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Memorial service to David Neumark, Hebrew Union College,
1925-1926.

In Memoriam

DAVID NEUMARK

August 3, 1866—December 15, 1924



HEBREW UNION COLLEGE

February 14th, 1925, 2:30 P. M.



ORGAN PRELUDE

INVOCATION *Dr. David Philipson*

READING OF MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS

CHANTING OF "EL MALE RAHAMIM" . *Prof. Abraham Z. Idelsohn*

ADDRESS IN HEBREW *Mr. Reuben Brainin*

MEMORIAL ADDRESS *Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver*

HYMN—"ADON OLAM" NUMBER 232

BENEDICTION *Rabbi James G. Heller*

ORGAN POSTLUDE

Calmly he moved through life, and gently; a man utterly without guile, profoundly simple, because profoundly wise. Proud but not arrogant, humble before true greatness, tolerant, but firm in his instruction, kindly and almost whimsical in his moments of relaxation.

This spiritual serenity of the man was not induced by his life's experiences, but by his mind's meditations. Life forced many major adjustments upon David Neumark, physical and intellectual. His was not the even, unchecked existence which one is accustomed to associate with the cloistered scholars, especially among the non-Jews, whose environments remain quite constant throughout and in whose days there are very few sharp breaks and detours.

Neumark's life, typical of the life of many a Jewish scholar of his generation, even as it was typical of his whole race, was a pilgrimage. Born in a small Galician town, where life, for all its charm and wholesomeness, was yet essentially Medieval, reared in the traditional discipline and doctrine of a prescriptive orthodoxy and inculcated with intellectual conceptions which life had far outrun, Neumark in his early manhood was compelled to revamp his entire spiritual being, to bridge the gap between the Medieval and the Modern—an intellectual transmigration which is wearying of body and soul—a via dolorosa.... His was the age of transition for Eastern European Jewries, a soul-searching age which for the Jewries of Western Europe had come a generation or two earlier. Neumark had to unlearn much that was antiquated and to acquire much that was new. He had to learn de novo the technique of critical scientific thought and to gain a new historical perspective; and all at an accelerated tempo, hastily, to compensate for the lost years. His whole youth was spent on this pilgrimage from the East to the West, but he was remarkably equipped for the journey. He had an indomitable will, a subtle and ardent mind, and a great earnestness and sincerity of purpose. How well he succeeded in bridging the gulf, in blending the two worlds within himself, is amply attested by his numerous literary creations. The charm of Japheth dwells with rare ease and grace in those tents of Shem!

Physically, too, life thrust him from place to place, from his native town to Lemberg, from Lemberg to Berlin, from Berlin to Bohemia, from Bohemia to Rome and back again to Berlin, and at the age of forty, when most of men's lives are already well grounded in stability, he was again uprooted and transplanted to an utterly new environment, in the New World. Each change of habitat necessitated a new adjustment, a new language to learn, new problems to face, new difficulties to surmount. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that in the midst of these many mutations of his life, Neumark retained that splendid equanimity of spirit, that serenity of thought and, above all, that superb integrity of soul.

I said that we were all his debtors. Not only for the gift of his personality, exemplary and fine, but also for the clear and patient truths which he inculcated in us. Our master taught us to venerate **Jewish Thought**. Over and above, beneath and throughout the ethical doctrines and religious convictions of our people, he revealed to us a vigorous, volatile, inquisitive mind at work, from earliest times to our own, seeking, speculating, borrowing and rejecting, adopting and transforming whatever in the metaphysical speculations of mankind could augment and safeguard the spiritual treasures of the race. Over and over again he expressed in written word and spoken word that "The source of the Religion of Israel is the speculative mind." This is the opening phrase in his monumental work on the History of Jewish Philosophy. "In relation to other faiths, Judaism may well be called a systematic, logical and speculative faith." Its early history was a struggle against mythological notions, and clear thinking was Israel's mightiest weapon in this struggle. Stars and sun were fashioned by Mind, and Mind, too, he held, fashions creative truth among men and evolving codes of right and wrong. Mind clears the glass through which man may see God. The intellect, to be sure, is not the driving power of faith, but it is the compass which guides the freighted argosy of the human soul on its immemorial voyage to the dwelling place of God.

David Neumark continued the great philosophic tradition of his people. In spirit he was one with Maimonides who declared, "That only those who have succeeded in finding a proof for everything that can be proved, who have a true knowledge of God, so far as true knowledge can be attained, and were near the truth wherever an approach to the truth is possible, have reached the goal and are in the palace in which the King lives."

He made us see the powerful intellectual exertions of our race in its efforts to reorganize the primitive, instinctive group beliefs and practices, to translate automatic into purposive conduct and to destroy what the Novum Organum calls the idols of the Tribe, the Den, the Market and the Theatre. He made us realize the eagerness with which Judaism sought to have the mind approve what the heart accepted. No essential problem of philosophy escaped the mind of Israel; and whether its technique was as vague and inchoate as in Biblical times or improved as in Talmudic times or perfected as in Medieval times, it never failed to wrestle valiantly with them. Furthermore, whether for self-defense, vindication or propaganda, Israel, with shrewd eclecticism, constantly appropriated the best in the philosophic thought of each age, "eating the meat and casting the rind aside."

David Neumark impressed us with the indubitable, even if unpalatable fact that the self-same problems of Saadia, Maimonides, Halevi or Crescas, are the problems of our own day; that Providence, Revelations, Free Will, Immortality, the sanctions of faith and ethics and all their multitudinous derivations are the foci of our religious and ethical concerns today. The study of the past was, therefore, a guide-post for the present. Our master reminded us time and again that if we as individuals are ever to live fine, wholesome, integrated lives, we must harmonize our theology with our philosophy, or, to quote him, "We must find our philosophy in our faith." Else we shall suffer spiritual dichotomy, a break-up of

personality with all its resultant disasters.

Dr. Neumark sought to make Jewish philosophy serve also the needs of Jewish life. He was not only historian and philosopher, but in the highest sense of the word, propagandist. He did not apply his vast erudition to curious, and, in their way intriguing irrelevancies. "Not for the sake of any embalmed historical curiosity are we engaging in the study of the history of Jewish philosophy. The specific objective of the study of Medieval Jewish philosophy is to inspire us to continue the great intellectual labors of our fathers." Neumark labored to crystallize the fundamental ideas of Judaism in order that they might point the way for all our future intellectual creativity. Dr. Neumark was almost mystic in his transcendental faith in the eternal validity of Judaism. In his apostolic zeal he wished for Judaism the role, not of defensive apologetics, but of prophetic militancy in the world today. Every ascending and creative period in our history, he held, was a period of offensive spiritual warfare. He called upon his people to attack the new idolatries of our own day to destroy the altars of the Baalim of the twentieth century. And in order that Judaism might regain or retain its spiritual leadership in the world, it must resort to its ancient strategy. It must reorientate itself anew. It must bring itself into complete accord with the most advance scientific and philosophic thought of the day.

David Neumark loved not only Judaism, but also the Jewish people. He taught us to revere not only the exalted ethical formulae and the high spiritual idealism of our people, and also the unique and marvelous people itself, which gave rise to them—the people in whose heroic soul these ideals were first fashioned. He believed that we are a people not only of the past but also of the future, a people that has not yet uttered its last immemorial phrase, nor vouchsafed its last startling revelations to mankind.

In this he was unlike many non-Jewish and, sad to say, some Jewish scholars who love everything in Judaism that is ancient and time-encrusted, and who admire only such Jews as are dead. Neumark was aware of his communion with a great living organism, a people intense with life and the will to live, struggling in a thousand ways for the inalienable right of self-expression and self-fulfillment. Judaism, to Neumark, was not a disembodied spirit, a ghostly presence to be invoked by erudite necromancers. Rather was it the faith and enthusiasm, the prop and mainstay of millions of men and women, sons and daughters of a people which wills to live and live triumphantly in the world today. Neumark was a religious nationalist who found his inspiration in the Religio-Political philosophy of that immortal poet and mystic of our race, Judah Halevi, the great soul who first expressed in imperishable splendour the three-fold faith of our people: The God of Israel, the People of Israel and the Land of Israel. "The Divine light reveals itself in its highest potency among God's people and in God's land."

"This, then, is our master, famous, calm and dead." Of the small company who remained to tend the sacred fires of Jewish learning, he was one and not the least. The altars will miss his ministering hand. We shall miss him much. Our sincerest homage to his flaming spirit will be our pledge to consecrated discipleship. We shall treasure his memory, revere his loyalties and humbly set out to build in the place where he has laid the strong and true foundations.

DAVID NEUMARK—A TRIBUTE

Eulogy Delivered On The Occasion Of Memorial Services At Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati.

By Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, Cleveland, Ohio.

It is as pupil and disciple that I come today to lay a wreath of tribute at the shrine of David Neumark's memory. It is, perhaps, most fitting that one of his pupils pronounce his memorial. A teacher's disciples are his covenant with immortality. They are his life's testament and the evidence of the triumph of his spirit. Others who knew Dr. Neumark indirectly, through his writings, and who thought of him only as philosopher and historian, will, no doubt, in the future, appraise his work and assign him his rightful place in the intellectual pantheon of Israel. We, however, who knew him more intimately as teacher and friend, wish rather to esteem than estimate. This precious memorial hour we would spend amidst the inspiring recollections of his life, amidst the memories which abide of his life's unfinished symphony.

We are his debtors, all! We borrowed of his light. At the strong and steady flame of his spirit we kindled our own. The treasures which he garnered in a hundred fields of thought, we tithed. Graciously he bade us partake of the accumulated wisdom of his life, rich in quest and guerdon.

A great teacher is a channel of revelation. He comes to us in our eager, thirsting years, when our souls are fresh and our minds pliant and alert. The matter and form of his message and, more especially, the authentic personality back of it, impress us indelibly, and these impressions become in future years the essential strands of our life's tapestry. Immeasurably great, therefore, is our indebtedness to a great teacher; and Dr. Neumark was a great teacher.

I spoke of the authentic personality back of the subject-matter and form of instruction. Neumark was such a personality. While still a student I was constantly impressed and challenged by the remarkable spiritual calm and imperturbability of the man, a calm which contrasted with his intellectual aggressiveness, which, at times, bordered on startling militancy. I sensed that it was not a form of restraint induced by diffidence or shyness, nor yet the conventional academic reserve. I know now what I did not know then. David Neumark was one of those favored children of God whom the Rabbis designated as, "a man whose mind is at ease because it is freighted with wisdom"—like a heavy-balled ship which rides steadily and surely on the troubled waters of a stormy sea. Here was a man at peace with himself, a man whose life was properly focused, and organized, harmoniously coordinated and blessed with a unifying central motif. He had a program and an objective, a goal and a chart. He was seeking, but not groping. There were many problems in his life, but no confusions, many mind-taxing enterprises, but no impotent restiveness. A steady, vibrant, patient and supremely confident spirit was his—as if it were aware of the endless character of the great tasks confronting it, but at the same time, also aware of the eternal quality of its every effort. Such well-knit and integrated personalities, so firmly defined and sharply etched, are tremendously stimulating, especially to youth, when once we recover from the first impressions of what appears to be singular and eccentric.

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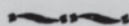
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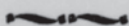
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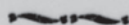
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Hebrew Union College Monthly

David Neumark

(Born August 3, 1866—Died December 15, 1924)

Too warm that heart of his!
The air about him seethed and had a
 glow
Like a thousand haloes intertwined,
Or bright dynamic focus-point
Of a myriad, magic glances from the past;
Glances which the past threw back
Upon the present as, in some fine way,
A tender return—of love for love
And faith for faith.
Like sweet understanding 'tween sire and
 son,
Or silence between betrothed,
So warm that heart of his
That when it ceased, a flame winged up
To God's eternal mountain-peaks
And lingered there until they doffed
 their caps:
For lo, the universal snows did melt
And trickled down the earth's wan face,
 forsooth,
Like penitential tears.
Too fine that mind of his, too broad:
The earth beneath him glad would sink
 away
And hide in hell. He saw, he saw so well!
He turned the mists to morning dew,
Each hov'ring cloud
He made to speed along. He gave us
light of stars.
If there was midnight in the world
'Twas noon-day in his soul.
His soul. Too meek that soul of his!
It cast a pleasant, playful gleam
That mortal dust may have some ray of
 sun

In which to dance—although it steal
 thereby
A golden lustre, greater than real gold
Too strong that spirit his, too brave!
He knew his work, his worth, and so de-
clared. It seemed he walked in dream
 but staunch and firm,
That spirit his was ever on the march
Or keeping watch and guard—until one
 day
The gates were opened
And a host swept in, out of the past,
To crush him with mighty love and
 mighty faith.
They took his essence, pressed it strong,
Made all fine parts one thing, supreme-
 ly fine,
And crystallized it, lo, into a jewel.
Then Wisdom, far in search among the
 stars,
Polished it still further, with a tear,
And set it sparkling as a needed gem
Upon her diadem.
We, we see its light, we bow, we follow,
Well knowing in our hearts that only
 when
A race of wise men walk the earth,
The crown of Wisdom will at last be
 formed.
Be ours to draw out music from the
 stars,
Be ours to sing and praise,
Be ours to lift our humble hands like
 slaves,
And place it on. —D. L. F.

DAVID NEUMARK

A TRIBUTE

Address delivered on the occasion of the Memorial Service held at the Hebrew Union College, February 14, 1925.

Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, Cleveland, Ohio.

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REMINISCENCES

By A. F.

If the greatness of Dr. David Neumark were measured only by the yard-stick of his erudition, the sweep of his vast influence on Jewish life and learning would be lessened not one inch. We, his students, honor him for his scholarship, but we are more fortunate than the external world which knew him only as a philosopher and a scholar. We loved him as a precious personality, a genial wit. His scintillating, sparkling, sarcastic scorn was never lacking when our capers would warrant an outburst. And when we would try "to put one over on him," we would usually be crushed by Dr. Neumark's instantaneous and brilliant rejoinders.

The writer expects to record here only a few of the class-room incidents that may serve to cast a ray of light on the character of the man.

During a period which was characterized by much robbery and burglary, one of the boys asked Dr. N. if he carried a revolver in his home in case a burglar should come. "No," was the quick reply, "I expect a respectable burglar to carry his own gun."

On one occasion, Dr. Neumark was asked by a student: "Who is the greatest Jewish philosopher?" The ready response came: "There were two; the other one died."

It was on a Friday—and the class had only one hour that day—with Dr. Neumark. They had asked to be excused but to no avail. They determined to have some fun. So this was their procedure:

Two minutes after coming into class one of the fellows began to sniff and said, "Oh Doctor, I smell smoke." "Quiet, nonsense!" Fifteen minutes later, according to the arrangements,

the fire gong rang. Every one shouted "Fire," and ran out of class. Dr. N. was observed to walk philosophically and calmly to his desk, take out a book, go slowly to his locker, take his umbrella, put on his coat and overshoes and hat, and walk down to the office where he asked the secretary "Where is the fire?"

Upon her answer that she knew nothing about it, he gathered the class together and waved them back into the room. Nothing was said for a few minutes and then, all of a sudden—"I don't know who started the smoke, but I do know who smelled the smoke."

About six years ago, Dr. N. taught a class "Piutim," liturgical hymns. After a few weeks, Dr. N. was persuaded by the class to sing a piut to the traditional melody. The writer was absent but the boys were all aglow with their accounts of Dr. N.'s singing. At the next session of the class I made a speech recounting the reported beauty and volume of Dr. N.'s voice, protesting that his life would be made effective and glorious on the operatic stage, and finally begging that we be favored with more singing. That was in November. His answer was: "Vell, if you want to hear me 'thing', I invite you to my home for 'Theder' dinner (in April)."

At the next class session Harry Kronman told Dr. N. that he could sing the Piutim correctly and he was accordingly given rather reluctant permission to prove his assertion. It was bold but he sang the Piut to the tune of a popular song—"Oh Frenchy, Frenchy"—and the whole class joined in the chorus. From that time on we would sing Piutim at each class to the tune of various jazz songs—and Dr. N.'s verdict was always the same, "That's fine—just like the tra-

ditional." We thought for a long time that we had fooled him—and he let us think so.

The ordinary procedure was reversed once by a well-known class. Dr. Neumark did not have to "shoo" the class into the room. All were quietly seated. No argument ran criss-cross thru the room. Not a sound could be heard as he entered. He looked at the shades and windows; they were properly adjusted. Pens were ready for note-taking. It was disturbingly strange to him. He couldn't quite understand the peculiar contrast to the usual. He said nothing for a moment, then began his lecture . . . After a few minutes he arose from his seat, his face crimson with anger, slammed a book on the table and started for the door shouting, "'Thith ith' a 'conspirathy'; I won't teach you." And much gentle persuasion was required to bring him back.

In pre-systematic days Kronman and I used to take turns in cutting Dr. N.'s class. He never could tell us apart. Once we were both present and he remarked that he was honored to have "bos" of us at once. Kronman said: "Doctor, I don't think you know who I am." "I know you," was the answer, "You are Finkelstein." "No, Doctor, I am Kronman." "Vaal, you must have changed neckties."

Once a class came in, arranged the windows and shades in unseemly fashion, mussed up the room generally, and turned the face of the picture of Mendelssohn to the wall. Dr. N. came in, surveyed the room and said: "Vaal, Mendelssohn wouldn't look at such disorder; that's why he turned his back to the wall."

When Dr. Neumark first came to the college, he was asked to address the

student-body and the Faculty. It was expected that his lecture would be given in German or Hebrew. But he was ambitious enough, however, to essay his address in English. This was his first sentence: "The basement of religion is the lousy Mosy."

Ben Frankel once incurred Dr. Neumark's ire when he proved to be a "nuisance" in the class-room. Dr. N. after telling him and the class that he didn't "act like a student," but acted "like a butcher, etc,"—finally wound up his tirade by declaring that Ben's actions resembled those of a stable-boy. Ben posed as if exceedingly indignant and sorely disturbed. In an eloquent address of some ten minutes' duration he asserted that his effectiveness and worth in the rabbinate would forever be nil because he must always be associated with the stench of the stable, etc. Dr. N. patiently listened and, after it was all over, said: "All right, Mr. Frankel, the next time I see a stable boy, I'll apologize to him."

A New York rabbi who graduated some years ago, told me this incident about himself. Dr. N. invariably liked to have the windows open—even in coldest weather. When the fellows came out of a certain class in which all the windows had been closed, they would go directly into Dr. Neumark's room and feel very cold. One day one of the boys stretched out on two of the desks. The boys covered him with an overcoat and every one stood around the body in solemn quiet. When Dr. N. entered, "'Vas the matter?" No answer. Grave, pained looks. He repeats the question and moves over toward the face. "Oh, he froze to death."

DAVID BERNARD GORDON

With the arrival of the galley proof came the news that a school-mate and comrade had been transferred to the Eternal Academy. Our grief is too fresh, too poignant to find expression in measured phrases. We, of the MONTHLY, record his departure thus briefly in the hope that others will accept the opportunity of lovingly memorializing the name of David Bernard Gordon.

A MODERN RELIGIOUS IDEAL FOR MANKIND

By A. Eustace Haydon

In these days of the religious sciences, if one is to interpret religions at all he must do it in terms of our human, planetary quest. To gather the history of religions of the planet into a single sentence, one might say that it has been all, all the long labor of it, the effort of human groups to wring from their environing, natural world a satisfying life. It has been the unconquerable thrust of the spirit of man for realization, for the good and complete life. There are some who delight to picture that brave battle of the ages as dark tragedy. It has been rather an epic.

In our solar system, with its thousands of millions of miles of span, our little planet is almost lost in solitude; yet astronomers tell us that the solar system is merely a point of light in the vast deeps of the stars that in those illimitable spaces are stars so far away that light from them reaches us only after thousands of years. And beyond our universe are others, universe beyond universe, until the mind reels, staggering into those unimaginable paths of eternity. Yet here on this tiny, little lost world, forgotten by the timeless stars, man has been bravely battling for life, trying by cooperative effort to build a home, a satisfying, beautiful home for the Children of Earth, striving, in spite of crushing, to entrench his values in a none too friendly world.

The religions of the world tell the story and they tell almost the same story in outline. They show how man's ideal of the good life slowly enlarged from the effort to realize satisfaction of merely physical desires to aspiration for higher spiritual qualities. Man came to value friendship, joy, beauty, love and loyalty more than mere material things. They show that man's crude early efforts to understand environing powers rose by stages until high philosophical concepts of ultimate reality emerged. They show how man's naive technique of control, by magical forms and ceremonies, gave way to better understanding and at last to science, a nobler method of mastery in the service of the spiritual ideal. Through all the religions of the

world we trace the story. Defeat dogged the footsteps of every human group down all the weary way. Man did not have the knowledge or the tools necessary to master the planet. He did not know how to control nature. He did not understand human nature. He had no means to harness material things to the spiritual ideal. In some religions men turned from the actual world to find reality behind it; in some, the ideal was projected into the divine guarantor who was trusted to provide it beyond this troubled life. Even though broken and beaten man clung to his dream. The glory of the human is that the spirit of man refused to be ultimately defeated; each new generation of the human family, heir to the endless struggle, snatched up the standard to set it farther in the face of chaos and the uncertain future. Underneath all, always, was the basic thing—the need of living. The shaping force of religions was this desire of human beings to live and to live in the fullest way. The fundamentals of religions are not in ideas, nor in ceremonies or institutions or forms. The true fundamentals are those human relationships in which men find joy or despair, happiness or sorrow, defeat or the thrill of victory, the expression of mind and will, the joy of creative work or bondage, the sense of futility or the honor of service well done. The urge for satisfying human relationships is the shaping and controlling factor in the development of religions. This demand for full and joyous living breaks old shackles of idea or custom and broadens religion out into new exfoliations of thought and ideal.

Today, in all the religions of the world, old bonds are being broken under the pressure of the forces of the modern world. Men everywhere see the history and future of humanity in a new light. The history of religions reveals to modern thinkers the drama of the past. The history of morals, of law, of institutions shows that each of these is rooted in the service of human living. Even human nature itself is seen to be what it is because of man's effort to adjust himself to the natural and social en-

vironment. Human nature is intimately related to the unfolding and transformation of the planet itself. More important, for the modern world, men see that new scientific insight and power have created instruments of civilization which have broken down all the old separations of the planet, broken the barriers which kept peoples apart in safe aloofness and so bound the whole world together that the problems of every little state in remote hinterlands are the problems of all mankind. It is a new world. The religions of the peoples must needs feel the pulse of the new life.

Since the world now has a common science, common problems, the realization has dawned that the religious ideal must be one. If we are to find, in the modern world, the way of life which will yield joy and beauty and creative power; if the age-old quest of historic religions is to find embodiment today it must be an effort to realize the good life as a united humanity. It must involve not one group, nor one race, nor one nation but gather into its service the cooperative energies of the whole human family. The separated paths of religions are united and oriented to a common goal. Hence the modern Buddhist liberal preaches the religion of humanity. The evangelist of Islam proclaims the gospel of peace, of internationalism, of the brotherhood of man. The leaders of China guide the forces of their renaissance toward humanism. The modern Christian liberals refuse any longer to be bound by dogmas, to be harnessed and shackled by the traditional ideology and rite and forecast the future of religion in terms of human values, social, economic, political and international. The fundamental religious problem of the world is the subjection of all resources, intellectual and material, to the service of the spiritual ideal. The religions of mankind have come by devious ways down the centuries. Through the ages they have hardly known each other. Today they meet in the unity of a narrowed world, in the light of modern knowledge, to work together in the solving of problems common to all, to seek by cooperative effort the actualization of the common ideal.

In the approach to that task they have many assets denied to the prophets of religion in the past. The tools of science, the enlarged vision of science and the scientific attitude and method make a vast difference in program and in thought. It is possible now to think of the solidarity of mankind. It is possible to see all ideas and institutions of the past as relative to life situations now outgrown and to take an attitude of appreciation toward them while deliberately refusing any longer to be bound by them. It is possible to expect assent to the demand that human life today shall be allowed to formulate its own world view in the light of modern knowledge, to project an ideal of religion for this age and to embody the ideal in vital forms suitable to the enlarged aspiration and needs of the new world. This emancipation from eternal truth and sacrosanct institution is a great gain for the creative religious life.

Another element which enters into the actual background of the modern religious ideal is the experience of the western world with the creations of science. We have seen science become a Frankenstein monster. We have seen the creative power of science get so completely out of human control as to menace the citadel of civilization. We have seen machines threaten to destroy the very spiritual values man has achieved in his long toil of the ages. Scientists, lacking the religious interest, may sell their knowledge for the creation of specially privileged groups to the destruction of the chance for life of millions. Science, applied to material things in the form of machines is able to drive restricted groups or races to the exploitation of all the less advanced peoples of the world. The earth has rocked in convulsion because of an era of machine-economic madness ending in war. Some gloomy seers, in the mood of Augustine as the Barbarians poured over the old civilization of the Mediterranean, are fearful of the capacity of human spiritual power to harness the new forces, fearful lest man may forever continue to sink under the ruins of his laboriously built cultures. Even the sanest of men recognize the menace of scientific power. Robert Morss Lovett has said: "The

modern scientist has control of forces capable of destroying the whole structure of civilization within a very short time and there is no philosopher, no statesman, no prophet of religion wise enough to persuade him not to do it." The problem of religion then is clear. Science must be humanized. As a united humanity we must formulate our religious ideal in terms of a reorganization of the social structure of the world so that all scientific knowledge and the resulting economic power shall be bound to the service of the shared life of the race.

This new religious hope carries in the heart of it the old quest of the ages. As our fathers sought the satisfying life thousands of years ago so we still seek but the vista of vision is wider and the problems more appalling. We seek the elimination of evil not an explanation of it. We can no longer sit idly by, lulled by the anaesthetic of faith, while the evils of a maladjusted social order overwhelm millions of our fellows, while those who come smiling into life with high hopes go down defeated and crushed to futile death. The modern religious ideal must guarantee to the children of men a free opportunity for full life, the values of personality, the satisfaction of being creative factors in a worthwhile world, the thrill of responsibility of sharing in a real way in the making of a progressively better culture, the joy not only of sharing the values of the past, the hopes of the present but also of creating, in thought and act, elements to enrich the future heritage of man. A united humanity, served by scientific knowledge, master of material things, organized about an ideal of a shared life which will make possible the opportunity for satisfying living to every individual soul—this is the religious goal to which the old religions of the world are moving.

But it is not enough simply to hope. It is not enough to see the ideal. Even to give complete allegiance to it may be futile. It is quite useless to build a philosophy of religion or a philosophy of life if we cannot put that ideal into human customs and habits and institutions. Beautiful dreams may easily be built. The really significant thing for religion is the creation of a society in which life will be lured to take on beau-

tiful forms. Religion then will undertake the task of transforming the social structure in the interest of the vision. It must begin with analysis to discover what are actually the controls of human behavior. The problem is to put into the place of the present custom and habit the way of action which will embody the cooperative ideal, to find a method of establishing the attitudes which will make loyalty to the common good a natural thing; to make of education a method of producing creative, thinking individuals eager to share and to serve; to make of government a means of facilitating the realization of the opportunity for life for all; to make of the economic structure a method of subjecting to the service of the higher life all material resources and all scientific instruments. It is a supreme challenge to social psychology. All men recognize the failure of the ancient religious technique; all are equally anxious to overcome the evils of the modern era. There is a growing consensus as to the ideal and the method; but no one knows enough to chart the ways of the future. We have at least realized, however, that nothing is won unless the social order is so organized as to build the attitudes which will channel action in the line of the flying spiritual goal, realizing concrete values in the cooperative solution of problems as they arise. Religion becomes idealism in action under the guidance of intelligence, using the tools of science.

Since religion has become by necessity the quest of a satisfying life for all races in a shared world, it seems reasonable to think that the religious ideal will include an organization of humanity about the ideal—that we shall have a mind, a heart, a conscience for the world. In the effort to deal with the problems which are larger than those of any nation or people we have been forced to international organizations of many kinds. The threat of war has been foremost among the influences urging to world organization. When we have come to a realization of our common interests and have seen that the ideals of religion are now the same for all mankind; when we see that the task is to master nature and human nature so as to make of the earth a happy home for man's transient

life, to direct human affairs so as to make possible a satisfying life for all, it does not seem too wild a dream to think that we may create a soul for the world. It would involve a mind for the world—the creation of a body of the best scientists, men expert in the special sciences, who would train upon the problems of mankind the highest knowledge of the age and project solutions in the light of all available facts. The world has blundered through the centuries from tragedy to tragedy. It is time now to put purpose into the future history of humanity, to move into the coming age, step by step, at least in the full use of all the wisdom available to man. Such a world organization would also have a providential care over the unfortunate sufferers from the unmastered forces of nature. The heart of the world could be embodied in organizations to care for such victims of nature to direct education in the backward sections of the earth, to distribute the values of medical, sanitary and industrial science wherever there was opportunity or need. Around the new religious ideal we might set up a conscience for the world—a body of the acknowledged noblest sages of the peoples, chosen not to dictate, nor to legislate, but simply to say, in regard to problematical situations involving the peoples,—“This we think, in the light of the worthiest traditions of the past and in the light of the present need and ideal, is right.” It would be difficult to escape the consensus of such a conscience; it might serve to orient the public opinion of mankind. Though it seems now like a fanciful dream, the concentration of the best knowledge of the earth, the best wisdom of the race, upon the problems which must be solved in common if they are to be solved adequately at all, seems only to be practical sanity.

On the background of the history of religions the modern religious ideal claims loyalty. The quest of the good life today is seen to involve the harnessing of all resources to the service of spiritual values. There does not seem to be any reason why the remediable evils should mar the lives of men, least of all war or the possibility of war. There seems to be no reason why we should condemn millions of the sons of men to

hopelessness and despair, to poverty and vice and crime when we know that these things are the product of social conditions which may be remedied. Some social philosophers have said that 95 per cent of all the evils men suffer are the result of faulty social organization. The religious ideal seems to challenge to the creation of a free cooperating democracy of splendid individuals, who, sharing the common heritage will at the same time accept responsibility and find joy in serving and beautifying the common life. Too long we have been blundering, groping in the shadows. We can no longer neglect the use of the knowledge we possess. The vision became insistent. No longer may we comfort ourselves by saying that it has always been so, that man is not equal to the task, that human nature is weak and instinct with selfishness. The first maxim of social science denies it. Today religion has come to full consciousness of its planetary task. Today over all the world, religious leaders are rallying the peoples to try once more to realize the ancient ideal of a brotherhood of man on earth, to build, before the fall of the final doom, a glorious era of spiritual culture shared by all men.

It may be a daring dream. World-weary philosophers of the ancient religions gave up the hope; world-denying saints sought the ideal in another world; sage theologians put their trust in God and despaired of the powers of man; practical men, laughing at the religious vision, deliberately mould the world to their will. The time has come to actualize the religious ideal by the united energies of mankind directed by creative intelligence. Never before in the history of the religions did men see the task so clearly. Never before in human history did they have in their hands the scientific tools they now possess. Never before did they have the eyes of science to see and analyze the problems as they can now do. Never before was it possible to control material resources as it is now possible. Never before was it possible to gather human energies about a task as it is now possible to organize it. Never before in the history of the world did the outstanding leaders of the great reli-

gions see the religious task and ideal through the same eyes and in the same terms as they do today. It may be that the future may realize the dream and wring that glorious music out of life which has eluded and escaped the toiling

children of men through the long centuries of the past. Religious men will at least enlist for one more effort to make spiritual values dominant in human civilization, to embody in world organization the religion of humanity.

THE S. M. T.

During the past year, organization has been perfected of a chapter of the Sigma Tau Mu fraternity, the purpose of which is to translate into some form of practical realization the idea of "kelal yisroel."

This organization had its inception in New York but the College chapter has been charged with the task of serving as "program supervisor" and will arrange for a schedule of activities for all groups. The fraternity, at college, will not partake of a particularly social character but elsewhere it will serve both as a social and cultural meeting ground for Jewish students representing various religious shadings. Orthodox, conservative, and reform Jewish students will be encouraged to acquaint themselves more closely with the religious effort of their groups but

will be taught to do so on the broad plane of Judaism as a whole. As Rabbi Solomon Goldman phrased it in a recent communication to our chapter, "For more than a quarter of a century we in Israel have only seen the things upon which we differ. I shall be very happy to help you emphasize the doctrine of "kelal yisroel."

The members of the H. U. C. or Beta chapter are Rosenblum, Wohl, Nash, Freedman, Jaffe, Goldstocker, Liebman, Wohlberg, Abe Feinberg (Shankman) and Phineas Smoller. Alumni Associates: Rabbis Beryl Cohon and Benjamin Kelson, Rev. Dr. William Rosenau (Honorary) Honorary: Rabbi Solomon Goldman, Cleveland. Faculty Associates: Profs. Lauterbach and Cohon and Dr. Feinsinger.

IN RETROSPECT . . .

Before coming to college, I had no clear notion concerning what lay before me; everything was vague and hazy. Of college students I had seen my share—but a seminary and students preparing for the rabbinate—this I had never had the occasion to see. I must confess that I had put a halo about the rabbinate and that in my mind I had woven fantastic patterns and had formed peculiar molds into which I wanted to fit theological students. I had dreamt of this institution as of something divine, radiant with the brilliant scholarship of its professors and glorious with the eagerness of fine students to absorb wisdom. In a mystical way I thought of the H. U. C. as the magic philosopher's stone, purifying everything which it touched. I had an idea

that the student body was a group of angelic men, who, no matter what they had been before, had become woven into finer texture through contact with college.

In spite of previous contact with university life, every time that I glanced through the roster of the student body I felt a thrill surging within me and taking possession of my being, for to be associated with these men, as yet unknown, meant much to me. When I walked down Clifton Avenue and caught my first glimpse of the college, I felt elated that there in reality stood the beautiful construction of my dreams.

Consider my amazement, then, when upon entering the dormitory I was a spectator to a typical "bumming room" scene. Grouped

Continued on page fifteen





THE HEBREW UNION COLLEGE—MAY, 1926.

Hebrew Union College Monthly

ירחון תלמידי בית המדרש לרבנים בסניסניט

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EDITORIALS

A PROMISE REDEEMED

The publication of this issue of the MONTHLY redeems a promise made a year ago. Internal student conditions and forces over which the editor had no control combined to hinder his efforts during the latter months of the previous publication year. These conditions have been removed. A saner spirit pervades our halls. Men have come to realize that neither justice nor expediency are prompted by rash, raucous protest and abuse. The heroic champions of a "new day" have faded into silence and the old, consecrated order speaks again. The truth has dawned that youth need not be in rebellion to be in revolt, that "derech erez" and clear, unimpassioned thinking are not necessarily signs of mental decadence. It is to be hoped that the MONTHLY will now continue without interruption and that it will develop into an organ of creative expression, with greater emphasis upon purely rabbinical and scholarly problems than upon mere etymological cleverness. It should be not so much a student publication as a publication by students.

W. F. R.

"RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED"

We have outlived many notions and forsaken many traditions during the last decade, but the notion still persists that the college faculty and the student body should not function together in the solution of academic problems. The faculty takes action and "sits tight" until some student protest or

petition is submitted. Then there is a reconsideration or an insistence that the particular rule or principle or curriculum announced must prevail. In either case there is a great deal of wasted time and much unnecessary friction. The MONTHLY suggests that there be a permanent committee composed of members of the faculty and representatives of the student body which shall consider all matters affecting studies or discipline *before* they are presented to the faculty as a whole for decision. The faculty will then be able to explore the rich vein of the student mind, while the student may discover that professor-hearts are not all of flint. The experiment is worth a sincere trial.

W. F. R.

PROF. DAVID NEUMARK

The tributes to the genius and greatness of Dr. David Neumark which appear in this number were intended for inclusion in a special "Neumark Issue" that had been projected to memorialize this immortal thinker who was called to the Academy on High all too suddenly. They are reverently published in this "Graduation Number" as a mark of the affection and esteem in which he was held by the men who are now leaving the halls of the academy below where he labored and taught so resultfully. That others may have an insight into the geniality, the ready wit, the sparkling personality which characterized him, there is included a "reminiscence" by one who attended his classes for much of his college career. Dr. Neumark has departed and yet his spirit still seems to pace the college halls.

W. F. R.

IN RETROSPECT . . .

Continued from page eleven.

around the piano, from which there proceeded the strains of the latest popular jazz hit, were a number of fellows, all gay—almost too frivolous, in fact, to suit the tastes of a newcomer. I began to feel the crumpling of a certain structure, and the few days of dormitory life that followed were witnesses of the downfall of the entire edifice. I wondered over the coldness and aloofness of some of the students and over the seeming lack of rabbinical propriety and decorum in others. As the helpless victim of many conversations I could do nothing but listen to one student backbiting the other—and soon I was aware of the intensity of the hatred which fellow students bore toward one another. Instead of an understanding and sympathetic appreciation of one by the other, this student was full of envy—that one full of enmity. I, too, began to feel a hardness within me and desired to take consolation with myself and a limited few. I heard about school politics, about a "clique," about "pseudo-intelligentsia" and even about the Ulcerites. I began to wonder. Initiation set in—as ludicrous a disappointment as one can imagine; it was not enforced, it lacked originality and was utterly devoid of meaning or purpose. Yet, I am thankful to the upper-classmen for providing me with this rare treat—even before I had become an initiated member of the group.

Now I am sophisticated. I sit on the inside and look out—and as I dream I behold in vision a new structure—but this building hasn't the beautiful architecture of the first. The charm which was lent to the rabbinate by the mystery concerning it is no longer—the halo has been fused with the adjacent atoms—in place of the ephemeral ring there is a pedestal of cold and hard steel. Scientists say that the careful examination of the human heart through the microscope has the

effect of disenchantment—for that which has been very fascinating, by virtue of its being most recondite, is now revealed—and though there stands the solid base of fact in place of the fragile foundation of fantasy, somehow a certain indescribable emptiness or void is created.

Truth is the fine yet firm metal upon which I am building anew. Perhaps I have been too severe in my judgment of the students. What if the angelic group of former days proved to be nothing more than the "sons of God" descended to earth? Are not they too entitled to their share of idiosyncracies? Can not they select their own companions from the student body? Shouldn't they be permitted to assume the attitude of indifference towards the rest?

At times, I feel like a tyrannical despot and I would deny them these rights—I would urge a more constant thoughtfulness of the other fellow, a higher regard for the truth, and above all, less of the egocentric and self-seeking policy—for we are going to be leaders, guides—watchmen in Israel.

And yet, I wonder if that is a sane attitude. Can a few years of study combined with a rather limited and monastic life inculcate within one those qualities which are the results only of constant application through life? We are human; we are going to lead others—we must lead ourselves. This segregation in the dormitory betrays most glaringly the faults of our fellow students. We should try to rectify them here and now—and only when we unmask and dare be honest with ourselves shall we be able to be honest with our fellow students.

"This above all; to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

J. S.

"THE PEACEFUL LIFE"

Excerpt from Sermon Preached in College Chapel, May 15, 1925

By Daniel Louis Davis

If our problem were one merely of mental adjustment, its solution might not entail so much hardship; for our mental organism can be governed by logical considerations and cool insight. But our spiritual selves are too often great uncontrollable forces; now hardly noticeable, now breaking forth, rushing pell-mell into activity in all directions, carrying with them our whole beings. And, of all the individuals who must contend with the unharnessed powers of the spirit, the theological student, the youth preparing himself for the rabbinate, is often the most poorly equipped. Meagerly armed with scant support he is cast into the troubled sea of the spirit. He is expected to emerge triumphant, glorious in the thought that out of the turmoil of doubt and questioning distress he has drawn a faith, firm and lasting. But little like this concept is the actual case of the individual student. Rarely does he know the greatness of the struggle, seldom does he realize what he is to attain through it. And if he does, but a little idea, only a

faint appreciation of achieving a spiritual victory is his. What would he have his religion be, of what his Judaism must consist, how he shall live and teach it, few hardly think of, and few hardly know. And as a result, we are torn not by doubt alone, but by distrust, by despair of ever making anything out of it all. If as students no seed of the idea of our lives is sown, then we can hardly expect any fruit to be produced in our later work. No matter how well we know, how thoroughly we understand theological concepts and moral codes, unless there is in them some guiding spirit that will unify and animate them into a plan of life, then they are worse than useless. They are harmful, stifling the natural and living spirit that is instinctive to all of us. Mere colors cannot make a painting, not even with their efficient and systematic application to the canvas. If we are to be genuine religious leaders then we must learn how to introduce harmony, beauty and form into them. Our canvas of life must reflect a spirit in harmony with itself.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART"

Excerpt from Sermon Preached in the College Chapel

By Bernard J. Bamberger

Whatever be the metaphysical garb in which we clothe our religious experience, our chief concern must be to cultivate the powers of the spirit, lest our love wax feeble, lest our enthusiasm for the Divine be chilled, lest the sacred flame be smothered beneath a heavy blanket of selfish indulgence or allowed to smoulder and go out whilst we are raking up the gray ashes of a lifeless intellectualism. Not that we are too intellectual

—would that we might attain to keener and more active habits of thought! Not that knowledge is dangerous—would that our store might be increased greatly! But the prime necessity is still to develop our powers of inward consecration as well as our reason, to increase our capacity for spiritual love as well as for knowledge, to combine with many-sidedness of thought a singleness of devotion that shall elevate our whole life by an all-pervading sense of sanctity."

"SIGNS OF GOD"

Exerpt from Sermon Preached in the College Chapel

By Bernard M. Dorfman

"And the Lord spoke again unto Ahaz saying: 'Ask thee a sign of the Lord thy God: ask it either in the depth or in the height above.'" Isaiah 7:10

Perhaps during no like period of time in the history of mankind has the world had more reason to change its opinions about thing in general than during the last century. From its very inception down to the present hour, we have had discoveries and inventions in every field of human activity which have completely upset the calculations and opinions of former ages. Much that was said to be impossible has been realized; much that was unattainable has been accomplished. Whether we review the political or social edifices built by man, whether we consider the religious and moral experiences of humanity, or whether we think of the various modes of intercommunication throughout the world, we have entirely out-distanced anything of which our fathers had any conception.

So rapidly have these changes come about and so suddenly have they been forced upon us, that we know not where to turn. Our standards of judgment and life have been shaken—our foundation-stone upon which we have labored has been destroyed—we are lost in bewilderment. In perplexity, we look and grope about for a buoy, firmly chained to a solid foundation, but we remain bobbing up and down upon the waves of constantly changing values. In our haste we resort to extreme measures, for an immediate solution is vital.

Such periods of transition have occurred repeatedly in the history of human thought and invariably result in the adoption of extreme measures. One such era is vividly depicted for us in the Haftorah just read.

In the year 735 B. C. the kingdom of Jud-

ah found itself in a very precarious position; Ahaz, the new king, lacked the vigor and strength of character of an Uzziah or a Jotham. Immediately upon his accession, he was called upon to meet the armies of Pekah and Rezin. His plight was desperate, and in his despair he turns to God, to whom he never before had recourse; whereupon the Lord spoke to Ahaz saying, "Ask thee a sign of the Lord thy God: ask it either in the depth or in the height above."

At such a moment of despair in the life of the young king a Divine token would shine forth as a beacon of reassurance. The reply is magnanimous—seek the Lord where you please, for God encompasses the earth as well as the firmament; He may be discovered in the depths as well as in the heights. No place contains the fulness of His greatness and glory. Signs from Him come to us from all parts of the limitless universe. Those who look for signs of religion in the heavens alone cannot bring us the full assurance and comfort and strength our lives demand; nor can those who read the signs of life as drawn upon the earth hope to satisfy the inner spiritual cravings of man. Life is neither wholly heavenly nor entirely earthly. The signs of God to be deciphered by man, to be helpful to him in the guidance of his complete life, must be looked for neither in the heavens or the earth alone, but on the very rim of the horizon where heaven meets earth. To read the signs of life aright, we must lift our eyes heavenward while we stand firmly planted upon the earth, for in the incorporation of the ideal with the fact, in the synthesis of the heavenly vision and the earthly actuality lies the secret of the complete and full life.

Many today, like Ahaz of old, torn by the struggle of life and consumed by despair and trouble turn their faces heavenward. Little do they realize that solace from above can only come with preparation, with a sound basis for Divine reception. Judaism has never felt that salvation comes in a moment's acceptance of any savior. So the crushed spirit travels to the church and seeks there the solace that life has not supplied.



SITTING, LEFT TO RIGHT—William Franklin Rosenblum, Julian B. Feibelman, Babbe Glazer, Joseph Utschen, Samuel J. Wolk.
 STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT—Bernard I. Bamberger, Maurice Eisendrath, Bernard Dorfman, Daniel L. Davis, Victor Emanuel Reichert.
 Mr. Julius Gordon was unable to be present.

"EACH MAN BY HIS STANDARD"

Excerpt from Sermon Preached in the College Chapel, May 22, 1925

By William Franklin Rosenblum

In our pilgrimage toward the New Judaism, the dramatic moment has arrived for a census and a reformulation. Harkening to the impassioned protests of early reformers against the unreasoning orthodoxies of antiquated Jewish practice and ritualism; swayed by the dynamic, almost demagogic propaganda of the last generation of American rabbis, a vast concourse of Jews has left the Land of Bondage to drab, uncouth, raucous worship and has been journeying to a Promised Land of rational, living faith—a faith that will blend the tested theories of science and the calm syllogisms of reason with the sacred, divinely beautiful and eternal values in the heritage of our fathers. This multitude is now in the wilderness, groping—they seem to have lost definiteness of goal. They are without sense of direction. Some are calling for a return to the religion of former centuries; some are appealing for more slavish imitation of antagonistic creeds; others are flirting with therapeutic fancies of the moment; while still others, unwilling to suffer imagined economic ruin because of fealty to religion, remain eloquently silent. There is uncertainty and confusion within the camp of American Israel—two never-failing distress signals of onrushing disintegration.

Salvation will come only through a regeneration spirit, a reconsecration to purpose.

And this may not be achieved without clarification of our aims, our objects, our aspirations. We need a census, not of enumeration, but of formulation. We must raise once again the banners that symbolize our convictions and our hopes. We must frame once again a religious platform that will proclaim the ideals we count upon to revitalize American Israel. Once more our prophets must prepare a code for the people. We have already learned, in analyzing the Jewish advance, that every reformation, every upward step, was occasioned by some new code which embodied in simple form the teachings and preachments of the nation's leaders. The psychology of the twentieth century is no different from that Israel's wilderness period. It is no different from the psychology of the Deuteronomic Era, no different from that of the Exile. We know more about their incidence and operation but the processes themselves are the same, they have been woven into the texture of human reactions by the Great Weaver himself. And we know that people are aroused not by learned disputations, not by pilpulistic exchanges, not by homiletical pyrotechnics; but by the blast of a single, significant trumpet note by the mere waving aloft of some flag symbolizing a sacred cause, or by the ringing proclamation of some terse profession of faith.

FULNESS OF LIFE

Excerpt from Sermon Preached in the College Chapel

By Maurice N. Eisendrath

In the life of the student in general, and of the aspirant to the rabbinate in particular, the actual physical contacts with reality must, of necessity, be restricted. Thus his life becomes provincial, he is circumscribed and limited in his experiential living. For this reason, an enrichment of his individuality through the varied and diverse occurrences in the world without is to him not easily accessible. The appellation—'theological student'—cleaves too closely to permit him really and abundantly to live. In consequence, a dwarfed and puny person, a mental congeries swarming with cerebral rubber stamps, a pigeon-holed brain teeming with the minutiae of a polyglot knowledge, all duly catalogued and categorised—but a Liliputian of the Intellect none the less.

Nor need it be thus. In the life of culture and artistic appreciation, the sedentary student may find the opportunity for a spiritual and subjective life which may bring him some measure of happiness and contentment.

The youth who would prepare himself for the ministry must realize that eventually he is to enter a social milieu which has been aptly described by one of our sophisticated literary critics as the "Sahara of the Beaux Arts," and in this sterile wilderness will he languish and die for want of spiritual sustenance, unless he penetrate more deeply into the profound recesses of his soul, that he may unearth those hidden wells of sparkling crystal with which he might allay the slaking thirst of those few individuals who repine but for a drop of living waters. To enrich the lives of others he must first nourish his own nature with the enchanting beauty of the spiritual world.

His life cannot, nay it must not, be a servile genuflection before the goddess of

learning alone. This were well enough if accompanied by an occasional impious truancy from this enslavement to a fatuous body of facts doled out by his unimaginative text books. He must be constantly on the alert lest he be seared by the blighting sun of an arid educational, lest he become like those pallid scholars, who if they were able would count the notes of the nightingale, who would inventory the whole wide universe, who in their devotion to detail, in their passion for facile external facts are totally oblivious to the great pensees of the ages, to its painting, its music, its poetry. It is essential that he break loose, if only at rare intervals, from the fetters of the class room, that he might enter the cloistered seclusion of noble literature, that he might stroll through the shaded grove of entrancing beauty. There to ruminate over some sunlit fancy, to browse, to meditate, to dream at leisure, to mount Pegasus and to follow the idle flight of the spirit—rather than to perform unprecedented feasts of ratiocination—or pilpulistic reasoning. There is to be found that divine excess, that magic effluence which alone can make life a luxury and an abundance. The very exuberance issuing from the created world of the imagination is overpowering and provides a ready release—if but for the nonce—from the devastating mechanism of modern school life. "Amid the silent tomes of books, amid the hushed stillness of the contemplative life" writes Remy De Gourmont, "we exchange our poor sick souls for the treasure of an immortal idea." With anchor weighed, adrift upon an uncharted sea, we too must set out for that shore, unnamed, in any atlas, that shore which may never be attained; but in the sailing forth, in the sheer joy of having cast off from our earthly moorings, in the ecstasy of breasting the gale—in this alone can we satisfy the undying desire of the soul to fulfill itself, of the spirit, craving for completeness, of life, yearning, ever striving to surpass itself.

"THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE"

Excerpt from Sermon Preached in the College Chapel, November 21, 1925

By Julius Beck Feibelman

After all, what in life does matter save our tendency to meet and cope with it, and not quail under its severest blows. When we can feel and understand that each thing in the day's work and the night's vigil, be it good or evil, success or failure, is only for our own education and discipline, our benefit, then no disappointment is too severe to bear, no setback too complete to foil us in our endeavor to learn and live. Life in final analysis is only the opportunity to learn to live. All our growth and development is but to enable us to face the challenge and rise above the possible defeats in stronger courage than before. Life is our servant, not our master. Not that everything in life is good, nor even for the best, but that it is for our own peculiar good and benefit to enable us to work and to teach us to live. We then read meaning into every failure, and it is no little achievement to have learned how to fail. Courage, alone, is the single issue before which life in its sombrest mien quivers and dashes itself to pieces.

Though the forces of existence seem arrayed against us many times, yet in the courage we bring to living there is recompense. We do not find that there is fruit to our very strivings. At times these very sermons we preach, which come so drastically regular in their succession, sprout some little seed in a fertile soul moistened by its own

tears. Some little spark of truth has become ignited and glows into a new man or woman. Some little sound or example or counterpart of ourselves occasionally does blossom into a fragrant and beautiful life. These are infrequent, and we soon grow accustomed to their rarity. But they are surely in answer to our cry "Hast Thou but one blessing?" It may be that the recompense is in this bare, simple, infrequent service to others, and that this is the meaning of our own yearnings and strivings, which we held so dear to ourselves. These rare bits which we have wrought in others are, perhaps, the substitutes, aye, the blessings, for our own disappointed hopes and aspirations, our own desires and loves.

It may be then that early in our days we did learn the meaning of life. Our course was set aright in seeking the Philosopher's Stone. We translated it many times into new words and meanings, still it has always remained the same. It is always striving and always courage. And when we pray, "Hast Thou but one blessing? Bless us also, bless us always, O our Father," that the answer may be, "Yes, here is your blessing. Your blessing is in the more challenging experience through which you learn, the more divine aspirations through which you hope, the more determined striving through which you achieve, the more resolute courage by which you live." This is our blessing.

THE MEANS AND THE END

Excerpt from Sermon Preached in the Chapel November 28, 1925

By Bable Benedict Glazer

Man's salvation, therefore, must consist in a rebellion against the tyranny of matter through a reinterpretation of its function. There is no eluding the incontrovertible fact that his present predicament is due to a fundamental fallacy in his thinking. He has invested his mileposts with a worth that can belong only to his goal. The material must be made subservient to his search for a higher and better life. On earth and clay he must build a life that reaches out toward the illimitable and the unknowable. Out of the measureless, expansive impulses of his being he must fashion a purpose for life that will lift him beyond life. He must feel that he is part of an unfinished world which must go on and that he is expected to contribute toward the finished product. The people of the Middle Ages were transcended by this creative spirit when they erected the magnificent cathedrals, whose beauty and symmetry are still to be surpassed. With brick and mortar, they constructed their hopes and yearnings, and breathed into them Divine promise of fulfillment. And it is through the expression of such a surging spiritual urge that man finds life's compensation for living.

Religion is the great force which must foster this spiritual efflorescence in men. It must minister to human needs that lie beyond the satisfaction of physical appetites. Like Jacob of old, who though asking for the material, the bare necessities of life, never lost sight of the goal which is God, so must we today, through the influence of religion, learn to bring about a harmonious and meaningful coordination of soul and body. In striving to fulfill this function, religion is firmly entrenched in a field of endeavor that is duplicated by no other agency. As such, it is neither an opiate nor a vital lie. But the central fire of earthly existence, an intuition of the final deliverance, a half-way house on the road to the city of God.

To bring this dynamic spirit of religion into the lives of people shall be our conse-

crated task as priestly leaders. We must feed the fires of a blazing idealism that will glow in the gloom of an age spiritually impoverished. And the time is now ripe for decisive action. Men and women are groping restlessly, with growing desperation, for an anchorage to which they might fasten their hopes and aspirations. The very feverishness of their movements is a clear indication of their dissatisfaction with the aimlessness of their endeavors. They need a support, a guidance which somehow or other is not forthcoming from modern church and temple.

It is therefore our inescapable duty as future rabbis to equip ourselves for the reconstruction of the spiritual standards of our age. We must be animated by the determination to render the pulpit more effective in the lives of men and women, to avoid the unavailing methods by which we have blundered into our present impasse. We must realize that congregations are unmoved by baffling vocabulary and erudition, that they are chilled into indifference by unimaginative, unstimulating leadership.

In our preparation for the ministry we must come to understand that the mastery of circumscribed data alone will not arm us for our mission. We must add to our possession of information and facts a spiritual force and a godly strength. We must come into close contact with great, ennobling personalities who can inspire us with zeal and enthusiasm, with an undying love for our work which we can carry with us into our communities. And it is only thus that we too can develop sympathetic personalities that will merit the support, the confidence and trust of our people. The crying need of the time is for genuine spiritual leadership, for men who can develop every exalted emotion in the lives of those whom they serve. Without such men the much-hoped-for regeneration will never come. May we be lifted to the heights of ideal leadership through the consciousness of our sacred obligation to bring men from nature's realities to a realization of God.

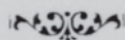
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