



Rabbi Nosson Scherman  
and Rabbi Meir Zlotowitz  
changed the Jewish publishing  
industry 40 years ago with the  
publication of their first volume, a  
commentary on Megillas Esther.  
Could they have dreamed that  
four decades later, hundreds  
of books, *seforim*, a million  
siddurim, and a complete Talmud  
Bavli would emerge from their  
Brooklyn office?

BY *Yisroel Besser*

PHOTOS *Amir Levy, ArtScroll archives*

Guardians

*of the*

BOOK

**I**t

feels a bit like davening Mussaf from the *amud* on Shabbos, and then, as you casually chant your way through *chazaras hashatz*, you notice that Chazzan Helfgot is sitting behind you.

As a writer, I feel no small degree of hesitation interviewing Rabbi Meir Zlotowitz and Rabbi Nosson Scherman, the men who — forgive me — wrote the book on how it's done. In the Jewish publishing world, they were the first to use tools like sophisticated graphics and a user-friendly interface. The minute attention to detail also stood out. What came after them, the Orthodox media and publishing industry, has its roots in their revolution.

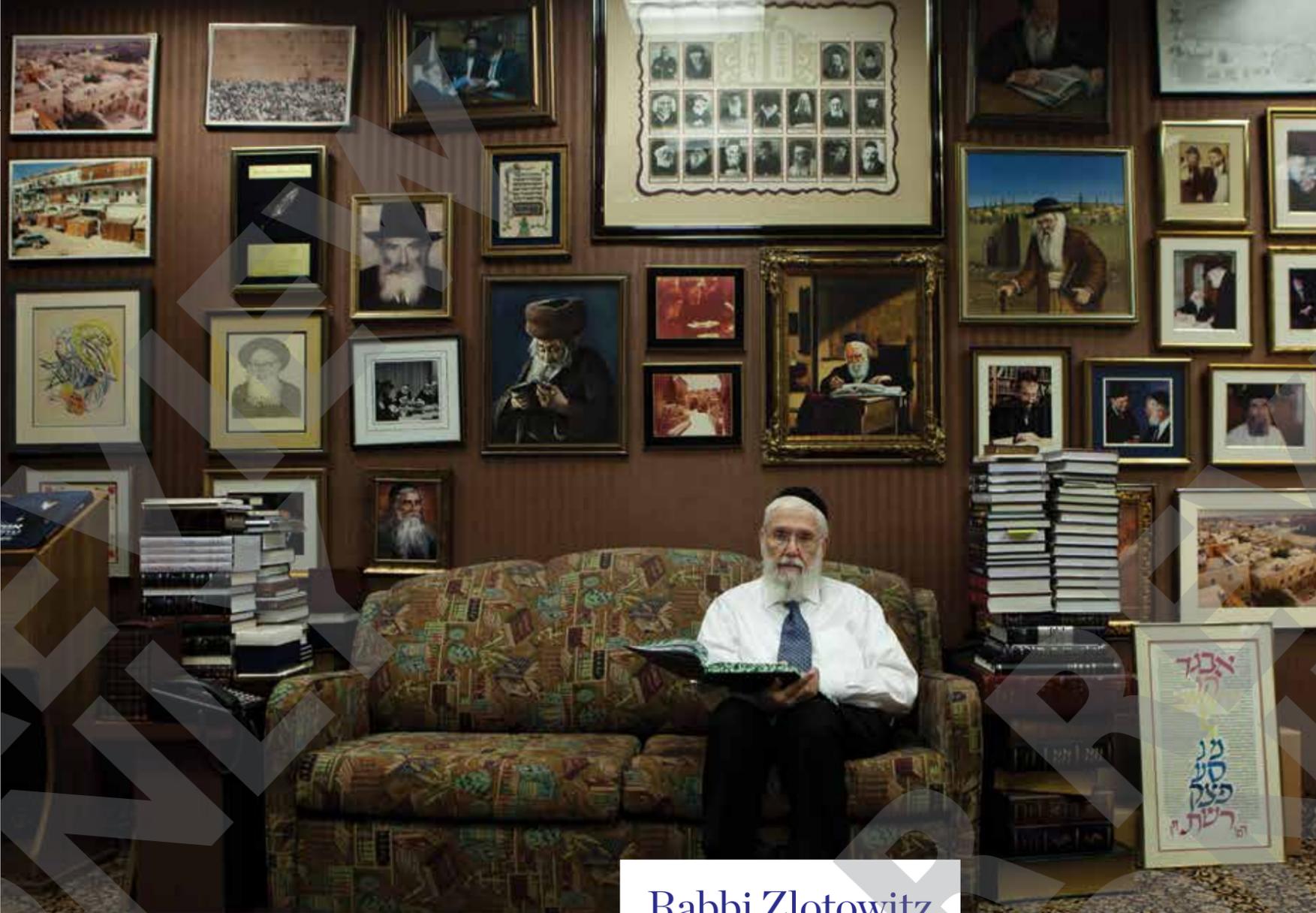
So it's not an interview. It's old friends reminiscing, reflecting on a journey. But instead of a Sunday get-together with lemonade and rocking chairs on a front porch, they're sitting around a small conference table at ArtScroll headquarters in Brooklyn, surrounded on all sides by a shimmering rainbow of books.

Although they are one of the more well-known duos in contemporary *frum* life, it isn't immediately apparent why they gel: Reb Meir is chattier, with the tempo of an easy schmoozer, while Reb Nosson is more contemplative and academic, choosing his words carefully. Yet after a few hours of conversation, it becomes clear that they could easily switch roles if necessary.

And that might be the secret of ArtScroll and the partnership at its core.

**We're No Visionaries** There was something in the article (*Jewish Observer*, January 1974) that caught the attention of Rabbi Meir Zlotowitz. He wanted to meet its author, Rabbi Nosson Scherman, *menahel* at Yeshiva Karlin Stolin.

Though busy running ArtScroll Studios, a high-end graphics company specializing in calligraphic wedding invitations, illuminated *kesubos*



**GEDOLIM ON BOARD** Reb Nosson and Reb Meir take advice from Rav Yaakov Kamenetsky (L), and welcome Rav Mordechai Gifter to their offices. Who would have thought one Megillah translation would create a *seforim* empire?

Rabbi Zlotowitz looks me in the eye. “Reb Nosson was the best writer in the *frum* world and he still is. Period. What, you’re insulted?”

and eye-catching brochures, Rabbi Zlotowitz needed a literary hand for a one-time project. A friend, Mair Fogel, had passed away at a young age, and Rabbi Zlotowitz was determined to perpetuate his memory in a meaningful way.

His plan was to write an English translation and commentary on Megillas Esther and release it under his own ArtScroll label, then turn back to invitations. He had the commentary ready to go, but he wanted a professional editor to look it over. He reached out to Rabbi Scherman, the *mechanech* who’d penned the *Jewish Observer* article that had so impressed him two years earlier.

In that piece, entitled “The Chofetz Chaim Comes to Vienna,” Rabbi Scherman describes the magic of that great Kenessiah Gedolah of 1923 and the significance of the Chofetz Chaim’s arrival. Perhaps what caught Reb

Meir’s eye was the style, how the story was presented. In it, we see a precursor to the ArtScroll approach, fusing history with reverence, the medium with the message.

The one-time project was a success, selling out the initial run in record time, the Megillas Esther revealing a hidden secret of its own: the huge chasm between the world of classic *seforim* and a new generation of American-born readers. There was an immediate demand for more such works, and ArtScroll was born.

“Don’t say it was a vision,” Rabbi Zlotowitz says, laughing. “We aren’t visionaries. There was no big picture. We jumped in and were led along by Heaven.”

Reb Meir wrote the actual commentary on Esther, but Reb Nosson provided the literary flair and created what would become a brand of its own — the overview, a sweeping analysis of the Yom Tov, melding the warmth of the chassidic rebbes with the profundity of the *baalei mussar*.

Rabbi Zlotowitz leans forward and looks me in the eye. “Reb Nosson was the best writer in the *frum* world and he still is the best writer in the *frum* world. Period. What, you’re insulted? It’s okay, it’s the truth, deal with it.”

Rabbi Scherman winces.

**Time to Change Course** There is a high-school reunion feel in the room as we are joined by Reb Shea Brander, the graphics genius behind the layout, typeset, and general look of ArtScroll products.

“It was such an exciting challenge,” he recalls, “almost a thrill to create running English text alongside the Lashon Kodesh. Others had done translations, but we were aiming for a simpler format and look. In Esther, you could almost feel the English along with the Hebrew side, like someone holding your hand and explaining each word.”

He pauses. “It worked, so we never really changed.”

After Esther’s success, the mandate was clear, but there were logistics to work out. “There was a line of frustrated *mechutanim*,” Rabbi Zlotowitz remembers, “clients waiting for invitations and brochures. Reb Shea had to get back to the art, Reb Nosson had his day job, and, really, we

all wanted to make another *sefer*.”

The course of history was altered at a private summit on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean.

One of the early, vocal supporters of the English Megillah was Rav Mordechai Gifter, a master of the English language, who was taken by what ArtScroll was doing. The Rosh Yeshivah graciously offered to review galleys of future works and, when he came to New York for a private meeting with other *roshei yeshivah*, he thought he might have some free time to peruse them. He invited Reb Meir over to the old Ocean Breeze Hotel in Sea Gate, where the summit was being held.

Rav Gifter received his visitor graciously, and took advantage of the opportunity to introduce him, and his work, to the other *gedolim*: Rav Moshe Feinstein, Rav Yaakov Kamenetsky, and Rav Yaakov Yitzchok Ruderman.

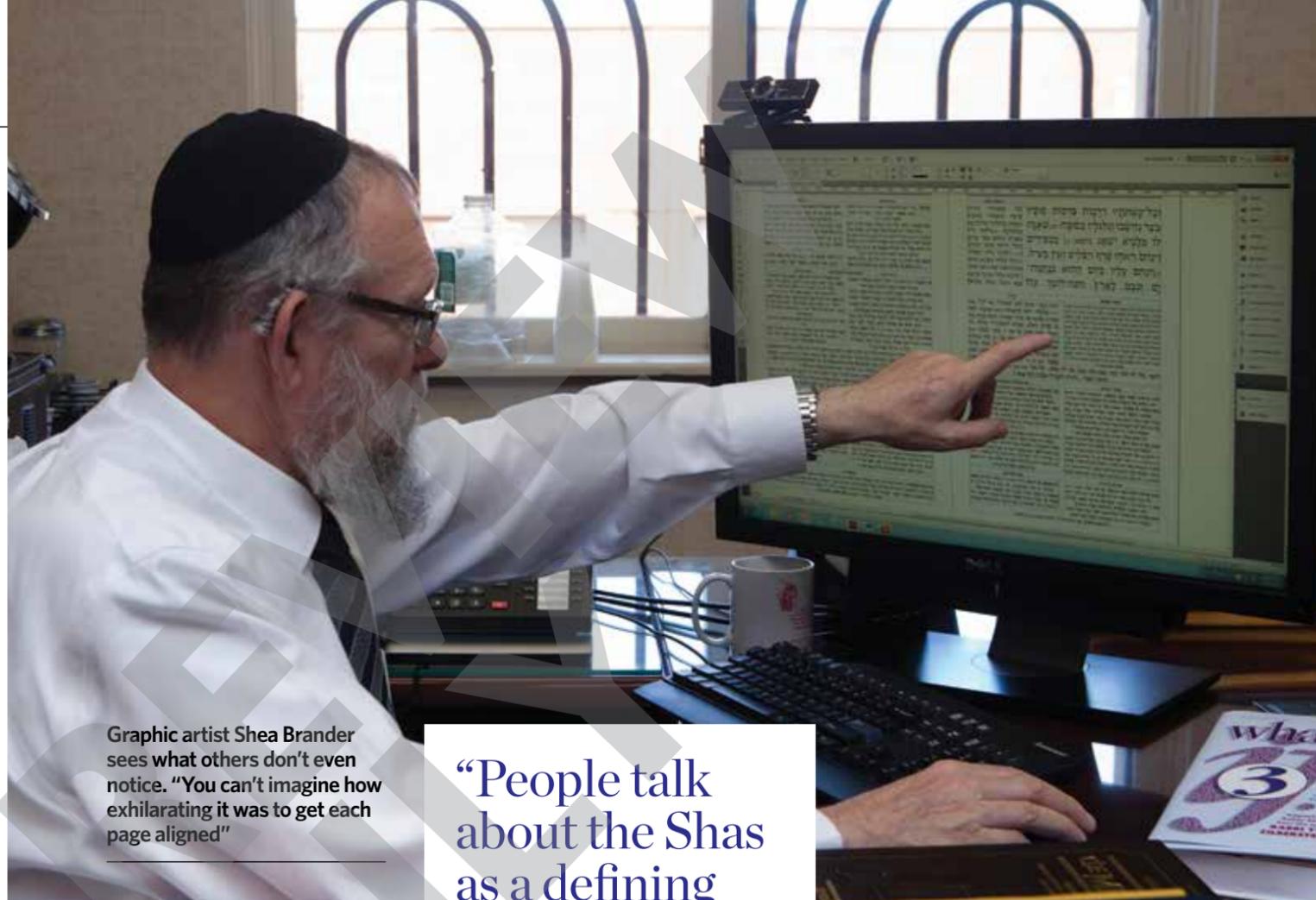
The *gedolim* saw Rav Gifter's enthusiasm for the project and its potential. After the meeting, Rav Yaakov asked his own trusted *talmid*, Rabbi Joseph Elias, to review previously published ArtScroll material. Reassured from his meeting with the ArtScroll publisher and comfortable with Rabbi Elias's recommendation, he became a warm supporter of the project.

In time, the *gedolim* reached the same conclusion: It was time for Rabbi Zlotowitz to leave invitation printing to others and for Rabbi Scherman to give up formal *chinuch*; they were to focus on bringing Torah to the English-speaking public.

“They didn't tell us how we would make payroll, though,” Rabbi Zlotowitz jokes. “But we borrowed some money and worked long hours to stay afloat, and got to work.”

Early on, the founders gathered a brain trust of *talmidei chachamim* around them — wise, eloquent advisors to help them along. “The voices of people like Rabbi Joseph Elias z”l, and *yblecht*”a Rav Dovid Cohen, Rav Pinchas Stolper, and Mr. Avi Shulman helped shape our path. Rav Yaakov made himself available to guide us, and after he was *niftar*, Rav Zelik Epstein became a guiding light as well.”

Reb Meir, who learned under Rav Moshe Feinstein at Mesivtha Tifereth Jerusalem, developed a close relationship with Rav Dovid



Graphic artist Shea Brander sees what others don't even notice. “You can't imagine how exhilarating it was to get each page aligned”

“People talk about the Shas as a defining achievement, but we've sold over one million *siddurim*. That's a revolution!”

Feinstein, whose guidance was indispensable; the relationship continues to flourish, with Reb Meir and the Rosh Yeshivah in frequent contact.

Along with the *gedolim*, ArtScroll received encouragement from an unexpected source. Feldheim Publishers had been the pioneers in translating *seforim* into English, and shortly after Megillas Esther was released, Reb Meir received a handwritten letter from Reb Yaakov Feldheim; the veteran publisher saw the potential and wished his friends, and competitors, well.

“It was very gracious of him and it meant so much, because it underscored the sense of mission, why we do what we do,” says Rabbi Zlotowitz.

**Literal or Figurative?** Mesorah Publications kicked into high gear.

Megillas Ruth was ready for Shavuot, then Eichah for Tishah B'Av and Koheles for Succos.

In the winter of 1977, the newly formed team faced a dilemma.

They planned to translate Shir Hashirim for Pesach, but they weren't sure what sort of translation to do — literal or figurative. “We understood that this was above our pay grade, something we couldn't approach without clear direction,” says Rabbi Scherman.

Rav Yaakov Kamenetsky explained that the allegorical references in Shir Hashirim are the true *pshat*, so the translation should follow Rashi's allegorical commentary, which

is, in fact, the accurate translation (the literal *peirush hamilos* appears in the commentary). Rav Gifter agreed, offering to write the introduction in order to shield them from any opposition.

Rav Yaakov even lent the ArtScroll editors a rare *sefer*, a *peirush* on Shir Hashirim, which he thought could be helpful. But Rabbi Zlotowitz and Scherman disagree about what that *sefer* was called, and Rabbi Zlotowitz presses a button on the intercom.

Moments later, a scholarly *chassidish* fellow appears at the door.

“Hi, Reb Menachem, listen, remember Reb Yaakov gave us a *sefer* to use when we did Shir Hashirim? What was it called?”

Reb Menachem Silber, who has the preoccupied look of an intellectual, brightens at the challenge and hurries off. Minutes later, he returns with a photocopy for me, the opening page of a *sefer* called *Divrei Yedidya*. “It's out of print, the author was a grandson of Rav Yisrael Salanter,” Rabbi Silber notifies me.

Incidentally, the *sefer* is rare enough that it

managed a journey of its own. “I got a call from Reb Leibel Groner one day, the Lubavitcher Rebbe's secretary,” Rabbi Zlotowitz recalls. “The Rebbe had seen that we'd used the *sefer* in our commentary and he asked if we could send him a copy. I asked Reb Yaakov for permission and of course, he immediately agreed. We sent it to Crown Heights to the Rebbe. So the *sefer* got around.”

**Svaros Are Not Enough** The Megillos complete, ArtScroll moved forward.

The Haggadah and commentary by Rabbi Elias — still a best-seller almost 40 years after its release — and Reb Moshe Eisemann's translation and commentary on Sefer Yechezkel, the initial foray into Tanach, appeared.

The siddur was a daunting undertaking. Both of my hosts turn to Rabbi Brander, who is visibly animated. “You can't imagine how exhilarating it was to get each page aligned, for the Hebrew and English to start and end at exactly the same place.”

Personally, I don't see the thrill in pagination. Rabbi Scherman seems to perceive this and he looks at me.

“I once read that a great musical soundtrack means it's so perfect that you don't even know you're listening to it. That's what Reb Shea does. He creates a graphic, a look that's so perfect that you're reading or davening or learning easily and not noticing it. It sets the right mood.”

“It was a new experience,” Rabbi Scherman points out. “User-friendly, clear, every word written out, *minhagim* and halachos right there. People talk about the Shas as a defining achievement, but we've sold over one million copies in print. That's a revolution!”

The natural next step was the *machzor*, but the project brought a challenge of its own. “We were real pioneers,” Rabbi Scherman says. “There were a few English translations, but none of them printed the full text of Kaddish every time it's said, like we do. So, for example, we print out the full text of Kaddish every time it appears rather than simply writing the word ‘Kaddish,’ as most others did. And we faced a real *sheilah*.”

The first Rosh Hashanah following the

*machzor*'s release was slated to begin on a Friday night, so there was Kabbalas Shabbos before Barechu. The question was whether to insert the words “*le'eila ule'eila*,” an addition to Kaddish appropriate for the Aseres Yemei Teshuvah, following Kabbalas Shabbos — or only for the Kaddish recited before Shemoneh Esreh.

Things get *lomdish* in the office. “The question is if the Aseres Yemei Teshuvah are *chal* with Kabbalas Shabbos or Barechu,” Rabbi Zlotowitz says, standing up. “If Kabbalas Shabbos ushers in the Shabbos, then it's essentially making it Rosh Hashanah. Or maybe not.”

“And we had nowhere to look,” Rabbi Scherman says, smiling. “Because the other *machzorim* just said the word ‘Kaddish,’ but nothing more. We were stuck. And what a major *achrayus* it was!”

The editors visited the *gedolei hador*. Rav Moshe Feinstein listened to their question, and said, “I can offer *svaros* to both sides, but to be *kove'a* the *minhag* you need more than *svaros*. I think you should approach a few veteran *shamashim* [an *alter shamash fuhn a groise shul*, was the Rosh Yeshivah's term] and ask them what the *minhag* is.”

Then they went to Rav Yaakov Kamenetsky — who essentially echoed Rav Moshe's answer.

After embarking on a *gabai*-interviewing tour, the decision was made to include the words *le'eila ule'eila*.

“Now,” Rabbi Zlotowitz says, clearly energized by the discussion, “I always wondered why both Rav Moshe and Rav Yaakov used the same phrase. Last year, a young *talmid chacham* heard the story and showed me a source in the *Levush*, where the Baal Halevushim writes a particular halachah [Orach Chayim 487] and concludes: “This is the *din*, and I've even confirmed it with several *chazzanim keshishim*, veteran *chazzanim*.”

“Amazing, no?”

ArtScroll expanded its repertoire to biographies, becoming a full-scale publishing house. The very first book in the series was an appreciation of the life of Rav Elchonon Wasserman, the Baranovich Rosh Yeshivah.

The two rabbis exchange a glance and a sad smile. “That connected us with Reb Simcha.”

Rav Simcha Wasserman, the sole surviving son of Rav Elchonon, was a beloved *rosh yeshivah* in California, and a loyal friend to the emerging Orthodox publishing house. “He would come by our offices to buy English books, since he was a pioneer in *kiruv* and saw them as perfect tools for reaching people and opening their eyes to Yiddishkeit. He was always so gracious and encouraging, and he always insisted on paying, never accepting our gifts.”

Rav Simcha and his *rebbetzin* were never blessed with children, but his brother Dovid had a son named Elchanan, who lived in Massachusetts and carried hope for the future.

Reb Simcha happened to be in the ArtScroll offices when he learned of his nephew’s untimely passing, and with it, the end of the Wasserman dynasty.

“Reb Simcha said one sentence: ‘He was the last Wasserman,’” Rabbi Scherman recalls. “We saw the *gevurah*, the strength, that transcended his pain.”

The biography was precious to Reb Simcha, a means of bringing his father’s story to new generations.

**No Deadline** *Gedolim* biographies would become a brand that ArtScroll developed.

Over the years, they’ve been on the receiving end of accusations that they’ve created hagiographies, selecting which information to share and which to leave out when telling the stories of *gedolim*. Rabbi Scherman makes no apologies.

“We have a clear mandate with our books, and that is to inspire and elevate people. We tell the story that can lift people up and we tell it with complete authenticity and attention to detail. But we don’t include information that might leave a negative impression because it’s irrelevant to our mission, even assuming it’s true.”

The titles kept coming, genres often being added monthly as the English-speaking Orthodox population exploded. “We never saw our mandate as providing scholarly works



alone,” Rabbi Scherman reflects, “but rather, exposing the richness and vibrancy of Torah living, in all its forms — cookbooks, children’s books, even novels. It’s all part of it.”

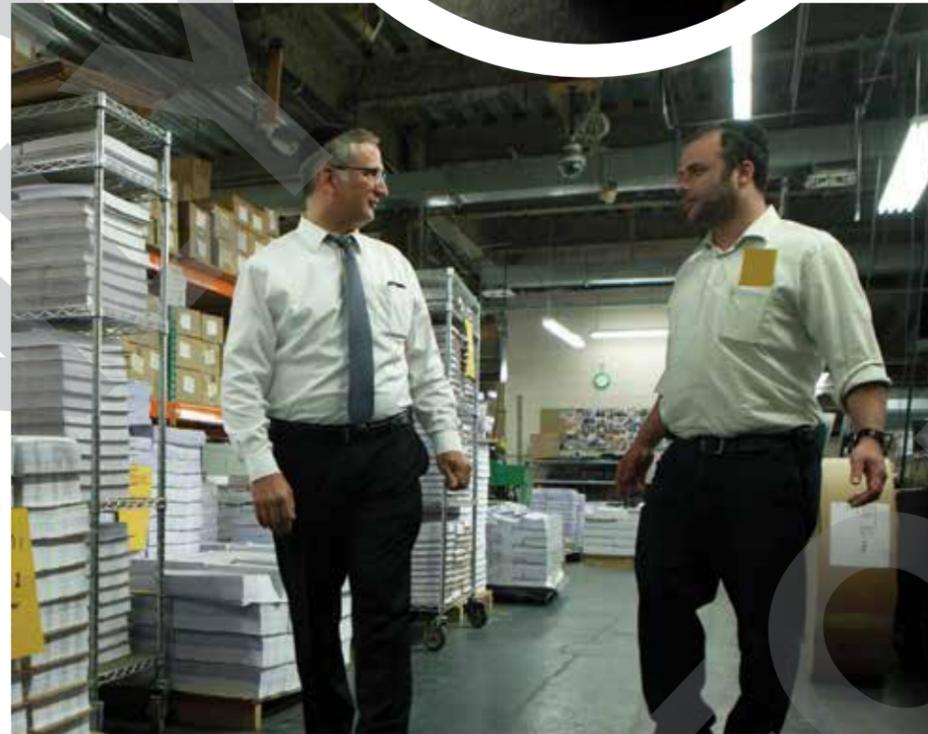
The attitude was always that books, on any topic, had to be definitive and authoritative.

“It was 1984,” recalls Rabbi Paysach Krohn, “and ArtScroll had already published numerous *seforim* on Tanach, Mishnah, and on some other subjects like *bircas Kohanim*, Shema, and Tashlich. It occurred to me that perhaps they would be interested in a book on *bris milah*. As a mohel, I thought that authoring such a book would be a major accomplishment, so I met with Reb Meir and Reb Nosson and offered an outline. They liked the idea, but suggested that I write a trial chapter before they committed.”

“My mother, who taught me writing, prepared a chapter with me and, baruch Hashem, they liked it and accepted the project. I asked Reb Meir if I had a deadline and I’ll never forget his answer: ‘There is no deadline, but you have to write a book that people will refer to for years to come.’ That was 32 years ago and I guess I did what he asked me.”

**I’ll Help You** Then, something happened that changed the landscape for ArtScroll — and, as a result, for worldwide Jewry.

ArtScroll was still a business, trying to create titles that would sell, working to keep costs down.



Then one day, a tall, lanky gentleman entered the modest offices on Brooklyn’s Coney Island Avenue.

Joel Fleishman was first senior vice president of Duke University, an expert on not-for-profit foundations, and an ArtScroll admirer. He was visiting New York, and wanted to come personally to share his thanks with the publishers.

In addition, Fleishman told the ArtScroll administration about the university press

**Reb Gedaliah Zlotowitz has enough *seforim* around to keep him happy. “I’m lucky. My father and Reb Nosson had to learn on the job, and I get to learn the business through watching them”**

model, a topic on which he had written several books. “Yale University Press, for example, is able to sell high-end scholarly works because they have a charitable foundation, with tax-exempt status,” Rabbi Scherman explains. “They raise money, so they’re not obsessed with costs, and they can produce high-quality, informative works that way. He insisted that it was imperative that ArtScroll have a similar foundation to fund the scholarship necessary for major works.”

Fleishman didn’t just offer advice to the two Orthodox rabbis. “I’ll help you,” he said. He and the university’s tax attorney volunteered to set up the Mesorah Heritage Foundation as a legal entity.

“We still had to get out there and raise the money,” Reb Meir explains, “but it was much easier. And people saw what we’d already done, so they believed in us.”

**Someone Else Will** The need for a Shas translation was clear; not just because of the spike in *baalei teshuvah*, but because the *daf yomi* framework had gathered many more adherents, including many yeshivah graduates, most of whom spoke

English as a first language. A few years before his *petirah*, Rav Yaakov had foreseen the need and mentioned it to the publishers.

But to translate Shas?

ArtScroll prepared a sample of what they envisioned and they showed it to various *roshei yeshivah*. It was Rav Aharon Schechter who offered the precise terminology. At a meeting with ArtScroll leadership, the *rosh yeshivah* of Chaim Berlin said, “You can’t translate the Gemara, but you can elucidate it!”

Most of the American *roshei yeshivah* wrote letters of approbation. Rav Shlomo Zalman Auerbach and Rav Elyashiv both warmly endorsed the project and authorized the publishers to use their names:

Rav Shach was skeptical, but since he relied on Rav Gifter's judgment, he withheld his objections. In time, he received glowing reports about the work done by American *bnei Torah*, and he was pleased.

Reb Meir understood that to do it right, he'd need to assemble an elite group of brilliant, talented, knowledgeable *talmidei chachamim*, in a sense, one of the finest *kollelim* on earth.

And a *kollel* needs funding.

Along with sponsors for individual *masechtos*, Reb Meir wanted a name grant, a single sponsor to dedicate the entire Shas project. One of the most prominent Jewish philanthropists was intrigued by the prospect of perpetuating his family name, but at the last minute, his advisors talked him out of it, feeling that it was a "black hat project" that would go nowhere.

Disheartened, Reb Meir shared his disappointment with his *rebbe*, Rav Dovid Feinstein. "Nu," the Rosh Yeshivah remarked, "he didn't have the *zechus*. Someone else will."

Someone else did.

Jerome Schottenstein was an institution in Midwestern Jewish life.

He'd sponsored a *masechta*, *Eiruvin*, and Reb Meir was hesitant to return and ask for more.

"It was Nochum Stilerman who advised me to go back to Jerome," Rabbi Zlotowitz recalls. "He said, 'Trust me, a previous donor is more likely to give to you, he already feels a connection.' So I listened."

Rabbis Zlotowitz and Scherman flew to Ohio, first stopping off in Wickliffe to receive Rav Gifter's blessing before continuing on to Columbus for their meeting with Mr. Schottenstein. Mr. Schottenstein's son, Jay, was enthusiastic about the idea, and he encouraged his father to step up and meet history. (Jay, together with his wife Jeanie, would ultimately carry on the family project with generosity and heart after the senior Schottenstein's passing.)

Stilerman was proven right. The English Shas had its name.

And the first donor they'd approached, the one who'd backed out? Rabbi Zlotowitz shrugs. "He always says that he considers it his greatest philanthropic mistake. He let his advisors

talk him out of it and he regrets it until today."

He pauses and looks at Rabbi Scherman. "If we had known how hard it would be, we probably wouldn't have gone ahead with it. Baruch Hashem we didn't know."

**Our Coca-Cola** ArtScroll became known not just for the quality of its works, but for proving that a "*heimishe*" company could develop a sophisticated corporate model.

Yitzchok Saftlas, president of Bottom Line Design, a premier marketing agency, started his career at ArtScroll and considers himself a *talmid* of its leaders. "So much of what I preach today is based on what I saw there."

He remembers those frantic weeks before the Stone Chumash was slated for release and the deadline loomed larger by the moment. "So Reb Meir turned to Reb Nosson and said, 'Listen, you don't worry about ad copy or phone calls or the other *seforim*. Just stay in your office and write, and I'll see to your other responsibilities.' It was a lesson in focus and prioritizing."

Another time, Reb Meir asked a writer to complete a task. "I can have it for you at twelve o'clock," the writer said.

Reb Meir shook his head. "No. Better to guarantee it for one o'clock and come in early, than for twelve o'clock and deliver it late."

"It's that attitude," Saftlas reflects, "that's made ArtScroll into our Coca-Cola, that thoroughness, that pride."

Corporate precision — but also plenty of heart.

At the end of Rabbi Krohn's maiden meeting with the ArtScroll heads, Rabbi Scherman wrote down Reb Paysach's name and phone number on a slip of paper.

"I always remember," the famed author and lecturer admits, "how he put the paper in his front shirt pocket and said, 'Now you're one of us!' To me, the symbolism, the way he put me next to his heart, was so special, one of the warmest feelings of my life."

Rabbi Shimon Finkelman was a young *mechanech* when he undertook the task of writing the biography of Rav Moshe Feinstein. A relative novice, he was nervous.

"Several weeks into the project," he remembers, "I shared my list of interviewees with Rabbi Scherman. A few days later, I received a letter in the mail — it was from Rabbi Scherman, 'congratulating' me on what I had already accomplished and expressing his confidence that the book would be a success. I still remember the good feeling I experienced when I got that letter. And yes, it did wonders for my confidence."

Even Rabbi Berel Wein, who'd been a prolific writer before ArtScroll came along, found himself learning new things. He authored a Jewish history series for ArtScroll in the 1980s. He submitted the first book in long-hand, on legal-size lined paper. When it came time for the second book, Rabbi Zlotowitz insisted he use a computer, purchasing the bulky laptop himself and giving Rabbi Wein specific instructions on how to use the word-processing program.

"Reb Meir told me there are only two keys I had to know how to use. One was delete, and the other was save. 'Use them regularly and wisely,' he said — great advice for writing books, and for life."

Today, ArtScroll operates out of a spacious, attractive building on Brooklyn's Second Avenue, with a website to match. The company reaches across all demographics of the Jewish community, churning out a wide range of titles.

The *seforim* keep coming — Shas followed by Yerushalmi, Midrash, elucidated Mishnayos, and, most recently, a beautiful new Mikra's Gedolos Chumash in Hebrew.

"It doesn't make a difference that we've sold over one million siddurim, that our Chumashim and Gemaras are in every home and shul... It's about what we've done lately. We have to keep producing," says Rabbi Scherman.

Reb Meir looks to his son, Reb Gedaliah, the only member of the second generation to have joined the leadership team.

"He should have been a *rav*, that's what he wanted to do," Reb Meir says. "He loves to learn... but baruch Hashem, we have enough *seforim* here to keep him happy."

There is no small degree of paternal pride

in the way Reb Meir lists off the various scholarly projects his son has undertaken. "But still, he's been a bit of a maverick for us. He finds us new challenges and takes them on."

It was Gedaliah, for example, who led the company down the hugely successful cookbook route and ushered ArtScroll into the world of digital media.

"I'm lucky. My father and Reb Nosson had to learn on the job, and I get to learn this business through watching them."

"Do they ever fight?" I ask, trying to catch him off guard.

He laughs easily. "Yes," he says, "but never for long. And never for real. They understand each other."

Reb Meir chimes in with another of his invaluable quotes. "Most *shalom bayis* fights are about money. We make a living, baruch Hashem. If we go out for lunch, and I order *kishke* and Reb Nosson doesn't, he looks away and doesn't mention it, you know what I mean?"

"But joking aside, we get along because we both believe in what we're doing, and we appreciate each others' talents."

**You Represent Something** There is something else that the partners have in common.

Before I leave, Rabbi Zlotowitz asks me to wait a moment. He steps out and returns a minute later with a moist washcloth, which he takes to a small stain on my jacket. "You work at a Torah magazine," he chides me, "and you have to look a certain way. Your product has to be perfect, and so should you."

Two weeks after our interview, Rabbi Scherman is in Montreal for Shabbos in honor of a family *simchah*. I go to say mazel tov, and for whatever reason, I'm not wearing a tie. He grasps my hand warmly, accepting my wishes, then pulls me close and whispers, "You should really wear a necktie, you represent something."

Long ago, before ArtScroll/Mesorah Publications existed, Rabbi Scherman wrote the article that bound him to Rabbi Zlotowitz.

Reb Nosson, with his graceful pen, quoted from the Chofetz Chaim's address at that Knessiah Gedolah of 1923. The venerable sage had described how when a mortal king visits a province, the local governor will come to greet and honor him. When the king visits a small town, the mayor assumes responsibility for his honor and safety; on a small street, an ordinary constable is entrusted with the king's protection.

*So it is with the King of Kings*, Rabbi Scherman continues. *He first revealed Himself to our forefathers, and they honored Him... Then He revealed Himself to the Nevi'im, the Tannaim, Amoraim, the Geonim, each one announcing His glory and greatness to humanity...*

*We, in our generation, are like the simple constable welcoming the king, compared to the great men of generations ago. Our obligation to safeguard the Heavenly Glory, however, is no smaller than that of earlier, greater generations.*

That, really, is the ArtScroll doctrine: pride, meticulousness, and dignity.

A new generation, a new language, but still safeguarding the Glory of Heaven. ●