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Sholem Aleichem, 1959.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

March 22, 1959

DR. ABBA HILLEL SILVER

SHOLEM ALEICHEM

When Sholem Aleichem died some forty three years ago, in May of 1916, in the City of New York, hundreds of thousands of Jews turned out for his funeral. Seldom has any writer - Jew or non- Jew - been so honored. Simple folk, who followed the funeral procession, wept as though they had lost a very dear and intimate friend.

This month, which marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of Sholem Aleichem, - he was born in 1859 - this month is commemorated by the entire Jewish world, and even in the Soviet Union where Jewish, Yiddish, writings and writers have not been held in high repute, even in the Soviet Union this Centennary is being is being observed with the friendly approval of the government, and a new edition of his work - short stories, novels, plays - from 35 to 40 volumes - a new edition of his work has been published in the Soviet Union.

During the lifetime of Sholem Aleichem his writings have been translated into numerous languages, including Japanese and Esperanto. He has been likend to Cervantes, the famous author of Don Quixote, to Charles Dickens, Mark Twain.

Now who is ~~this~~ writer, who has been known far and wide by his pen name, Sholem Aleichem, which means "Peace to you" or as we would say "Hello", altho "Sholem Aleichen" is not "Hello" - it carries with it much more. Hence, where is his great and lasting appeal even to those who do not understand the Yiddish language in which Sholem Aleichem wrote - what is his great appeal? The world about which he wrote has since vanished almost completely. The language in which he wrote - which his in ~~these~~ days was spoken by some ten, twelve million Jews, is known today, I am afraid to less than one-fifth of that number -, <sup>6</sup>evidently like all great art, there is



something perennial and universal in the stories and the types and characters in Sholem Aleichem's writing - something that lives above and beyond time and space, which insures him immortality in mankind's literary pantheon.

Solomon Rabinowitz, for that was his real name, was born in a rather small city in southern Russia one hundred years ago. In many ways, the life of Eastern European Jewry in those days - and they represented the center and the core of the Jewish people throughout the world, America included, - in many ways, the life of Eastern Jewry in Sholem Aleichem's day was still mediaeval, but new winds had begun to blow through the Ghetto. Czarist tyranny was still pressing down very heavily upon the people. They lived in a ~~pale~~<sup>the</sup> settlement, hemmed in - their lives were insecure. Many occupations were closed to them - they lived in constant dread of hostile decrees and of ruthless government officials and it is not long before violent pogroms broke out in that settlement and drove the masses of people to x despair and sent them in headlong flight to other countries, especially to America, which to them was the Golden Land of Opportunity. Jewish life was still within the frame-work of orthodox, traditional Judaism. It was still largely controlled by the detail provision of the , the Rabbinic code of Jewish practice for all occasions, which regulated Jewish life. The the elementary school, and the , the higher Rabbinic seminary had changed but very little through the centuries in content or in method and their curricular instruction included very little of the learning and the sciences of the new age. Nevertheless, that world in which Sholem Aleichem was born a hundred years ago, was no longer a static world. Here and there, in the larger cities the Jews were reaching out for the enlightenment and the education and the opportunities and the teachings of the free world which they knew to exist beyond the borders of the ~~pale~~<sup>Pale</sup> settlement in Russia. And they were reaching out for the



revolutionary ideas human freedom and basic human rights. Some like Sholem Aleichem himself were not satisfied anymore with merely learning Hebrew in the Torah. They began to study the Russian language and that helped them to look beyond their limited horizons into a new world. Some of them were joining revolutionary political movements, and were working for the over-throw of the Czarist regime. And others were escaping altogether the Pale settlement and were making their way westward to the schools and the universities of the western world and to the new world which had begun to beckon to them, the golden land of America.

Now, Sholem Aleichem was the product of this world in the Pale of the Russian Jewish Settlement. His early life was spent in a small old-fashioned town in Pereyaslav in Southern Russia near Kiev, - Voronkov, which he later immortalized in his writings as Kasrilevkeh, and which he himself described as a "small town of little people". Sholem Aleichem was a product of the Pale but he also, as I said, learned Russian. His father was a - one of the intellectual Jews. He believed in giving his children as much of a modern education as he could. In fact, by the age of seventeen, Sholem Aleichem was supporting himself by giving lessons in Russian. And one of his pupils, a daughter of a very rich Russian landowner - with this pupil he fell in love. And later on, against the violent opposition of her father, they were married. Sholem Aleichem as a young man was bright, and gay and light-hearted - bent on all kinds of innocent mischief. He loved to poke fun at people and make them the source of merriment but never with any malice - never with any bitterness. When his father-in-law died, the father of this young pupil whom Sholem Aleichem married - when his father-in-law died, Sholem Aleichem became the administrator of the estate of this Jew - an estate which amounted in those days to a quarter of a million rubles - a substantial fortune in those days. But Sholem Aleichem began to trade on the grain exchange and stock



exchange and he soon lost his fortune and he never came within sight of so much money again the rest of his life. Most of his life he lived very modestly or in actual straightened circumstances and for the extent of his life in New York City, in the Bronx he was an unsuccessful insurance agent and could not make a living. In one of the famous galaxy of portraits, the Kasrilevka, which Sholem Aleichem so skillfully and artistically depicted, there is one character, Menachem Mendel a "Luft-mensch" - and that word "Luft-mensch" was coined by Sholem Aleichem - a man who is up in the air all the time - his feet never on the ground, a speculator, a man who has amazing plans in his mind, a man who tries a thousand and one occupations ~~xxxx~~ - who never makes a cent, a "Luft-mensch", a speculator, always in a hurry. Menachem Mendel was a speculator, a broker, a real-estate agent, a dealer in timber in mines, in oil and what-not. And in that character which Sholem Aleichem drew, Menachem Mendel, one can find a very slight criticism of himself. As Sholem Aleichem's fame grew as a writer - and he began writing very early - he travelled throughout the Pale of Jewish settlement in Russia, Poland, Lithuania and read his stories - he was a very skillful reader of his own writing - he became extremely popular. And he travelled to to Western Europe and everywhere he was warmly received by the masses of the people who loved the stories. When the pogroms of 1905 broke in Russia, Sholem Aleichem left there and came to the United States and here too he was received with open arms by a great following of people. But he stayed in this country only a short time - he couldn't acclimatize himself to the new world and he returned to Europe and there he travelled about, writing, reading his stories, trying to earn a living. His health was not of the best - he spent some time in Italy. And then when the first world war broke out, he again returned to the United States. And here for a time he did well as a writer for one of the Jewish newspapers but after a time he lost the contract with that newspaper, and as I indicated a moment ago,



the remaining months of his life were spent in relative poverty, in spite of the great admiration in which he was held which was given to him by the masses of the people. And he died, as I said, in 1916.

Sholem Aleichem took to writing very early in life - he was seventeen when he began to write and his first writing was in Hebrew, not in Yiddish; and that is true of nearly all Jewish writers. Hebrew was the language of the intellectuals - it is a respectable language, classical language - and while everybody spoke Yiddish, when they came to write, to compose a book they wrote in Hebrew. Yiddish was the common speech of the masses, the vernacular, it was not as high-placed as Hebrew. And while Jews had been speaking Yiddish for hundreds of years, ever since the Jews of Germany first adopted it in the middle ages, it had never displaced Hebrew as a language of study or of worship or of literary composition. And that of course is true, if you will recall, <sup>also</sup> of the German language itself and of nearly all the Romance languages of Europe. They could not displace Latin as a language of scholarship and learning and writing - a language of culture and education until comparatively recent times. But around the middle of the 19th century, Yiddish began to come into its own and three great masters - three great writers - were responsible. The first one was the famous writer Abramowitz - Mendele Mocher Seforim - Mendele the book-seller. The second one, of course, is Isaac Loeb Peretz and the third is Sholem Aleichem, himself. It is they who made Yiddish a very respectable, a very effective language of literature. These writers - ~~R~~ Abramowitz, Peretz, Sholam Aleichem soon found that if they wished to reach the masses of the <sup>Jewish</sup> people - not only the intellectual classes with their message and their social criticism, they had to employ Yiddish - it was understood by everybody as their means of expression and communication. And Sholem Aleichem's style soon captivated large sections of Eastern European Jewry -



it is folksy, lively, richly idiomatic, easy-flowing, very artful, very cunningly wrought and the style revealed how colorful and how flexible and how perfectly adequate was this so-called jargon, this ugly-duckling of a dialect Yiddish could be.

And people loved his style and people loved the people about whom Sholom Aleichem wrote - themselves - he wrote about themselves - their life - their life as they knew it - their environment, an environment which was made doubly revealing to them because of the skillful artistry of Sholom Aleichem. He wrote about their hopes and their foibles and their suffering. He wrote about Kasirlevke, their little town, the people they knew - familiar faces all of them and they loved Sholom Aleichem for the way he wrote about them. He did not laugh at them - he laughed with them. He did not mock or deride them as others have done and could easily do. He did not make sport of them. He knew the unseemly side of their lives - he knew all that was grotesque and all that was absurd and he did not withhold his pen ~~fixations~~ from writing about it. But he also the why and the wherefore of things as they were - what went before - what went on - poverty, misery and oppression, and he did not hold them up to ridicule. He was wonderful - they felt that he was wonderful and he included himself in all the sly, compassionate humor which he directed at his fellow-citizens of Kasvilevke and he could meet with them - he was their brother their big brother - that's a more understanding brother - but a brother all the time.

Sholom Aleichem himself describes the city of Kasvilevke and I want to read you a paragraph or two which will give you perhaps a taste of his style as he refers to the subject and to the people about whom he wrote. He calls it "The town of the little people" He was always interested in little people - big people didn't interest him. They had other people, they could look after themselves. "The town of the little people" to which I shall now take you, dear reader, is exactly in the middle of



the blessed Pale, the Pale of settlement in which Jews have been packed as closely as herring in a barrel and told to increase and multiply. The name of the town is Kasrilevke. How did this name originate? I'll tell you. Among us Jews poverty has ~~many~~ many faces and many aspects. The poor man is an unlucky man, he is a pauper, a beggar, a schnorer, a starveling, a tramp, or a plain failure - all kinds of names for a poor man. A different tone is used in speaking of each one but all these names expressed human wretchedness. However, there is still another name, Kathril, or Kathrile. That name is spoken in a different tone altogether - almost a bragging tone - for instance, "Oh, am I ever a Kastrilic" A Kastrilic is not just an ordinary pauper, a failure in life. On the contrary, he is a man who has not allowed poverty to degrade him. He laughs at it, he is poor and cheerful. Stuck away in ~~his~~ a corner of the world, isolated from the surrounding country, the town stands often leaning, bewitched, immersed in itself and remote from the noise and bustle, the confusion and tumult and greed which men have created about them with dignified and high-sounding names like culture and progress and civilization. A proper person may take off his hat with respect to these things, but not these little people. Not only do they know nothing of ~~modern~~ modern automobiles and travel and airplanes, but for a long time they refused to believe in the existence of the old railroad train altogether - refused to believe in its existence. "Such a thing could not be," they said. "Why," they said, "it's a dream", a fairy-tale, you might just as well talk of a merry-g-round in heaven." But it happened once that a householder of Kasrilevke had to go to Moscow. When he came back he swore, with many oaths, that it was true - there was a railroad - he himself had ridden in a train into Moscow, and it had taken him, he shrugged his shoulders, less than one hour. This, the little people interpreted to mean that he had ridden less than an hour and then walked the rest of the way. But still the fact







no white bread, then he has black bread and onions. If he has no black bread and onions, then he borrows some from his neighbor. Next week the neighbor will borrow from him. A whirl of the wheel and it keeps turning. And the Kasrivelker repeats this maxim and shows you with his hand how it turns. To him a maxim, a witty remark is everything. For an apt remark he will forsake his mother and father, as the saying goes. The tales you hear about these little people sound fabulous, but you may be sure they are all true - for instance, there is the story of the Kasrilevkite who got tired of starving in Kasrilevke and went out into the wide world to seek his fortune. He left the country, wandered far and wide, and finally reached Paris. There, naturally, he wanted to see the Rothschilds - how can a Jew come to Paris and not visit the Rothschilds? But they didn't let him in. "What's the trouble," he wants to know. "Your coat is torn," they tell him. "You fools," says the Jew, "if I had a good coat, would I have gone to Paris." It looked hopeless, but a Kasrilevkite never gives up. He thought a while and then he said to the doorman "Tell your master that it is not an ordinary beggar who has come to the door, but a Jewish merchant, who has brought him a piece of goods such as you can't find in Paris for any amount of money". Hearing this, Rothschild became curious and asked what the merchant had brought in. "Sholem Aleichem," said Rothschild, "Alechem Sholem" said the merchant. "Take a seat - where do you come from?" "I come from Kasrilevke!" "What good news do you bring?" "Well, Mr. Rothschild, they say in our town, they say if I had a half of what you own or only a third, you would still have enough left. And honor, I imagine, you don't lack either, for people always look up to a man of riches. What do you lack? One thing only - to live forever, eternal life - and that is what I've come to sell you." When Rothschild heard this, he said "Well, let's get down to business. What will it cost me?" "It will ~~There is no~~ cost ~~in~~ you"- and here the man stopped to consider. "It will cost you 300 rubles". "Is that your best price?" "My very



best. I could have said much more but I've said it so it's final." Rothschild said no more - counted out the 300 rubles, one by one, and now the Kasrilevke slipped the money into his pocket and said to Rothschild, " If you want to live forever, my advice to you is to leave this noisy, busy Paris and move to our town of Kasrilevke. There you can never die because since Kasrilevke has been a town, no rich man has ever died from it."

Sholem Aleichem brought cheer to a distressed and distraught generation of Jews. His purpose was never to hurt but always to heal. He was not a reformer, he was not a moralist. He was not reproval of chastising or exposing the evils which an ordinary loveless satirist might have done. Whatever criticism he had to offer, he always offered in the form of a capsule of good humor

Someone summed up the message of Sholem Aleichem to his generation ~~of~~ in these words: "You take the world too seriously; you think more of it than it is worth, you demand of it more than it can give. The things you complain of are merely trifles. If you looked at them from a proper distance, you would see that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ there is more to laugh than to cry over. You are justly displeased with the world, but there is something that transcends justice; it is mercy. You are a pessimist because of your overabundant optimism. You think that the world deserves to be rebuked; all it really deserves is to be forgiven."

I wish I had time to tell you more about Sholem Aleichem, some of his amazing characters, but then you must read him yourself - Sholem Aleichem should be read rather than talked about. Many of his works are available in the English translation. ~~Sholem~~

Sholem Aleichem loved his people - they loved him, not only for his humor but for his humanity. He loved children greatly. He wrote some of the loveliest childrens' stories in Yiddish literature - and for that matter in all literature.



He loved the common people, and in his last will and testament he wrote:

" No matter where I die, I am to be buried not among aristocrats, men of high lineage, or men of great wealth, but among common Jewish workmen, with just ordinary folk; so that the tombstone to be put up on my grave will honor the ordinary graves around mine, and the ordinary graves will honor my tombstone, in the way in which the plain, honest people honored their folk writer in his lifetime."

And so it came to be - Sholem Aleichem found his last resting place in the Arbeiter-Ring Cemetery in Brooklyn and he also found his last resting place in the hearts of his people everywhere throughout the world.





SHOLEM ALEICHEM

*at* The Temple, March 22, 1959





Good plan

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

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DR. ABBA HILLEL SILVER

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This month, which marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of Sholem Aleichem, - he was born in 1859 - this month is <sup>being</sup> commemorated by the entire Jewish world, and even in the Soviet Union where Jewish, Yiddish, writings and writers have not been held in high repute, even in the Soviet Union this Centenary is being is being observed with the friendly approval of the government, and a new edition of his work - short stories, novels, plays - <sup>some</sup> from 35 to 40 volumes - a new edition of his work has been published in the Soviet Union.

During the lifetime of Sholem Aleichem, <sup>and since his death</sup> his writings have been translated into numerous languages, including Japanese and Esperanto. He has been likened to Cervantes, the famous author of Don Quixote, to Charles Dickens, <sup>to</sup> Mark Twain.

Now who is this writer, who has been known far and wide by his pen name, Sholem Aleichem, <sup>his name</sup> which means "Peach to you" or as we would say, "Hello", <sup>a greeting or</sup> although "Sholem Aleichem" is not "Hello" - it carries with it much more. Hence, <sup>what</sup> where is his great and lasting appeal even to those who do not understand the Yiddish language in which Sholem Aleichem wrote, <sup>?</sup> what is his great appeal? The world about which he wrote has since vanished almost completely. The language in which he wrote, <sup>his</sup> which in ~~these~~ days was spoken by some ten, twelve million Jews, is known today, I am afraid, to less than one-fifth of that number - <sup>or</sup> evidently like all great art, there is



something perennial and universal in the stories and the types and characters <sup>of</sup> in Sholem Aleichem's writing - something that lives above and beyond time and <sup>place</sup> space, which insures him immortality in mankind's literary pantheon.

Solomon Rabinowitz, for that was his real name, was born in a rather small city in southern Russia one hundred years ago. In many ways, the life of Eastern European Jewry in those days - and they represented the center and the core of the Jewish people throughout the world, <sup>it</sup> ~~America included~~, <sup>numerically speaking</sup> - in many ways, the life of Eastern Jewry in Sholem Aleichem's day was still mediaeval, but new winds had begun to blow through the Ghetto. Czarist tyranny was still pressing down very heavily upon the people. They lived in a pale of settlement, <sup>and</sup> penned in, their lives were insecure. Many occupations were closed to them - they lived in constant dread of hostile decrees and of ruthless government officials and it is was not long before violent pogroms broke out in that <sup>place of</sup> settlement and drove the masses of people to a despair and sent them in headlong flight to other countries, especially to America, which to them <sup>seemed</sup> was the Golden Land of Opportunity. Jewish life was still within the frame-work of orthodox, traditional Judaism. It was still largely controlled by the detail provision of the <sup>Shulchan Aruch</sup>, the Rabbinic code of Jewish practice for all occasions, which regulated Jewish life. The <sup>Cheder</sup> the elementary school, and the <sup>Yeshiva</sup>, the higher Rabbinic seminary had changed but very little through the centuries in content or in method, and their curricular instruction included very little of the learning and the sciences of the new age. Nevertheless, that world in which Sholem Aleichem was born a hundred years ago, <sup>it</sup> was no longer a static world. Here and there, in the larger cities, the Jews were reaching out for the enlightenment and the education and the opportunities and the teachings of the free world which they knew to exist beyond the borders of the pale <sup>settlement</sup> settlement in Russia. And they were reaching out for the



revolutionary ideas<sup>of</sup> human freedom and basic human rights. Some, like Sholem Aleichem, himself were not satisfied anymore with merely learning Hebrew in the *Heder*.

They began to study the Russian language and that helped them to look beyond their limited horizons into a new world. Some of them were joining revolutionary political movements, and were working for the over-throw of the Czarist regime. And others were escaping altogether the Pale *of* settlement and were making their way westward to the schools and the universities of the western world and to the new world which had begun to beckon to them, the golden land of America.

Now, Sholem Aleichem was the product of this world in the Pale of the Russian Jewish Settlement. His early life was spent in a small old-fashioned town *called* *Voronkov* *Poltava* in ~~Poltava~~ Southern Russia near Kiev, - Voronkov, which he later immortalized in his writings as Kasrilevke, and which he himself described as a "small town of little people". Sholem Aleichem was a product of the *Cheder* but he also, as I said, learned Russian. His father was a *Merkel* - one of the intellectual Jews *who*. He believed in giving his children as much of a modern education as he could. In fact, by the age of seventeen, Sholem Aleichem was supporting himself by giving *private* lessons in Russian, And *he fell in love with* one of his pupils, a daughter of a very rich Russian landowner - ~~with this pupil he fell in love.~~ And *later on,* against the violent opposition of her father, they were married. Sholem Aleichem as a young man was bright, and gay and light-hearted - bent on all kinds of innocent mischief. He loved to poke fun at people and make them the source of merriment but never with any malice - never with any bitterness. When his father-in-law died, the father of this young pupil whom Sholem Aleichem married - ~~when his father-in-law died,~~ Sholem Aleichem became the administrator of the estate of this Jew - an estate which amounted in those days to a quarter of a million rubles - a substantial fortune in those days. But Sholem Aleichem began to trade on the grain exchange and stock



exchange and he soon lost his fortune and he never came within sight of so much money again the rest of his life. Most of his life he lived very modestly or in actual straightened circumstances <sup>toward the end</sup> and for the extent of his life in New York City, in the Bronx, he was an unsuccessful insurance agent and could not make a living. In one of the famous <sup>a</sup>galaxy of portraits, <sup>of</sup> the Kasrilevka, which Sholem Aleichem so skillfully and artistically depicted, there is one character, Menachem Mendel, a "Luft-mensch", <sup>the term</sup> - and that word "Luft-mensch" was coined by Sholem Aleichem - a man who is up in the air all the time - his feet never on the ground, a speculator, a man who has amazing plans in his mind, a man who, <sup>tries</sup> a thousand and one occupations ~~xxxx~~ <sup>and</sup> - who never makes a cent, a "Luft-mensch", <sup>is</sup> a speculator, always in a hurry. Menachem Mendel was <sup>a "luft-mensch"</sup> a speculator, a broker, a real-estate agent, a dealer in timber in mines, in oil and what-not. And in that character which Sholem Aleichem drew, Menachem Mendel, one can find a very slight criticism of himself. <sup>sly</sup> As Sholem Aleichem's fame grew as a writer, <sup>and</sup> he began writing very early - he travelled throughout the Pale of Jewish settlement in Russia, Poland, Lithuania <sup>and</sup> and read his stories. <sup>and</sup> He was a very skillful reader of his own writing - he became extremely popular. And he travelled to <sup>Galicia</sup> to Western Europe and everywhere he was warmly received by the masses of the people who loved <sup>his</sup> the stories. When the pogroms of 1905 broke in Russia, Sholem Aleichem left <sup>Europe</sup> there and came to the United States, and here too he was received with open arms by a great following of people. But he stayed in this country only a short time; <sup>he</sup> he couldn't acclimatize himself to the new world and he returned to Europe, and there he travelled about, writing, reading his stories, trying to earn a living. <sup>His</sup> His health was not of the best. <sup>He</sup> He spent some time in Italy. And then when the first world war broke out, he again returned to the United States. And here for a time he did well as a writer for one of the Jewish newspapers but after <sup>while</sup> a time he lost the contract with that newspaper, and as I indicated a moment ago,



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the remaining months of his life were spent in relative poverty, in spite of the great admiration *adulation* in which he was held which was given to him by the masses of the people. And he died, as I said, in 1916.

Sholem Aleichem ~~took to writing very early in life~~ - he was seventeen when he began to write and his first writing was in Hebrew, not in Yiddish; and that is true of nearly all Jewish writers. Hebrew was the language of the intellectuals - it ~~is a~~ *was the* respectable language, classical language, and while everybody spoke Yiddish, when they came to write, to compose a book they wrote in Hebrew. Yiddish was the common speech of the masses, the *"Mama Lushen"*, the vernacular, it was not as highly placed as Hebrew. And while Jews had been speaking Yiddish for hundreds of years, ever since the Jews of Germany first adopted it in the middle ages, it had never displaced Hebrew as *the* a language of study or of worship or of literary composition. And that of course is true, if you will recall, *also* of the German language itself and of nearly all the Romance languages of Europe. They could not displace Latin as *the* a language of scholarship and learning and writing, *the* a language of culture and education until comparatively recent times. But around the middle of the 19th century, Yiddish began to come into its own and three great masters - three great writers - were responsible. The first one was the famous writer Abramowitz - Mendele Mocher Seforim *which means* Mendele the book-seller. The second one, of course, is Isaac Loeb Peretz and the third is Sholem Aleichem, himself. It *was* they who made Yiddish a very respectable, *and* a very effective language of literature. These writers - *the* Abramowitz, Peretz, Sholem Aleichem soon found that if they wished to reach the masses of the *Jewish* people - *and not merely* not only the intellectual classes with their message and their social criticism, they had to employ Yiddish. It was understood by everybody *since it was the primary* as their means of expression and communication. And Sholem Aleichem's style soon captivated large sections of Eastern European Jewry -



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And people loved his style and people loved the people about whom Sholom Aleichem wrote <sup>he</sup> themselves - he wrote about themselves, ~~their life~~ - their life as they knew it, <sup>their</sup> environment, ~~an environment~~ which was made doubly revealing to them because of the skillful artistry of Sholom Aleichem. He wrote about their hopes and their foibles and their sufferings. He wrote about Kasirlevke, their <sup>Mt. 21</sup>, their little town, the people they knew - familiar faces, all of them, and they loved Sholom Aleichem for the way he wrote about them. He did not laugh at them - he laughed with them. He did not mock or deride them as others have done <sup>or</sup> and could easily do. He did not make sport of them. He knew the unseemly side of their lives - he knew all that was grotesque and all that was absurd and he did not withhold his pen <sup>Kasirlevke understood</sup> from writing about it. But he also <sup>the</sup> why and the wherefore of things as they were - what went before - what went on - poverty, misery and oppression, and he did not hold them up to ridicule. ~~He was wonderful~~ <sup>one of them</sup> They felt that he was wonderful and he included himself in all the sly, compassionate humor which he directed at his fellow-citizens of Kasirlevke and he could <sup>weep</sup> meet with them - he was their brother, their big brother - <sup>perhaps</sup> ~~that's~~ a more understanding brother - but a brother all the time.

Sholom Aleichem himself describes the city of Kasirlevke and I want to read you a paragraph or two which will give you perhaps a taste of his style <sup>and of his approach</sup> as he refers to the subject and to the people about whom he wrote. He calls it "The town of the little people" He was always interested in little people - big people didn't interest him. They had other people, <sup>Ph</sup> they could look after themselves. "The town of the little people" to which I shall now take you, dear reader, is exactly in the middle of



the blessed Pale, the Pale of settlement in which Jews have been packed as closely as herring in a barrel and told to increase and multiply. The name of the town is Kasrilevke. How did this name originate? I'll tell you. Among us Jews poverty <sup>many</sup> has ~~three~~ faces and many aspects. <sup>A</sup> The poor man is an unlucky man, he is a pauper, a beggar, a schnorer, a starveling, a tramp, or a plain failure - all kinds of names for a poor man. A different tone is used in speaking of each one but all these names expressed human wretchedness. However, there is still another name, <sup>Kasrile</sup> Kethril, or <sup>Kasrile</sup> Kathrile. That name is spoken in a different tone altogether - almost a bragging tone - for instance, "Oh, am I ever a Kas<sup>r</sup>ilic?" A Kas<sup>r</sup>ilic is not just an ordinary pauper, a failure in life. On the contrary, he is a man who has not allowed poverty to degrade him. He laughs at it, he is poor <sup>but</sup> and cheerful. Stuck away in ~~his~~ a corner of the world, isolated from the surrounding country, the town stands often <sup>dreaming</sup> leaning, bewitched, immersed in itself and remote from the noise and bustle, the confusion and tumult <sup>and have</sup> of greed which men have created about them with dignified and high-sounding names like culture and progress and civilization. A proper person may take off his hat with respect to these things, <sup>modern</sup> but not these little people. Not only do they know nothing of ~~modern~~ automobiles and travel and airplanes, but for a long time they refused to believe in the existence of the old railroad train altogether - refused to believe in its existence. "Such a thing could not be," they said. "Why," they said, "it's a dream", a fairy-tale, you might just as well talk of a merry-go-round in heaven." But it happened once that a householder of Kasrilevke had to go to Moscow. When he came back he swore, with many oaths, that it was true - there was a railroad - he himself had ridden in a train into Moscow, and it had taken him, he shrugged his shoulders, less than one hour. This, the little people interpreted to mean that he had ridden less than an hour and then walked the rest of the way. But still the fact



If *a Jew and*  
of the train remained. ~~Even~~ a householder of Kasrilevke swore to it, they could not deny that there was such a thing as a train. It had to be true. He could not have invented it out of thin air. He even explained to him the whole miracle of the train - he drew a diagram on a paper. He showed them how the wheels turned, the smoke <sup>stack</sup> whistled, the carriage flew. People rode to Moscow. The little people of Kasrilevke listened, listened, nodded their heads solemnly, and deep in their hearts they laughed at him. What a story, the wheels turned, the smoke-stack whistled, carriages fly, people ride to Moscow and then come back again. That's how they all are, these little people, none of them are gloomy, none of them are worried little men of affairs - but on the contrary, they are known everywhere as jesters, story-tellers, - a cheerful, light-hearted breed of men - poor but cheerful. It's hard to say what makes them so happy, - nothing - just sheer joy of living - Living? If you ask them "How do you live" they will answer with a shrug and a laugh, - *How do we live?* "Who knows, we live". A remarkable thing, whenever you meet them they are scurrying like rabbits - this one here, that one there - they never have time to stop. *What are you hurrying for?* "What am I hurrying for? Well, it's like this, if we hurry we think that we might run into something, earn a few pennies, provide for the Sabbath". Provide for the Sabbath. To provide for the Sabbath - that is their goal in life. All week they labor and sweat - wear themselves out - live without food or drink just so there is something for the Sabbath. And when that Holy Sabbath arrives, let *Yehupetz* perish - *Yehupetz* is the name *for Kiev* - let *Yehupetz* perish, let *Odessa* be raised, let *Paris* itself sink into the earth - *and raised a fact* Kasrilevke lives. And since Kasrilevke was founded, no Jew had gone hungry there on the Sabbath. Is it possible that there is a Jew who does not have fish for the Sabbath? If he has no fish, then he has meat - if he has no meat, then he has herring. If he has no herring, then he has white bread. If he has



no white bread, then he has black bread and onions. If he has no black bread and onions, then he borrows some from his neighbor. Next week the neighbor will borrow from him. *The world is a* A whirl of the wheel and it keeps turning. And the Kasrilevke<sup>lev</sup> repeats this maxim and shows you with his hand how it turns. To him a maxim, a witty remark is everything. For an apt remark he will forsake his mother and father, as the saying goes. The tales you hear about these little people sound fabulous, but you may be sure they are all true - for instance, there is the story of the Kasrilevke<sup>e</sup> who got tired of starving in Kasrilevke and went out into the wide world to seek his fortune. He left the country, wandered far and wide, and finally reached Paris. There, naturally, he wanted to see the Rothschilds - how can a Jew come to Paris and not visit the Rothschilds? But they didn't let him in. "What's the trouble," he wants to know. "Your coat is torn," they tell him. "You fools," says the Jew, "if I had a good coat, would I have gone to Paris?" It looked hopeless, but a Kasrilevke<sup>e</sup> never gives up. He thought a while and then he said to the doorman "Tell your master that it is not an ordinary beggar who has come to the door, but a Jewish merchant, who has brought him a piece of goods such as you can't find in Paris for any amount of money." Hearing this, Rothschild became curious and asked *that* what the merchant had brought in. "Sholem Aleichem," said Rothschild, "Alechem Sholem" said the merchant. "Take a seat - where do you come from?" "I come from Kasrilevke." "What good news do you bring?" "Well, Mr. Rothschild, they say in our town, *that you are not badly off*, they say if I had a half of what you own or only a third, you would still have enough left. And honor, I imagine, you don't lack either, for people always look up to a man of riches. What do you lack? One thing only - to live forever, eternal life - and that is what I've come to sell you." When Rothschild heard this, he said "Well, let's get down to business. *It will* What will it cost me?" "It ~~will~~ cost ~~in~~ you" - and here the man stopped to consider. "It will cost you 300 rubles." "Is that your best price?" "My very



best. I could have said much more but I've said it so it's final." Rothschild said no more - counted out the 300 rubles, one by one, and now the Kasrilevke slipped the money into his pocket and said to Rothschild, "If you want to live forever, my advice to you is to leave this noisy, busy Paris and move to our town of Kasrilevke. There you can never die because since Kasrilevke has been a town, no rich man has ever died from it."

Sholem Aleichem brought cheer to a <sup>expressed</sup> distressed and distraught generation of Jews. His purpose was never to hurt but always to heal. He was not a reformer, he was not a moralist. He was not <sup>interested in reforming</sup> reproof of chastising or exposing the evils which an ordinary loveless satirist might have done. Whatever criticism he had to offer, he always offered in the form of a capsule of good humor

Someone summed up the message of Sholem Aleichem to his generation in these words: "You take the world too seriously; you think more of it than it is worth, you demand of it more than it can give. The things you complain of are <sup>really</sup> trifles. If you looked at them from a proper distance, you would see that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ there is more to laugh than to cry over. You are justly displeased with the world, but there is something that transcends justice; it is mercy. You are a pessimist because of your overabundant optimism. You think that the world deserves to be rebuked; all it really deserves is to be forgiven."

I wish I had time to tell you more about Sholem Aleichem, some of his amazing characters, but then you must read him yourself - Sholem Aleichem should be read rather than talked about. <sup>and</sup> Many of his works are available in the English translation. ~~Sholem~~

Sholem Aleichem loved his people <sup>and</sup> they loved him, not only for his humor but for his humanity. He loved children greatly. He wrote some of the loveliest childrens' stories in Yiddish literature - and for that matter, in all literature.



He loved the common people, and in his last will and testament he wrote:  
" No matter where I die, I am to be buried not among aristocrats, men of high lineage, or men of great wealth, but among common Jewish workmen, with just ordinary folk; so that the tombstone to be put up on my grave will honor the ordinary graves around mine, and the ordinary graves will honor my tombstone, in the way in which the plain, honest people honored their folk writer in his lifetime."

And so it came to be - Sholem Aleichem found his last resting place in the Arbeiter-Ring Cemetery in Brooklyn <sup>but</sup> and he also found his last resting place in the hearts of his people everywhere throughout the world.



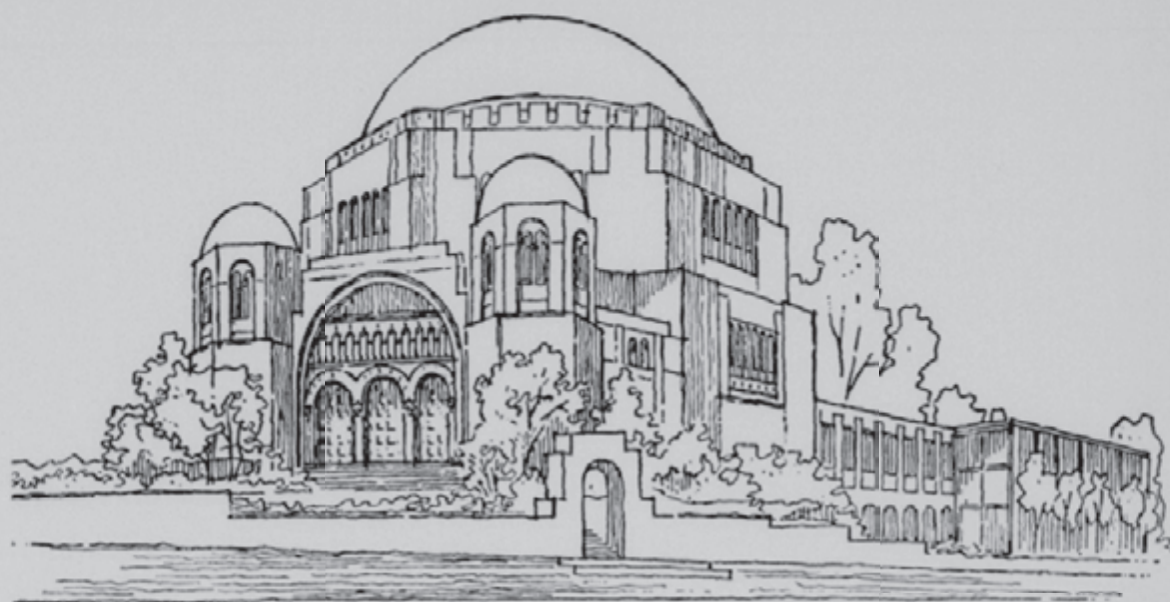


# THE TEMPLE

CLEVELAND, OHIO

March 22, 1959

Vol. XLV No. 24



## *Purim Greetings*



### SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

Sunday, March 22, 1959

10:30 o'clock

**RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER**

will speak on

### **SHOLEM ALEICHEM**

On the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the birth  
of this famous Yiddish author and humorist.

FRIDAY EVENING SERVICES

5:30 to 6:10

SATURDAY MORNING SERVICES

11:00 to 12:00



## The Temple

### Rabbis:

ABBA HILLEL SILVER  
DANIEL JEREMY SILVER  
Associate Rabbi  
Director of Religious Education

HERBERT H. ROSE  
Assistant Rabbi

### Staff:

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## SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

In celebration of Purim, Ellen Gans and Jay Lazar of the Confirmation Class of The Temple Religious School will read the traditional Purim section from the Megillah as part of the service this Sunday morning. Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver will deliver a Purim address entitled: Sholem Aleichem, on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the birth of this famous Yiddish author and humorist.

The Temple Choir, under the direction of Mr. Alfred R. Willard, will present a special program of music. Mr. Georgio Ciompi, Head of the Violin Department of the Cleveland Institute of Music, will be guest soloist.

## ALTAR FLOWERS

The flowers which will grace the altar on Sunday morning, March 22nd, are contributed in memory of dear parents, Nathan and Mary Klausner, by their four daughters, Beatrice Gray, Doris Klausner, Arlene Wagon and Evelyn Casselman.

## PASSOVER PACKAGES

Each year The Temple Women's Association mails Passover treats to members of The Temple family in our Armed Forces. If you know of such young men or women, please send their names and addresses to Mrs. S. S. Reich, Chairman, 3290 Warrensville Center Road, or call The Temple Office, SW 1-7755.

## FATHER - SON

## MOTHER - DAUGHTER

## BANQUETS

March 22, 1959 - - - - Mothers and Daughters

April 5, 1959 - - - - Fathers and Sons

Delicious Turkey Dinner

Exciting Nationality Folk Dancers

Fun

Prizes

Souvenirs for All

12:30 P.M.

The Social Hall

Children \$2.25

Adults \$2.75

Attend services with your older children

Meet the youngsters after Religious School

Tables of ten are available

Reservations must be in by April 2nd for the Father-Son Banquet

Reservations should not include pre-school children



## MR. AND MRS. CLUB

## ANNUAL SHOW

Toe-tapping tunes, top-grade talent, and terrific dancing all will entwine when the Mr. and Mrs. Club presents its annual Show on April 7th and 8th, in Luntz Auditorium.

Beginning at 8:30 P.M., "My Fair Natie", an original musical comedy, will cast Albert and Terry Rosen, William Goldman, Marilyn Caplane, Herbert Schechter, Eugene Shipley, Rosalyn Held, Bette Lawrence, Lionel Greenbaum, Dr. Marvin Dorfman, Eunice Combs, Dr. Saul Kammen, and the June Haas Dancers.

Natalie Epstein and Stanley Kramer are directing this year's show, and the script was written by Richard Bracker, Lawrence Rubin, Eugene Shipley and Herbert Schechter, assisted by Shirley Curtiss and Sue Nuremberg.

Robert Rogoff is the musical director and he is assisted by Sue Nuremberg and Rosalyn Held. Jerold and Beverly Rabnick and Michael and Eve Art are co-producers.

Tickets are now on sale. Call Arthur and Lee Friedman, IN 4-9095, for reservations.



## ON THE LEARNING OF HEBREW — FROM THE RABBIS' DESK

One hundred and ten people studying Hebrew? Impossible. One hundred and ten people studying Hebrew three times a week? Impossible. One hundred and ten people studying Hebrew three times a week, two and one-half hours each session? Impossible? Not quite, for that is precisely what has been happening here at The Temple.

In one of the most thrilling adult language courses we have ever been privileged to offer, Dr. Mordecai Kamrat over a two-week period presented to one hundred and ten of our members an exciting and enlightening introduction to Hebrew. Imagine mastering two hundred root words, the alphabet, the basic rules of grammar and of pronunciation all in a matter of a fortnight. Perhaps only the undeniable teaching magic of Dr. Kamrat, Director of Adult Hebrew Education for the State of Israel, could have accomplished this ambitious program, yet without doubt it was accomplished. One can measure the success of this program by the fact that eighty percent of the enrollees re-registered in an intermediate six-week twice-a-week Ulpan which is being taught by two veteran teachers, each a pupil of Dr. Kamrat's, Mrs. Shoshana Schechter and Miss Lillian Sugarman.

To watch Dr. Kamrat was to recognize the considerable improvement which has taken place in the teaching of foreign languages. Gone are the days of endless conjugation and declension and rote memorization. I remember an elementary German course I took at college. We were given vocabulary lists and made to memorize word cards over and over again. Without any of these onerous memory gymnastics this Hebrew class mastered a fundamental Hebrew vocabulary. It was mastered because the words had meaning and could be used. Dr. Kamrat's method is not one simply of the spoken language without reference to grammar or spelling. He introduced the elements of grammar and the disciplines of language, however, not as external disciplines but as integral parts of his teaching and as essential to the mastery of the living language.

Those who were enrolled in our Temple Ulpan will not quickly forget the experience. All of us wish that wherever foreign language training is taking place our teachers would have recourse to these brilliant and creative modern techniques. Americans might not be as linguistically limited if generation after generation of high school and college language teachers had not made the instruction of some other tongue a burden rather than an adventure and a challenge.

We all hope that Dr. Kamrat will soon return to America. We have already extended to him an open invitation to visit with us and teach us again.

*Daniel Jeremy Silver*

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### SCHEDULE OF MIDWEEK CLASSES DURING PUBLIC SCHOOL SPRING VACATION

#### REGULAR CLASSES

- I. Pre-Confirmation
  - a. Tuesday afternoon classes will meet Tuesday morning, March 24, at 10:00 - 11:00
  - b. Wednesday afternoon classes will meet Wednesday morning, March 25, at 10:00 - 11:00
- II. Confirmation
  - a. Thursday afternoon classes will meet Thursday morning, March 26, at 10:00 - 11:00
  - b. Friday afternoon classes will meet Friday morning, March 27, at 10:00 - 11:00
- III. Special Hebrew
  - a. Tuesday afternoon classes will meet Tuesday morning, March 24, at 10:00 - 11:00
  - b. Thursday afternoon classes will meet Thursday morning, March 26, at 10:00 - 11:00

#### MAKEUP SESSIONS

- I. Pre-Confirmation
  - a. First session Tuesday, March 24, at 1:00 - 2:00 P.M.
  - b. Second session Wednesday, March 25, at 1:00 - 2:00 P.M.
- II. Confirmation
  - a. First session Thursday, March 26, at 1:00 - 2:00 P.M.
  - b. Second session Friday, March 27, at 1:00 - 2:00 P.M.

NOTE: Limousine service will be available for regular classes only.



## TEMPLE FUNDS

### ABBA HILLEL SILVER CHARITABLE AND EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION TEMPLE ENDOWMENT FUND

### LIBRARY MEMORIAL FUND

### FLORAL FUND

### SCHOOL AND NURSERY FUND

### TEMPLE MUSEUM FUND

### PRAYER BOOK FUND

### SOPHIE AUERBACH SCHOLARSHIP FUND

In addition there are special funds set up in memory of the following beloved Temple members: Tommy Diener, Richard Allan Fishel, Jennie M. Littman, Judith Meyers, Hilda Krohngold, Herbert Neubauer, Walter Krohngold, Cora Lederer, Ray S. Gross, Hattie D. Rich, Leslie and Linda Haas, Charles Ginsberg, Ignatz Ascherman, Mildred Jacobs, Edith Gross Bialosky, Lillian Berman Miller, William B. Cohen, Jerome A. Levy, Jane Ellen Udelf and Julius E. Goodman.

### MEMORIAL LIBRARY FUND

#### In Memory of:

Emanuel Pasternak by Esther and Beryl Rosenberg  
Dr. David B. Steuer by Mr. and Mrs. William E. Keynes  
George Margulis by Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Margulis  
Eleanore Greenberg by Mr. Herbert J. Fuerst  
Jennie Faust by Mrs. Joseph Terr  
Minnie Staffman by The Art Needlework Table  
Fannie Leiner by Mrs. Jeff Randall  
Anna Reder by The Art Needlework Table  
Dr. David B. Steuer by Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Shane  
Regina Eisner by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bernstein  
Fannie Leiner by The Leiner Family  
Philip L. Stern by Rose Scher

#### In Honor of:

Mr. and Mrs. Morley Lebby by Mrs. E. B. Zwick and Elaine Zwick

### CELIA SMITH MEMORIAL LIBRARY FUND

#### In Honor of:

Mr. Max Smith by Mrs. Goldy Smith, Mr. Harry C. Smith  
and Dr. Herman C. Smith

### HATTIE D. RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY FUND

#### In Memory of:

Julius Fallon by Mrs. Julius Fallon  
Julius Fallon by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rose

#### In Honor of:

Mrs. Sidney Davis by Mr. and Mrs. Murray N. Newburgh

### FLORAL FUND

#### In Memory of:

Moe L. Rothman by Dr. and Mrs. Nathan Alpers  
Moe W. Haber by Mrs. Jerome Gardner  
William F. Levison by Mr. Gilbert L. Morris  
Minnie Levison by Mr. Gilbert L. Morris  
Pauline Glick by Mr. Irving Glick  
Maurice E. Frankel by Mrs. Moe L. Rothman  
Herman Kempner by Mrs. Herman Kempner and  
Mr. Stanley Kempner  
Sidney Wolfe by Estelle and J. W. Lerner, Mrs. Sarah Lieber,  
Mrs. Irwin Milner, Mrs. Edward Lindner, Mrs. Julius  
Weingart and Mrs. Ben Lewitt

#### In Honor of:

Mr. and Mrs. Morley Lebby by Mr. and Mrs. Phil Gilman  
Mr. and Mrs. Morley Lebby by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Brown  
Mr. and Mrs. Morley Lebby by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Laronge  
and Mr. and Mrs. James Rigelhaupt  
Mrs. Sidney Davis by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Friedman  
Mr. and Mrs. Morley Lebby by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lichtig  
Mr. Max Kurjan by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard R. Lichtig  
Mr. Alfred A. Benesch by Mr. and Mrs. Lee August, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Abe L. Nebel by Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Goldenberg

#### A Gift:

By Mrs. L. Levenson

### SOPHIE AUERBACH MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

#### In Memory of:

Dr. David B. Steuer by Mrs. S. S. Goldurs  
Miriam Janet Kaber by Mrs. Henry Kaber  
Albert Mendelson by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Benesch  
Beatrice Kohn by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Benesch  
Florence R. Newmann by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Benesch  
Bertha Benesch by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Benesch  
Henry Yetra by Dora Felstein  
Lewis Kline by Mr. and Mrs. Milton Benesch  
Al Loewenstein by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Felber  
Moe L. Rothman by Mrs. S. S. Goldurs

The income of this fund is used to support religious cultural and educational activities both here and abroad.

This fund provides protection to The Temple in case of emergencies. It is also used to expand the activities of the congregation.

This fund makes possible the purchase of books by the library.

This fund provides Altar flowers. These flowers are distributed to members on occasions of illness, bereavement, or joy.

This fund enables the school to purchase new equipment and undertake special projects.

This fund is used to make new acquisitions for the Museum.

This fund is used to secure prayer books.

The Bibles given to Confirmants are purchased from this fund. It makes scholarships available to worthy students.

#### In Honor of:

Alfred A. Benesch by Dr. and Mrs. Irwin Yoelson  
Alfred A. Benesch by Mr. and Mrs. Carol Levison  
Alfred A. Benesch by Mrs. Helen Worth  
Alfred A. Benesch by Misses Sadie and Camille Stone  
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Alfred A. Benesch by Mr. and Mrs. Irving Kane

### MEMORIAL PRAYER BOOK FUND

#### In Memory of:

Dr. Nathan Ermas by Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Schwartz  
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Mr. and Mrs. Jack Freeman by Mrs. Elsa G. Buka  
Eleanore Greenberg by Mr. and Mrs. Marc B. Goldstein  
Christine Palady by Dr. and Mrs. I. J. Goodman  
Lester Bensev by Mrs. Robert W. Kabb  
Arthur Wiesenberger by Harry and Ralph Wiesenberger  
Mollie Goodman by Dr. and Mrs. I. J. Goodman

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Lawrence Meyerson by Mr. and Mrs. Max Broth  
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#### In Honor of:

Mr. and Mrs. Morley Lebby by Mr. and Mrs. Alan Englander

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Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kaufman, Miss Rebecca Kaufman, and  
Mr. Harry Hyman by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Soss

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Judith M. Meyers by Margie and Jonny Meyers

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By Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Benjamin and Family

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Herman Kempner by Mrs. Herman Kempner and  
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Lawrence Meyerson, Albert Mendelson, Esther Schnittlinger,  
Sidney S. Wolfe, and Lena Spizel by Mr. and Mrs.  
Clarence Fishel  
Lillian Charlotte Fishel by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Fishel



WHERE ARE YOU HEADED . . . ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESSFUL PARENTHOOD

"How to say NO when other parents say YES"

Friday, March 27

8:30 P.M.

Luntz Auditorium

A Panel Discussion



DR. IRVING L. BERGER

Graduate of Washington Medical School, St. Louis, Johns Hopkins. Consulting Psychiatrist to Juvenile Court. Former Chief of Psychiatry, Crile Veterans Hospital. In private practice and connected with Western Reserve University.



DR. NATHAN E. COHEN

Graduate of Harvard University. President, National Association of Social Workers until 1957. Former Assistant Dean at N. Y. School of Social Work. Author. Dean of the School of Applied Social Sciences at Western Reserve University, 1959.



DR. WILLIAM B. LEVENSON

Graduate of Ohio State and Western Reserve Universities. Educator, lecturer and author. Deputy Superintendent of Cleveland Public Schools since 1954. Former member, U. S. National Commission for UNESCO.



RABBI DANIEL JEREMY SILVER  
Moderator

Sponsored by

Adult Education Committee of the Mr. and Mrs. Club

Chairmen: Irving and Marti Weiss  
EV 1-0692

Vice Chairmen: Dr. Saul and Lucille Kammen  
YE 2-9257

Refreshments will be served



Published weekly except during the summer vacation.  
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SW 1-7755

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### **DATES TO REMEMBER**

- Sunday, March 22 — Sunday Morning Services  
Mother-Daughter Banquet
- Monday, March 23 — Hebrew Ulpan Classes
- Tuesday, March 24 — Hebrew Ulpan Classes  
Temple Women's Association Tuesday Sewing  
Purim
- Wednesday, March 25 — Hebrew Ulpan Classes  
Temple Chorus
- Thursday, March 26 — Hebrew Ulpan Classes
- Friday, March 27 — Mr. and Mrs. Club Study Group
- Sunday, March 29 — Sunday Morning Services  
High School-Confirmation Class Brunch

**THE TEMPLE LIBRARY** is open Tuesday through Friday 9:00 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., Saturday and Sunday 9:00 A.M. to 12:00 noon.

**THE TEMPLE MUSEUM** will be open at the close of Sunday morning services in addition to all occasions of organization meetings. Arrangements to view the Museum by special appointment may be made through The Temple Office.

**THE ISRAELI GIFT SHOP** is open during all Tuesday Sewing sessions. Selections may be made at all times from the display case in the Ansel Road Lobby.