

Mesifita Torah Vodaath
High School

The



June
1943

Buy Stamps



Buy Bonds

"Thought"

By Zachary Fendel — 2B-1

I stand bewildered in a world of thought,
But all my thinking comes to naught.
I think of war, I cry for peace,
But my thoughts do not the warfare cease.

I think of a soldier on a battlefield,
A dying soldier with wounds unhealed.
Pity flows freely from the depths of my heart,
But by pity I fear, I do not my part.

I think . . . and I think . . . and I think yet some more,
I think . . . of my duty towards winning the war,
By thinking it seems I do not my share
But there must be a way this burden to bear.

I look again towards the field of battle,
I see bullets fly . . . hear artillery rattle.
I suddenly hear a wounded soldier cry:
"If I had a gun, once more I would try."

My thoughts have wandered, but the war carries on.
My thoughts did not stop that fatal bomb.
. . . He said he would try if he had a gun,
And I shall try to get him one.

What is that motto which so often I heard?
Buy Bonds! That's it! I've got the word!
Buy a bond for a gun, and a gun I want to buy.
Maybe that soldier did not yet die.

* * *

I thought long and deep but the war was not won:
I thought of action, of buying a gun.
I bought a bond or a gun (it's the same thing)
That DOES bring us closer to hear the liberty bell ring.

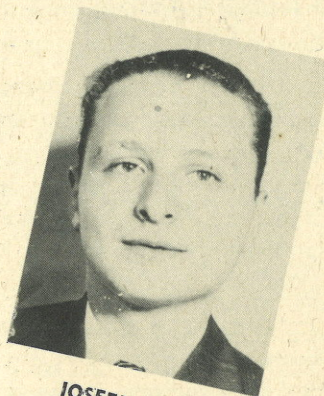
Scroll Executive Staff 1943



JACOB KLAUSNER

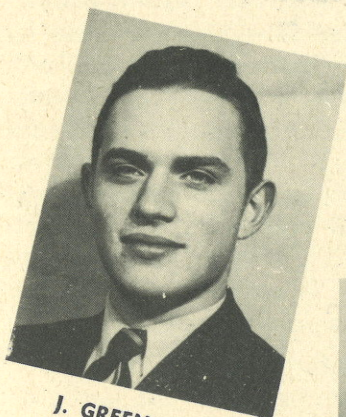


WM. ELEFANT
Ed. in Chief



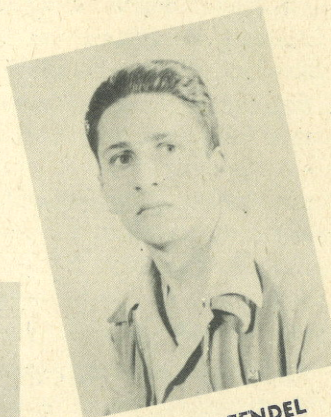
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Editorial

As the swiftness of the eagle, thus the rapidity of our high school career.

On the eve of our graduation we reminisce. As the cloudy mists of the past slowly melt away, we summon the cohorts of memory. They pass in review those memories of days gone by, and for the first time we perceive the unity of our once seemingly jumbled days.

When we first entered this pedestal of learning, we shed the naivete and narrowness of our elementary school days, and wholeheartedly plunged into the whirlpool that is Mesifita life. The struggle with the Talmud was begun with fresh fervor, and with equal heartiness we tackled the problems of our secular study. It was amidst the already tottering old building that our titanic struggle with knowledge began, and now a phase of our educational life is being written in the splendors of our new home.

And what a new home! The lofty spires of our new building present an imposing spectacle; and the awe-inspired newcomer immediately surmises that this, indeed, is the greatest citadel of Torah in the world.

The students and rabbis of the Mesifita are the last vestige of hope of the Diaspora, the last remnant of the disaster that has spread out its murderous tentacles and is slowly engulfing the Jewry of Europe. In this impressive building the immense burden of downtrodden Jewry is shouldered by the students, the future shepherds of Israel. The Torah, that great reliever that has lightened the burden of the Jews throughout two thousand years, and has illuminated the darkness that continually surrounded them, is now in great danger of being snuffed out. It is the students of the Yeshivos that are rapidly springing up throughout the country, that are perpetuating that everlasting light. Here in the Mesifita our characters are moulded according to the ethical and moral precepts of the Talmud. Here in the Mesifita we imbibe daily the culture of our sages, and each day we gain a clearer understanding of the richness and splendor of their perception.

During the past few years history has not stood still. All about us we saw the struggling world desperately trying to stem the tide of the terrifying flood of "blood, sweat and tears." And slowly we began to understand the dire predicament in which the Jews of the world found themselves, and we soon realized that the task of upholding Judaism had evolved upon us. And we responded to the call. With renewed vigor we applied ourselves to our learning, and steadily advanced further and further into the realms of Talmudic lore.

Throughout our lifetime we will steadfastly cling to the precepts of our law, for within them is our salvation, and forever we will study the words of our ancestors. For the training we received from the Mesifita is there to stay, and shall forever abide in our hearts.

JOSEPH J. GOLD.

An Open Letter To Rabbi Linchner

June 15, 1943.

Dear Rabbi Linchner:

It was during the previous term that I last had occasion to write to you. At that time I suggested several reforms that in my opinion would help toward raising the scholastic standard of our school. The foremost of these suggestions was the organization of a "General Organization of the Student Body of the Hebrew Parochial High School." This once dim hope has come to be realized.

The mere presence of a "G. O." in the Mesifita, however, does not eradicate those problems that were the cause for its conception; it is, however, a weapon to be used to overcome these problems.

The past term has seen the "G. O." turn the light on several weak points in the Mesifita schedule. The lack of a well equipped recreation room was the first problem to be attacked, and with your help in the technical part of the business, we hope to open the completed gym next term. The prompting of the "G. O." was also largely responsible for the opening of the library. The "G. O." Newspaper Committee has succeeded in putting out a monthly school paper touching on the more important phases of Mesifita life.

Such are the achievements of the "G. O." in the infancy of its existence. It was hampered by the fact that most of its workers were of the graduating class, and thus, the time they were able to set aside for the "G. O." was limited. But the greatest hindrance of all, perhaps, was the difficulty of producing immediate results from an organization that is, in its very nature, pledged to step by step, evolutionary progress.

The purpose of a "G. O." primarily, is to create, or recreate a strong spirit of

unity among the students of a school; this also holds true in the case of the Mesifita. It would seem to the uninitiated that strong ties should exist in such a homogenous group. This, however, is contrary to the fact. It is true that the students of our school are of the same religious belief; but their social, economic and environmental conditions vary; the sons of prominent and wealthy families attend classes with boys whose parents have only a moderate or low income; the product of Americanized Jewry sits beside the newly orphaned refugee of Europe, and together with them is the first-generation Brooklynite. Among such groups, as indeed among any heterogeneous group, neither the same ideas, nor the same methods of reasoning prevail. Added to this is a somewhat greater-than-usual pinch of scepticism, all making the task of those who would approach such a group with an idea new to them, harder than usual.

Such are the problems of the Mesifita "G. O." and such is the success it has had in overcoming them. Remaining are the plans of the "G. O." for the future, and the future of the "G. O." itself.

We must realize that between the time of this writing and the beginning of the next school term, a vacation of ten weeks will drain away the enthusiasm of the students for the "G. O."; and that to overcome this, the reorganization of the "G. O." must be vigorous.

The Student Representative Body must have the facilities of the building at its disposal. We cannot underestimate the effect a periodical appearing on time, has on the students' spirit; the feeling of trust for an organization that can conduct assemblies without the participation of the

faculty; the confidence inspired by an efficiently run gymnasium. Such are the factors contributing toward the success of a "G. O.," and these are the things that must be established as part of the Mesifita "G. O."

It seems appropriate at this point to thank you for the many times you have granted our not always reasonable requests, the trust you had in us when you let us run the assembly without interference; and the things you generally did to encourage us to carry on in spite of the obstacles that seemed to block the road of our success. Here I speak for the

whole graduating class, and I know from long association with its members that such thanks are heartfelt.

Although we will now leave the English Department of the Mesifita, we will interest ourselves in its welfare and in the problems of the Student Body. We would like to see the "G. O." grow to many maturity, and become the healthy organization through which the closer cooperation between the students and the faculty can become a reality.

Your student,

Jacob Klausner,
Associate Editor.

Faculty





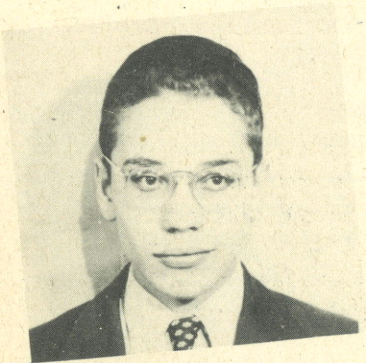
AUERBACH, HYMAN

The typical quiet Mesifita "bochur" who will be missed in Williamsburg when he leaves for the Spring Valley Yeshivah.



BANEBOVITCH, JOSEPH

A profound Hebraic scholar, who, hailing from far off Canada, made a name for himself in the Mesifita.



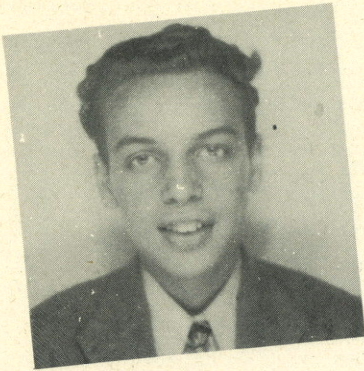
BERGMAN, CHAIM

From far-off Penn State he seems to conquer learning. His success, is apparent by his character, knowledge and intelligence. Such success is bound to continue.



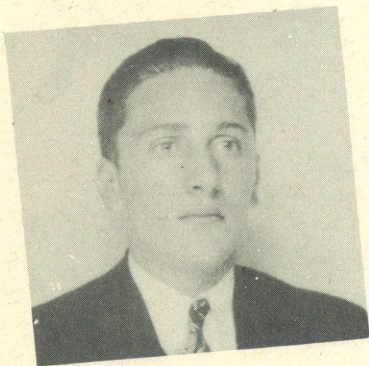
DIAMOND, DAVID

Don't be surprised if you see this slick lad, one of our Business Staff, turn out to be—D. Diamond, M.D., who can learn, and plenty.



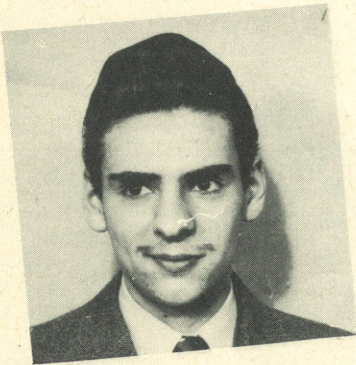
ELEFANT, WILLIAM

To our Editor-in-Chief, we leave a future, we hope, brighter than the success of our "brilliant" enterprise and loads of hope.



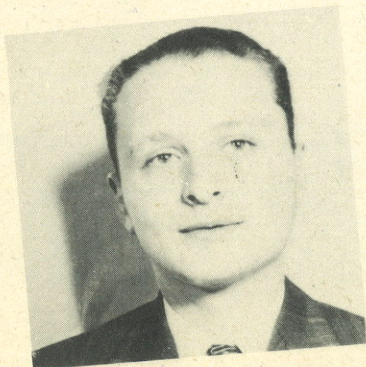
FENDEL, MEYER

This hard working fellow, one of the originators of the G. O., on our Business Staff, on Advisory Board to G. O., newspaper committee; what else can you ask?



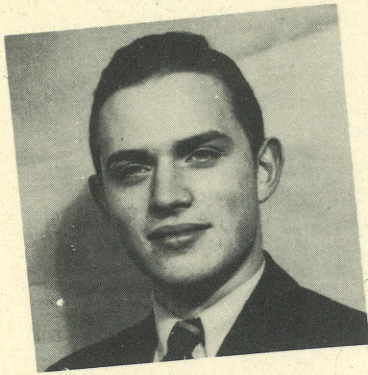
GELTZALER, JOSEPH

Boro Park is proud. Although recently arrived from Europe, he has already completed his English course (and successfully too.) From what we hear of him in his Jewish classes, we may have a Rabbi next year.



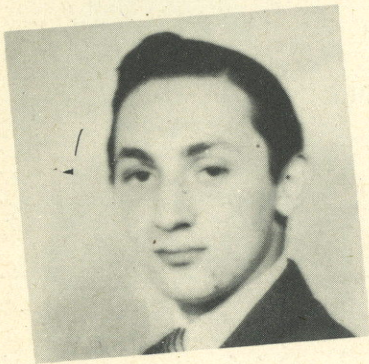
GOLD, JOSEPH

Thru-out high school the best, he worked hard for his reward, now on Editorial Staff, and not so bad in Hebrew either.



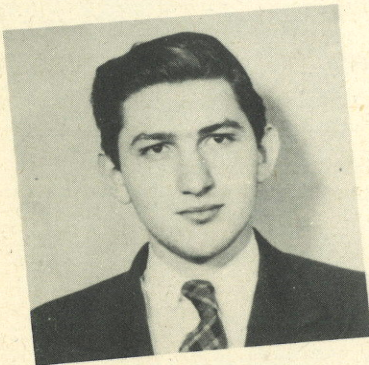
GREENFIELD, JONAS CARL

Jonas Carl, a linguist to be, started early and now speaks and reads—beside Arabic, Phoenecian, Ancient and Modern Hebrew, Latin, French and Sanskrit-English (more or less.)



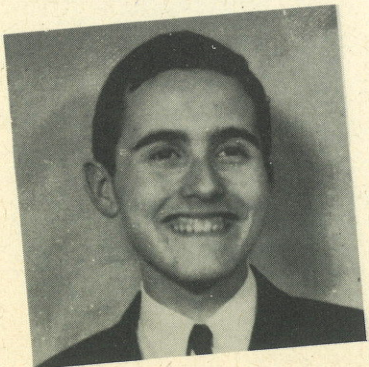
GROSS, ARTHUR

A fellow with a good serve, champion in handball, good in baseball, Pirchei leader, and counsellor in Camp Agudah; he is a swell guy, all in all.



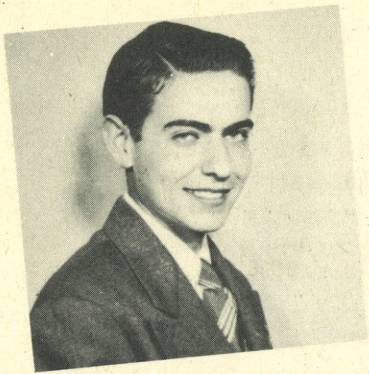
HARBATER, ????

An American recently returned from Palestine, a good "Eco" student learns well in the "Beth Medrosh J. Katan"; not so bad, not so bad.



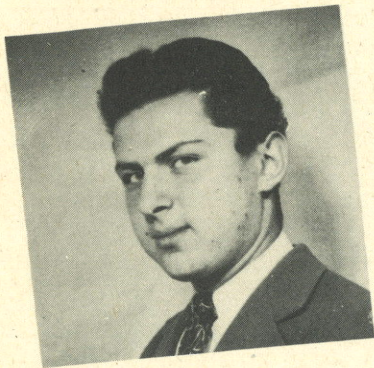
KAPNIK, JOSEPH

Former Easternite, welcome to the Mesifita as a quiet and sincere fellow. Mesifita is proud of its embryonic, violin-playing, Beethoven.



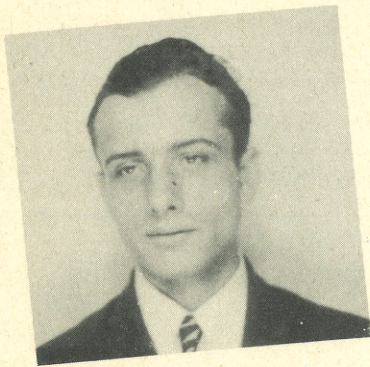
SEPTATOR, MOSES

Although here for a very short time this handsome kid from New Jersey has gained himself a swell name, and is well liked by all in the Mesifita (and that is something.)



SCHUCHTER, HAROLD

This star pupil of Rav Kaplan, is not so bad in English either. As matter o' fact, he's one of the best.



SCHOENFELD, DAVID

His poetic contributions are welcomed by Scroll Staff, making Scroll what it is. (Maybe this isn't the compliment it was meant to be.)



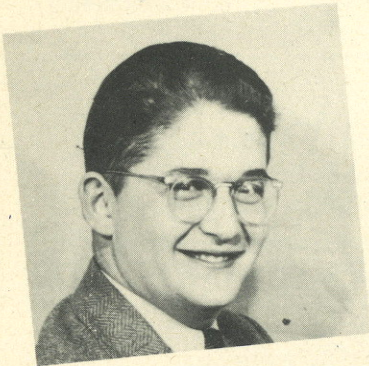
STERN, MOSES

An excellent talmudic scholar, and very pious; his stay in the Mesifita has been very successful, for he is one of the chosen few who are going to the Spring Valley Yeshiva.



KLAUSNER, JACOB

One of the originators of the G. O. —heads the Service Squad, also on the G. O. Advisory Board, Newspaper Committee—is blamed for everything that happens in the Mesifta.



MARCUS, SIDNEY

Cut-of-town's well represented by this congenial chap. Play ball (especially basketball) quite well.



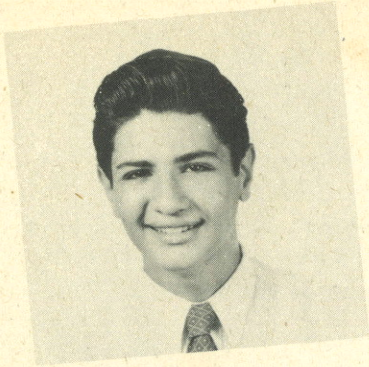
PERL, ALFRED

This Pirchei leader from Avenue C plays a swell game of basketball. He pitched us to victory in the baseball game with Chaim Berlin, not bad, eh?



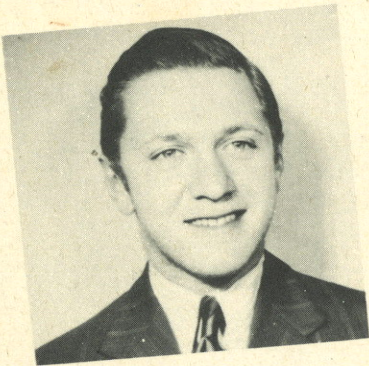
PRONMAN, KIVIE

Quoting our sages constantly, this pious gentleman is continually a threat to the English teachers. No need to worry about him—he can take care of himself.



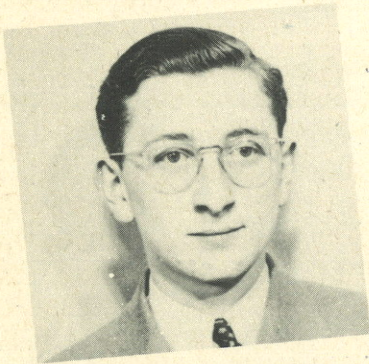
TANENBAUM, EMANUEL

Hailing from Austin, this Texan with the spirit of the Alamo within him, has truly achieved noteworthy success, as both gentleman and scholar.



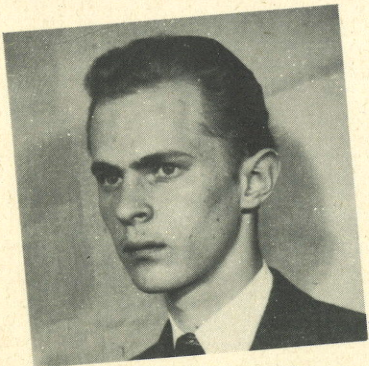
TAUB, LEONARD

In the study of the Talmud he revels, for a Rabbi he will be. In English one of the best—this studious gentleman is rapidly climbing the road to success.



WEISBERG, WILLIAM

Coming from Cleveland, his short stay in the Mesifita has been fruitful. He returns a learned person both in Hebraic and Secular studies. New York's loss is Cleveland's gain.



WEITMAN, MURRAY

His long and lanky form is indeed a familiar figure in the Mesifita. This advancing young man, is one of the originators of the G. O.; good in geometry and algebra, and a clever politician too.



FISHBAIN, ABE

This lad hails from down Chicago way. Although in the Mesifta for a very short stay he has been successful both in his English and Jewish undertakings.

John Doe And The War

"America"! Few people realize just what that word signifies. Nearly every American understands the "Bill of Rights" and the freedoms stipulated therein, yet very few citizens really appreciate these liberties. The attitude of the average American citizen during the pre-war days, was like that of a child, who, after seeing the toys and candy of the other children taken away, cannot realize that he might be the next victim.

John Doe had never been a victim of Japanese atrocities. He had never seen his home-town bombed, his house burned to the ground, his children permanently maimed. He had never experienced the shock of being awakened from peaceful dreams by the screaming of air sirens. He had never been forced to lie in a slimy trench, fighting overwhelming odds. John Doe was soft.

Then came Pearl Harbor. Almost over-

night John Doe was transformed from a care-free, happy playboy, to a somber and grave man with the realization that he was at war. He had always been loyal to his country, but had never had the opportunity to prove it. He perceived that the unfortunate countries which had fallen under the barbaric sword of the Axis were not so very far away from him. John Doe responded to his country's pleas with every ounce of strength in him.

He gave up his non-essential job and sought employment in a War Plant. He dug down deep into his pockets and bought as many Defense Bonds and Stamps as was humanly possible. He sent his sons off to the war with a cheerful smile. He now comprehends that the cherished freedoms which he had so long taken for granted were being threatened. John Doe answered. America answered.

Alvin Lipton—2B2.

"Think not meanly of yourself and despair not of perfection."

—Maimonides.

A Lasting Peace

Perhaps the most distressing aspect of war is that the end of each seems to prepare the foundation for the next. This is due mainly to the usual uncompromising and vindictive attitude of the victors toward the defeated nation. Especially in the so called treaties of peace ending a war, it has been customary that the victors impose terrible penalties and unreasonable demands on the defeated to such an extent, that the defeated nation reduced to the stage of "fight or perish" will fight, and consequently another war will ensue.

Let us take the case of World War I. At the conclusion of that war the treaty of Versailles was formulated and signed. The terms of the treaty, of course, were directed mainly at the vanquished Germans and her allies. Germany was stripped of her colonies, and greatly reduced in territorial size in Europe. Major German rivers were internationalized for commerce, and the Rhine valley was demilitarized. All former German colonies were mandated to the allied countries under the League of Nations and Germany was forced to cede to victors various concessions in China and other treaty rights in her other numerous possessions. Furthermore, Germany was deprived of her navy, her merchant marine, and her army was reduced to about one hundred thousand. Reparations for losses and damages were later set by a Reparations Commission at about 31 billion dollars.

"The Treaty of Versailles was dictated by hatred, revenge, human greed, and the desire to humiliate a vanquished foe." Working hand in hand, they were determined on one definite goal, to reduce

Germany to utter powerlessness. However, it was later learned that it was impossible to subjugate a country of Germany's potential power and strength, and it was inevitable that Germany should attempt to regain her former power. This desire for power and the German people's dissatisfaction with the harsh terms of that treaty, was in large measure responsible for the acceptance of the Hitler Dictatorship. What this finally led to, need not be discussed here, the facts are well known to everyone.

Theoretically, the Versailles Treaty ended the war, but actually it watered the seeds which were to be the instigators of another world struggle.

Will history repeat itself, or will we, by means of our previous mistake, defy that law? I certainly hope we will. We must take into consideration that "to make a world safe for democracy" we cannot employ those tools which are themselves the causes for the destruction of this world.

As in the words of George W. Norris, ex-Senator from Nebraska, "America, as well as the entire civilized world, can support a peace where no nation involved in war shall receive any indemnity; where no territory is transferred from one nation to another; where the victorious shall exact no penalty from the vanquished; but where victor, as well as vanquished, shall reduce their armaments to a maximum, and shall themselves agree to the same disarmament heretofore imposed by the successful on the defeated nation. That is the only peace which will last; that will not breed other wars to follow."

William Elefant.

Non Reflecting Felines

Non reflecting felines, or better known as black cats in America, are encompassed with the suspicion that one should refrain from having them cross one's path. At first, people were afraid of the path-crossing pussies only at night, but soon, day was included in the span of time that black cat evils worked.



And this is how it all began. About 999 years ago (you'll have to take my word for it, as true and authentic proof is lacking, though I have it on the best authority) on a pitch dark night, a young man, Sleepus by name, was walking down a still darker alley. Because of the excellent camouflage it was blessed (?) with a black cat, not noticed to be standing directly in Sleepus' path. But the fact remains that the cat was in his path and the inevitable happened. Sleepus stepped on it. Now if you ever stepped on a cat you undoubtedly heard that unearthly screech,

that unheard of howl so that it sends icicles tripping down your shivering spine . . . and all this on a pitch dark night. Well, our friend, poor soul, became a little nervous and a little bit more nervous, getting worse and worse till he finally landed in Bellevue. It didn't take long for local news reporter, Flashus, to find out that it was a black cat that caused Sleepus' mental collapse. It was carried in all the papers and the "Daily News" devoted a whole Page Four to articles concerning the young man's social standing. So the story became known far and wide and warning was spread—"do not let a black cat cross your path at night time!" Carry a torch, (one that is used for lighting purposes,) don't walk at night, do anything, but don't let a black cat cross your path.

Exactly thirteen days later, Flashus was sitting in his parlor about 3 in the afternoon, finishing up his column for the paper, when he felt a bit chilly. Dashing down to the cellar he saw that there was little coal in the furnace, so he grabbed a shovel and being in a hurry to get back to his work, stuck the shovel into the coal bin fast and furious—but good, and what do you think he heard? That same goose-pimply, eeeeeerie yell of an unnoticed, badly mauled and indignant black cat. He also went off the beam. He and Sleepus had an interesting pastime guessing how many bat's were in éach other's belfry.

So my friends, this is the origin (I have it on the best authority) of the superstition surrounding the black cat. But take my advice. Superstition or no superstition, don't step on a cat, black or white, if you want to be the same calm, cool, and collected person you are now. 'S nit goot.

Anonymus.

The Chofetz Chaim

One day a group of boys, playing in the market, suddenly noticed an apple cart that had been overturned. Immediately, they began to snatch the fruits which had fallen from the cart and gleefully ran away with them. Later, at home, one of the little fellows learned the commandment "Thou Shalt Not Steal" and decided that he would repay the peddler. He approached his mother and asked her to give him a few "Kopecks" (a lot of money for one his age.) When he secured these, he immediately ran to the dealer and bought some fruit. When the man was not looking, he tossed the fruit back into the cart, and went on his way, satisfied that he had not committed a sin. Thus was started the career of honesty and piety that was destined to be an important factor in the life of the great tzadik and gaon, the "Chofetz Chaim."

Rabbi Israel Mayer Hakohain (known as the Chofetz Chaim) who, by his spiritually idealistic visions brought about the strengthening of fundamental Jewish belief, was born in Grodna-Guberia in the year 1833. He lived in an age when Jewish children were able to recite difficult tractates of the Talmud at the tender age of ten or twelve and when lads of fifteen had already learned complete "Shas." Since he managed to become the greatest man of this period, it can be readily perceived how truly great and rich in Talmudic lore the "Chofetz Chaim" was.

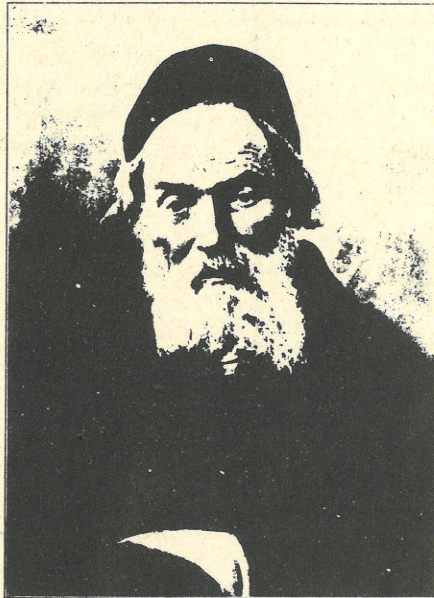
The greatness of the Chofetz Chaim is manifested by the seforim that he wrote,

which have a remarkable effect on the lives of Orthodox Jewry. His "Chofetz Chaim," "Machneh Yisrael," "Mishno Brurer" are only a few of the widely read books that added to the already full commentary on the fundamentals of Judaism. The work "Mishno Brurer" is the newest addition to the "Code of Jewish Laws," and already it is in use throughout the world by Orthodox Jews who seek the background and reasons for certain statutes. The sefer "Shmeeras Haloshon," (Guidance of the Tongue,) might well justify the belief that the great men of Israel did truly "practice what they preached," for it is a well known fact that the Chofetz Chaim was exceedingly careful not to talk about other people, realizing the consequences of slander.

Rabbi Israel Mayer as a young man devoted himself entirely to a diligent

study of the Torah and didn't concern himself with worldly affairs; for he realized he could contribute to the welfare of Judaism only after he had a complete and thorough knowledge of the Talmud. However, in his later years, in accordance with the Talmudic precept that the first forty years of one's life are to be spent acquiring knowledge and the remainder imparting it, he founded a Yeshivah known throughout the world as the "Yeshivas Chofetz Chaim."

Piety, honesty, sincerity, modesty, and a profound knowledge of the Talmud, characterized the life of the Chofetz Chaim from the very beginning. People



דער חפץ חיים אין יאר תרס"ג

who knew him would wonder that so great a man could have so warm a regard for each individual student at his Yeshiva. The story is told that when a boy fell asleep during learning, the Chofetz Chaim, instead of reprimanding him, walked over to him, quietly, so as not to awaken the tired boy and covered him with a blanket saying, "if he fell asleep he was probably very tired. When he awakens he will be able to study better."

How wonderful it would be if another Chofetz Chaim were to arise now to instil into the hearts of those who are turning to reform organizations a zest for the Torah true way of life! Yet we may be thankful, that like the Vilnor Goan, who

brought forth great scholars who were destined to spread his words of wisdom throughout the world, so the Chofetz Chaim produced men like Rev. Elchanan Wasserman, who even now are spreading the knowledge they gained from their great teacher.

With every generation there have been great men in Israel. Let us hope that now, when we are in the direst need for a great spiritual leader, one who will be able to spread the doctrines of everlasting truth, one who will continue the work that was started by the Chofetz Chaim, will arise to meet history's challenge.

Meyer Fendel.

"They Also Serve"

War is not the invention of modern science. War was born with man. It is an animal instinct, able to be delayed for a short period of time, but unable to be controlled indefinitely. Yet, we realize that science has brought about a definite change in the manner that wars are conducted. The caveman did not ride a tank; Greece did not fall by a "blitzkrieg"; Rome's population was not slaughtered mercilessly by divebombers. A war that then would have lasted a hundred years would be over today in one. It would take the whole world twenty years to cause as much destruction as was accomplished during the last war in a mere four years. Is this science's tribute to the world?

Yet we are satisfied. A nation that has made great strides in science boasts of it. That country has a higher standard of

living. Its workers live like kings! its kings own empires. We talk of science as an angel which has brought us airplanes, automobiles and radios. But what about the millions killed in the last war? What about the millions killed in this war?

This is the basic principle of science. Science maketh weapon; weapon destroyeth land and man; science rebuildeth that which was lost. But in this cycle we get something which we would never have if not for science. It creates an inter dependence of one upon the other.

No longer does the man carrying the spear fight the war himself, but also the man who is behind the plow; the man who runs a lathe; and the man who drives a truck. Science tells us "They also serve."

Martin Louis Applbaum.

"Wisdom begetteth humility."

—Abraham Ibn Ezra, 1104-1167.

And Thus Tomorrow . . .

. . . The hours passed. He lay in the sweltering waves of damp heat crowding the bare room into obscurity, and fleeting thoughts passed through his sleep-drugged mind. What was it all about? Why was he unable to fall asleep when but a few short moments ago he was dying on his feet? His brain was pounding itself into a jumbled pulp.

All day he had worked in the dim obscurity of the miserable store, cowering to every slovenly woman who came in to pinch the pale rolls and to nibble at the damp raisins. He had worshipfully served them, thanking with the humblest murmur every fat, unkempt man who threw a penny's worth of profit at him. At closing time he had yet kept the store open, hoping beyond hope that a tardy purchaser might chance his way. The tardy purchaser had today, as indeed he had on all the yesterdays, not come his way, and the hope beyond hope had left no hope at all. And as he wound his way home through the narrow canyons of the city slums, head bowed in total resignation to unyielding fate, no thoughts found their way into his dulled mind. Why think of the world's tragedy, when he was tragedy personified, wherefore dream of higher worlds, where for him existed but the one selfsame misery and repeating squalor? He, who had as a lad aspired to the pinnacle of lofty success, found himself bound in leather thongs in the deepest pit of binding failure; failure not that stirred him to rebellion, but failure so total that he was



resigned to serve it till the tomb released him from its merciless bondage.

At last he had reached home. No smiling face met him at the door, no cheer inspired good will in his heart. He crossed the room and threw open the window. He staggered back as the confused babble of the streets struck his ears, the multifarious odors of the slums hit his nostrils. The streets were slowly turning deep purple and here and there doubtful bulbs cast yellow glares and black shadows across the bleak streets. He had sat at the window looking out on the squalid neighborhood, observing all, and thinking nothing. When he had put his simple repast on the bare table he did not think why this should be so, or what means to take to correct such gross iniquities; he took the food,

and with the laborious munching movements of the stolid ox, shoved his single meal into his system. There were no gravy-covered plates to wash, no fat clinging to the pan requiring scraping; indeed, it was difficult to see that a meal had been eaten on that lean table.

Leaving the table, he had prepared his bed. The single cot was he only piece of furniture besides the table and the bench that adorned the room. He had climbed wearily into this cot and turning twice from side to side to find the elusive comfort, waited for the blessed, healing sleep. But even this did not come to relieve his miseries and at intervals he turned, groaning, drowned in the blobs of moisture that came forging in through the open windows.

On his sunken cheeks was written resignation, dejection was stamped in his staring eyes. The hands, once stretched forth in exalted prayer for salvation, were now but vein-lined bones, moved mechanically to and fro in the daily motions of existence. The total and complete sur-

render to uncompromising circumstance cried forth from each organ of his shriveled body, and hopelessly he lay in the endless heat.

He turned . . . hours passed . . . eternity passed . . .

Jacob Klausner.

Morale and Sensibility

Life in the United States is not the same since we made our sudden entrance into the second World War. Wherever one goes he is reminded of the conflict which is so far away from us and yet so near. Headlines scream their messages to the passersby from stands where the papers lie in neat piles waiting to be picked up by eager hands and scanned for good news by anxious eyes. The wardens on their posts and the dimmed-out street lamps are grim reminders that it is not at all impossible for us to be bombed just as our less fortunate European allies were. The drafting of baseball stars, the advertisements calling both men and women to war plants and the multitudes of men in uniform do not allow us to forget for even a fleeting moment that we are at war. Under these depressing conditions it is quite easy for a person to become cynical and moody. The government is aware of this and has therefore exempted many famous movie stars from the draft.

It is my belief that each person's morale depends on his ability to look at the brighter side of things. I am a firm believer in the old adage which states that "every cloud has a silver lining." Even the gloomiest aspects of the war have their bright sides, consequently making it the duty of each and every one of us to look at that bright side. It is the only sensible thing to do.

In order to illustrate my point I have chosen one of the most disheartening subjects of the war, rationing, and will show you how my plan can be carried out.

America has suddenly become vitamin

conscious. Housewives who didn't know a calory from a hole in the ground before rationing, now plan meals so as to get the most calories per ration point. This is due to the model ration diets which are printed in every newspaper and which are suggested over the radio. When I come home after a hard day's work I will as likely as not be met at the door by my mother, a triumphant smile on her lips.

"Manny," she will say, "guess what I did today? I found out that steamed broccoli is an excellent substitute for steak. It isn't rationed, either. You'll be surprised when you find out how appetizing it is."

Being quick to see the sunny side of things, I assent with a smile, say that I'm sure that I'll love it, sit down, tuck my napkin under my chin, and clean up my plate with apparent gusto. The situation has been saved by my logical approach to an unavoidable inconvenience. The preceding scene could have resulted in a family argument which would lower our already low morale had I looked at the dark side of my meal instead of the bright one. It's as simple as all that.

I am sure that if everyone would follow my advice the government would have no need to worry about the morale of Americans. All the big-name movie stars could be drafted without a moment's hesitation.

The next time that you sit down at your dinner table, thank G-d for the broccoli that you do have instead of complaining about the steak that you don't. It's the only sensible thing to do.

Emanuel Tanenbaum.

"Silence"

By ZACHARY FENDEL — 2B

*What powers of speech does Silence hold
When it says these things in speech so bold?
How silence can speak is to me a mystery
Yet it says all these things as you will see.*

*Silence, deep silence, a silence of the grave.
Silence of deep tribute to the feats of the brave,
To those who gave their lives for some heroic cause,
We pay tribute to our heroes . . . by a brief silent pause.*

*Silence, deep silence, the lull before the storm
Time out between the battles gives the soldier time to mourn.
To mourn for his buddy, who at his side just died
It gives him a moment's rest to meet the oncoming tide.*

*Silence, deep silence, silent praise of the Lord
In an inspiring moment when one is too full for words
To tell G-d of the greatness of His created world
We use silence as a banner as we would a flag unfurled.*

*Silence, deep silence, a stillness as of peace
When all the wars will end and all the tumult cease
But the nations of the world will not cease to hunt
Until all will be quiet upon the worldly front.*

*Silence, deep silence, a silence of deep thought
Thinking of things to accomplish (most of which come to naught)
Thinking of empires built and countless battles fought,
Thinking of G-d's wonders and all that He has wrought.*

*Silence, deep silence, a heart with mourning filled
In memory for a dear one who has been forever stilled.
Among these great emotions we come to a pause
For here is a silence with no sensible cause.*

*Silence, false silence, when two angry people meet
And for some foolish reason to each other will not speak
When we see the great emotions which silence illustrates
What excuse may be given amongst them this to rate.*

The Rise and Fall of a Tea Strainer

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The following is a slightly exaggerated account of actual events in the Klausner household. The material was suggested by my mother, to whom this article is dedicated.

"Have you a tea strainer you can show me?" Thus began the saga of the strainer five years ago in a small, out of the way store on the lower East Side.

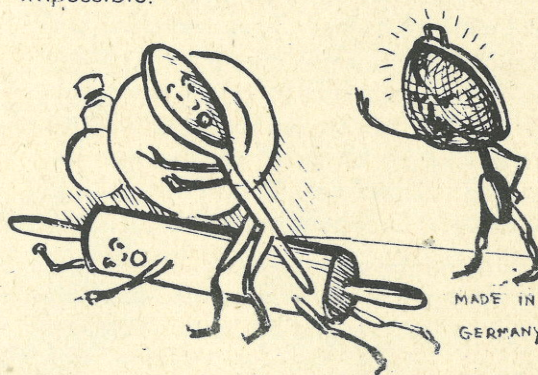
Yes, the man did have a strainer, the last one of its kind. The lady decided to include it among her purchases. At this junction, however, a boy, presumably the woman's son, asked to see the newly purchased article. It was given to him and he turned it over, noticing the imitation porcelain covering the thin steel body, the hole in its handle that was to be the recipient of the kitchen wail nail. With the curiosity of the typical small boy, he turned it over once more, turned it over and noticed that on the other side of the handle were letters that spelled "Germany."

"No Mom, you can't buy Nazi goods." "Sure," said the mother, but it was such a good strainer and who knows when she'd be able to get another like it. Besides, as the storekeeper patiently explained, it must have been made before Hitler came into power, and anyway, it was such a good strainer. The boy walked home sullenly, complaining about the family ownership of Nazi goods, even if it was such a good strainer . . .

Nothing happened in the next few weeks. The strainer was not hung on the wall, and because it had that offensive word printed on it, it was destined to while away its duty-free hours in the company of forks, spoons, knives and other such kitchen trivia in the table drawer.

Then came Munich. The strainer, in a fit of proud insolence, refused to strain tea for a purely non-aryan family. The strain of the family-strainer relations be-

came acute. For a short while when Russia took a firm stand favoring Checkoslovakia, the strainer gave ground, and drops of tea oozed out. But then, tragedy. Chamberlain, waving the "Peace in Our Time" flag, signaled the strainer to resume resistance. You may well imagine that with the dismemberment of Checkoslovakia the situation became impossible.



Thus it happened that the family was forced to acquire a brand new Yankee strainer. Deep in the night one could have heard, in those historic days, rumbles of the thunderous fight proceeding inside the table drawer. On examination, however, all was silence, and the Yankee strainer took on the form of the State Department, and refusing to recognize the basic struggle of ideals, chatted brightly about sweet nothings to its neighbor. Who may know, but that in that simple household the world struggle went on in symbolic simplicity.

And yet the days passed on. The tired rumblings of Mars seemed far off as Henderson exchanged notes with Ribbontrop, and the Nipponese advanced down
(Continued on Next Page)

the Yangtze. Yes, war was far off, as far off as the thunder shower on a cloudy autumn day. On such days the strainer was in its glory, proud of being the product of such a grand and glorious Vaterland that caused Old Man Umbrella and short Daddy Daladier to tremble in their cutaways as they busily licked Der Fuehrer's shiny boots.

As yet, open rebellion had not come. The war of nerves went on; the strainer played possum; sometimes it strained, most of the time it didn't.

It was on a Friday in 1939 that the family, badly in need of both strainers, could only find one. They searched diligently for the German one, but try as they might, no trace was found of it on that day . . . The sun smiled mockingly as the serene kitchen almanac on the wall announced "September First, Friday, Light Showers" . . . September, 1939.

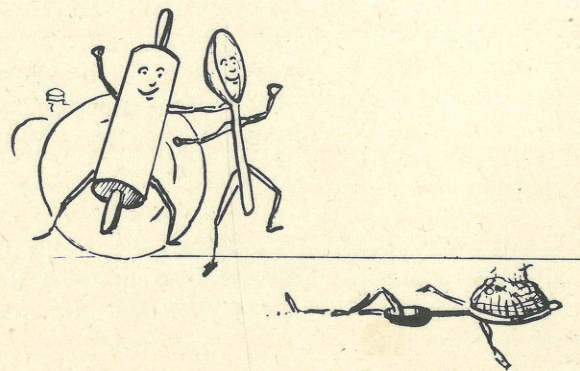
Thus the days dragged on. The strainer grew puffy with pride as the Nazi juggernaut rode roughshod over betrayed Europe. Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, France, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece . . . that was the order in which they fell. The war with the Soviets came, then the U. S. entered, and yet the German product raged with impunity. More frequently the strainer got lost at

inopportune moments, oftener the periods of non-straining negligence. The days wore on and the strainer, by now christened Fritz, strained the already taut nerves of the family.

Slowly, a change, hardly noticeable, began to take place. Fritz got lost less often, and a hang-dog look took the place of proud arrogance. But it wasn't until those days of December, 1942, that the first change of course took place. Fritz looked definitely anemic; and when in January, 1943, the strainer and the armies before Stalingrad fell, Fritz had chipped his porcelain handle. The ugly, steel body lay naked to the eye and Fritz lost his pride. The invasion of North Africa took something out of him, but Rommel's long defense spurred him on to more seditious activities. Sand slipped slowly through the hourglass and the merciless jaws of the pincers closed in on Tunisia. With the bombing of Europe, Fritz began to get shaky and several more nicks were seen on the strainer's body.

It is with deepest gratitude to the One to whom all gratitude belongs that we announce that at this stage of the game, Fritz looks quite haggard, and it is with fervent anticipation that we await the complete disintegration of the tea strainer.

J. Klausner.



Moses Maimonides

Moses Ben Maimon, better known as the Rambam, first beheld the light of the world on Passover Eve, in the year 1135. The place of his birth was Cordova, Spain, but the major portion of his life was spent in Egypt.

It was in the time when Christian slaughtered Infidel and Infidel slaughtered Christian, and both slaughtered the Jew; in other words, Europe had not yet begun to shed the barbarity resulting from the fall of the Roman Empire, and Moslem with sword in one hand and Al Koran in the other rode throughout the East proclaiming the glory of Mohammed. The Jew in the midst of this turmoil, clinging desperately to his Torah, wandered aimlessly from land to land. It was into this world rampant with bloodshed, superstition, and bigotry, that Maimonides was born.

Very little is known of his earlier life, for a cloud of legend enshrouds it, but we may safely believe that under the tutorship of his father, Maimonides was receiving a deep Talmudical and Secular training. However, the serene and tranquil life of study was not meant for Maimonides, for in 1148 the Almohades (a fanatical puritanical sect of Mohamedans) crossed the borders of Spain and captured the city of Cordova. They presented the Jews with either of two alternatives, denial of their faith or exile. Among those who took up the staff

of exile was the family of Maimon. Drifting across the Mediterranean Sea into North Africa they settled in Fez, a city on the Barbary Coast. However, they had merely jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, for here in Fez was the hotbed of the Almohades. From Fez, the family emigrated in 1165 to Palestine, and after a long period of anxiety, Moses Maimonides settled in Egypt, in Fostat, or old Cairo.



At the age of thirty-three, in the year 1168, Maimonides brought to completion his commentary on the Mishna which he had begun in 1158, while living in Cordova. He had to labor at this commentary under great hardships, during his exile and wanderings from land to land. At the end of the book the author reminds us of some of the difficulties that attended the writing of it. "This is the work of an exile," he writes, "a man whom G-d has sent

wandering from one end of the earth to the other. Some of these pages have been written on land and some on the sea."

The second and perhaps the greatest work of Maimonides, was the Mishna Torah, (Deuteronomy) also known as the "Yad." In his fourteen books, Maimonides presented a clearly arranged and a clearly-worded summary of the Rabbinical Halacha. In one sense it is an encyclopedia written in a style that is both con-

(Continued on Next Page)

cise and clear. For its power to grapple with vast materials, this code has few rivals, and no superior in other literatures. Maimonides completed its compilation in 1180, having spent ten years over it. The "Strong Hand" sealed the reputation of Maimonides for all time. The fame of Maimonides resounded far and wide; all over the world the Rabbis gazed with admiration at this voluminous masterpiece; the author was hailed as the greatest Rabbinical authority of the time. And no person can say more for this marvelous man than the fact that the incense burned at his shrine did not intoxicate him. His touch became firmer and his step more resolute; he went on his way as before, living simply and laboring incessantly, unmoved by the thunders of applause, unaffected by the feeble echoes of calumny.

Yet he felt that his life work was still incomplete. He loved truth, but truth to him had two aspects; there was truth as revealed by G - d, and there was truth G - d left man to discover for himself.

In the "Strong Hand," he had codified and given orderly arrangement to Judaism as revealed in Bible and Tradition; he would now examine its relation to reason, and would compare its results with the data of philosophy.

In the year 1190, Maimonides completed his "Moreh Nevuchim," (The Guide to the Perplexed.) It was meant as a guide not only for his disciple, Joseph Ibn Akin, but for the perplexed thinkers whose studies brought them into conflict with religion. The "Guide To the Perplexed" is based, on the one hand, on the Aristotelian system as expounded by the Arabian thinkers, and on the other hand, on a firm belief in the Scriptures and Tradition. Between these two independent bodies of truth he found, not contradiction, but agreement, and he reconciled

them in a way that satisfied so many minds, that the "Guide" was translated into Hebrew twice during his lifetime.

Enough of Maimonides the Scholar; now for Maimonides the man. His complete day was occupied as Court Physician to Saladin. In a letter to Samuel Ibn Tibbon, Maimonides describes his daily routine.

"I dwell at Mizr 'Fostat' and the Sultan resides at Kahira (Cairo). These places are two Sabbath days journey from each other. My duties to the Sultan are very heavy. I am obliged to visit him every day, early in the morning, and when he or any of his children, or any of the inmates of his harem, are indisposed, I dare not quit Cairo but must stay during the greater part of the day in the palace. Hence, as a rule, I repair to Cairo very early in the day, and even if nothing unusual happens, I do not return to Fostat until the afternoon. Then I am always dying of hunger. I find the ante-chamber filled with people, both Jews and Gentiles, noble and common people, judges, and baliffs, friends and foes—a mixed multitude who await the time of my return.

"I dismount from my animal, wash my hands, go forth to my patients, and entreat them to bear with me while I partake of some slight refreshments, the only meal I take in twenty-four hours. Then I attend to my patients and write prescriptions and directions for their several ailments. Patients go in and out until nightfall, and sometimes even, I solemnly assure, until two hours or more into the night. I converse with and prescribe for them, while lying down from sheer fatigue, and when night falls, I am so exhausted that I can scarcely speak."

It is astonishing that one so physically indisposed, who was occupied with the communal life of the Jews and held an

(Continued on Next Page)

exalted position as Physician in the Court, should have made so many contributions in various branches of scholarship in Rabbinics, Philosophy, Medicine and even in Astronomy. It is no wonder that the Jews of later periods considered him almost supernatural.

Moses ben Maimon died on the twentieth of the month Teves, in the year 1204. Both his admirers and opponents bewailed his passing and voiced their great grief. Public mourning was declared in the entire country of Egypt, and for three days Jews and Moslems lamented. A general fast was proclaimed in Jerusalem and a

portion of the Torah which is called the "Tochachah" was read in the Synagogue. The Haftorah from the first book of Samuel, concluding with the significant verse "The glory is departed from Israel, for the Ark of G - d is taken," was also read. He was buried in Palestine, in the city of Tiberias.

Eight hundred years have flowed under the bridge of time since the birth of Maimonides. Today he stands forth more impressive than ever, for he is still ahead of our generation.

Joseph J. Gold.

The Wanderer

By DAVID SCHONEFELD—4A

*Driven from land to land,
He has no place to stand.
He is sheltered by the sky;
His prayer is just as high.
He hasn't any might,
For he lost it in the fight
With the people he despised
For the right of which he was deprived.*

*Yet he is powerful and mighty
Not in arm, not in body;
Though friends on earth he has none
Yet his foe from him will run,
For with his belief and power of will,
Ten times ten thousand he could kill,
Because he believes and knows that his fight
Is for justice only, and for what is right.*

*And so he wanders from land to land
Until he will find a place to stand.
And in that land, he, his power will summon
To fight the enemy and to make them run,
And he will fight, and fight, and will not cease,
Till justice is done, and he can be at ease.
Then, the foe will realize (or his ghost,)
That a battle for justice cannot be lost!*



MESIFTA INFORMER

MESIFTA INFORMER

FREE TO G. O. MEMBERS

FIRST INTER-MESIFTA TOURNAMENT HELD

OUR MESIFTA WINS 62 - 38

For the first time in the history of the Mesifta, an Inter-Mesifta Tournament, sponsored by the G. O. and arranged in detail by Roy Chafkin, was held and the results were very satisfactory. A baseball game between M. T. V. and MESIFTA Chaim Berlin was played at Boys High Field and although the audience consisted mostly of Chaim Berlinites (showing incidentally that we have comparatively less school spirit than Chaim Berlin,) the game was successful. Leeb, of Chaim Berlin, although the losing pitcher, nevertheless pitched a brilliant game, and Perl, the winning pitcher did a no less magnificent job. The game lasted two extra innings, and we finally emerged victorious when Julius Glatzer batted in the winning run for our side. Throughout the afternoon he batted in three of the five runs, thereby helping us win the game 5 to 4.

The basketball game won by the Mesifta T. V. 60 to 20 was also a fine success with both teams showing due respect for each other. Jack Tomer, the hero of the afternoon, scored twenty points for Torah Vodaas. The week following this our team played Mesifta Tiferas Jerusalem (who had previously beaten Mesifta Isaac Elchanan) and beat them 48 to 32.

The swimming match won by Chaim Berlin, was no less dramatic, Chaim Berlin emerging winner by the score of 18 to 21.

Let's continue these tournaments next term!

LIBRARY OPENED

Among the various accomplishments of this term was the opening of a brand-new library. The establishment of a library, to be of definite advantage to Mesifta students, was recognized immediately by the G. O. as a necessity and accordingly Rabbi Lynchner was asked to acknowledge this fact. Rabbi Lynchner set about to carry out the difficult task of creating a library. We owe our deepest gratitude to Mr. Henry Hirsch, president of the Mesifta Torah Vodaath, who has often come to the aid of the Mesifta and has once again donated over \$1000.00 for this very important cause.

Altogether \$1500.00 has been spent on the library.

The library, which is now the pride of the Mesifta, has books on almost every topic that might be useful to High School Students. The books were bought separately and according to the Regents standards, so as to insure, books that would be most beneficial to the student body. So far, the library has been opened for reference work only.

Em. Ef.

MESIFTA INFORMER

Published by the General Organization
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Edited by —

Meyer Fendel
Jacob Klausner
Murray Weitman

I'D RATHER BE WRONG!

To continue the tradition of having the first paragraph explain the name of this column, we have had to dig deep in the colorful past of our beloved school. We remember the time, such a long, long while back, when one student (we assume he did this in a fit of anger) hit another unsuspecting student over the noodle with the palm of his hand. This not producing the desired effect (the other student being absorbed in a particularly interesting passage of "Terry and the Pirates") he clenched his fist and delivered a thuding whack on the dome of his friend. A sharp howl of pain was heard—and they carried him away . . . with a smashed and broken fist. This seemed to prove to the bystanders and to us that the heads of Mesifita boys are . . . anyway I'D RATHER BE WRONG.

. . . In answer to our plea for a better name for this sheet, we received some interesting replies. While we really appreciate the sense of humor of those who have suggested "Mesefita Reformer" and "Mesifita Deformer," we are still open to new ideas . . . Oh yes, before we forget, we also received this (inspired on doubt by Claire Booth Luce) . . . "Mesifitaloney."

. . . Pictures were being taken of our esteemed faculty and Mr. Janowitz livened it up with some of his witty remarks. When all was still and the picture was about to be snapped Mr. Janowitz nudged the hairless gent beside him and calmly remarked, "Hey, Greenberg, get the hair out of your eyes"!

Jay Kay.

MESIFTA . . .

Favorite sayings of teachers:

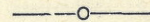
Mr. Goldstein: "Well, it's no skin off my back."

Mr. Brodsky: "All right, boys, there's not much time left for the regents, so let's get going."

Mr. Tiretsky: "If it's not 'chutzpanick' it's another zero for you."

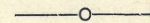
Mr. Arnold: (yawning) "You bore me."

Mr. Applebaum: "Now when I was . . ."

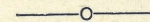


Mesifita achievements of this term (excluding the G. O. and its accomplishments):

1. The opening of the Physics room.
2. The opening of the Lecture room.
3. . . . and the opening of the Library . . . also work started on the Gymnasium.
4. Mr. Arnold sold over \$1600. worth of stamps this term (pretty good for Mesifita "tightwads," isn't it)?



The "Scuttlebut" of the Mesifita. Upon reading in the papers that failing the Regents (those abominable tortures) would not hamper one from graduating; rumors began flying about in the Mesifita. The ultimate outcome was that one of our sagacious students went about saying that Regents have been abolished.



"Truth is the seal of G - d."

—Talmud.

Graduates' Lament

By

EMANUEL TANENBAUM—4B

*There are many seats of learning
Where a student who is yearning
For an education, can receive just that.
But, for a schooling that's complete
The Mesifita can't be beat.
If I am wrong, then I will eat my hat.*

*Where else under the sun
Can you hear a Goldstein pun,
Or harken while Livazer spins a tall one?
Though the former's wit is dry,
(That no one can deny,)
The thought of having to leave it can appal one.*

*Rabbi Dolgenas' "Now boys,"
In his soft appealing voice
Is enough to bring the soft-hearted to tears.
Likewise Mr. Greenberg's humor.
In fact, we hear a rumor
That his newer jokes have not been told in years.*

*When he's just one of the boys
There is no limit to our joys.
Not so when Mr. Applbaum rampages.
Though he's known to become rash
We just adore his cute moustache.
Because of him we look so old for our ages.*

*Even those unaddicted to the sport
Will sorely miss the handball court.
On the eve of parting we renew our fears
That as the years go by
We will heave a sigh
For those good old bygone Mesifita years.*

Strife, Peace, and Solitude

I first saw him lying listlessly beneath a huge and massive oak, gazing intently at the steady flowing brook. He seemed to be totally oblivious of the world about him, and the yearning far-off look in his eyes bespoke of profound contemplation. In contrast to the turbulent life in the forest about him — the wind rustling through the trees, the incessant ear-shattering churping of the birds, and an occasional doe scampering through the bush — he presented a serene and motionless figure. Something within me immediately told me that here was a strange man with a yet stranger background. The flickering temptation to approach this man, to speak to him, soon grew into a flame and as it grew I felt more and more assured that I must quench it. My heart began throbbing as though in anticipation of an unusual experience (and it was going to be unusual) but nevertheless I became more courageous and advanced toward him. He must have sensed my approach, for he looked up abruptly, and at that moment I saw a face so pathetic and so sorrowful as I had never before seen. (Many years have passed since I saw him, and that face still lingers in my memory, as it shall forever.)

The face of sorrow was soon transformed into a face of stern severity, and in a slow drawling voice he asked me how I had stumbled upon him so deep in the forest. I was flabbergasted and unable to answer, for I did not know, and still do not know, what queer trick of fate lured me into those woods. He mistook my reticence as an expression of fear, and immediately assured me that he was totally harmless. "Only on old man," he said, "trying to escape the drabness and vicissitudes of

life." This statement was the beginning of a complete exposition of his life, which came forth in the same drawling voice.

"My life," he began, "has been full of sorrows. I was born in the most squalid and sordid surroundings imaginable. The earliest recollections of the wretched hovel wherein I spent the first eighteen years of my life is a dark, dirty and damp room. I can still remember the small wooden table, two broken chairs, and the small bed of straw on which I used to sleep. The streets were lined with push-cart on which the stalest of food was sold by those poor depressed humans who were trying to sustain life on their meager earnings. I can still see them, lean and gaunt, shouting at the top of their shrill voices, trying to attract customers. Old faces, young faces, pale faces, drawn faces, all pinched with hunger, all shriveled by starvation. I saw this ugly tide of humanity pass by my small window each day, all fighting, striving, toiling—for what? To earn a few measly pennies after a day spent in monotonous toil, to see their children wasting away before their eyes, bringing up a race of pale, stunted, and sickly individuals. I was too young at that time to understand that destiny had placed us in the lower bracket of humanity, that I also was to enter the world of futile strife, and slowly degenerate into the ugly beings I saw each day.

"I can still remember my father, slowly trudging home after a day of fruitless effort to eke out an existence. I can still see him plodding wearily up the stairs and entering our wretched room. He stares about dazedly with blank eyes — eyes

(Continued on Next Page)

which many years ago must have been kindled with the fire of ambition, and now that fire is utterly extinguished — and goes over to his straw cot, and lies down.

"Oh Father! Father! How many a tear have I shed after seeing you come home, your body broken, and your spirit crushed! Crushed! Yes, crushed by a civilization that had denied you the chance of a livelihood, a civilization so vile and degenerate that . . ."

He did not finish the sentence. A lengthy pause ensued. I watched him closely and saw his teeth clenched, and tears slowly roll down his inflamed cheeks. Strange to say, my eyes had become a bit cloudy also. His strange story intrigued me, and I yearned to hear more. He began to gaze about confusedly at the primitive beauties of nature about us, as though its being was inconsistent with the drab surroundings that he had just described. Suddenly the realization began to dawn upon me that he had been in a trance while he had been recounting to me that horrible tale. Slowly his eyes reverted toward me, and his face assumed a more balmy aspect, and he continued.

"The older I became the more depressed I became. Constantly the thoughts kept swirling about in my anguished mind assailing me constantly, that mine was to be the fate of those down-trodden creatures of humanity that environed me. Many a time I stole away from these unhappy surroundings, and gained access into that mystical realm of happiness, dreams. I dreamed of success and fame; sometimes I even visioned them personified, taking me by the hand and leading me up the steep and thorny hill. Success! Fame! Oh, how I yearned to overcome that sense of inferiority that my environment had bred in me. Day in and day out

these thoughts obsessed me, each day they grew more cumbersome, and each day I grew more depraved.

"I watched these wretched people among whom I lived, I pitied their dejected life; silently I vowed, if ever my vain dreams would be fulfilled, I would raise these companions of my misery from their lowly position, and elevate them to a more happy and prosperous life.

"And suddenly the change came! My apparently useless dabbling with the broken machinery in the deserted lots had been fruitful. Inadvertently I had hit upon a great idea. This invention soon became a part of me. I carried it about at all times, I cherished it and fondled it as though it had been a little child. At night, upon my bed I thought of the future that lay ahead of me; the gleaming sun had at last entered into my dreary life, and I basked joyfully in its soothing warmth."

At this point he stopped again. He scrutinized me closely, and seemed to discern a sneering and malignant smile on my face (I'm sure I never had one) for he blurted out.

"You think I'm mad, don't you"? I answered in the negative. The curtness and laconic simplicity of my answer must have pleased him, for his countenance reassumed its triumphant expression and he continued.

"The years flowed by. With the struggling and writhing mass of humanity streaming forward, ever forward, trying to alleviate their miserable condition, never satisfied, I streamed. They were all going somewhere they all ended up nowhere. I was tossed about roughly in this higgledy-piggledy thing called "life," but at last

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I emerged victorious. Yes! At last I had succeeded. The dreams of my youth, those dreams that I thought would never be fulfilled had at last come true. I crossed the threshold that separated me from my former life. Then came the metamorphosis.

"Once fame and power were in my grasp, I forgot the friends of my youth, those poor miserable people destined forever to abide in the darkness, never to enjoy even an iota of the happiness nature has bestowed on us. Born into darkness they live in darkness; coming from the night they returned unto the night from whence they came.

"I had forgotten them. I had forsaken them for the vain, trivial and transitory joys of the false life I had entered. I spurned them, kept aloof of them, scoffed them, jeered them . . .

"Oh, what vile and dastardly crimes I committed against the companions of my youth!"

Again a lengthy pause.

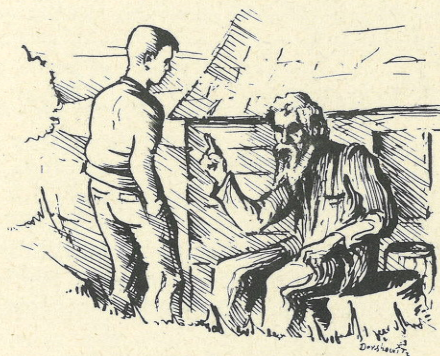
"I shan't forget the time when returning home one dark night from the mirth, revelry and dissipation the fortunate only experience, an old cringing woman approached me. She cowered obsequiously before me and at last she knelt down, and in a short rasping, sobbing voice, she asked me to aid her.

"I scowled at her fiercely—the results of my recent inebriation had not yet worn off—I laughed at her, I laughed at the decrepitude of all humanity which I saw portrayed in that gaunt and withered face. And with a perfunctory twinge of conscience, I left her.

"Oh harsh cruel world! If I could only relive those days and rectify the stupid error I committed that night.

"The next day I read that she had committed suicide.

"The blow had fallen, and I felt that I was being crushed beneath its ponderous weight. I walked about in a daze; my mind was in a turmoil, and my thoughts racing to and fro with unusual rapidity were slowly breaking down the impregnable fortress of reason. The face of the little old woman kept recurring to me constantly, and for a moment I seemed to see my mother also, withered and bent beyond her years. For days I sat and brooded.



"The life of man is so short, so comparatively small, and still one man in his lifetime tries to wreak unhappiness on his fellow man. What is this vile component of man's nature that causes him to persecute his neighbor, to trample on him, to see him grovel in the dust, and yet knowing that this shall be his retribution? Is it that man upon birth is endowed with this urge for superiority, or is it that our civilization has caused such vain institutions to arise?

"These thoughts kept revolving in my mind, tormenting me, for my conscience had given way and was beginning to revolt. I sought an answer and found one.

(Continued on Next Page)

Myself! I was the answer. The kindly and compassionate nature of my youth, had fled once I had unscrupulously wrested power.

"I began to detest life. The antipathy grew larger and larger until I felt that it was consuming me. It was then that I decided to leave this decadent civilization, to return into the forest, and spend the remaining years of my life amidst the glory of the Lord's creation."

He arose and left me I watched his receding bent figure disappearing into the

wilderness only to appear again ascending a small hill. There on the knoll beneath the red glare of the setting sun, I saw him stand and gaze at the world about him. Later, I arose and left. I wandered about aimlessly for quite a while, for I was still baffled by the lugubrious tale he had related to me. I reached home somehow, and walked blindly into my library and took a book from the shelf. I opened it up hap-hazardly and the first words I saw were: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "All is vanity."

Joseph J. Gold.

Program For The G. O. In The Future

Due to the shortage of time, many projects intended to be accomplished this term will have to be postponed until after the summer. In order, however, to assure ourselves that they **will** be completed next term, it is necessary to provide an outline for future G. O. activity.

During the first week of school, the present Financial Committee will have G. O. cards printed and distributed, membership dues to be \$.25. Members of the newspaper committee will have the already completed Official Constitution mimeographed and handed out. After this has been completed G. O. members (only) will vote for representatives of their class according to the rules set forth in the Constitution. Rabbi Lynchner has, after witnessing the successful assemblies conducted by the students this term, granted permission for G. O. delegates to run an assembly at which voting for officers of the G. O. will take place.

When all elections have been completed, the newly elected delegates will meet and form committees which will have specific duties to attend to. The following remains to be done by the respective committees.

1) Gym Committee: Completion of the Recreation room; the room to be painted

and the equipment to be installed (most of which, incidentally, is already in our possession.) Members are to arrange Gym periods for each student.

2) Club Committee: Formation of student clubs e.g. Dramatic clubs, Language clubs, Hobby clubs, etc.

3) Newspaper Committee: Publication of "Mesifita Informer" monthly.

4) Library Committee: To add important new books to the rapidly expanding collection of our new library. If possible, print a circular concerning the new additions.

5) Financial Committee: To collect the dues; to do whatever possible to obtain a 100% membership.

6) Sports Committee: Arrangement of Inter-class and Inter-Mesifita tournament to be held at regular intervals.

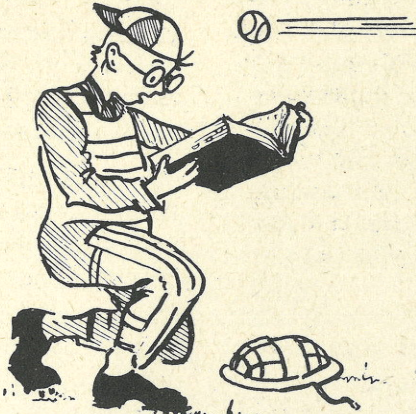
7) Reduction Committee: To provide places of entertainment for G. O. members at reduced rates.

8) Assembly Committee: To plan assemblies to be held at regular intervals.

These things will be taken care of at the beginning of next term. If they are done efficiently, we can be certain that the G. O. will have established its place in the Mesifita.

Meyer Fendel

A Memory, A Thrill and Glory



EDITOR'S NOTE — (The following article has the distinct advantage of being understood by the author only. We warn the unsuspecting reader, however, not to enter the labyrinth of cryptic "mets" without the guide of a first-class Noah Webster.)

Aside from assiduously indulging in the dialectical disputations of the Talmud, my only other thrill in life, heretofore has been a solitary baseball game. This game will eternally subsist in my reminiscence, for only then, have I veraciously partaken of the delicacies of glory and grandeur on high.

I had been selected captain of my team, and elected to play the catcher's position, for I had never performed elsewhere on the diamond. The match developed into a tight pitching duel and as the game approached the opening of the final frame not one marker had been notched. Several chances in the extensive and tedious struggles were muffed, but the flickering spark of hope still scintillated in the atmosphere.

In the top portion of the ninth, I staunchly advanced to home plate to seek my fortune on behalf of my nine, after two batters had been erased. After intrinsically perceiving that upon my shoulders would be borne the destiny of my team's integrity, I fervently acquiesced with my conscience at the sequel of much contemplation, come what shall, I shall

deliver a staggering blow to the sphere that obstinately stood between glory and dejection. I discerned subtly the orbs approaching proximity and prepared to strike. Coming in junction with the pellet squarely, I clouted it and innately conceived that the persimmon was eminently ticketed. I sped past the initial hassoc, scampered on to the keystone sack, dashed around the hot corner, and strode into the Promised Land flamboyantly with a garish slide that completely befuddled the stunned spectators peering tentatively at the tallying of the lone run.

The opposing nine competently filled the bases with but one retired in the latter half of the inning and matters readily acquired a most obscure and nebulous aspect. After pitching several balls to the next batsman, he promptly lifted a lofty foul along the first base line. Instantly rending off a few parts of my backstop's ensemble and paraphernalia, I darted fleetedly in pursuit of the acclivitous circular body. But for a moment, woe, for in an ebullition of tense solicitude, I had misjudged the precipitantly descending

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Appreciating Music



Though some people doubt it, there is an art of appreciating symphonic music just as there is one for relishing good food and esteeming fine paintings. Some people, while listening to music react to it as an escape from life, an escape from the adverse circumstances of the world, into a peaceful, melodic atmosphere which the composer tries to convey us to. To other people it is a medium of relaxation and one whereby nerves are soothed; while others for some reason, detest music, and completely contrary to the first class mentioned, believe they are transported from the miseries of the world into a pandemonium of discordant and inharmonious sounds, creating a veritable Babel.

Truly, when one listens to music of Beethoven, for example, one of the greatest exponents of German culture, it comes to sound more intense and has a meaning more singular than anything words can express; more ordered than anything we meet in the disorder of this world. When one listens to music, at least for the time of the performance, one becomes attached to the flowing life and rhythm of the masterpiece, and for that hour all existing life ceases; the only thing heard is the composition of the composer, by whose gift we are addressed.

The finest and most popular of Beet-

hoven's compositions is his "Fate" symphony. The adoption by the United Nations of the first four notes as the "V" motif has added to its popularity. The display of tremendous power and vivacity in this symphony is truly representative of Beethoven's orchestra skill.

To many this symphony has been the musical interpretation of the liberal movement of the early nineteenth century, emanating from the pen of one of the most ardent advocates of freedom and equality. The following is my impression of the symphony from my first hearing:

While visiting an art gallery, glancing around hesitatingly at which end of the hall I should begin my promenade, a particular painting struck my attention. The subject of this painting was the sunrise on an Austrian town on the Danube. When several days later, I heard the Beethoven classic, there was an instant association. The placid theme of the second movement of this symphony seemed to signify the appearance of the morning star and the orchestral crescendo seemed to represent the process of the sunrise. During this process the blanket of dew was slowly unfolded and the messengers of Morpheus ascend. Soon the townsfolk are fully

(Continued on Next Page)

aware and before stirring and bustling about their daily tasks they describe two events that their town has witnessed. They first relate the captivity of King Richard the Lionhearted in a miserable, sombre dungeon of a fortress overlooking the Danube. They then recount the fatal crossing of that beautiful young Austrian princess to her betrothal with a French dauphin and the dreadful and turbulent occurrences that were its results.

One's appreciation and understanding of music can be greatly enhanced by the knowledge of a few facts relating to the composer. What were the composer's emotions and passions at the time of com-

position and what period of the composer's life was it written: his youth or his period of transition from poverty and struggle to recognition and fame. The Beethoven "Fate" Symphony and many of the greatest masterpieces of his life were written in a transitory period of his life. The ominous signs of his approaching deafness led Beethoven to express the futile struggle of the human will with a malevolent state.

When one becomes an experienced and well-trained listener one realizes that ideas are expressed in a similar manner in music as in poetry and verse.

Joseph Kapnick.

Summer Soliloquy

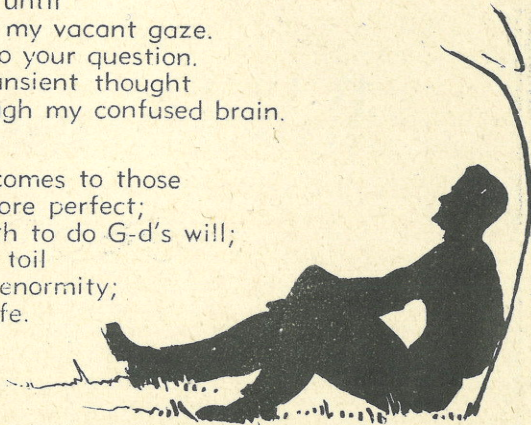
By
EMANUEL TANENBAUM—4A

"What do you ask of life"? You wanted to know,
As we lay on our backs and watched the clouds—
Like so many fluffy white sheep,
Grazing contentedly and liesurely
In the plentiful pastures of the heavens.

You posed your question naively.
It stabbed my heart like a dagger.
I dug my toe into the cool soft earth.
I chewed a blade of grass, until
Its sweetness turned sudden! to sourness,
And I spat it out upon the ground.

"What do you ask of life"?
You turned toward me, until
Your plaintive eyes met my vacant gaze.
I knew not the answer to your question.
Fleeting snatches of transient thought
Chased each other through my confused brain.

What do I ask of life?
The satisfaction which comes to those
Who make the world more perfect;
The courage and strength to do G-d's will;
To find respite from my toil
In which to ponder His enormity;
An end to all man's strife.
This I ask of life.
I burrowed my toe.
Into the cool soft earth.
Perhaps I ask too much.





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