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Jonathan P. Kendall

Thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Hebrew Letters and Ordination.

Hebrew Union College - Jewish Institute of Religion

1974

Referee: Professor Stanley Chyet

To Jo Beth

Who has made life exciting

And love very real.

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THESIS DIGEST

This thesis is a biography of Rabbi Isador Edmund Philo [1873-1948]. The organization is linear and begins with the period when the subject began to write productively. In addition to materials donated to the American Jewish Archives by the Philo family in 1973, the author has been privileged to use many private diaries, sermons, correspondence andhas relied heavily on personal interviews conducted with Rabbi Philo's two daughters.

The thesis is divided into six chapters:

Chapter One primarily deals with the period between Rabbi Philo's marriage to Bertha Cohen through the termination of his active rabbinate in Akron,Ohio. The first four pages of Chapter One serve as an introduction.

Chapter Two deals with the period of time between Philo's departure from his Akron pulpit to his accepting the position of rabbi at Rodef Sholem Temple in Youngstown, Ohio. During this interim period, Philo was engaged in the practice of law.

Chapter Three covers the period between 1911-1930, including Philo's relationship with his new congregation, the War years, Philo's family, and portions of his lectures, sermons and debates.

Chapter Four recounts the trip Philo took on behalf of Rotary International to Europe in 1931 and speaks primarily to the profound effect Israel and the gathering storm in Germany had on Philo.

Chapter Five recounts the last decade of Rabbi Philo's full-time service to Rodef Sholem Temple. A primary concern in this segment is the relationship between Philo and his family.

Chapter Six chronicles the last six years of Rabbi Philo's life.

- CHAPTER I -

THE AKRON YEARS: TRIUMPH AND DISAPPOINTMENT

When a rabbi is admired by those to whom he would minister he is often called beloved, a humanitarian, an enemy of cant and a champion of good causes. Often his words will evoke human responses usually reserved for those of visionaries and prophets. But when the mantle of greatness crumbles, then the visionary becomes a seer of doom and the prophet a false prophet. No longer an enemy of cant, he is attacked as a hypocrite and a master of pretense. Captivating words fall on deaf ears when the humanitarian becomes an autocrat and the former image can no longer be sustained by its owner.

In a very real sense this may be all rabbis for there is a universal dimension to favor and disfavor. But in our singular quadrant of space and time this is Isador Edmund Philo. Born in Cardiff, Wales in 1873, son of Rabbi Solon Solomon and Regina Philo, the young Isadore Philo remains an unknown quantity. Scant are the sources with which we might accurately piece together his early years in Wales. The Philo family had emigrated to Britain in the early nineteenth century from Breslau. Instead of anglicizing their family name Liebe they chose to Hellenize it and they became the Philos of Cardiff.[1] As late as 1970 there remained a silversmith's shop in the old sector of Cardiff which bore

the name Philo. Its owners claim that at one time, perhaps one hundred years ago, the shop was owned by Jews.[2] One may only speculate as to the ownership and as to whether or not Solon Solomon Philo was more than a rabbi in the old country.

The exact date of the family's emigration to the western hemisphere is unknown. We set the date at 1880 based on the birth I.E. Philo's youngest sibling, a sister, who was born in San Francisco in 1881. Travel being what it was and Regina having had difficulty with previous pregnancies[3] we presume that over-land or sea travel would have been completed prior to her last confinement. This does not coincide with I.E. Philo's own recollection of having come to this country at age eleven[4] but the unalterable precision of arithmatic must be held superior to Philo's own memory. The family did travel together[5] to America which forces us to discount the possibility that Isador joined his parents at a later date.

Of the formative years little can be said beyond speculation and conjecture. All that is left to us are ten gravure plates showing a youthful Isadore Philo in various Shakespearean costumes[6] and the programme from a "Musical Recital of the Philo Family" dated 1887 with a pointed reference to the availability of lessons available for a fee. The events of these years have taken on an apocryphal flavor; it has been suggested by some Philo family members that during this time frame the family sustained itself by giving music lessons and by giving performances. These claims can be neither substantiated nor disallowed. It is only when young Philo reaches early manhood

that the events in his life become clearly documented and one is able to develop an over-view of the man and his nature. We know that Philo attended Columbia University and received his baccalaureate degree in philosophy in 1893. During the period between 1890-1896 we are only able to suggest the following: that Philo attended Columbia and had seriously considered a career in medicine. At his mother's urging he finally decided on the rabbinate as a profession (six generations on his paternal side and five generations on his maternal side of the family had been rabbis). He then attended the Emanuel Seminary in New York[7]. There is some question as to the validity of his rabbinic ordination as no smichah is extant. Some suggest that Philo's father may well have ordained him. There is no evidence to substantiate either possibility.

At the time Isador Philo and his family were in transit from Wales and were traversing the area of the Pacific Northwest, Henry and Caroline Cohen of Huntington, Pennsylvania were bringing their first and only daughter into the world. Bertha Cohen was born OCtober 13, 1879 to parents who were both born in this country. Her maternal side of the family, the Jacobs, were French. Bertha'a great-grandfather came from Alsace. His entry to this country is somewhat vague, however most family members agree that he was a sailor in the French navy who "jumped ship" in the Philadelphia harbour sometime between 1803-1805.[8] The Cohens were of German ancestry and were assumed to have emigrated from Bavaria sometime between 1820-30.[9] By their own admission, they were an aristocratic family.[10] Bertha's three brothers all attended college (Arthur, the University of Pennsylvania School of Art; Milton, the University of Pennsylvania Law School; Edward, the University of Pennsylvania [Edward died of typhus at age nineteen]) and she had completed high school. The religious orientation of the family was reform and given the prevailing tides of sentiment towards non-German elements of European Jewry, it was not a family into which anyone of dissimilar ancestry might be welcomed.[11]

While the meeting between Isador and Bertha is lost in obscurity, letters reveal an intense and blossoming relationship. In October of 1896, young Isadore would write the following:

> My Dearest Bertie,
> Saying farewell to you was the most difficult trial I have yet to endure. I long for the time when farewells are no longer a part of our

> conversation...I worry increasingly about about your dear Mother and Father as to whether I shall be acceptable to them... [Father] seems as though he is not happy with my person in your home when I come to call...[12]

Familial disapproval notwithstanding, young Isador managed to mollify objections made by the elder Cohen. Henry Cohen and his wife opposed the marriage of their daughter to this young rabbi on three fronts. The rabbinate, they felt, was neither dignified nor gainful employment. The young man was of German ancestry, but once removed, and, perhaps worst of all, the young man's father was an orthodox rabbi replete with beard and other abhorent singularly Jewish features.[13] In a last attempt to dissuade her daughter from marrying I.E. Philo, Caroline Cohen would write:

> Dear Bertie,
> It was my wish that you would come to see that a marriage to this young man can only bring you a life of unhappiness...you will be chained to a synogog forever...if we cannot convince you otherwise, we can only give you our blessing in this marriage and hope that you will be pleased for assuredly your father and I are not [pleased]...[14]

The marriage was solemnized in June, 1897 and by that September, young Rabbi Philo and his bride were serving Temple Israel of Akron, Ohio. Philo began immediately to reorganize the Temple structure and soon there flourished an active sisterhood under the direction of his wife and a religious school under their joint management.[15] Actual congregational life for the Philos, according to diaries and a history published by the Temple in Akron, seemed pleasant enough. The congregation grew and the rabbi and his wife

were quite content to enjoy the congregation. Philo was recognized as a fine orator and his sermons were often published in the Akron Beacon Journal and received reasonable exposure in several smaller trade publications. Indeed, the Journal would remark of his inaugural sermon at the "Reformed Jewish Church": The young Minister Ed Philo spoke eloquently...he is obviously a man of great stature and eloquence, with much intellectual depth...he was powerful yet with a kindly demeanor which endeared him to all present..."[16]

Akron, as many Northeastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania towns, was a combination of cultural and ethnic strains. The Jewish community stood in splendid isolation from the rest of the population. If one were to characterize the community in contemporary terms, one would be moved to say that the Jews of Akron near the turn of the century enjoyed a "low profile." Part of this may be attributed to a lack of organization and the size of the community. Another dimension could well be the absence of a spokesman for the community and certainly the larger community's ignorance of the Jewish population.[17] Conditions in Akron and within the Jewish community created a vacuum into which I.E. Philo thrust himself. Throughout Philo's tenure in Akron, the city suffered from serious labor disputes. Unionism was on the offensive and the large rubber companies fought back with all possible resources. When management and labor were no longer able to peacefully coexist, a strike ensued. It was a bitter, long struggle which brought almost all of Akron, so dependent on the industry, to its knees. In 1905 Ed Philo, the young Jewish

minister of the Reformed Jewish Church was called on to mediate the dispute. Prior to this call, which was only marginally opposed by management[18], Philo had been a champion of the working man and an outspoken foe of unfair management practices. In 1903 Philo had already advocated "a Peoples' Church, a church in which the common people would feel at home, a church to which the working men could come and feel that they were wanted..."[19] By 1904 he was immersed in what was to become a life-long love affair with the common working man. Philo wrote: "...it is no longer a question of organization. That time has passed. Organization on the part of the laboring class is a moral, intellectual and physical necessity. It is only by association that the individual can render his best products and receive the highest reward for his work..."[20]

During this period Philo was a much-sought after speaker and rarely, if ever, turned away an invitation to speak at a union or civic event. He often sought to bring a religious dimension to these addresses, to wit: "...organized labor created the world. God Almighty was the first union laborer. He brought harmony out of chaos and order out of confusion by applying the principle of organized creation to the unorganized and inert forces of nature..."[21] In April, 1905 the strike was broken and a new labor-management contract was negotiated. As an expression of appreciation, the Akron Central Labor Union issued the following in honor of Rabbi Philo:

> The Central Labor Union of Akron, Ohio, assembled in regular session on this date [April 14, 1905], desires in this manner to unanimously express its earnest appreciation and thanks to the RABBI ISADOR E. PHILO of our city, whose worthy friendship, and faithful

and efficient service and effort in behalf of the organized labor cause, has greatly endeared him to the delegates of the Central Labor Union, and to the members of all the unions in the city and vicinity affiliated with our Central body.
We recognize in Isador E. Philo a man well entitled to every union worker's confidence, esteem and respect.
We appreciate the fact that, while Rabbi Philo is not directly affiliated with us as a tradesman or artisan, and that his life labors are dedicated to teaching the word of God, he has deeply studied and considered the problems of labor and economic conditions; that he recognizes the needs of the toiling masses, who through organization are concentrating their strength to better their conditions; and that he has, through his gifted oratory, his eloquence and active service greatly assisted our cause.
It is with a deep feeling of satisfaction and pride that we can say that we have called upon him for aid and assistance to our cause, and that he has not been found wanting; that he has voluntarily and gratuitously ever placed his best services at our commands - to arbitrate, to discuss and to advise - in promoting the interests of the union men in Akron and vicinity.
Therefore, we the delegates duly elected and qualified as members of the Akron Central Labor Union, herewith by unanimous vote, the signing of our names to this scroll and the afixing of the official seal, earnestly express our profound thanks to Isador E. Philo, for the faithful and efficient services he has rendered the cause of union labor. 22

I.E. Philo was not content to only speak for the cause of labor. He was an outspoken defender of Judaism; when asked if he might exchange pulpits with a congregational minister, he took advantage of the opportunity to speak on the subject of religion in the schools, at the time an extremely emotion-charged issue. He was so well received by the congregation and word of his eloquence spread so rapidly that he soon found himself occupying different pulpits every Sunday morning.

Even before the advent of this new-found popularity Philo was not immune from criticism for his public utterances. In 1901 he addressed a men's club and pointedly told them that

"the true purpose of Christianity was being perverted...",[23] that there was no rhyme or reason why the Christian churches of the city should remain silent in the face of all the injustices brought against the poor people of Akron by the large rubber companies. The reaction to this speech was mixed; several individuals walked out of the hall. Among those leaving was a newspaper reporter who failed to remain for the entire address. The next day Philo was greeted by the unnerving news that he had openly attacked all of Christendom. Philo used this opportunity much to his advantage. Given an opportunity to explain himself in greater depth, he set before the people of Akron what was to become his religious philosophy for the remainder of his life:

> "Ever since the Christian world applied omnipotent power to our people, it has been rigorously and viciously testing these powers with fire and sword, with torture and torment, with prejudice and persecution. But the Jew abides; not because he is omnipotent, but because he His well nigh infinite in patience and forebearance, in devotion and loyalty to that which he believes is the truth. We are God-worshippers, not God-killers...let us forget our disagreements...let us accentuate our agreements... I ask not the Jew to surrender a single essential principle of his Judaism...I ask not the Christian to surrender a single vital precept of his Christianity... I ask each to live true to the highest and noblest principles of his faith...[24]

Here was planted a seed which grew not only into Philo's religious philosophy, but also branched out to embrace his social philosophy, as well. Religion could, indeed, spread a healing balm over all the troubles of man; that all religion, when practiced with integrity and forthrightness was the same. The rites of faith may be different, but the ultimate goal of brotherhood spawned of charity and understanding was inherent in each religion. Philo's desire was to discover this matrix and allow it to grow.

In essence, Philo had served notice to the Jewish community with respect to his religious philosophy when he wrote in the American Israelite in 1902:

> "Judaism is not the product of the rabbis. Not being the product of the rabbis, it is not within their power to unmake it. The rabbi is the product of Judaism. It is the spiritual aim of Judaism to unite all the children of man in peace and love and to bring them to the Father of all...when a Jewish man or woman has reached that pass when marriage to a Christian is inevitable... I would marry them on the broad principle that it is not the aim of religion to separate those who truly love each other...God is love, religion is love, the basic principle of marriage is love..."[25]

It is difficult to say whether the practice of intermarriage was widely spread in Northeastern Ohio at that time and it is equally difficult to withold judgement based on the contemporary situation with respect to intermarriage. One must, however, look beyond the issue of intermarriage and squarely face the world-view being expressed by its author, a view which would later be not unsympathetically called "Dr. Philo's Humanism."[26]

Philo continued to ride a crest of public adulation which was enjoyed by both his congregation and his young wife who accompanied him on many of his speaking engagements. A small and attractive woman who wore a size one shoe on her wedding day and because of her family was always well dressed and always came armed with a sharp wit, Bertie Philo was the consumate <u>rebitzen</u> in a social sense and lived, for the most part, in blissful ignorance of ritual, custom and ceremony. Their first Passover together was celebrated in Akron where Rabbi Philo presided at <u>seder</u> over a special <u>Pesach</u> ham lovingly prepared by his wife. Isador was a sympathetic individual and other than

embarrass his wife, he allowed the ham to remain, declaring with great pleasure that "God cares more what comes out of one's mouth than what goes into it!"[27]

Bertie enjoyed a social whirl which had escaped her in Huntington, Pennsylvania. Because she was well-educated for a woman of her day, she was constantly sought after for teas and socials. Her quick wit and charm were well known throughout the Jewish community and served as an excellent counter-weight to the often somber and dignified appearance of her husband whose temples were already greying on his balding head and whose six foot frame and slight British accent oozed propriety.

Beneath the seemingly tranquil life afforded by the congregation and the exciting existence offered by notoriety, there existed in Isador Philo an unrequited desire: to do more. No man can fulfill himself entirely. After he has eaten, slept, played, worked, crusaded and pounded his head against the wall, there is precious little time left in his life to concentrate not on himself, but on family, neighbor and world. Even then, he is plagued by the nagging doubt: "How can what I do make any difference?" Philo would discuss his restlessness with his wife at great length in the evenings. These discussions would enevitably lead to the question: Should I abandon the rabbinate, and if I do, what will I do? Oftentimes these discussions would be interrupted by the call of a congregant. Philo did most of his pastoral counseling at home, feeling that the Temple was ill-suited for the type of atmosphere necessary for the resolution of problems. Many evenings after these calls the Philos would, in their silence, ask if what had just transpired in their

livingroom could be measured against the successes found on public platforms crusading for just causes. At times Philo would invite members of the congregation to his home and gently turn the conversation toward issues he himself was confronting. And always the conclusion he reached was the same: to continue to do more outside the rabbinate was to do more at the expense of his congregation. The only clear choice was either to abandon those causes which he felt were so very crucial, the issues of peace, harmony, brotherhood and social commitment, or to abandon the rabbinate. What could a man at the age of thirty hope to do? Isador Philo began to think in terms of law as a profession.

Between the years 1907-1910, Philo and his wife burned midnight oil studying for the Ohio State Bar Examination. It was arduous work, for Philo also maintained a high profile in the community during this period and continued to minister to the needs of Temple Israel. Weeks would sometimes pass without any time devoted to law and would be followed by a month of frenetic activity. At one point, Philo would remark to his wife that judging from her knowledge, she would be better prepared to enter the Bar and practice law than he.[28] But finally, when Philo felt ready and competent, he took the Ohio State Bar examination in Columbus in June, 1910. He returned to Akron with a copy of the examination which his wife administered to herself. Her score was ten points higher than his, which was declared a "passing" score. Philo, in a farewell to his congregation, said that his desire was to serve not only the Jewish people, but all mankind, that it was his desire to champion the cause of justice

for the working man and the poor. Philo entered the practice of law vowing that this would be his life's work, a fulfillment of his destiny.

- CHAPTER II -

THE LAST TRIAL

Isador Philo hung a shingle over his front porch and, with an announcement in the Akron Beacon Journal and a story (for two other area ministers had also left the pulpit that year to practice law) in the same paper, he retreated to his living room and waited. He did not wait long. Many sought his counsel and came to him for legal advice. During the early days he was as much a marriage counselor as an attorney. He did prepare several property deeds and wills, but this was a far cry from the life he had envisioned as a lawyer. Even without the benefit of television as a point of reference, Philo dreamed of eloquent defenses before the bar, stirring oratory and dramatic acquittals. And so Counselor Philo found himself in the throes of depression. Doors that had opened conveniently for him while he was a rabbi were now shut to him as just another attorney. The opportunities to speak out against those things he found abhorrent in life were no longer available to him. The unsettling feeling came over him that perhaps he had made an error in judgement and that his choice of professions was stunting his personal growth. And now there was another, even greater consideration. Bertie was about to give birth to their first child and the income from deeds and wills was hardly enough to maintain a family.

George Hill was a rubber worker who had dabbled on the periphery of union work. He was a large man , a loner who kept mostly to himself and was not what one might call

sociable. He had been in attendence at a labor day speech given by a young minister in September, 1907. He was very much impressed with the young man's style, if not entirely with his message. He had lightly followed Philo's activities in the Journal and in trade publications for several years. Now he was incarcerated in the Summit County Jail awaiting trial for the murder of his wife. As the story goes, Hill was given an old newspaper to pass the hours during the sticky Ohio autumn. He discovered an article about the young minister who had left the pulpit for the practice of law. Philo was requested as counsel and was retained.

In his diary, Philo would write: "A most extraordinary thing happened today. I was called to the jail by a deputy and met a man by the name of Hill who is accused of killing his wife. The man appeared quite wretched and continually professed to me of his innocence. Tomorrow I shall return as I promised and begin to act as his barrister. It has been an exciting day..."[29]

The details of the case are quite unclear. The case received just enough publicity to make Philo feel that it warranted his attention and might act as a vehicle for a wider and more influential practice. Briefly, Hill was accused of beating his wife to death with a chair. The prosecution alleged that the Hills had for some time been having marital difficulty. Neighbors were called to testify to the effect that verbal and physical strife were not strangers to the Hill household, that indeed, similar arguments in the past had left Mrs. Hill with cuts and bruises. The State contended that Hill arrived home

late one evening, drunk, and in a blind rage over an unidentified indiscretion, beat his wife to death. Hints were made about infidelity, but nothing of any consequence surfaced during the trial. Philo saw his client as innocent. There are no extant records of the trial, only Philo's recollection in his diary that his summation to the jury was "his finest oration." Hill, by the grace of God and his counsel, was acquitted.

Years after Philo's death, his widow would delight in telling the story of how her husband ran from the courthouse to their home (not an inconsiderable distance) and came through the front door in such a jubilant mood that it took him several minutes to catch his breath before he could relate the good news. The young lawyer basked in a mood of absolute euphoria that afternoon and even looked forward to the next day when his client would pay a visit to discuss the fee, meagre as it might be.

According to Philo's widow it rained the next day and the skies were ominous. At noon George Hill arrived. The night before the counselor, his young wife and new daughter sat in the living room of the house which had seen so many things and heard so many stories. Philo mused to his two women that the walls would now be privy to new and more exciting information. But deep inside Philo there was another gnawing fear: in his desire to defend Hill and have him acquitted, did he overlook the possibility that Hill was actually guilty? Had he, in effect, been taken in by his client and had his desire to serve humanity in the person of George Hill obscured his better judgement? Ann B. (Bertie) Philo would recount that her husband awoke that night in a cold sweat and remained

awake until dawn.

George Hill sat in the living room of the Philo home effusive with thanks for the fine work of his attorney. But Counselor Philo became more and more agitated as the meeting progressed. A decision concerning the fee was reached and George Hill arose to leave. As he stood at the door, Philo put a hand on his client's shoulder and asked, "Tell me one thing, George: Were you completely honest with me?" Hill paused for a moment and then spoke the words which ended a brief legal career: "No, I killed her, but they can't get me now." Philo stood dumbfounded in the doorway of his law office-home and stared blankly as a free George Hill walked down the street. His wife stood in the kitchen, also having overheard Hill's parting words and the only sound in the entire house was Regane Philo crying in her crib.

Burdened by guilt and self-recrimination, Philo also cried and spent the next three days disconsolate and alone. He would write in his diary:

> "I cannot believe that I was so gullible as to be so sure of this man or myself. Now a murderer can walk the streets a free man and no one is to blame but me. I cannot reconcile this event with my conscience or my God. And who is to say that it will not happen again?" 30

After reflecting on the situation for what seemed to be an eternity of silence, Philo's widow would recount that on Sunday morning he literally burst into the kitchen to inform her that he had decided to return to the rabbinate and abandon his legal career, that a man of his sensibilities and sensitivities could not function in the legal profession. Bertie regarded this as a mixed blessing. She knew her husband had made this decision

based on an isolated case based largely on the naivete of a newly established lawyer. She felt that her husband owed himself another chance. At the same time, she also realized that her husband's greatest talents lay not in dealing with the individual sordid problems of men, but with the larger problems confronting man. Privately, she had also missed the security of a synagogue-oriented existence with a pre-arranged social constituency and a certain aura of acceptability which surrounded the life of a rebitzen. It was then, really, a happy choice and one which she welcomed finally with complete satisfaction.

Armed with the knowledge that the new decision would be, for the most part, unalterable once made, the Philos began to think in terms of a new pulpit. Bertie lobbyed for a congregation in the East (for her, anything east of Akron was East) and her husband was willing to oblige her. Thirty-two miles east of Akron was a small iron and steel producing municipality called Youngstown. It had a small, but growing Reform congregation which had already begun to think in terms of expansion. Blueprints for a magnificent new structure were already being drawn. The only ingredient absent from the grand design was a young, committed, eloquent rabbi of German stock and unreconstituted Reform leanings.

- CHAPTER III -

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO: 1911-1930

Youngstown, Ohio is nestled in the Mahoning Valley of Northeastern Ohioequidistant from Pittsburgh and Cleveland. The city was first settled at the turn of the nineteenth century and large deposits of iron ore and limestone were discovered shortly thereafter. The iron and steel industry produced great wealth and status for those directly involved with planning and development. By the year 1840, this area of the state was one of the largest ore-producing territories in the country. Names like Crandall, Wick, Jones and Laughlin made up the city's social register. There were embryonic steel magnates whose families would make up the power base of the city. Despite a large influx of European and Eastern European laborers to the city, the ultimate authority in government was vested with the owners of the steel companies.

With the beginnings of genuine industry and trade in the city came also Jews who brought with them their own social structure and pecking order. By the time Rabbi Philo and his family arrived in Youngstown there were two distinct Jewish communities: the orthodox, which was largely Eastern European and the reform, which was exclusively German. The former group, in terms of vocation, was diverse. Many were small grocers and businessmen, some worked in the growing mills and factories of the area and many worked in the already established businesses of the latter group. The German

Jewish community was well-established in trade and commerce and had a growing number of professionals.

Rodef Sholem Temple was located at the corner of Lincoln and Fifth not far from the business district. It was a quasi-Byzantine structure which was just beginning to deteriorate (more by design than by other means, as the structure stood until 1970. A favorite tactic of this congregation had been and continued to be the benign neglect of property until such time as someone suggested renovation or a move). The membership had just purchased a parcel of land on Elm Street, fronting Wick Park, a location more central to the wealthier membership and more desireable from the perspective of status.

Membership in the congregation was by election of the Temple Board. Only those who met rigid social and ecenomic criteria might join. In addition to regular religious instruction in the Sunday School, students were given one hour's instruction in the Holy Tongue - German. It was comfortably into this setting that Rabbi and Mrs. Philo came.

Philo maintained a rather low profile in Youngstown his first several years with the congregation and this is more than understandable in light of the proposed new structure and all of the considerations, rabbinic and otherwise, attendant to such an undertaking. Indeed, if one consults the newspaper files during this period, one only finds brief sermon summaries in the Youngstown Vindicator and almost no activities reminiscent of the firebrand activism which was carried off with such spirit and élan in Akron several years before. Were it not for

Philo's diaries and the reminiscences of his widow to this writer, one might presume that nothing was accomplished during the period between 1911-1915 save for the construction of the Temple. But during this period Philo was making quiet inroads in the theretofore sacred and exclusive domains of the powerful Protestant clergy.

Philo's first task upon arriving in Youngstown was to make calls on several influential Protestant clergymen simply as a means of introduction. With some amusement, Philo would later recount his meeting with the Episcopal Priest at St. John's Church as "most curious." [31] The minister spoke at great length about the schism between the Eastern and Roman Catholic Churches. After exchanging small pleasantries, Philo finally inquired what the meaning of this conversation might be, since it was being conducted between a Jew and an Episcopalian. The Priest recoiled in shock stating that he had only been informed that a minister, a Dr. Philo, was calling and that he simply assumed that Dr. Philo was a priest in the Greek Orthodox Church.

Beyond pleasantries exchanged at these early meetings there was an unstated goal: to establish alliances and friendships with certain powerful clergy with a view toward creating a true atmosphere of brotherhood within the "ministerial club" which might overflow into congregations. A deeper purpose existed as well. Philo saw the same things he had seen in Akron in Youngstown. He saw poor people without a public forum, working men without an advocate and he also discovered another segment of society to which he had been oblivious. Philo discovered the Black population of Youngstown.[32]

There was a desire on Philo's part to make these alliances strong through personal friendships, for these would be the individuals upon whom he would call when he began to address civic problems in Youngstown should he encounter serious opposition from his congregation. These were quiet Sunday afternoon discussions ranging over a wide variety of non-controversial subjects. Many took place at the new home built for Rabbi Philo at 1817 Selma Avenue, approximately one mile from the new Temple site and two miles from the old structure. It was built to Philo's specifications to include a study, a large parlor, a finished attic and four bedrooms. When it was built, it was the only house on the block just at the end of the trolley line. Beyond was farm land. It was a perfect place to entertain guests privately and without interruption.

Bertie enjoyed her social life again and soon became an active member in the Temple sisterhood. Not a weekend passed without an invitation to a party or tea. Regane was growing and was showing herself to be a precocious child with a profound interest in animals and dance. The Philos began to think in terms of Youngstown as home.

The June 6, 1915 edition of the Youngstown Vindicator carried a full two page story on the "Dedication of the Magnificent New Rodef Sholem Temple" which was to take place the following weekend. Many commented that the article was particularly well-written for the Vindicator which never was nor ever has been particularly noted for its journalistic endeavors. The Philo "touch" was unmistakable;

he had written the article. In part, it read:

> Splendid ceremonies, in keeping with the dignity and magnificence of the project whose completion they will celebrate, will mark the dedication and opening of the new Rodef Sholem Temple, the four days beginning Friday, June 11. Leaders of the Jewish faith in this country will be here to cooperate with Youngstown men and women in the consecration of their new house of worship. For the Temple is a building out of the ordinary; the congregation has erected it not merely as a place to hold services, but as an expression of itself and of its ideal of what a spiritual home should be. It has been designed upon so broad a scale, that around it in the years to come will center the interests of its members from childhood to old age, and the Temple will be a home in fact as well as in name... 33

Philo's widow would recollect years later that many congregants were surprised to read of the Temple's purpose on such a broad scale as stated in the Vindicator. Many, indeed, had thought that they were simply erecting a House of Worship. Their Rabbi Philo had a different perspective on the way things should be. The article continued:

> ...so much for the new Temple as a House of Worship. But that is only part of the purpose for which it has been erected. Combined with it are social features which make it represent a new idea in church building. They are in accordance with the modern spirit, and one would have looked in vain for them in a similar building, at any previous time.
> These features make the Temple an expression of the modern idea of the relation of the church to humanity. Until a few years ago the church was merely a place of worship; it was the Lord's house, to be used for services, now and then for a church supper, but for nothing else. Within the last few years the conception has changed; the new idea is part of the renewal - the revitalizing one might call it - of democracy, that has been going on in this country. The church, men are saying, must not keep aloof from the common life of humanity; she must take more active part in it than ever. Instead of offering a place to which men repair for an hour or two on the Sabbath, the church must welcome them every day, must make itself the center of their activities. To the young it must not only give instruction in matters of faith but afford the means of pleasure and entertainment as well. To those who are grown up it must be a

> center of social life. For all it must be a center of social and physical, as well as spiritual recreation. In this time of great popular movements, it must aim to influence man on all his sides, in order to make its character properly felt...[34]

Philo would write that the church must take a part in social awakening. If it is to watch over and sanctify our daily lives, then it cannot be a place exclusively for religious expression, except in the very broad sense that a social and community center may also provide a vehicle for religious expression. In this seemingly innocent Vindicator article of June 6, 1915, Philo articulated his concept of the synagogue, not only to his congregation, but to the wider community as well. After the article appeared, a minister to whom Philo had confessed authorship questioned him as to why he chose the word "church" over temple. Philo responded with, "I know that this is what Rodef Sholem will be. And what of your church?"[35]

No expense was spared for the building or its fixtures. An outlay of better than one hundred thousand dollars was used for the building alone. Philo was at the site daily to inspect, and much to the distaste of the contracters, to supervise. The greatest tribute to their workmanship and Philo's persistence was that aside from plumbing, electrical wiring and new kitchen facilities, the temple was not renovated until 1960 (and only then because the "house committee" had allowed the interior to deteriorate to the point when renovation became a necessity).

If no expense was spared on the design and construction of the building, then certainly no expense was spared in acquiring speakers for the grand occasion. Indeed, it may well have been Youngstown Jewry's one and only moment of glory. In

addition to local Protestant clergy who delivered greetings and salutations on that auspicious Friday evening, the program read:

> An opening prayer will be delivered by Dr. I.E. Philo, rabbi of the congregation, after which the keys of the building will be delivered by the chairman of the building committee, M.J. Samuels to the President of the congregation, Max E. Brunswick. The speakers will include Rabbi David Lefkowitz of Dayton, Ohio; Rev. D. Louis Grossman, Cincinnati, O.; Rabbi Joseph Kornfeld, Columbus, O.; Rabbi M.J. Gries, Cleveland, president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis.
>
> Saturday morning the speakers will include Dr. Kornfeld, Rabbi David Alexander, Toledo, Ohio; Dr. S. Wolfenstein, Cleveland; Rabbi Lefkowitz, Dr. Philo, and there will be a Bible presentation by Miss Regane Winifred Philo.
>
> Sunday morning, in addition to Drs. Gries, Alexander, Kornfeld, and Philo, the speakers will include Rabbi Stephen Wise of the Free Synogogue, New York.
>
> Sunday afternoon and evening there will be a public reception.
>
> Monday evening there will be a banquet and celebration in the social hall, and Wednesday evening the great organ, a gift of the Rodef Sholem sisterhood, will be dedicated. The organ is a magnificent instrument, the largest in Youngstown, and one of the finest in the entire country. [36]

And a gala event it was. Bertram Lustig, then a boy of fifteen who served as an usher for the weekend recalled:

> I don't think Youngstown has seen anything like it since. I think the seating capacity was about six hundred and fifty in the main room [sanctuary] and people were standing on the steps outside a half hour before the service began that Friday night. I remember the night because it was hotter than hell and every one was dressed fit to kill... it was quite an affair...I don't think there have been as many rabbis in the place since, I know I'd never seen so many before...there was a real feeling of community pride that weekend, because you see not only Jews came to the reception which was open to the public, but easily five, maybe six thousand passed through those doors that weekend... [37]

Given the success of the weekend, the notoriety it produced and the pride which was spawned by the event, I.E. Philo was ready again to launch his crusade. But there were obstacles standing in the path of his design. The year 1916 brought a reversal in the tide of good fortune. Philo became locked in a struggle with the Temple board over his new parsonage on Selma Avenue. The Temple had built the house for their rabbi but was unwilling to assume responsibility for repairs. The house, unlike the Temple, had been constructed poorly. While the outer shell was sturdy, the interior fixtures had already begun to wear. Both the board and Philo displayed stubborness and intransigency. The board felt that it had done its part by buying the home; it absolved itself of further responsibility. Philo felt that if the home was not deeded to him personally, then he was only a tenant and the congregation, as landlord, had the responsibility for repairs. In November, 1916, Philo purchased the house from the congregation for an undisclosed sum.[38] The controversy was concluded and both sides were once again amicable. Actually, by their own admission, Philo had made something of an impression on board members by virtue of his tenacity and his desire to "be his own man." Philo was afterwards known as a man of principle who was, underneath a polished exterior, quite a "fighter."

The family was very content on Selma. Regane was now seven years old and in school. Bertie enjoyed the congregational life and stayed a safe distance from any controversy, preferring instead to remain close to the women whose husbands were on the Temple board. Philo would later credit his wife with having neutralized any sentiment on the board for his possible

replacement.

Philo decided in January, 1917 that he and his family were due for a rest. He petitioned the board for a three month vacation, the first he had really taken since his arrival in Youngstown. The board complied and the Philos went west, to California, to visit Bertie's two brothers. Arthur Cohen was working with a young director, Max Sennett; Milton Cohen was already a "Hollywood Lawyer" who numbered among his clients Pola Negri and Valentino. The actual details of the trip are somewhat sketchy, for Philo, a compulsive keeper of diaries, wrote nothing. His widow would recall of the trip that he was at first mezmerized, then scandalized by Los Angeles and all of its surrounding tissue. It was not the actual area which he found offensive, but the people, who were, in his opinion, less than genuine. While in Los Angeles he investigated a congregation and was tentatively offered a post. He refused to consider the possibility of such a move based largely on his opinion that the area was destined to become a ghost town after the fad of motion pictures died out. The congregation in Youngstown offered growth and stability; the congregation in Los Angeles was hardly worth considering. So in March the Philos returned home to Rodef Sholem and Youngstown, leaving behind them what was to become the Wilshire Boulevard Temple and the most populous state in the country.

One member of the family was not scandalized at all by Hollywood. Regane was captivated by it. She decided, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that she would have to return and be an actress. While Philo came home refreshed of spirit

and ready to take Youngstown by storm and Regane came home with visions of stardom dancing in her head, Bertie came home pregnant. All three states of being in which the Philos found themselves upon their return were lasting, but the mood of Regane was by far, from a psychological perspective, the most important. Images had been etched deeply into her mind and they would be transmuted into hopes and desires which at a later date would be cruelly thwarted by her father.

Philo had always been an opponent of war. Indeed, early in his career he spoke out strongly against American involvement in the Far East,:"...America is not the Esau of Nations. It should not barter Constitutional safeguards for a mess of pottage in the Orient." [39] Philo's interest in world affairs and the state of the nation carried him to the Bull Moose convention in 1912. He served as a delegate, but did so without the knowledge of his new congregation. His political contacts were still in Akron. Philo spoke before the convention on the need for international reconciliation and goodwill. But the advent of the "Great War" effected him profoundly. To that point in time he had related to war in general terms through historical perspective. Now, the horror and carnage became real in the present tense. He was often called to hold services for the doughboys from Rodef Sholem who had died, were wounded or missing in combat. Many public prayer services were held throughout the city and Philo always found himself on the dais. Often he would break down and cry at these public expressions of hope and grief; he would write: "...to think of these fine, young men, taken in the flower of life, cruelly wounded, never whole again...

...reconciliation between peoples and nations might have spared their lives and limbs...nothing can be worth all of this sorrow..."[40] Philo's sensitivity was felt by many. As news from Europe would reach Youngstown of new casualties, Philo would make a point to either write or visit each family that suffered a loss. By the end of the war, the balding, white haired Jewish minister was not an unfamiliar sight in the Italian neighborhoods of the Northwest side of town or in the Black neighborhoods of the East end. In the latter, Philo would meet for the first time Black clergy. There he built the foundation for Youngstown's first inter-racial league. It was only the Eastern European neighborhoods which Philo avoided. There, he felt, he was not welcome. Upon introducing himself in one home as "Rabbi Philo" he had been spat upon, cursed and told to leave.[41] He harbored little hatred for the event, only damaged pride and a determination to tread lightly in those areas where his Jewishness might impede his mission.

Philo agonized over the war. He rejoiced when his wife presented him with a new daughter. November 1, 1917 brought a new Philo into the world, Ann Carol. As her sister Regane, Ann was delivered at home. Philo immediately called the president of the congregation to inform him of the birth. "Now I have two," he declared. It took almost a full week before the community knew that the president's interpretation was wrong, that Philo definitely had not had twins.[42]

During the war years, Philo found that his services as a rabbi were at a premium. He often traveled to Rodeph Sholom in Pittsburgh to participate in their Sunday Lecture Series. He made forays to the Cleveland temples for speaking engagements. In addition to these extra-congregational rabbinic duties, he found

time to serve as a chaplain at several state institutions and one army camp. By the war's end, Philo felt rejuvenated. He had recaptured some of the verve and elemental fire lost through the unpleasant experience in law and his uneasiness about his relationship to his new congregation. Philo emerged from the war as something of an elder statesman in Youngstown. In 1920 he articulated his position:

> "The more progressively universal Judaism is the more Jewish it becomes and the wider the scope of its influence. A particularistic Judaism is not even for Jews only and certainly cannot win sympathy and support of emancipated souls and minds...it would seem only reasonable that we put into effect the phrase which graces the portico of our house of worship, that 'My House shall be a House of Prayer for all peoples'...the universal appeal of Judaism cannot be denied. I seek no converts to our faith, only converts to our recognition of what is right and just for all men...to that end I believe it is essential that quietly and without ostentation I begin to work closely with other clergy and address problems facing humanity...one can see everything below from above, nothing above from below...we must seek to elevate the reasonableness of my colleagues so that they too may see everything below from above... 43

In addition to the contacts already made during and prior to the war with other clergy, Philo sought a wider constituency for his ideas. He began to write a column for the Youngstown Vindicator under the pen name of Straw Bored Green. The column was closer to a full page article which appeared each Sunday, usually full of praise for individuals who had shown a degree of humanity in their dealings with others and was alternately full of venom toward those who had not. Each

Article would contain a certain quota of Philo propaganda, to wit: Sectarian religion only serves to divide men. Universal religion tends to unite them."[44] Straw Bored Green became a household name in Youngstown and Philo never lost an opportunity to test new ideas through the anonymous Green. In several sermons of this period, one sees Philo quoting Green and agreeing with him and then, again quoting him to disagree. It was Philo's hope that other preachers would be doing the same. Green's identity was always kept a secret and only the publisher of the Vindicator, William Magg,knew his true identity. Magg and Philo would differ greatly in later years during the Roosevelt administration which led to the cessation of the Straw Bored Green series. Magg was a conservative and the Vindicator was definitely a Republican newspaper. Philo would view Roosevelt in terms so lavish in praise that Magg found it impossible to justify a continuation of the column. He did, however, provide Philo with air time on WFMJ (William F. Magg, Jr.) radio station and in the early thirties Youngstown heard Friday night and High Holy Day services over the airwaves.

Rosh Hashanah was unusually warm, even for Youngstown, in the year 1921. The Temple's sanctuary was filled to capacity. As was the custom, the organist had finished his prelude and the choir was beginning its opening response. A hush fell over the congregation as the door on the left side of the pulpit opened and Philo appeared. Until that evening, Philo had appeared on the pulpit garbed in a grey cutaway suit with a high white collar, the proper dress

for rabbis of the congregation, as had been established by Rabbi Lippmann Leibmann many years before. That night Philo made a break with tradition which produced what Bertram Lustig recalled as "restrained pandemonium."[45] Philo came to the pulpit wearing a black robe. Philo's widow would recall:

> I don't think Father [her name for Philo] remembered his sermon, or for that matter, the service. He stood at the lecturn for what seemed to be hours while the congregation hummed and buzzed...he finally began the service, but his voice cracked...but that broke the ice and the service went smoothly... [46]

The response after the service was something else. The congregation was reasonably divided over the new addition. Many felt that it provided a more dignified and formal appearance. Others contended that it was "too Protestant."[47] But Philo had timed the event well and soon the congregation found other things to discuss besides the rabbi's new pulpit style. This was an important guidepost for Philo. He knew well that if there had been strident opposition to the robe it would indicate a deeper problem. The introduction of a robe during the service was a device used to determine not the acceptability of dress, but of the man who wore it. For if a congregation will attack a man on the basis of what he wears then the circumstances bespeak a far greater dilemma. Philo sought a consensus from the congregation and he had received overwhelming approval. For the first time in ten years of service to the congregation, Philo would confess to his eldest daughter that he felt secure.[48]

Changes were taking place in the Philo household. Regane was blossoming into a beauty. Out-going and fun-loving, she was already attracting the attention of young men. At the age of fifteen she would begin to take dancing lessons in earnest and was the darling of the Temple. Mature for her age, she presented many problems for her father who viewed the roaring twenties as a personal threat to parental authority. As young as she was, Regane had become "a flapper." Ann was developing as a homebody. Both girls gravitated to their father and were unquestioningly loyal to him. Bertie enjoyed a close relationship with Ann, but had begun to drift apart from Regane who would appeal to her only on the occasions when an unfavorable fatherly edict had been rendered with respect to a dance or social affair. The two girls together were close, although the age difference between them often militated against much social contact. Other dispositional obstacles stood in the way of their relationship. As out-going as Regane was, so was Ann shy and reserved. As beautiful as Regane was, so was Ann plain. Max Brunswick, a long time president of the congregation and a close family friend saw the two sisters at play one day and renamed them "Hans and Fritz" after the comic characters the Katzenjammer Kids. The names stuck and Regane became "Fritzi" and Ann became "Hanzi" to the entire community.

Singular events during the decade between 1920-1930 mark Philo's progress in Youngstown as a crusader for human rights and as an innovator within the context of his

rabbinate. In 1922 Philo met again with many of the Black clergymen he had encountered during the war years. It was a momentous meeting and took place on which Philo considered to be neutral ground, the basement of the First Christian Church. Philo's good friend, Rev. Dr. Hudnut was on vacation for two weeks and the church was virtually empty. The first Saturday in August, 1922, the group assembled. Philo and six Black ministers talked throughout the afternoon. That evening, Philo would write in his diary:

> "I met today with six men who breathe the same air as I, drink the same water, have the same fears and know the same joy. All that separates us is the color of our skin. How sad that skin should stand in the path of understanding. How sad that we should meet secretly and not openly as brothers. How tragic the things they have shared with me and how more tragic my response that I found myself wondering aloud to them if anything might at all be accomplished." [49]

When Hudnut returned, Philo told him of the meeting, although he was hesitant to do so. The First Christian Church was prestigious and still had Crandalls, Wicks, and Joneses on its membership lists. Its minister was progressive, but was not about to embark on a potentially ruinous adventure. Philo, however, was pleasantly surpised and Hudnut suggested that he be invited to the next meeting. Youngstown's first Inter-Racial League was born. Philo's concern was not so much with immediate changes in the collective white psyche of Youngstown, which, as any other small, industrial town of predominantly Eastern European Catholic stock, tolerated Blacks in the steel mills, but not in schools or neighborhoods. Rather, Philo desired what

one might call today "consciousness raising" or dialogue . For this end, and this end only, the League continued to meet. It drew praise from some quarters and criticism from others. First to come to the support of the League was the Catholic Church. First to retreat from support was also the Catholic Church when Rev. Hudnut innocently asked why the Church maintained separate par ishes for whites and blacks. Hudnut's church was also guilty of discrimination, but because of his influence in the community, this racial indiscretion was temporarily overlooked. Philo, at a later time, would strive to change his friend's perspective and was marginally successful.

The League enjoyed a wide range of publicity. As previously stated, the inter-mingling of races in Youngstown was an unknown quantity before the League came to the fore. Neighborhoods were largely composed of ethnic or nationality groups. It was not uncommon for an Italian family to feel unwelcome on a Polish block. To suggest that someday, even in the distant future, Blacks and Whites might live together and work together was unthinkable given the mood and tenor of Youngstown race-relations at the time.[50] July 9, 1923 was a humid, typically Youngstown summer evening. Philo was attending a temple board meeting and Bertie was visiting the Printz's around the block on Fifth Avenue. At home on Selma were Fritzi, Hanzi and Caroline, the Philo's Black domestic. Fritzi would recount the events of the evening:

> "There were only four or five houses on the block with a few more under construction...the street was quiet and empty...it was about 10:00 pm...Hanzi

> and I were upstairs, Caroline was in the basement ...the street was cobblestone in those days and anything that went down the street could be clearly heard from indoors. At around ten we heard horses hooves. I looked out the front window in my parent's room and saw about ten or twelve men on horseback, dressed in white... I really had no idea what or who they were... but Caroline knew immediately...she had raced up the stairs shrieking and crying 'Please don't let them take me, please don't let them take me!' The men shouted toward the house, but we were too afraid and too confused to hear what they were saying...they rode over to Crandall Park [approximately three hundred yards from the house] and burned a cross...[51]

Philo returned home shortly after the Klan had departed and was, according to his daughter, absolutely livid. His concern, however, was not over the action the Klan had taken, but rather that he had missed seeing it. After that event, Philo never lost an opportunity to speak of the Klan in his column as Straw Bored Green, or later, writing as Maftir in the California B'nai Brith Magazine:

> "I have always associated fascists with the Ku Klux Klan and have regarded Mussolini as the Imperial Wizard of the Italian Branch of the American Order of Night Shirts."[52]

The year 1923 also brought other surprises for Philo and his congregation. In his Rosh Hashanah sermon of that year Philo would present what he felt was a well-reasoned and logical argument for Reform Jews adopting a Sunday Sabbath. Philo suggested that Shabbat was a state of mind, a feeling, which might be created and cultivated on any day of the week. It was not absolutely necessary to have Saturday designated as the day. He further argued that American society, especially

the business sector, militated against a Saturday Sabbath. Too many businessmen were involved in necessary commerce on that day; it was unfair to think that they should sacrifice their livlihood. Rather, Sunday provided a universal element which could not be denied. Other faiths observed that day as the Day of Rest. Might not the Jews also commit themselves to Sunday as the day set aside for spiritual quickening?[53] The congregational response was luke-warm. Other congregations had tried and been successful, others had tried, only to abandon the idea. The days between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur were, indeed, days of awe. Philo received much correspondence during the ten intervening days, much of it hostile, some of it vitriolic. One letter came from an alleged Orthodox rabbi in Cleveland. It was unsigned, but the message was clear:

> "...have you the audacity to suggest that we should forsake the one thing which we have cherished for so long? To think that you call yourself a Jew! You are no better than goi...[54]

There were other letters which were more complimentary, several from Protestant clergymen who applauded the idea. However, Philo considered the source rather than the content and on Yom Kippur morning, he recanted. Philo came away with two distinct impressions from the event. First, he expressed sincere doubt about the genuine character of his Gentile colleagues who lauded his proposal with veiled suggestions of "seeing the true light" at last. Second, as a result of the letter from the anonymous

Orthodox rabbi, he felt nothing but hostility for what he called "the customs and rites of Catholic Israel."[55] Indeed, he emerged with a stronger Reform resolve than ever before. The one group of individuals with whom he would never sit in dialogue was the Orthodox rabbinate. As he was wont to often say, "Conservatives are tolerable, orthodoxy is unbearable."[56]

I.E. Philo was gaining a reputation as the consummate Reform rabbi for Rodef Sholem Congregation. His popularity was continually on the upswing. Even his championing of unpopular causes did not diminish his stature within and without the congregation. Philo took an interest in community affairs which would later chart the course of other rabbis serving Rodef Sholem. Few community causes escaped his pen or his presence. In 1924 he chaired the Community Chest Drive for the Youngstown area. To inaugurate the appeal, he wrote the following, which in many respects crystallizes his perspective on charity:

> If you can keep your roll when all about you
> Are giving theirs and not blaming it on you,
> If you can cheat yourself when all men trust you,
> And make allowances for their trusting, too;
> If you can dodge and not be tired of dodging,
> Or being sought out, still hide behind excuse,
> Or being rejected, still keep on hedging
> And yet look seeming good and still refuse -
>
> If you can slack - and make slacking your master;
> If you can shirk - and make shirking your aim;
> If you can meet sorrow and disaster
> And treat them as imposters just the same;
> If you can bear to see the poor who've spoken
> Tortured by need to make a coin of fools
> Or watch the things that make for life - broken
> And stoop and build your house with these worn-out tools -

If you can make one heap of all your earnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-or-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginning
And have the poor make up your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone;
And hold on to your dollars while there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them "Hold on!" -

If you can see the needy and keep your money
Or walk with kings - and lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can reach you,
If no men count with you, not one for much;
If you can fill the unreturning minute
With 60 seconds' worth of cruel fun
Yours is the Hell and everything that's in it
And - which is more - you'll never be a man, my son.[57]

If Philo's pen was mighty, then his presence was awe-inspiring. More than several individuals interviewed stated that their clearest memory of him was his standing on the pulpit. Many volunteered that "he looked like a prophet." Philo was a preacher of great renown. But his preaching ability may have been eclipsed by his ability as a debater. In 1926, Philo would share the rostrum with Clarence Darrow. They debated the topic: "Does man have a soul, or is he but a machine?" Philo took the former position and Darrow, who espoused what he called a "mechanistic philosophy" took the latter. Two thousand thronged to Stambaugh Auditorium, across the park from the Temple, to hear the debate. It was a classic confrontation, with the two protagonists meeting at breakfast before the grand event. Philo would recount later that "... Darrow tore me to pieces because I chose to address the subject with a degree of dignity..." Indeed, according to the newspaper accounts, Philo started in a most serious vein and was promptly attacked by Darrow, whose wit and courtroom ability went without question. Philo, who had never displayed much wit in public,

preferring instead to present a more reserved image, decided that for the sake of the debate he had better follow another approach. What developed was described as the most entertaining afternoon Youngstown had ever experienced. Every barb of Darrow's was met with what the Vindicator labeled "a Philoism." No votes were taken at the conclusion of the debate, but Philo came away with at least the knowledge that he had "held his own" against one of the finest legal minds of all times. A friendship developed between the two and correspondence (no longer extant) flowed freely between them.[58]

Philo's ability as a debater became common knowledge throughout the valley and he often found himself debating an issue from the negative side which he ordinarily would have supported. The Philo wit was sharpened by these encounters and audiences from Cleveland to Pittsburgh delighted in this tall, stately man with the slight British accent who would produce great laughter and then quickly wax philosophic, turning humor to irony.

March of 1928 was an important month for I.E. Philo. Coming at the end of the month would be a debate which threatened to rival the one two years earlier with Darrow. Philo would battle at the podium with Judge Ben Lindsay of Denver, a staunch advocate of birth control and companionate marriage. But earlier in the month, March 18, Philo would give his eldest daughter, Fritzi in marriage to Jacob Bilder of New York. Philo was both sad and relieved. Fritzi had met this man in New York. While he was somewhat older than she (he was 34, she was 19), Philo felt that

Bilder might provide the stability necessary for his daughter who, by his standards, had grown impetuous and wild. Her behavior was not unacceptable, she was simply not the ideal rabbi's child. She was clearly too sophisticated for Youngstown, Ohio and had sought new horizons in New York where she attended an experimental school of dance. In her travels she met Bilder, fell in love, became engaged and was about to be married. Bilder came from a wealthy New York family and was by profession, an attorney although much of his time was spent at the family farm on Long Island tending to his horses. It was a wedding of memory for Rodef Sholem. Philo brought his daughter down the aisle and then officiated at the ceremony. It was a touching sight for the congregation, most of whom were in attendance. The reception was held in the ballroom of the Youngstown Hotel, as posh a spot as Youngstown had to offer. The New York contingent of Bilders were duly impressed and all parties were very pleased with what Bertie would recall as "a match that was made in Heaven."[59]

With the young couple plying the Caribbean on a friend's ship and the social whirl of the wedding having dissipated, Philo settled down to prepare for his confrontation with Lindsay.

Lindsay was a formidable opponent whose reputation was well known. Philo felt that he would be representing morality while Lindsay would be speaking from an amoral position. Philo weighed his words carefully as he sat to write his opening statement. Instead, he wrote a letter to his Fritzi:

My Dearest Daughter,
By the time you read this letter you will have returned from your honeymoon and will be leading a life I think you have always wanted, one filled with excitement and activity that neither your mother, I, nor Youngstown were able to give you. Please know that we love you dearly and that our lives here are part of your lives there. The Bilders seem to be lovely, dignified people and we couldn't be happier for you. If you will allow me a small portion of fatherly bias, your Jacob is a very lucky man...[60]

Every father must bid farewell to a daughter sometime in his life. Parting is often more sorrow than sweet and so it was for Philo who could not bear the separation from his Fritzi. Over the next months Philo would write many letters to his daughter. Some would contain rambling accounts of events in Youngstown. Others would be simple statements of fatherly concern for a newly married daughter. Philo desperately fought to maintain lines of communication open and, against the wishes of his wife, even paid a visit to New York in June to simply reassure himself that although he had lost a daughter through marriage, it was more a matter of geography as opposed to feeling. Throughout the remainder of the summer Philo kept up a steady stream of letters and noted with some regret that Fritzi failed to reciprocate in volume.[61] When Philo's wife finally protested that the once-a-week letters were now a bit much, he took to writing his daughter from his study and mailing them from the Temple office.[62]

The first Sunday in October, 1928 was a bitterly cold, rainy day. The family was assembled at the table for breakfast prior to Sunday school. Talk centered

around the favorite topic of conversation as Philo mused to his wife and youngest daughter, "I wonder what Fritzi is doing now." As a matter of fact, Fritzi was standing on the front porch trying to muster the courage to knock on the door. Marriage and New York, wealth and status had been poor substitutes for home, security, familiarity and Father.

The knock at the door was answered by Hanzi who let out a cry that spoke both of surprise and shock, for Hanzi often lived vicariously in Fritzi's stead. Philo came to the livingrrom and embraced his daughter. Fritzi simply announced, "I'm home!" Philo simply suggested that she unpack. Bertie stood in silence as Philo and Fritzi ascended the staircase. When they returned to the kitchen, Philo simply told his wife, "Fritzi is home for good." He then grabbed his coat and went to Sunday school. Not a word was mentioned in the Philo household that day or any other day about the marriage. It had simply ended and Fritzi was back in the familiar surroundings of Selma Avenue, Rodef Sholem and Youngstown. People, of course, did talk of the divorce and the possible reasons behind it, but such was the respect for Philo and his family, that no one ever pried nor was any information volunteered. The return and re-introduction to the Youngstown scene was a fait accompli the moment Fritzi set foot on the front porch.

With the High Holy Days and the momentary crisis of "the divorce" behind him, Philo sought a rest for himself and his family. In December the Philos once again journeyed to California. Fritzi was the most excited over the possibilities

offered by the trip, for indeed, Hollywood was a part of California and Fritzi still harbored visions of stardom which remained dormant only for the length of her marriage.

Los Angeles had changed drastically since the first visit in 1916. Bertie's brothers were no longer participants in a fad, but were full-fledged members of a social set that included Cecil DeMille, Douglas Fairbanks, H.B. Warner, Frances X. Bushman and a particularly close friend of Arthur Cohen, who by coincidence was also a Youngstown boy: Jack Warner. Hanzi would recall:

> I remember a party at My Uncle Milton's home. I sat on the top steps and watched all of the stars arrive. I was mezmerized by it all. Unle Milton saw me and took me downstairs and introduced me to everyone...it was the most exciting evening a ten year old girl could possibly have. 63

While Hanzi was being introduced, Fritzi was circulating around the room trying to find Jack Warner to arrange a screen test. After consulting with Uncle Arthur (one of Warner's art directors), she secured from Warner the promise that she could be tested sometime during the next week. The test was made and Fritzi performed brilliantly. Warner was ready to offer her a contract, but out of friendship to his friend Arthur, decided to ask permission of her father. Hanzi would recall of the event:

> Father was unalterably opposed to any contract or any involvement with the movie industry. I don't believe I'd ever seen him so angry or so stubborn. He flatly refused to have his daughter involved with people he considered to be immoral and indecent. Fritzi cried, pleaded, begged, but all to no avail. Father simply put his foot down and said "No." When Fritzi threatened to go ahead anyway, without his blessing, he said something to her that I know cut her to the quick. He told

> her that if she signed any contracts with Warner, she would no longer be welcome in his home. By that time it didn't matter anyway since Uncle Milton had already asked Warner to withdraw the offer and Warner agreed to do so. Fritzi gave in. I don't really think she's been completely happy ever since... [64]

The Philos returned to Youngstown in mid-January. Not a word passed between Philo and his eldest daughter on the train during the return trip. Upon their arrival in Youngstown, Philo attempted to make amends with his daughter to which she agreed, but damage had been wrought which could not be repaired. Fritzi Philo would spend the next eight years at home in what she described as "a bittersweet Hell." [65]

- CHAPTER IV -

A TRIP AND A CHANGE IN PERSPECTIVE: 1931

Community involvement led Philo to community organizations. There was the Community Chest, the beginnings of a Jewish Community Center, the Inter-Racial League, all of which enjoyed Philo's attention. Philo was an active Mason who enjoyed the fraternity of the organization and the contacts made within. He also helped found the Torch Club, a group of articulate professionals and businessmen who met to debate and discuss the issues of the day. His greatest love, however, was Rotary. Robert Manchester, who served as president of the Youngstown chapter of Rotary and who would later rise to an international vice-presidency said of his fellow Rotarian: "Ed Philo brought humanity to the Youngstown Rotary. He took us from a group of men and made us unto a concerned community."[66]

As both a reward for past service and an honor for one whom they loved and respected, the Youngstown chapter voted to send Philo to Vienna for the International Rotary Convention. Philo wanted desperately to go but found himself wanting for adequate funding. Bert Printz, Philo's closest friend in the congregation (whose widow did not abandon her limousine with liveried driver until her death in 1960) set out to raise the necessary monies which would allow

Philo to visit not only Vienna, but also the better part of Europe and Palestine. According to Philo's widow, it took Bert Printz exactly one hour to raise the money.[67] A gala farewell party was held at the Temple, well-attended by the membership and Rotarians. In June, 1931, Philo boarded the train in Youngstown for New York, leaving his wife and daughters behind.

Philo docked at Bremen on the twenty-third of June. From there he journeyed by train to Vienna. He would write in his diary that the crossing was uneventful and that it had been a calm crossing by nautical standards, but by Philo standards there were many moments when he thought he would surely expire from sea sickness.[68] It was good to return to dry ground again. Had the opportunity been available, Philo swore that he would have walked back on the return trip.

Vienna was a beautiful city. It had depth and dimensions which were only early memories for Philo. To him, Europe was not home, but was an environment to which he felt kindred. Fluent in German, Philo had no difficulty communicating with the local population. He found the city stimulating and the Rotary convention an exciting experience. Over-shadowing the convention and the sights, sounds and smells of Europe was the growing tension Philo felt in response to worsening economic and political conditions throughout Europe. On his way to Vienna he has passed through the better part of Germany. There, he said that he felt "a cold, uneasy feeling, like hearing a strange noise in the basement, but not wanting to go down to look for fear of what one might find."[69] Philo changed his travel

plans so that he might return and spend greater time in Germany. Throughout the entire trip, Philo would allude to a foreboding about what he might find.

The convention was a huge success, one which Philo felt would speak eloquently to his own philosophy, for here gathered men from almost every civilized country of the West and East who had come together for dialogue and discussion. Surely this was the key to international relations. But the greatest and most exciting part of the trip was still ahead. Philo docked at Haifa on July 15, 1931. From Philo's dairy we receive his first impressions of Palestine:

> We docked around 9:00 am. The day was brutally hot. Many of the men immediately removed their ties and coats and as we walked down the gangplank one could not help but feel the excitement in the air. This was holy soil...

Philo journeyed from Haifa to Jerusalem. It was an arduous trip and Philo was exhausted:

> Our hotel is lovely, the King David. It is a very formal place with many of the ammenities one would expect in a Western hotel. I plan to sleep, for I must. Inside me there is a desire to go out and explore this City of David, but if I am to continue this trip, I feel I must rest... [70]

The next morning Philo set out, armed with his German, his Yiddish and much determination to explore. He spent the next four days wandering the city, becoming enveloped by the oriental moods and textures which were new to him. He found small and insignificant things facinating and sought to touch everything, for everything touched him.

"It is difficult to believe," he wrote, "that here walked men around whom the Western world has built its great religions and has fashioned civilization from their deeds. This is, indeed, the spawning ground of great ideas... I have never felt closer to my people, nor have I ever felt closer to God."[71] To that point in time, Philo had given only limited attention to Zionism. He had believed strongly in establishing a homeland for the Jewish people, but for him, America was the Promised Land, America held the answer. Philo had never centered his attention on Palestine; in fact, he had been even less than luke-warm to the idea. As early as 1905, in response to news of the deteriorating condition of Russian Jewry, Philo would write: "The only hope for the Russian Jew is neither zionism nor wholesale emigration... America is his land of promise..."[72] Now there was a shift in direction for Philo. He felt at home in Jerusalem and came to realize that while he personally would never come to live in Palestine, that many generations after him would call this land home.

Philo spent an extra week in Israel, forsaking time that was to have been spent in France and England. He toured the country from one end to the other, but always he would find himself longing to return to Jerusalem. He wrote to his family:

> I feel that now, no matter where I find myself, in Haifa or Yaffa, in Tiberias or Youngstown, I shall look to Jerusalem. I cannot begin to tell you what this city has done to me. It is as if I have come alive in it...of course, there are

> no Reform Temples here, and I have found myself in the unpleasant situation of having to go to shul again! I know that a Reform Temple seems and sounds almost as strange as a ham sandwich in a Kosher restaurant, but ham sandwiches, I might add, may even be attainable in Palestine... can you imagine a Friday night service with the Union Prayer Book here? [73]

Philo embarked from Haifa on August 2. He wanted desperately to return at some future date with his wife an daughters but he wrote in diary:

> Bertie, Fritz and Hanzi would love to see Palestine and I would take great pleasure in showing it to them. But I fear, like my Moslem brothers, that I have made my one-in-a-lifetime pilgrimage to my Mecca and I shall not return. [74]

For Philo, Germany was both a homecoming and a disturbing experience. Philo was unable, during his short stay in Berlin, to single out any one particular thing which suggested an impending disaster. He could only cite combinations of things which brought him to the conclusion that peace in the world was in serious jeopardy and that the Jewish community of Germany might suffer in war more than any other people. He found the inflation, which was wracking the German economy, to be the most unsettling circumstance of all. He was impressed with the Berlin Jewish community, but was concerned over their strident patriotism. He did not feel that the German people were reciprocating in feeling what the German Jews were expressing to him. When he expressed concern over their future, he was met with hostility and was told that only a German Jew might understand the German people.[75]

Philo left Germany on August 16 and arrived in Youngstown on the twenty-ninth. Tired and disturbed, Philo would fill the time between his return and the High Holy Days with reflection and introspection. His wife remembered that he often would awake in the middle of the night and retreat to his study to sit and ponder all that he had seen, to try to discern the meaning of the gathering storm in Germany, to reconcile his attitude toward Palestine and zionism with his previous feelings. There were many sleepless, restless nights. Philo was enduring a personal ordeal, an emotional and intellectual battle raged inside him. Old ideas were dying, being violently uprooted by the new, and Philo recognized that whichever was victorious, there would also be a loser. When one engages in combat within, one is reminded of the Socratic question: Who the slayer? Who the victim? Speak.

- CHAPTER V -

GOLDEN YEARS AND THE DECLINE: 1931-1942

Youngstown greeted Philo with open arms upon his return. He was entering the last decade of his service to the congregation and to the community. He was considered to be the elder statesman of Youngstown. He was virtually above reproach. The decade between 1932-1942 would mark the pinnacle of his career. On November 25, 1932, Rodef Sholem Congregation came out to honor its rabbi who had served them so well for twenty years. From the Youngstown Vindicator, an account of the evening:

> Dr. I.E. Philo started his 21st year as rabbi of Rodef Sholem Temple today following services last night commemorating his 20th anniversary as head of the temple, attended by more than 1,000 persons representing all creeds and all walks of life...it was the greatest tribute ever paid a minister in this city. The rich and poor gathered to do him honor. The old and the young alike were there. Many could not get into the services [they] gathered in the parish hall in the long line where Dr. Philo called everyone by his first name. 76

As a token of esteem, he was presented a Medici print of Van Dyke's Mari Luisa VanTassis by the congregation bearing an inscription testifying to his work for Judaism and humanity. The Rotary Club presented him with a silver platter and a plaque. Philo opened the service humbly and graciously, expressing his grateful thanks for the presence of his friends and members of the congregation who had come to pay him tribute. He said:

> "My heart goes out in thanksgiving. With all my heart I thank Thee for lovingkindness and tender mercy

shown thy servant. I am not worthy.[77]

Dr. Fletcher Homan, executive secretary of the Federated Churches, Dr. W.H. Hudnut, Pastor of the First Christian Church, Dr. W.E. Hammaker, pastor of Trinity M.E. Church and Rev. Dubois Lefevre of the First Unitarian Church brought greetings from the Gentile community. The principle address was delivered by Philo's close friend, Dr. Samuel H. Goldenson. If one views extracts from the greetings and addresses delivered that evening, one comes to understand the position Philo enjoyed in the community. Dr. Hudnut said:

> I have been deeply moved by this beautiful service in which we all have been united. Ed Philo has been changing in the twenty years that I have known him. He has been painting a picture in the community life. He has been a source of protection and salvation to men. The influence of Dr, Philo has gone far beyond your parish. He has emphasized good will and real progress has been made here.[78]

Dr. Hammaker added:

> I am to talk for five minutes - five minutes against twenty years. The world when Dr. Philo came to Youngstown and the world of today are vastly different places. He has not been asleep. He has been wide awake. He has always had something to do. He has been everlastingly at it seeking to do his bit. If it does not become a better world it cannot be laid at the door of your rabbi for lack of leadership.[79]

Rev. Lefevre:

> A moral man follows the customs of the tribe so I shall call Dr. Philo an immoral man. He lives ahead of the tribe. He has dared to think and express his thoughts openly. He is a real humanitarian and welcomed us all, believer and non-believer. Dr. Philo looks ahead to the time when our petty hates will have gone, when we will have a great community church where all men may worship. The most precious possession I will carry from Youngstown if I ever leave it is the memory of Dr. Philo.[80]

Dr. Homan was the next to speak:

> You are the prophet of a higher life that is coming. Your deeds are born out of the sympathy of a great heart. Your ambition is to do for others. As a newcomer to Youngstown you won my affection as a prophet of goodness, peace, understanding, intelligent thinking, humanitarianism. [81]

Rabbi Goldenson delivered the address of the evening. In part, he said:

> We are here to express our joy and delight that you have been here twenty years. It is indicative of a proper use of power when men and women come willingly to bear witness to the usefulness of your life. It is no accident that men of different faiths have come together here. I utter a prayer that you may be able to minister to this congregation for twenty years more. [82]

Philo's popularity was so great that he was invited to join the Youngstown Country Club, a restricted and largely Protestant establishment which had the finest golf course in the city (for this was Philo's one outlet of physical activity). Philo refused the offer graciously with a letter to the board of commissioners of the club:

> I am flattered that you invite me to join your club. As you know, I have played on the links there many times. As soon as you open your membership to all Jews, not just me, you know that I shall be first in line to make application for membership. [83]

Even after being rebuffed, members of the club continued to invite Philo to play and he graciously accepted the invitation, as the Squaw Creek Club, the Jewish club had, in his opinion, the worst golf course in the world.

Philo busied himself with varied community activities. By the year 1935 he was active in over sixty

committees and community organizations. He wrote several magazine articles and returned to write a column as Maftir in the California B'nai Brith Journal. He became infuriated over trends in Reform Judaism, which he felt were leading Reform to a more traditional posture. His wit was often sharpened at the expense of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and the Central Conference of American Rabbis:

> [on the C.C.A.R. rabbi's manual] The manual aims to preserve - to pickle - in orthodox vinegar, the traditional Jewish flavor of ancient ceremonials. The editors of the manual have been recruited from among the most orthodox of the timid liberals. Marriage ala chuppa, brith ala meztitzah, death ala k'riah may now be had for the asking. Gravestones may now be dedicated according to Shulchan Aruchk hayle and gravestones consecrated in keeping with the custom of Catholic Israel...it is a complete manual for undernourished rabbis, but it makes no provision for the proper use of the mikve. The omission is unpardonable...one more manual like the present and the conference can say Kaddish. [84]

Philo's interest in Zionism was constantly brought to the fore. It was his desire to see a diminution in what he considered "pure zionism" and growth in the sphere of what he considered to be true Zionism. The former to him represented nationalism, and as events in Germany slowly and painfully unfolded, Philo recoiled at anything that was founded on purely nationalistic grounds. To Philo, zionism without Judaism was like theology without religion. Patriotism as a national religion frightened Philo for he saw it only as a creed of narrow politicians. Nationalism had to be transcended by humanism; geographical considerations were not enough to establish a viable nation. He combined his philosophy of religion with his stance on Zionism. Humanism would be the

religion of the future, much as alluded to by Rev. Lefevre. Out of this religion of the future would spring the civilization of tomorrow, a blend of zionistic idealism, patriotic zeal and national internationalism.

Fritzi drifted from boredom to boredom. She lived at home with her parents and there existed between them an almost classic love-hate relationship. She could not bear to leave, the attraction for home and family was so great, nor could she bear to stay. She had started her own dance school and had become active in little theater groups in the city, but she remained a lost soul. In the summer of 1935 she met a young man from East Liverpool, Lemuel Wazbutsky. She was at first amused by his name, which she found outrageous. She described him in less than kindly terms as harmless and dull. But Lemuel had wealth and was easily manipulated. They would marry in 1936.

Hanzi, who lived in the shadow of her father and her sister, found comfort with her mother. Within the Philo household there was almost cultic devotion to Father, who represented strength, stability and love. Hanzi did not want to leave the family, but she had displayed great artistic ability and had been accepted as a student in Fine Arts at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. It was close to home and offered a good education. She stayed in Pittsburgh two years and in 1937 felt that she was ready to continue her education elsewhere. She enrolled for the fall semester at the Grand Central School of Art in New York.

With Fritzi living in Canton and Hanzi in New

York, the Philo family found itself reduced to two resident members. Philo's widow would reflect that those few years were golden years. Her husband was no longer a young man and had been told to "slow down" by his physician. Reluctantly, Philo stopped many activities and concentrated on building the congregation and its image.

While in school, Hanzi did work as a commercial artist for Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue. She was blossoming as a person and found New York an exciting and invigorating experience. There was so much to see and do and she felt liberated from a confining, although not unpleasant, attachment to home. She had begun to circulate in a crowd of young people associated with the commercial trades. Her friends were artists and almost-actors, buyers and salespeople, all struggling for a niche in the fascinating woodwork that was New York in the late thirties. At a party at the apartment of a friend she met a young man from Youngstown who asked her if she might consider a blind date with a medical student friend. After expressing some doubts, she agreed. The following evening she went to dinner at the automat with Milton Kendall. Their first date was not promising. When she told him that she was the daughter of a rabbi, Kendall responded with, "My God, I've just gotten rid of one of those [he had just ended a relationship with deSola Pool's daughter]." [85]

Kendall was a first generation American whose family had come from Roumania. His father was a physician and his mother was totally devoted to the sisterhood at Congregation Sherith Israel in New York. It was an unlikely combination.

Kendall was wont to tell Ann that the life of a physician was not easy, but he was willing to give it a "try". They were married in February, 1938. The wedding was held in Youngstown, much to the displeasure of the elder Kendalls, who felt that Reform Judaism might as well be Unitarianism. Immediately after the wedding, Henry Kendall insisted that they return to New York for a Kosher wedding at Sherith Israel. To keep peace in the family, Ann agreed. Philo made sure that temple business would militate against his attending. Only correspondence passed between the Philos and the elder Kendalls after that meeting in Youngstown. Neither party would see the other again.

1939 brought many things to the Philo household, not the least of which was Fritzi and her newly arrived son, Philo Charles Wasburn (Fritzi's first act after marriage was to insist that Wazbutsky change his name to Wasburn). Philo and Bertie were overjoyed to see their daughter and new grandson. Their happiness was somewhat dampened by the fact that Fritzi had come home alone. Lemuel had squandered what money he had and Fritzi found herself with a child and little chance for support. She and Lemuel parted company amicably. There was no divorce, only a permanent separation. Lemuel would remain in Canton and little Philo would be raised by his grandfather.

The house on Selma came to life again. Philo felt younger, acted younger, became more involved in city affairs. Ann had, with her father's help, convinced Milton to begin his practice of medicine in Youngstown. Until he started and developed his practice, they could stay with the family. Surely the house was large enough for everyone.

Philo possessed a magnetic personality. This was the one medium by which all men chose to measure him. It was his standard of universal exchange, accepted at par by all who knew him. This was the coin of his universal realm. It is, however, a law of general physics that two magnets with the same polarity will not attract, but will repell. There is no genuine corollary for inter-personal relationships. It is often said that little girls often grow up to marry their fathers. In the case of Hanzi, this may be said to be true, for Milton Kendall was as strong, as autocratic, and as stubborn as I.F. Philo could ever hope to be. The tension between the two was often more than either could bear. Arguments which started as discussions would often rage into the early morning hours. This was a pleasant time, with the entire family there, but it was also a trying time for Philo.

For as Philo was concerned over the relationship between his son-in-law and himself, he also was doubly concerned about his grandchild who would be growing up without a father. Added to this was the growing spectre of war and the impending destruction of European Jewry. For the New Year in 1939, Philo would tell his congregation:

> As we face another New Year we find it difficult to place our finger on the one thing which affected Israel more than any other in the past twelve months. The past year was crowded with events of vital significance for our people. So much that profoundly touches the destiny of Israel is taking place today in every part of the world, that it is exceedingly difficult to get our bearings and to chart our future course. The position of the Jew in Eastern Europe was never worse. Polish Jewry is experiencing the most trying days in its history. The Jews of Germany have reached the pass where suffering ceases to cause pain and anguish. Russian Jewry -

> once the creator of a great Hebrew and Yiddish literature - is rapidly disappearing. Jews in Austria and Hungary are living on the edge of a volcano. The report of the British Royal Commission on Palestine has stirred Zionists as they have not been stirred since the Balfour Declaration, and has filled Jewry in general with deep disappointment and profound regret. Anti-semitism, the brand "made in Germany" is sweeping over the world and poisoning the hearts and minds of nations friendly to Jews. The catalogue of Jewish catastrophies rivals Sears, Roebuck & Company for size and variety..." [86]

Philo, who had been the eternal optimist his entire life, was slowly but surely giving way to the depressing realities which were about to descend on his home, his health and his people.

In October, 1940 Philo realized one of his greatest dreams. His daughter Ann would recall:

> Often I'd sit at the top of the steps and listen in on counseling sessions, especially those when young couples came for a pre-marriage interview. If one of them wasn't Jewish, Father would lobby for conversion, but it was a well-known fact that he felt that marriage was something between two people and God, not two people, God and religion. [87]

Philo had long wanted a chapel to which all religions and races might come for a non-sectarian message of peace, understanding and brotherhood. His idea of a peoples' church had remained strong ever since he had originally suggested it almost forty-five years before in Akron. It was, however, a different world and such dreams of brotherhood and understanding had long been replaced by the persistant realities confronting mankind. But if men could not come together, united in common bonds of fraternity and purpose, at least two people might come together in such a setting to unite their lives. Philo and Dr. Hudnut together opened the Chapel of the Friendly Bells where couples of different faiths might come to marry without the intrusion

of hostile or unfriendly conflicting theologies. Had the world then not been losing its last vestige of virginity to Hitler, then the opening of the Chapel might have attracted more attention. But people were no longer interested in the idealistic dreams of two old friends who were trying to speak a universal language to mankind. The world was becoming harsh and cruel. Perhaps it always had been so. Perhaps Philo had lived in a world of splendid isolation, hearing what he wanted to hear, seeing what he wanted to see, responding only to those things which he allowed to touch him.

For the first time in many years, Philo confided to his wife that what he had accomplished seemed all for naught, that he was depressed and dejected and wondered seriously if he had accomplished anything at all.[88] At this time in his life he felt the burden of the entire world resting on his shoulders. It was an uncomfortable weight to carry, an unwelcomed burden. On October 30, Philo complained of a shortness of breath and pains in his left arm and jaw. Milton met him at the hospital. He had suffered a mild coronary thrombosis.

While he spent only ten days in the hospital, it allowed him enough time to place his life in proper perspective. Initially, thinking that he was about to die, he wrote two letters to his daughters. To Fritzi he wrote words of encouragement and hope, full of his wishes for Philo's future. To Ann, he wrote his true feelings, a combination of bitterness and hope. He concluded with the request: "Take care of your mother."[89]

Philo recovered rapidly. He was told to curtail as much activity as possible and he quietly began a search for a replacement at Rodef Sholem. He drifted through the next year, depressed and disconsolate. The bombing of Pearl Harbor only added to his anguish. In January, 1942, Milton was inducted into the U.S. Army Air Corps. Ann followed him to North Carolina for training. The house on Selma again seemed empty. In March of 1942 Philo regained some strength. Milton had been sent to England and was not in any combat zone, Ann had returned home to work for the Red Cross as a caseworker. On March 22, Philo went to the Temple office in the evening to pick up a book. When he did not return in two hours, Ann drove over to the building. She found him in his office gasping for breath. Another heart attack signaled the beginning of Philo's retirement.

- CHAPTER VI -

RETIREMENT: 1942-1948

The search for a successor for Philo was not a pleasant process. The congregation interviewed many men and measured all of them against I.E. Philo. The selection committee was composed largely of Philo's close friends, which made the process almost impossible. While men entered with innovative ideas with respect to the religious school or brotherhood, the congregation was only anxious to hear whether the new rabbi would be willing and able to carry on the community activities with the same diplomacy and elan as Philo had.[90] To complicate matters further, after each man was interviewed, the selection committee would then report back to Philo who would offer opinions as to the suitability or unsuitability of a given propect. Although the congregation had changed in composition, there was still a desire to hire an individual of German ancestry who was devoted to classical Reform Judaism.

One man caught Philo's eye. He was a younger man, intense, a scholar who Philo felt could take over the reigns of Rodef Sholem and would not be adverse to Philo's occasional presence on the pulpit or his officiating at varied life-cycle experiences. The rabbi was Abraham Fineberg. Fineberg received the pulpit at Philo's insistence over strong objections from the committee. Fineberg had an obvious German accent and this did not please either the committee or the board.

Fineberg was hired and Philo was able to retreat to his home study and reflect on his life and accomplishments.

Had the times been different, had there been no war, Philo might have enjoyed quiet years of contemplation and family togetherness. But there was a war and there was a need for a man of Philo's stature. He was called upon to lead bond drives, to speak before clubs and organizations. He rarely refused and offer. When the rabbi in Altoona was called to the chaplaincy, Philo volunteered to conduct services, weddings and funerals in his stead. Every other week Philo would drive or be driven to Altoona for services or answer calls in the middle of the night for funerals. The small congregation in Massillon, Ohio was also without a rabbi and Philo periodically would travel there to conduct services or officiate at marriages and funerals. Rodef Sholem made demands as well. Philo had served for thirty years and was often called upon to marry and bury those who had held him in such high esteem. And then, of course, there was young Philo. A boy should not be raised exclusively by women; the boy should have a man to lead him. So little Philo and the elder Philo would play on the front yard, would go see the trains at the crossing, would be bounced on tired knees and held in weak arms.[91]

Philo found himself as busy as before retirement. But now the things which occupied his time were the minutiae of the retired rabbi. He tried to maintain a discreet distance from the congregation so as to allow Fineberg a free hand. But it was difficult. Philo's widow would remember that he '...would be depressed often, listless and very quiet. He once had a beautiful smile which could light up a room. He didn't do

much smiling during those last years, except for Philo."[92]

Philo did little writing during his retirement. Most of his work was done in committee, before audiences and much of what he said had already been said years before. When speaking before religiously oriented groups he still clung tenaciously to the notion that all men might come together in brotherhood and peace. He showed great anguish over the Jewish dilemma in Europe and displayed Zionistic fervor whenever he spoke. But still, he was tired and knew that his time was short. Philo began to retreat from the reality he had faced in the late thirties. He began to place a greater emphasis on international reconciliation and the idea of peace, even though war raged outside his door.

In 1945, Fineberg died suddenly of leukemia. The search began again for a replacement and Philo came out of retirement to serve again. For seven months Philo resumed his pulpit and threw himself back into the mainstream of congregational and community life. He never lost an opportunity to speak or serve. Despite protestations from his family and close friends, Philo continued to drive himself onward.

In July of 1946, a young and dynamic rabbi came to serve the congregation. Sidney Berkowitz arrived in uniform and Philo's first words to him were. "Sidney, have your clothes washed and while you're at it, wash yourself!"[93] Berkowitz's first call was to visit Ann Kendall at the North Side Hospital who had just given birth to a second Philo grandchild, Jonathan Philo.

Now the retirement was real and irreversible. Philo's health was failing and his desire to continue was waning. Now he would sit at home and play with Philo, or bounce Jonathan on his knee. He would occassionally attend to needs of old friends. But his greatest love turned inward to his family, a love which he admitted may have been neglected in the past. Ann and Milton had purchased a new house and had moved away to another part of the North side of town. Fritzi worked all day and Philo was in school. Alone with his wife again, Philo would spend hours going over past events, recalling, remembering, laughing and occassionally crying. In 1947 the congregation honored him for his fiftieth year in the rabbinate and his and Bertie's fiftieth wedding anniversary. On Friday night Philo delivered the sermon and he chose to speak on tolerance:

> If there is anything that the world needs today it is tolerance, and while this spirit is constantly growing it is not as universal as it should be by any means. In the many complexities of modern life toleration is more essential now than it ever has been before in the history of civilization.
> God, in his infinite wisdom, has made no two human beings exactly alike, therefore it is natural that there should be differences of opinion. It would be a queer world if all people had similar views. It is diversity of ideas that makes the world progressive. Even in the same family no two individuals are exactly alike, and here is where tolerance must first be practiced to make domestic life beautiful and harmonious.
> The various races and nationalities are members of the great human family with different ideals of life, dependent to a large extent on environment. Toleration should govern our contact with different people, as we can always learn something from them if we approach them in the proper attitude.
> Religion was given to the world to develop mankind's higher qualities, but unfortunately its adherents have manifested a spirit of tolerance that has caused some of the bloodiest epochs in the history of the world.

> Had there been toleration among the nations there would never have been the terrible wars which have cost so many human lives. The more universal the tolerant spirit, the higher the type of civilization.
> The marvelous development of this country can be attributed in a large degree to the religious freedom of the people. Unfortunately there are occasional demonstrations of intolerance by individuals and groups, but they are usually short-lived. Intolerance has never paid and never will.
> To be tolerant we must be able to appreciate the point of view of others. The home, the school and the church are the places to foster this spirit.[94]

In April, 1948, Philo made what was to be his final appearance on the pulpit at Rodef Sholem. In preparing for the service, Philo chose a piece he had written in 1930. In it he made clear his philosophy of life and living:

> I will live today. Today is the best day of my life. Yesterday is dead; tomorrow is not yet born. I will make today significant by serving the best, thinking the highest, feeling the noblest. I will be king if only for one day. I will sit on the throne of my best self and rule my passions and thoughts with the scepter of intelligent direction. Today is the shadow of yesterday, the dim dawn of tomorrow. I will walk in the sunlight. I will bathe my soul in the healing rays of God's truth. For, I would be free, free to think God's thoughts after Him. God is truth, and in truth I see His Divine face smiling with assurance and courage. I will turn my face towards his face and my thoughts towards his thoughts, that I mat walk in his paths and do his will. I thank God for today. I thank Him for its opportunities and duties, for its difficulties and trials. They test my worth; they draw out of me what is best in my mind and soul; they strengthen me and give me grace. I will live today, that I may declare the glory of God and the goodness of man tomorrow.[95]

On April 17 Philo suffered a massive coronary. Near death, he was rushed to the hospital where he remained for two months. Then, despite earlier predictions by his physicians, he began to show marked improvement. He was discharged and allowed to go return home on May 21. While in the hospital Philo reiterated a request he had made of Ann after his first attack, to take care of her mother. He wrote essentially the same letters to his daughters

as he had before. In addition, he wrote a letter to two year old Jonathan. In it he expressed regret about not having the time available to watch him grow and mature, that it would have been his fondest wish to see Philo and him reach manhood. Then he made the same request of Jonathan that he had made of Ann: take care of your mother.

June was a brutally hot month and Philo spent much of it in great discomfort. Resigned to dying, Philo retreated to his bedroom or study and spent as much time with his wife and family as his strength would allow. On July 16, 1948 Philo went to bed early as he had planned the next day to visit the Temple, ostensibly to retrieve some books. An early riser his entire life, Bertie wondered why, at 9:00 a.m. he had not yet emerged from his room. She went to investigate and found her husband of fifty-one years lying peacefully in bed, a look of contentment on his face. He would have been seventy-five on July 24.

The out-pouring of grief in Youngstown was great, but it could not equal the void created on Selma Avenue. All activity, for as long as anyone could remember, had been built around I.E. Philo, father, husband and rabbi. The vacuum created could not be filled by anyone. There was, for the family, only emptiness.

It its lead editorial of Monday, July 19, 1948, the Youngstown Vindicator wrote of Philo:

> Dr. I.E. Philo had one passion in life - peace and goodwill among men. All his thinking and his work revolved around this one idea. It expressed itself in various ways. Preaching the need of good will

> between industry and labor, he served as an arbiter in a wage dispute. Eager for good will between whites and Negroes, he took a leading part in the Youngstown Inter-Group Goodwill Council. Convinced that sectarianism sets men of different faiths against each other, he worked for cooperation in mutual tolerance and friendly understanding. For his service to the cause of good will between nations, Rotarians sent him as a delegate to an international Rotary convention in Europe. Hating war as one of the greatest evils, it was natural that after the first World War he should become a pacifist. Yet after he visited Europe in 1931 he said that he found little hope for world peace. Even then Hitler was preparing the most savage war in history.
>
> A Man of Dr. Philo's enthusiasms was bound to meet with disappointments. The world will not be made over in a lifetime, and often when men feel they are making the greatest progress the Old Nick in them breaks out in them in new and unimagined ways. Dr. Philo was destined to learn this, and was not dismayed or soured. That he was saddened by the dreadful tragedy which overtook millions of his faith was inevitable; but he retained to the end his conviction that the good in human nature outweighs the bad, and he never wearied in his effort to make his city and country and the world better for his having lived. 96

Philo, indeed, was a prophet. But if one consults our Scripture, one can see that the public image of the prophet often is fashioned at the expense of the prophet's family. The words of prophets most always live on in the minds of those who were touched by the prophecy. In the instance of I.E. Philo, more than the prophecy lived on. Bertie survived her husband twenty-one years during which period she made her home with Ann and Milton as Philo had wished. Fritzi has led an unhappy life of unfulfilled dreams and "might have beens." And Jonathan still remembers the command uttered by a man who died when he was but two years old: take care of your mother.

FOOTNOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

FOOTNOTES - Chapter 1

1. The "Philos of Cardiff" was the manner by which the family identified itself in several extant programs for musical and dramatic recitals.

2. This information was secured by the author who visited Cardiff in 1967.

3. Regina Philo had lost two children in miscarriages sometime between 1867-1875.

4. Private diary dated June, 1900 to June, 1901; in the private collection of Jonathan Kendall

5. Ibid.

6. From a collection of plates in the possession of Dr. Philo C. Wasburn, West Lafayette, Indiana.

7. This information comes from Philo's obiturary, The Youngstown Vindicator, July 17, 1948. No smichah for Philo is extant.

8. A family story, perhaps apocryphal, handed down to each generation. This particular instance, the story originated with the late Mrs. Philo and was transmitted to her grandson, Jonathan. No records are available to either substantiate or refute the story.

9. This date is assumed. Philo wrote that he "thought" the family had emigrated to Wales at that time, although by the time he had expressed interest in the question, his father had died.

10. Private diary, dated June, 1900 to June, 1901; in the private collection of Jonathan Kendall

11. Interview with Ann Kendall (nee: Philo) conducted in

Youngstown, Ohio, February 9, 1973.

12. Letter from I.E. Philo to Bertha Cohen dated October 4, 1896; in the private collection of Mrs. Milton Kendall

13. Interview with Ann Kendall conducted in Youngstown, Ohio, February 9, 1973.

14. Letter from Caroline Cohen to her daughter dated January 14, 1897; in the private collection of Mrs. Milton Kendall.

15. Interview with Fritzi Wasburn conducted in Youngstown, Ohio, June 10, 1973.

16. Akron Beakon Journal, September 11, 1897, "Inaugural Sermon at the Reformed Jewish Church".

17. During this period the Jewish community in Akron maintained a low profile within the wider community. It was suggested by the late Mrs. Philo that the reason for the absence of community activity was directly related to the absence of any real cohesiveness.

18. According to Mrs. Philo, the rubber companies made a half-hearted attempt to "buy her husband off" with a promise of an unspecified amount of money should the strike be settled soon and favorably.

19. "' Peoples' Church?" Akron Beakon Journal, December 1, 1903

20. "The Unions", a sermon delivered at Temple Israel March, 1904.

21. Address before the Central Labor Union of Akron, Ohio June 30, 1904.

22. Scroll presented to Philo by the Akron Central Labor Union, April 14, 1905; in the private collection of Jonathan Kendall.

23. Address, simply titled "Sunday Talk" dated May 4, 1901; in the private collection of Jonathan Kendall.

24. "Since You Asked", Akron Beakon Journal, May 29, 1901

25. "Judaism", The American Israelite, October, 1902
N.B. Many of the articles come to us already removed from the larger paper and dates have been recorded by unknown parties. Some only bear monthly dating, some only cite the year.

26. "Dr. Philo's Humanism", editorial, The Youngstown Vindicator, April 10, 1933.

27. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

28. Ibid.

FOOTNOTES- Chapter 2

29. Diary, dated January, 1910 - January, 1911; in the private collection of Jonathan Kendall

30. Ibid.

FOOTNOTES - Chapter 3

31. Interview with Fritzi Wasburn, op. cit., p. 71.

32. To this time, none of Philo's writings contain any references to Blacks. After his initial months in Youngstown, Philo's writings on the poor and disenfranchised begin to reflect a new awareness of the Black community.

33. "Dedication of the Magnificent New Rodef Sholem Temple", The Youngstown Vindicator, June 6, 1915.

34. Ibid.

35. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

36. "Dedication of the Magnificent New Rodef Sholem Temple", op. cit., p. 74

37. Interview with Bertram Lustig, conducted in Youngstown, Ohio, June 11, 1973.

38. Interview with Fritzi Wasburn, op. cit. p. 71.

39. "America and Esau", Akron Beacon Journal, December, 1899.

40. Private diary, dated January, 1917 - January, 1918; in the private collection of Jonathan Kendall.

41. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

42. Ibid.

43. Lecture before the Youngstown Council of Churches, dated simply "October, 1920"

44. "Straw Bored Green" The Youngstown Vindicator, April 2, 1923.

45. Interview with Bertram Lustig, op. cit., p.74.

46. Most references to reminiscences of Mrs. Philo are recontructed from memory by the author with help from Mrs. Kendall and Mrs. Wasburn. Since, in later years, Mrs. Philo was sclerotic and tended to live in the past much of the time and to repeat stories many times over, it is reasonable to suggest that those quotations attributed to her are accurate.

47. Interview with Bertram Lustig, op. cit., p. 74.

48. Interview with Fritzi Wasburn, op. cit., p. 71

49. Private diary, dated January, 1922 - January, 1923; in the private collection of Jonathan Kendall

50 While Youngstown had enjoyed reasonably pacific race-relations, the reason could only be attributed to the fact that there was no intermingling of the races; both lived seperate existences. The Ku Klux Klan had made efforts to start a Klavern in Youngstown, but had failed, largely because the Black population never ventured into white neighborhoods or otherwise encroached into areas which were traditionally white.

51. Interview with Fritzi Wasburn, op. cit., p. 71.

52. "MAFTIR" labeled "California B'nai Brith Magazine", dated July, 1923.

53. "A Sunday Sabbath for Israel?", sermon delivered on Rosh Hashanah, 1923.

54. Unsigned letter, undated, written to Dr. Philo; in the collection of Jonathan Kendall.

55. A phrase Philo would use many times to display his disgust for the Orthodox community.

56. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

57. "If - With apologies", The Youngstown Vindicator, September 10, 1924.

58. Interview with Fritzi Wasburn, op. cit., p. 71

59. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

60. Letter from I.E. Philo to his daughter, Fritzi, dated March 23, 1928; in the collection of Mrs. Fritzi Wasburn.

61. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

62. Ibid.

63. Ibid.

64. Ibid.

65. Interview with Fritzi Wasburn, op. cit., p. 71

FOOTNOTES - Chapter 3

66. Interview with Robert A. Manchester, conducted in Youngstown, Ohio, February 8, 1973.

67. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

68. Ibid.

69. Private Diary entitled "The Traveler's Logue", Dated June 6, 1931 - August 28, 1931; in the collection of Ann Kendall.

70. Ibid.

71. Ibid.

72. "The Russian Jews", a sermon delivered in Akron, simply dated 1905.

73. Letter from I.E. Philo to his family, dated July 30, 1931; in the collection of Ann Kendall.

74. "The Traveler's Logue" (Private diary), op. cit., p. 77

75. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

76. "1,000 Pay Homage to Dr. Philo" The Youngstown Vindicator, November 26, 1932., p. 1

77. Ibid.

78. Ibid., p. 3

79. Ibid.

80. Ibid.

81. Ibid.

82. Ibid.

83. Copy of letter from I.E. Philo addressed to "The Membership Committee" of the Youngstown Country Club, dated May 23, 1933; in the collection of Jonathan Kendall

84. "MAFTIR" labeled "California B'nai Brith Magazine", dated simply August, 1935.

85. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

86. "The New Year - 5700" by I.E. Philo, The Jewish Criterion, September 3, 1939.

87. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

88. Ibid.

89. Ibid.

FOOTNOTES - Chapter 5

90. The ability to interact was at the forefront of the selection committee's thinking. Philo had established such good will within the Gentile community that the board and committee feared that with the coming of a new rabbi, all that had been accomplished might be destroyed. Bert Lustig, who sat on the committee, remembered that each man interviewed was asked to relate his experience in the wider community.

91. Interview with Fritzi Wasburn, op. cit., p. 71.

92. Interview with Ann Kendall, op. cit., p. 70.

93. Ibid. This may be an apocryphal tale, although the author has heard same from both Mrs. Wasburn and the late Mrs. Philo.

94. "Tolerance", a sermon delivered at Rodef Sholem Temple, dated simply June, 1947.

95. "Life", a sermon dated November 24, 1930.

96. "Dr. Philo" The Youngstown Vindicator, July 19, 1948, p. 8

BIBLIOGRAPHY A

INTERVIEWS

Interviews with four subjects who knew Philo intimately were conducted. Dates cited reflect only the initial interview.

Mrs. Milton M. Kendall, daughter of I.E. Philo , February 9, 1973

Mr. Bertram Lustig, friend of Rabbi Philo and member of Rodef Sholem Temple, June 11, 1973

Mr. Robert A. Manchester, friend of Rabbi Philo and former president of the Youngstown Rotary Club, February 8, 1973.

Mrs. Lemuel Wasburn, daughter of I.E. Philo, June 10, 1973

BIBLIOGRAPHY B

PRIVATE LETTERS AND DIARIES

Rabbi Philo was a compulsive keeper of diaries and wrote volumes, rather than the more common diary. In Mrs. Kendall's possession are diaries covering the following years:

1900

1901

1907

1908

1910

1911

1917

1918

1922

1923

1931

1933

1938

In addition to extant diaries, there are personal letters, some of which are now in the American Jewish Archives, others remain with the Philo family. The most significant letters bearing on familial relationships have already been cited. In addition, there exist a series of letters written between Rabbi Philo and Rabbi Stephen Wise between 1928-1930. The letters are of a personal nature and have little bearing on history except to suggest that there existed a warm friendship between the two men.

BIBLIOGRAPHY C
SERMONS AND LECTURES

Over fifty sermons and lectures were presented to the American Jewish Archives. In addition, the author has in his possession some twenty-six lectures and sermons. Most of the material is undated. In the author's private collection are:

seven high holy day sermons:

"Tolerance" [undated]
"The New Year - 5700" [1939]
"The Soul that Sinneth" [1934]
"Life is a Process of Growth" [1927]
"Whither Israel?" [undated]
"The Destiny of Our People." [1931]
"Days of Awe and the Day of Awe" [1919]

four lectures:

"Tolerance" [undated]
"The Message of the Jew" [1914]
"The Living Bible" [1921]
"God Lovers, not God Killers" [undated]

fifteen sermons:

Nine untitled sermons, circa 1912-1918
"The Nation of Israel and Peace" [1918]
"The League of Nations" [1918]
"Roosevelt's New Deal" [1932]

"Why there must be a Jewish State" [1936]

"Hitler and Mussolini - Two of a Kind" [1934]

"An Appeal: Open the Doors to our People" [1940]

BIBLIOGRAPHY D

TESTIMONIALS, PLAQUES, MEMORABILIA

Testimonials:

One scroll from the Akron Central Labor Union, April 4, 1905

One scroll from the Zion Baptist Church of Youngstown for kindnesses during the war. [July 1, 1919]

One scroll from the First Christian Church on occassion of Dr. Philo's twentieth anniversary in Youngstown [November 26, 1932]

One scroll from the First Unitarian Church, presented to Dr. Philo for his aid in raising monies for a new building [August 1, 1937]

One scroll from the Youngstown Chamber of Commerce in recognition of past service to the city [January 2, 1946]

Plaques:

One plaque from the Rotary Club of Youngstown [June 4, 1931]

One plaque from the Inter-Racial League of Youngstown [October 1, 1930]

One plaque from the directors of the Woodside Receiving Hospital of Youngstown for service [June 30, 1941]

One plaque from the Sisters of St. Elizabeth's Hospital of Youngstown for helping in fund-raising campaign [November 15, 1938]

One Plaque from the Youngstown Chapter, Jewish War Veterans for serving as chaplain [July 4, 1946]

Memorabilia:

Seventeen silver plates inscribed with various tributes to Dr. Philo.

BIBLIOGRAPHY E

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"America and Esau," Akron Beacon Journal, December, 1899.

"Dr. Philo," The Youngstown Vindicator, July 19, 1948.

"Dr. Philo's Humanism," The Youngstown Vindicator, April 10, 1933.

"Dedication of Magnificent New Rodef Sholem Temple,"
The Youngstown Telegram, June 6, 1915.

"Dr. Philo given Citation for 'Distinguished Living,'"
The Youngstown Vindicator, November 26, 1942.

"If - with apologies," The Youngstown Vindicator, September 10, 1924.

"Inaugural Sermon at the Reformed Jewish Church,"
Akron Beacon Journal, September 11, 1897.

"July 4th Celebration to Feature Rabbi Philo,"
Youngstown Telegram, July 2, 1914.

"Labor Day Address to be Given by Rabbi Philo,"
Akron Beacon Journal, September 1, 1907.

"Labor Day Exercises - Address by Dr. I.E. Philo,"
The People, September 6, 1907 .

"'Little Hope for World Peace' Philo tells Rotary,"
Youngstown Vindicator, August 30, 1931.

"Miss Ann Philo Marries Dr. Milton Kendall,"
The Youngstown Vindicator, February 10, 1938

"Miss Philo Married by her Father at Rodef Sholem Temple,"
The Youngstown Vindicator, March 21, 1928.

"New Year - 5700," The Jewish Criterion, September 3, 1939.

"1,000 Pay Homahe to Dr. Philo," The Youngstown Vindicator, November 26, 1932

"Philographs, " The Jewish Criterion, September, 1929.

"Rabbi I.E. Philo is Dead at 74," The Youngstown Vindicator, July 17, 1948.

"Rabbi Philo and Darrow Debate at Stambaugh, " The Youngstown Vindicator, June 11, 1926.

"Rabbi Philo Calls for 8 Hour Work Day," Akron Beacon Journal, October 12, 1901.

"Rabbi Philo Calls on Area Clergy to be More Open," The Youngstown Vindicator, September 19, 1919.

"Rabbi Philo Calls for Peace, Understanding," The Youngstown Vindicator, January 8, 1937.

"Rabbi Philo Hails Roosevelt's New Deal," The Youngstown Vindicator, November 12, 1932.

"Rabbi Philo Leaving Ministry - Will Practice Law," Akron Beacon Journal, June 4, 1910.

"Rabbi Philo to Represent Rotary at International Convention," Youngstown Vindicator, May 12, 1931.

"Rabbi Philo to Speak," The Youngstown Vindicator, November 8, 1920.

"Rich and Poor will Honor Dr. Philo on his 20th Anniversary," The Youngstown Vindicator, November 25, 1932.

"1,600 Hear Philo Debate Lindsay," The Youngstown Vindicator, March 29, 1928.

"Services for Thanksgiving at Rodef Sholem," The Youngstown Vindicator, November 15, 1933.

"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, April, 2, 1923.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, April 15, 1923.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, April 22, 1923.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, May 13, 1923.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, May 27, 1923.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, June 3, 1923.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, June 17, 1923.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, September 9, 1923.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, October 4, 1925.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, October 18, 1925.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, November 1, 1925.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, November 15, 1925.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, November 29, 1925.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, December 13, 1925.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, December 27, 1925.
"Straw Bored Green," The Youngstown Vindicator, February 21, 1926.
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Akron Beacon Journal, December 11, 1901.
"Youngstown Needs More Intelligent People! - Dr. Philo,"
The Youngstown Vindicator, March 27, 1927.
"Wants Dr. Philo Drafted for Unity Program Here,"
The Youngstown Vindicator, October 12, 1941.

In addition, there are some thirty-two loose articles whose sources have not been identified.