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Women who wait, 1945.

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WOMEN WHO WAIT
War and its Impact upon the Womanhood of America

By
Dr. Abba Hillel Silver

At
The Temple

On
Sunday morning, January 28, 1945

The impact of war is hard on all, but above all things, it is perhaps hardest on its women. It was a woman who once wrote:

"But the waiting time, my brothers,
"Is the hardest time of all."

Men who are away at war, are caught up in the routine and excitement and new experiences and adventures and comradeship of training camps, in the fighting fronts. They see new people, new faces. They make new contacts. They experience new sensations.

But those who remain behind, the men-folk and the women-folk -- the mothers, wives, sisters -- they miss all this excitement. Instead they experience the long days and weeks and months, sometimes years of waiting. They know the absence and the loneliness, the apprehension, the long silences when no letter comes. They continue to live and to move in the same world, the same everyday world, a world, however, which has become very much duller for them because of the absence of one who made that world very pleasant and warm and secure.

For those who remain at home -- the men-folk and the women-folk -- there is now the ever-present strain and worry, a tenseness in their lives. Life becomes taut, drawn.

Nevertheless, they are brave, these women -- most of them. While they wait, they work. Most of them are strong in faith and courage and in trial. They carry on the business of life. They perform the duties of home. They work in the shops, the stores, the offices. Those who wait know the weight of waiting for the weight of waiting for their absent ones is heavy on their hearts.

Brave women have always faced the dangers which beset their dear ones on perilous missions away from home with courage. You may recall the haunting refrain of Kingsley's poem:

"Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children ~~xx~~ stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to learn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

"Three wives sat up in the light house tower
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
For men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning."

Women must wait, though storms be sudden and waters deep.

The American woman, especially the pioneer women knew how to share with their mates or children the hardness and ruggedness and dangers of life, as our pioneering people moved across this continent to build homes in the wilderness.

Recently I came across this very fine observation of a woman writer who said:

"In travels in many countries, I have often observed how Woman - the Mother - is represented in public monuments. She is always memorialized as sitting down, with a child embraced in her arms. But in the public parks, from Ohio to California, there is a typical American monument to American womanhood. In this typical monument, the woman is not sitting, nor even standing, but striding. Her brow is lifted to the sun, and her skirts are setpt back from her legs by her stride. Her children cling to those skirts - and they are walking too. She is going with them, into newly discovered and opened land.s She is the Pioneer Woman.

"And in the New America, young women will go into the world with young men; and marry, and come home; and keep a center, and send their children out again."

"And In spite of all the nostalgia -- we'll like it."

How very true. The American type of woman is very much the type of which I read about in that great chapter of the Bible -- A woman who shares the responsibilities of life with the menfolks, not pampered, not idle, not indulged, but a worker, a builder, a housekeeper, mother, provider. I think that condition is so true of Jewish womanhood... and to a large extent to the women of this country. While the men are fighting in all parts of the world, the women folks while waiting prayerfully for them -- and the waiting

is hard -- nevertheless look competently after the home, after the baby, the young ones, the cooking, the scrubbing, the mending and the cleaning. And many of them are engaged in essential war work. The war has drawn in more than four million women at lathe, at the machine, doing a thousand and one different jobs. Many women today are performing competently two jobs, working in factories and at the same time keeping house and looking after the needs of their home.

Quite a number of women are actually in the armed forces of our country -- in the Wacs, the Waves, the Spars and the Nurses Corps. Many are doing Red Cross work. Many are doing important work in connection with civilian projects. The women of America are not unworthy ~~and~~ of the men they sent off to war.

Conditions of war, my dear friends, are very abnormal conditions. War disorganizes homes, cities, social groupings. It transplants large numbers of men from one locality to another, frequently distant. War creates very serious housing shortages. Problems of congestion, inadequate facilities. War has created an atmosphere and a mood and a tempo all of its own. It undermines many customary social procedures and moral standards. Discipline in many instances breaks down. Disciplines of home are frequently disrupted, relaxed in the case of young people.

The men who are away from home, and their wives who are left behind waiting live abnormal lives. And moral delinquency is far greater in war-time than in peace-time.

This fact is not the least of the terrible evils which war brings upon people.

American womanhood, as a whole, confronted by all these manifold strains and dangerous dislocations is meeting her challenge, as the generation of American womanhood in the past.

Some people are inclined to compare American women today with our grandmothers. There is a tendency of people to idealize the women of the past at the expense of the women of today. Distance always has a tendency to elude enchantment. It is interesting to note however that the contemporaries of our grandmothers are not as ~~ideal~~ of theirs.

There are sections of American women, as there are sections of American who are

deserving of the severest criticism. They are the ones who live off the war, who exploit the war, who want to get everything they can out of everyone and everything about them. They contribute little. They refuse to take on the burdens of life. I assume that it is this type of woman that a severe critic like Philip Wylie castigates mercilessly in his book "Generation of Vipers. His main thesis is in my judgment a false one. His thesis is that the American people has created a new cult, the cult of "Mom", a new religion, that the American men have permitted themselves to be victimized and dominated by their womenfolk, by a dunningly instilled mother worship, by a matriarchy.

"Mom," he says, "is an American creation!... Mom is everywhere and everything. From her depends all the rest of the U.S.. Disguised as good old mom, dear old mom, sweet old mom, your loving mom, and so on, she is the bride at every funeral and the corpse at every wedding. Men live for her and die for her, dote upon her and whisper her name as they pass away, and I believe she has now achieved, in the hierarchy of miscellaneous articles, a spot next to the Bible and the Flag, being reckoned part of both in a way."

I read sparingly from this chapter.

"Mom is something new in the world of men. Hitherto, mom has been so busy raising a large family, keeping house, doing the chores, and fabricating everything in every home except the floor and the walls that she was rarely a problem to her family or to her equally busy friends, and never one to herself."

"But never before has a great nation of brave and dreaming men absent-mindedly created a huge class of idle, middle-aged women. Satan himself has been taxed to dig up enterprises enough for them."

"Mom got herself out of the nursery and the kitchen. She then got out of the house. She did not get out of the church, but, instead, got the stern stuff out of it."

"She was graduated from high school or a "finishing" school or even a college in her distant past and made up for the unhappiness of compulsory education by ^usloughing all that she learned to completely that she could not pass the final examinations of a

fifty grader."

"Mom is organization-minded. Organizations, she has happily discovered, are intimidating to all men, not just to mere men. They frighten politicians to sniveling servility and they terrify pastors; they bother bank presidents and they pulverize school boards. Mom has many such organizations, the real purpose of which is to compel an abject compliance of her environs to her personal desires."

"Much of the psychological material," he says, "which got me studying this matter of moms came into my possession as I watched the flower-hatted goddesses battle over fabric. I have seen the rich and the poor, the well-dressed and the shabby, the educated and the unlettered, tear into the stacked remnants day after day, shoving and harassing, trampling each other's feet, knocking hats, coiffures and glasses awry, cackling, screaming, bellowing and giving the elbow, without any differential of behavior no matter how you sliced them. I have watched them deliberately drive quiet clerks out of their heads and their jobs and heard them whoop over the success of the stratagem. I have seen them cheat and steal and lie and rage and whip and harry and stampede -- not just a few times but week after week, not just a few women, but thousands and thousands and thousands, from everywhere."

"I have explained," says the writer, "that women possess some eighty percent of the nation's money and I need only allude, I think, to the statistical reviews which show that the women are the spenders, wherefore the controlling consumers of nearly all we make with our machines."

He concludes: "We must face the dynasty of the dames at once, deprive them of our pocketbooks when they waste the substance in them and take back our dreams which, without the perfidious materialism of mom, were shaping up a new and braver world..It is time that mom's sag became known to the desperate public; we must plunge into our psyches and find out there, each for each, scientifically, about immortality and miracles. To do such deeds, we will first have to make the conquest of momism, which grew up from male default."

And so on and on.

Much of this, of course is pure caricature and burlesque, utterly unrelated to the reality of the situation. It is the old old complaint that men say: "Let men say what they will. Woman, woman rules them still."

It is not true that the root cause of American materialism in the "20's" were women. Of course women shared in equal responsibility all the good and all the evil that has happened and ^{is} happening in the world today. There are parasites among women as there are among men. Women parasites should be denounced as ruthlessly as the men. Both of these products -- richness and prosperity and idleness are the root of all decadence, morally and spiritually. When wealth comes to a people, when rich men do not look upon their wealth as a responsibility and a challenge to work harder and ^{use} those special privileges that come with the acquisition of wealth then wealth becomes (disadvantage - lust for wealth attacks even political set-up of nation.)....

Women today do control most of the wealth of America. Women do consume most of goods manufactured in peace time, in normal time..When home breaks down, the moral standards of the home, it is the woman who in the last analysis suffers most.

I am inclined to believe, however, that when you take the picture as a whole, survey the scene in its entirety, when you think of the millions of millions of American homes, the kind of people they produce, one will come to a conclusion far different than our rather bitter cynic has arrived at. There is still strength and integrity and nobility among the womanhood of America. It is not at all true that there has been a break-down in the moral fiber of American womanhood in America.

Aggravated by war conditions, the evils of the war, of over-indulgence, America ought to make a greater effort, particularly the womanhood of America, an effort to discipline themselves in the spartan type of living which maintains

balance and strength and sincerity in life, to disist the ever present under-mining disparities of life. Poverty has its draw-backs, and wealth, too has its evil draw-backs. The wise men of the Bible say: Pray unto the Lord: Give me neither wealth nor pove ty. Give me only that which I need.....

Women who are waiting today are aware of the greater challenge which has come to them, the challenge which has come to their inner spiritual resources. I believe they are meeting, most of them, ~~xx~~ in a magnificent way, thatchallenge.



1/ Impact, was hard on all - Hardest perhaps on women. -

It was a woman who wrote:

"But the waiting time, my brothers,
is the hardest time of all."

Men who are away at war - are caught up in the routines and excitement + new experiences, + adventures + comradeship of training + battle, + fighting. ^{New perils - places - contacts - sensations}

But those who remain behind, the fathers, ^{esp.} the women folk - the mothers + aunts + sisters - miss all this. Fasted they experience the long days + weeks + months + years of waiting - the absence - the loneliness - the oppression - ^{the long silences} when no letter comes. They are ^{cut off} in the same world - but it is a world that made it so pleasant + warm + secure.

There is now an element of ever present strain, turning a kindness in their lives. Tant -

2/ They are brave, these women, most of them.

— While they wait, they work! They are strong in courage + in kind!

They carry on the business of life. They perform the duties of home. They work in the shops, the stores, the offices, the ^{the weight} of waiting for their absent ones is heavy on their hearts.

— Brave women have always faced the dangers which beset their dear ones on perilous ways away from home with such courage.

— You may recall the haunting refrain of Kipling's poem: (Just)

— Women must wait - they need ^{not} weep - while their menfolk are out there in the squall + the shower - and the sudden storm -

3/ The American woman - esp. - knew how to share with her men

2
or her children the hardness + hardships + dangers of life - as
our pioneering people moved across this continent to build
homes in the wilderness - (Irish In Thompson)

4/ And so to-day - while the men are fighting - the women - folks,
while waiting patiently for them - and the waiting is hard - they
are looking competently after the home - the babies - the young
folks, the cooking, the scrubbing, the canning, the mending, the
cleaning.

Many of them are ^{engaged} in ~~the~~ essential war work - on the side
by side with the men folks at the machine, the lathe, in a 1000
different jobs related to the war effort. 4 M. women but into work
in a way -

Many women are doing a two-fold job - working in a shop,
factory or office and at same time - keeping house and
looking after the needs of the home.

Many women are with the armed forces - as mess, cooks,
clerks, and nurses -

Red Cross - USO -

They are not unworthy of the men whom they send to the
Front.

5/ Conditions was an abnormal conditions.

- War disorganizes homes, cities, social purposes.
Transplants big numbers, men from one locality to another.
Creates housing problems, overcrowding, inadequate sanitation
facilities.

- War brings an atmosphere and a mood and a tempo
all its own.

- Customary social procedures & moral standards
a suffer -

- Moral principles break down in many places - and the ^{deception of the times} are related in many parts - ~~ways~~ who
- Both the men who are away and the ~~men~~ who are left behind, waiting, ~~for~~ ~~his~~ ~~state~~ abnormal lives.
- ~~The moral conventions~~ ~~are~~ ~~and~~ ~~standing~~ ~~for~~ ~~many~~ ~~and~~ ~~moral~~ ~~debauchery~~ ~~is~~ ~~common~~ ~~in~~ ~~war~~ ~~time~~ ~~in~~ ~~peace~~ ~~time~~ -
- This is not the best of the terrible evils of war -

6) But Am. womanhood, as a whole, ~~confronted~~ ^{confronted} by all these manifold strains & tensions & dislocations, is meeting her challenge - & did penetrate of Am. womanhood in the past.

① Widow's companions - Grandmothers - Ideally the best.
 Just as kind enchantment.
 the contemporaries of our Grandmothers - who not as children of them.

7) There are sectors of Am. woman - as there are of Am. men - deserving of severe criticism - They who exploit -

- I assume that it is that type - that is severe critic all Philip Wykes castigate - in his mercies Book - "Generations of Pies"

The Three Fishers

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to learn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light house tower
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
For men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sand
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.....

When the epidemic of 1910 swept the country, Philadelphia was left with 1016 cases, most of them children under two. The Emergency Aid, itself a two-year-old infant formed to give relief to war sufferers, was asked by the Director of Health to be the official agency for after-care—in this disease all-important, since no prevention is yet known.

The Infantile Paralysis Committee is still doing its unique job: it has complete records of all cases in 1916 and since; it has maintained personal contact with each child and seen to it that each received the limit of medical aid; and its Bureau of Placement and Training has put many on the road to skills, scholarships and jobs.

All polio cases are reported to the Board of Health as soon as recognized, and sent to the Philadelphia Hospital for Contagious Diseases. The hospital reports all cases to the Emergency Aid, whose staff members visit distraught families, and assure them of financial assistance if it is needed. After the quarantine period, patients are sent home or to other hospitals for further treatment. Those who are sent home and cannot afford private care are assigned to clinics near their homes for periodic checkups and treatment. The committee's motor-corps members take children to the clinics if families are unable to do so, or visit the family to find out why Johnny missed his last appointment. Each case worker, with help from the Advisory Committee of Orthopaedic Surgeons, advises families about operations and hospitalization. When braces, crutches and corrective shoes are beyond the family's means, the committee supplies them. (Since the National Foundation was started in 1938, it has paid these bills.)

Mary Ann Jones, the first 1916 case, is one of the severely handicapped who have been able to support themselves through the committee's sewing class. This was started by Mrs. E. Lois Bateman, energetic, white-haired director of the committee's work, who determined that her girls would not waste their days making useless mediocrities to be bought as charity. She scouted for the best teachers available and found two who have taught the girls to do fine drawn linenwork and perfectionist handwork on silk lingerie. The 18 members of the present class—there have been 38 in all—have more orders from their Saratoga and Florida clientele than they can fill.

Laura Brown, another 1916 case, was the first girl to go to France on an exchange scholarship from Temple University. Paralyzed in one leg, she went through seven operations.

Since the 1916 epidemic, there has been no outbreak to equal it, but in 1932 there were 720 cases, and in 1944, 250. Meanwhile, the committee is proud of its college and business-school graduates, of two boys teaching aeronautic groundwork, of others overseas.

With no ounce of polio prevention yet in sight, other cities would do well to adopt Philadelphia's pound of cure.

...y interested to find Englishmen all over the world, holding important positions from the Congo to Iran. It seemed to the senators as though there were some plot to keep Americans out. But the British had been there all the time—and for long before the senators thought of making a world tour because there was a world war.

BUT our children, and even more our grandchildren and great-grandchildren, will travel—and I hope without wars to compel it. At the end of this war America will not only have the greatest navy—an unequaled navy—but she will have the greatest merchant marine. These ships will not only bring goods to America and from America, but will carry them between other countries. And the most modern form of communication, in the only other world-wide element besides the seas—the air—has shown its first great possibilities in America.

Now all this means that America is a world power and will develop a world outlook. Until this epoch it has been the greatest provincial civilization and state on earth. It is so no longer. We have become a world power, not because a battle was won between isolationists and internationalists, but because, when we were forced to mobilize our full power, we, and the whole world, discovered what America is. There will be lots of nostalgia for the old America, just as, to this day, there is still a lurking nostalgia for “*little* England.” For power brings increased and often irksome responsibilities and problems—just as becoming adult brings responsibilities and problems.

But what does this great change mean for us, as American women?

For one thing, it means reconsidering the education of our children. I predict that our

building in Latin America, and learning Spanish in connection with engineering. Mary will be thinking of hospitals in China, and taking language-school lessons in Chinese, during her nurse's training.

But all this will not mean that America will become less dear. On the contrary—it will become even more vividly in every person's mind “home.” People will move farther from home, and come back more often to the very place where they were born. For the place where they were born will be the most-loved image in their minds, in years spent far from home.

It will be the aim of every American to have a *home* for his family—not a series of shifting apartments—in order to keep a secure center for a family temporarily spread far apart.

How will American women take it? They will take it the way they have taken every development and change in our national life.

In travels in many countries, I have often observed how Woman—the Mother—is represented in public monuments. She is always memorialized as sitting down, with a child embraced in her arms. But in the public parks, from Ohio to California, there is a typical American monument to American womanhood. In this typical monument, the woman is not sitting, nor even standing, but striding. Her brow is lifted to the sun, and her skirts are swept back from her legs by her stride. Her children cling to those skirts—and they are walking too. She is going with them, into newly discovered and opened lands. She is the Pioneer Woman.

And in the New America, young women will go into the world with young men; and marry, and come home; and keep a center, and send their children out again.

And in spite of all the nostalgia—we'll like it.

★ **BUY MORE WAR BONDS** ★

"Normal" is a tricky term to be used for any kind of living creature. If anybody says that animals are generally "normal"—more normal than men—I'd think he rather doesn't know much about animals. Nor about men. You have to watch your animals, and to find out about their personal dispositions. This will take much time and it might not be strictly commercial, but it gives you some stories to tell and to remember!

One couldn't say that Hermann is crazy, but as a gander he certainly is a failure, in spite of his very normal strength and nastiness. He's named Hermann because of his eyes which are of a bright, heavenly blue, as clear as false. Like those of the old German leader, Arminius—the one who instigated his blond-plaited wife, Thusnelda, to make love to the Roman fieldmarshal's aide-de-camps and to lure him one night through a little side door in the cage of the wild bear, while he thought to enter her bedroom. She's said to have got a kick out of nothing his disappointment when he was embraced by the bear instead of by herself.

These are the sort of implications called by the sight of Hermann's eyes or by the bites of his sharp-edged beak. But the trouble with Hermann is that he doesn't care a bit for Thusnelda, the fat, old goose supposed to be his legitimate wife, nor for any other geese, only for ducks. This of course leads to nothing—biologically spoken. But he seems to be perfectly satisfied with the admiration that some of the lady ducks are paying to his imposing size and to his tyrannical possessiveness.

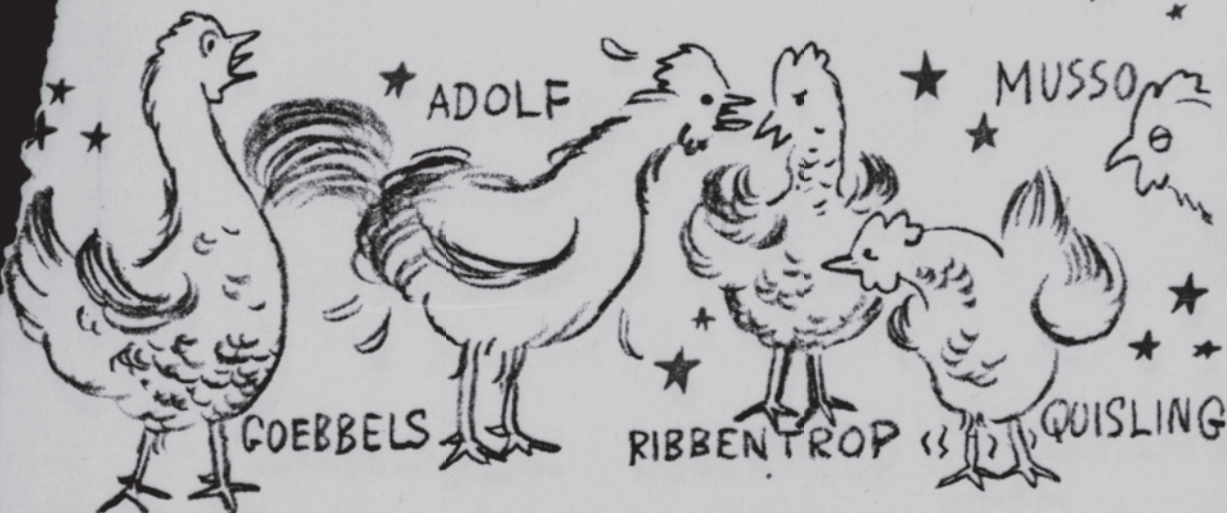
But even Hermann, who is quite useless, escaped the long knife and was acquitted from an imminent death sentence. When Thusnelda had watched her first bunch of goslings—an achievement that could not be credited to his co-operation—we kept the goslings strictly separated in a wire-fenced yard in order to save them from the approach of the gangsters, who have the bad reputation to be jealous and naughty fathers, pecking and sometimes killing their own flesh and blood.

For a few days I watched Hermann leaving his platonic harem (or brood of yes-ducks), circling restlessly around that (Continued on Page 84)

ANTEDILUVIAN
DRAGON



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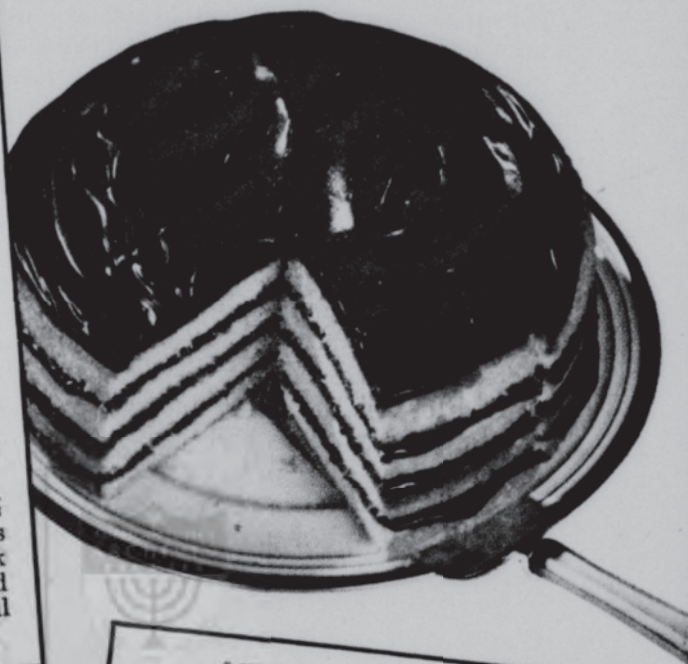
CHOCOLATE CREAM LAYER CAKE

Crisco gives you *lighter* cakes!

½ cup Crisco • 1 cup sugar • ½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla • 2 eggs
2 cups sifted cake flour
2½ tsps. baking powder • ¾ cup milk

Combine Crisco, sugar, salt, vanilla and eggs. (Crisco has developed a special cake secret. It gives you lighter cakes than the most expensive shortening!) Beat thoroughly. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Bake in two 8-inch "Criscoed" layer cake pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25-30 min. Cool. Split layers; spread with:

"STAY-SOFT" CHOCOLATE FROSTING: Mix ¼ cup cocoa, 3 tbsps. cornstarch, 1½ cups sugar, ¼ tsp. salt. Add 1½ cups milk. Cook until thick, stirring often. Remove and add 1 tsp. butter and 1 tsp. vanilla. Cool. All Measurements Level.



VEGETABLE PLATTER

Crisp Crisco-fried fritters are
digestible even for children!

1 cup flour • ½ tsp. salt • ⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tsps. baking powder • 1 egg • ½ cup milk
1½ cups cooked succotash
(corn and lima beans)
1 tsp. grated onion • 1 tbsp. melted Crisco

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add egg and milk. Beat until smooth. Add remaining ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls into skillet containing about ½ inch melted Crisco. Brown on both sides. (No need to fear upset digestions! You can count on Crisco for crisp, light fried foods that are so digestible children may eat 'em!) Serve with pan-fried carrot and pepper strips and sautéed apple slices. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

