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OUR GOAL

BETH JACOB HIGH SCHOOL JUNE 1952

האגדה

Senior Publication
Beth Jacob High School

143 South Eighth Street
Brooklyn, New York

OUR GOAL

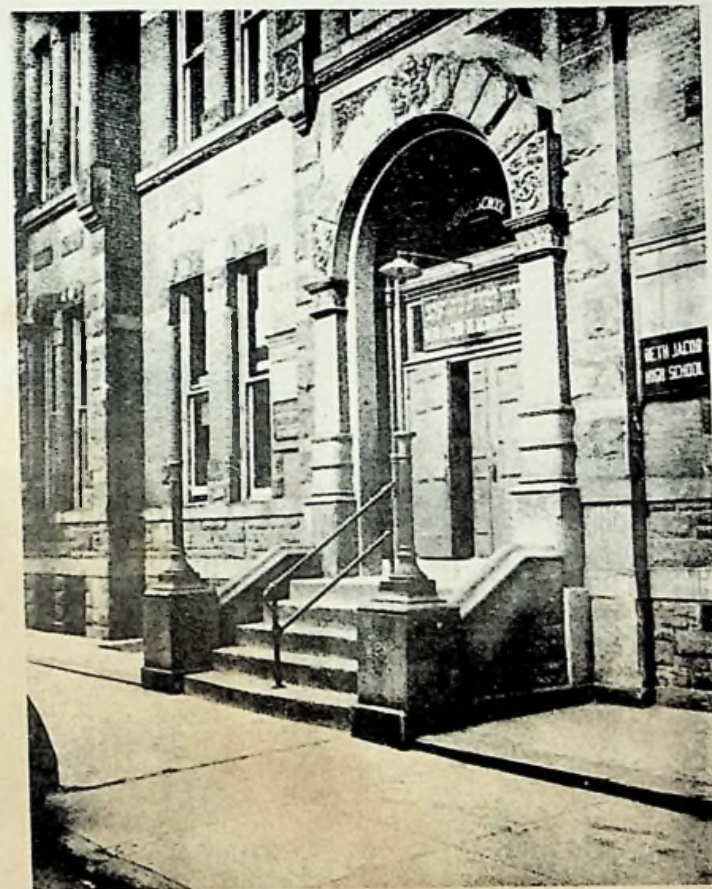
We
the class of June '52
dedicate our
Graduation Yearbook

to

The millions of Sainted Jews
who died For the greater glory
of the L-rd and His Name
On their lips the words;

“ANI MAAMIN”

I BELIEVE



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TO THE GRADUATES OF JUNE, 1952

Dear Graduates:

"I Believe", the motto of your graduation, characterizes your dedication to the ideal that has governed the existence and mission of the Jewish people among the family of nations throughout the ages. With it you have joined yourselves to the unbroken chain that started with Abraham who realized the L-rd and who spread the knowledge of the Creator and Master of the universe to all those who came within the orbit of his powerful personality. This faith has been handed down to us from generation to generation, and conveys its message of humbleness and of new and deeper insight that grows from the realization of the limits of human knowledge before the infinite wisdom and omnipotence of the L-rd.

"Ani Maamin" has been the fountainhead of Israel's continuous renaissance and inner regeneration every time it was threatened with extinction. By selecting it as the theme of your farewell, you have given notice that you will treasure it as the antidote to the conceit and self-glorification that turned history into a graveyard of mighty nations and scholarly cultures.

May faith be the becaon light on your paths ahead; may it lighten and brighten every hour of doubt and sorrow, and guide you past the storm-tossed crests and troughs of life that holds difficulties as well as joy and happiness. Accepting the obligations of the "Ani Maamin" you Graduates culminate the years of your study with the only type of knowledge that will last and reward you a million-fold. Treasure it in the years ahead, so that you will reap the rich harvest of all that your teachers have tried to inculcate in you. Our hearty good wishes and blessings are with you as you leave our school to apply yourselves to the tests of life.

DR. GERSHON KRANZLER,
Principal

TO THE GRADUATES OF JUNE, 1952

To supplement the fruits of your Hebrew education acquired mornings at the Beth Jacob, the administrative and teaching staff of the English department gave you the knowledge, skills, habits and appreciation of the secular environment in Democratic America. Cling to the knowledge, cluster around the strength and moral ethical standards you have drawn from your Beth Jacob education; cultivate these and perpetuate them until they become an integral part of yourselves, so that you may withstand the temptations and distractions surrounding Judaism in an alien environment. Capitalize on your supplementary training in English so that you may understand, appreciate, and live amicably with your neighbors as functioning American citizens in a Democracy.

Let us hope that all the graduates continue their training in our Seminary division, so that they become the future teachers not only in Beth Jacob schools, but also in our Jewish homes by carrying the torch of Torah knowledge for the perpetuation of Beth Jacob traditions toward self betterment not only of themselves but of all Israel.

EMANUEL SAKOL
Asst. Principal

TO THE GRADUATES OF JUNE, 1952

Dear Seniors:

You have spent four years working toward your seniority; now you go forth into the world as freshman. You will seek your place and your work in the world, and you will learn how much is to be known and to be done.

It is not a pretty word that your elders have bequeathed — this many of you know already, too well. But you have studied in the ways of faith, of the Torah, and you know too

How beautiful upon the mountains

Are the feet of the messenger of good tidings

That announceth peace.

Let this be part of your labors: to work to silence the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war, and as you are daughters of Zion, to live for justice and lovingkindness.

Shalom.

MISS FRIEDMAN, May 14, 1952



ANI MAAMIN

Once I was happy
A Jew in his land.
I sinned
And I lost it —
And yet I believe.
They sent me to exile,
A prey for every beast,
They chased me,
They chained me, —
And yet I believe.
They walled me in ghettos,
They cursed my great past,
They marked me,
They mocked me, —
And yet I believe.
They kept me in prisons,
They gave me no law,
They beat me,
They slew me, —
And yet I believe.
They burned my body,
They tore limb from limb,
They burned me,
They gassed me, —
And yet I believe.
In Germany and Poland,
In Spain and in France,
They gave me,
Then robbed me, —
And yet I believe.
They promised me freedom,
They tempted my pride,
They lured me,
They bribed me, —
And yet I believe.
They broke every promise
They paid me with pain,
They wracked me
They doomed me, —
And yet I believe.
They gave me no quarters,
They grant me no rest
They hate me,
They spurn me —
And yet I believe.
The L-rd gave me promise
Messiah will free me,
And though he
May tarry —
In him I believe.

YOCHEVED BALGLEY
Beauty lives with kindness



MIRIAM ADLER
*He is wealthy who is content
with his lot*

NORMA COHEN
*Content is more than a
kingdom*



LEAH ALSTADTER
Abundant caution does no harm



THEKLA DODELES
*I would rather make my name
than inherit it*



ESTHER FRANKEL
"Sweets to the Sweet"



ANNA FOX
*The more understanding
the fewer words*



MARYLIN FRIEDMAN
*Speech is the gift of many
but thought of few*

ESTHER HELLER
*Eyes can speak and eyes can
undertand*



ETHEL HOROWITZ
*Character and brains
a rare combination*



CHAYA GOLDMAN
*'tis better to be brief than
to be tedious*



PAULINE GOTTIEB
*With malice towards none;
with charity for all*





MINDY KLEINBARD
*The more noble
the more humble*



DINA KNOBEL
*Better not to be at all than
not to be noble*



SHIRLEY KLEINER
*Take the world as it is,
not as it ought to be*



PESIL LEITER
Faultless to a fault

SHOSHANA LICHTENSTEIN
*Trust everybody, but
thyself most*



ZELDA LEVINE
She walks in beauty

MARILYN MANDEL
By the work we know the man



HELEN LIBERMAN
*Consistency of purpose is the
secret of success*



SHIELA MENDLOWITZ
A light heart cheers all



DORIS MOLLER
A noble deed is its own reward



RIVELLA MINTZ
*Virtue remains when all else
has passed away*



HARRIET POHRILLE
*The greatest of all human
benefits is independence*

ELIZABETH SHACHTER
*Nothing so much worth as a
mind well instructed*



ESTHER RANNAH PURETZ
*A good conscience is the
best law*

FLORENCE SCHILD
*Discretion of speech is more
than eloquence*



DORA SAFRIN
All doors are open to courtesy



HONEY SHIENER
*Music is the language of
passion*



TOBY STEINHARDT
*Ethics is the art of living well
and happily*



FAY SUSSKIND
*They conquer who believe
they can*



MALKA TRAUBE
*Bitter the roots, sweet the fruits
of education*

ZYRA ZISKIND
*The last is the most precious
of all*



MIRIAM WOLKENFELD
*There is no indication of
character so sure as the voice*

RACHEL GLEICH
Inner peace is its own reward

GERTRUDE KATZ
*He is wise who learns from
all men*

CHARLENE TAUB
*Make us happy and you
make us good*



GOLDIE WEKSLER
*A good name is better than
riches*



*We, the class of '52
Feeling both relieved and blue*

*Leave the following to all of you.
To Dr. Kranzler, who makes the hive hum
We leave some cymbals and a drum.
To Mr. Sakol, Assistant Chief
We leave a deep sigh of relief.
To Mr. Purcell, for adour and fervour
The latest issue of the American Observer.
To Mr. Franz, a man of ambition
We leave a well written composition.
To Mr. Fishman, a thing he'll adore
Jokes he's never heard before.
To Mr. Goldman, of the nice bow ties
Newly painted walls, (to rest his eyes).
To Miss Friedman, for services rendered
Lessons that are well remembered.
To Mrs. Brand, of the P. T. room
Equipment that remains in place each noon.
To Mr. Cohen, in room 304
A stopwatch to adorn his door.
To Mr. Melov, and his historical heroes
New students to receive some zeroes.
To Dr. Forchheimer, for his many tries
We passed our math. (surprise, surprise).
A tribute here to Mr. Nordell
All of us think he is swell.
And now before we are through*

*One more thing we leave to you
A brand new cowbell—genuine brass
To announce to all "It's time for class".*

Literature

A SENIOR'S PRAYER

*Now we leave these sheltered walls
A refugee from the storm.
Now we go to face the Squalls
Leaving Peace and Calm.
As we leave this building dear
As we leave our friends
Emotions mixed; with joy and fear
We go to shape our ends.
"L-rd, we pray, "Watch over us
Protect us with Thy might"
L-rd we pray, "Watch over us
Keep us in Thy sight."*

Fay Susskind



A THOUGHT

*In Every House There Are Many Windows,
The Light Taken In Is Determined By The Coloring Of The Shade.
To Look In, Is To Look Out.
To Look Out Is Not To Look In.
Inside Is Not Insight.*

Norma Cohen



THE OLD MAN

The children were playing by the river in front of the bridge. Suddenly one of them shouted, "Look!" They turned and saw an old man with a long, white beard. He leaned against the foot of the bridge and waved to them. Fascinated by the old man, they ran to him. He greeted them with a smile and stretched out his hands as if to caress them.

"Who are you?" they asked. "We've never seen you before."

"But I am always here, my children, you never looked before."

"Where are you from?"

"I can't say. I'm always here and everywhere."

"Don't you have a family?"

"Look to the left, my Children, to the river and you shall see—"

They looked and—behold!

Across the river came thousands and thousands of people old and young — out of the land of Egypt — out of bondage—to the shores of freedom.

"Now look to the right, my children."—

From the east an oldman, — riding on a white donkey. His face is shining with the light of peace; a lion and a lamb follow him, walking together in harmonious calm.

His coming awakens the world. Trumpets blow! Music is everywhere beckoning to our people—louder and sweeter than ever before. Millions rush to the shore, heeding the old man's deep, gentle voice — "Come! we are going home." And they follow him.

"And now, my children, look in front of you"—

"But we don't see a thing. There's only us."

"Yes, it is only you who are here, — you are all there is. You are the past and the future."

They looked at him, overawed.

"Go, my children," he added lovingly, "Play a little now."

"Will we see you again?"

"Yes, my children, as long as you are here, I am here, too."

Mildred Steinberg

HIS LAST THOUGHTS

It began as a stream, twisting and twirling over the stones; until passing the great Rock it joined the other currents struggling in the wrestle against mankind's dams. And suddenly it swelled, overflowing the banks of strata, until the once proud and ugly layers of rock and earth lay in the depth of the locker. This was the beginning of my River, its mouth, and this was the part I loved the most. It wasn't majestic or turbulent, it wasn't even beautiful. It was rocky and muddy, and unlike its body didn't shine or shimmer in the sunlight. But I would not have it transformed for the wealth of the world; for it was here that I'd sit, basking in the sunlight, resting. This was my refuge, my shelter. When the world swirled on its axis, trying to keep up with the speed of her people, their atom bombs and hatreds, the Brook remained as ever, wrapped in tranquility. When the heartaches, and sorrows overwhelmed the sail, she stayed comforting, serene.

He thought all this and was at peace when the bullet came. The bullet that ended the life of a boy changed into a soldier, the bullet that left a dead man on a war-torn battlefield.

Renee Nojowitz

PHILOSOPHY

*They ain't never taught me no English
They never could make me learn;
I won't stand in line prim 'n proper
'Cause I don't like to wait my turn.
I ain't no "champeen" like the Quiz Kids
In bussiness I'd sure be a flop.
I can't stand that "high brow" music
I don't even like be-bop.
I ain't never been to a museum
I ain't got a library card;
I guess I just ain't too cultured
Getting Culture is just been too hard.
Yet the snow's just as white for me
As it is for Einstein the great;
And the food I had for dinner
Was as good as the stuff he ate;
And the way I felt this Mornin'
As I tramped my way to school,
With the sky as blue as my history book
And the air so crisp and cool;
Can't be so very different
From the way Harry Truman feels;
Or Picasso or Yehudi Menuhin
Or any o' those "big deals."
And the fun of playin' poker
'N coming home sorta late
And the way my best pal cheers for me
To show I really rate,
And a week-end fishin' trip
These Things I understand;
And so I say—with brains or not
Hurrah! Ain't life just grand???*

Ursella Sitzman

TIES OF SAND

White hot heat evenly distributed on the desert sands. Blinding raging sand storms, followed by the howling wind. And then the calm, the deadly calm.

Once again there is the white hot heat evenly distributed on the desert sands. Blinding raging sand storms, followed by the howling wind. This time the calm is disturbed by the gentle sifting of the sand. The large sand dunes part and become small sand dunes. These in turn become smaller and smaller, until the place where once stood a huge sand dune is flat. The smoothness of the ground is broken by a protruding bone. This bone was once one of many bones belonging to a man named Dan.

This bone, if it were assembled with all the other bones, might have told a story. It might have told stories of the French Foreign Legion. Of how they fought, and how they died, and for what they died.

All the men of Fort Barrade were gathered in the assembly hall. Dan's company was seated near the fireplace. They were eight hearty men, with a will to live and a desire to fight the enemy. They were united as one—a team.

Then the captain proposed a toast. "All for one, and one for all. Long live the eight Musketeers!"

All the men lifted their cups and drank the blood-red wine. Dan thought of the blood that would soon pour through these same veins. He had fought many battles for the Legion. Sometimes his battalion was victorious in battle, and sometimes it was defeated. In all the other battles, no matter how hopeless they had seemed, he knew there had always been a chance. This battle, with the Plainsmen, was hopeless. His fort was outnumbered twenty to one. The warriors of the Plainsmen were noted to be powerful and deadly men. Dan knew of but one way to escape death. It meant desertion and a possible court-martial, but it meant his life. He decided to chance it.

He had in his possession a Plainsmen's outfit. He had bought it when his fort was still at peace with them. Now he knew what he must do!

He rushed out of the assembly hall and ran to the bunkhouse. In a few minutes he had smeared himself with clay and donned the garb of the Plainsmen. A long run soon found him in the open spaces of the desert.

Mid-day, the hottest part of the day did not bother him! He, Dan, was wearing a Plainsmen's outfit. Soon he would be in their camp, hiding amongst them.

He had not gone far when he stopped to rest. Then he continued on his way. The scorching sun made his gun an unbearable burden. He threw it aside. Then off went his hat and shirt. Now he was on the ground, panting, rolling—his throat begging for water.

He cried out with his last bit of strength, "Water, water, water, water — — —". His throat became hard and dry. He could hardly speak. His voice was barely audible.

Then across the desert came the singing of men, men going to battle. Closer and closer they came. When they were very close he saw that they were the men of his company. He tried to call to them but his voice was lower than the lowest whisper.

"There's a Plainsman", one of them called. "Ride him down men: He would do the same to us, if he had the chance."

Clump, clump, clippety-clop, and the horsemen were over and across that piece of desert.

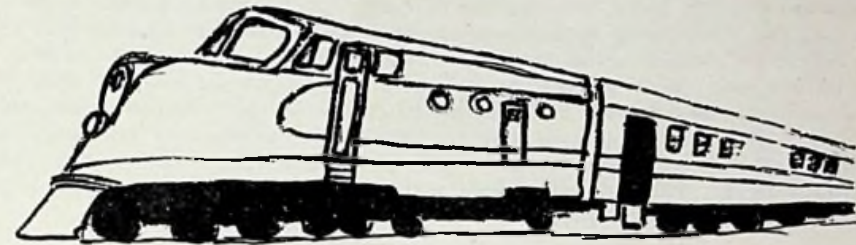
White hot heat evenly distributed on the desert sands. Blinding, raging sand-storms, followed by the howling wind. And once again there is a white, hot heat evenly distributed on the desert sands. Blinding, raging sand storms, followed by the howling wind. This time the calm is disturbed by the gentle sifting of the sand. The large sand dunes part and become smaller and smaller. Until the place where once stood a huge sand dune is flat. The smoothness of the ground is broken by a protruding bone. This bone was once one of many bones, belonging to a man named Dan.

Norma Cohen

RESOLUTION

*When the last gunshot is sounded,
The last soldier crumples to ground,
When the smoke has finally lifted
And the blood dries every wound,
When each pompous man with his hat high,
With his tails and ivory-topped cane
Has signed the treaties and pledges and such
Then it's youth's turn to light a new flame.
When the last gunshot is sounded
And the horror of war has passed
When the mortals who ruined our childhood
Have finished their toying at last
We, who are youth, united body and soul,
Will rise up with courage to attain our goal.*

Zelda Levine



TRAINS

The train rumbles and roars on through the vast and silent earth, howling wistfully, oblivious to all—important and petty—save its own hurtling body, writhing sinously in torment. Its destination is as near as somewhere; remote as nowhere. Its voice—the weeping of the seven winds and the howling of the wolves.

And always must it hurry, never wavering, never resting—forever out of breath, gasping and sputtering and uttering lone sighs. Always running and always crying—a mellow wail—that's almost human—as if trying to speak whooowhooooo

A train is a creature of the night; dark and lonely, melancholy. Its voice too is nocturnal, blending with all the dark velvety sounds of the night—the voice of the moon, bewitching; harmonizing with the humming of the silence. And each bellow blasted becoming an entity. Many a heart has harkened to its beckoning call and suddenly felt helpless and lost—for it is the voice of a world beyond our own; unearthly, magical and melodious.

And many a time a fleeting and momentary memory has drifted by on the wings of its mute, inarticulate babbling—memories so vague, so veiled and faraway, yet stirring nameless restlessness and unease in the soul and you feel that there is more to the world than meets the eye—much, much more . . . and once upon a time, once upon a time so long ago—an eternity ago, you knew greatness and beauty and perfection and your soul mingled with other souls in a freer, more natural world. That world is lost now and only the faintest memories of immeasurable beauty come back to haunt you. And the voice of the train stirs the taunt memory in you—somewhere you knew voices strange and unearthly.

But the trains know—they know what we can never know and they speak it in their rumbling—and they cry, for what they they know is sad; sad and lonely. Uttering lamentations of brooding note they rend the air with their haunted, horn-like whistle, permeating the being with profound dejection and settling in the soul like a weight . . . so heavy!

The flying faces in the cars of the train look like the faces of a lost generation—apathetic and lonely, bewilderment mingled with incertitude. Then a familiar eye and a certain look on one face and again the soft strings of memory tug at your heart. Somewhere you saw that face before, you wonder if its your own—and then the face has passed and you are left unknowing, but knowing that the train knows . . . all . . . all . . . all . . . and it is there in its cry . . . whoo . . . whooo . . . where . . . where . . . and when . . . so lonely and lost and unspeakably sad . . . a ghost car full of lost wraiths—naked souls and hungry eyes.

And the train is flying through time and space—wading through the river of years—pushing through the tunnels of time submerging and emerging endlessly . . . stop? . . . when? . . . whither? . . . widward?

As it flies, eternity is concentrated into a few seconds and the people are the peoples of all ages; and the wailing whistle of the transcendental train pierces the second of eternity, drenching it with its foggy and faraway voice . . .

Felice Lieberman

NATION ASTRAY

*There upon the meadow
wander the sheep.
Where is their Keeper,
is he asleep?
Sheep there are in the meadow
yet little grass at their feet.
Where is their Keeper
to give them to eat?
Why are the sheep so sad
Do you say?
Has their keeper turned them away?
They wander about they are but a few;
Truly what did their Keeper do?
Silly one you
It was not the Keeper who left
them to stray;
It was the sheep that turned
from the Keeper away.*

Shoshana Lichtenstein

... AND THEY HAD SWORN

And there two brothers who had sworn eternal peace.

And the elder had said to the younger, "Let us cease our fighting. Truly, I have won all our fights, but now that our father has died we must no longer argue over who shall own the business. It is not practical that you or I run it alone, for you are good in selling and I can keep accounts and neither can do the other's work."

So the younger brother agreed, and the business prospered.

Then one day the younger brother began to think. "Certainly, business is good, but could it not be that my kinsman is cheating me of my complete share? He is stronger than I and does not fear me. Surely one day we will fight once more and he will win once more for he will still be stronger."

So the younger brother put off his sales and went into the fields to gather stones to use as weapons, lest one day he should be caught unprepared by his kinsman.

And soon the townspeople brought this news to the ears of the elder brother. "My brother must be preparing to do battle with me. Perhaps he has been dishonest in his dealing with me and is afraid he will be caught. I cannot sit by and watch his treachery."

So the elder brother too went out into the fields to gather stones. And one day the two brothers met in a field as both were gathering stones and they began to fight. And each blamed the other for the misfortunes of the business and each thought he was in the right. And each of the brothers fought well and bravely and each of the brothers died.

And for many years afterward the townspeople told of the two brothers who had sworn eternal peace.....

Ursella Sitzman

GEORGIA DEE

Georgia Dee would have been a pretty nice girl, if she hadn't had one very annoying and disconcerting habit. It was this habit which made people dislike, and when possible, avoid her.

If someone would say, "Good morning Georgia, it's a fine day, isn't it?"

Georgia would answer, "Ha, ha, that's a good one, you kill me girl, you kill me."

Or to a similar remark, Georgia would reply, "Hey, that's murder, old girl. Simply murder".

And so it went. Georgia was always being murdered, slayed or killed.

Then one day, someone passed Georgia on the street and said: "Looks like rain, don't it?" Georgia merely shook her head and said "yeah. Sure does."

People started wondering. What! No boisterous laugh, no murder committed, with each "Hello" Why, Georgia was actually acting HUMAN!!!

Some people said that something in Georgia had died—others said she had just stopped dying!

Harriet Pohrille

THE FAITHLESS

*We have no message, bold and meaningful
To spread before your anguished stares,
No words etched in blood and
Cleaved by swords.
We are the faithless, the Past-Believers.
We struggle vainly to believe,
Or foolishly reach out for
Happiness untarnished by ourselves.
Or, sometimes we give up the struggle
Neither searching nor believing;
But hopelessly aimed toward the Grave,
To become the happiness of worms.*

Zelda Levine

DANGER

Danger! The word in itself suggests something ominous and evil. It brings to mind the threat of powers unknown. Its meaning can never be mistaken, for it carries with it such force and power, that just to hear it spoken, makes one tremble. And yet, what does danger really mean? To some it signifies a dark night with shadows lurking behind every tree; a night filled with danger. To others, the braver and more romantic ones, danger takes on a new and more terrible form. It crawls along the water-front; and peeps into the bars and saloons; it lingers in the dark, narrow streets, and alleys, which are frequented by thieves and cutthroats, robbers and murderers.

Danger symbolizes something new and more thrilling to men and women in all walks of life. Some people, the reckless and uninhibited ones, find themselves pushed and prodded along, without a will of their own. It is as if some unknown inner force is urging them forever onward, and controlling their actions to the minutest detail. The lure of danger is too strong for them to overcome, and they plunge unheedingly into the wilds of some mysterious and forbidden land, always seeking adventure; always on the lookout for new thrills; and danger is always near, beckoning with an unseen and evil hand.

Danger is all about you. There is danger on a lonely road, and in a deserted street; there is danger on the battlefield, and in an empty house.

No matter where you turn; no matter where you run; there is no escape, for danger knows no bounds.

Anna Fox

A BEE'S POINT OF VIEW

I woke up early this bright spring morning on a yellow carriage of moss surrounded by pure white petals. My bed rustled back and forth to the tune of the wind, and a feeling of pleasure and elation flowed through my veins. No one was here so early in the morning except, (the tramps) who slept here all night. And so, feeling sure that no harm would come to me I spread my wings and began to fly, the grass below me, and the sky the limit. On my way, I said "hello" to some of my neighbors, to the cricket, the ants, and the little orphan worm whose parents were killed by some children yesterday. Then someone called me, Oh, it was only my mother asking if I had breakfast already. Breakfast? Sure, I tickled a man's nose, feasted on some of his delicious, rich, nourishing, vitaminized blood and flew on. P.S. The man tried to catch me and almost did.

Next I hitched a ride on nature's merry-go-round, circling among flowers and grass, and hovering over people's heads in the partially filled park, and annoying them, Pebbles, stones, and pellets were thrown at me. I felt a sharp pain and I fell to the ground. I found shelter in a little hole, which was soon closed on me. I was gasping for air. Death was about to take me! I began to say my prayers and thanked G-d that I hadn't neglected to make my will the day before, when an idea struck me. A tunnel, dig a tunnel. I dug furiously with my feet, and was shocked at realizing how quickly my freedom was obtained, and I was already up and flying. I was very tired after suffering such hardships and settled near a brook to rest and get refreshed. Oops! I slipped. Help! Help! Oh; what a relief, I almost drowned. But my wings, my wings were wet; I couldn't fly. After recovering from my panic I decided to bathe in the sun in order to dry my wings, to get sun-burned and also take a nap. I climbed into a flower and settled down. I woke up an hour later feeling a little parched. I spread my wings and decided to do my good deed for the day. You see, I belong to the Busy Body Bee Scouts. My job is to fertilize the flowers, so I put my feet in some pollen and flew from flower to flower, just as a good member of the scouts should.

Having finished my job, I looked around at all the people, their troubles forgotten with the winter, basking themselves in the glory of the sun. A group of children danced around merrily, everyone oblivious to the agonies of the world. And so time moved on.

It was evening and a romantic mood fell upon me, as I saw the couples walking through the lanes, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, sensing nothing but themselves. Even apart they would be together; not a thing could mar their happiness. My eyes opened and I saw the world through their eyes, a world where everything is beautiful, sorrow, pain and death, where death would one day come unto me, carrying me in its hands higher and higher into eternity.

Darkness crept slowly up upon me; I turned around and there it was, enveloping me in its shadows, holding me, keeping me safe, giving me a place to hide. And the tramps came and lay down on the benches to sleep. Everything was quiet and still. A day has passed, a day of spring.

Rochel Kornitzer

RELEASE

*I stood, and looked into a winter's sky
And looking, saw the heavy clouds roll on.
Those clouds, grey mist, were strong as steel to me
For I was caught beneath, yet not by bars
Nor iron chains, nor dismal cell of stone
But lack of faith and hope had kept me there,
Had bound my heart and eyes, so that I could not see
That one day soon the clouds would blow away
And once again I would be free.*

Zelda Levine

GRASS

Whenever a man is weary and heartsick, he looks down at the grass. And the grass looks quietly up at him, and whispers softly: "Lay down your head upon me and rest—before the battle."

The grass has a quiet and modest dignity—even when it grows wild and lush along the bank of a stream. It always has its head down, no shame no fear, and no false pride. It is never ending, never changing, and green is pleasing to the eye.

A man is sick, he's broken with turmoil and strife; he rushes to the country and flings himself down on the grass. And the grass gives way to him softly, and yielding unresistingly. It weaves its quiet spell about him—and he sleeps.

The grass calls the man, not to battle—but to rest. To quiet thoughts hovering just above his mind, and perhaps to more sleep—and he needs this sleep: the way before him is long and hard.

The man gazes along the endless, flowing ocean of grass. Over gentle hills, and through calm valleys, beside rippling brooks; it is there.

And perhaps, the man lifts his head and raises his hands in thanks.

S. Kleiner

THE LOST SECRET

He was standing on the line, waiting for the bus to arrive. The impression he made on us was that of a philosopher, for he was so deeply engrossed in his own thoughts that he did not notice the people, who stared at him in wonderment. He looked as if he was trying to solve a very complicated problem, and every now and then he talked to himself, and then he smiled as if he meant to say: Ridiculous! Foolishness!

He did not pay any attention to a man who approached from the end of the row to talk to him. After the man tapped his shoulders, he awoke as if from a dream and said, "Pardon me, Sir! what did you say?"

The man smiled mysteriously and said, "Would you mind answering a question?"

The philosopher looked wonderingly at the man, but answered, "Why, certainly not, go ahead."

"Well," said the man, "can you tell me in just one word—what was the main point around which your thoughts centered a moment ago?"

The man smiled pleasantly, and answered, "In one word, I would say I thought about people."

"Exactly what I wanted to hear" said the man, and his mysterious smile deepened. "I think I can help you in this matter, for I see that you are trying to figure out something. I am going to give you a secret which will enable you to read what people think; you will be capable of seeing people's thoughts through their eyes, as Shakespeare said, "To find the mind's construction in the face."

He took a folded piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to the astonished man. Then, he turned his back to him, went to his place at the end of the bus line, and when he looked at the man again it seemed as if he had forgotten what had occurred a moment ago; his eyes were frozen and meaningless.

The man in his great astonishment just could not open the hand that held the slip of paper.

After he recovered a little, he opened his hand that was turning the slip of paper into a crumpled ball, and started to unfold it with trembling hands.

At this very moment a light wind began to blow, snatched the paper out of his hands and flew away with it. A sharp scream was heard and the man jumped to run after the secret slip of paper and catch it. He did not see the car which came towards him, his eyes followed the white piece of paper which flew further and further away.

With a hysterical and deadly scream he fell under the wheels of the car. He remained silent for quite a while, and all the people about him were sure that he would not regain consciousness. But to their amazement, the man got up, dusted his suit and began to look around. When the people asked what he was looking for, he answered, "For the paper with the secret of mankind on it. Please help me find it, please!" The people were sure he was not in his right state of mind, so they left him, thinking to themselves, "What a pity, poor man."

After the man was hit by the car, he forgot everything that had happened to him in the past; he knew only that he had to look for a slip of white paper.

If he did not die, you can still see him with his silver-white hair and beard, going up and down the roads and side-walks of the world searching for the secret of the people.

Sarah Cohen



THE RIVER

*On cold, clear nights, I have seen the ghostly moon cast it's radiant beams
on your icy, black waters*

*I have watched your great ships steal out under guardian darkness for mystic
lands.*

Your filth I have seen

Garbage of the metropolis, carried along by murky currents to the sea

Your lovely bridges too enchant me; thin majestic archways of light,

Sparkling and dazzling till they hurt my eyes,

On cold, clear nights, I have seen you as you are.

Zelda Levine

SPRING

*You, O L-rd, Divide the roots,
And add, O L-rd the seeds
Wilt multiply, O L-rd, the shoots
If I subtract the weeds.*

Early in the morning, I walk down the garden rows to view the miracle that is renewed. I keep thinking that if for only a few years no seed broke its delicate sheath, we would be a doomed race. For without the annual miracle of growth, nobody could survive very long. We take this rebirth for granted. While we busy ourselves with superweapons, the earth goes on feeding us. Right now the tall proud asparagus begins the cycle, the early peas follow. There will be the feathery lace of carrot tops, the sound sensible cabbages, and the slender crispness of beans. And now I would like to precribe a good garden for every world leader to grow! When the lilacs are in bloom, and the apple tree blossoms, and the narcissus blossom, the country is an experience in rapture. I never really get used to the lilacs, they surprise me every year anew by being even more beautiful, then I remember. I like them too, because they are a faithful flower; they grow around old blackened chimneys where houses once stood, and they mark out abandoned gardens. When I cut a cluster and bring it into the house, the sweetness is as pure and singing as young love. Pale gold tulips, white narcissus, smoky black tulips from the quiet garden, and white lilacs from the bush by the well-house, is nature's ode to G-d. The texture of spring flowers is especially lovely, the tulip petals feel like lustrous old porcelain. The cats share my feelings for flowers. Esme, my pet cat, always waits until I get a really nice floral arrangement on the table, then she reaches a long velvet paw out and removes the most important blossom. Siamese cats, they say, are really flower fanciers.

Opening the barbecue is a fine moment, the grill comes out of the barn, the bag of charcoal is finally located after a feverish hunt, and the good smell of burning charcoal fills the spring air. Mid-spring is such a hopeful time. As I think of the world situation, I count the constructive forces at work, instead of the destructive ones. The earnest and thoughtful effort of the World-Federalists creating programs for world salvation is a thought that warms the spirit.

As I walk out in the purple dusk to stand under the biggest lilacs, I pray that love may prevail over hate in this embattled old world. Perfect love casteth out fear—the Torah says it better than I could. We of this generation have a bigger job than the pioneers who broke into the wilderness. But what reason is that to abandon hope? The stars are like apple blossoms, and the apple blossoms are pure and delicate in the darkness. The lilacs offer their beauty to anyone who will look at them, and breathe their fragrance. The green valley is still, except for a cow's mooing now and then.

The whole land has a changed look. Now that the camouflage of winter is gone, everything is soft and new and clean under the May moon. Little Sister, the dog, follows me with her quick hopping run, her cocked ears flow behind her. The Irish children are at the pond, sliding great hunks of the muddy bank into the water, as they look for frogs. A coon dog gives tongue over the hill. Now if I am quiet, I shall see my white unicorn stepping softly, delicately, from the spring wood and he will nibble the whitest of the white lilacs. "G-d watch over us and bless us all," I say, standing especially still. I stand before the flowers as I stand before the New Year.

Judith Korngold

WHAT IS A FOOL

There was once a little kindom called Fooldom. It was called by that name because the people in it were fools. Now the King of Fooldom was a nice old chap hut a fool, of course. He was exceedingly fond of his kingdom, his people, and life. And to be sure all were fond of him, too. He was a friendly sort of a King, always saying:

"How do you do, my people? How do you do?"

And they replied:

"Oh! Your Majesty! We adore you!"

Yes, life was wonderful for these loving people and the King thought so too. "Life is wonderful", he said, "but how foolish are these people." He agreed wholeheartedly that the pople of Fooldom were fools. His cabinet were fools, his ministers were fools, his advisors were fools, and etc., etc.

Now one fine day, as his majesty was sitting on his throne, extremely bored, he thought to himself; "All are fools. Yet, what is a fool?" All day long he debated with himself but he could not find an answer. And all night he lay awake and thought and thought, but it was in vain.

The following morning, mind you, he did not even have his breakfast, he called together his cabinet, his ministers, his advisers, and addressed them:

"Fellow fools," he said, "are we not fools?"

"Oh! Yes, Your Honor. we are nothing less."

"Well then, has it ever occured to you What is a fool?"

"Why no!" they replied amazed

Isn't that strange? Here we are, all fools, and we don't even know what a fool is!"

Now, now that was something! And so they debated the question over and over and over again. But alas! Amongst those fools, not one knew what a fool was!

Finally, they came to this decision: A question as vital as this cannot and must not be ignored! We must find out why there are fools, what makes a fool, and above all, what is a fool? Perhaps then, when we

fully understand, we shall be able to eliminate the world's folly and cleanse ourselves of all foolishness.

"Ye-ay! Ye-ay! Ye-ay!"

And it further remained that a proclomation would be sent to the people of Fooldom stating: He who can answer what is a fool shall be greatly rewarded by his Majesty himself

This very same day the proclamation went into effect. "Hear ye! Hear ye!" was heard in all the streets and crowds, and groups gathered in the square discussing "What is a fool?" "What is a fool?" "What is a fool?" went from mouth to mouth.

"Oh! a fool's an idiot!"

"Don't be silly" said another, "a fool doesn't live"

"Oh No! A fool is a thickhead"

Well, that's the way it went on. And still the Question remained unanswered.

Days passed, weeks passed, months passed, and they were no nearer. The King fully exasperated by now came to this conclusion. It is only a non-fool who could possibly know what a fool is.

And so he sent a proclamation to the neighboring cities stating. He who can answer 'what is a fool' will be greatly rewarded so on and so forth.

And still the question remained unsolved. Then one day, when his Majesty was celebrating his birthday, a tall, gaudy youth entered the city. He walked up to His Majesty and said simply: "Your Honor, I have come to tell you what is a fool."

"Speak up lad! Speak!"

At that moment the youth gently took out his sword and stabbed the King. "Oh! Look what he's done! He's killed our King! He's killed our King! Oh, Oh!"

"Shut up you fools! Shut up! I am now your King! You wanted to know what is a fool didn't you? HA! What is a fool? You fools! well Now you Know!"

Mildred Steinberg

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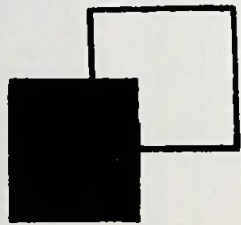
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M. Shulman, Ph. G. Health Pharmacy

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אדור



עבד

רחל ראסבערג
רוח הבריות נוחה הימנה



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תורת חסד על לשונה



יהודית שואב
איהבת שלום ורודפת שלום



מלכה שרייבער
טובה חכמה מפנינים





אסתר פרענקל
לב נבון 'בקש דעת



שרה ענגל
עבדו את ה' בשמחה



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תן לחכמה ותחכם עוד



מירל פרידמאן
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זהבה דעמביצער
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שושנה ליכמענשטיין
אשה יראת ה' היא תהלהלל



הינדע דבורה גלאסמאן
אוהבת את הבריות ומקרבתן לתורה

לאה באראש
מענה רן משיב חמה



רחל בריקמאן
יש בידה חכמה ומעשים טובים



רחל בראזערמאן
רוח הבריות נוחה הימנה



פרומע גורעוויץ
אל תדין את חברך עד שתגיע למקומו



זוה לאה בראונשטיין
מרבה עצה מרבה חבונה

דער אמת אין וואָרט און וואונש

דו, קליין מענשעלע זאָרג ניט און טראַכט ניט ווער ניט פון טייוועל פארפירט.
ווייל די שיינע פרי-מאָרגען זעהן בריינגט דעם ליכטיגען טאָג, און עטוואָס
שפעטער ווערט מיטן נאָכט קאָפּירט.

נאָם האָט דער מענשהייט אַ וועלט געגעבען צו זיין פרייליך גליקליך אין איהר.
זענען געקומען פאָעטען, פילאָזאָפּען און גאָר פאראדאָקסען און ווילען אלעס
געטוישען פון זייער פאָפּיר.

זיי ווילען פארטונקלען צושטערען וואָס געטליך ערליך און ריין.
און אין בעטרוג און פאלשקייט, און ליגענס די וועלט צו פארוואַנדלען.
און דאָס זאָל מען גלויבען איז שוין.

די בלומען רויזען מוז מען וויען און פלאַנצען.
זיי זאלען קענען וואַקסען צו שמעקען און שיינען אין מענש'ס אויגען געשמאָק.
אַבער ווילדע גראַזען און שאַרפע דערנער מוז מען פארניכטען אויסטראַטען.
עס זאָל ניט בלייבען קיין זנאָק.

אפּשר וועט נאָך אַמאָהל דער שלעכטער מענטש אויפּוואַכען פון זיין נאַרישען
גיפטיגען שלאָף.

און שאַפען נאָר גוטעס מיט אמת'ע פרייד פאַר דער וועלט
און דאָס געמיינהייט און בילכולים וואַרפען אַראָפּ.

און דאָן וועט אין אַפּגרונד דער טראַגישער שקר פארשווינדען,
מיט זיינע צרות און לייד,

און דער הייליגער אמת וועט אויפשיינען מיט זיין הערליכען אַטעם,
און באַשיינען, באַקליידען די וועלט מיט איהר גליקליכער קלייד.

תימני בהרי יהודה

בכּיּש השּׁהוּר המתפתל בין ירוּשלים ותּל־אביב התנהלה מכוניתנו — מכונית
נוסעים גדולה שהכילה כשלושים איש. פנינו היו מועדות לתל־אביב. לא התרחקנו
מירושלים בהרבה כשלפתע ארע קלקול במכונית, היא הוכרחה להעצר, ואנו האנשים
נצטוינו לרדת מעליה ולחכות עד שהקלקול יתוקן.

התרחקתי מעט מקבוצת האנשים כדי להשקיף היטב על הסביבה האהובה
עלי כל כך. הרי יהודה החשופים והגאים בפראיותם תפשו את כל מלא העין. רק
פה ושם הוריקו עצי ברוש רכים שנמטעו לא מכבר, הראשונים להגשמת התכנית של
יעור הרי יהודה.

בעוד אני מסתכלת ותוהה על צחיהות ההרים, נראה לעיני חמור שהלך
מתוננת כאחד השבילים על ההר שממולו. כעבור כמה רגעים התקרב החמור
ויכולתי להבחין ברוכבו. לא יכולתי לגרוע עין מהמראה הנהדר שנגלה לעיני.

על גב החמור ישב תימני בגיל העמידה, צנום היה מאד, אבל כל גופו הכיע עירנות
ומרץ. זקנקן מדובלל עמר את פניו השחומים כעין השוקולד, ושתי פאות מסולסלות
נעו אנה ואנה לפי קצב מהלך החמור.

שתי עיניו ההומות מאד הביעו עליצות ושובע רצון ומנוחת נפש מיוחדת —
הבעה נדירה מאד, שהמחישה את מאמר חז"ל: „איזהו עשיר? השמח בחלקו.“
חוזר הוא לו „בקדילק“ החדיש שלו — חמורו, שנראה כה חביב מסור וציתן, שב מקום
עבודתו, כודאי אחת' המהצבות שבקרוב מקום, או מסלילת 'כביש חדש לישוב
צעיר.

אם כי הסביבה אינה הדשה עבורו, בכל זאת מדי יום ביומו מאז כואו מתימן
הוא סוקר כאהבה מחודשת כל רגב אדמה, וכל אבן גיר פעוטה מתנוצצת לנגד
עיניו כיהלום.

הספקתי להכיר מקרוב את התימנים, לעמוד על הלכות חייהם ומנהגיהם,
ושעות ביליתי כהאזנה לסיפוריהם על חייהם בתימן, וכך יכולתי לשער את מהלך
המהשכות של אותו תימני.

ואכן, שיערתי, חושב הוא, במה הוא עולה על כל אותם האלפים מאחיו
ששאפו כל ימיהם לעלות ל„ארם ישראל“ משאת נפשם ולא עלו?
מה מאושר הוא שאותו ערגון עתיקי־ומין לארץ הקודש, בא על סיפוקו דוקא
אצלו והוא זוכה להלך כמה וכמה פעמים ארבע אמות ב„ארם־ישראל“, לשאוף אל
קרבו את איורה הטוהר המחכים והמכריא.

„יא, רבון העולמים“, מרים הוא בודאי את עיניו השמימה מדי חשכו זאת,
„מודה אני לך על שהכאתני עד הלום, ל„ארם הקודש“ יתבורך שמך.“
בעוד אני מסתכלת עליו החלה השמש לשקוע, וצללים ארוכים כצעפים
שחורים החלו לעטוף את ההרים בדמדומי ערב.

התימני לבוש התלבושת המסורתית שלו — חלוק או כותנת ארוכה — ירד
מעל החמור, הוציא מצקלונו בקבוק מים, נטל את ידיו מתוכו, והחל להתפלל (מעריב)
כשפניו מופנות כלפי ירושלים, אותה ירושלים היקרה לו שנראית מרהוק כמחותלת
כאד כחלחל כשהיא גחה שוקטת בין הרי יהודה הנשאים, הנצבים עליה כשומרים
נאמנים מאז ומתמיד.

שרה כהן

י תו מ ה

— האשה התחילה את ספורת: „שלג כסה את הדרך, ועל צדי הדרך עמדו עצים שפשטו את מלבושם הירוק ועכשיו עמדו כהדר חדש, לבן ורך. לא קול צפור מצפצפת נשמע, ולא הקול הנאה של מים נזולים בין סלעים, רק קול נשיבת הרוח בין העצים הריקים.

עמדתי בדרך ושכחתי את ד' בורא עולם יפה כזה, והטבע שנשתנה פתאום ללכן — כאלו אור קדוש היה בעולם.

פתאום התעוררתי ממהשבותי ושמעתי קול צלול, כמו של היה קטנה או צפור, והתפלאתי — איך אפשר שעכשיו יהיה פה צפור? הצצתי לכל צדדי ולא ראיתי דבר, מלבד עקבות עקבות קטנים כמו של ארנבת. מהרתי לעקוב אחריהם, ועוד הפעם נשמע הקול, הוא צד את לבי ומשכני אחרנו.

התקרבותי למקום וראיתי על הקרה בין השיחים הבילה קטנה שממנה יצא הקול. בעדינות פתחתי אותה ובתוכה היתה ילדה רכה וקטנה.

עוד הפעם צעקה: אמא! והקול נפסק ולא נשמע עוד הפעם וכת צהוק היתה על פניה היפים. תלתליה הצהובים ועיניה הכחולות שפארוה גם כמותה משכו את לבי. אני הבקתי את גופה הרך והקטן ונשקתי אותה, ואז ידעתי שכבר נפגשה עם אמה.

כאשר גמרה האשה את ספורת, עיני כל היתומות שישכו מסביב לה נתמלאו דמעות אשר זלגו מעיניהן כאשר אמרו בלבן תודה לה' שספק להן את צרכיהן וישבו לבטח בבית הזה — בית היתומות.

ופתאום כלן התחילו לשיר . . . והשיר היה מלא רגשות לבבן ועלה למרום.

מחלקה ז'.

„נצח ישראל לא ישקר“

א

על אלה אני בוכיה,
בזכרי אותם, עיני צופיה,
למערב, לארופה הארורה,
איפה את? משפחתי המכורה.

ב

לא נעמי עוד שמך,
מרה — כי מררו חייך
מי הוא בחיים, עוד לא נודע
„אחד מעיר, ושנים מעירה“
כבר לא נודע.

ג

רחל מבכה על בניה הנדחים
מחיקה נחמטו לטבח לזרים
עד מתי? אלקים! אודיעה!
הלא נשארנו כבר מעט ורבע!

ד

איכה היתה לזונה
קולטרה העוה?
שאבתם כל עת,
וחזיכם ומשוררכם
ולא היה בכוחם הדל
לעצור הרע, בגופכם, הרעל!

ה

בודאי ירטיבו את ארצם המכוער
דמעותינו הזכות, דמינו הטהור
ויתנו פרות לאדם נאכלים,
פרחים שושנים, לאדם נמרזים.

ו

אלוקים! יהי להם הפרי לסם המות,
והשושנה למי כנרקטיבה המכופלת
המות ולא נשאתה.

ז

כותב אני בדמעות השורות האלה
יטפו בנאד הן, כבר מלא,
כבר רב הדם, השוטף כנחל
בו ימצא המות בלי כל מוחל.

ח

עוד יש בערים נכחדות, בתפוצות הגולה
ביערים כלואים, יושבים מדוכאים,
סובבות נפשות יגעות ומרות,
בלא תקות לעתיד, ולכל אי אמונה.

ט

אך אתם, השרידים, הפליטים,
איך נפלא המראה לעינים
איך נמצא בכס עוד אהבה,
לאדם — לאידיאה — לחיה?

י

נאין אהבתכם? אחי
המחכים השנה?
ולא צורך הזמן הוא? הלא?
פלא! ותורה העתיקה, הלא??!

יא

מי יתן לי כנפים ואעופה
למקומות שם נוסעים קדושינו
אך גם שם במבוכה המפוכה
שם בודדים שרידינו פליטינו.

יב

לקבל נעזבים, נעלבים,
המבוכים המרים המדוכאים,
למקום המוקדש, לעמנו,
ולכס אכזרים!
אין חלק ונחלה בעמנו . . .

— — —
אשא את קולי בבכי הנמוך
לנצח יהי זכרונם ברוך.
נקום נקמת דם עבדינו השפוף!
נצח ישראל לא ישקר ולא יהפך
תורה היא קיום עמנו — לעד
עם ישראל חי — חי לבד.

י ו ק ס ל ר

השושנה היפיה

מדרגות רעועות ומכוסות אבק הובילו אל המשרד — מחוז חפצי המדרגות הכלתי נוחות עייפוני עד מאד, והוכרחתי להעצר מעט ולנוח. מבלי משים השקפתי מכעד לחלון הקמץ בעל הזוגיות השבורות על האגף האחורי של קבוצת הכתים שממול. בתהילה עשה עלי המראה רושם מדכא מאד. קירות הכתים היו שחורים מפיה ואבק, פיסות ניר ואשפה שונים התגוללו פה ושם על פני השטח. מדרגות ההצלה שהתבלטו מאד היו חלודות מפיה ועשן, וכל המראה השאיר רושם עגמומי מאד, עד שלפתע נגלה לפני מראה נהדר, מראה שיפיו עורר כלבי מעין כאב חד.

על אדן אחד החלונות עמד עציץ פעוט שמתוכו עלתה פורחת שושנה בודדה, רק אחת ויחידה.

השושנה היתה במלוא הדרה, האודם להט בה כשלהבת, וברגע הראשון כמעט שסנור את עיני. כמה עלים ירקרקים וצעירים התמזגו לתוך האודם הצעקני והשקטוהו מעט.

לכאורה המראה עצמו היה פשוט, שאינו חורג מגדר הרגיל, מראה יום יומי ושיגרתו, אבל בנסיכות שראיתו מה נפלא ומלא קסם היה!

ברקע השחור והעוני, ברקע שכולו מביע עגמומיות ואפוריות מבצבצת לה לפתע שושנה ענוגה ועליזה ומחיכת אל קירות בתים הקודרים.

רגע נדמה שהשושנה מהוה ננוד משוע, שהינה חורגת ממסגרת התמונה הכללית, ומיד ברנע השני נדמה שהיא העקר בתמונה והשאר תפל בה.

המראה השרה כלבי את אותו הרגשה שאדם מרגיש ביום סגריר ומעונן כשלפתע מספר קרני שמש עליזות ופזיזות מפלסות להן דרך בעד מעכה העננים אל גולם ומלואו, ומשרות אור וחום על היקום כולו.

או אותה הרגשה שמתעוררת בי בשעה שאני רואה תינוק מטיפה בכבי בעריסתו, ולפתע פתאום נענה לפיוסי אמו וכעוד דמעותיו זולגות על לחייו הורדרדות וניתלות בריסי עיניו כשתי פנינים יקרות, הוא שוכה את בכיו ומתהיל לחייך ולצחוק כשהוא מוחה את דמעותיו.

אותו עציץ פשוט על אדן אחד החלונות שמתוכו בקעה כקרן שמש שושנה יתומה, יחד עם כל הסובב אותו, הווה תמונה אמנותית כה עדינה שהביעה כה רבות, עד ששום אמן לא יכול לחקותה, אף על פי שהיא צוירה רק כלאחר יד על ידי שורה של מקרים בודדים.

ידוע ידעתי שאותה שושנה רק בתהלוף היתה, שבעוד ימים מספר תקמול ותכמוש, ולא חיוך תביע אלא אנחת זקנה. נוכחתי שהייתי ברת מזל, שראיתי את הדרה בשיאו, ושמאותו רגע ואילך התהילה תקופת הקמילה שלה. אבל דוקא עוכדה זו הוכיחה עד כמה יקרת מציאות היתה התמונה שראיתי, ושמקומה היה לא בארכיון בעל פרסומת עולמית, אלא בפינה בודדה שבניו יורק רבתי.

ש ר ה כ ה ן

מחלקה ס"ה

תעמולה לשבת

כתת ה' תורה מסיני, והשמע קול ה' הנורא מתוך רעים ואש, או כמוכן לא הצרכה תעמולה לשבת. מפי ה' שמעו את התהלת הדברות, ומפי עבדו הנאמן את היתר. דור המדבר, דור הנס והפלא, הדור שבימיו נבקעו מימי סוף, שבימיו נתנו מן ושלי, בודאי לא היה בצורך להשפיע עליהם לשמור את מצות השבת השקולה כנגד כל מצוות התורה.

אבל לדאבונו הגדול בימים הללו שבהם אנו היים, ימים משונים מאד הכה, הורנו זה כה משפל וכה מושפע מהיי העמים שהיים סביבותינו עד שאת תורתנו ימצוותיה הם קוראים ישנה וכלתי מודרנית.

עכשיו הזמן שתעמולה לשבת נהוצה כדי לעורר ולהזכיר ולקשר את הנאבדים, את הניתקים מהכלי היהדות לכל הפחות להאמין במצות שבת. להתחיל פעולות — לסדר מרכיבים וקבוצות, קודם למשכם ובדרך זו לקבלם בתהילה שלא מרצונם לשמה, אבל בכטחון שבעתיד ואהרי השפעה מספקת יבואו לשמה ודרך מצוה זו ועול זה להזכירם משאר מצוות תורתנו.

תעמולה לשבת נהוצה עכשיו יותר מכל זמן, וכעיני תפקיד חשוב הוא שמוטל על כל יהודי ויהודיה להתאמץ בכל היכולת לפהות לקרב את הנדהים דרך שמירת שבת שאפילו בעיני הגויים, להכדיל, נהוצה — שבת ולא יום ראשון יום המנוחה. ובמקום הקולנוע יש לארגן אסיפת צעירים וכלוי זמן נעים באוירה יותר יהודית ודתית ונגד הזרם ההפשי בהחלט. צריכים להתחיל במעט ובהדרגות קטנות להעלות את הדורות הנוכחים של הנוער וידיעת יהדות תורה ומצוות. לא לשבת בהבוק ידים ולראות את הבית נכער ונאכל.

מ ס י מ ת

מתי יבא

היום, העולם מלא שנאה, מחלה וטפשות ורדיפות אחרי תאוה. כל איש מפחד מפני הפצצה האטומית ומפני מלחמות ושחימות המוניות כמו שהיה באירופה. אכל ליהודים שמאמינים בכיאת המשיה אין פחד מפני כל זה, אדרבה, יש להם מנוחת נפש. כאשר איש דתי שומע שמועות רעות או על דברים המפריעים את מנוחת האדם ושווי-משקלו ומצא נחמה בתורה. כרגע זה יכול הוא להיות בעולם הזה, ופתאום כל המחשבות והרעיונות המטרידים את הנפש נעלמים, והוא מרגיש שהוא בעולם אחר — עולם של תורה ומנוחה, ויש קשר חזק להשם. אבל לצערנו בימינו אלה אנשים כאלה, שמרגישים ככה, הם המועט הקטן מן האוכלוסיה.

אולם כאשר יבא המשיה, המצב הזה ישתנה ויהיה עול רוהני וכל איש יאמין בהשם בכל לבבו. לא תהיינה מחשבות של מלחמה כי לא יהי צורך בזה. הרבה מלחמות פורצות מכנאה ושנאה אולם בעולם הבא כל איש יהי שמה בחלקו ואהבה תמשול בכל רחבי התבל. איש יאהב רעהו וארי ילך עם שיה ולא יהיו שונאים זה את זה ומשום זה לא יתקימו מרמה וריב בכל דרכי החיים.

כאשר יהודים הולכים בדרך הישרה — דרך ה' — לא ימותו ממחלות ורעב. כל מה שאיש יעשה יהי לו ספוק נפש מן עבודתו. הפליה בין גזע לגזע לא תהיה עוד וגזרות והוקים לא יגזרו נגד היהודים ופרעות לא תהוללנה על ראשי היהודים ויהודים לא יהיו שרויים בפחד תמידי מפני הגוים. כל זה יבא בעתו. ובכל יום ויום לעת עתה כל יהודי מתפלל ומקוה שמשיח יבא בשנה הזאת והוא יזכה לראות אותו ולשנב לארץ אבותינו — ארץ ישראל.

ח. מזים

רחל בריקמאן

תפקיד „בית יעקב“

בעת המלחמה העולמית השניה כל היהודים בארופה ברחו לכל הארצות מסביב כדי להציל את נפשם מסכנת המות אשר היתה צפויה להם. חרבה יהודים השאירו את ילדיהם בשדות ובעירות בחשבם אולי יחשבו הגויים כי ילדי גויים הם ויקחו אותם לבתיהם ויגדלום. וכן היה. מאות ומאות ילדים היו בבתי הגויים כל זמן המלחמה ואפילו לא ידעו כי יהודים הם. אך כאשר נגמרה המלחמה — השחיטה הנוראה של ששת המליונים — אז התעורר חפץ הקיום ורצון חזק להחיות את היהדות, אצל שארית הפלטה וביחוד תלמידות בית יעקב, אשר למדו וזכרו את התורה ששמשה להם כמעין עוז וגבורה בכל ימיהם. גם בזמן המלחמה הן כלשו וחפשו עד שמצאו חלק מהילדים אשר חונכו כנוצרים ולא ידעו את מקור-מחצבתם. כמאמצים גדולים ובכל כוהותיהן הן הצילו אותם מידי השונאים, ופתחו את מוסדות „בית יעקב“ ולמדו אותם את דתנו ותורתנו הקדושה, הם למדו אותם גם כן שארץ ישראל היא מולדתם. ורק הודות לחנוך של „בית יעקב“ שבים הילדים לדתם וידעו מי הם ומה שמם, ובזכות המצוה הגדולה אנחנו מקוים ש„בתי-יעקב“ יתקימו לעולם ושם ה' תמיד ישרה שמה.

זהבה גינזבערג

מחלקה ח'

מכתב אל המסימות

הרב מ. שיין

כמו ככל שנה כן גם השנה הננו חוגגים את הג' הסיום של התלמידות המסימות שלנו. וכתמיד כן עתה ניל ומשמש מפעמים אותנו המורים והתלמידות ואת כל אוהדי הרעיון שלנו.

רגשות קודש מכים גלים בנשמותינו נוכח השעה הנדולה הזאת ולכנו רוחש הרבה ברכות והודאות לד' שהחיינו וקימנו והגיענו לזמן הזה, אשר למדות ההאבקות הקשה שלנו בעד המשך קיומו של מוסדנו החנוכי זכינו לראות שוב מחזור-מסימות חדש המעוררות כבוד והערצה להן ולבית הספר הנבוה שלנו בו רכשו רמה-מדעית דתית כה גבוהה ונעלה.

תלמידות יקרות! בלב מלא שמהה הנני מאחל לכן מזל-טוב והצלחה. והרשנה לי להגיד על דבר מסרתכן בעתיד,

קשה היתה עבודתכן ומאומצת ביותר בין קירות בית הספר; הרבה כח, הרבה מרץ השקעתן בין דפי הספרים שוני-המקצועות שלכן, עד שהגעתן למסרתכן זאת, להשתלם ולהתכונן להיות מורות ומהנכות רבות ההשפעה ורבות האחריות, ועליכן, איפוא, להשתדל שלא תאכזבנה את שאיפתכן הרוממה שהרכיתן כל כך יגע ועמל במחירה.

גודע לכל ואין צורך להרהיב הדבור על אודות הסכנה הצפויה פה באמריקה לקיומה של היהדות המסורתית בכלל ולחונך התרדי בפרט. אדישות וקרירות נוראה שוררים בשורות הנוער שלנו לכל הקדוש לנו. לבות הדור הצעיר מרוקנים ומנוערים מכל שאיפה עילאית מכל מנמה רוהנית וזרים לו כל ערכי-היקר שלנו.

בשעת חירום שכזאת, שהרחוב היהודי חשך באירופה, מוטלת עליכן תלמידות בית-יעקב, ההובבה והמשימה להחליץ ולהפיץ את אוצרות האור הגדולים הנגזרים בנשמתכן בין אחיותיכן הקטנות והנדולות ללא הבדל בין ניל וגיל. עם חשיכה עבה כזאת צו השעה הוא לכן, מסימות בית-ספר הנבוה של בית יעקב, הדלקנה את הנר! „נר אלקים נשמת אדם“, העלנה את הנשמות הכבויות והקפואות באור ד'. „בית יעקב — אומר הנביא — לכו ונלכה באור ד'“, החדירו אמנות אלקים בלבבות אחיותיכן, פתחנה להן את אפיקי המהשבה הישראלית ותדענה כי יש להן להתגאות בעמן ובתורתן.

יודע אני שהדרך הנשגבה הזאת מלאה לכמים וקשיים רבים אבל כבר בפוח אני שד' יסייע אתכן בתפקידכן הקדוש ויצליח דרככן!

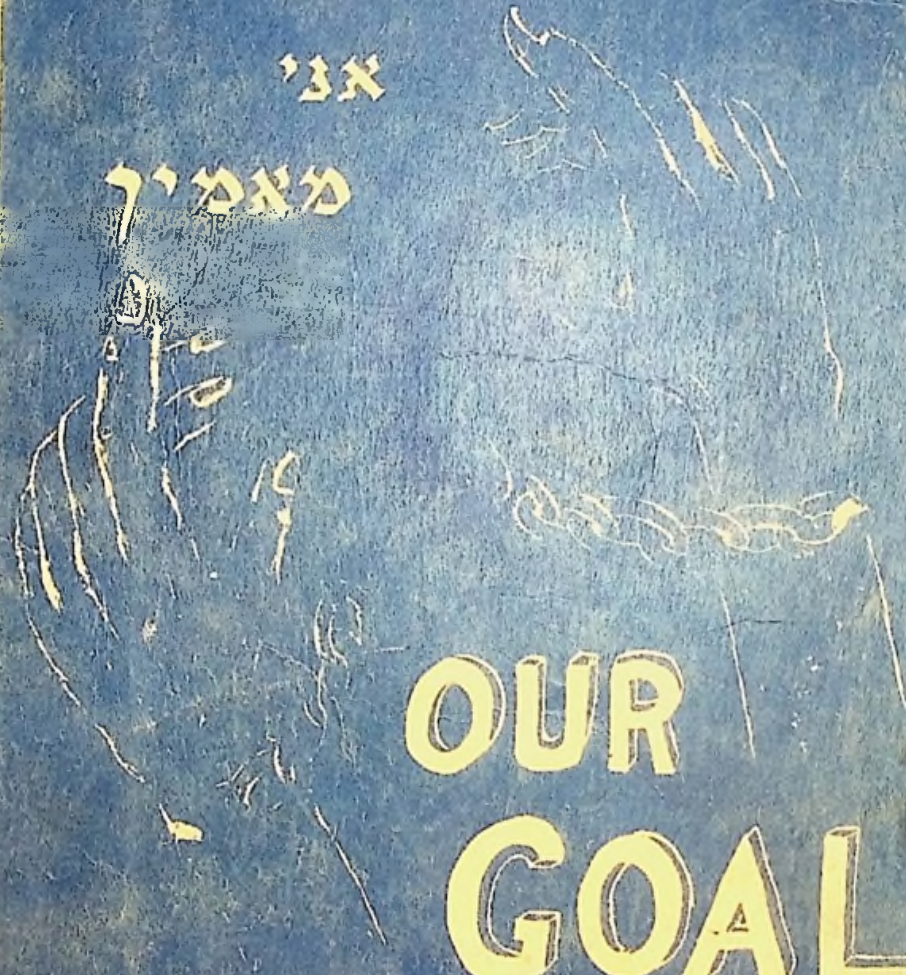
מ. שיין

ז'ה

המגמה

אנני

מאמיר



OUR GOAL

BETH JACOB HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE 1952