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The Heritage, 1921.

LECTURE BY RABBI ABBA H. SILVER,  
ON "THE HERITAGE," AT THE TEMPLE,  
SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1921,  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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The story "The Heritage," of which I am to speak this morning, appeared not long ago in the Saturday Evening Post. The author, Viola Brothers Shore, is a name unknown to me. I am told that she has been a writer of stories of Jewish life before. The Heritage is a story well told--dramatic, rising in successive emotional crescendo to a powerful climax.

I was tempted to speak of the subject, and of the story, not because the story is unusual--it is not--but because of the many true and significant things which the story tells concerning that perplexing and difficult problem of intermarriage.

The story, briefly told, is this: Miriam Heller, born a Jewess but not raised as one, is in love with Clifford Van Buskirk--Clifford, we shall call him, a non-Jew. Miriam has no scruples in contemplating her coming marriage with Clifford. Clifford has none either--at least none that he would acknowledge to others, or even to himself. Clifford's mother, however, an aristocrat, having her favorite prejudices--a De Lacey-Scovil, as the author says, has most decided opinions on the subject of



her son's marriage to a Jewess, which opinions, clearly and forcibly expressed, cause Clifford to hesitate in announcing his engagement to Miriam for his forthcoming marriage.

Miriam lives with her uncle, Dr. Philip Broadstream. Breitenbach it was before he married a non-Jewess, who urged him to change his name. Dr. Philip is a lonely and unhappy man as a result of his married life. All the incompatibilities of race and religion and different standard of values which existed between Dr. Philip and his wife asserted themselves very early in their married life, and caused an estrangement between them--an embitterment. Even his children avoided him. There seemed to be an outside conspiracy, a league against him, and, withal, he and his wife and his children were compelled, because of their position, to keep up appearances--a surface impression of family harmony and peace.

Dr. Philip knows of Miriam's love for Clifford and warns her against him. Miriam remonstrates. Why should he interfere? What difference does it make if Clifford is not a Jew? She did not choose to be born a Jewess; she is not a Jewess by conviction; she hates the fact that she is handicapped by being born a Jewess. Dr. Philip replies that it is not a question whether she chose to be born a Jewess or not; that was decided for her long ago by her ancestry. One cannot choose one's grandparents. Dr. Philip furthermore tells her that all she is



and all that is fine and beautiful about her--her physical beauty, her charm, her quick, alert and active mind, are the heritage of the generations gone by, are the racial gifts bestowed upon her, and she should be ashamed to be ashamed of a race that had so graciously and bountifully endowed her.

Dr. Philip reasons further with Miriam, for he loves the child. He narrates to her in a most tragic way his own experiences--the tragedy of his own life. Dr. Philip is a successful man to the world but a lonely man to himself. All his fine hopes and his dreams, the things he aspired to be, are blasted in the frightful disillusion of his married life. He asked her not to repeat the tragic experiences of his own life. If Clifford loved her, says Dr. Phillip, because she was a Jewess and not in spite of it, he would not interfere, but he knows that Clifford is apologetic concerning her Jewishness, that in a way he is ashamed of it, and, furthermore, that she herself is ashamed of it. And with self-respect and respect lacking, with self-pride and dignity gone, what a tragic prospect there is in store for the two of them!

Miriam promises her beloved uncle, Dr. Philip, to reconsider. She meets Clifford and talks to him. Clifford is still hesitating; Clifford had just had a long talk with his mother, who had been a De Lacey-Scovil. Clifford has not the courage to turn his back completely on his mother and on his mother's prejudices, and sacrifice



all that for the sake of the love which he bears for Miriam. And Miriam soon begins to realize it. She begins to realize that the prejudices of his mother weigh more with Clifford than his love for her, and she wonders whether that would not continue to be throughout their married life.

Clifford inadvertantly drops certain remarks, which lash Miriam. He happens to speak enthusiastically of the daughters of Dr. Philip, her uncle, because they do not look Jewish; and even suggests that they need not have children--there may be a possibility that the children will have the racial type of the Jew. So that Miriam, completely crushed and humiliated, departs from Clifford.

In the meantime Dr. Philip had been urging Miriam to look with favor upon a friend of his--a distant relative of his, David Goldberg. And David is a foreigner--a Russian, but one who had adjusted himself completely to American life--educated, refined, successful. David loves Miriam but will not ask her to share his life with him as long as that feeling is still with her--that she is sorry for having been born a Jewess, that she regrets it, and that she would rather not be one. For David is a proud and loyal Jew to the cause, proud of his race and proud of the achievements of his race.

Miriam is slowly and gradually undergoing a change of heart. She still thinks that it might be better for David to change his name, because Goldberg is such a racial name. David hotly resents even the suggestion. And then



the climax comes. Dr. Philip dies, and old broken man; and his last dying wish expressed to Miriam was that he might be buried a Jew, for he tried to live a Jew. That was the one thought that troubled him during the last moments of his life--that he might die a Jew and be buried a Jew. But just as he was balked in life, so was he balked even in death. When the funeral service was about to begin, in place of a rabbi officiating a Doctor MacDermott reads the service--a non-sectarian service, it is true, but a non-Jewish service.

And then all that was rebellious and resentful in the soul of Miriam, all that latent passion of wounded pride, all the instinctive pride of race that was hers, breaks forth tempestuously. The shame of it, the humiliation of it, that her uncle, not alone that he was not loved and revered in life, but even in death is he mocked and his last dying wish ignored. All that is surface and artificial in the soul of Miriam is washed away by the new passion that comes into her life, and as she passes by the casket for her last look at her beloved friend, words which she had learned in her childhood and forgotten came back to her, and in the silence of the room, in a clear voice, Miriam utters the prayer which her uncle would have loved to hear in the last moments of his life: "Sh'ma Yisroel Adonoi Eloheinu Adonoi Eched!" Soon she feels the arm of David around her, and his voice blends with hers in repeating the ancient prayer for the dead. " \* \* \* "



There are some truly powerful, even lyrical, passages in the story. Uncle Philip asked Miriam: "If Clifford loves you truly, why doesn't he come to me as a man and tell me so? Why doesn't he openly profess his love for you? Why is he so secretive about it? You tell him he must come to me and tell me that he intends to take care of you, to marry you." But she shook her head. She knew Clifford would not do so. "Then he cannot have you!" the doctor cried. "Do you hear? I am surprised at you, Miriam--to let a man put you in such a position! You, a Jewish girl--" "I'm not a Jewish girl!" "Not a-- What then?" "I'm an atheist."

He laughed. Then sobering suddenly, "My poor little Miriam," he said. "I am," she went on hotly--"I'm an atheist! I don't believe in the Jewish religion. I didn't ask to be born a Jew, and so I don't see why I should be made to suffer for something I--"

"Suffer, Miriam?"

"Yes, suffer. If you're a Jew you're a sort of outcast and other people look down on you. I don't want to be looked down on for something that isn't my fault. I don't follow the Jewish customs or anything. Even if I loved David, I wouldn't marry him and be Mrs. Goldberg. I'm twenty-two, and I guess I'm old enough to pick out what I want to be."

"Wait--a--minute," his voice sounding very gentle after her outburst. And then he went on. "You say you



can pick out what you want to be? Too late! A thousand years too late! Not what you will be, but how well you will be it--that is all that has been left for you to pick out. The rest was all decided for you by something greater than your will."

"I don't believe in God," she interposed firmly.

"And who is talking of God?" he inquired. "Have you then never thought of heredity? Has not your young man told you you are beautiful? You owe that beauty to your Jewish ancestry. Your eyes, your beautiful gray eyes--they were in your father's family for generations. Jewish eyes burn and sparkle and smolder with generations of Jewish suffering; they melt and soften and move with generations of Jewish tears... You have a fine mind--clear, quick, honest--and the moral stamina that will make you the kind of wife any man should be proud to have at the head of his home. Are these a heritage to be ashamed of? No! If you could choose your birth you would have the right to pick out whatever you wanted to be. But since it has all been picked out for you, and since you have accepted all the richness that has come into your life through your Jewish blood, then be ashamed to be false to that blood! Since you have not blushed to profit by your great and wonderful heritage, then be ashamed to blush for its source! Be ashamed to let others dare to blush for it!"

And then Dr. Philip opens the wounds of his own soul and shows the scarred and the marred life that has been



his--the silent, suppressed tragedy of his life.

"You are young, Miriam--only a child. How should you know these things? I did not know them either at your age. I never thought to open again the bitter pages of my life, but if it will spare you the pain of learning, as I had to learn, through the blood of your heart--Mimi,--do not make the mistake I made! A marriage like mine where there is no love, no respect, no companionship; where everything is misunderstood and perverted; where everything beautiful and sacred is trampled underfoot and everything false and tawdry raised up and worshiped; where your pride is a quivering, bleeding thing, your affections starved, your ambitions withered; where every day deals you fresh wounds and every hour reopens the old. Life holds no greater hell than such a marriage!"

"You think I exaggerate--that my life has seemed smooth, peaceful, contented? Yes, because I learned early to dry up the springs of pain, and that means to cease living. It was my pride to keep it from the world! But there were years when I hated her so I could have killed her!"

"But all things wear thin in life, especially hate. When I had closed myself against her so that she could no longer hurt me I did not hate her any more. Though she made a mockery of my life, though she stood between me and all the things I might have been, even though she built up a wall of prejudice between me and my children--I



do not hate her any more. Why should I--now?"

Miriam says she loves Clifford. Dr. Philip tells her: "Miriam, you must give up this foolish fancy!"

Instantly she was in arms against him. "It's not a foolish fancy! I love Clifford!"

"Love--love! He is a pretty boy, I grant you, and you may be romantically attracted to him. But marriage must mean more than that! Marriage must mean that one shall love what the other loves; that one shall not mock what the other holds sacred; that both shall strive for the same things, respect the same principles, serve the same gods."

"I do love Clifford!" she repeated firmly. "Just because he's not a Jew you--"

"No, no, darling, not because he isn't a Jew! There are intermarriages which are perfect. But they are founded on mutual understanding, mutual respect. If I thought your young man was marrying you, admiring and loving you for what you are, and not in spite of it, I would not interfere. But scrape off the veneer once and find out for yourself what he thinks of you--what he thinks of your Jewish blood, which is you. I know! He does not respect you. He is ashamed--apologetic. You yourself are ashamed--apologetic. And if he does not respect you and you do not respect yourself--oh, my darling, what a life!"

From what I have read of the story you realize that the author approaches the problem of intermarriage from the human point of view--not from the religious point of



view, nor from the Jewish point of view. Her conclusion is simply this: that intermarriages, as a rule, lead to unhappiness. In the main, her thesis is correct--intermarriages, as a rule, do lead to unhappiness. Marriage itself, under the most normal conditions, is fraught with tremendous problems, obstacles and difficulties which very often wreck the experiment. The frightening and astounding increase in the number of divorces throughout this land indicates how very often marriages under the most normal conditions prove disastrous.

There are so many things that go into the problem--economic incompetence, weakness of character, incompatibility of temperament, family interference, and what not, that make not for marital peace but for marital unhappiness. Now when you add to all that this additional obstacle and difficulty--a fundamental racial and religious dissimilitude; a fundamental incompatibility; a difference of rearing, of environment, of attitude, of standard of valuation, and your probability for happiness in the married life grows less and less.

Young people are prone to underestimate the actual influence of family environment in married life. You married people will bear evidence of what I am saying. Young people think that they are marrying one another, but they forget very often that they are actually marrying into families--into family traditions, into family prejudices, and that these traditions and prejudices are bound to have



vital and telling effect upon the future condition of their married life. I know that the institution of mother-in-law has been the most maligned institution in the world. Just last Friday evening the speaker who happened to discuss the institution of mother-in-law received a veritable gale of applause when he criticized it.

But think of Miriam being compelled daily to submit to the stare of appraisal of what had been a De Lacey-Scevil through a lorgnette!---Think of Miriam, a sensitive soul, being whipped by the lash of scorn!---and you will realize how much of a role families play in married life. After that there is this fact: that there are bound to be disputes between husbands and wives, even if the neighbors do not hear of them, and that these disputes, unless they are very, very serious, are most often straightened out and adjusted--little tempests in the tea pot. But if in such a moment of thoughtlessness, which is bound to come into every married life, the husband would, for example, in a moment of supreme folly say: "What could be expected from a Jew?"--that is a scar upon the soul that will remain; that is a humiliation that time itself cannot make one forget.

I had such a case brought to me here a few months ago. A young Jewish woman had married a non-Jew some twelve years ago, and lived in comparative peace and happiness with him. They had children; they had these family squabbles off and on, and they were always patched up and adjusted, but once, in a moment of recklessness and



stupid fury, this husband had said to her: "Of course, I couldn't expect anything else from you--a Jew." As a result of that this woman was a sobbing heap in my study--crushed, broken. Of course, I urged her to go back home, for there were children to be considered. But there was a woman--even like Dr. Philip--that will carry the scar throughout her days.

So that from a purely human point of view, if I were asked, not as a rabbi, nor even as a Jew: Is intermarriage desirable? I would say no. For it, as a rule, makes for unhappiness. I have known some supreme examples of real happiness in intermarriage. In those cases both of them were either of the supreme type of manhood and womanhood, who had learned early to respect the differences and the tastes of one another; or in such cases where one had completely merged his or her identity in the other; or where there had been conversion and the children raised as Jews. But in most every other case intermarriage has led to unfortunate conditions.

But I would approach the subject of intermarriage from yet another point of view, which the author does not touch, and that is the Jewish point of view. The real objection which our people has to the institution of intermarriage is that it makes for the extinction of the race. Intermarriage inevitably leads to assimilation. The statistics which we have been able to gather in the last fifty or sixty years prove conclusively that intermarriage



makes for assimilation; only ten per cent. of the offspring of intermarriage remain within the Jewish fold. The Jew from earliest times opposed marriage with the non-Jew not because he had a false pride of race, not because he regarded himself as superior and better than his fellowmen, but simply as a means for self-preservation and for the preservation of those religious ideals which were sacred to him. Already in the Bible, where the law prohibiting intermarriage is given, the reason is stated--"that they may not lead thy son away from worshipping God, that he will worship other gods."

It was the one agency which this people of small minority used to preserve its life and the ideals which were dear to it. It realized very early in life that it had something uniquely its own, something worth while preserving, something that it can give as a blessing to the world; but if it were to lose its identity and merge in the great world, that something would be lost to it and to the world. It looked upon itself as a drop of perfume which, when remaining in and by itself, can send forth the aroma and fragrance, but when once poured in a sea of water, it is completely lost and its potency is gone.

I want to make this point very clear this morning: the only reason which prompted our people to prohibit intermarriages in days gone by, and the only reason which still urges us to insist upon this prohibition is that it makes for the extermination of the race and for the



extermination of our faith. Now, of course, the question may well be asked: Why preserve the race? Why not assimilate? Why insist upon remaining a small isolated minority? In an age when people speak of universalism and cosmopolitanism, why should the Jew insist upon preserving his practicalism, upon retaining his self-identity, by enduring all the unpleasant things, the things that Miriam rebelled against,--the handicap? For what reason?

That is not an academic question that I am asking myself; that is a very real question, and it is becoming more clear from day to day, because intermarriage, while it has not grown alarmingly in recent years, yet is a problem which must be faced. While it is not a menace as yet, it may become so in the future. While today less than one-fiftieth of one per cent. of Jewish marriages are intermarriages the world over, it still remains true that in certain lands, especially where the Jews have enjoyed complete equality, as in Germany, Austria and Scandinavia, intermarriages have assumed startling proportions. In 1905 in Berlin 17% of all Jewesses and 25% of all Jews married Christians. That is, every fourth Jew and every sixth Jewess married out of the faith.

In Hamburg in the five years between 1901 and 1906 the number of mixed marriages amounted to 61%. In Copenhagen, which has a population of some four thousand Jews, in the years between 1880 and 1890, the number of



mixed marriages was 15%; in the years between 1891 and 1900 it was 70%; between 1901 and 1909 it was 96%. A Jewish boy would have an awful time in marrying a Jewish girl in Copenhagen.

Now, of course, these are rare figures that I have quoted; they do not at all hold true of the vast number of our people. But it may in the years to come, because the three factors which made for pure Jewish marriages as against intermarriages are gradually disappearing in Jewish life. First, the strong community sense--the strong group consciousness which prevailed in Jewish life a few generations ago, and which still prevail in parts like Poland, Russia and Galicia; a group loyalty, a sense of kinship with a people, and a sense of obligation to the purposes and to the destiny of that people. That was one factor that made against intermarriage.

The second factor was the authority of religion--of the ceremonial religion, observance of laws and customs and traditions--not the religion which means merely allegiance to certain abstract principles, but the religion which means a discipline in life, that kept Jews within the fold. It was a fence thrown around the law and around the people.

And, lastly, the political and social and economic disabilities which existed in years gone by has practically isolated the Jew and thrown him back upon himself.

But now these three factors are gradually



disappearing. Political equality, economic equality, the laws, ceremonial religion, the weakening of the bonds of orthodox religion, and the loss of the sense of community loyalty and allegiance are paving the way for greater and greater intermarriage.

Now, then, why should we stop this process? Why should we oppose the normal development, the natural law that a minority must lose itself ultimately in the majority? Why fight what seems to be the inevitable? My reasons are these, and with that I shall be through:

I have no racial grounds for it. It has been said that it is not well for the Jew to intermarry, because that would produce mongrel races; it would be a lowering of the type; it were best to preserve the purity of the Jewish race. Well, I am not a student of race problems, in fact, I am very suspicious of all that. I hear so much of the unmitigated falsehoods and balderdash that have been said about the problem of our race that it behooves a man to be very careful about indulging in prognostications or in generalizations.

The fellow that has blond hair is tempted to say that the blonds boast the finest people on earth; the fellow that has black hair will do the same thing. The fellow that is short will say that great men were, with few exceptions, short; the fellow that is tall will do the same thing, and find enough proof and evidence to substantiate it, because there are a good number of people who were short



and a few who were long. This talk about race purity, as I said in my last lecture, is one of the supreme fictions of the Nineteenth Century. People like to pat themselves on the shoulder.

One of the things that amused me exceedingly during the war was the way the tables were turned upon the race enthusiast. In Germany the German was fond of saying, during the past fifteen or twenty years, that the Teutonic race was the supreme race in the world, and that the Semite (the Jew, of course) was a mongrel race; that the Semite never produced anything great; that they are secondary, they never produced a man of the first grade. Then the war came and the tables were turned; the people began to speak of the German race as a race that never produced a thing; in fact, everything good produced in Germany was produced by Jews--even poor Beethoven was made a Jew.

That is a dangerous enterprise and diversion--this talk about purity of races; we had better leave that alone. There are two reasons why I believe the Jewish people ought to preserve its self-identity--a cultural reason and a religious reason. I maintain--and, believe me, it is a fundamental conviction with me--that the Jew can benefit the world only as a Jew; that by assimilating he robs the world of certain very vital and essential cultural and religious contributions.

The Jew has a distinctive culture. Three thousand years of a unique experience has deposited within



his soul a culture unique unto himself. The Jew has a distinctive way of envisaging the world, a distinctive way of approaching the problems of life. Every people that has lived a life of its own develops such a type unique unto itself. The Jew has a cultural tradition fashioned and forged by prophets, and sages, and seers--a culture that is the expression of centuries of greatness, and glory, and suffering, and tribulation; a culture that bears the imprint of a distinct personality.

Now, the Jew can give this culture to the world as long as he remains a Jew. Once he ceases to be a Jew that culture ceases with him. I, for one, am not an advocate and never have been an advocate of the theory of the melting pot; that the peoples of the world before very long will all be thrown into one smoky, smouldering melting pot, and out of the fusion of it all will come one culture, one people, one language and one type of man. That is naive and primitive. That is what the primitive man believed existed before the Tower of Babel and in the Garden of Eden.

I have said once--and I must repeat again--that we are moving in the direction not of sameness but of diversity; the more civilized we become the more we differ in characteristics, in features, in outlook from one another. It is not homogeneity but heterogeneity which is the tendency of civilization. Now, there is not going to be one culture in the world; the world does not need one



culture; the world does not need a heaven with one star. And you cannot make a symphony out of one sound. The world wants to create a brotherhood of peoples, a civilization of many cultures, a variagated, colorful life. And the Jew has a culture than which there is none older, more seasoned, more aged, more perfect in the world. As long as he lives he is contributing that soul deposit, that soul treasure of his to the world; when he ceases to be, that dies with him and the world is impoverished by so much.

I have a religious reason why I want the Jewish people to survive; because as long as the Jewish religion lives--and it can live only as long as the Jewish people lives--it is constantly challenging the world; it is constantly compelling the religions of the earth to reckon with it, to adjust themselves to it, to criticize it or to criticize and change themselves; it is a constant ferment; it is a constant leveling influence in the world; it is a constant challenge to superstition and idolatry of one form or another. As long as the Jewish religion is, it is compelling the religions of the earth to develop, to grow, to expand, to purify themselves. When the Jewish people ceases to be, and with it its religion perishes, orthodoxy, stagnation, is bound to set in in the world.

For the benefit of humanity I want the Jew to be; I want the Jew to continue to live as an inspiration to every idealist that has ever lived, because every man who has suffered for the sake of an ideal, every man that has



ever been racked and torn by the hostility of the world in an effort to bring a little more of God's sunshine into the souls of men,--any man that thereby feels discouraged and disheartened, and despairs, can look to this supreme, heroic example of an idealist who has survived in spite of two thousand years of crucifixion, and out of his life and out of his glory can draw inspiration to continue his struggle for the good and the glory of mankind.

The Jew is the constant example of idealism martyred, but the idealism resurrecting ever anew in spite of its martyrdom. I want that superb example of a race triumphant against force, a light triumphant against darkness, and a truth triumphant against lies, and miserable scandals and libels and accusations; I want the Jew to survive as the eternal reminder unto God's children--that God lives in the world. And that truth, made manifest in and by a people, endures forever.

Why should the Jew cease to be? What is the world to gain by his disappearance? What is the Jew to gain by his disappearance? What can the world give me more than I have? I expect perhaps a little more comfort, a little more of that something for which Esau sold his birthright. What can the world give me more than what my race has given me? Why should I slash the arteries through which flow the blood of three thousand years--the glories of a people's life, of a people's destiny, for the sake of the mean, and the tawdry, and the small things of life?



I tell you, men and women, that the world needs the Jew most when the world hates the Jew most. And if at any time I were doubtful of this fact, I am convinced of it today--the world needs us most when it hates us most. For that is evidence that its soul is still unpurged, that its mind is still cloyed with the cobwebs of Medievalism, that imperialism--political, and racial, and religious, and social--is still enslaving mankind.

Our race, my friends, has not yet said its last say, or uttered its last immortal phrase; we have yet to give much to the world. We shall give much to the world if we remain true to the prophetic spirit that is within us; we shall yet lead as we led in the past--in the political life, in the religious life, in the economic life, in the social life of men. We shall lead by the light of that genius which is our racial heritage if we remain true to ourselves. Our union with mankind must not be a physical union. It need not be a physical union. It can be, and it shall, by the grace of God, ultimately be a spiritual union. We shall meet the peoples of the earth in spirit, in a cooperative effort for common good in serving our common needs; we shall meet in sympathy; we shall meet in love. We need not because of this love which we have for mankind, die, even as that fabled tribe of Ezra died when they loved.

So that if you were to ask me, as a Jew and a rabbi, why I do not believe in intermarriage, I would say



not because I believe that my race is better than that of another race; not because I believe that my race is superior intellectually or physically to another race, but because I believe firmly that the world needs us as Jews, that the world needs our cultural contributions and our religious contributions of yesterday and of tomorrow as Jews.

I would say to you that as a Jew I can gain nothing through self-annihilation, for the world can give me nothing but what my race has given to me. And I would leave this thought with all the young men and women here and everywhere: that in life there is a love which transcends the love of a man for mate; there is a love for one's country for which men give up not alone their other loves, their homes, but their very lives. There is a love transcendent for truth, for high resolves, for holy ideals, for faith, for God.

And it is to such a love which must transcend every other love that we summon our men and our women--the youth of our generation. Our heritage is not only one of blood physical, but one of soul spiritual. The world needs our heritage today; the world will need us tomorrow. We have a destiny even as we have a heritage; we have a future even as we have a past. And to that future and to the consummation of the great promises of our people to be a blessing unto the races of mankind, we summon our men and our women.



# **"THE HERITAGE"**

**BY**

**RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER**



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Miriam lives with her uncle, Dr. Philip Broadstream. Breitenbach it was before he married a non-Jewess, who urged him to change his name. Dr. Philip is a lonely and unhappy man as a result of his married life. All the incompatibilities of race and religion and standards of values which existed between Dr. Philip and his wife asserted themselves very early in their married life, and caused an estrangement between them—an embitterment. Even his children avoid him. There seems to be a conspiracy, a league against him, and, withal, he and his wife and his children are compelled, because of their position, to keep up appearances—a surface impression of family harmony and peace.



Dr. Philip knows of Miriam's love for Clifford and warns her against it. Miriam remonstrates. Why should he interfere? What difference does it make if Clifford is not a Jew? She did not choose to be born a Jewess; she is not a Jewess by conviction; she thinks with bitterness of the handicap of being born a Jewess. Dr. Philip replies that it is not a question whether she chose to be born a Jewess or not; that was decided for her long ago by her ancestry. "One cannot choose one's grandparents." Dr. Philip furthermore tells her that all she is and all that is fine and beautiful about her—her physical beauty, her charm, her quick, alert and active mind, are the heritage of the generations gone by, are the racial gifts bestowed upon her, and she should be ashamed to be ashamed of a race that had so graciously and bountifully endowed her.

Dr. Philip reasons further with Miriam, for he loves the child. He narrates to her in a most intimate way his own experiences—the tragedy of his own life. Dr. Philip is a successful man to the world but a lonely man to himself. All his fine hopes and his dreams, the things he aspired to be, were blasted in the frightful disillusionment of his married life. He asked her not to repeat in her life the tragic experiences of his own. If Clifford loved her, says Dr. Philip, because she was a Jewess and not in spite of it, he would not interfere, but he knows that Clifford is apologetic concerning her Jewishness, that in a way he is ashamed of it, and, furthermore, that she herself is ashamed of it. And with self-respect lacking, with self-pride and dignity gone, what a tragic prospect there is in store for the two of them!

Miriam promises her beloved uncle, Dr. Philip, to reconsider. She meets Clifford and talks to him. Clifford is still hesitating; Clifford had just had a long talk with his mother. Clifford has not the courage to turn his back completely on his mother and on his mother's prejudices, and sacrifice them all for the sake of the love which he bears Miriam. And Miriam soon begins to realize it. She begins to realize that the prejudices of his mother weigh more with Clifford than his love for her, and she



wonders whether that would not continue to be the case throughout their married life.

Clifford inadvertently drops certain remarks, which cut Miriam to the quick. He happens to speak enthusiastically of the daughters of Dr. Philip, her uncle, because they do not look Jewish; and even suggests that he and Miriam need not have children—there may be a possibility that the children will have the racial type of the Jew. So Miriam, completely crushed and humiliated, departs from Clifford.

In the meantime Dr. Philip had been urging Miriam to look with favor upon a friend of his—a distant relative of his, David Goldberg. David is a foreigner—a Russian, but one who had adjusted himself completely to American life—educated, refined, successful. David loves Miriam but will not ask her to share his life with him as long as that feeling is still with her—that she is sorry for having been born a Jewess, and that she would rather not be one. For David is a proud and loyal Jew, proud of his race and proud of the achievements of his race.

Miriam is slowly and gradually undergoing a change of heart. She still thinks that it might be better for David to change his name, because Goldberg is such a racial name. David hotly resents even the suggestion.

Then the climax! Dr. Philip dies, an old broken man; and his last dying wish expressed to Miriam was that he might be buried a Jew, for he tried to live a Jew. That was the one thought that troubled him during the last moments of his life—that he might die a Jew and be buried as one. But just as he was balked in life, so is he balked in death. When the funeral service was about to begin, in place of a rabbi a Doctor MacDermott reads the service—a non-sectarian service, it is true—but a non-Jewish service.

And then all that was rebellious and resentful in the soul of Miriam, all that latent passion of wounded pride, all the instinctive pride of race that was hers, break forth tempestuously. The shame of it, the humiliation of it! Her uncle, not alone that he was not loved and revered in life, but even in death must he be mocked and his dying wish



ignored! All that is surface and artificial in the soul of Miriam is washed away by the new passion that comes into her life, and as she passes by the casket for her last look at her beloved friend, words which she had learned in her childhood and forgotten came back to her, and in the silence of the room, in a clear voice, Miriam utters the prayer which her uncle would have loved to hear in the last moments of his life: "S'ma Yisroel Adonoi Elohenu Adonoi Echod!" Soon she feels the arm of David around her, and his voice blends with hers in repeating the ancient prayer for the dead: "Yis-gadal veyiskadash shme rabbah. . . ."

There are some truly powerful, even lyrical passages in the story. Philip asked Miriam: "If Clifford loves you truly, why doesn't he come to me as a man and tell me so? Why doesn't he openly profess his love for you? Why is he so secretive about it? You tell him he must come to me and tell me that he intends to take care of you, to marry you." But she shook her head. She knew Clifford would not do so. "Then he cannot have you!" the doctor cried. "Do you hear? I am surprised at you, Miriam—to let a man put you in such a position! You, a Jewish girl—" "I'm not a Jewish girl!" "Not a—What then?" "I'm an atheist."

He laughed. Then sobering suddenly, "My poor little Miriam," he said. "I am," she went on hotly—"I'm an atheist! I don't believe in the Jewish religion. I didn't ask to be born a Jew, and so I don't see why I should be made to suffer for something I—"

"Suffer, Miriam?"

"Yes, suffer. If you're a Jew you're a sort of outcast and other people look down on you. I don't want to be looked down on for something that isn't my fault. I don't follow the Jewish customs or anything. Even if I loved David, I wouldn't marry him and be Mrs. Goldberg. I'm twenty-two, and I guess I'm old enough to pick out what I want to be."

"Wait—a—minute," his voice sounding very gentle after her outburst. And then he went on. "You say you can pick out what you want to be? Too late! A thousand years too late! Not what you will be, but how well you will be it—that is all



that has been left for you to pick out. The rest was all decided for you by something greater than your will."

"I don't believe in God," she interposed firmly.

"And who is talking of God?" he inquired. "Have you then never thought of heredity? Has not your young man told you you are beautiful? You owe that beauty to your Jewish ancestry. Your eyes, your beautiful gray eyes—they were in your father's family for generations. Jewish eyes burn and sparkle and smolder with generations of Jewish suffering; they melt and soften and move with generations of Jewish tears. . . . You have a fine mind—clear, quick, honest—and the moral stamina that will make you the kind of wife any man should be proud to have at the head of his home. Are these a heritage to be ashamed of? No! If you could choose your birth you would have the right to pick out whatever you wanted to be. But since it has all been picked out for you, and since you have accepted all the richness that has come into your life through your Jewish blood, then be ashamed to be false to that blood! Since you have not blushed to profit by your great and wonderful heritage, then be ashamed to blush for its source! Be ashamed to let others dare to blush for it!"

And then Dr. Philip opens the wounds of his own soul and shows the scarred and the marred life that has been his—the silent, suppressed tragedy of his life.

"You are young, Miriam—only a child. How should you know these things? I did not know them either at your age. I never thought to open again the bitter pages of my life, but if it will spare you the pain of learning, as I had to learn, through the blood of your heart—Mimi,—do not make the mistake I made! A marriage like mine where there is no love, no respect, no companionship; where everything is misunderstood and perverted; where everything beautiful and sacred is trampled under foot and everything false and tawdry raised up and worshiped; where your pride is a quivering, bleeding thing, your affection starved, your ambitions withered; where every day deals you fresh wounds and every hour reopens the old. Life holds no greater hell than such a marriage!"



"You think I exaggerate—that my life has seemed smooth, peaceful, contented? Yes, because I learned early to dry up the springs of pain, and that means to cease living. It was my pride to keep it from the world! But there were years when I hated her so I could have killed her!"

"But all things wear thin in life, especially hate. When I had closed myself against her so that she could not longer hurt me, I did not hate her any more. Though she made a mockery of my life, though she stood between me and all the things I might have been, even though she built up a wall of prejudice between me and my children—I do not hate her any more. Why should I—now?"

Miriam says she loves Clifford. Dr. Philip tells her: "Miriam, you must give up this foolish fancy!" Instantly she was in arms against him. "It's not a foolish fancy! I love Clifford!"

"Love—love! He is a pretty boy, I grant you, and you may be romantically attracted to him. But marriage must mean more than that! Marriage must mean that one shall love what the other loves; that one shall not mock what the other holds sacred; that both shall strive for the same things, respect the same principles, serve the same gods."

"I do love Clifford!" she repeated firmly. "Just because he's not a Jew you—"

"No, no, darling not because he isn't a Jew! There are intermarriages which are perfect. But they are founded on mutual understanding, mutual respect. If I thought your young man was marrying you, admiring and loving you for what you are, and not in spite of it, I would not interfere. But scrape off the veneer once and find out for yourself what he thinks of you—what he thinks of your Jewish blood, which is you. I know! He does not respect you. He is ashamed—apologetic. You yourself are ashamed—apologetic. And if he does not respect you and you do not respect yourself—oh, my darling, what a life!"

From what I have read of the story you realize that the author approaches the problem of intermarriage from the human point of view—not from the religious point of view, nor from the Jewish point of view. Her conclusion is simply this: that intermarriages, as a rule, lead to unhappiness. In



the main, her thesis is correct—intermarriages, as a rule, do lead to unhappiness. Marriage itself, under the most normal conditions, is fraught with tremendous problems and difficulties which very often wreck the experiment. The astounding increase in the number of divorces throughout this land indicates how very often marriages under the most normal conditions prove disastrous.

There are so many things that go into the problem—economic incompetence, weakness of character, incompatibility of temperament, family interference, that make not for marital peace but for marital unhappiness. Now when you add to it all this additional difficulty—a fundamental incompatibility, a difference of rearing, of environment, of attitude, of standard of valuation, and the probability for happiness grows less and less.

Young people are prone to underestimate the influence of family environment in married life. You married people will bear evidence of what I am saying. Young people think that they are marrying one another, but they forget very often that they are actually marrying into families—into family traditions, into family prejudices, and that these traditions and prejudices are bound to have vital and telling effect upon the future condition of their married life.

I know that the institution of mother-in-law has been the most maligned institution in the world. But think of Miriam being compelled daily to submit to the stare of appraisal—through a lorgnette—of one who had been a De Lacey-Scovil!—think of Miriam, a sensitive soul, being whipped by the lash of scorn!—and you will realize how critical a position families hold in married life. Again, disputes between husband and wife are bound to take place, even if the neighbors do not hear of them—and these disputes, unless they are very, very serious, are most often adjusted—little tempests in a teapot. But if in such a moment of thoughtlessness the husband, for example, in a moment of supreme folly should say: "What could be expected from a Jew?"—a scar is left upon the soul that will remain; a burning sense of humiliation that time itself cannot quench.



I had such a case brought to me a few months ago. A young Jewish woman had married a non-Jew some twelve years ago, and lived in comparative peace and happiness with him. They had children; they had those petty family squabbles off and on, which were always patched up and adjusted, but once, in a moment of stupid fury, this husband had said to her: "Of course, I couldn't expect anything else from you—a Jew." As a result of that this woman was a sobbing heap in my study—crushed, broken. I urged her to return home, for there were children to be considered. But here was a woman—even like Dr. Philip—that will carry the scar throughout her days.

So that from a purely human point of view, if I were asked, not as a rabbi, nor even as a Jew: Is intermarriage desirable? I would say, no. For it makes for unhappiness. I have known some examples of real happiness in intermarriage. In such cases both man and wife belonged to those rare few who learned early in life to respect each other's convictions; or one had completed merged his or her identity with that of the other.

But I would approach the subject of intermarriage from another point of view, one not touched upon by the author—the Jewish point of view. The real objection which our people has to intermarriage is that it makes for the extinction of the race. Intermarriage inevitably leads to assimilation. The statistics which we have been able to gather in the last fifty or sixty years prove conclusively that intermarriage makes for assimilation; only ten per cent of the offspring of intermarriages remain within the Jewish fold. The Jew from earliest times opposed marriage with the non-Jew not because he entertained a false pride of race, nor because he regarded himself as superior to his fellowmen, but simply as a means of self-preservation and of the preservation of those religious ideals which were sacred to him. Already in the Bible, where the law prohibiting intermarriage is given, the reason is stated—"that they may not lead thy son away from worshipping God, and worship other gods."

It was the one means which this small people had to preserve itself and the ideals which were dear to it. It realized very early in life that it had



something worth while preserving, something that it could bestow as a blessing upon the world; but if it were to lose its identity and merge with the great world, that something would be lost to it and to the world. It regarded its spirit as a precious drop of perfume which, when by itself, sends forth an aroma and a fragrance, but when once poured into a sea of water, is completely lost and its potency is gone.

I want to make this point very clear this morning: the only reason which prompted our people to prohibit intermarriages in days gone by, and the only reason which still urges us to insist upon this prohibition is that it makes for the extermination of the race and for the extermination of our faith. Now, of course, the question may well be asked: Why preserve the race? Why not assimilate? Why insist upon remaining a small isolated minority? In an age when people speak of universalism and cosmopolitanism, why should the Jew insist upon preserving his particularism, upon retaining his self-identity and thereby be forced to endure all the unpleasant things, the things that Miriam rebelled against,—the handicap?

This is not an academic question that we are asking ourselves. It is a very real question, and it is becoming more real and pressing from day to day. Intermarriage, while it has not grown alarmingly in recent years, is yet a problem which must be faced. While it is not a menace as yet, it may become so in the future. While today less than one-fiftieth of one percent of marriages the world over are intermarriages, it still remains true that in certain lands, especially where the Jews have enjoyed complete equality, as in Germany, Austria and the Scandanavian countries, intermarriages have assumed startling proportions. In 1905 in Berlin 17% of all Jewesses and 25% of all Jews married Christians. That is, every fourth Jew and every sixth Jewess married out of the faith.

In Hamburg in the five years between 1901 and 1906 the number of mixed marriages amounted to 61%. In Copenhagen, which has a population of some four thousand Jews, in the years between 1880 and 1890, the number of mixed marriages was



15%; in the years between 1891 and 1900 it was 70%; between 1901 and 1909 it was 96%. A Jewish boy would have a difficult time indeed trying to marry a Jewish girl in Copenhagen. . . .

Now, of course, these are rare cases that I have quoted; they do not at all hold true of the vast numbers of our people. But it may in the years to come, because the three factors which have made for pure Jewish marriages as against mixed marriages are gradually disappearing in Jewish life. First, the strong community sense—the strong group consciousness which prevailed a few generations ago, and which still prevails in certain quarters like Poland, Russia, and Galicia—a group loyalty, a sense of kinship with a people, and a sense of obligation to the purposes and to the destiny of that people. That was one factor that militated against intermarriage.

The second factor was the authority of religion—of ceremonial religion, observance of laws and customs and traditions—not the religion which means merely allegiance to certain abstract principles, but the religion which means a discipline in life. It was a fence thrown around the law and around the people.

And, lastly, the political, social and economic disabilities which existed in years gone by and which had practically isolated the Jew, are fast disappearing. Political equality, economic equality, the weakening of the bonds of ceremonial religion, and the loss of the sense of community loyalty and allegiance are paving the way for greater and greater intermarriage.

Now, then, why should we stop this process? Why should we oppose the normal development, the natural law that a minority must lose itself ultimately in the majority? Why fight what seems to be the inevitable?

I have no racial grounds for my position. It has been said that it is not well for the Jew to intermarry because that would produce a mongrel race; it would lower the type; it were best to preserve the purity of the Jewish race. Well, I am not a student of race problems, in fact I am very suspicious of it all. I hear so much of unmitigated falsehoods



and balderdash said concerning race that it behooves a man to be very careful before indulging in prognostications or in generalizations.

The fellow that has blond hair is tempted to say that the blonds are the finest people on earth; the fellow that has black hair will say the same thing of the black-haired. The fellow that is short will say that great men were, with few exceptions, short; the fellow that is tall will say that great men, with few exceptions were tall and both will find enough proof and evidence to substantiate their claims because there are a good number of people who were short and great and tall and great. This talk about race purity and the racial homogeneity of peoples is I am afraid one of the supreme fictions of the Nineteenth Century.

One of the things that amused me exceedingly during the war was the way the tables were turned on the race enthusiasts in Germany. The German was fond of saying, during the past generation or two, that the Teutonic race was the supreme race in the world, and that the Semite (the Jew, of course) was a mongrel race; that the Semite never produced anything great, and that they never produced a man of the first rank. Then the war came and the tables were turned and people began to speak of the German race as of an inferior race that never produced a thing; in fact, everything good produced in Germany was produced by Jews. Even poor Beethoven was made a Jew. . . .

That is a dangerous enterprise and diversion—this talk about purity of races; we had better leave that alone.

There are two reasons why I believe the Jewish people ought to preserve its self-identity—a cultural reason and a religious reason. I maintain—and, believe me, it is a fundamental conviction with me—that the Jew can benefit the world only as a Jew; that by assimilating he robs the world of certain very vital and essential cultural and religious contributions.

The Jew has a distinctive culture. Three thousand years of a common experience have deposited within his soul a culture unique unto himself. The Jew has a characteristic way of envisaging the



world, of approaching the problems of life. Every people that has lived a life of its own develops such a distinctive attitude. The Jew has a cultural tradition fashioned and forged by prophets, and sages, and seers—a culture that is the expression of centuries of greatness, and glory, of suffering, and tribulation; a culture that bears the imprint of a vibrant personality.

Now, the Jew can give this culture to the world as long as he remains a Jew. Once he ceases to be a Jew that culture ceases with him. I, for one, am not an advocate and never have been an advocate of the theory of the melting pot; that the peoples of the world before very long will all be thrown into one smoky, smouldering melting pot, and out of the fusion will come one culture, one people, one language and one type of man. That is naive and primitive. That is what the primitive man believed existed before the Tower of Babel.

We are moving in the direction not of sameness but of diversity; the more civilized we become the more we become differentiated. It is not homogeneity but heterogeneity to which civilization tends. There is not going to be one culture in the world; the world does not need one culture; the world does not need a heaven of one star, and a symphony of one sound. The world wants to create a brotherhood of peoples, a civilization of many cultures, a variegated, colorful life. And the Jew has a culture than which there is none older, more seasoned, more needed in the world. As long as he lives he is contributing that soul treasure to the world; when he ceases to be, it dies with him and the world is impoverished by so much.

I have a religious reason why I want the Jewish people to survive; because as long as the Jewish religion lives—and it can live only as long as the Jewish people lives—it is constantly challenging the world; it is constantly compelling the religions of the earth to reckon with it, to adjust themselves to it, to criticize it or to criticize themselves; it is a constant ferment; it is a constant challenge to superstition and idolatry of one form or another. As long as the Jewish religion lives it is compelling the religions of the earth to develop, to grow, to



expand, to purify themselves. When the Jewish people ceases to be, and with it its religion perishes, orthodoxy, stagnation, is bound to set in in the world.

For the benefit of humanity I want the Jew to be; I want the Jew to continue to live as an inspiration to every idealist that has ever lived. Every man who has suffered for the sake of an ideal, every man who has ever been racked and torn by the hostility of the world in his effort to bring a little more of God's sunshine into the souls of men,—any man who because of it feels disheartened and despairs, may then look to this supreme, heroic example of an idealist people that has survived in spite of two thousand years of crucifixion. Out of Israel's life and out of Israel's glory he will draw inspiration to continue his struggle for the salvation of man.

The Jew is the mighty example of idealism martyred, but of idealism resurrecting ever anew. I want this superb example of a race triumphant against force, a light triumphant against darkness, and a truth triumphant against lies and miserable scandals and libels and accusations to endure. I want the Jew to survive as the eternal reminder unto men that God lives in the world, and that truth endures forever.

Why should the Jew cease to be? What is the world to gain by his disappearance? What is the Jew to gain by his disappearance? What can the world give me that I have not? Perhaps a little more comfort, a little more of that something for which Esau sold his birthright. . . . What can the world give me more than what my race has given me? Why should I slash the arteries through which flows the blood of three thousand years—the glories of a people's life, for the sake of the mean, and the tawdry, and the small things of life?

I tell you, men and women, that the world needs the Jew most when the world hates him most. And if at any time I were doubtful of this fact. I am convinced of it today—the world needs us most when it hates us most. For it is proof then that the soul of the world is still unpurged, that its mind is still stored with the cobwebs of Medievalism,



that imperialism—political, and racial, and religious, and social—is still rampant on earth.

Our race, my friends, has not yet said its last say, or uttered its last immortal phrase; we have yet much to give to the world. We shall give much to the world if we remain true to the prophetic spirit that is within us; we shall yet lead as we led in the past—in the political life, in the religious life, in the economic life, in the social life of men. We shall lead by the light of that genius which is our racial heritage if we remain true to ourselves. Our union with mankind must not be a physical union. It need not be a physical union. It can be, and it shall, by the grace of God, ultimately be a spiritual union. We shall meet the peoples of the earth in spirit, in a co-operative effort for common good in serving our common needs; we shall meet in sympathy; we shall meet in love. We need not because of this love which we have for mankind, die, even as the men of that fabled tribe of Asra died when they loved. . . .

So that if you were to ask me, as a Jew and a rabbi, why I do not believe in intermarriage, I would say not because I believe that my race is better than that of another race; not because I believe that my race is superior intellectually or physically to another race, but because I believe firmly that the world needs us as Jews, that the world needs our cultural contributions and our religious contributions of yesterday and of tomorrow.

I would also leave this thought with all the young men and women here and everywhere: that in life there is a love which transcends the love of a man for a woman; there is love for one's country for which men give up not alone their other loves and their homes, but their very lives. There is a love transcendent for truth, for high resolves, for holy ideals, for faith, for God.

And it is to such a love transcending every other love that we summon our men and our women—the youth of our generation. Our heritage is not only one of blood physical, but one of the soul spiritual. The world needs our heritage today; the world will need us tomorrow. We have a destiny



even as we have a heritage; we have a future even as we have a past. And to that future and to the consummation of that great promise of our race to be a blessing unto the races of mankind, we summon our sons and our daughters.



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LECTURE BY RABBI ABBA H. SILVER,  
"THE HERITAGE," AT THE TEMPLE,  
SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1921,  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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The story "The Heritage," of which I am to speak this morning, appeared not long ago in the Saturday Evening Post. The author, Viola Brothers Shore, is a name unknown to me. I am told that she has been a writer of stories of Jewish life before. The Heritage is a story well told--dramatic, rising in successive emotional crescendo to a powerful climax.

I was tempted to speak of the subject, and of the story, ~~not because the story is unusual--it is not--but~~ because of the many true and significant things which the story <sup>says</sup> tells concerning that perplexing and difficult problem of intermarriage.

The story, briefly told, is this: Miriam Heller, born a Jewess but not raised as one, is in love with Clifford Van Buskirk--Clifford, we shall call him,--a non-Jew. Miriam has no scruples in contemplating her coming marriage with Clifford. Clifford has none either--at least none that he would acknowledge to others, or even to himself. Clifford's mother, however, an aristocrat, having her <sup>dearest auto pathies</sup> favorite prejudices--a De Lacey-Scovil, as the ~~author says~~, has most decided opinions on the subject of



her son's marriage to a Jewess, which opinions, clearly and forcibly expressed, cause Clifford to hesitate in *publicly* announcing his engagement to Miriam, ~~for his forthcoming marriage.~~

Miriam lives with her uncle, Dr. Philip Broadstream. Breitenbach it was before he married a non-Jewess, who urged him to change his name. Dr. Philip is a lonely and unhappy man as a result of his married life. All the incompatibilities of race and religion and different standard<sup>s</sup> of values which existed between Dr. Philip and his wife asserted themselves very early in their married life, and caused an estrangement between them--an embitterment. Even his children avoided him. There seem<sup>s</sup> to be ~~an~~ *an* outside conspiracy, a league against him, and, withal, he and his wife and his children ~~were~~ *are* compelled, because of their position, to keep up appearances--a surface impression of family harmony and peace.

Dr. Philip knows of Miriam's love for Clifford and warns her against ~~him~~ *it*. Miriam remonstrates. Why should he interfere? What difference does it make if Clifford is not a Jew? She did not choose to be born a Jewess; she is not a Jewess by conviction; she ~~hates the~~ *thinks with bitterness* ~~fact that she is handicapped by~~ *of the* being born a Jewess.

Dr. Philip replies that it is not a question whether she chose to be born a Jewess or not; that was decided for her long ago by her ancestry. "One cannot choose one's grandparents." Dr. Philip furthermore tells her that all she is



and all that is fine and beautiful about her--her physical beauty, her charm, her quick, alert and active mind, are the heritage of the generations gone by, are the racial gifts bestowed upon her, and she should be ashamed to be ashamed of a race that had so graciously and bountifully endowed her.

Dr. Philip reasons further with Miriam, for he loves the child. He narrates to her in a most ~~tragic~~ <sup>intimate</sup> way his own experiences--the tragedy of his own life. Dr. Philip is a successful man to the world but a lonely man to himself. All his fine hopes and his dreams, the things he aspired to be, ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> blasted in the frightful disillusion <sup>ment</sup> of his married life. He asked her not to repeat <sup>in her life</sup> the tragic experiences of his own life. If Clifford loved her, says Dr. Phillip, because she ~~was~~ a Jewess and not in spite of it, he would not interfere, but he knows that Clifford is apologetic concerning her Jewishness, that in a way he is ashamed of it, and, furthermore, that she herself is ashamed of it. And with self-respect ~~and respect~~ lacking, with self-pride and dignity gone, what a tragic prospect there is in store for the two of them!

Miriam promises her beloved uncle, Dr. Philip, to reconsider. She meets Clifford and talks to him. Clifford is still hesitating; Clifford had just had a long talk with his mother, ~~who had been a De Lacey-Scovil.~~ Clifford has not the courage to turn his back completely on his mother and on his mother's prejudices, and sacrifice



*it* all ~~that~~ for the sake of the love which he bears ~~for~~ Miriam. And Miriam soon begins to realize it. ~~3~~ He begins to realize that the prejudices of his mother weigh more with Clifford than his love for her, and she wonders whether that would not continue to be <sup>the case</sup> ~~throughout~~ their married life.

Clifford inadvertently drops certain remarks, <sup>cut</sup> which ~~lash~~ <sup>to the quick</sup> Miriam. He happens to speak enthusiastically of the daughters of Dr. Philip, her uncle, because they do not look Jewish; and even suggests that <sup>he and Miriam</sup> ~~they~~ need not have children--there may be a possibility that the children will have the racial type of the Jew. So ~~that~~ Miriam, completely crushed and humiliated, departs from Clifford.

In the meantime Dr. Philip had been urging Miriam to look with favor upon a friend of his--a distant relative of his, David Goldberg. ~~And~~ David is a foreigner--a Russian, but one who had adjusted himself completely to American life--educated, refined, successful. David loves Miriam but will not ask her to share his life with him as long as that feeling is still with her--that she is sorry for having been born a Jewess, ~~that she regrets it~~, and that she would rather not be one. For David is a proud and loyal Jew ~~to the cause~~, proud of his race and proud of the achievements of his race.

Miriam is slowly and gradually undergoing a change of heart. She still thinks that it might be better for David to change his name, because Goldberg is such a racial name. David hotly resents even the suggestion. <sup>TP</sup> ~~and then~~



the climax <sup>comes</sup>. Dr. Philip dies, and old broken man; and his last dying wish expressed to Miriam was that he might be buried a Jew, for he tried to live a Jew. That was the one thought that troubled him during the last moments of his life--that he might die a Jew and be buried <sup>as one,</sup> ~~a Jew~~. But just as he was balked in life, so was he balked ~~even~~ in death. When the funeral service was about to begin, in place of a rabbi, ~~officiating~~ a Doctor MacDermott reads the service--a non-sectarian service, it is true,--but a non-Jewish service.

And then all that was rebellious and resentful in the soul of Miriam, all that latent passion of wounded pride, all the instinctive pride of race that was hers, break<sup>1</sup> forth tempestuously. The shame of it, the humiliation of it! ~~that~~ Her uncle, not alone that he was not loved and revered in life, but even in death ~~he~~ <sup>must he be</sup> mocked and his ~~last~~ dying wish ignored. All that is surface and artificial in the soul of Miriam is washed away by the new passion that comes into her life, and as she passes by the casket for her last look at her beloved friend, words which she had learned in her childhood and forgotten came back to her, and in the silence of the room, in a clear voice, Miriam utters the prayer which her uncle would have loved to hear in the last moments of his life: "Sh'ma Yisroel Adenoi Elohenu Adenoi Echod!" Soon she feels the arm of David around her, and his voice blends with hers in repeating the ancient prayer for the dead. "Yisgabal veziskadosh shune rabbah....."



There are some truly powerful, even lyrical, passages in the story. ~~Uncle~~ Philip asked Miriam: "If Clifford loves you truly, why doesn't he come to me as a man and tell me so? Why doesn't he openly profess his love for you? Why is he so secretive about it? You tell him he must come to me and tell me that he intends to take care of you, to marry you." But she shook her head. She knew Clifford would not do so. "Then he cannot have you!" the doctor cried. "Do you hear? I am surprised at you, Miriam--to let a man put you in such a position! You, a Jewish girl--" "I'm not a Jewish girl!" "Not a-- What then?" "I'm an atheist."

He laughed. Then sobering suddenly, "My poor little Miriam," he said. "I am," she went on hotly--"I'm an atheist! I don't believe in the Jewish religion. I didn't ask to be born a Jew, and so I don't see why I should be made to suffer for something I--"

"Suffer, Miriam?"

"Yes, suffer. If you're a Jew you're a sort of outcast and other people look down on you. I don't want to be looked down on for something that isn't my fault. I don't follow the Jewish customs or anything. Even if I loved David, I wouldn't marry him and be Mrs. Goldberg. I'm twenty-two, and I guess I'm old enough to pick out what I want to be."

"Wait--a--minute," his voice sounding very gentle after her outburst. And then he went on. "You say you



can pick out what you want to be? Too late! A thousand years too late! Not what you will be, but how well you will be it--that is all that has been left for you to pick out. The rest was all decided for you by something greater than your will."

"I don't believe in God," she interposed firmly.

"And who is talking of God?" he inquired. "Have you then never thought of heredity? Has not your young man told you you are beautiful? You owe that beauty to your Jewish ancestry. Your eyes, your beautiful gray eyes--they were in your father's family for generations. Jewish eyes burn and sparkle and smolder with generations of Jewish suffering; they melt and soften and move with generations of Jewish tears... You have a fine mind--clear, quick, honest--and the moral stamina that will make you the kind of wife any man should be proud to have at the head of his home. Are these a heritage to be ashamed of? No! If you could choose your birth you would have the right to pick out whatever you wanted to be. But since it has all been picked out for you, and since you have accepted all the richness that has come into your life through your Jewish blood, then be ashamed to be false to that blood! Since you have not blushed to profit by your great and wonderful heritage, then be ashamed to blush for its source! Be ashamed to let others dare to blush for it!"

And then Dr. Philip opens the wounds of his own soul and shows the scarred and the marred life that has been



his--the silent, suppressed tragedy of his life.

"You are young, Miriam--only a child. How should you know these things? I did not know them either at your age. I never thought to open again the bitter pages of my life, but if it will spare you the pain of learning, as I had to learn, through the blood of your heart--Mimi,--do not make the mistake I made! A marriage like mine where there is no love, no respect, no companionship; where everything is misunderstood and perverted; where everything beautiful and sacred is trampled underfoot and everything false and tawdry raised up and worshiped; where your pride is a quivering, bleeding thing, your affections starved, your ambitions withered; where every day deals you fresh wounds and every hour reopens the old. Life holds no greater hell than such a marriage!"

"You think I exaggerate--that my life has seemed smooth, peaceful, contented? Yes, because I learned early to dry up the springs of pain, and that means to cease living. It was my pride to keep it from the world! But there were years when I hated her so I could have killed her!"

"But all things wear thin in life, especially hate. When I had closed myself against her so that she could no longer hurt me I did not hate her any more. Though she made a mockery of my life, though she stood between me and all the things I might have been, even though she built up a wall of prejudice between me and my children--I



do not hate her any more. Why should I--now?"

Miriam says she loves Clifford. Dr. Philip tells her: "Miriam, you must give up this foolish fancy!"

Instantly she was in arms against him. "It's not a foolish fancy! I love Clifford!"

"Love--love! He is a pretty boy, I grant you, and you may be romantically attracted to him. But marriage must mean more than that! Marriage must mean that one shall love what the other loves; that one shall not mock what the other holds sacred; that both shall strive for the same things, respect the same principles, serve the same gods."

"I do love Clifford!" she repeated firmly. "Just because he's not a Jew you--"

"No, no, darling, not because he isn't a Jew! There are intermarriages which are perfect. But they are founded on mutual understanding, mutual respect. If I thought your young man was marrying you, admiring and loving you for what you are, and not in spite of it, I would not interfere. But scrape off the veneer once and find out for yourself what he thinks of you--what he thinks of your Jewish blood, which is you. I know! He does not respect you. He is ashamed--apologetic. You yourself are ashamed--apologetic. And if he does not respect you and you do not respect yourself--oh, my darling, what a life!"

From what I have read of the story you realize that the author approaches the problem of intermarriage from the human point of view--not from the religious point of



view, nor from the Jewish point of view. Her conclusion is simply this: that intermarriages, as a rule, lead to unhappiness. In the main, her thesis is correct--intermarriages, as a rule, do lead to unhappiness. Marriage itself, under the most normal conditions, is fraught with tremendous problems, ~~obstacles~~ and difficulties which very often wreck the experiment. The ~~frightening and~~ astounding increase in the number of divorces throughout this land indicates how very often marriages under the most normal conditions prove disastrous.

There are so many things that go into the problem--economic incompetence, weakness of character, incompatibility of temperament, family interference, ~~and what not~~, that make not for marital peace but for marital unhappiness. Now when you add to <sup>it</sup> all ~~that~~, this additional ~~obstacle and~~ difficulty--a fundamental racial and religious dissimilitude; a fundamental incompatibility; a difference of rearing, of environment, of attitude, of standard of valuation, and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~your~~ probability for happiness ~~in the married life~~ grows less and less.

Young people are prone to underestimate the ~~actual~~ influence of family environment in married life. You married people will bear evidence of what I am saying. Young people think that they are marrying one another, but they forget very often that they are actually marrying into families--into family traditions, into family prejudices, and that these traditions and prejudices are bound to have



vital and telling effect upon the future condition of their married life. I know that the institution of mother-in-law has been the most maligned institution in the world. Just last Friday evening the speaker who happened to discuss the institution of mother-in-law received a veritable gale of applause when he criticized it.

But think of Miriam being compelled daily to submit to the stare of appraisal of <sup>one who</sup> ~~what~~ had been a De Lacey-Scevil, through a lorgnette!---think of Miriam, a sensitive soul, being whipped by the lash of scorn!---and you will realize how much <sup>critical a position</sup> ~~of a role~~ families play in married life. <sup>there are also</sup> ~~After that there is this fact:~~ that there are bound to be disputes between <sup>wives</sup> ~~husbands~~ and ~~wives~~, even if the neighbors do not hear of them, and ~~that~~ these disputes, unless they are very, very serious, are most often straightened out and adjusted--little tempests in <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ tea pot. But if in such a moment of thoughtlessness, ~~which is bound to come into every married life,~~ the husband would, for example, in a moment of supreme folly <sup>would</sup> say: "What could be expected from a Jew?"--<sup>is left</sup> ~~that is~~ a scar upon the soul that will remain; <sup>a burning</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>sense of</sup> ~~is a~~ humiliation that time itself cannot make one forget <sup>at all.</sup>

I had such a case brought to me ~~some~~ a few months ago. A young Jewish woman had married a non-Jew some twelve years ago, and lived in comparative peace and happiness with him. They had children; they had these <sup>fetty</sup> family squabbles off and on, and they were always patched up and adjusted, but once, in a moment of ~~recklessness and~~



stupid fury, this husband had said to her: "Of course, I couldn't expect anything else from you--a Jew." As a result of that this woman was a sobbing heap in my study--crushed, broken. Of course, I urged her to go back home, for there were children to be considered. But ~~there~~ <sup>here</sup> was a woman--even like Dr. Philip--that will carry the scar throughout her days.

So that from a purely human point of view, if I were asked, not as a rabbi, nor even as a Jew: Is intermarriage desirable? I would say, no. For it, ~~as a rule~~, makes for unhappiness. I have known some supreme examples of real happiness in intermarriage. In ~~these~~ <sup>such</sup> cases ~~both~~ <sup>man and</sup> ~~of them~~ <sup>wife</sup> were either of the supreme type of manhood and womanhood, who had learned early to respect the differences and the tastes of ~~one another~~ <sup>each other</sup>; or in ~~such cases where one~~ <sup>with that of</sup> had completely merged his or her identity ~~in the other~~ <sup>has been</sup>; or where there had been conversion and the children raised as Jews. ~~But in most every other case intermarriage has led to unfortunate conditions.~~

But I would approach the subject of intermarriage from ~~yet another~~ <sup>one not touched upon by the</sup> point of view, which ~~the author does not touch~~ <sup>author</sup> and ~~that is~~ the Jewish point of view. The real objection which our people has to ~~the institution of~~ intermarriage is that it makes for the extinction of the race. Intermarriage inevitably leads to assimilation. The statistics which we have been able to gather in the last fifty or sixty years prove conclusively that intermarriage



makes for assimilation; only ten per cent. of the offspring of intermarriage<sup>^</sup> remain within the Jewish fold. The Jew from earliest times opposed marriage with the non-Jew not because he ~~had~~<sup>entertained</sup> a false pride of race, not because he regarded himself as superior ~~and better than~~<sup>to</sup> his fellowmen, but simply as a means ~~for~~<sup>of</sup> self-preservation and ~~for~~<sup>of</sup> the preservation of those religious ideals which were sacred to him. Already in the Bible, where the law prohibiting intermarriage is given, the reason is stated--"that they may not lead thy son away from worshipping God, ~~that he~~<sup>and</sup> ~~will~~ worship other gods."

It was the one ~~agency~~<sup>means</sup> which this ~~people of small~~<sup>small</sup> minority used to preserve ~~its~~<sup>itself</sup> life and the ideals which were dear to it. It realized very early in life that it ~~had~~<sup>had</sup> something uniquely its own, something worth while preserving, something that it ~~can give~~<sup>could bestow</sup> as a blessing ~~to~~<sup>upon</sup> the world; but if it were to lose its identity and merge ~~in~~<sup>with</sup> the great world, that something would be lost to it and to the world. It ~~looked upon itself~~<sup>regarded its spirit</sup> as a drop of perfume which, when remaining ~~in and~~ by itself, can send forth ~~the~~<sup>an</sup> aroma and fragrance, but when once poured in a sea of water, ~~it~~<sup>its</sup> is completely lost and its potency is gone.

I want to make this point very clear this morning: the only reason which prompted our people to prohibit intermarriages in days gone by, and the only reason which still urges us to insist upon this prohibition is that it makes for the extermination of the race and for the



mixed marriages was 15%; in the years between 1891 and 1900 it was 70%; between 1901 and 1909 it was 96%. A Jewish boy would have ~~an awful time in marrying a~~ <sup>a difficult time trying to marry a</sup> Jewish girl in Copenhagen....

Now, of course, these are rare <sup>cases</sup> ~~figures~~ that I have quoted; they do not at all hold true of the vast number of our people. But it may in the years to come, because the three factors which <sup>have</sup> ~~made~~ for pure Jewish marriages as against <sup>mixed marriages</sup> ~~intermarriages~~ are gradually disappearing in Jewish life. First, the strong community sense--the strong group consciousness which prevailed ~~in Jewish life~~ a few generations ago, and which still prevail <sup>in certain quarters</sup> ~~in parts~~ like Poland, Russia and Galicia; a group loyalty, a sense of kinship with a people, and a sense of obligation to the purposes and to the destiny of that people. That was one factor that <sup>militated</sup> ~~made~~ against intermarriage.

The second factor was the authority of religion--of ~~the~~ ceremonial religion, observance of laws and customs and traditions--not the religion which means merely allegiance to certain abstract principles, but the religion which means a discipline in life, ~~that kept Jews within the fold.~~ It was a fence thrown around the law and around the people.

And, lastly, the political ~~and~~ social and economic disabilities which existed in years gone by <sup>and which had</sup> ~~has~~ practically <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>fast disappearing.</sup> isolated the Jew, ~~and thrown him back upon himself.~~

~~But now these three factors are gradually~~



~~disappearing.~~ Political equality, economic equality, the laws, ~~ceremonial religion,~~ the weakening of the bonds of ~~ceremonial~~ <sup>ceremonial</sup> ~~orthodox~~ religion, and the loss of the sense of community loyalty and allegiance are paving the way for greater and greater intermarriage.

Now, then, why should we stop this process? Why should we oppose the normal development, the natural law that a minority must lose itself ultimately in the majority? Why fight what seems to be the inevitable? ~~My reasons are these, and with that I shall be through.~~

<sup>my position</sup> I have no racial grounds for ~~it~~. It has been said that it is not well for the Jew to intermarry, because that would produce <sup>a</sup> mongrel race; it would ~~be a lowering of~~ the type; it were best to preserve the purity of the Jewish race. Well, I am not a student of race problems, in fact, I am very suspicious of <sup>it</sup> ~~all that~~. I hear so much of ~~unmitigated falsehoods and balderdash that have been said~~ <sup>concerning race</sup> ~~about the problem of our race~~ that it behooves a man to be <sup>before</sup> very careful ~~about~~ indulging in prognostications or in generalizations.

The fellow that has blond hair is tempted to say <sup>and</sup> that the blonds ~~are~~ the finest people on earth; the fellow that has black hair will <sup>say</sup> ~~do~~ the same thing. The fellow that is short will say that great men were, with few exceptions, short; the fellow that is tall will <sup>say</sup> ~~do~~ the same thing, and <sup>both will</sup> find enough proof and evidence to substantiate <sup>their claims</sup> ~~it~~ because there are a good number of people who were short



*and great and tall  
and great.*

~~and a few who were long.~~ This talk about race purity, ~~as~~  
*and the racial homogeneity of peoples*  
~~I said in my last lecture,~~ is one of the supreme fictions  
of the Nineteenth Century. ~~People like to put themselves~~  
~~on the shoulder.~~

One of the things that amused me exceedingly  
during the war was the way the tables were turned upon the  
race enthusiast *in Germany.* ~~In Germany~~ the German was fond of saying,  
*generation or two*  
during the past ~~fifteen or twenty years,~~ that the Teutonic  
race was the supreme race in the world, and that the  
Semite (the Jew, of course) was a mongrel race; that ~~the~~ *the*  
Semite never produced anything great, ~~that they are second-~~  
*and that* ~~ranked~~ *ranked* ~~and that~~  
~~they never produced a man of the first rank.~~ Then  
the war came and the tables were turned; ~~the~~ *and* people began  
to speak of the German race as *an inferior* ~~a~~ race that never produced  
a thing; in fact, everything good produced in Germany was  
produced by Jews. ~~Even poor Beethoven was made a Jew.~~

That is a dangerous enterprise and diversion--  
this talk about purity of races; we had better leave that  
alone. *TR* There are two reasons why I believe the Jewish  
people ought to preserve its self-identity--a cultural  
reason and a religious reason. I maintain--and, believe  
me, it is a fundamental conviction with me--that the Jew  
can benefit the world only as a Jew; that by assimilating  
he robs the world of certain very vital and essential  
cultural and religious contributions.

The Jew has a distinctive culture. Three  
*common* *have*  
thousand years of a ~~unique~~ experience has deposited within



his soul a culture unique unto himself. The Jew has a ~~characteristic~~ distinctive way of envisaging the world, a ~~distinctive way~~ of approaching the problems of life. Every people that has lived a life of its own develops such a ~~type-unique~~ <sup>distinctive</sup> ~~attitude~~ <sup>attitude</sup> unto itself. The Jew has a cultural tradition fashioned and forged by prophets, and sages, and seers--a culture that is the expression of centuries of greatness, and glory, and suffering, and tribulation; a culture that bears the imprint of a ~~distinct~~ <sup>vibrant</sup> personality.

Now, the Jew can give this culture to the world as long as he remains a Jew. Once he ceases to be a Jew that culture ceases with him. I, for one, am not an advocate and never have been an advocate of the theory of the melting pot; that the peoples of the world before very long will all be thrown into one smoky, smouldering melting pot, and out of the fusion of it all will come one culture, one people, one language and one type of man. That is naive and primitive. That is what the primitive man believed existed before the Tower of Babel, and in the Garden of Eden.

~~I have said once--and I must repeat again--that~~  
~~We~~ are moving in the direction not of sameness but of diversity; the more civilized we become the more we <sup>become</sup> ~~differ~~ <sup>distinct</sup> in characteristics, in features, in outlook from one another. It is not homogeneity but heterogeneity which is the tendency of civilization. Now, there is not going to be one culture in the world; the world does not need one



culture; the world does not need a heaven <sup>of</sup> ~~with~~ one star,  
~~And you cannot make~~ <sup>and a</sup> a symphony ~~out~~ of one sound. The world  
wants to create a brotherhood of peoples, a civilization of  
many cultures, a variagated, colorful life. And the Jew  
has a culture than which there is none older, more seasoned,  
~~more aged,~~ <sup>needed</sup> more ~~perfect~~ in the world. As long as he lives  
he is contributing ~~that soul deposit,~~ that soul treasure ~~to~~  
~~his~~ to the world; when he ceases to be, <sup>it</sup> ~~that~~ dies with him  
and the world is impoverished by so much.

I have a religious reason why I want the Jewish  
people to survive; because as long as the Jewish religion  
lives--and it can live only as long as the Jewish people  
lives--it is constantly challenging the world; it is  
constantly compelling the religions of the earth to reckon  
with it, to adjust themselves to it, to criticize it or to  
criticize ~~and change~~ themselves; it is a constant ferment;  
~~it is a constant leveling influence in the world;~~ it is a  
constant challenge to superstition and idolatry of one form  
or another. As long as the Jewish religion <sup>lives</sup> ~~is~~ it is  
compelling the religions of the earth to develop, to grow,  
to expand, to purify themselves. When the Jewish people  
cease to be, and with it its religion perishes, orthodoxy,  
stagnation, is bound to set in in the world.

For the benefit of humanity I want ~~to~~ the Jew to  
be; I want the Jew to continue to live as an inspiration to  
every idealist that has ever lived, ~~because~~ <sup>Every</sup> man who  
has suffered for the sake of an ideal, every man <sup>who</sup> ~~that~~ has



ever been racked and torn by the hostility of the world in <sup>his</sup>  
~~an~~ effort to bring a little more of God's sunshine into the  
souls of men,--any man <sup>who because of it</sup> ~~that~~ feels ~~discouraged and~~  
disheartened, <sup>and</sup> ~~may then~~ despairs, <sup>people that</sup> ~~can~~ look to this supreme, heroic  
example of an idealist, ~~who~~ has survived in spite of two  
thousand years of crucifixion, and out of <sup>its</sup> ~~his~~ life and out  
of <sup>its</sup> ~~his~~ glory can draw inspiration to continue his struggle  
for the <sup>salvation of man.</sup> ~~good and the glory of mankind.~~

The Jew is the <sup>mighty</sup> ~~constant~~ example of idealism  
martyred, but <sup>the</sup> idealism resurrecting ever anew, in spite  
of ~~its~~ martyrdom. I want <sup>this</sup> ~~that~~ superb example of a race  
triumphant against force, a light triumphant against  
darkness, and a truth triumphant against lies, and miserable  
scandals and libels and accusations, <sup>to endure.</sup> I want the Jew to  
survive as the eternal reminder unto <sup>men</sup> ~~God's children~~ that  
God lives in the world, <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ that truth, ~~made manifest in~~  
~~and by a people~~ endures forever.

Why should the Jew cease to be? What is the  
world to gain by his disappearance? What is the Jew to  
gain by his disappearance? What can the world give me <sup>that</sup>  
~~more than I have?~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~I expect~~ Perhaps a little more comfort,  
a little more of that something for which Esau sold his  
birthright.... What can the world give me more than what my  
race has given me? Why should I slash the arteries through  
which flow <sup>a</sup> the blood of three thousand years--the glories of  
a people's life, ~~of a people's destiny~~, for the sake of the  
mean, and the tawdry, and the small things of life?



I tell you, men and women, that the world needs  
the Jew most when the world hates <sup>him</sup> ~~the Jew~~ most. And if at  
any time I were doubtful of this fact, I am convinced of it  
today--the world needs us most when it hates us most. For *it is*  
*proof that the soul of the world*  
~~that is evidence that its~~ soul is still unpurged, that its  
mind is still cloyed with the cobwebs of Medievalism, that  
imperialism--political, and racial, and religious, and  
social--is still *raucant on earth* ~~enslaving mankind~~.

Our race, my friends, has not yet said its last  
say, or uttered its last immortal phrase; we have yet to  
give much to the world. We shall give much to the world  
if we remain true to the prophetic spirit that is within  
us; we shall yet lead as we led in the past--in the  
political life, in the religious life, in the economic  
life, in the social life of men. We shall lead by the  
light of that genius which is our racial heritage if we  
remain true to ourselves. Our union with mankind must not  
be a physical union. It need not be a physical union.  
It can be, and it shall, by the grace of God, ultimately be  
a spiritual union. We shall meet the peoples of the earth  
in spirit, in a cooperative effort for common good in  
serving our common needs; we shall meet in sympathy; we  
shall meet in love. We need not because of this love  
which we have for mankind, die, even as *the men of*  
*Aara* ~~that~~ fabled tribe  
of ~~men~~ died when they loved. ....

So that if you were to ask me, as a Jew and a  
rabbi, why I do not believe in intermarriage, I would say



not because I believe that my race is better than that of another race; not because I believe that my race is superior intellectually or physically to another race, but because I believe firmly that the world needs us as Jews, that the world needs our cultural contributions and our religious contributions of yesterday and of tomorrow.

~~Jews.~~ I would say to you that as a Jew I can gain nothing through self-annihilation, for the world can give me nothing but what my race has <sup>not</sup> given to me. ~~And~~ <sup>IP</sup> I would also leave this thought with all the young men and women here and everywhere: that in life there is a love which transcends the love of a man for ~~his~~ <sup>a woman;</sup> there is a love for one's country for which men give up not alone their other loves <sup>and</sup> their homes, but their very lives. There is a love transcendent for truth, for high resolves, for holy ideals, for faith, for God.

And it is to such a love ~~which must~~ <sup>transcending</sup> every other love that we summon our men and our women--the youth of our generation. Our heritage is not only one of blood physical, but one of <sup>the</sup> soul spiritual. The world needs our heritage today; the world will need us tomorrow. We have a destiny even as we have a heritage; we have a future even as we have a past. And to that future and to the consummation of <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ great promises of our ~~people~~ <sup>race</sup> to be a blessing unto the races of mankind, we summon our men ~~and~~ <sup>ours and our daughters.</sup>