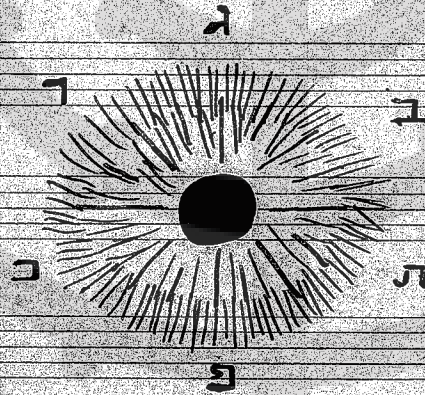


THE

QUEST OF THE

HOLY DAGESH.



Heller, Cohen, and Israel
announce

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY DAGESH.

Book by James G. Heller, Simon Cohen, Edward Davis, and Edward
L. Israel. Lyrics by Simon Cohen, Edward Davis, Edward L. Israel,
and Terese Israel. Music by James G. Heller, and Simon Cohen.
Cohen

C A S T.

(In order of appearance)

- Dr. Lauterbach - - - - - Harry L. Margolis.
- Dr. Deutsch - - - - - Jacob Marcus.
- Dr. Neumark - - - - - Benjamin Friedman.
- Dr. Kohler - - - - - Albert Minda.
- Dr. Morgenstern - - - - - Samuel M. Gup.
- Dr. Bittenwieser - - - - - Myron Meyer.
- Dr. Englander - - - - - Irving Reichert.
- Adolph S. Oko - - - - - Samuel Harris.
- Students of the College - - - - - Samuel S. Mayerberg.
Max Weis.
Edward L. Israel.
- Pirate Captain - - - - - Samuel Harris.
- Pirates - - - - - Samuel S. Mayerberg.
Max Weis.
Samuel Harris.
Philip Wascowitz.
Edward L. Israel.
Harvey E. Wessel.
- Pirate Chief's Daughter - - - - - Henry J. Berkowitz.
- Moses - - - - - Edward L. Israel.
- Jeremiah - - - - - Philip Wascowitz.
- Maimuni - - - - - Simon Cohen.
- Devil - - - - - Harvey E. Wessel.
- Jezebel - - - - - Samuel Harris.
- Deborah - - - - - Max Weis.

DIRECTING STAFF.

- Stage Director - - - - - Simon Cohen.
- Musical Director - - - - - James G. Heller.
- Property Man - - - - - Edward L. Israel.

SCENES.

- Act I. Faculty Room of the College.
- Act II, Scene I. Barren Coast Thirty Miles North of
Joppa; two months later.
Scene II. Bethel. Moonlight night. Two weeks later.
- Act III. Faculty Room again. Three months later.

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- 2. Song of Rejoicing - - - - - Students. p. 10.
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- b. Song: I am a Yiddishe Firate - - - - - Pirates. p. 11.
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- 8. College Song - - - - - Students. p. 35.

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THE QUEST OF THE HOLY DAGESH.

ACT I.

Setting: Faculty Room of the College.

Pantomime, first L. enters from left, characteristic gestures, fingers and distributes mail. Next enter N., also looks over mail, then D. who sits in N's seat and is pushed out; next K. escorted by M. L. rushes out hurriedly, and in meantime B. enters with bag in hand, and excitedly murmurs, "Why don't you open ze vindows?". Re-enter L.

K. All right. (lapses into sleep).

N. Continue.

D. What do you mean continue? Ve haven't started yet. EEt reminds me--

N. (abruptly) No jokes, plees. Ve vas so far as---

Enter E. with a voluminous papyrus under arm. to M.

E. (to M.) Julian, can you decipher this?

N. (impatiently) **אשרק בזה** That's Hebrew, you **עם הארץ**! That is the petition which my son Immanuel has composed for admission into the D grade.

L. **קשנים בתבו ובגזיו**.

B. But vat should zat mean?

L. It's ze formula for admission of students. See note 43 on **בו ביום** in my Ethics of the Halakah (pulls out a reprint).

M. I move we consider the petition---

N. (interrupting) I move that the entrance requirements be changed to

Moreh Nebuchim only----

Faculty (simultaneously) What?

N. (serenely) Maimuni's, of course.

B. (excitedly) Altegezzzer wrong! Moonshine! Such ubiqueness is entirely unnecessary. Ze Bible---

N. (sneering) Was weesst du von **תנין**?

B. (jumps up and seizes a Bible) So? You sink I don't know my subject? I know the Bible from (opens the first page of the Bible to look) **V'reshis to--**

N. Ui, a Churban! He don't know the first word!

B. Well, you read it. (hands him book)

N. I don't have to prove it to you. You prove it to me. (pushes book toward M.)

M. (picks it up) It is **V'reshis**, by golly!

(Faculty all jump from their seat, rush behind M. and look)

M. (sardonically) You would think this book was the **בית הכנסת**.

K. (wakes up, and looks around) Va---Vat's de matter?

(Faculty yell all together "The Dagesh is lost!" After this a silence, during which B. reads in a still, small voice **בואשת וירא אלהים**).

K. Send for Ocho! Vring Vivles! Vring all Vivles! Hurry uf! Sfeed!

(E. goes off)

K. Honored cholleagues, we are confronsed vy a sissuation, ze liche of which the Jews have never met before. Tradition stands agass! What is Hebrew without a Dagesh? As Dr. Morgenstern so aptly remarked in his speech on my seventieth anniversary: If I were asked while standing on one leg to say: What is the pie-votal point of Chudaism, I should unhesitatingly declare: Gentlemen, that point is the Dagesh. (Applause from Morgenstern) What shall we do? The Afocrypha lend us no help. Homiletics falls to pieces. Pesach becomes Fesach. Pleas becomes fleas! Pish becomes fish! We must save our faiz! We must save our faces!

(Enter Oko and E., staggering under load of books. Faculty open every one, all the same)

D. (rising leisurely) Gentlemen, I can't stand any more of this Schtuss. Let's be reasonable. History teaches us that the Dagesh originated in Palestine. Of course, personally, I have my doubts about the stroy that Rabbi Jochanan bn

#2.

Zacchai, on taking the train from Jerusalem, pinned the Dagesh on the inside of his prince Albert and established it in his school at Jabne. However this only illustrates the fact that one great man is always born whenever another dies. Therefore, what remains but to trace the Dagesh stream to its source? Let our motto be Mizrachi! Back to Faestine!

- N. Very persuasive.
- B. Zis zeory I can agree wiz.
- L. Don't hesitate. Better do it right away.
- M. Is the eating on the ship Kosher?
- E. We must have our own Shochet.
- K. But----- the Board of Governors!
- D. On such an occasion the Faculty of the Hebrew Union College must be autonomous. The future of Judaism is at stake. This is a rare moment. Will we let it burn? It's tough, but-----
- M. Crisply put.
- L. But---what of the students?
- D. Oh, we'll give them somethings to look up.
- K. Englander, I assign you the p-farting speech.

(E. calls in the student-body officers)

E. Gentlemen, when in the course of Jewish affairs it becomes necessary to rescue a language in the danger of dire destruction, all selfish motives must be caast aside. All thoughts of the baser aspects of existence must be obliviated. All utilitarian, praagmatic, hedonistic, or eudaimonistic considerations must be thrown upon the dung-heap of materialism. Now is the time to act. Around us craash the hoary pillars of the Hebrew race. Will, disciples of our hearts, spiritual children, אציל בני ישראל, aid in this noble quest, the Quest of the Holy Dagesh? (Applause. Slight Pause) We, the Faculty of the Hebrew Union College, by the authority vested in us by the Board of Governors, by the money invested in us by the Union of American Hebrew Congrgations, do hereby constiute the students of the Hebrew Union College a self-governing body. (Applause from students) (He hands over Immanuel's papyrus) This is the Magna Charta of the Hebrew Union College.

M. And, gents, don't forget to practice on soem nice feminine forms till we return.
Students. You bet we will.

Faculty Quartet: SONG OF FAREWELL.

(Faculty go out)

Student Quartet: SONG OF REJOICING.



ACT II, SCENE I.

Setting: Barren coast 30 miles north of Joppa. Flagmast in the background, with mogen David and two crossbones.

(Enter pirates, dragging faculty, except L. by chains. Faculty thrown to rear left of stage. Business)

SONG: I AM A YIDDISCHE FIRATE. TYPICAL DANCE: HA-TIKVAH RAG.

Pirate-chief. Bring forward the frisoners. Inspector for בני בולית, step to the front and do your duty. (Motions of modesty from the Faculty)

Insp. What's the use? You can see they're Jewish by their Fonims.

P.C. Have the frisoners been searched?

IP. Yes, אצל האסותים, Captain of the old salts.

P.C. What have they got on them?

IP. (shoves out a wheelbarrow) From the one with the red spinach on his jib, one notebook, absolutely blank, one box of chloride of lime, one cradle, said to be the one in which Maimuni rocked the world, one complete copy of a book which I tried to read but which ought to be translated into

Faculty.

Words by Edward L. Davis	Song of Farewell	Sung by Faculty Quart.	Music by James G. Heller
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Andante.

Tenor Solo

Fare-well to all the joys we know—
That year within thy walls we spent— We sing our
part- ing praise to you with tears for thee and glo- ry blent. 'Twas here our fire of hope was
raised— 'Twas here we flying our ban- ners high 'Twas here we strove + dreamt + praised, we learned to
live, to fight, to try

Largo (Very Slow). Quartet - Without Piano Preferably

Soft and Accent Melody

First Tenor
2nd Tenor
1st Bass
2nd Bass

Good-bye, old Col-lege dear, good-bye. We'll ne'er for-get- where'ere we'll

Second Bass + 1st Bass
Second Tenor

be - . The sign of trust we have in thee - To raise thy

+ 1st Tenor

to - ry to the sky - , We give thee now our part-ing

word, Our tears and sighs for thee are heard Good-

bye, old Col-lege dear, good-bye. Good-bye, Good-bye.

X X X X X

Students

Words by Simon Cohen | Student Quartet | Music by James Heller
 Song of Rejoicing
 Allegretto, giocoso, staccato, et scherzando.

1. At last they've let us hur-rah, hur-rah, we are mas-ters of the Col-lege, while you all the time that we
 2. The ven-er-er-ation will work all right, in chap-el there'll be no more sleep-ing the u-ter-rine will
 3. A stu-dent-meeting will last all day with- no-body here to spoil it. Well use the fac-ulty

quest to - play and then ac-quire some know-ledge
 else all - night. Miss Lench will be in our keep-ing
 re-quire-ment will use the fac-ulty to - let

Chorus

I yell and cry hur-rah - We - all are free to-day No - more of the profs, No -

Molto rit. a.f.
 more - of the bluffs, Hable - lu-jah, Wo-lom Ya - a - leh.

Molto rit. a.f. fine

Pirates.

Words by Ed. Isaac and Ed. Davis

I am a Yiddische Pirate | Pirate Quartet. Music by James B. Hader.

until ready

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 7/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

Moderato.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

and Solo.

I am a Yiddische Pirate, I sail the dark-blue sea. I cry out for a
 You see by my like a zu rate, I have a charm, And I've hilled a they sand-

1st Tenor. Chorus

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

man of war - Ge - fill - te Fisch for me.
 Goo - shen now - and - then some Cold - stems too.
 Jew - ish nose - a - keeps me on the sea.

Oy yoy, - - hush-pish, oy yoy, - - hush-pish - Three

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

cheers, Ge - fill - te Fisch, Good, ship, Ge - fill - te Fisch.

Last time at chorus given like College yell.
 Immediately after comes Ha Tikvah Rag

Pirate Dance.

Dedicated with the profoundest respect to
Theodor Herzl

Characteristic Dance | Ha-Tikvah Rag | by James G. Heffer

The first system of handwritten musical notation for 'Pirate Dance'. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of 2/4. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, and D2. The system continues with several measures of rhythmic accompaniment and melodic lines.

The second system of handwritten musical notation. It continues the piece with two staves. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The notation is dense and characteristic of early 20th-century ragtime.

The third system of handwritten musical notation, which includes two endings. The first ending is marked '1st Time' and leads to a repeat sign. The second ending is marked '2nd Time' and concludes the section. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and melodic flourishes.

The fourth system of handwritten musical notation, continuing the piece with two staves. The music maintains its characteristic rhythmic drive and melodic interest.

The fifth system of handwritten musical notation, showing further development of the piece's themes. The notation is clear and legible, typical of a handwritten manuscript.

The sixth and final system of handwritten musical notation on this page. It concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase and a cadence. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

This image shows a handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of seven systems of staves. Each system typically contains a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The score is written in a fluid, cursive style characteristic of early 20th-century manuscript notation. The key signature appears to be one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the last system.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of three systems of grand staves. The first system is labeled "1st Viol" in the upper right. The second system is labeled "2nd Viol" in the upper left. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the word "Fine" written above it. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings like accents. Below the first system, there are six empty staves, each containing a single 'X' mark.

Hebrew, called תולדות הייזקרים #3.

3P. (Brings out a bucket) From the fat azabo with the shaved head we got seventeen baseball score-cards, one book of stale jokes, one hunk of ham, one spifflicated rhodendron, and a love-letter from a student worn next to his heart.

4P. (Brings out a green bag) (Pulls out a pair of rubber heels) This is from that fellow that can't keep still over there. (Pulls out three copies of the "Prophets of Israel") one in each pocket, a book on gestures and a patent long-range toothpick.

5P. (Dragging in a Wernicke shelf with Jewish Encyclopedia in it) We found this on the tanned guy with white hair, also some very loose-leaf notebooks.

2P. (Runs in with a diaper) Here, I've found something else!

P.C. By the thirteen holy beards! Kartoffelkraut and Matsoh Glace! These nuts are no use at all. I cast my vote for ritual execution.

All. So do I! Aye, aye, sir!

Faculty. Hab rachmonus!

(Two pirates drag N. to the front. P.C. unsheathes his dinner-knife)

P.C. Bare thy manly chest! (Whets his knife on the leather patch on the seat of his pants and approaches him, licking his chops and rolling up his sleeves. Pirates throw back N.'s shirt, revealing red flannel chest-protector).

E. I have seen zis scene in prophetic vision. (grins all over with gratification).

(Pin from the right. Pirates draw back in astonishment. Enter Pirate Maiden backward with a Strudel on the end of a stick in one hand, an alarm-clock set at 5.30 in the other. L. following hypnotized, mouth open, tongue hanging out. She bumps into chief, turns around, grasps situation at a glance, yells "By the shades of Pocahontas! Your Milchtige Messer!")

P.C. (looks at knife and throws it down in disgust) Ah, why was I ever born Jewish?

(Pirates withdraw muttering to right, Faculty come down stage to consult in a close bunch)

K. What shall we do?

D. Put a want ad in the Israelite.

B. No, let us not trust in illusory hope. Fortresses and watch-towers, chariots and horsemen, will not save. Faith alone!

N. Not yours!

L. (Still watching P.M.) How beautiful she is. Almost she makes me hungry yet.

M. We must have some one to talk to the pirates and explain. We must enlist their sympathies. Englander, you do it.

E. N-n-n-n-n-n-no.

N. (Compacently) As my place in the Philosophical world will be well filled by my son Immanuel, -see Isaiah Chapter 7, verse 1-, I will prove my unselfishness and beard the serpent in his mountain fastness. (turns around towards pirates). Yo-ho, there, you, what's-your-name, come here, listen. We, the Faculty of the Hebrew Union College, by the authority vested in us by the Board of Governors, by the money invested in us by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, invite you to discuss this question with us. First of all, you must prove to us conclusively and against our better knowledge why we should be killed.

P.C. I don't have to prove it. I admit it.

N. When you get to the Senior Class you'll be permitted to discuss that.

(P.C. starts off to lamm him. N. blows at him. He falls back as if stunned)

N. In the second place, let me orient you by giving you an outline of our mission. (Following sentence to be said in twenty seconds) Within our late experiences a most noteworthy event has taken place, of which we desire to inform you, an event which considered from every aspect cannot but

#4.

wield a tremendous influence on Judaism and Neo-Hebrew, wherever both are spoken, in communities possessing all the thirteen higher attributes of knowledge and Plato's three qualities of soul. (In an awe-inspiring tone) Know then we seek the Holy Dagesh!

P.C. (loudly) Bring in the sofa-cushions!

(Pirates place sofa-cushions and fall on their faces, gasping with astonishment)

D. You see, I told you so.

P.C. Most noble sirs, were my breath not so taken away by my recent fall upon my Gesicht, I should deliver an address of welcome. Suffice it to say that the heart of every Jewish pirate beats as Jewishly as that of any Jew in Jew-York, or Jewrusalem. I volunteer my services. Nay, more, indeed, verily, yea, certainly, I can guide you to the goal of your desires. On my pirate apprentice-ship, wandering through the desert, I remember sleeping one night under the cooling shade of a Dagesh Tree. Well do I remember the rain of Dagesh Lenes falling softly on my face, and how much I was invigorated by eating the Dagesh Fortes. Whither ye go, I will go. Here's me hand on it. (to K.) Give us your mit. (Confidentially) Say bo, where did you get the cork-arm? (to his daughter) Linke, want to go along? P.M. (With a ravishing glance at L.) Yeth, pap.

P.C. Then yo-ho for the Dagesh Tree. My merry men, give us good speed.

PIRATE QUARTET: YOHO FOR THE DAGESH TREE.

ACT II, SCENE II.

Scene: Moonlight night. Bethel. Dagesh Tree right rear. Ostrich egg lying at foot. Reclining instrument to left. Ladder to the rear of stage. Stone with a bottle of olive-oil on it. Sand.

(Enter P.M. on the run. Sinks on Jacob's stone exhausted and breathless. L., considerably winded, sinks on sand at her side)

L. Better don't run, my dear.

P.M. (Sweetly) Why not?

L. We---ll, (Mopping his brow) Whew, it's hot.

P.M. (with a languishing glance) Isn't it romantic out in the desert like this, with the moon sending its erotic beams over the silver sand of the desert-----

L. (Makes a motion to get up and put his hand to his heart, but mistakes the bottom of his pants for the place) Ah, there is something I have been wanting to ask you for ever so long a time and this is the first time we have been alone. Will you-----

P.M. (Expectantly) Yes-----

L. Tell me why your father keeps Kosher?

P.M. (slaps his face and walks away indignantly to the left)

L. (following) May I call you Gwendolyn?

P.M. No. Call me Linke for short.

L. (Attempts to get down on his knees; a ripping spund is heard. He gets up quickly) Vere vas it? Vere vas it? (she inspects him. He gets embarrassed and pulls away, hides his face. Putting his hand back) Let's sit down.

(Aside) I wonder what it's Etiquette do in this case. (Pulls out book with big label, "Love by Etiquette")

DUET: LOVE BY ETIQUETTE.

P.M. Here's the way to do it. (grabs him)

L. Ask me questions.

P.M. Darlink I luf you. Vill you be mine?

L. (clasos her ecstatically) YES. IsST clear to you?

Pirates

Dedicated unashamedly
to Hades.

Words by Yoko for the Dagesh Tree. Music by James G. Heller.

Allegretto

1st Bass 2nd Bass

2nd Bass

Allegretto - Chigrenuth

1. yo - ho, yo - ho, my pal - tant crew did hear what the main say,
 2. the sail is up, we need not stop to make our ban - ner fast,
 3. ho - palled by Eng's strong hot air how sweetly sail - our ship

We was so far as the be - hild e fish is the be -
 While de - cision had to

Allegretto

Zan - zi - bar - Con - tin - ue On our voy - Hoist up the pal - tant high top - sail, let
 full - te fish - with - out the flag on the mast - So Mor - ay say and anyone dare to
 pro - phe cies - fair vez - zer top se - Ship - Our com - pa - ny in ecc - to - cies, as

new - er crew - be beard; If you should meet my dear to you tis Zi - on's shade we near.
 Say back to - you sit. My mer - ry crew, it's dear to you tis Zi - on's shade we near.
 You - ter - back - they near; My mer - ry crew, it's dear to you tis Zi - on's shade we near.

Duet. Lauterbach + Pirate Maiden.

Dedicated to
Lord Chesterfield
with envy.

Words by Simon Cohen
Love By Etiquette

Music by James G. Heller

Moderato.

She.

1. When a maid - en you are woo - ing for her heart you will be su - re - You love me not, I fear you get too
 2. Can we not hold hands to - get - ther in the warm sea - breeze, weather and ad - mire the soft splendor of the
 3. If you want to know what bliss you should see (it's) now a days - And here u - pon my lips is just the

He

Get - tar do not lack in feel - ing But the book forbids I can not be so
 not just for the present, for I know it's rather pleas - ant but not there says it's not ex - act - ly
 that is worse than - ever, (the book says never, never should you come so near to touch me in any way)

She

Bold right love. When your heart should all be burn - ing you are too en - gaged, learning and for - tal - mud you dem Cupid will for
 You may think I'm rather sil - ly but my feel - ing is a great deal chiller could you not con - fide in my way to become me
 No my heart is very ce - lestial, heart must be feeling for I can not bear to be deceived

He.

get warm? so. You mis - take me I'm so - mewhat And it heart drives me frantic to have to go and love by Et i - quette
 that is - what you would have me do for all that of course I'm not never due to wife - I mean
 then - say that I'm quite a fine order and all that you'll be my best but I am not

Chorus.

Lento

She
Love, Love, Love that makes the world go round-

The first system of music features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in 3/4 time with a bass clef. The vocal line begins with a whole note 'She' followed by three quarter notes 'Love, Love, Love' and then a phrase of eighth notes 'that makes the world go round-'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

He
Love, Love, Love, that's bliss where e-ver

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line starts with a whole note 'He' followed by three quarter notes 'Love, Love, Love' and then a phrase of eighth notes ', that's bliss where e-ver'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

She
found - He lov-ing, miss-ing, tis

The third system shows the vocal line with a whole note 'She' followed by a phrase of eighth notes 'found - He lov-ing, miss-ing, tis'. The piano accompaniment continues with the established eighth-note accompaniment.

He She
par-ta-dise, you get. But, it's mighty hard a-lov-ing, But, it's

The fourth system concludes the chorus. The vocal line has a whole note 'He' followed by a phrase of eighth notes 'par-ta-dise, you get.' and then a whole note 'But, it's' followed by a phrase of eighth notes 'mighty hard a-lov-ing, But, it's'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

He She 3 He

might-y hard a-lov-ing, when it's done, when it's done by e-ti-queth by

#5.

Enter P.C. twirling his mustachids. Unawares goes up to them. "Bless you, mein Kinder". Takes out a red bandanna handkerchief and weeps. "I always was too softhearted for a pirate". He joins their hands. "Where is the engagement ring?"

(L. takes a ring off his little finger and puts it on her thumb.)

P.C. (with a sigh) Now I'll have to give him all his money back. (Magnanimously) As dowry to my daughter I shall endowry the Hebrew Union College with one scholarship and two shower-baths.

L. Make it three shower-baths and throw in a bottle of wine.

(Enter faculty in lockstep. All rush forward to congratulate L. and ring him by the hand.)

K. I congratulate you.

N. פנו ורבו.

B. Many happy returns to you and ze wife of zy use.

E. I assure you my heart is with you.

D. Well, now we are a married faculty, like in the days of Zirndorf.

M. May all your troubles be little ones.

L. Vot's dat?

P.M. (blushes) Jakie, dot vas a choke!

P.C. (who has in the meantime been inspecting the Dagesh, strides forward majestically) Attention, most reverend sirs! We have traversed these many miles of sandy waste in the Quest of the Holy Dagesh and now we stand at the goal of our desires. Gentlemen, behold the Dgesh Tree, with the Dagesh calmly taking its siesta on the sand!

(Faculty rush forward to look at it.)

D. (Comes back, strokes his whiskers) Utterly unhistorical.

M. It's a fake. The Hebrew language can't revolve around that. It isn't round, it's one and not forte, it's fat and not lene.

Faculty (in chorus) Throw him out!

E. Why, it's an ostrich egg!

Faculty. What's to be done? All for nothing. What's the use? No Dagesh. A fake!

(Shofar blast is heard. At the last blast Moses appears.)

Mo. ידבר יהוה אל מאשה לאמר

M. They've laid one too many (holds up the ostrich egg)

E. That's rotten.

Mo. דבר אל ההכמים מאת בית המדרש הגדול שבצנצני

לאמר, קצו לכם דברים: לנו ונוכחה יחדו: מרוע באתם אל הארץ הזאת? הלא ידעתם כי זאת בית אל שער השמים וזה הסולם אשר נאה יעקב מלאכים יורדין ועוליך עליו בחלום? כי אם שבעים לשונות יכלתי לרברב (But I must admit) בבו

For the benefir of those members of the faculty who cannot understand I translate into Cincinnati conductors' English: And the Lord gave Moses the high sign, thusly: Old pal, put that bunch of rubes from the Huc wise and tell them to put this in their bonnets. To put it mildly, let's have a confab. As they say in French, Whad in the hell are you doing here? Don't you savvy that this is Vethel, the ladies entrance to heaven, only soft drinks served, the angels, don't you see? I'm the guy who put the slang in the Englisg Slanguages. pe itsch, come forth!

H. And don't come fifth and lose your beer-money.

D. I can't speak with you.

Mo. Why?

D. You're not historical, you're a fake, you never lived at all, you're a bloff, so you can't be resurrected.

Mo. I am just as historical as you are and have a prettier beard anyhow.

(In the meantime L. and P.M. wander off arm in arm and the faculty

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and P.C. follow)

Mo. Let's sit down and talk it over.

D. Got a Nebo cigarette?

Mo. Every nail in my coffin is a Nebo cigarette. (pulls one from between his toes. D. lights it)

D. Well, my dear sir, to begin with, the newspaper, the Haifa Tageblatt, reported that you were alive in the year 3061 B.D.

Mo. Whaddye mean, B.D.?

D. B.D., before Deutsch, corresponding to A.D., after Deutsch. However such newspaper accounts are very unsatisfactory. In the Dayton flood, year 53 A.D. the newspapers first placed the dead at 5000. There were only 84 people and 16 Shochurs killed. But I forget. Mrs. Goldstein's two Kinnim died of heart failure. That reminds me of the joke: I can if the'll let me.

Mo. That joke was old in my day.

D. That proves you're unhistorical. I invented it. But to sum up. You come around to my house: you'll see for yourself that you're unhistorical. It's in my card-index. (takes him by the elbow and they go off).

B. (entering) Ah, at last! My heart beats. Since Deutsch has seen Moses, I now hope to see Cheremiah, zat fikure of pizz and pazos, se attacker of ze Deuteronomic Reform--ation, ze man of ze agony of souls and ze constant life of persecution. (Enter a gay young sport.) Ah, sir, can you tell me where---where--- is ze home of Cheremiah?

G.Y.S. Sure. I'm the guy----

B. You----

J. Yes. I'm Jeremiah, the guy who put the profs on prophecy.

B. But where is your agony of soul? Didn't you write zose famous vords, ^{וְיָדָעְתָּ} (pulls out his book and turns to page 199) O, my innermost being! I wrize in anguish, my heart zrobs violently,----

J. O, that's a little skit I dashed off in a fit of Katzenjammers. You see, what got me in jail so often----

B. (excited--as usual) Your life of persecution,----

J. Was because I was tanked so much and was sent to the jug. But this time I had been celebrating the completion of my Deuteronomic Code---

B. You wrote?----

J. Sure.

B. But your Temple-sermon-----

J. Well, I could give those fellows hell when I felt like. I was some preacher. (B. rushes off in despair) Crasy nut! (strolls of leisurely)

(Enter Neumark from left, with head down, muttering) Moreh Nebuchim --

Saadya---Moreh Nebuchim-----Toledoth Haikarim----Neumark----Moreh

Nebuchim----Maimuni---Neumark--- (shakes head as if in thought)*--

Neumark---Maimuni---

(Enter Maimuni from the right, slaps N. on the shoulder) Are you Neumark?

N. Yes, I am the one. I AM the one.

Mai. Do you teach me?

N. I am the one.

Mai. (Whacks him on the ^{וְיָדָעְתָּ} with a heavy book. N. falls to his knees) Each afternoon fifty lusty curses from fifty young mouths reach my heavenly abode. Each afternoon I hear your voice confounding my works--- while bright young fellows writhe in agony and curse the blessed name of Maimuni. I teach you to take the middle way and yet you are conceited (Whacks him again)

N. Oh, Maimuni, Maimuni!

Mai. That's all you think about, your money, your money, but how about Maimuni?

N. Oh, Maimuni!

Mai. You frog-faced philosopher---you phosphorescent -bearded plain son-of-a-gun! From me you make a living and yet your offspring bears the name Immanuel Kant. Is that gratitude?

N. I can't help it.

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Mai. Promise! I say, promise!!

N. I shall promise anything in the world. Oh, how my soul ~~trutheth~~ for the Lord!

Mai. Hereafter, don't put any lies into what I wrote, hereafter shall no curse arise, hereafter dedicate your soul to a life philosophy, but make a policeman out of him.

N. I promise.

Mai (whacks him again) Get thee gone then!

N. (disappears crying) Maimuni! Maimuni! (Exit Mai.)

(Enter Kohler from the wings, immersed in a loose-leaf note-book)

K. (mumbles incoherently) Truth---twelve patriarchs---see article in Jewish Encyclopedia---

Dev. (enters in the meantime from the rear, creeping, stalking him, comes behind him and yells) Booh!

K. Who----who's that? (turns around and fumbles in pocket for his eye-glasses).

Dev. I am the Accuser, called by some Satan, Belial, etc., etc., a regular Hell-pf-a-fellow, but most any old-Nick namesuits me. I think you call me Falsehood, or Untruth.

K. I never called you anything. I don't believe in you. I don't believe in anything that is not in my Systematic Theology.

Dev. My dear sir, you not only believe in me, you even work for me. Didn't you write a book with the title, "Systematic Theology"? Why the system in that book has given me more subjects to my kingdom than any other work extant. Of course you know that each curse means ten-thousand years in Hades, in that ring where you must sit forever in the bleachers and watch the home team fan out one by one.

K. Hell! sh, hellish. But if you are really the Teufel, I'd like to ask you a few questions. It has long been my purpose to write an article on the Theology of the Devil. For instance---what is your opinion as to Resurrection?

Dev. When I get my claws into them, you can bet they won't get back again.

K. But surely the righteous at least will rise again?

Dev. They'll have sense enough to stay where they are.

K. What then is your opinion of the future of Reform Judaism and of our College?

Dev. Time is getting short, and I am really not much on a scrap, altho I have had some corking good "bottles" with the Lord, so I'll bid you adieu (Exits in a sudden manner)

K. I must find him. His endorsement would increase our prestige prodigiously. (Exit)

(Enter E. and Jezebel tangoing)

E. Oh, my Jezebel, far be it from me to caast any aspersions upon the sacred profession of teaching, but---yes---I would rather daance the taango with you than teach advanced graammar by the inductive method.

Jez. Oh you seductive Heine. Quit your kidding. Don't try to pull that soft stuff on a suffragette like muh! You wise, bo?

E. Ah, but Jezebel. I have no objection to your haaving the vote. And further, in my history course I excuse your sins as the sins of the generation. Let us taango again, Jezebel.

Jez. What, you wretch, you say I sinned. You'll get what Naboth got (rushes at him with a hat-pin. Oh that old man Ahab were here to avenge my wounded honor. But, poor guy, he's home minding our two adopted odorless skunks. (Weeps for a moment and then enraged glares for E.)

E. I demaand protection. I demaand---
(Enter M. and Deborah)

M. Take place, gehts. lam yourselves.

Jez. (going sweetly up to him) Ah, he calls me a gentleman. He's the guy for me. (brushes off M.'s coat-collar.)

M. No chance, Jezzy, old girl. Deb here and I have become quite chummy and

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out of respect to the Mrs. at home, I must pay attention to only one, Debbie, kiss me.

Deb. Isn't he a dear? I never could judge him guilty of any crime. No, never, Julian. And to think, he's going to carry the Votes for Ladies flag in the Suffrage parade at **קרן** next week.

E. I will also volunteer for a like position, Jezebel.

Jez. That's the stuff. I knew you'd come round.

E. And now that all is amicably settled, come Julian, Jezebel and Deborah. Let us imbibe of the refreshing fluid of **מי מרובה**.

M. (As they go out) Well, we may.

(A Shofar blast is heard. Elijah appears with asbestos pants and a miniature aeroplane about his middle.)

El. **קול קונג במדבר** **Hark, a voice is perceptible in the wilderness, saying: Gather, ye members of the faculty, and ye hear the revelation of the Lord! (Faculty come running in) The Lord has sent me to tell you that your quest will be futile. No longer is the Holy Dagesh to be found in Palestine. They have all been killed off. Depart, cease, desist, forbear, return to your homes and ~~that~~ trust that the Lord will be gracious to you.

קל אשמתן -or a strawberry if you prefer. You have journeyed hither; you have seen many visions; you have trod the soil of the Holy Land; now beat it (Disappears)

Faculty. So it's no use.

M. Well, gents, let's take the next boat home. I wonder if the Reds won today.

N. Home again, home again! How my dear students must have missed me!

FACULTY: SONG OF RETURN.

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ACT III

ACT III

Faculty room of the College as in Act I. Students around table.

1S. Gay, fellows, I wonder what the faculty are doing. I almost begin to miss those old ginks.

2S. Yes, somehow, the College doesn't seem the way it used to. The ventilation system is working too well.

3S. Why, we haven't had a Student Body Meeting in months. No good old political shindies, no expensive feeds with a few rotten jokes.

4S. No choir. Why I don't know when I've sung a College song.

2S. Do you remember that one (giving first verse of chorus)?

STUDENT QUARTET: TALMUDSAUFENSTEIN.

3S. Sounds great doesn't it? Second spasm. Do you remember that one entitled "Who put the overalls in grandma's soup, or Will Spearmint keep its Flavor on the Bedpost overr Night?" Don't you know it begins (hums a few bars)

STUDENT QUARTET: HAIL TO THE COLLEGE!

(As they are singing the last chorus the faculty file in in dejection) Students (giving a yell) Welcome back to College. Entrance exams next week.

N. Leave us. We would confer.

(Faculty sink one by one into their seats. Order, K.D.N.B.L.M. E. sinks down last. Jumps five feet and puts hand to **מקום כנסה**)

E. (yells) Ouch, my **תחת**

(Faculty look around listlessly)

B. (turns his head quickly) looks over faculty in surprise, jumps up)

The Dagesh is found! The Dagesh is found! He said my **תחת**

All. Where is ti? Where is ti?

E. Oh my chair (holds it up) I sat on it. Believe me, it (ss a Dafesh Forte)

B. (ppene to Bereshith, takes Dagesh and puts it on the page. Reads) Bereshis Boro Elohim---it fots perfectly.

L. Runs to the door) Linke, come in and bring the students, too.

(They come to Faculty yell "The Dagesh is found!" Everybody dances around.)

ENTIRE CAST: FIRST STANZA OF SONG OF RETURN.

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Faculty

Words by Simon Cohen **Song of Return** Music by Mr. G. Heller

Before starting & between stanzas.

Musical notation for the first system, including piano accompaniment and vocal line.

The Jews have been exiled from their land, and have wandered in a foreign land, and have seen their loved ones in the land of the living.

their length of days is as a shadow, and they have seen their loved ones in the land of the living.

The Jews have been exiled from their land, and have wandered in a foreign land, and have seen their loved ones in the land of the living.

Golden ly-les
 quiet-ly-ly
 hopes-and-
 joy-
 cease-
 joy-
 At the
 end of
 the
 earth's
 of the
 us-a-
 hours
 pain
 our
 hearts
 still
 quiet
 that

turn to the
 halls
 days
 to the
 place
 that
 for thy
 please
 more
 joy-
 best
 peace
 boys
 to repeat
 Last time

X X X X X

Talmudsauferstein.

See Page 3

1. Sing ho - tor Tal - mud - saut - en stein, where the Tal - kut blos - som
 2. Down - in a dell are the ser - mon springs, that - never - run dry - per
 3. U - n - der the con - ju - ga - tion vines - The his - to - ry bushes are

blows. And the spor - tive breeze thru the pret - sel trees - sweet Cham - pagne - dors throws. There
 hops! And in - the bo - wers grow co - lored flowers in Pal - es - ti - ni - an maps. By the
 packed. For every rose - a leg - end grows - for e - ve - ry thorn - a fact;

sings - a thrush on a Mish - nah bush by the stream - of Eau - de Vie. And my heart - grows still with a
 Mo - reh Pat - ch you'll sure - ly catch - Ge - fall - te - Fish from the brooks. The bark of the trees is -
 Snow when it's cold - is pre - cious gold - The ice is like Tal - mud clear; The grass when it thaws - is

rap - tu - rous shall as I think of that fair - coun - try
 made - of cheese + their leaves are the leaves of a book.
 lem - o - made staws - The rain - it rain - eth beer.

Chorus.



Chorus Gaily.

Hur - rah to the land of the mag-ic sand and the woozy prop-hecy birds that

AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

fly without leather, And tell us the weather And speak in Put-ty-tike words ^{1 2} When ₃ This

er-er I'm blue- and so may be you, I do not stop-to pine So I pack up my duds and a-
tale makes me blue- and so it may you, so'll holt the home-ward sign So I'm off with my duds for a

way - I scuds for (Ta) - mud-saut-en-stein for Tal-mud-saut-en-stein.
buck-et of suds in in

For beginning & bet. verses.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note, and then three groups of eighth-note triplets. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, featuring eighth-note patterns and a triplet. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

This system contains three empty musical staves: a single treble clef staff at the top, and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) below it.

This system contains three empty musical staves: a single treble clef staff at the top, and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) below it.

Opus 246, No. 8.

Students.

appreciation 33.
to Elisha ben Aveya.

Words by Simon Cohen | Music by James G. Heller
Shmudsaafenstein.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

COLLEGE SONG

REVISED EDITION



Hail to the Col-lege, Chapel and Hall, Hail to the Stu-dents, loy-al for-e-ver! Hail to the Spi-rit that binds us

Tempo di Valse,
all *im-mu-di- vi- di- and naught may us se-ver ... For the Col- lege stu-dents ... are all true*

and free ... And the Col- lege spi-rit ... can never si-lenced be ... Search

... where you will ... o-ver lands ... o-ver seas ... We ex- ... will you find hap-py mo-

... ments like these ... like the hap-py hours ... of the O. U. C.



Students

Words by Isaac Cohen | Hail to the College! | Music by Isaac & Sarah Cohen

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