

present day America. We must know, as we do not know now, just what has been happening to Jews leaving or being displaced from the needle trades, what of the small store keepers, what of employment opportunities, into what trades can Jewish workers be fitted, what steps must be taken for industrial education, what should be the content of programs of vocational guidance for our young men and women? I mention only a few aspects of the total complex economic problem. I am sure that my colleagues could indicate even a more imposing program of research in their respective fields.

Though the future is uncertain, I want to close with a note of confidence. I am sure that, under the guidance of intelligent, courageous, well informed leadership, American Jewry will find ways and means of coping with the economic problems of the next three decades even better than it has during the past thirty years. We start in 1930 with many more advantages than we had in 1900,—an immensely wealthier community, a larger, more profoundly interested and community-conscious body of laymen, and a constantly growing trained professional staff. With the proper leadership most problems are susceptible of some degree of solution. I feel certain that the leadership of American Jewry will be altogether equal to cope with the economic problems of the next generation.

## IN MEMORIAM

DR. BORIS D. BOGEN

THE CHAIRMAN: It is a source of profound regret on my part as on the part of others who have been associated with me in local social work, not to be able to greet in person Dr. Boris D. Bogen. His untimely death must leave a void in your profession which will be exceedingly difficult, if at all possible, to fill. I remember him for his genial humor, his alert and decisive mind and his devotion to suffering Jews everywhere, whether within our own shores or in post-war devastated Europe. I am happy to have the opportunity to call on Dr. Solomon Lowenstein, whom we consider a real friend of the Boston Jewish community, to deliver an address in memory of Dr. Bogen.

## MEMORIAL ADDRESS

SOLOMON LOWENSTEIN

This Conference meets this year under a condition that has never before in its history existed. This opening session has been held without any message or address from the president of the organization, and it becomes my very sad duty on behalf of my colleagues, you who are the members of this Conference, to say a few words of what I am sure is in the heart of every one of you with regard to that fact.

Dr. Bogen had been so much a part of this Conference, and this Conference meant so much to him during the many years of his active association with Jewish social work in America, that it is difficult to come to one of these meetings and not expect to see him in the place of utmost importance.

My last contact with him on the day before he died was in connection with this Conference. He had been elected president at the session held a year ago in Atlantic City and his first official act was to attend the special session of the Conference, the one-day session which was held in San Francisco last June, because it was felt that in that meeting of social workers in that city there should be a series of Jewish group meetings, and a number of us went there.

I am sure we were glad to go there under any circum-

stances, but I am equally certain that all of us feel the better for having gone, in view of the fact that that was our last intimate contact with this man who appreciated so much the distinction of being president of this body and who had gone out in order to carry on what he believed to be his duty in that position.

There are so many of you here who knew Dr. Bogen so well, fully as well as I did surely, and whose grief in his untimely death is as sincere and as deep and as burning as my own, that it seems quite unnecessary in this gathering, at least, to think of a formal expression of that grief, because he was such a friendly person and we knew him so intimately and so closely that it would be quite out of place, it seems to me, to think of him in terms of formal eulogy and regret.

As I look about this audience, and as I did while sitting here on this platform tonight, there is scarcely a part of this hall in which there is not seated some one who worked very intimately with him in some of his many activities. Some of you perhaps knew him as a boy in Russia. Many of you knew him as an immigrant newly-arrived in America. Many more of you worked with him in his occupations in New York, in Woodbine, in Cincinnati. A very large number of you, comparatively—and I was surprised to note as I sat here tonight how large a number it is—were with him in that most intensive and perhaps most valuable period of his life when he returned to Europe during the war to head the work of relief and the administration of that relief with such outstanding success, and with such great benefit to so many hundreds of thousands, yea, even millions of our brethren in those war-stricken lands.

I first knew him when I was a very young man,—and it was not until I saw how old he was when he died that I realized his age, because he had such a youthful nature, such a youthful outlook on life,—and I realized that as I met him first, when he came to Cincinnati to succeed me in the work that I was then leaving in that city, that it must have required a great deal of his genial and tolerant understanding of human nature to have taken so calmly and so equably, as he did, and so tolerantly, the mass of advice that I tried to give him out of my ignorance of only a few years out of college. I realized this all the more strongly when, the other day, I had the opportunity to read only a part of that manuscript which he was about to publish when he died and which

since has been given out as a work of devotion and love by his friends.

I read only the early part of that book, but in that part I learned more than even I had known of him, of his earlier years, of the wideness, scope, the bitterness and the struggle of those years both in Russia and when he first came to this country.

So as I say, I can now realize what it meant to him to come to a place like Cincinnati, waiting for the development of his particular type of mind and ability, for the application of that ability to the particular local situation that existed there. I do not believe there could have been a more fortunate or fortuitous meeting of the man and the group and the problem that was presented by Cincinnati when Boris Bogen went there to take charge of its work, because he brought knowledge and sympathy and understanding of the immigrant Jew; because he had an education and a background that had their roots in the life of the immigrant Jew of Eastern Europe; because he understood their psychology, their literature, their learning and their characters.

On the other hand, by reason of his experiences as an educator in Woodbine and in New York, by reason of the contacts that he had made with the group of American Jews who were trying to be helpful to their brethren who came as strangers to this land, he understood them likewise and so there, in Cincinnati, in that community without a great problem but with great leaders, with really truly great souls among the men and the women who were conducting the social work of that community, Bogen found a place where he could be understood and where he could work.

What he did there during the years of his occupancy of that position is a part of the history of this Conference and of Jewish Social Service in America. It need not be retold here, but it marked him out as an outstanding individual, as a leader, as a thinker, as a doer, and it brought into Jewish social work in this country something that was greatly needed and that we shall always cherish. It brought into it an understanding, a liberality, a humanity, combined with a sincere zealous professional attitude that I think has been unique and whose great importance cannot be overestimated.

I want to say a few words about the man himself. He was a man of very large knowledge. Without perhaps much formal education of the kind that we think of as comprised

within college courses, without the type of research that we are thinking very much about in these days, he, nevertheless, had a very wide range of reading and of knowledge and of information and he had a carefully trained mind. He understood and appreciated the value of method, but fortunately, he never allowed these things to interfere with his humanity, with his rationality, with his attempts to get at the heart of a human problem and to solve it in terms of humanity. He was a very universal sort of person. He was not restricted to any one particular field or any one particular clientèle. He could discuss affairs with economic and political radicals, with Orthodox Jews and with freethinking Jews as to religious matters. He belonged to no particular school and I suppose that his technique of relief could have been subjected to very much criticism, and yet I am sure that by reason of his personality he did more real good for the clients of his agencies. He had more understanding of their real human need, a better appreciation of it and a quicker means of solution than could have been effected by much more precise technical method.

There is another thing that I like to think of about him and that was his interest in the younger men and women of the profession, particularly, I should say, the younger men, because he had an opportunity with them to come into close relationship, first, as a teacher, and second, as a friend. None of us who ever shared in any degree whatsoever in those after-session meetings at restaurants or hotels on the nights of these conferences and found him ready to stay up to any hour of the morning, will ever forget the enthusiasm and the ardor and the inspiration that he had kindled in the younger men of this Conference, in the young men of the Hebrew Union College, in the younger social workers whom it was his privilege to help to train.

Last of all, I want to say something about that phase of him to which Mr. Kirstein has already referred, his sense of humor. Bogen was a very serious man. He was very much disturbed, perplexed and agitated and moved by individual distress, and by community needs, and he had much of both kinds to consider and deal with. Fundamentally I am sure that he probably was in many ways a very sad man, but he never allowed any of these experiences to embitter him. You all know how ready he was with a jest; how he always had an apt story; how he would illustrate by a parable or

some other form of humor. I think none of you probably would ever think of him without seeing his face before you illuminated by that smile that he so generally wore, and his humor was one of the saving graces of his life and of his work. It indicated a sanity, an objectivity in his approach that he could have attained perhaps through no other resource, and so I think of him as a fine spirit, as a good friend, as an able and splendid man.

I think of him when I think of those persons who would have so much thought of the old simile of the melting pot. You never could have melted Bogen and it would have been a great pity if you could have. It would have been a real loss, because he was an individual; he was a personality; he was a real man; he had his virtues and like every other human being, he had his defects. They were all sharply accentuated and you knew they belonged to him; that they were part of his character and of his being; that he was an intense and an ardent Jew; but though he came here as a married man and at an age beyond that at which perhaps many other immigrants came who think of themselves as fully Americanized, he was an intense and an ardent and a patriotic American, and it seems to me that a tide of immigration that brings with it such men that make such a contribution to a civilization and a culture different from that which they sprang, would lose much indeed if we tried to reduce them all to one common denominator.

Bogen was a fine example of what the immigrant Jew has given to and done for and received from America, and tonight, we, his friends of this Conference, who miss him so sadly, do ourselves honor in attempting to do that small bit of honor to him that I have tried so inadequately to convey.

The meeting adjourned at 10:05 P.M.