had been inflicted by either party.

"I'm afraid that was entirely uncalled for Miss Dunn," the manager addressed the cashier with a strange sternness in his voice. "I do not doubt your honesty, but after such conduct I must discharge you. Come back Friday to get your check."

Now it was the cashier's turn to wail.



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"Please, I need this job," she pleaded, "I have to support my sick mother and she'll be lost if I have no job. Have some pity, I had to protect myself. She would have fractured my skull. She's a maniac and I had to defend myself. I've been here for years and you've never had any trouble. Please let me keep this job."

Her voice quivered through the last few words. She looked at the manager blankly, her eyes reflecting her feelings.

"I'm sorry," replied the manager, evidently puzzled and dismayed at the sudden turn of events, "but after that outburst there is nothing I can do but fire you. If this lady reports the incident I'd lose my job for not discharging you. And even if she doesn't report it, the lady who walked in during the fight is bound to. I have a family too, and I have to be sure of my job."

The cashier picked up her hat and walked out of the store staring blankly ahead, dazed by the sudden tragedy that had disrupted her peaceful and happy life.

As the door slammed shut the lady smiled for the first time since she had entered the store.

"Now you can give me the five dollars and take it off the thief's pay check."

The lady uttered the last words with a sneer, seeming to be happy now that she was going to get her five dollars back.

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that," he replied, "my firing her had nothing to do with her honesty. I've known her long enough to know that she is honest and reliable. And even if I wasn't sure of her honesty, I couldn't take the five dollars from her pay check without definite proof that she took it."

The manager spoke these words with disgust, no longer bothering to mask his feelings concerning the situation. The lady broke into tears again as her hopes which had risen from zero until just a moment ago, when they had reached their peak, were suddenly dashed hopelessly to the ground. She kept mumbling, "My little babies, my little babies." She started for the door and then collapsed and dropped

to the floor. She was taken to the hospital where they diagnosed her as being a complete wreck, both physically and mentally.

* * *

That night the new janitor was busily cleaning the K & D Kiddie Shop. He kept whistling because he was happy, and he had a job and he could give his family everything that they needed. Fresh milk and vegetables, clean clothes. Now his children, who for years had been deprived of the right things that they rightfully deserved, would grow up to be normal and healthy young Americans. His whistling changed to a shout of joy as his eye, carefully scanning the floor for dirt, caught sight of an object on the floor. There, partly hidden under the counter, lay a bill. He began whistling again as he picked up the five dollar bill and put it in his wallet.

That night, when he came home, he rushed into the house with the five dollar bill in his hand. "Mary, Mary," he sang out, "Look what I've got for you."

His wife's sister, Doris, came into the room with one of his babies in her arms. "I'm sorry Tom," she started before he could say anything, "here, sit down," and she pushed him into a chair.

"Mary, what's happened to her," he demanded as he struggled to get up. He grabbed his sister-in-law and screamed, "What's happened, tell me."

She forced him back into the chair. "Mary is in the hospital," she continued pausing to watch his reaction.

He seemed to have regained control of himself and stared at her, eagerly awaiting her next words.

"She collapsed on a shopping tour this afternoon."

She started to say something but changed her mind and left the room, figuring that it would be best to leave him alone.

"Oh" was all he could answer, his temporary joy suffering a sudden relapse. He stared blankly at the forgotten five dollar bill that lay crumpled in his hand. "At least this will help to pay the doctor bills," he thought as he got out of the chair.

I. Davidson

Dishing out the dirt

Definitions:

"School Spirit"—Something found in First-aid kits, used for recussitating teachers. "Marks"—Usually member of the Doughnut Family.

"Tanks" Department (for the duration):

Tanks to Leonard Klappholtz and Seymour Weller for keeping the class notified on all baseball scores, inning by inning. Special Tanks to Mr. Applebaum for his effOrts.

Hats-off Department:

Hats-off to teacher Irving Sheckman, who has joined the colors. May he be an asset to Uncle Sam—He was an upset to most of us.

Could Be's:

That Charles Vogel will get along with a Teacher.

That Rhein will quit his watch.

That Schwamenfeld will smile.

That Pressman is on a diet.

That Singer will shut up!

Did Yuh Evah Heah:

Mr. Arnold walking through the hall, singing a lovely hit parade rendition of "Any Stamps Today"?

Mr. Applebaum say, "Now, anybody but Singer"?

Mr. Lieberman say, ("censored"), . . . ("censored")?

Sholom Singer's interpretation of contemporary poetry?

Esky beat it out on the tables of Shorr's?

Freshman Jottings:

One disciplined freshman asked his teacher if he could leave the room six times before he left.—Attention, Dope!

Sophomore Scoop:

One sophomore, on being handed one of Mr. Applebaum's tests, yelled out, "But I'm too young to fill out a questionnaire." Another Sophomore flunked English III because his mother refused to give him ten cents to see "Man Hunt." (Book report due on—)

Junior Dope:

One Junior was handed his first hundred on an exam. He had worked five terms for that goal, but he could never reach it. Mr. Lieberman, however, was the answer to his prayers . . . (He forgot to change the order of the questions.)

Senior Dirt:

The Senior class suffered severely during an air-raid drill, when the alarm in room 304 failed to sound . . . Mr. Applbaum was giving a test. Unfortunately for Sholom Singer, the high-school course is only four years, had it been six, he might have been able to slip his brother Jake's book report through Mr. Applbaum's Anthology of Book Reports . . . Take a hint, Sofs and Juniors . . . Epitath on Marvin Cohen's tombstone, a hundred and fifty years hence:

Here lies Marvin Cohen;
Not with his fortunes,
Not with his deeds,
But with his School Spirit.

"Boner of the Year":

Sholom Singer's head after his "all off" haircut.

Ralph Fischer

המתיבתא "מפתן בית חיינו"

מאת יצחק פיטנער

בשנשא עינינו לבנינו של המתיבתא מבחוץ הרי הוא בנין ככל הבנינים מסביבו, ויש בנינים בשכונתו יותר נהדרים ומשוכללים הימינו. אך כבר אמרו חכמינו ז"ל: "אל תסתכל בקנקן אלא כמה שיש בו". על כן כנכנסים אנו למתיבתא פנימה, הרי מתגלה לפנינו מהזה אחר לגמרי. אז תראינה עינינו את אוצר נשמתנו וירגיש לבנו את הסמוי מעינינו — הקדושה אשר תמלא את כל זיוותיה.

אחר שתסובב הדלת על צירה ונכנס אתה למתיבתא, וקבלו פניך אורה הזוגע, ואורא המחמם. ותבלטנה נגד עיניך אותיות גדולות מזהירות, "עץ חיים היא למחזיקים בה ותומכיה מאשר". ואם בעל מקירה אתה וראית פנים אל פנים בין אותיות הללו את יששכר השמח באהליו, ואת זבולון היוצא לשווקים לעסק בפרקמטיה ועלית מעלות אחדות וראית חדרים רחבי ידים מימין ומשמאל. בהם ילמדו בהתמדה רבה ובתשוקה עזה בהורינו בחירינו — הצעירים לימים וזקנים בחכמה. ופתחת הדלת ובאת לספרי גדולה ונהדרה המלאה לה ספרים, מספרים שונים. ועמדת כמשתומם מהריש לדעת — מדוע יהיו בחורים כל כך שקועים בספרים הללו? אכן נגעת על שאלת קיומנו!

ועתה לכה ונכנס לבית המדרש של המתיבתא, לקדש הקדשים שלה, נשמת רוח אפנו אחת היא — אם יהיה בעלת השחר או כדמי חצות ליל, אם יהיו הימים ימי תמוז הלוהטים בחגור היום, או ימי השון הקרים וזועפים — שם נמצא בכל השעות השונות ובכל העתים השונים, בחורים כגורי אריות, הלוהטים מלחמתא של תורה לא בחרב ולא בסוף, כי אם בכלי מלחמה הקשים מחרב, החזקים מסוף. פה נראה בחורים שנהרו הנה מכל כנפות הארץ, וביניהם פלטים מחרב השכורה מדם שהצליחו בעזרת מנהלי המתיבתא, ובחמלת ד"ע עליהם לחיות עוד פעם באהלה של תורה ולהמשיך את עבודתם הקדושה. ומי בעל עינים ורואה — בעל לב מבין ומרגיש — וראה בעיניו כאן בכל בחור טבעת בשלשלת הזהב של עמינו. והרגיש בלבו את שפע האויר הקדוש והטהור אשר יחופף על בית המדרש, שממנו נושמים כל ישראל והיים ושבללו קיים העולם ומלאו. כי זה הוא סם החיים שלנו. והרגשת שסם זה הוא שנתן לנו כה ותעצומת נפש לסבל כל צרה ומאוקה. הוא שנותן לנו כה גם כעת, כהו של ברזל לקבל כל הלמות פטיש ההולמנו. הוא שיתן לנו עז להבא לעבר על כל נחשלא אשר יבא לטבענו. במקום הזה תחזה את הנר המאיר את דרכנו האפלה בנלות החל. הקול העולה מגרון נהר של מתמיד המאחר בנשף, קול יעקב הוא — שבלעדי קול זה אין לנו כה להתקיים בתור עם כלל, וכל שכן בתור עם ישראל. וגדול היה השבר לו לא היו לנו בחורים אלה להגן על קיומנו. אזי נתערבנו בין הגויים ואין זכר לנו, חלילה. כי אחת נדע, כי אין לך חורבן דומה לחורבנו של עם — שאין עצה ותושיה נגדו. ארץ כי תחרב, יבא עזרא ויושיבנה. אך עם כי יחרב מה יעשה לו, ואיך יעלה תרופה?

המתיבתא! מלה קטנה! אך מה רב טוב צפון בה! מה גדול יחוסה — בנה של וואלאזין, בן בנה של סורא ופומבדיתא — ואם אמא זקנתא היא יבנה. את כל מעלותיהם הנעלות ירשה ותביאם הלום, שלמות כמות שהיו, ותיסד בנין עדי עד, שלא ימט אף כי יעברו עליו רוחות סוערות, כי איתן מושבו. ערכה של המתיבתא מי יעריך? שויונה מי ישקל? רק מי שראה ארהם של בחוריה — בחורי עמנו, בהקיצם משנתם ורצים אל משנתם, בהגותם יומם וליל בעלי הגמרא הבלה החדשה, ומוסרים כל מאדם עליה — הוא יעריך ערכה וישקל שויונה. רק יהודי, שעבר בשלום במקלו ובתרמילו דרך ימים ומדבריות, ממדינה למדינה, יבין את התועלת הרבה הביאה אלינו. וסוד אחד כמס עמו — ישיבה כמתיבתא, היתה לו לאומן בילדותו, ותגדלהו ותגמלהו ומחומש לדרך שלחתו. והיא היא הסיבה, שנאבק עם כל "גלית" אשר יפגשנו בדרכו בגולה, ויוכל גם יכל לו.

לכן מי יוכל להוכיח כי התורה מעבר לים היא, כשרואים אנו פה באמעריקא את המתיבתא — ענק רוחני, ההולך ונגדל, הולך ומתפשט מידי יום ביומו?



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