



## Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

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The Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives

### **MS-4787: Abba Hillel Silver Papers, 1902-1989.**

Series V: Writings, 1909-1963, undated.

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Clarence and Eugene Hays, memorial service for brothers,  
Cleveland, 1932.



Eulogy - Clarence + Eugene  
Hays 8/26/32

32-20

My friends, we are met here in the shadow of a great sorrow - a double tragedy which has shocked and agitated our entire community and which has brought grief to many hearts. In these sad and overcast days, when nearly all of us are tense with a sense of crisis, this two-fold misfortune coming so suddenly and unexpectedly has deepened our distress and unhappiness.

Death is always the bearer of grief. But when it comes with such devastating suddenness, it leaves men awed and dismayed, oppressed with the thought of the helplessness of man in the grip of destiny, with the uncertainty of his life and the vanity of his best laid plans.

"As the birds that are caught in the snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time when it falleth suddenly upon them."

Our community could little afford the loss of these two men. However large a community, it is seldom blessed with many men of the quality of these honored dead. Eugene and Clarence Hays were men who assumed and discharged fully and faithfully their communal responsibilities. They were generous of their time, energy and substance whenever civic interests were involved. They fulfilled their obligations as citizens and as Jews in an exemplary manner. No worthy philanthropic institution in our city but received from these men a generous measure of support either in personal service or in material aid. These Hays brothers could always be counted upon to cooperate in every worthy cause. They were solid, sure and dependable. Men of their stamp and caliber make a community and sustain it. And our Cleveland community is poorer by far through the sudden and untimely death of these men.

Your presence here, my friends, in such large numbers is eloquent testimony to the great love and affection in which these great men were held. It is the spontaneous tribute to the universal love with which these two brothers were held. Some men are respected. Others are admired. But only a chosen few are truly loved. Men are respected and admired for what they do. They are loved for



what they are. These men were beloved.

The complete and thoroughgoing goodness and friendliness of these men won for them an answering love and warm affection from all those who came in contact with them. Each in his own way made his irresistible, albeit unconscious, appeal to men. Clarence in his quiet, tender way, serene and affable. Eugene in his broad, jovial, warmly human way, bringing the gift of joyousness and wholesome good humor to every circle unto which he came.

Both men had, to a remarkable degree, perfected the art of living with their fellowmen in complete peace and harmony and in full gladness of heart.

Seldom have I known brothers so devoted to each other as these brothers were. Their devotion was as beautiful as it is rare. Poets apostrophize such brotherliness but men seldom see it in actual life. Fraternal devotion was a distinguishing and a distinguished trait of these lives. They lived for each other. Their interests were completely merged. And that lifelong union of hearts and minds even Death would not dissolve. Death placed its solemn tragic seal of consummation on their indissoluble union.

"The beloved and the faithful in their lives and in their death they were not parted."

Along life's highway they merged together and together they crossed the Great Divide passing into that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.