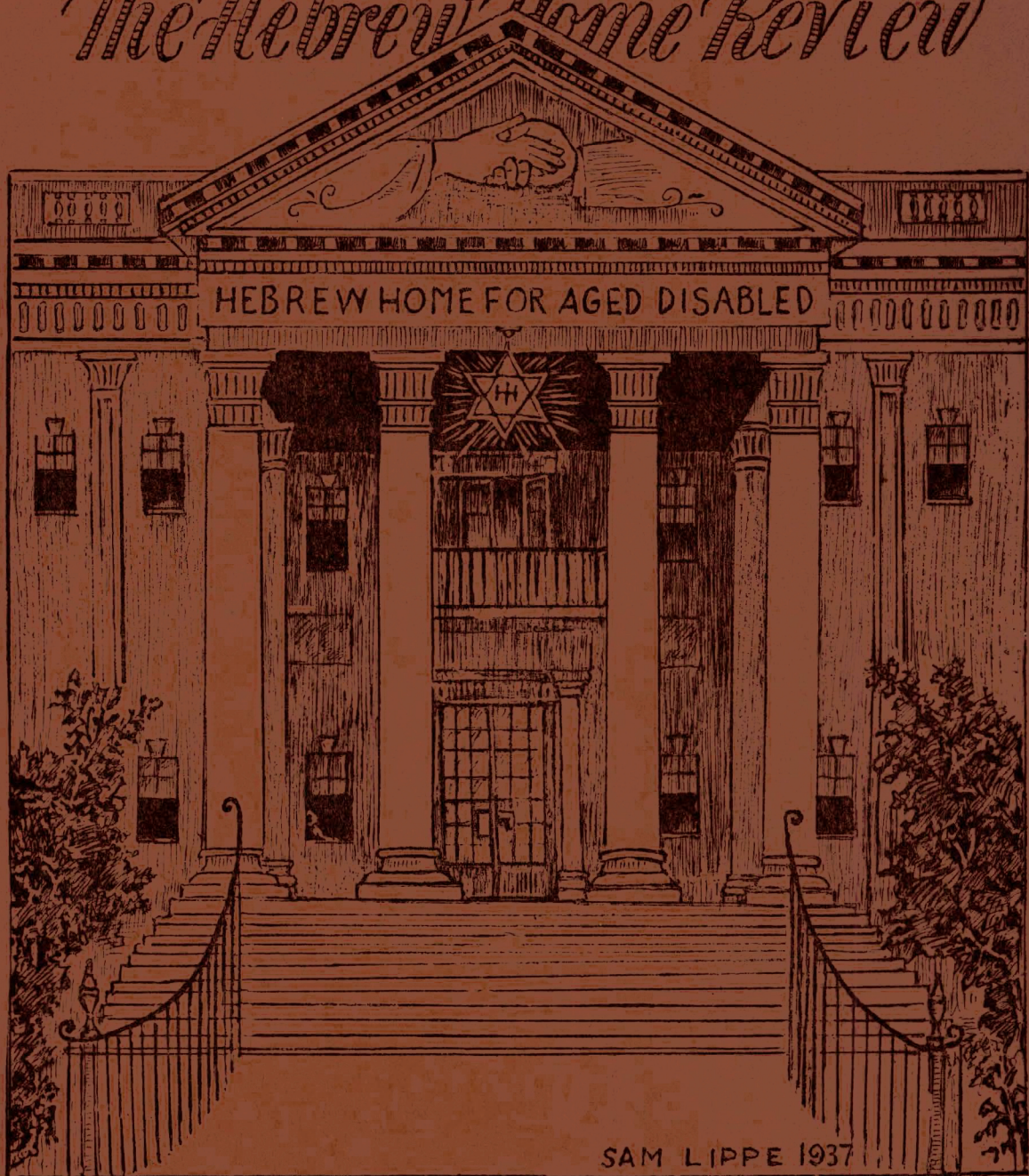


The Hebrew Home Review



Succoth Edition

October, 1938

THE HEBREW HOME REVIEW

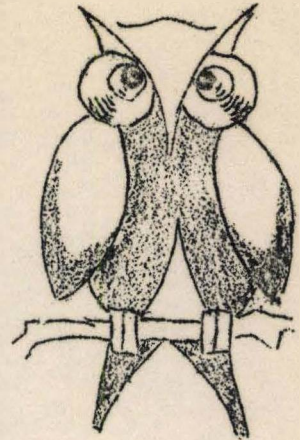
VOL. 3

NO. 2

Editor

Joseph A. Lyons

Advisory Committee



Otto Fischer

Pauline Weinschenk

Joseph H. Heineman

Flora Salinger

Samuel Rosenstrauch

Ella Taylor

Sam Lippe

Abraham J. Morris

Edgar Strakosh

"We should thank God that we live
in a country that fights its battles
with ballots instead of bullets."

Walter Winchell

S U C C O T H

E D I T I O N

C O N T E N T S

Foreword - A Happier New Year-Perhaps! - Edwin S. Newman	Page
Succoth - Sylvia Lehman.....	1
I Helped to Build It - Cora Koshland.....	2
A Golden Rule from Marigold - Sam Lippe.....	3
Hatikvoh - Max Sichel.....	4
Boy and Man - Estelle C. Wolf.....	5
Pleasant Recollections - Joe. H. Heineman.....	6
My Trip Around the World - Mark H. Morris.....	7
Reminiscence - Rose Hart.....	8
I Also Play the Fiddle - Edgar Strakosh.....	9
Happiness - Mrs. S. Zivian.....	10
Heart Felt Wish - Anne Glaser.....	10
Thoughts While Strolling - J. A. Lyons.....	11
Then and Now - Otto Fischer.....	12
Auction - Flora Salinger.....	12
Zionism - Max Sichel.....	13
Self-Sacrifice - Pauline M. Weinschenk.....	14
A Sense of Humor - Esther Harris.....	14
Food - Otto Fischer.....	15
Street Dance at Lancaster - A. J. Morris.....	16
Our Philosopher - J. A. Lyons.....	16
Little Things that Count - Freda Jacobs.....	17
A Succoth Reminiscence - Charles Durondt.....	18
Fruits and Flowers - Sara Lewald.....	19
Reverie - Sam Lippe.....	19
New Year's Greeting - Caroline Jacoby.....	20
Cooperate - Bertha Levy.....	20
A Memory - Belle Guggenhime.....	21
Old Folks at Home - Joe H. Heineman.....	22
Future Outlook - Meyer Dorman.....	22
Drippings from the Faucet - By the Editor.....	23



FOREWORD



A HAPPIER NEW YEAR-PERHAPS!



Amid the greetings and good wishes which come to us all on this Rosh-Hashonah, we find a note essentially different than characterized the utterances of past New Years.

Before, we offered kindly and beneficent hopes to and for each of our friends and loved ones-but this year our thoughts have expanded far beyond this circle-and we have deeply, as never before, wished for a better world and for the very salvation of civilization.

As we enter the new year, we bring to it strangely mixed emotions. Horror and shock at the apparent betrayal of the weak by the strong, relief that for the moment at least, millions will not be sent to slaughter, with the dread and fear for our kinsfolk everywhere in the growth of influence and power of one whose ideology we abhor.

We are left with just one hope--a powerful one that must somehow come to pass for all our misgivings--that from the sacrifice of dignity, justice and apparent honor may come a new era of peace and understanding among nations and a greater good-will among men.

Perhaps--and it may be true--this Rosh Hashonah may mark a newer and better era in the history of man.

May the world come to know the same spirit of peace, good-will and efforts toward understanding that you will find all about you in our Home through this year.

Edwin S. Newman
President, Hebrew Home for Aged-
Disabled

SUCCOTHS

By Sylvia Lehman



discovered on Silver Avenue--the right way to build a Succoth! The booth that was built in the wilderness as a protection and a refuge has been duplicated here many times--not only at this beautiful Feast of Tabernacles, but all through the year. For those who are passing the autumn of their lives here have learned that to find Peace each must build in his heart his own Succoth. When the world grows harsh and noisy, when all one sees is strife and bustle, then can one retreat into the Succoth he has built in his heart and again feel the protection of the Spirit.



What are the boughs you use to build this strong tabernacle? Do you first take many branches from the tree of Memory? And then because the Sun of Life has ripened well the fruit, do you not decorate your Succoths with the fruit of Tolerance and the blossoms of Forbearance?

Even to the casual visitor who comes to celebrate the happy holiday with you, it is apparent that some have learned to make Succoths as beautiful as the one built in the lovely gardens. Some have been able to wind the leaves of Faith so closely that there are no ugly openings for Fear to creep in. Others, perhaps, are just learning and many of the branches they have used will not stand the onslaught of time. How quickly the Sun that is Life withers the branches of Pride, how quickly the fruit that is Selfishness hardens and gives no comfort when one seeks Peace in his own heart.

The autumn of the year--this frail hut - how well they symbolize the lesson of Succoth. It is the festival where the Jew shows his trust in God. He is supposed to go forth from his house of wood or stone and dwell in a fragile tabernacle which the wind may overturn or the rain may flood.

Says one of the great Rabbis:

"The Succoth is designed to warn us that a man must not put his trust in the size or strength or beauty of his house, yea, though it be filled with all precious things; nor must he rely upon the help of any human being even though he be a mighty ruler, but let him put his trust in the Great God whose work called the universe into being, for He alone is mighty and His promises alone are sure."

You who have lived more years than most of your visitors know the truth of that interpretation. You know how foolish it is to put your faith in material things. In the happy and peaceful expressions on your faces, you teach the real lesson of Succoth to all who visit you.

(Please turn to next page)

Continued from page One

For no matter how lovely the Succoths built in your garden, how luscious the fruits and how exquisite the flowers that decorate it, real peace comes only when one can go to the small Tabernacle each builds in his own heart.

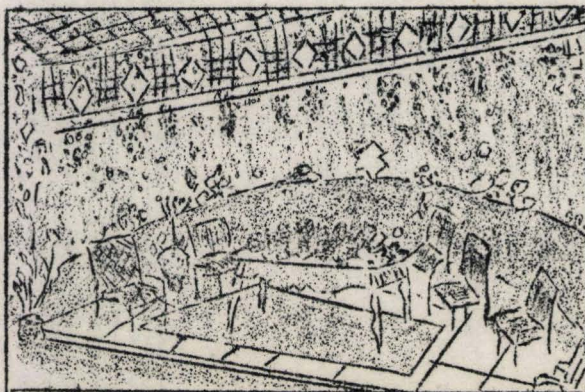
I HELP TO BUILD IT

By Mrs. Cora S. Koshland

It's the first of September, which means autumn is with us, and with autumn comes Succoth. Wait a moment, the telephone is ringing. I have a feeling I know who it is. I take the receiver off the hook and find my fears are justified. I hear a female voice saying, "Is that you, dearie?" Say I, "Perhaps". Says she, "None of that perhaps, I know it's you and you are due over this afternoon to talk over the Succoth decoration." Say I, very meekly, "I'm very busy." Says she, "How busy?" Then say I, "Never too busy that I can't come out to work with my friends over their decorations for that wonderful holiday."

So the day before its first day of celebration finds us all tying strings on bunches of grapes, hanging them here, there and everywhere, arranging the fruits in colorful groups and robbing the garden of every flower that has the courage to show itself. Soon I take up my favorite position, on the top rung of the ladder, with almost every member of the Home holding on to it for fear of my falling off.

What fun we do have and oh, what a good time from early morning until long after six o'clock. As long as I live and am able to climb ladders, I hope I'll hear that voice over the phone ordering me to come out and do my share in making the Succoth even better than it was the year before. Truly those are red letter days for me when I listen and happily obey my beloved Slave Driver.



A GOLDEN RULE FROM "MARIGOLD"
July 1938
By Sam Lippe



Hello Everybotany! ! (I mean everybody!)

Happy I am, to see you all.
Now you've grown to maturity
So beautiful and tall!
Do you still remember my precious visit
When I promised to call again
At such time when you'd come to the surface
Bedecked in your "blooming" garb?
It was in the month of January
While your abode was underground.
We could not see each other,
For the density and gloom of the soil.
But you spoke in tones of flowery language
Which betrayed the scent of sweetness.
You taught me "A Lesson in Flowers" then,
That sharpened the edge of my intellect.
So I looked forward to this very time
When I should meet you all in person---
(By the way, I recorded our January talk
In the April issue of our "Hebrew Home Review"
Which is always perused with interest
By a large group of intelligent readers.)
I've paid a few previous visits
To watch you growing up from infancy to youth
As prescribed by the law of botany.
It teaches us humans a needy lesson
To follow in our process of growth.
Never stand in nature's way
As it served its Lord and Master,
Should we submit to artifice
We're apt to invite disaster.
My point of view these flowers guessed!
As collectively they cried,
Aye!!! Dear friend we all agree
That you have spoken just.
We thrive on nature's gifts.
Rain and sunshine--much ozone
Is our only food, and our roots are taken care of
By a friendly microbic brood.
You humans, though, need other products too
To sustain your life and health
But many of you oppose the laws
To satisfy your greedy want.
Yes, I replied, my "blooming" friends,
You surely speak the truth.

(Please turn to next page)

Page Three



Continued from page Three

A word that lasts, its value
In the jungle of our vocabulary.
But my, how beautiful you look
With heads of golden hair.
With petals long and slender
That bend with graceful mein.
But hold a moment--tell me dear--what is your name again?
Oh yes! I see it's Marigold!
I should have known better.
You certainly grew to a great expanse
To a virtual "golden army"
Yellow, yellow, yellow,
As far as my eyes can gaze
Standing erect as if "at arms",
Awaiting the bugle call.
Then the fatal moment--the enemy has come!
He swings the knife from side to side
And so depletes your numbers.
We humans too, must meet this fate--
Are told--be reconciled,
It is done for some useful need
With future's welfare in its wake.
So be contented and don't despair
There is no exception to this rule
For we're all intended for a mutual good
And should not evade the issue.
While life is still in the wooing
Let us be something doing,
So our duration should not have been in vain
The lot is cast for every one!
Is it done? That is the end of your trail!!
I will bid you now adieu again
And wish you long life and health
I shall return in January '39
To visit your neighbor--the rose.
Au revoir!! Goodbye!! Call again!
Same place on the morrow---

HATIKVOH (OUR HOPE)

When we feel sad and weary: our heart is filled with grief
Hope and endurance bring us some relief.
When need is most urgent, then help is ever near.
Faith and resignation banish all our fear.

Chorus: Courage, courage! We are not forsaken
Patience, patience! Place our trust in Him.
Time will bring our soul's salvation.
"Hallelujah" Glory to our King.

And while within a Jewish breast, beats true a manly heart,
We shall not lose our hope, nor from our faith depart.
O brother mine! Wherever you be, draw hope with every breath
Until the last of Israel's sons be gathered in by Death.

Max Sichel

"BOY AND MAN - TIME TAKES A HAND"

By Ethel C. Wolf



As a rule "school out" is the magic word for fun and freedom, but among the pupils, happy in the thought of joy and relaxation ahead, there stood the "Boy" musing on the "dreadful" trials that his immature age prompted, rebelling at the tasks given him, to the exclusion of what he termed "the ease and pleasures of the grown-ups."

"Here I am drudging along," (so his thoughts ran) "it's always study, study, and when school is over, home again and well--of course I am allowed a few hours' play, then more study, perhaps an errand or two, and so goes one day like another, just monotony. Well--yes sometimes a movie, but a feller just can't do as he pleases, but must do as he's told to do, no independence at all. Gee! when I think of the ease and comfort of Dad, I'd like to be in his boots. I know he's a swell guy all right, and I sure love him, but does he consider my feelings or understand us kids?"

"After breakfast, into his car and I bet that lots of times he plays golf or some other sport and has a dandy time. Well--I guess that I'll just have to suffer, until I'm a man."

In his office the "Man" is seated at his desk, his graying hairs tousled, a look of worry on his face. Business cares and responsibilities are taking their toll and his face seems stern and drawn, as thus he broods:

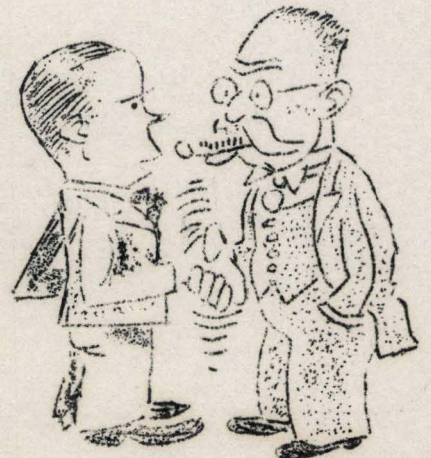
"It's hard to face business difficulties when one considers the loved ones at home. At times I wish I were a boy again, like my young son, nothing to do but play, go to school, of course, and study a bit.

Here I am, cooped up, slaving and figuring on Life's problems from morning until night, with no relaxation whatever. And yet (and a broad smile covered this Dad's face) I'd be missing all this happiness I now possess if it were not given me to look after a beloved home and have a youngster like my boy, God bless him."

LIFE

To enjoy life at its best, one must seek happiness, and I found it the first day I entered this beautiful Home, where peace, happiness and contentment dwell in harmony. To get all you can out of life, you must keep yourself well occupied and I do this by sewing and embroidering and when I have finished a certain piece of work, and it turns out satisfactory, that is when I receive my greatest pleasure.

Ella Taylor



PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS

By Joe H. Heineman



For the old timers, who at the turn of the century were young in San Francisco, will enjoy this remembrance. We well remember with pleasure Maud Amber who recently passed to her eternal rest, a great favorite with the public, particularly with those of the Jewish persuasion of whom she was very fond.

Fischer's Theatre ruled this City's night life and the enjoyable Maud Amber dominated Fischer's amusement place with her handsome husband Winfield Blake, and captivated everyone with entertaining songs.

While memory lasts never will I forget the opening night, nigh onto forty years ago, having reserved, weeks in advance, fourth row center aisle seats for my good wife and myself for the initial performance of Fiddle Dee Dee. Kolb and Dill and Barney Bernard were also in the cast and were great favorites of the amusement loving public of those days.

During the performance, Mr. Blake was in the center of the stage singing a love song, when suddenly all the lights were turned out leaving the house in darkness with the exception of only one dim spotlight thrown on him from behind the side scenery. When he had finished his song in darkness and the house was hushed in stillness the writer was stunned and electrified when a strong melodious soprano voice in a seat directly behind me rang out and startled the writer when she bent forward over my shoulders and sang her responsive song in answer to the singer on the stage. In the midst of her singing the lights were turned on and Miss Amber stood in the aisle beside me. When a portion of the song referred to a bald head, she just had to pick on poor me and kiss me on my shining bald pate, which brought the house down with much applause. There was I in dire confusion and dumfounded, and the worst of it was the newspapers exploited it with much hilarity.

Thus a night of anticipated joy was ended in cold perspiration.

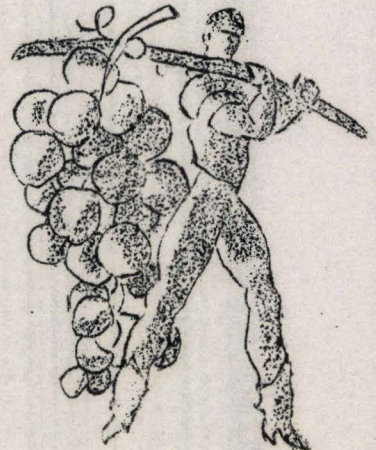
GLEE CLUB MEETING

On July 19th, just after Mrs. Switton's return from a short vacation, we gave the following program in her honor:

A short address by the chairman, followed by "Happy Days are Here Again" led by Miss Romagna and accompanied by Miss Helen Davies and Miss Agnes Dahlberg on the accordian. Followed by a group of songs by Mr. Philip Tully accompanied by Mr. Ross McKee. Another group of songs by Miss Ray Mansert, lyric soprano. An address by Mrs. Switton.

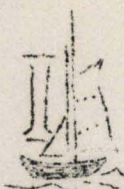
Ice cream and "goodnight".

Estelle Wolf
Page Six



MY TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

By Mark. H. Morris

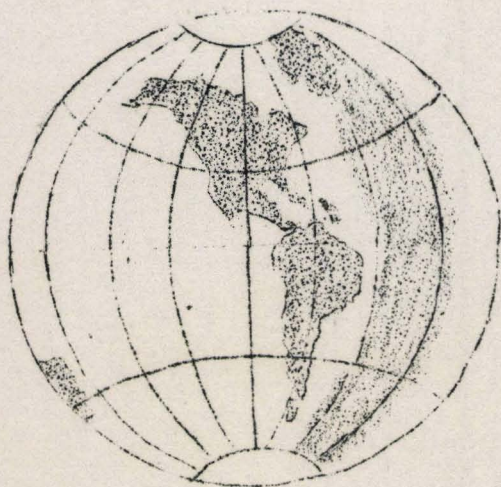


In my first article in the Passover Edition I somewhat carelessly omitted a few introductory remarks that I had prepared for the first part of one trip from San Francisco to Honolulu on the Steamer Manchuria on January 7, 1908. I also forgot to mention the fact that I had a companion on this entire trip, some twenty-five years younger than myself, an experienced traveler of pleasing personality and a persuasive talker, with a strong leaning to the fair sex--for obvious reasons I omit his name on account of an episode that occurred that I will relate a little later.

Now to any of my readers who may contemplate making a trip of this kind, I could say, you will see things you probably read about, seen pictures of, and now you will see them in real life and like our old Orpheum Theatre in its best days, you are in expectation of the curtain going up and wondering what is next.

And now, for a little episode on the steamer. The weather was as calm during the seven-day trip as like going to Oakland--you get acquainted very readily on board--everyone looking for companionship and amusement the 2nd day out. My friend suggested starting a Whist game, getting a deck of cards we sat down to a table, looking for two others to join us when two distinguished looking gentlemen passing by, looked at our table, stopped a moment, inquired what is going on here. We told them. They then expressed a wish to join if there were no objections. We were delighted, and the next moment they handed us their cards. To our surprise, the short gentleman was the Ambassador of Japan--the tall dignified one, the Governor of the Hawaiian Islands, who suggested that we play for 25¢ per game, to make it somewhat interesting. Our Ambassador somewhat hesitated. "I am returning in an official capacity to my country and am not permitted to play

cards for money; however, I will make an exception here, but will kindly exact a promise that none of you will make it known to anyone." We played some three hours and our genial Ambassador lost some \$3.25. My friend shook him by the hand, said, "We enjoyed your distinguished company, but as a Whist player there is room for improvement." At that we all laughed and the incident closed.



Now for the episode referred to above, in which my friend played the leading role and I am an innocent victim--we were stopping at a
(Please turn to next page)

(Continued from page Seven)

leading Hotel and in the evening, listening to the sweet strains of the orchestra in the lobby, when my friend espied a rather handsome looking lady a few feet away, dressed in black apparently a widow. They soon exchanged glances and in a short time she innocently dropped her glove on the floor. My friend immediately ran and picked up the glove, handed it to her, and took a seat by her side--with an animated conversation. As the music ceased, I turned in their direction, but they both were gone.

The next morning I received a note from the management of the hotel to please call at the office. I immediately went down, and this is what took place--"Mr. Morris, this is a respectable hotel and no ladies are permitted to visit gentlemen's rooms." I protested and said that there is some mistake here. He firmly replied, "We have a watchman on every floor and he makes no mistakes."

I submitted the note to my friend. He laughed and said, "The joke is on you, but I'll pay for the dinner and call it evened up."

Next, will continue on from Yokohama to Kamakura, Tokio-Kobe.

REMINISCENCE

Oft times when alone memories of the past crowd into our minds, and we think to ourselves, had I my life to live over again I would do so and so, overlooking the main fact that we would make the same errors and blunders without our past experience.

I think, however, it is never too late to follow the good suggestions of the poem written below which attracted me greatly when reading it.

PROMISE YOURSELF

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.
To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.
To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism
come true.
To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are
about your own.
To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living
creature you meet a smile.
To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have
no time to criticize others.

Mrs. Rose Hart



"I ALSO PLAY THE FIDDLE," SAID THE NEGRO

By Edgar H. Strakosch



during the season of 1879, when I was the manager of the great violinist, August Wilhelmy, in which capacity I had an excellent opportunity to admire this great artist and obtain a good insight of his personal habits and eccentricities, I had many memorable experiences. One of the earliest, I remember, was an incident, which threatened the destruction of his \$15,000 Stradivarius violin, highly prized by the virtuoso.

The catastrophe was averted by obeying an impulse. On arrival in Chicago, I offered to carry the instrument for Wilhelmy, who at various times expressed the conviction that the exertion created by carrying the violin had a fatiguing effect on his fingers, especially those of the left hand, and hampered his performance. Upon alighting from the carriage backwards, I slipped, and the valuable instrument would surely have been doomed had not a happy thought struck me at the time, to lift up my arm and thus prevent an irreparable loss. Wilhelmy was much relieved and was more interested in the soundness of the violin than in my dislocated wrist, which rewarded me for my presence of mind.

.. .. .

During the engagement of the great violinist in Washington, D.C. (we gave the concert at Ford's Theatre, where President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated) a negro presented himself at the box office and inquired if this was the place where the "Big Fiddler" was holding forth. Upon receiving an affirmative reply to his inquiry, Mr. Negro explained in detail to me that he, too, was considered a great player among his friends and relatives, but being told by some that Wilhelmy could go him one better, he thought he would invest twenty-five cents for a gallery ticket to confirm the rumor.

.. .. .

One of Wilhelmy's oddest characteristics (at that time considered the foremost virtuoso in tone power) was a fixed idea to refrain from smiling or other pleasurable manifestations of satisfaction over the plaudits of the audience. Throughout the performance he carried an immobile countenance, expressing the utmost seriousness and dignity. Wilhelmy looked very much like Beethoven.



HAPPINESS

By Mrs. S. Zivian



As Chairman of the Motor Corps of the Council of Jewish Women, it gives me great pleasure and quite an honor to write these few words for your lovely book "The Hebrew Home Review".

My duties are mainly planning the drives for my "Dear Friends" in the Home. I have a corps of twenty-eight (28) drivers, who not only enjoy driving the old people, but wait anxiously the second Monday in the month for the driving day. It is so much joy for us drivers to come out to the Home, first greeted by our darling Mrs. Switton, then to go further into the Auditorium where our darling friends are sitting all dressed up in their Sunday clothes waiting for us to call for them and start on our ride.

So many of the gracious friends of the Home, who love these dear folks as if they were our own, help entertain at their homes for them, celebrating their happy occasions by entertaining for them at cafes.

I have been driving twelve (12) years and have been Chairman of this branch for four (4) years and feel as if I never want to give up working for these dear people. The biggest thrill of the drivers and myself was taking our Dear Friends across the two great bridges, which was also a thrill to them.

To the "Home" I wish success, happiness and contentment always. To dear Mrs. Switton and Mother - long life and happiness. To Mrs. Scharff, my constant helper - good health and many thanks. To my drivers - many thanks for your sweet cooperation and to my "Dear Friends" of the Home - all that is good and sweet, which they can't help but enjoy in our "Gorgeous Hebrew Home for the Aged, the finest home in all the world.

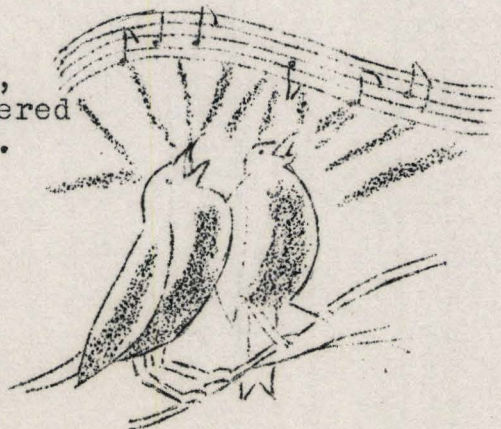
A HEARTFELT WISH

By Annie Glaser

It would truly be a blessing
To set my thoughts in blissful words,
And how much knowledge would be gathered
If I knew, the language of the birds.

I'd be happy too, if I could write
A poem of my own deep feeling,
A poem worthy of its kind,
One of devotion, most appealing.

But to you, my friend, I tender this
My wish--you gain yet more success,
As editor of our "Home Review"--
A million readers more--not less.



THOUGHTS WHILE STROLLING

By the Editor



ur garden this year is more beautiful yet than ever, and to see the youngsters toiling and spinning, is a pleasure and a privilege. Young Mr. Baum, he's only 79, and comes in every noon with his overalls all dirty.....Mrs. Callahan still skips all over the house..... Mr. Izeman and Mr. Kirschbaum officiating in the Synagogue and doing a thoroughly good job.....Mr. Lippe is constantly at work on his drawings; you'd think he'd been at it all his life....

Mr. Bloom supplies Mrs. Switton with a beautiful, handmade desk, on her return from her recent trip, and believe me, it was a pippin!. Joe Heineman bargaining with somebody, for the good of the house..... Mike Lyons, taking care of his girl friend.....Alice Lyons, taking care of her boy friend.....Edgar Strakosh, painting some scenery, and trying to see how much good talent he can get for nothing.

Mrs. Jacobs, one of our recent acquisitions, teaching the kids the Virginia Reel.....Mrs. Constine, constantly making baby jackets-- I don't know who for.....Ella Taylor, working on the latest thing in quilts, to be raffled for our German refugee children.....Charlie Levy busy at the door, and still giving the chickens the once over. (He's only 83.).....Leopold Wolf is the Morning Glory at the door.... What a good time we all have at the Card Club every Tuesday!

Mr. Rosenstrauch beats it to the hospital when anyone wants to go there. We'd have a hard time without him.....Otto Fischer writing poems and prose, and trying to invent something new to make the office work a little lighter.....Mrs. Ochs and her force always worrying that we won't have everything that we want.....Mrs. Weinstock with a kindly word and a pleasant smile for everybody.....Abe Morris, upholstering the chairs and dancing like a kid.....Mrs. Estelle Wolf always trying to get some musical entertainment for us.

Mrs. Weinshenk the Florence Nightingale of the Home, always on the job.....Charles Durondt painting 150 chairs and making them look like new. Well done, Charlie.....Mike Levy guarding the Succoths..... Mrs. Glaser on her weekly visits to the sick.....Glad to see Mr. Greenberg up and around again. Try to keep from falling over things now, Henry.....Thank you, Mr. Gabriel, for printing these beautiful covers.





THEN AND NOW

Otto Fischer

Three years ago this last July
I entered this Home, forlorn
But very soon I realized
New hopes in me reborn.

It did not take me long to see
My welcome was sincere
It brushed away all former thoughts
Of lonesomeness and fear.

And sometimes when you're really sick
The nurses treat you swell.
Which recalls to me that pretty song,
"I don't want to get well."

Into this scene stalks Doctor Munter,
Let's give him his just dues
He tries his level best to cure
Us antiquated Jews.

Beside him stands his aide, Miss Brew.
Deserving special mention
For when it calls for special care
You'll find her all attention.

And our housekeeper, Mrs. Ochs,
With her congenial smile
Her favorites are "Phil Morris"
And for one she'd walk a mile.

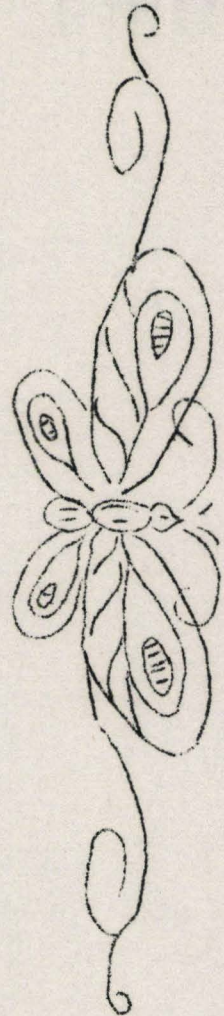
Now a home like this I'm sure
Can nowhere else be found.
For the sun never thinks of setting here
While Mrs. Switton is around.

In conclusion, let me say
And from the housetops shout
At first I dreaded coming here
Now you couldn't drag me out.

AUCTION

In wanting a smaller chair in my room reminded me what happened when I first came to San Francisco in 1898. There was an auction taking place on the corner of Kearny and Clay Streets. Small pieces of furniture and kitchen utensils. I never heard the word "Two Bits" or "Four Bits" in Chicago. I asked a lady what they meant and she said twenty-five cents and fifty cents. I bid seventy-five cents, got the chair, and had it to carry home from Kearny and Clay to Lombard and Mason. When I sat on it the legs all came apart. It was the novelty of bidding.

I have never bought anything on auction since. I was just seventeen years.





ZIONISM

By Max Sichel



here are 3 main aspects of Zionism--
1) Religious, 2) Economic and 3) Political.

1) Religious Zionism is an integral part of orthodox Judaism--believing that God Himself in His own time and in His own way will fulfill His promise and send a Messiah to redeem His people and to bring all mankind to recognize the sway of the one God, who chose Israel to preach His doctrine to the world. That Jehovah will gather His chosen people from the ends of the world: restore the temple service as of old and re-establish both the ancient priesthood and kingdom. This view assumes an indissoluble bond between religion and nationality. This doctrine cannot be conceived as an active political movement.

2) Economic Zionism is an effort to improve the pitiable conditions of Jews living in countries where without rights of citizenship they are subjected to all kinds of persecutions; which in fact originated the Zionist movement. Dr. Ponsker of Odessa was the founder of organizations known as Lovers of Zion and encouraged colonization of Jews in Palestine.

3) Dr. Theodor Herzl introduced political Zionism which has as its aim to build up a state in Palestine, being convinced that Jews formed a separate entity. He thought of visiting a visible focus for all the Jews, thinking, that as a nation, that state may become an active force, securing rights and protection for them. Political Zionism brings forward to a practical issue the question whether Jews actually are a nation, and if so, whether it is wise to organize after having ceased to be a nation for so long. But alas! the nationalistic trait has disappeared especially from those Jews living in countries where they got full political rights.

It is a fact that the great contribution of Israel to the world's spiritual treasury was made not while their national life flourished, but as it was ebbing away. The prophets originated a religion based upon a monotheistic conception of divine government, making the conduct of the individual the test of religious life. The belief in a universal God cuts the bond between religion and nationality.

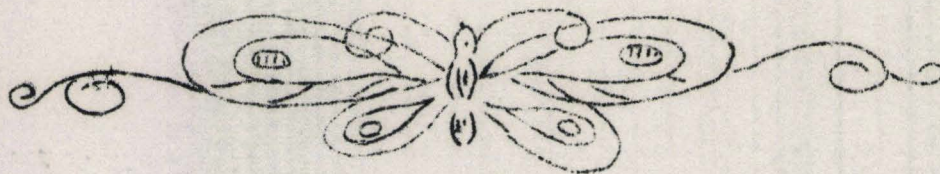
Modern Judaism represents that conception of religion which makes it a private affair, and a bond uniting the individual to the rest of mankind.

As the Jews were excluded from participation in the political life about them, a people without a country, having no real home,

(Please turn to next page)

they created an ideal home, and living in a hostile atmosphere, ever on guard against attacks and at the mercy of officials, who in return for bribes, granted favor, naturally develop shrewdness and the hope of Zion became the only rock to which they could cling--the beacon light that illuminated the darkness of their lives. The French revolution and the American Declaration of Independence mark the end of the union between Church and State. It resulted in religious freedom and the era of reformed Judaism began. What is needed in Palestine is a state on a democratic basis, wherein anybody can become a citizen. The organization of a pure Jewish State anywhere, will jeopardize the position of Jews all over. The most pressing problem at present is how to assist and help those who live in countries, where they are persecuted.

The Jews are the living witness to testify that unjust persecution will ultimately end in complete failure.



SELF SACRIFICE

Pauline M. Weinshenk

In matters of friendship it is better to be a good giver than a taker. Commercial friendship is largely a self interest and stock dividend idea; if there is a form of happiness on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which the sainted spirits might almost envy man the possession of, it is the opportunity and the power for giving good cheer, a gracious smile, and a helping hand for those in distress.

Benjamin Franklin said, "The use of money is the advantage in having money." Sitting in the dark shadow of poverty, loneliness and indelible memories, there must be many men and women longing for a kindly word. Give it to them, for there is but one thing for us all--the eternal sacrificing self.

A SENSE OF HUMOR

Esther Harris

A great asset to everyone is a sense of humor. Everyone is not gifted with the faculty of imparting laughable situations, but if possible, let us recognize something humorous that comes our way. How much it means to enjoy a hearty laugh is shown by our facial expression. It also aids digestion, it is said. So let's get the best out of life and not be backward in smiles and laughs, for a

Little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

FOOD

By Otto Fischer



It occurred to me at this season of the year, or any other season, for that matter, it would be most appropriate to dwell on a subject I have in mind and which is of great interest to everyone; and that is "Food", which to my knowledge has never been mentioned, not even remotely, in any of the previous publications. So I will endeavor, without boring you, try to explain its values in health-giving qualities, gathered from years of personal experience and observations, for I know little if not less than the average man about alphabetic Vitamins, Calories, Proteins, etc.

On one point we all agree; and that is--food is absolutely essential in keeping body and soul together. It has wonderful possibilities and magnetic powers. It is the one safe bet in making housewarmings, receptions, parties, etc., a success. Just mention in your invitations:

Refreshments will be served.

Then see what happens!

Overlook or forget to include the above paraphrase and you can draw your own conclusions.

From my own observations, I have found it to be a panacea for most ills. After indulging in a well-prepared home cooked dinner, you will find yourself feeling like a million, and leave you at peace with all the world. Have you ever noticed the change in your disposition after feasting to your heart's content on a roast duck with red cabbage and a bottle of Chateau Margaux? Or a luscious planked porterhouse steak garnished with various tempting vegetables washed down with a few seidels of Pilsner? Oh Boy!!! If you have, you know what I am talking about; if not, try it and be convinced.

Many have adopted the motto:
"Eat, drink and be merry,
for tomorrow you may die".
And in the Scripture you will find
this passage:

"Give no thought to what
you eat or drink".
Follow these sayings scrupulously
and you will be thoroughly con-
vinced that they will be more
effective in keeping the doctor
away than an apple a day, and will
prove beyond a reasonable doubt
that a cure for most ills is plenty
of wholesome "Food".

P.S. If you are still skeptical,
consult Bruno Lessing.



A STREET DANCE AT LANCASTER



When I was a resident in the Antelope Valley, which is situated in Los Angeles County, I was occupied in store work. We did not have many amusements, yet Dancing was one of the main diversions. Every Saturday nite a Dance was held in our little town. Twice a month a Street Dance was held in Lancaster, so of course, we had to attend. Lancaster is 20 miles from Little Rock, the town I was a resident of. This novel dance on the street drew large numbers of people from great distances. On the night that I attended it, it was estimated that over 500 couples were dancing on the pavement. The pavement, which is made of ordinary Bituminous Rock, is made smooth and slippery by using soapstone on it, and the feet of the dancers make it as smooth as a ballroom floor.



The Orchestra is seated on a large truck, equipped with a piano, violin, saxophone, drums, and other musical instruments. They play the latest dance numbers. On the curb are seated many spectators, gazing at the dancers and enjoying themselves to the utmost. Among the dancers are old and young people, and many very aged men and women are among them, and from the expressions on their faces, one may be sure they are having a good time.

Of course, the younger element usually find dancing enjoyable regardless of whether it is on the street or a ballroom. Their happy, smiling faces indicate that they are oblivious of the gaze of the spectators.

The dance usually lasts until midnight, when the orchestra plays "Home Sweet Home". Then they disperse and repair to a Soda Fountain, where they indulge in various refreshments. Then they leave for the trip home to their---respective towns.

A. J. Morris

OUR PHILOSOPHER

Poem by J. A. Lyons

He came out here to this beautiful place
With a song in his heart and a smile on his face.
He was tired of "taking it on the chin"
And wanted the feeling of peace within.

He couldn't sing like Lawrence Tibbets
But on all good things he loved to kibitz,
And he'd found a place without a care
This beautiful Home, beyond compare.

He was content that others this world should run
While he sat on the sidelines and watched the fun.
And he had no troubles, small or weighty
For he'd found that life could begin at eighty.

He had no land, he had no money
But something far better, that may seem funny
He was making this world a little brighter
Somebody's troubles, a wee bit lighter.

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

By Mrs. Freda Jacobs



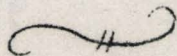
It is the little things that count. Let all our sisters and brothers in our beloved Jewish Home do our bit, as it is the little things that count; either in the dining room, kitchen, garden, knitting, crocheting, or sewing. Here are a few things that we should remember. Our devoted and loved Mrs. Switton leaves nothing undone to make us all happy, we have no worries, our shelter, our food, clothes and even a little pocket money is given to each one here--a Home that can't be compared elsewhere, as each visitor who has traveled all over the world, tells us. Why should we not appreciate our old age mansion. Let us all take an active interest in the little things that count.

For instance, be thoughtful of our disabled dear ones who are one of us, for an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. How easy it is to pick up a few leaves or flowers dropped in the Hall. Yes, we are thankful to keep ourselves with the selection of beautiful flowers left in the Hall, for our disposal to make us happy, and make our rooms look cheerful; but the carelessness of allowing anything on the floor will mean an accident to the unfortunate people who have lost their eye sight. (Remember, it's the little things that count.) Also for the old folks who cannot walk without the aid of crutches, how easily accidents can be avoided by always considering others. (It's the little things that count.) Never make this remark to the unfortunate helpless old folks: "You can 't go here or there; no one wants to be bothered with you." These people are sensitive. A kind word will be more cheering and long remembered. (It's the little things that count.)

Remember to turn out the lights when you leave your room, even if you don't pay the bill. (It's the little things that count.) It is much better to take a few steps to do a good deed than walk a mile to make trouble. Take an interest in any thing going on; if your water faucet leaks, call someone's attention to it; have it attended to. (It's the little things that count.) If we will remember, there are five things in life to observe with care:

Of whom we speak,
To whom we speak,
How, when and where.

It's the little things that count.



Hail Guest, we know not what thou art
If friend we'll greet you hand and heart
If stranger such no longer be
If foe our love shall conquer thee.

A SUCCOTH REMINISCENCE

By Charles Durondt



during my four voyages around the world, covering such far-away places as Algiers, Singapore, the most important cities of the Mikado, and remote Cathay, I remember distinct incidents occurring during our Jewish holidays, while directly in touch with great and well known celebrities the world over. I had intimate contact with such men as Li Hung Chang, Prince Henry, Diamond Jim Brady, Anna Held, Lillian Russell, these last diversified personalities I met at the Old Sherry's in New York, the place of rendezvous of the great elite during a most fascinating epoch toward the end of the last century, and the beginning of the present one.

But during Succoth I shall always remember the Succoth week when I served Queen Victoria at a state banquet at the Cecil Hotel in London. The Archbishop was seated at one side of the English Sovereign, and the Chief Rabbi Adler on the other side. Near the Chief Rabbi, in the absence from town of the German Ambassador, sat a German Attache.

Now this story may have been circulated before--I don't know; but these are the exact words passed between the Rabbi and the Attache, which I overheard.

"Doctor", said the German Attache, with a wicked grin in his face, "I have just been informed that in a certain section of Constantinople Jews and dogs are not allowed in the streets after six o'clock in the evening."

"If that be indeed so", answered the Chief Rabbi, with a smile on his benign countenance, "it is most fortunate that you and I don't live there!"

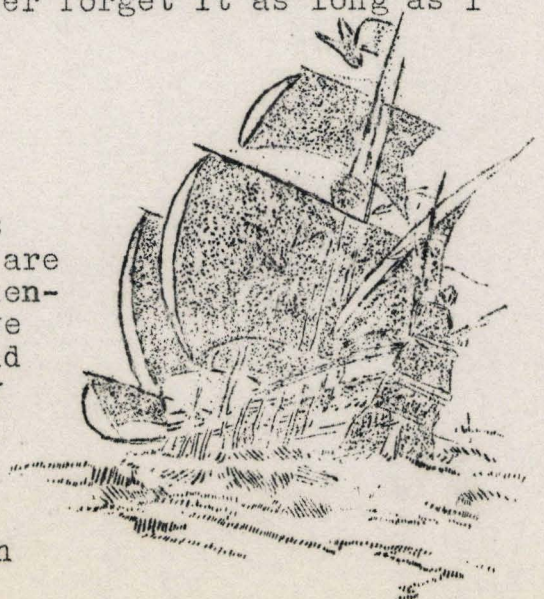
The German Attache's face was red as a beet, as those around who heard the Rabbi's appropriate retort, burst out in a gale of laughter.

The aforesaid incident occurred during a Succoth week in London, many years ago, but I shall never forget it as long as I live.

To the Editor--

I don't know if we have all eight in your Review, but I must tell you we are eight women that work in the Kitchen whenever there is work. One hour or two, we peel vegetables, apples, shell peas, and we are so happy to help along and enjoy it so much and are ever ready to help, and call ourselves the

Kitchen Brigade
Page Eighteen



FRUIT AND FLOWERS

By Sara Lewald



Thanks to Mother Earth for this is what pick and shovel did so she may bring forth fruits and flowers for you, and you and I mean you. With the party going good; in steps Miss Bantam Chicken attired in light brown garnished with good intentions.

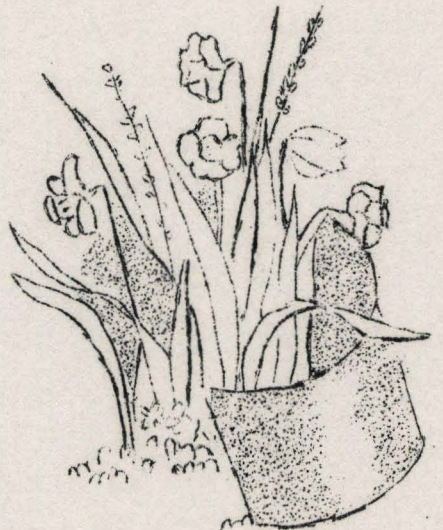
What is more inspiring than a beautiful rose? The vivacious Miss Rose Bud, Queen of the Flowers, swaying to and fro, with her Cavalier of the Rose at her side--Red Rose--blushing in accent to her loveliness, in her petals of elegance.

Boy, O Boy, did Miss Chrysanthemum in her glamorous way display some glamour to her radiant splendor! The amorous Miss Pansy well tinted in many colors, with her super-colossal personality, smiled, as Mr. Dahlia waved a greeting of welcome, along comes Mr. Bean and did he string her! With what, fourteen carrots. Then did Love Turnip so they said Lettuce Leaf and go where they dance to the strains of "Yes, we have no Bananas today."

This is what Merry sunshine did for Mother Earth.

REVERIE

I love to sit in the garden alone
At early morn, in the hours of gloom
I love the solitude that comes
While watching the flowers as they bloom
I love to listen to the distant hum
Its sound like that of busy bees
The twittering of the early birds
Who seek their prey among the trees.
I love to join my roving thoughts
And roam those places of the past
But shrink at sight of Father Time
Whose slow approach seems yet too fast,
Harken tho! Awaken from your dream!
See those beautiful flowers that bloom?
They evidence no grief or plaint
Aware of their inevitable doom.
Then when I leave my place of rest
And watch the brilliant rising sun
I feel, it too will shine no more
With the ebbing light when day is done.
So let our minds on such things dwell
Which offer us the needed cheer
And brighten, as the rising sun
Our days--while we are here.



Sam Lippe

Page Nineteen

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

By Caroline Jacoby



Once more we are to usher in a New Year. The year that has just passed has brought many changes, not only in this - our private world - but in the world at large.

And yet, with all of the events which have taken place, I feel that we must be aware of the many blessings bestowed on us daily. While the world is struggling and filled with turmoil, we can more than appreciate the tranquility and peacefulness which exists in our daily lives. Peacefulness which is brought to us who are so fortunate to live under the roof of this beautiful abode, to us who are so fortunate as to receive the care, the kindness and the attention which is daily bestowed upon us.

I fully appreciate such kindnesses, with the passing of the years, and I pray that the feeling of peace and security such as is known to us, might spread - even among the nations of the world - and bring peace and contentment to all mankind.



CO-OPERATE

Bertha Levy

A little more kindness, a little more thought
A little more pull-together helps a lot.
A little more help to the hard-luck soul
Is a very big point in any prosperity plan.

A lot less kicking and a little more faith
A little less wastage means a lot more saved.
A little more building, and less tasks shirked,
A lot less talking and a little more work.

A little more ethics in all we do,
A little more vision will bring us through.
It's the long pull-together that wins the day.
And that little word Co-operate is the easiest way.

To our Motor Corp:-

We take this opportunity of thanking you not only for the wonderful rides you have given us, but for your kindness and consideration in all matters pertaining to the Home. We assure you that we look forward to your monthly visits and anxiously await your arrival.

The Residents

A MEMORY



Now that I am at home after a most interesting trip covering many countries, it is difficult to decide what place was the most fascinating of all the places we visited.

Buenos Aires with its dense population of many nationalities, architecture of every style making a fantastic skyline, magnificent government buildings, monuments and broad, graceful avenues lined with palatial homes, brings back many beautiful memory pictures.

The people are smiling and happy and at dusk many of the downtown streets are freed of vehicles and become promenades from curb to curb for singing and gay people going to their homes from work.

Buildings are being torn down to widen boulevards. One of the new palaces seats 5,000 people with parking spaces on two floors below the theatre. One beautiful avenue extends along La Platte River, casinos and theatres mostly open-air, on the other side and to the music of many radios on summer nights, thousands dance on sidewalks and wide driveways.

May I tell you of a visit that was not so cheerful in one of these prosperous great cities? It was when we were taken to the Old People's Home, which I was so anxious to see.

The main building was on a line with the sidewalk and entered by a small side gate-way in a wall; no wide graceful halls or stairways, no elevators and the dormitories contained many most uncomfortable looking beds, having no privacy or restfulness. The dining room, a long, dark, poorly ventilated room with long wooden tables and benches; yards not gardens, with the same hard benches, little shade, and everywhere uncomfortable, unhappy looking people, with no recreation and, oh, flies, flies, everywhere!

Can you imagine my feelings as I hurried from this dismal place and that a few silly tears came to my eyes as in thankfulness I thought of our glorious Palace and its happy, blessed children on Silver Avenue in far-off San Francisco.

Belle Guggenhime

TAKE HEED

Eyes we have with which to see,
Feet, so we can walk,
Hands, of course, to do our work
And a mouth with which to talk.
These attributes, yet are in vain
If we refuse to use our brain!



"OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

By Joe H. Heineman



Miss Frances Shelley, a lady of highly pleasing personality, afforded the young folks of this Home (average age?) an evening of delightful and refreshing entertainment a few weeks ago, which was certainly tops, and in keeping with the meritorious entertainment of the night, rendered by the following youngsters, whose ages are given after their names.

Mr. Edwin A. Turner, 82, told amusing stories, quoted well selected poems and sang old time ballads.

Dr. John F. Petritsch, 75, a marvel with a carpenter's hand-saw and violin bow, bringing to our ears entrancing popular and operatic compositions, which kept the audience spellbound by his wonderful execution with his unusual musical instrument.

Mr. Adam Moore, 91, a boy wonder with a rich baritone voice (of a young man of 30) it was tinged by the brogue of Ireland, as he sang well remembered songs of years gone by. He also told amusing stories and recited old time poetry.

Mrs. Jean Moore, 82, a most loveable little lady with a very pleasing soprano voice, which registered with a thrill and evenness, pleasing even to the most musical ear. Mrs. Moore also sang duets with her husband. She and Mr. Moore also danced some of the old time dances.

Miss Eva Holmes (83) a fine soprano of good range.

Mrs. Elaine Kline accompanied with the piano.

To round out the cast, our own Mrs. Constine, 82, graced the stage with her pleasing personality and sprightly presence.

Our thanks to those taking part and come soon again.

FUTURE OUTLOOK

By Meyer Dorman

When labor became a burden to the human mind
And made the struggle much harder salvation to find
With days yet young, and our courage in its might
Fortunes could be attained, with a spirit willing to fight
For the years ahead of us prospects are most great.
All desires in life are gained, with patience to wait.
Well-known are opportunities in the past, as they are now,
The same glories won, by the sweat of our brow,
As long as the sun keeps shining for us in heaven
New hopes for a future happiness to our heart given
Time spent in usefulness, its treasures we still hold,
To carry us through all emergencies when we grow old.

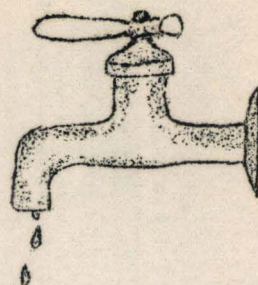


DRIPPINGS FROM THE FAUCET

Caught by the Editor



gain the faucet drips, and while we might not have caught them all, we take great pleasure in trying to record the wonderful things that have happened since our last issue. When we think of the troubles of the world that surrounds us, and especially the European conditions, we cannot help but say, "Thanks to all of you for contributing so lavishly to our pleasure, amusement and well-being". If we omit thanking anybody for their kindness in the past, just consider yourself thanked and let it go at that.



The Motor Corps left the home at 11:00 A.M., July 17th, for the Herbst place in the country. We had a wonderful luncheon and entertainment and came home thoroughly tired out, but we certainly enjoyed ourselves.

The 27th of July, Fanchon and Marco entertained with fancy dances and acrobatic feats by their Kiddie pupils. It was certainly swell.

Mr. Lurie was the host to the "old folks" at the Geary Street Theatre for the matinee "On Borrowed Time", and we certainly borrowed a good time.

Another auto drive on Monday, August 8th, wound up at Mrs. Breslaures for eats and entertainment. Thanks again, Dear Friend.

Our old friend Mr. Mal Furst gave us a regular theatrical show, Ventriloquist and Whistler, Accordionist, singing, and Mal's inimitable joshing. We can depend on him all the time.

The Glee Club was entertained by baritone Lawrence Sherrill and Concert Pianist George Austial, both wonders in their line.

Friday the 9th, evening services were officiated over by Rabbi Morton A. Bauman. Always appreciated.

Monday the 12th, the Motor Corps took us down the Peninsula.

September the 16th, Mrs. B. Guggenhime gave us a Koffee Klutch which was thoroughly enjoyed.

Wednesday, the 21st, at a meeting of the Players' Club, our President Edwin I. Newman gave us a thirty minute talk about his trip to Europe. He should get a job on the radio.

We certainly enjoyed the picnics in the garden this summer where we played games, sang and danced to our hearts content and it's just another instance of the management trying to make the world happier for we oldsters.

