



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.

Series III: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.

Sub-series B: Sermons, 1950-1989, undated.

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44

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Folder
688

Where Did You Go? - Out. What Did You Do? - Nothing, 1958.

"WHERE DID YOU GO? -- OUT"
"WHAT DID YOU DO? -- NOTHING"

On leisure time -- its use and abuse

February 23, 1958

THE TEMPLE

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

Associated with our earliest days of childhood are such matters of serious concern as marbles, mumblety-peg, Red Rover, Red Rover, come over, come over. There is a nostalgia in our memory when we think of the hastily chalked lines for hop-scotch, the interminable games of hide-and-seek, pickup soft-ball games with their everlasting arguments - "It's my turn. I'm at bat". Recently Robert Paul Smith sketched for us a reminiscence of a happy childhood. He entitled this reminiscence with that familiar mother-child kitchen door encounter, "Where did you go? Out. What did you do? Nothing." In it he charmingly brought to our attention many familiar scenes from our own youth. The night we fell asleep tightly touching our right big toe with our left hand to test whether we would move while we slept. The program of cold war, propaganda warfare which we raged against the adult world, especially against our parents and school teachers. Those years of three glasses of milk a day in which we thought that our school principals were taller than Hercules, stronger than Atlas and more formidable and fearsome than Attila. It is a charming book, and yet it is a book ^{that is} written with a purpose, though it is neither preach-y nor pedantic. For Robert Smith is not only an author, but a father. As a parent he is greatly disturbed by a want, a lack which he feels he sees about him in the light of his own young people and of the children of his neighbors and friends. He feels that something very precious is lacking in their childhood. And that precious commodity is privacy. Robert Paul Smith feels that we adults have unnecessarily intruded ourselves upon the wonderful world of fancy

and folly and fiction which is the world of the child. He asks us to recall the corner lot or school yard soft-ball games which we played from dismissal time till the last one of us was called in to dinner, which we played with cardboard bases and a baseball which lacked a cover. And he asks us to compare these with baseball today, with the beautifully manicured diamonds of the Little Leagues, supervised by, organized by, scored by, umpired by adults, where tension is high, competition the order of the day. He asks us to compare the easy-going, slow-paced fun of our childhood with children's parties today, where often parents feel constrained to hire a professional party director in order to see that everyone has fun. Somehow the carefree spontaneity which Robert Paul Smith found in his youth seems to be lacking today in an era of contrived fun. He is especially concerned with the intrusions of our adult world upon the world of imagination, the mental world, the world of magic which is the world of childhood. He says, "After all, what would our youth have been had we not been filled with the romances of Robinhood, of King Arthur, of Cinderella, Aladdin and Rumpelstiltskin?" And he reminds us that in the last several decades conscientious parents and teachers were concerned that these fairy tales, because they included evil dwarfs and wicked witches and sometimes cruel acts, might lead to nightmares on the part of our children and so we expunged and excerpted from these stories all that was adventurous ~~and~~ in them, all that was delicious in them. We brought sweetness and light to them. We made them bland and uninteresting. We did not lessen the number of nightmares for our children because they found a surrogate for this reading in the horror comics and in television. But we did destroy in this action much of the love of reading, the excitement of adventure, the fancy of imagination which he feels, and I feel, are a necessary part of the romance of childhood. And he tells us also that we often intrude ourselves into the world of the child in the name of truth, in the name of science, in the name of fact. He reminds us that we have been brought to adulthood in a world ~~renched~~renched with psychiatric theory, that we have learned perhaps overwell the true lesson that sometimes the misconceptions of childhood last on into adult life

with quite baleful influences upon the adult. In the name of science, in the name of fact, he reminds us, however, that we have often destroyed the illusions of childhood before we even permitted our children these illusions. Parents today think twice before they weave a web of poetic fancy in answer to the question of the child even though they know full well that the child is not prepared for the facts being presented to him. We labor under a weight of literalism and in so doing we have destroyed, he feels, and I feel, something very precious, very dear to the child, something very important in his upbringing because if his imagination is enkindled in these early years, emotionally his imagination will help him in his appreciation of life and of art and of beauty and of all that makes life worth living as adults. I am reminded as I read this beautiful section of a story of the little first grade girl who came home from public school after her first day there and asked her mother - a very modern mother - "Mommy, where did I come from?" Raised in the school of modern metho-psychology, Mother felt constrained to try to explain to the child the facts of life, and with difficulty, with pain, with anguish almost, she sweated for a half hour, trying to explain to the child basic facts of biology. And when she was all done with this terrible explanation she asked her little daughter, "Joanie, why did you ask me this question?", and the answer was, "Well, in school today our teacher asked us where we came from, and Jimmy came from Buffalo, and Henry came from Detroit, and I wanted to know where I came from." Perhaps you will allow me to read to you a beautiful and revealing section in which Robert Smith, with the words and the ideas of a child, reminds us that we must never intrude our own concept of truth upon the child's concept. That the danger is not that the child imagines fancies which have no basis in fact, but only that we develop a society which does not in puberty and adolescence allow the child to outgrow these early childhood misconceptions:

"I suppose this is all just an indication of my advanced years, but I don't know things now like I used to know them. What we knew as kids, what we learned from other kids, was not tentatively true, or extremely probable, or proven by science or polls or surveys. It was so. I

suppose that this has to do with ontogeny recapitulating phylogeny. We were savages, we were in that stage of the world's history when the earth stood still and everything else moved. I wrote on the flyleaf of my schoolbooks, and apparently every other kid in the world did, including James Joyce and Abe Lincoln and I am sure Tito and Fats Waller and Michelangelo, in descending order my name, my street, my town, my county, my state, my country, my continent, my hemisphere, my planet, my solar system. And let nobody dissemble: it started out with me, the universe was the outer circle of a number of concentric rings, and the center point was me, me, sixty-two pounds wringing wet with heavy shoes on. I have the notion, and perhaps I am wrong, that kids don't feel that way any more. Cursed by Captain Video! And cursed also, I am afraid, that 'real true honest-to-God book of elementary astrophysics in words of one syllable for pre-school use'.

Once again, it's because we grownups are always around pumping our kids full of what we laughingly call facts. They don't want science. They want magic. They don't want hypotheses, they want immutable truth. They want to be, they should be, in a clearing in the jungle painting themselves blue, dancing around the fire and making it rain by patting snakes and shaking rattles. It is so strange: nobody, as far as I know, sat around worrying about the insides of our heads, and we made ourselves safe. Time enough to find out, as we are finding out now, that nothing is so. Not even close to so.

But then: facts, facts, facts. If you cut yourself in the web of skin between your thumb and your forefinger, you die. That's it. No ifs or buts. Cut. Die. Let's get on to other things. If you eat sugar lumps, you get worms. Grasshoppers spit tobacco. Step on a crack, break your mother's back. Walk past a house with a quarantine sign, and don't hold your breath, and you get sick and die. Cigarettes stunt your growth. Some people are double-jointed, and by that we didn't mean any jazz like very loose tendons or whatever the facts are. This guy had two joints and we had only one. A Dodge (if your family happened to own a Dodge) was the best car in the world.

Well, we cut our fingers in that web and we didn't die, but our convictions didn't change. We ate sugar lumps, and I don't recall getting worms, but the fact was still there. We'd pass by the next day and both halves of the worm would be dead, our mother's back never broke, my sister had Scarlet Fever right in my own house and I must have breathed once or twice in the whole time, and we really knew that what came out of the grasshopper was not tobacco juice. But facts were one thing, and beliefs were another."

Robert Paul Smith believes that we have intruded ~~upon~~ ourselves unnecessarily into this world of childish imagination. We have destroyed their privacy. I would like to extend his thesis this morning. For it is my feeling that we have destroyed necessary privacy for ourselves in our own world. We do not take enough time just being alone, ourselves. We spend too much time trying to be what others want us to be. We spend too little time, and invest too little of our thought, just worrying about who we are ourselves, where we want to go in our lives, what we want to do with our time, what will bring us true happiness and true satisfaction.

Now I know that when we are pressed by the cares of the work-day world, when we are tired out by all the pressing urgencies of life, when people become bothersome and tedious to us, we'd like to escape and we dream of having a little house by a lake, away from people, away from all the clamor and ^{the} din of civilization. We remember then with love the hut at Walden which Henry Thoreau developed, and we dream of being in such a shelter, such a haven, without distractions, without the telephone, without any of the importuning of our society, of our friends, of our civilization. But you know what happens. One vacation we rent such a house, and we no sooner get there than we learn that we simply can't stay put. We have to be off sight-seeing, mountain climbing, canoeing, taking trips, spending our evenings at the local movie and bemoaning the old features that we have to see there. There is something of the perpetual motion machine about us in our society. We simply cannot stay put. We cannot amuse ourselves. The noted American psychiatrist Doctor Eric Fromm once observed that if we Americans were put in our rooms for three days, and if we were given sufficient food and a number of interesting books and then closed off from the world, hundreds of thousands of us would have nervous breakdowns by the end of the first day. Think of that noble American institution, the weekend. It is assumed to be a period of rest and relaxation between the hectic pace of the work week. And yet as I observe many of my friends running from golf-game to card-game to party to cocktail hour to late-evening social, to Sunday morning golf game, puttering around the house, to home repairs and to the cares of family, I cannot help but believe that somehow Monday morning at the office must be the weekend, the rest, the relaxation. This hectic pace is simply not what one would call a rest. And those of us who have taken trips, whether it be a grueling marathon of an automobile trip to the Grand Canyon, or that fourteen days which we enjoy in Europe, know that after we have shopped and sight-see-ed and toured and visited and seen and packed and traveled and photographed and bought, we are not relaxed. We come home for a rest, however enjoyable the trip may have been.

^{SOMEONE} once observed that Europeans have a cliché. They say that there is nothing so sad as watching Americans trying to have fun. A sad commentary on our life, but I am afraid that there is a great deal of truth in that commentary. Our activity, our energy has meant a great deal for the upbuilding and the developing of this magnificent civilization which is ours, but I suspect also that it has prevented us from enjoying many of the beauties of life. For the man who overleaps this continent in a strato-cruiser in four hours does not see as much of its beauty as the pioneer who trudged its forest or even the man who slowly by car makes his way along its highways. And I do know this - that our pace, hectic and frenetic as it is, has increased markedly the number of our nervous breakdowns, of our heart attacks, of our incidence of hypertension. The very full life which we are so actively and energetically seeking is denied us because we foreshorten our lives, because in the manner in which we are seeking it we telescope our lives and increase, not the length of our days, but rather their brevity. We Americans do not even seem to be able to enjoy the quiet companionship of a few good and true friends. A noted marriage counselor once observed that one of the major causes for friction in the home today is that husband and wife, how^{EVER} much they love one another, simply cannot stay put, simply cannot spend an evening together enjoying one another's silence. They think that they are missing something. They feel that among their friends something is happening of which they must be a part, and they run themselves ragged and their nerves become ragged, and they take out their frustrations upon one another. When I was at the University of Chicago a graduate student in the department of sociology was doing a study of parties in America. You would think that a small dinner party of two or three couples of close friends would be a sedate, calm affair. But if you chart such a party on a graph you see that in the course of the evening these three or four couples perform all the gyrations of a Mexican jumping bean. There is cocktails and a great deal of movement, and dinner. And after dinner, instead of relaxing in the living room, sitting comfortably in a chair and just

talking, someone is always getting up to bring something else into the room, party games have to be organized with a great deal of commotion and movement, groups form and re-form. People simply can not stay put. And because we cannot enjoy ourselves alone or in small company, we have created that unique American institution the cocktail hour, where with the constant comings and goings of hundreds of people and the ^{BABBLE} ~~babel~~ of small talk we are assured that no strain will be made upon our ability to enjoy and relax in ourselves. I wonder how many of you saw in Life Magazine several months ago that rather disconcerting study of the cocktail hour. People went to see and to be seen, to drink and to eat, to be witty, to be catty, because they had no place else to go, because they felt they had to go, because everyone else was going. No one mentioned to this analyst that they went to enjoy themselves, to relax, to have a break with the routine and the tedium of the week. And when you saw the pictures which accompanied the text, the pictures of tense, nervous, high-strung people you believe the observations of this reporter. Strange but unique that we in America seem not to know how to relax, how to be with ourselves, and to be quiet, and simply to sit back, to enjoy the beauties of life. How can we learn then to relax in life? To make healthful, healthy use of our leisure time? I think the first lesson that all of us must learn is that you cannot buy happiness. You cannot set yourself out single-mindedly to achieve it. Spending money for the finest accommodations, for a party which will, quote, "knock out the eyes of your friends", unquote, for some display or other of conspicuous consumption - this will not bring you happiness. It will bring you perhaps aspirin and the tranquilizers, but not happiness. I am reminded whenever I think of our search for happiness of an article which I read many years ago detailing an expedition by some American Bible students to Turkey. These particular believing Biblicists set out to find the keel and the hull, the wreck of the Ark of Noah on the high, rocky slopes of Mount Ararat. They spent a great deal of energy, of effort, of time, money on this expedition which of course was doomed before it began to failure. Because the truth of the Noah story is not a matter of historical fact, but is embodied in the lessons which this lesson-

legend attempts to teach to us. It explains to us great truth - how the rainbow came into being, that we should not fear as did the people who believed in many gods human jealousy from our God. God had given us this life and would continue to allow us to enjoy it. It explains that all men flow, all races flow, from one Father, and hence there are no superior peoples or inferior peoples. This is the truth of the Noah story, and however much we may search on distant peaks and far off Turkey it will not become the truer, nor will we find the object in history for which we seek. Similarly when we search for society, for happiness, we will not find it by buying it or by attempting to engage time after time in new experiences, new thrills which we think will bring it to us, but we will find that happiness is a by-product of a certain way of life. It will come to us when we learn to cease always looking out for the new, for something more in our world, when we learn to look within, to discover certain basic facts about ourselves. Who we are. What do we want in life? What are we trying to do with our time and our talent? What possessions, what acquisitions, what experiences are really important to us? Only when we succeed in answering these questions is happiness or peace of mind - call it what you will - available to us. It is only then will we live a life satisfying to us, and only then will we be suffused by that quiet feeling of fulfillment which is after all the essence of happiness. We have to cease to be gross about life. We have to learn to look at ourselves and in ourselves, to have a plan for what we are doing. I am reminded always of that familiar fable by Count Tolstoi - you know it well - of the Russian peasant who heard that in the Ukraine free land was to be had. All you had to do was to go to a certain city and there at dawn of a certain day begin to stake out the land that you wanted for yourself, and whatever land you walked around in the course of that day, that land would be yours. Well, you remember the story. This peasant began, without a plan of how much he really needed to enjoy life, simply with greed in his eye, and he always over-extended himself, and as the day progressed he had only ^{the} first one leg of the four legs of his land plotted and then finally by mid-afternoon the second and he began to run and to over-exert and he fell down

short of the mark without ever having completed the circumnavigation of his territory, dead of overexertion from a heart attack. And Tolstoi of course makes that beautiful observation "How much land does a man really need? This man needed simply six feet in which to be buried". For many of us destroy ourselves by a thoughtless, heedless search for the material things in life. We assume that these will bring us the happiness for which we long. We destroy ourselves in the search and they never never bring us that happiness.

Wordsworth once spoke of the "bliss of solitariness". That, I think, is the first aspect which we must learn to develop for ourselves as we seek for happiness. We must learn to be alone, to live with ourselves, and to find ourselves. Oh, I know it's hard. In all the din and clamor of modern civilization it's hard to shut out our world. We can't do it at the office, in our homes between children and the ever-playing television sets it's equally hard. And that is perhaps why services such as this can have such a great effect on our lives. Because those of us who have learned the routine of regular prayer know that an hour a week to come into the sanctuary, its beautiful walls shut out for us the work-day world. Here there is quiet. Here we are alone with God, with ourselves. Here we can do some real thinking. Here we can learn who we truly are and what we truly need to make us happy. And perhaps in this hard self-analysis we will learn that the way of life we are following was not meant for us, that we have simply internalized values ~~that~~ which others have built into us. If so, let us make a change. Others well advanced in life have changed their way of life and have found in so doing great happiness. It may be that we will learn that we only need to moderate the requirements which we make of life. It may be that we learn we only have to ~~simply~~ ^{simply} make certain minor adjustments here or there. But whatever we learn, we learn by this regimen of self-judgment. We learn in quiet to be ourselves, and when we learn that, every action that we make, every decision that we take, bears from here on out the imprint of our own personality. It is no longer simply a matter of activity for activity's

sake, of keeping ourselves busy because we cannot bear to be alone and to have to think. It is a time where every activity is meaningful to us. It makes us better people. It makes us more aware of the world in which we live. It makes us happier among those with whom we live. Oh, I am not advocating a monastic life, but I am advocating that each of us in some way set aside a period of time each week regularly for some honest soul-searching. And I ask you to remember this, that those ancient leaders of our people who first hewed out the basic fundamentals of our faith, who knew as much as man has ever known or learned about God and about men, that is that they learned as much as can be known about themselves, that these men were all men of solitariness. Moses came to God alone in the desert of Midian. Amos heard God alone watching his sheep in the wilderness of Tekoa. Our people lived close to the desert. The desert was the solitude. They drew strength from this quiet. They did not come to God in the clamor of the city, in the busyness of the market place. They came to God in the quiet of their own hearts, when they had succeeded in stopping their ears for a while from the din of others so that they might hear the voice from on high.

Ours is a singularly blessed civilization. Ours is a civilization which can afford to you and to me luxuries of life, leisure in life undreamed of by the mightiest potentate of the ancient world. It is not a matter of what leisure time activities we choose. It is a matter of whether we are engaging in these activities because they are meaningful to us or simply because we think others would want us so to do. If we have learned who we are and where we are going then whatever activities we choose will lead to happiness. We will not choose parasitic activities, activities which simply fill our time, but we will choose activities which broaden our vision, deepen our understanding, heighten our awareness of the world in which we live. Ours is a great opportunity, this leisure which a technological age has made possible. It will demand however that we cultivate an ancient virtue - the virtue of quietude - contemplation. The virtue of knowing oneself.

Amen.

[illegible][illegible]

Popilia is drawing off, "When and where - but, what did you do -
Noble's" has a more serious aspect. It is neither purely an
product, nor is it a real piece of work. It is not only a
abstract drawing, but of your own. It is not only a drawing, but
power - and as a power, it is disintegrated. It has reached his
own youngling, but it is not a power and something more
has been carried from his youngling in the mind - only something.

2) That present quality we might improve - The right of decision
be would apart - a world of advised form and follow and form, the
ask us to remember the right we will ball game on the board ground
in the unhappy lost - game advised renew to begin in and and
business and where the land passed called the land called in the
division. We should is unhappy and game to the must be organized
The will land to me and consider will have game very to land the
monumental division of the little division - where competition
is dangerously represented there where and where and a division
is organized by, represented by can be and to achieve

The Bureau the parties of the supplanted information of
and the undisputed. What was spontaneous, the fact is more

4) It would seem that many Americans simply don't know what to do with themselves when they are alone. They continue ~~there~~ ^{to} ~~live~~ ^{live} in a state of sitting quietly and not engaged - it's not Eastern or Kell in which many of us in the West are not well suited. When they recall in my awareness, we recall in others.

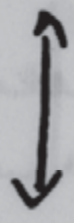
We must always be in motion. A sociologist friend made a series of graphs showing the movement of three couples during a week every three years. His graph looked like the ~~following~~ ^{following} of a motion picture, been. Groups broke & reformed. Gains were proposed and acted out. Someone was always getting up for good or evil.

We even have difficulty sustaining the quiet intensity of a few friends.
To protect ourselves from such unbearable peacefulness, we must have
oriented our intellectual postures: we shall tell them - unless we are
freed by danger of sustained conversation & enforced quiet by the
constant coming & going of a hundred distant acquaintances and
with his nervous of banks & planning. Many of you may have
seen too much sleep in life magazines of the Empire's American
phenomenon. It was a disconcerting document to say the least.
People just now showing, need to see, to hear, to meet, to write,
to be with, to end, to drink, to be cold, because they could not refuse,
because everyone else was going, because they had nothing
else to do. ^{For} ~~the~~ meant simply to enjoy themselves - to relax
from a brief respite from their worldly worries. The picture
accompanying the text ran out. Louis' vision - it showed a
gallery of faces & impressions of us - making up the atmosphere
was subdued or relaxed.

5] Our energy & our action has brought great material prosperity to our nations - but it has not brought inner peace. We are not a part of the art of living quietly within ourselves. We do not know how to be relaxed in life - to enjoy what we have. We call this "the blessing of solitude".

We have paid a high price for the restoration. A suspended state we
have found left so few of our life's boundaries completely secure
over us. I know that on a lot of heart attack, narrow breathing,
stypidness has manifested themselves, sometimes a full of us we
are greedy for life and we destroy us as if we want for short of
our goal.

The greedy heart is often in a desperate pace at which we have reached
one of the beautiful and small known level of the wonderful 19th
Century. Russian Cuckoo Talat.



This day illustrates himself. A child who has known attempts
to find himself of the most beautiful to find himself in discretion -
without a real understanding of what he needed to be happy - he
is satisfied in life

of his own understanding. He is not a man who is happy
in his life's career. It is born more quickly - in self understanding -
through honest reflection & soul searching, when we have found
the basic life truth that we can not live happily. That it is not
for ourselves, that it does not come to us when we have found
the most precious happiness or seemed the best - a consolation, or
set a new standard of conspicuous consumption for our friends to
measure us.

If I were to draw an analogy, I would recall to you an
article of several years ago in which a proposed expedition by
American Bible Teachers to Mt. Sinai in Turkey was described. Ac-
cording to our Bible account it is the place where Moses and his people
after the flood. It is the place where the group believed that they
would find high up on its rocky slopes the plagues & the of
the famous wall. Of course, this expedition was foredoomed.
Their investment of time, money, & more was for a deception fulfilled.
The story of Noah & the Flood is a beautiful legend - born
not of fact of culture history. It teaches men not to fear

be made of garden land. It replaces the origin of the rainbow. It
has been to an old memory of the place that succeeded the glacial
age. It has all been back to one common ancestor, and then make
them equal. Such is its purpose - none other.

Direct and much more direct, more of the city - no more
detail seen, however, single-mindedly & partially conducted leaders
to the sense of life's happenings. The ~~many~~ ^{little} world of the Bible is
a by-product of the story itself. Happiness is a by-product of a way of
life - a way of life which can be seen only when we are at peace
with ourselves - a unified world in thought & deed.

7) Men understand the truth of the moral story, not by secondary details
mountain side; but when they looked within & seen the heart
the true meaning of the text. So it ~~is not the~~ ^{is not the} men
will understand the secret of the fulfilled & happy life when they
they learn equally to look in the right place.

We have been exploring & adventures. We are always looking,
out - for new world to conquer - for new adventures to
appear - new people to meet - new challenges to overcome. Now
it is time to bring the decision of our union. We must learn to look
within - to learn to know ourselves. Who we really are - What
we really need in life. What we really want out of life. What
activities & action planned would make us happiest.

What will we find? Perhaps we will find a person we hardly
suspect. Many is the person who looking within has found it
hidden, & who to change the whole course of his life. Strange as it
may seem many of us have by accident & work for years which have
been set free by others. So easily economically, politically we
conform almost unconsciously to the prevailing standard around
us. You see this most graphically with young people of college
age struggling to decide a life program. They must weigh personal
inclinations, the values of our social life, & parental &
peer group pressures. There is no easy way - To seek out
the truth is to set on some serious preparation or rebirth.

to sound reality and nature a cloud.

Pr. David Reisman - Head of the Dept. of Sociology at the Univ. of Chicago has suggested divided people in 2 groups by one "inner directed" or "outer directed". All too many Americans follow the latter grouping. They accept the values & attitudes of parents & peers. They live out their lives as if another value were really their own. Often this can be tragic. Always it brings for the individual something of life's color & substance.

The inner directed man or woman has done some hard soul searching. He knows well what he is & what he wants. He has built this by himself & through himself. No one can break it to him. No course reveals it to him - only reflection - quiet & hard & honest soul searching. Reisman came to see a man because he is living his own life as he would it and - happiness is born out of his soul satisfaction.

3) We can not be permitted - that we can not find ourselves of one mind always busy with others. It is perhaps no wonder of chance that the balance people walk - we must climb into the ways of life & needs of men men of solidities - men who walked alone - men to whom the desert wastes were more sought after than the inner hollow world. Abraham, Moses, Elijah came and was a man of found truth - alone - ^{searched for} by himself - to be tested under.

I know we can not escape. Yet if we rise as I am sure we do the prophetic sound $\gamma N 5 \times N 1 7$ & if we know as I am confident we can know ourselves only when we make for ourselves a discipline of quiet meditation & solid being - we shall find the news.

It is hard to admit - to-day to be alone. There is too much of business & the hubbub of home & children - often we must feel we are forever too long "Oh but I must find in the desert & experience alone!"

Yet will make us say. The discipline of regular attendance at synagogue
can be supremely manifested, at establishing a real regular meeting for
study and prayer. It offers us a magnificent - enviable setting
for our thoughts - our conduct to ourselves & nobility of spirit. Before
God we can be truly honest - honest with him & honest with ourselves -
Finally, the law of enforced quiet ~~the~~ helps us to get over the petty
things alone.

I do not mislead my person - I am not achieving a meretricious life -
Escape from our world is no answer but problems arise, - &
amongst ourselves too and our innermost effort is to find, out
what we are & what we ^{truly} need

I am one who up to now has been quiet and of few words - so he to
know - perhaps I am - the Jew - children tell us we are useless -
Can he speak to us on profound issues -



It is our own sense of the need for emotional & spiritual -
the question of the sense of the Jewish community -
because we will be doing much more work & we will find
satisfaction & fulfillment in doing.

Our sense of Jewish time is a ^{small} part of the Jewish sense of
of the Jewish sense of time. Sport may be relaxation or
time for competition - & may be pleasant or an
unpleasant. Even the so-called cultural activities may be
a study for a child or a part of a program of growing
awareness & appreciation of world in which we live.

19) Obviously we must be selective - Let us do selection

"Rest is not getting the things done, even."

~~Rest is not getting the things done, even."~~

Rest is the feeling of relief to be a place!



TODAY EVENING SERVICE
5:30 to 6:30

Participation in such activities as the
Children's Choir could no longer be af-
forded them. Educationally they were
not prepared for the greater concentra-
tion on subject matter and the demands
of the morning session. During the
many ways the three hour Jewish
School session with its concentration
seemed too much for them.
Next Fall it will be possible to re-
turn the Fifth Grade to the Ele-
mentary Department. With the new
rooms now available to be used for
this without crowding out other
larged auditorium facilities, it seems
it possible for these young people to
share fully in all the activities and
programs of the Elementary Depart-
ment.

I am sure that everyone will be
pleased by the increasingly planned
building is providing us

[Handwritten signature]

Our Religious School enrollment be-
gan to rise dramatically after the Sec-
ond World War. About eight years ago
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Grade into the Junior High School De-
partment. There was simply not
enough space on Sunday morning if
we were determined as we were, to
maintain our low pupil-teacher ratio.
This shift, based on necessity, was not a
happy one. The Fifth Grade
missed a good bit of the colorful pa-
cantry of the Jewish day school
take place on Sunday morning.

The Great Prayers of our People

THE TEMPLE

CLEVELAND, OHIO

February 23, 1958

Vol. XLIV No. 19

Museum



SOME THOUGHTS ON OUR RELIGIOUS SCHOOL—FROM THE RABBIS' DESK

I would like to talk a bit about our school. We are beginning to look forward and plan for next year. The fourteen new classrooms, the nursery, the new Children's Library will then be available to us. We want to make the best possible use of all our facilities.

In the past, one of the important features of our Religious School program has been an introduction to the world of Jewish books. This was done by periodic class visits to The Temple Library. There Miss Leikind would present for the young people's consideration a specially selected number of interesting volumes. A great number of the young people were encouraged to read through this program. The present Book Club is a direct outgrowth of this interest. With the new Children's Library it will now be possible for us to intensify this aspect of our program.

It has been traditional here at The Temple to have the Elementary Department come on Sundays and the Junior High School Department on Saturdays. Until several years ago the Elementary Department included the Kindergarten through the Fifth Grade. The High School, of course, is in session Sunday mornings.

Our Religious School enrollment began to rise dramatically after the Second World War. About eight years ago the population pressure made it necessary for The Temple to shift the Fifth Grade into the Junior High School Department. There was simply not enough space on Sunday morning if we were determined, as we were, to maintain our low pupil-to-teacher ratio. This shift, born of necessity, was not a happy solution. The Fifth Grade missed a good bit of the colorful pageantry of the assembly programs which take place only on Sunday morning.

Participation in such activities as the Children's Choir could no longer be afforded them. Educationally they were not prepared for the greater concentration on subject matter and the division of the morning into three courses. In many ways the three hour Junior High School session with its academic concentration seemed too much for them. Next Fall it will be possible for us to return the Fifth Grade to the Elementary Department. With forty-one classrooms now available to us, we can do this without crowding any class. Enlarged auditorium facilities will make it possible for these young people to share fully in all the assemblies and programs of the Elementary Department.

I am sure that everyone will be pleased by the increasingly effective educational program which our new building is permitting us.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

February 23, 1957

10:30 A.M.

RABBI DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

will speak on

"WHERE DID YOU GO—OUT"

"WHAT DID YOU DO—NOTHING"

On Leisure Time — Its Use and Abuse

FRIDAY EVENING SERVICES

5:30 to 6:10

SATURDAY MORNING SERVICES

11:15 to 12:00

MUSIC FOR SUNDAY

Organ	
Sonata in C minor, III Toccata	Fleuret
Andante Grazioso	Stoughton
Harmonies du Soir	Kavy-Ehlert
Opening Psalm—Mah Tovu	Lewandowski
Bor'chu (Congregational)	Sulzer
Sh'ma-Boruch (Congregational)	Traditional
Mi Chomocho (Congregational)	Sulzer
Kedusha	Trad. arr. Thatcher
Silent Devotion—May the Words	Matthews
Mrs. Strasser, Mr. Hakola	
Before the Address:	
Psalm 139—Whither Shall I Go	MacDermid
Miss Wischmeyer	
Olelu-Vaanachnu	Goldstein

The Temple

Rabbis:

ABBA HILLEL SILVER
DANIEL JEREMY SILVER
Associate Rabbi
Director of Religious Education
HERBERT H. ROSE
Assistant Rabbi

Staff:

MILDRED B. EISENBERG
Ass't. Director of Religious Education
LEO S. BAMBERGER
Executive Secretary
MIRIAM LEIKIND
Librarian
A. R. WILLARD
Organist and Choir Director

A. M. LUNTZ.....President
LEO W. NEUMARK.....Vice-President
ELI GOLDSTON.....Vice-President
MAX EISNER.....Treasurer
EDWARD D. FRIEDMAN.....Associate Treasurer

TEMPLE MEN'S CLUB CONCERT

Will you be counted present on April 1st at Severance Hall?

You will have the unique and satisfying experience of listening to the Cleveland Orchestra directed by Dr. George Szell render a program of outstanding Jewish and liturgical music. Moshe Koussevitzky, the outstanding Cantor in the world, will be featured soloist.

In addition, you will experience the gratifying feeling of helping The Temple complete its classroom and auditorium annex.

You can help by inserting a complimentary advertisement in the souvenir program now being prepared under direction of Mr. Ed Friedman. Tickets for the concert are now obtainable at The Temple and through the Committee headed by Mr. Julius Kravitz, Dr. Leon Newman and Mr. Al Rosen.

Mr. Samuel Givelber, Chairman for the event, is devoting his time and energy to reach the \$100,000 goal.

Will you help?

All contributions are tax exempt!

ALTAR FLOWERS

The flowers which will grace the altar on Sunday morning, February 23rd, are contributed in memory of beloved wife and mother, Mollie Rocker Schonberg, by her husband David Schonberg and children Florence Bialosky and Lester Schonberg.

In Memoriam

The Temple notes with deep sorrow the passing of

JAY KARL SILVERBERG

and extends heartfelt sympathy to the members of his bereaved family.

The Temple Women's Association

The Temple Men's Club

1958 Adult Seminar

THE WORLD OF THE SEPHARDIM—I

Friday, February 28th

8:30 P.M.

The Temple

AN EVENING OF SEPHARDIC MUSIC

featuring

MR. SIEGFRIED LANDAU

Director of The Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra
Choir Master of the Spanish Portuguese Synagogue of New York City

assisted by

Mr. A. R. Willard and an augmented Temple Choir

The Program

1. Hashkibenu
2. (a) Lecha dodee — Yemanie
(b) L'cha dodee
3. (a) Mizmor l'david
(b) Mizmor l'david
4. Kaddish shalem
5. Baruch haba
6. Hayom harat olam
7. Chatanu tsurenu
8. Diz y ocho anos tengo (Folk Song)
9. Yigdal

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver will introduce the seminar

Sabbath Lights will be kindled

Social Hour

PURIM IN THE SCHOOL

Purim this year falls on Thursday, March 6th. Celebration of this holiday will begin in the School on Saturday, March 1st, when the Megillah will be read during the Sabbath morning services by Sheldon Braun and Victoria Bernardi. It has been traditional at The Temple to have the Book of Esther read on this occasion.

Due to our building program, there will be no Purim Carnival in Mahler Hall this year. Instead classroom parties are being planned for the Elementary School on March 2nd. Special classroom celebrations will also take place in the homerooms of the Fifth and Sixth Grades on Saturday, March 8th. Games and prizes will be featured at all these celebrations. Refreshments will be served.

On Saturday, March 8th, members of the Dramatic Club of the Junior High School and the Junior High School Choir will present a Purim playlet entitled "A Song for Queen Esther" during the regular Saturday morning services. The play is under the direction of Mrs. Miriam Papurt and Mr. Saul Henkin. Mrs. Jessie Weiskopf is accompanist. Mrs. Fred Lazar and Mrs. Sidney Kyman of the Religious School Committee are making costumes for this performance.

Sunday afternoon, March 9th, students of the Seventh and Eighth Grades will have a party at the Shaker-Lee Hall from 3:00 to 6:00 o'clock. A committee of thirty-two children have been working to complete plans for this affair. The entertainment will include dancing and group singing. Refreshments will be served.

Members of the Religious School Committee are assisting in arrangements. They are: Mrs. Joel Garver and Mrs. Allyn Kendis, Co-Chairmen of the Religious School Committee, and Mrs. Alvin Spira, Mrs. Ernest Siegler, Mrs. Stanley Goldberg and Mrs. Irwin Duchon.

COMMUNITY SEWING

Our Temple women pioneered in institutional sewing. Now, as in the past, the ideal behind Community Sewing may be summed up in the words, "Good-will and Service".

Under the supervision of Mrs. Arthur Friedman, the Community Sewing Group is engaged in making garments for Israel and the Red Cross. During the past summer, in a Temple classroom, 60 blouses and 40 skirts were cut out. They are now completed and ready to be sent to Israel. Co-chairmen Mrs. Isaac Evans, Mrs. Bertha Rosenberg and Miss Seville Epstein supervise this operation.

Mrs. Nicholas Goodman, Co chairman, is in charge of this group. The Temple Women's Association is the only organization in the city that makes comforters for the Red Cross. They have also made shoe bags and sewed tapes on socks for Bellefaire.

A number of them assemble every Monday at Montefiore Home to repair and sew garments. Mr. Weil, Superintendent, welcomes them warmly and compliments them on the fine work they do.

On December 9, 1957, The American Red Cross sent a certificate to The Temple in grateful appreciation for the many volunteer hours given to the Production Department. It bears the signature of Louis S. Bing, Chairman, the Greater Cleveland Chapter.

Mrs. Friedman has been the recipient of a personal letter of appreciation, which reads as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Friedman:

I had hoped to visit your group and present to you in person the enclosed pin. Our Chapter calls this pin a 'Meritorious Award'. It is for those who have given an unusual amount of service to the American Red Cross. You surely stand high on that list and we want you to know we appreciate all you have done.

To your group we are sending a certificate. Many of them deserve pins for years of service but, as you know, we have no records for individual services from your group.

Many thanks for your continued interest in the Red Cross; and for the many lap robes which you have donated to our work.

Cordially,
Mrs. Hal H. Griswold"

Mrs. Griswold is head of all Red Cross activities.

VISIT THE TOY SHOP

A pleasant place to shop is the TWA Toy Shop. Chairman Mrs. Edwin F. Woodle, designer and artist, is enthusiastically assisted by Co-chairman Mrs. S. W. Kleinman and Co-workers Mrs. S. J. Bloomberg, Mrs. Sol Drucker, Mrs. W. Gudin, Mrs. J. Holstein, Mrs. Herbert H. Rose, Mrs. William Slavin and Mrs. M. H. Stoller.

Toys are always in season. A perennial favorite is a cuddly Sleepy Cat, stretched out in a relaxed position, made of wool, with a hand-painted face, long eye-lashes and a jaunty bow.

A delightful Cuddle Bear, in a perky print, shows a bright red tongue.

For a little girl's dream, there is a life-like doll, 18 inches high, lightweight, just right for squeezing. She is completely washable with yarn hair, hand-painted face and polished cotton body with removable pinafore to match.

For little brother choose a boy doll in overalls.

A room-brightening gift for daughter away at College is a Laundry Bag with a choice of a clown- or doll-face. It's a real conversation piece that sets tongues going gaily. Marianne Woodle's dormitory friends at Goucher College have ordered several. The laundry bag is equally suitable for toddlers or juniors at home.

There is a large moon-shaped felt bean-bag with a face appliqued on.

For fun in the tub, buy a terry cloth bath mitt that slides easily on a child's hand. It wears a clown face, is bound in colored tape and has a miniature bar of soap attached.

The clear cotton stripes, checks and floral prints the toys wear are as gay as the coming blossom-time.

**TEMPLE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION
GLOBE-TROTTERS**

In spite of the near-zero temperature, a record audience of Temple women filled the Wade Park Manor Ballroom on Wednesday afternoon, February 12, to hear three home-town Globe-Trotters in a panel travelogue on sunny, far away places.

Mrs. Harry A. Cohn, President, opened the meeting and made announcements of special interest. Mrs. Julian Kassen, Moderator, then took over, presented the subject, and called on the speakers.

Mrs. Joseph M. Sands gave a spirited talk, illustrated with colored slides of unusual beauty. ~~Mrs. A. Salari~~ "A Safari in the Belgian Congo". Judge Mary B. Grossman gave us a more somber picture of Africa, probing into "apartheid" in her analysis of "Legislation on Racial Conflict in South Africa". Mrs. Robert Morris introduced us to charming Europeans she grew to know intimately during her stay in storied Rome.

A delightful Tea and Social Hour preceded the program. The Sisterhood extends a special "thank you" to Mr. A. M. Luntz for providing the pastries and making all the arrangements with the hotel. Hospitality Chairman Mrs. Richard Adler and her Co-Chairmen Mrs. Louis Gross, Mrs. Leonard Himmel and Mrs. David Schiffer were in charge of refreshments. Chairman of Hostesses, Mrs. Lawrence Skall, and her Co-Chairmen, Mrs. Joel Bennett, Mrs. Melvin Lazerick, Mrs. Donald Wirtshafter and Mrs. Allen Wolfe, were assisted in serving by members of the Religious and High School Committees.

TEMPLE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION OPEN MEETING

Wednesday, March 12, 1958

1:00 P.M.

The Temple

MR. WILLY LEY

A leading expert in the field of space research will speak on

"MISSILES IN THE FUTURE"

Refreshments

Social Hour

Those who passed away this week

JAY KARL SILVERBERG
JANE UDELF

Yahrzeits

EARLE M. LIEBERMAN
DR. MORTON MORGENSTERN
SANFORD LIBHABER
HELEN SAVLAN ROSE
LIZETTE RITTER MYERS
DINAH SILVER
WILLIAM SCHWARTZ
PAULINE L. GLICK
ANNA WIRTSCHAFTER RICH
~~PAULINE L. GLICK~~
JOSEPH J. COPENHAGEN
CHRISTINE PALADY
ISIDORE EISENMAN

DORA MARKS STRAUSS
ROBERT B. MYERS

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THE TEMPLE

The Temple Bulletin

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DATES TO REMEMBER

Sunday, February 23 — Sunday Morning Services
Monday, February 24 — Adult Hebrew Classes
Tuesday, February 25 — Temple Women's Association Tuesday Sewing
Friday, February 28 — Temple Women's Association - Temple Men's Club
Adult Institute — First Session
Sunday, March 2 — Sunday Morning Services

THE TEMPLE LIBRARY is open Tuesday through Friday from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.; Saturday, 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon. The Library will be closed on Sunday mornings until the conclusion of services.

THE TEMPLE MUSEUM will be open at the close of Sunday Morning Services and during all major organization meetings. Arrangements may be made to view the Museum by special appointment at The Temple Office.

THE ISRAELI GIFT SHOP is open during Tuesday sewing sessions. Selections may be made at all times from the display case in the Ansel Road Lobby by contacting The Temple Office.

Mr. and Mrs. Club

SATELLITE BALL

Saturday, March 1, 1958
Cocktails 7:30 P.M.

Ramon Stone's Orchestra

The Wade Park Manor
Dinner 8:30 P.M.

Reservations: Dr. Sidney and Marjorie Sachs, 3706 Sutherland Road, Shaker Heights 22