

Texas Jewish Historical Society

TEXAS JEWISH
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

June 1999

Newsletter

Preserving Jewish Heritage in Texas (Established 1980)



Beila Buchwald Maas and Favish Maas. Favish Maas was an Austrian-born pacifist under the reign of Franz Joseph. He objected to compulsory service and left for America with his buddy, Isaac Zinn. They both left their wives and sons in Europe and came to Galveston, Texas, where they became peddlers and earned enough money to bring their families over. Isaac Zinn remained in Galveston; the Maas' moved to Houston just before the 1900 storm. They opened a store at Hamilton and Canal called the "Five Points Grocery Store." They became the parents of five children. They are the grandparents of Gertrude Maas Toro, who submitted these photos.



L-R: Rose Epstein, Mrs. Meyer Epstein, and Goldie Epstein.



Rose Epstein Maas, right, on August 7, 1913 in Galveston.



Rose Maas, fourth from left, bottom row. Weatherford High School Graduation, 1903 or 1904. She was born in Decatur, Texas in 1886 and married in 1908.

Next Board Meeting – Sunday, July 18, 10:00 A.M. -3:00 P.M.

Houston-Hilton Hobby Airport

See insert for details and reservation form.

From the TJHS President



Our wonderful 20th annual gathering in Fort Worth was filled with a wide variety of interesting programs and a delightful array of social events.

Once again we came together to increase our knowledge of Texas Jewish history and enjoy the fellowship that is such an important aspect of every meeting. Fay Brachman, Jack Gerrick and Annette and Howard Lackman are to be congratulated and thanked for arranging an outstanding weekend. Please read their report on page 3 of this Newsletter for more details.

This year we took some time during the gathering to recognize and thank each of our Past Presidents as they received their Past President's pins. We recalled their leadership and the role each one played in bringing us to the 20 year mark.

The first recipient of our college student scholarship, Greg Meyer, was a wonderful addition to our gathering. He brought unidentified old photos from Hillel at Texas A&M and was able to add identities and dates to many of them. At the board meeting he told us how much he appreciated the opportunity to attend our gathering as our guest, how much he had learned, and that he hoped we would continue to offer this scholarship in future years. Seems

like a really good idea! He also joined TJHS.

Recently TJHS received four Grant requests that were reviewed by our Grant committee. After presentation to The Board, two of the requests were approved. The first award is to Texas A&M University Press in support of Hollace Weiner's book, *Legendary Lone Star Rabbis*. The second approved request is to The Institute of Texan Cultures for a traveling exhibit on Jewish immigration that will be coordinated with our *Shalom Y'all* exhibit in November, December, 1999 and January 2000.

As I continue my presidency, I want to thank every officer and board member for his/her active participation. I feel that we are a wonderful team and I am so pleased that every officer and many board members are remaining on that team. We do have six new board members to whom I extend my warm welcome and look forward to working together toward our goal of preserving and documenting the history of the Jews of Texas.

Our summer Board meeting is scheduled for Sunday, July 18, from 10 A.M. - 3 P.M. at the Hilton Hotel at Hobby airport in Houston. As always, the meeting is open to all members and you will find a registration form in the center of this Newsletter. This business meeting will be devoted to evaluating the past year and discussing future plans and projects. On October 16 and 17 we

will be meeting in Corsicana...details later.

When you are a part of TJHS you find yourself achieving an important purpose, surrounded by interesting, delightful people who share that vision.

Warm Texas Regards,

Helen K. Wilk

We Need Storage Space!

TJHS is seeking some air-conditioned storage space for our files containing our records and tapes. We need occasional access and a convenient location in a major city, i.e., Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, Austin or San Antonio. We will probably have 2-3 four-drawer file cabinets, so even a large closet might serve the purpose. Contact Helen Wilk at (361) 991-1118.

Please Note:

The Texas Jewish Historical Society and the editorial staff of this newsletter cannot guarantee the accuracy or authenticity of any article. This is the responsibility of each contributor, so please direct your questions, comments and/or corrections to each author directly.

The Texas Jewish Historical Society Newsletter

is a publication of the Texas Jewish Historical Society, P.O. Box 10193, Austin, Texas 78766-0193



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Report on the 20th Annual Gathering in Fort Worth, Texas

April 30-May 1st 1999

The 20th annual Gathering of the Texas Jewish Historical Society was held in Fort Worth, Texas, on April 30-May 1, 1999, at the Radisson Hotel, and was attended by over 100 members of the Society and many local people who visited various programs and seminars. Some of the visitors were so impressed with the Society that they filled out membership applications and paid on the spot.

The meeting was chaired by Fay Brachman and Jack Gerrick of Fort Worth, with Howard & Annette Lackman of Arlington doing the programming. Many local members on various committees helped make this Gathering one of the best. Thanks to everyone who helped!

Registration began on Friday morning with an afternoon session entitled, "Begin to climb your Jewish Family Tree," by noted genealogist David Chapin, of Austin. The session was very enlightening and very well attended. Later in the afternoon, members went on a walking tour of the Bass Performance Hall and were guided by its General Manager, Paul Beard, personally. The Hall is considered one of the 10 best in the world, so it was an honor to be so privileged.

The highlight of Friday evening's Shabbat dinner was a lecture by Mr. Michael Pollak on "Kai-Feng China and Texas Jewry; a Spiritual Link." Mr. Pollak is an



Bridwell Library Curators with Kai-Feng Torah, written on sheepskin.

acclaimed historian and shared the discovery of an ancient Chinese Torah. The Torah was viewed at the dinner in one of the very few times it has been out of the SMU Bridwell Library. The Torah is hundreds of years old and priceless.

Saturday morning's first session, titled, "The Jewish Impact on Small Texas Towns," was moderated by Jack Gerrick with panelists Buddy Freed, Jim Stein, Leon Toubin, Max

Stool and Herb Silverberg, all of whom grew up in small towns.

The second seminar was presented by Susan King on the subject, "Preserving Our History For Future Generations."

Lunch was spent with John Giordano, Conductor of the Fort Worth symphony, who discussed, "Jewish Contributions to the Arts Around The State."

The third seminar was led by Shirley Schuster with a panel consisting of Herb Schwartz, David Luskey, Ted Mack and Carol Minker. They discussed "Jewish Entrepreneurship in Fort Worth."

Later in the afternoon the members took a bus tour of historical Jewish North Side and ended up with a walking tour of the historic stockyards, after which dinner was held at a local restaurant. Hollace Weiner chaired the program titled, "How Jews Shaped the North Fort Worth Economy." Those on the panel included Sam Rosen, Edwin Cohen, Leon Brachman and Phillip Sheinberg. This concluded programming for the Gathering.

Sunday morning was comprised of a general business meeting and election of officers.

Texas Jewish Historical Society Donor Cards

This card is available for anyone wishing to honor or memorialize an individual through our endowment fund. Upon receipt of your gift the Society will respond with this acknowledgement. To the members who have sent in funds in the past, thank you on behalf of TJHS. To all those who will send funds in the future, please send your gift to:

Texas Jewish Historical Society
P.O. Box 10193
Austin, Texas 78766-0193

The Texas Jewish Historical Society

gratefully acknowledges your gift to our

Endowment Fund

of \$ _____

in _____ of _____

An acknowledgement has been sent to the party you specified.

Your gift will further the efforts to record, preserve, and disseminate historic information about the Jewish culture in Texas.

Helen Wilk

A Biographical Sketch of Our President

A new feature is being added to the newsletter with this publication. Since we are a historical organization, we thought it only fitting that we should know more about the history of those that serve us. The following is from an interview with our President, Helen Wilk.



I was born Helen Karen Goldman in Portage, Wisconsin in 1939. My paternal grandparents, David and Meryl Goldman came from Russia. My father was born in Russia and came to this country at about age three. My maternal grandmother, Anne Sorkin Katchem was born in Ukraine and immigrated to the U.S. with two brothers when she was around fourteen years old. They never again saw their parents or a sister who remained there. Charles Katchem was from Poland and apparently fled to save his life. He was responsible for blowing up a bridge leading to his *shtetl* to prevent the Cossacks from riding into the village.

When my maternal grandfather died, my grandmother, Anne, and a single aunt, Sophie, moved in with my family. When Sophie married, I was five years old. My grandmother and I became roommates. She was a warm, loving, quiet woman and a great influence in my life. I learned Yiddish from her, helped her bake and felt her unconditional love. She continued to live with my mother until she died at age 92.

My parents, Morris Abraham Goldman and Lillian Katchem Goldman, knew each other growing up in Minneapolis. There were married there in 1932. They moved to Portage, Wisconsin, population around 10,000, and purchased and ran a small dry cleaning business. My brother, Rohn and I were born there. My father's parents had moved to Detroit, when my grandfather became ill and asked my father to move there and help run the business. It was a coin-operated jukebox business called Motor City Music Co. Eventually my father and his brothers split up the business. My father called his business Morris Music Co.

Northwest Detroit, heavily Jewish, provided the environment for my growing years. I attended public school four blocks from my home. We

belonged to B'nai Moshe Synagogue, a conservative congregation. I attended Sunday School and the United Hebrew School. I was very involved in synagogue activities. I attended Junior congregation Sabbath services during which only the young people participated. I was also an active member of the drama club, which put on productions for the entire congregation.

Bat Mitzvah was not available to me at that time. I attended Sunday school through the year of Confirmation, but did not attend the Confirmation ceremony because I felt that most of my classmates were only going in order to have a big party to celebrate. I was something of a maverick and it is interesting that my parents did not try to persuade me to attend.

In high school I was involved with forensic contests for drama and public speaking. My Jewish activities had shifted from the synagogue to BBG where I was president of my chapter the year that Larry and I became engaged. The summer of 1955 Larry Wilk was between his freshman and sophomore year of Medical School at the University of Michigan. I was between my sophomore and junior year of High School. Larry first met my brother, then met me through my brother. I was 16 and he was 22! I told my brother after two conversations with Larry that I had the feeling I was going to be Mrs. Larry Wilk! It seems totally crazy and incredible when I look back on it.

I completed high school in August 1956 by attending summer school. That fall I began college at Wayne State University in Detroit and spent my freshman year planning our wedding and writing daily letters to

Larry. We married at Beth Abraham Synagogue in Detroit on July 7, 1957. I was 18 and Larry was 24. We lived in Ann Arbor while Larry finished Medical School, internship & residency, and I attended the University of Michigan for my sophomore year. I did not complete college, because we decided to start a family, and in those days it seemed mutually exclusive. One of the only regrets I have is not having completed college.

Our three oldest children were born while we lived in Ann Arbor. Charles (Chuck) in 1958, Patricia (Patty) in 1961 and Andrew (Andy) in 1963. After finishing his orthopedic residency in 1963, Larry joined the U.S. Army to complete a commitment for two years of service. His orders were for Fort Hood, Texas. We packed up our Pontiac station wagon, after adding air conditioning, and

drove to Texas with a four year old, a two year old and a three month old and a dog. What a trip!

We enjoyed Texas so much that we decided to stay. In 1965 we moved to Corpus Christi where Larry set up his practice. After four years I began to work in the office. I could plan my schedule to be home when the children got home from school and participate in their activities. It has been a long and successful partnership. In 1970 our special bonus child, Carol, who is so proud of being the only native Texan in our family, was born.

My activities have included Sisterhood and Temple Beth El Board, Nueces County Medical Auxiliary, The Corpus Christi Symphony Guild,



Helen Wilk, Continued

Brandeis University National Women's Committee, The National Conference for Community and Justice (formerly the National Conference of Christians and Jews), Camp-fire leader, PTA and Band Boosters. I was asked to research the history of our Temple and perhaps produce a pamphlet. After two years of intensive research, we published *Our Golden Years - The History of Temple Beth El Corpus Christi 1928-1983*. It was a fascinating project and I was hooked on Texas Jewish History. In 1989 I was invited to become a board member of TJHS and have served as Membership Chair, Oral History Chair, Parliamentarian, Vice-President and President. In 1997 Davie Lou Solka and I co-chaired the Corpus Christi Annual Gathering and in 1998 Walter Fein and I co-chaired the San Antonio Annual Gathering. I was asked to write an entry in the Handbook of Texas about Rabbi Sidney A. Wolf. I

am extremely proud to be among the distinguished authors in this comprehensive six volume work.

I have earned a reputation as a community activist because of two events. In 1978 a group of people wanted to place a statue of Jesus on our Bayfront on public property as a link to the name of our city, which translates as Body of Christ. Being opposed to this, I became embroiled in an effort to prevent it. The city council finally refused the offer. Within the last couple of years a statue of Jesus has been placed on the Shoreline Boulevard property of the First United Methodist Church. Those of us in opposition to the statue on public property asked that the statue be placed on private property using private funds and that was the final solution, although about 20 years later.

An effort by anti-abortionists to place a statement in the city charter to state that "life begins at conception

and ends at natural death," became a referendum that was placed before the voters in 1991. I became the spokesperson for the opposition who believed this statement was based on religious beliefs and was inappropriate in the Charter of our city. The voters agreed with us and overwhelmingly defeated the proposition. As this had great national impact, I was interviewed by ABC and NBC Radio News and the election results made newspapers all over the country. I was proud of the citizens of this city I love and glad I had led them to an important victory.

I am proud to lead the Texas Jewish Historical Society, filled with interesting people who share a commitment to document and preserve the unique history of the Jews of Texas. As I said at the time of my election, I am honored that you have asked a Naturalized Texan to serve as President.

Edited by Jan Siegel Hart

Texas Temples

by Sherry Zander (as printed in the Dallas Morning News)

Lone Star Synagogues still shine in some small towns, as found by Sherry Zander and her husband. "You do not expect to find Hebrew in the middle of the hill country, but it's there." Small town synagogues were a way to connect to the past even though many of these houses of worship are now closed and a testimony to small Jewish communities that were optimistic enough to establish roots in the still unsettled wilds of Texas.

Many Synagogues such as the now faded Greek-Revival temple Freda in Bryan were built on land donated by non-Jews. Others, such as Temple Mizpah in Abilene which was dedicated by an Episcopal Priest, were too small to have a rabbi when they opened. Although Texas' Jewish population has always clustered around urban centers, synagogues were usually welcome in small towns. Building a house of worship guaran-



teed a stable population which helped to settle a community.

Actually, Jews have been in Texas since the territory belonged to Mexico. Several fought alongside Sam Houston, and at least one Jewish man and his two sons died at the Alamo. Anthony (Avram) Wolf, a widower from England, served as a private in the artillery.

After the Civil War, more

Jews began moving to the state. With expansion of railroads they settled at railheads to open stores – and eventually synagogues. Decades after they were built many small town synagogues are barely hanging on. Many others have been taken over by non-Jewish congregations. Temple Freda is now home to a Latin Pentecostal Church. When the Synagogue opened in 1913, it served Jews from a 100-mile radius.

One explanation of its name is that it was named in memory of the deceased wife of the congregation's president – unusual because very few synagogues are named for people, let alone women. Another version told to Lena Tapper Aron Frost by her father, is that Temple Freda was named for her grandmother.

*First in a series of Texas Temples
by Sherry Zander*

Jews in Small Texas Towns

by I.L. “Buddy” Freed

(as delivered from a Panel at the 1999 Annual Gathering in Fort Worth)



ack Gerrick asked me if I would speak to you about my growing up Jewish in Crystal City, Texas. Of course, I am honored to be here and have the privilege of telling you a bit about how it was way back then. When I say “way back then,” I’m talking about when Herbert Hoover became President. He and I made inaugural addresses together, March 4, 1929.

A question I have been asked many times over the years is “Where is Crystal City, Texas?” Crystal City is a small town southwest of San Antonio, north of Laredo, east of Eagle Pass and south of Uvalde. Another question is “Why were you born in Crystal City, Texas?” This one is easier to answer. That is where my mother was at the time! One great thing about being from Crystal City, Texas is you don’t get asked a lot of Jewish Geography questions. The really big question is, “How and why was your family living there?”

There is a very logical explanation. When the Jews were coming from Eastern Europe around the turn of the century, immigration was fairly open and lax, except for situations of questionable health. As Jews have learned to do from the beginning, we take care of each other. I once read that when pirates captured a ship, if there were Jews aboard, they were never killed, but taken hostage. Pirates knew that other Jews would ransom them quickly. In the case of an immigrant Jew whose health was not quite up to par, the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS) stepped in and did what they had to do to help. In the case of my father’s first cousin, once removed, who was a small frail man, HIAS got him out of Ellis Island and sent him to Laredo, Texas and told him he was a bookkeeper. Laredo and Phoenix share a hot, dry climate which helps a respiratory weakness. Uncle Morris settled in Laredo and became a bookkeeper. When he became financially able, he went to New York and

married my father’s sister, Libby, and brought her back to Laredo.

My dad came through Ellis Island and lived in New York for a while. He wasn’t born in Texas, but he got here as quickly as he could. He came to Texas around 1910 to visit his sister and fell in love with the area and stayed. Before World War I, he had a small dry goods store in Laredo, but when the war started, he and two of his friends enlisted. The friends were



The Panel, “Growing up Jewish in Small Texas Towns,” L-R: Max Stool (Del Rio), Herb Schwartz (Hempstead), Buddy Freed (Crystal City) and Jack Gerrick, Moderator (Pharr).

Max Pomerantz and George Levy of Seguin. They served in France with the AEF.

After the war, he returned to Laredo and to his business. He opened additional stores in Cotulla, Dilley and Crystal City. For whatever reason, he closed the stores in Laredo, Cotulla and Dilley and made Crystal City their home. This is why my mother was in Crystal City when I was born!

The Great Depression of the 1930s wiped out my father’s dry goods store, as it did so many other businesses. He remained in Crystal City, working for a merchandise jobber who took over the assets of the store. About 1934, John Nance Garner, Franklin Roosevelt’s first vice-president, owned a bank in Crystal City. Mr. Garner had repossessed a canning factory on the outskirts of town and suggested to my father that he take it over. Dad said he knew nothing of the canning process but Mr. Garner insisted that since Dad was Jewish and

Jews could do whatever they wanted to do, he would succeed in the canning industry. He did succeed, not only in canning spinach, but in canning several other vegetables grown in the area.

Growing up as I did in Crystal City in the 1930s, 40s and 50s, I was exposed to much of the Jewish history of that area. Several years ago, I was on the U. J. A.’s Southwest Region Campaign Cabinet. In a discussion of how we could reach out to Jews in small towns, a member of the board said that it wasn’t worth the effort since Jews who lived in small towns did so to hide. It took great personal restraint to control my anger while I pointed out that Jews can’t hide in small towns - they have to live in large cities to hide. My experience was that we were accepted or rejected for what we are.

Jews I knew in small towns were proud to be Jewish and rather than trying to hide or assimilate, they tended more to advertise their Jewishness. Otherwise, why would there have been a Freed Packing Company or Dalkowitz’s and Pullen’s in Crystal City, or Zinberg’s Furniture in Carrizo Springs, Goodman’s Shoes in Laredo, M. Schwartz’ and Goldberg Furniture in Uvalde or I. Comer’s Feed Store in Hamilton? There were many others who proudly included their names in their businesses in those small towns and at a time when the Ku Klux Klan was most active.

In Eagle Pass, Mr. Sam Schwartz was the mayor when he was told that the Klan was going to parade down main street in all of their hooded glory. Mayor Schwartz asked the Governor to assign a Texas Ranger to Eagle Pass to assure the peace and quiet of the town. Mayor Schwartz then issued a proclamation that anyone seen in the streets of Eagle Pass wearing a mask would be shot on sight. The Texas Ranger sat in the middle of the street, rifle across his lap and waited for a masked Klansman to show. None did!

Some comedian once quipped that there were no Jewish cowboys. I

Jews in Small Texas Towns, Continued

wonder how one could meet his qualification? Not to be Jewish, but to be a cowboy? I have known many Jews in the cattle business. My father owned over 5,000 acres of land and 2,000 head of cattle when he died. I took the operation over and ran it for several years before moving to Fort Worth. Charlie Gurinsky Cattle Company in San Antonio prospered in the cattle business as did Freedman Brothers and Siegel and Block in Houston. M. Schwartz of Uvalde was very big in the sheep and goat business. Abe Mehl, Sylvan Gurinsky, Abe Moses and many others I cannot recall, made their living from farming and ranching. Here in Fort Worth, the Rosenthal families were in the meat packing business. Cowboys? Perhaps the comedian's definition of a cowboy is a bit fuzzy.

In those old South Texas days, Jewish families frequently met in Uvalde, Crystal City, Laredo or Eagle Pass to celebrate holidays or *simchas*. Our Jewish community spread over many miles, but we were close. Living in a small town during the years that I did was rewarding. I enjoyed growing up there and I loved farming and ranching. For the year of my Bar Mitzvah, I was enrolled in a boarding school in San Antonio so I could be tutored and prepared. My Bar Mitzvah was at Agudas Achim, where I spoke those traditional words, "today I am a fountain pen".

I grew up in the non-Jewish atmosphere of Crystal City. It was not really until I got to Texas A&M and involved myself with Hillel that I began to become truly aware of my Jewishness. After college I returned to Crystal City a few months before my father's death. He died in the Nix Hospital in San Antonio. After his death, I heard my mother say more than once that had he lived, they were going to move to San Antonio to be with their Jewish friends.

Just before Sandra and I married, my sister's mother-in-law died suddenly in her home in Hobbs, New Mexico. She was buried in Dallas. During the *shiva*, I heard her husband repeat the same words my mother had spoken five years before - next year we were going to move to

Dallas and be with our Jewish friends. Driving back to Crystal City from Dallas I told my mother that I would not have Sandra one day repeat that same lament. Crystal City was a great place to grow up and live but it would not be where I would raise my children. I have never regretted my decision to come to Fort Worth, but I have never forgotten what it was like to be a Jewish boy in Crystal City.

TJHS Sponsors Junior Historian Essay

For the past three years, Texas Jewish Historical Society has sponsored an award in the Texas State Historical Association annual Junior Historians of Texas History Fair essay contest. The past two years we have had entries in both the junior and the senior division. This year, there was only one entry in the senior division.

The winner was "Dr. Ray Karchmer Daily: 'The Eyes of Influence,'" by Miss Janice Cooper, who attends Eisenhower 9th Grade School in Aldine ISD near Houston. Miss Cooper told of Dr. Daily's immigration from Lithuania as a child, her difficulties of obtaining a medical education yet becoming the first Jewish woman to graduate from a Texas medical school. She also told of her success and achievements in the field of ophthalmology and innovative procedures which she introduced.

Miss Cooper also told of Dr. Daily's participation in the women's suffrage movement and civil rights efforts, and service to Houston by serving on the Houston Independent School District School Board, her successful effort to create what eventually became the University of Houston, and her defeat when she proposed free lunches for poor children in the Houston schools.

We congratulate Miss Janice Cooper and are honoring her with a \$100 prize.

— Marvin Rich, Chair

Letter From the Editor

For those of you who did not attend the Spring 1999 Gathering in Fort Worth, I feel you missed an event that was extremely informative, and presented some aspects of Jewish History in Texas which have not been covered in the past. Fay Brachman and I were co-chairs of the Gathering along with a truly dedicated committee, and it was indeed a labor of love. We all enjoyed the functions and especially the visiting, fellowship and new friends. Over 120 members attended the seminar and tours.

Most of the state was represented at the Gathering, however, with as many members as we have in the Society, it appears we could have had a better turn out, inasmuch as the main effort is to preserve our Jewish Heritage in Texas. Which brings me to the question, "What's happened to Dallas?" Other than 3-4 people, no one else came to the Gathering from Dallas. Other events have also seen a poor turn-out. There is still much to be done in the recording of our history.

In order to continue research and oral histories, I feel it behooves us all to pay our dues on time. A great deal of time and energy is being devoted to retaining members and in the recruitment of new members. If you have not paid your dues, and wish to continue receiving this newsletter, please send them in now with the application printed elsewhere in this issue. I hope to see many more members in future meetings inasmuch as many exciting events later this year and next are in the planning stages.



Samuel Sheinberg's Stockyards

Where the West Began



Most of us don't consciously note the end of an era, even when the faces of the cities, the pulse of daily routine, and every aspect, practically, of our daily lives seem to be changing. But when the Stock Show and World Championship Rodeo left the Fort Worth Stockyards, my father recognized the finality of what was happening and mourned the passing. The city leaders insisted it was to make the Stock Show bigger and better. Sam Sheinberg heard the death knell of the Stockyards. "It'll never be the same again. They've ruined us. The Stockyards will keep going downhill. It's all played out, now," he said with a sigh.

Early in the century, when he opened his first tiny store in downtown Fort Worth, he already had an eye on the Stockyards. At that time he envisioned it – raw and energetic and working class – as the ideal spot for his business. At the first opportunity, several years before the beginning of World War I, he rented the shop on Exchange Avenue that was to be his livelihood, his dream, almost his obsession, for the rest of his life. To him, a young immigrant on his own since he was thirteen, goals were clear and straightforward: to make a living, to bring other members of his family to America, to operate his own business. Hard-working, sober and shy, he somehow found his niche in the rambunctious frontier atmosphere of the Stockyards.

And in his pessimistic later prediction, made near the end of the forties, he was also right. Armour's and Swift's packing houses were closing. No longer would Exchange Avenue reverberate, as it had in the past, to the clatter of high-heeled cowboy boots and horses' hooves. Or reek of strong manure when a big shipment of cattle came in. ("It's not a

bad smell to me!" he always insisted.) New excitements and new enticements he could never have conceived of would one day bring tourists to gape and even to walk stiff-leggedly in their own new and absurdly expensive boots, but it would never again be what it had been.

"Samuel Sheinberg, The Working Man's Friend" was the motto on my father's store stationery. His little store was dark and narrow and deep, the second store front on the block. In front of the display windows and in the entry way, every day he put out the "show" – tiny children's boots, novelties, colorful handkerchiefs – samplings of the merchandise. The windows themselves were crammed full. He believed in having lots of stock and in showing what he had.

Inside the store, hat boxes and boot boxes were stacked to the ceiling, and bandanas and handkerchiefs dangled from twine. The slow-turning ceiling fans were the only cooling system, the only heating came from the radiant gas stove back by the boots and shoes.

Work pants and blue jeans were stacked in tall mountains on tables through the center aisles of the store. Lots of merchandise, but Sam Sheinberg prided himself in knowing exactly where everything was and exactly what he had.

Business often was very slow. But during the Stock Show, he depended on "getting well" every year. Ah, the Stock Show was the great adventure. During that ten-day period, cars were parked blocks away, because North Main and Exchange Avenue were crammed with cowboys on horseback and on foot and with visitors of every kind – gaudily dressed and garishly made-up women, school children, gnarled cattle and horse dealers, families. When we were small children, my mother took us to see the animals on exhibit, to eat the pink and fluffy cotton candy. Later, we went with friends to the wild and

exuberant World Championship Rodeo held in the Coliseum adjacent to the Commission Buildings. Each year, we were decked out in colorful new boots and hats – the one time that we were the sartorial envy of our schoolmates.

This was the only period during which my father did not come home to dinner in the middle of the day. He settled for hot tea and toast at the counter of the drugstore next door to the store. Mother would drive him to work every morning during the Stock Show, leaving him off three or four blocks away to avoid the congestion. He would telephone her at night when he was ready to close. This was never until he was convinced that no late stragglers might still wander in to buy something.

Saturday nights, even when there was no Stock Show, he stayed open late. We often waited for him in the car, parked in front of the store, listening to the Salvation Army Band bravely playing and singing on the corner, as careening, drunken Stockyard characters reeled and shouted and occasionally scuffled around them.

Father didn't know how to do business as it is transacted in today's world. His merchandise was literally sold at one price for each customer. He mentally gauged what he thought the traffic would bear and managed to convince many a satisfied customer that he had gotten a real bargain from little old Sam, who called him "my Friend" and always paused before quoting a price, "just for you." It was always lower than the one marked on the tag. Sheinberg's carried no official charge accounts, but that did not apply to regular customers, workers at the packing houses who needed work pants before pay day or a shirt or a few handkerchiefs. There were plenty of verbal agreements. And yet, Samuel Sheinberg was not often the victim of a bad debt.

During World War II, when merchandise became increasingly hard to get and the demand was great, he

Samuel Sheinberg's Stockyards, Continued

would send each of us individually to one of the big stores downtown when they got in a large shipment of shirts or blue jeans or work pants. We would buy the limit in sizes he needed to fill in. Not really enough to do much good, but my father always hated to turn customers away because he didn't have what they wanted. Even though he made no profit, he believed it was better to sell them than to have customers walk out, empty-handed.

"Then you at least build good will – and who knows? Maybe you can convince them they should buy a pair of socks or some handkerchiefs or something else while they're in the store."

Two events brought Sheinberg's store a certain amount of celebrity. The first took place in the late thirties, when Fort Worth was in avid competition with Dallas' Texas Centennial celebration, a great and exciting celebration, of its own. It included in one large complex a rowdy, old west type night club, called Pioneer Palace, with rollicking and sometimes rather bawdy floor shows, as well as a glamorous, more sophisticated theater, called Casa Manana, which featured a revolving stage and was housed in a circular, domed building. Casa Manana became a showcase for elaborate Billy Rose extravaganzas. All in all, quite an audacious and colorful fair it was, for mid-Texas during the late years of the Great Depression. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra came to Casa Manana, and he immediately got caught up in the Fort Worth "cowtown" spirit, declaring that he wanted to dress the part of the real cowboy. He was directed to the Stockyards, where he could shop in the really authentic atmosphere, and he picked Samuel Sheinberg's little store. There was certainly nothing pretentious or touristy about it!

"My little Jew Friend," he called my father--even addressing his orders for replacements for the hats and boots and western wear he and his orchestra personnel purchased, with

this salutation.

Whiteman seemed to enjoy wrapping my father in a great bear hug, evidently amused at the incongruity. After all, the orchestra leader was a giant of a man and Sam Sheinberg was a very small one, less than five feet six inches tall. Whiteman also chuckled and joked about the disparity of this little merchant, pale of skin, always immaculately dressed in a business suit, dress shirt and traditional tie, surrounded by the jeaned and booted characters of the Stockyards.

The other special notice the store received grew from an issue of Holiday Magazine during the forties. That issue featured Texas, and other color photographs of Fort Worth's Stockyards focused in the foreground on the store front, with its sign, "Samuel Sheinberg" prominently visible – as well as the crowded display windows and the "show." Letters soon began coming from all over the country, addressed vaguely to such destinations as "Sheinberg's Cowboy Store, Stockyards, Texas." However, in those less complicated days, my father seemed to receive them all, no matter how they were addressed. Most were orders for real ten gallon hats or a genuine cowboy belt or even boots.

Even with this concrete evidence of the marvelous power of advertisement, Samuel Sheinberg never advertised, never ran a promotion or sale, in the more than fifty years that he was in business. People certainly tried to convince him. His own family argued and reasoned with him, but he was obstinate. "Bubkes!" he would utter contemptuously. "Who has the time or money to waste on such things? I know my customers better than you do. They don't need that kind of foolishness."

In the same manner he rejected suggestions that he renovate the store, that he put in air conditioning and heating. "My customers would be uncomfortable – get suspicious. Too fancy for my kind of business!" he declared.

And so, until his death in late 1968, his store – and he – remained unchanged in a changing world.

The Livestock Exchange Buildings, hub of the commerce of his era, no longer houses the offices of cattle and horse and mule commissions. Now there are red tile roofs and Spanish arches enclosing art galleries and expensive law offices.

The old Swift packing house that hired so many workers during those first forty-five years of the century is today a trendy restaurant, displaying as focal point of its decor the homey artifacts, the tools, furniture and old signs from the past.

A giant frontier type amusement center is being built on Exchange Avenue, encompassing the area in which Sam Sheinberg did his business all those years. And just behind the back of his store sits "Billy Bob's," the world's largest Country and Western nightclub.

"Wouldn't he be surprised and amazed at all the new money invested, the new interest in the Stockyards? Wouldn't he be excited?" we wonder, peering at the fiberboard false fronts, the plastic replica of the Old West that the region has now become. Or would he, in fact, be rather sad? As a businessman, he would be glad for the economic recovery, obviously, but this empty, make-believe facade of a frontier has little of that dignity which has grown from essential human vitality. When it was an actual way of life, the Stockyards was alive and unselfconscious – rough, but certainly genuine.


That era of the Stockyards, where once the west began, that very time of little stores run by immigrants working twelve hour days to make their American dream come true, that simple, unpretentious way of life – poorer, less comfortable, less sophisticated than what we enjoy today, obviously – is erased by time and progress and the inevitability of change. But something unique and special flourished then, and it is important that we not forget.

– Gloria Sheinberg Swann
Sedona, Arizona

Kasha, Kugel, and Pinto Beans

One Way Tickets from West Ukraine to West Texas

Editors note: This is the story of four brothers. They immigrated to the United States from Eastern Europe at the turn of the century. Their story is not unique in that regard. The story is unique in the lives and times that it intersects. The lives of the Stool brothers intersected with Texas history during the years of the oil boom, the dust bowl, the World Wars, a Texas Governor and Mexican generals and villains.

t the turn of the century there was a village in the vast expanse of Ukraine with a name something like "Chotorov." The story begins there with the marriage of Eva Sharagrodsky and Menasha Stul who were in their teens when they married in 1874. Eva and Menasha raised eight children, six sons and two daughters. All immigrated to the United States, although at different times and by different routes. Four sons, in order of seniority - Marx, Max, Dave, and Nathan - settled in the vast expanse of West Texas. They were not persons of historical importance, and, until now, they do not grace the pages of any books or journals. What follows are four word portraits, one for each brother, written by his descendants.

Del Rio

Nestled near the southwestern edge of the Edwards Plateau, and at a confluence of contrasts in geology, topography, religion, and national cultures. This colorful community in the arid, rocky terrain of the Edwards Plateau owed its existence to the San Felipe Springs, a huge fissure in the ground that gushed millions of gallons of crystalline pure water a minute. This allowed for a network of irrigation canals that snaked through the town and on to a rich alluvial plain between Del Rio proper and the Rio Grande. A colony of Northern Italian immigrants settled on this fertile ground and established the first winery in Texas.

Max

Max arrived in America around 1904. He went to Chicago where he studied and became a licensed pharmacist. He decided to settle in California and while traveling on the railroad passed through Del Rio.

At the time he was playing cards with a Del Rio resident. His card-playing friend invited him to visit for a few days and finish the game. The 'visit' lasted 50 years!

One unique thing about Del Rio is its location on the Mexican border. Max saw this as an opportunity and like many Jewish immigrants, became a peddler. Del Rio's sister city is Acuna. Max was fortunate that the chief of Acuna's customs department, who levied tariffs on imported merchandise, befriended him and gave him a standing invitation to dinner every Saturday night. Almost 100 years have passed, but the custom chief's family still receives a discount on purchases at the store Max founded.

In 1905 Max established the Guarantee, a full line department store. Merchants on the border had long taken advantage of Mexican nationals by selling them inferior products for higher prices. The English and Spanish words for Guarantee are very similar. The name signified Max's warranty of quality merchandise to his customers. By 1915, during the political upheavals in Mexico, Max's reputation for integrity had risen to the level that Mexican citizens entrusted their money and valuables to Max so that Pancho Villa and his bandits could not steal them.

Max had excellent relationships with his employees, most of whom worked with him for many years. It wasn't so much that they received more pay, it was that they were given more respect. Simply put, Max valued their opinions and gave them the opportunity to act on them.

Max's relationship with his customers was perhaps unique for the time. This is demonstrated by one story. He called a meeting and told his employees that he was very upset by what he had seen. A poor Mexican

woman came into the store followed by a wealthy Anglo. The clerks gave their attention to the Anglo. "Why?!", Max asked. The clerks responded that the Anglo had more money. Max replied both had the same self-worth and that the first to come in was the first to be served.

A few years passed and Max married Anna Ratner. She was an immigrant from the Russian-Polish region. They had three children. Max and Anna built a two-story home and filled it with art, fine furniture and a grand piano. It was a home full of vigor. There were always additional people staying in their home, ranging from salesman, to *landsman*, to relatives. One stayed for two years. They all had one thing in common. Each had an opinion on every topic from whether there was too much pepper in the soup to the President's latest announcement. And each expressed himself in a heated and loud manner.

Max and Anna joined both the Orthodox and Conservative synagogues in San Antonio. It was a three hundred mile round trip over less than good roads. But they attended every significant Jewish occasion and their two sons had their Bar Mitzvahs there.

During the 1910's Max realized that Del Rio had untapped retail prospects. He decided to become a real estate developer. First he had to get Main Street paved. This provoked a fight from the old guard. He was, however, successful and shortly afterwards he traveled to New York and leased property to F. H. Woolworth, J.C. Penney, Montgomery Ward and S. H. Kress. Max's real estate accomplishments were not unimpressive for a small, dusty isolated town on the Mexican border.

Max had an understanding relationship with his tenants. One of his tenants was a small restaurant and

Kasha, Kugel, and Pinto Beans, Continued

during difficult economic times the proprietor was unable to pay any rent. In lieu of rent Max ate breakfast there every morning. The proprietor later moved the restaurant to Acuna and it became Mrs. Crosby's, the historic tourist destination.

Max didn't mind paying taxes. Where he came from, he said, "You paid taxes and received nothing in return. Here you do." He also said, "If you don't want to pay your taxes, you can leave."

In the 1920's the Ku Klux Klan became active in Del Rio. While anti-Semitism had not been a problem, the Klan stirred up what were perhaps forgotten passions. Max fought them politically. One day members of the Klan entered the Guarantee and threatened Max. He kept a gun by the cash register and for the first and only time he went and got it. The Klan members left. Max said, "They chased us out of one continent, they won't chase us out of this one." Matters grew more tense and for a short period, Max had to move his family to San Antonio. The Klan was soon defeated. A few years later, the Grand Dragon's son went to work for the Guarantee.

Summers in Del Rio are very hot and in the 1920's the only air-conditioned building was the Princess Theatre. Max spent several afternoons a week there. One of his astute young employees observed this pattern and decided that he, too, would go to the movies. On his first attempt, he followed Max by ten minutes into the theatre. When his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he saw he was sitting right in front of Max. Midway through the movie Max left. The employee, knowing he would be fired, stayed until the movie ended. On his way back to the Guarantee he

saw Max, whose only comment was, "Terrible Movie!" Max then walked back to the Guarantee with him. Sixty-five years later, the once young employee still remembers the lesson.

Ranching was the primary economic activity in Del Rio. One of the regional land barons asked Max

he called his family together and announced that they were going to the ranch. And they did. The next weekend he made the same announcement. However, Anna said once was enough. And so Max sold the ranch.

In 1930 Anna became ill with leukemia. The best physicians were in New York City. In order for Anna to be treated Max, in the middle of the Great Depression, moved his entire family to New York. His confidence in his employees was confirmed as they managed his affairs during his two-year absence. Their strong affection for Anna was self-evident. Fifty years after her death they still spoke of her kindness to them.

Max always contributed to charities, both large and small. He felt he had an obligation to do so. Thirty years after Anna's death, he funded major improvement to the local hospital in Anna's memory.

Five years after Anna's death Max married Marion Block. She was German born and lived in Waco, where she had been widowed. Max met and wooed her. She brought her love of culture to Del Rio.

In 1946 Max finally moved to California. He and Marion lived in Beverly Hills for twenty-five years. He filled his days with horse racing, cards and art auc-

tions. When everyone started vacationing in Europe, he didn't. He said it was too hard to get here to go back.

Nathan

Whenever someone would ask Nathan Stool where he came from he would do a quick analysis and reply either Poland or Russia depending on



Marx and Lena Stool's wedding photograph.

why he didn't have a ranch like everyone else, and Max replied that he didn't know anything about ranching. His friend said that if Max bought the land and paid for the livestock that he would select the livestock and manage the ranch. So Max became a rancher. The ranch was 40 miles from Del Rio on an unpaved road with less than a luxurious house on it. On the first weekend after he became a "rancher",

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how he perceived the political interests of the questioner. Nathan Stool came to the United States in 1911 from Russia. Nathan was the youngest of eight children. His parents, Menasha and Eva and three of their other children remained in Russia when Nathan came to the U.S. Nathan was around 15 years old when he fled Russia. It was not a good time for a healthy young man to be in Russia and he fled conscription into the Czar's Army. Nathan entered the United States through the Port of New York. He briefly visited his sister Bessie and her husband Morris Gootner in Boston before making his way to Chicago where his brother Marx and his family were living. Soon he left for the adventures of Texas and Mexico following another older brother, Max.

Nathan first became a peddler in Mexico and sold Jesus statues in small Mexican towns. He learned to speak Spanish and from Spanish he learned to speak English. He made his way by making friends with the local Mexican merchants and socialized with them playing cards even with the notorious Pancho Villa. His brother Max had already settled in Del Rio and had started a store and a family. Nathan opened a business in Del Rio.

On a visit to Chicago Nathan met Lottie Fromstein on a streetcar. Upon returning to Del Rio he corresponded with her and proposed by mail. He had a local banker write to her saying he was an honest man. Lottie traveled by train to Texas. By the time she arrived Nathan had enlisted in the Army, as this was a fast way to become a citizen. In November 1918 he arrived in France a private in the U.S. Army. Lottie was left in Del Rio with her new family and the store to run. Nathan returned from WWI and was informed by his wife that she did not wish to make Del Rio her home. By this time Nathan's brother Dave and his young family had come from Russia and Nathan turned his store and business over to his

brother and he and Lottie started what was to become the story of the original "Texas Wandering Jews."

In their long marriage Nathan and Lottie moved 32 times. Living and working in many small west Texas and eastern New Mexico towns. They lived in Hobbs and Portales, New Mexico as well as San Antonio, San Angelo, Lubbock, Abilene, Dallas, Galveston and many other thriving Texas towns. They would open a store during the cotton picking season or in an oil boom town or he would buy stock to liquidate in going out of business sales. During the Depression he had become an expert in bank-

"Times were tough and sometimes the young man who rented from him couldn't pay, but Nathan was not one to worry over small details...the young man was Preston Smith who later became Governor of Texas."

ruptcy. If a store was for sale because of debt he would organize the local merchants to make low bids so that the owner would be able to buy his stock back and remain in business. Nathan loved the business and loved to haggle. It was no fun without the haggling. Of course the worst was for someone to haggle and then not buy. Lottie took care of the cash register, when she wanted something she would ring up the cash and take her cut. They spoke Yiddish in the store when they didn't want the children, clerks or customers to know what they were saying. If a salesman came to town and there was no hotel he was invited to stay at the house and sleep on the couch and probably was entertained with a game of Dominoes.

In Hobbs, N.M. the family lived behind the store and next to a hotel. It turned out the hotel was no hotel. It was a brothel. Nathan

sometimes had to be the peacemaker between the proprietor and his wife. In Abilene there was a woman whose name was Mrs. Fugita who was not able to get a job during WWII because of her Japanese surname, her husband was American- born Japanese. Nathan and Lottie hired her as a seamstress when no one else would. Their hospitality was well known and when their daughter, Sybil was married in Abilene at The Wooten Hotel there were over 300 guests. In Lubbock the store was at one end of a building and the other end was vacant. A young man in Lubbock wanted to start a movie house; Nathan loaned him the

money to start the picture show and rented him the space at the end of the building. Times were tough and sometimes the young man couldn't pay the rent but Nathan was not one to worry over small details like that and forgave him the rent until times were better. This turned out to be a great investment for Nathan because the young man was Preston Smith who later became Governor of Texas. A touching event shows the measure of

Nathan's generous and energetic character. An elderly Jewish bachelor died in a small New Mexico town, leaving no one to make necessary arrangements. Nathan assumed the role of a one-man *Chevra Kadisha* (burial society). There were complications. The only undertaker in the southeastern corner of New Mexico had fallen victim to the debilitating economy; his shop was closed by the bankruptcy court. Nathan called the bankruptcy judge with an urgent request that the undertaker be allowed temporary access to his mortuary. By telephone and auto travel he gathered together someone with a semblance of rabbinic credentials, and a handful of Jewish men, less than a *minyan*, and led the cortege to the proper place of internment.

Nathan and Lottie's children were born in San Angelo. Nathan was one of the founders of Temple Israel in San Angelo. When W.W.II started

Kasha, Kugel, and Pinto Beans, Continued

Nathan moved his family to Abilene where there was an Army base, Camp Barkley. There were only eight Jewish families in Abilene at that time. They organized and founded Temple Mizpah so that the Jewish soldiers stationed on the base had some place to come for Jewish holidays. Nathan was also involved in the early years of Congregation Shearith Israel in Lubbock and served as President of the Congregation in the mid-fifties. He and Lottie were also involved with Congregation Beth Jacob in Galveston. Nathan was not a very observant Jew but identified with the Jewish community and helped make a Jewish community wherever he was. His last years were devoted to fundraising for the United Jewish Appeal. He was very effective as he knew all the merchants in small towns and had an idea about how much money they could afford to donate.

Nathan and Lottie moved to Galveston because their daughter and her family lived there. Lottie became ill and died. Nathan went back on the road. He was lost without Lottie. He traveled the state of Texas visiting his relatives and friends, he traveled to Israel and he made new friends, lady friends who resembled Lottie. Nathan would buy and drive cars until the wheels fell off. This was not because the cars were old; the cars never got a chance to get old. It had more to do with the way Nathan drove. Nathan smoked cigars and on occasion had trouble clearing the car when he threw the cigar out the window; this made for an incendiary experience when he was driving down the highway with the back seat on fire.

Nathan would arrive unannounced at a relative's home, go to sleep on the couch at night and when the family got up in the morning he was gone with no trace except for some salt all over the kitchen and perhaps a missing tie, or the family would go to bed at night and when they awoke in the morning they would find Uncle Nathan asleep on the couch, he had arrived in the night and just made himself at home. Due to his

driving skills he did once lose his driver's license. That was the good news. The bad news was, Preston Smith was the governor of Texas and much to the families' dismay he got Nathan a NEW drivers license.

Preston Smith remembers Nathan as a man who cared about his community and his family and was an honest and hard working man and most of all he remembers him as his friend.

In 1976 Nathan Stool bought a new car and drove from Houston to Galveston. He was in congestive heart failure and renal shutdown. He drove himself to the hospital and died in Galveston in October 1976. There were 70 miles on the car and no transmission. Nathan lived the last years of his life in hotels, he had a couple of suits, some shoes, a box of family photographs and was a legend in West Texas.

Marx

Marx came to the United States in 1905, during the time of the Russo-Japanese War. He first went to his sister, Bessie, and then moved on to Chicago. As a young single person, Marx went to Colorado and worked in sugar beet fields. In the old country sugar beets and sugar was the primary business activity of the community. His stay was limited, he went on to California, worked in a mine and finally returned to Chicago.

There he met a young Russian émigré, named Lena Novick. They married shortly afterwards. Marx worked in a clothing factory. They had two children, Ida and Rae. Lena became very angry with Marx one evening, because he was out late playing cards with fellow countrymen. That spat may not have been the cause but shortly afterwards the family moved to Marfa, Texas in the year 1914.

Marfa, in far west Texas, was on the Southern-Pacific railroad line and the site of a military establishment, Camp Marfa, which later became Fort D.A. Russell. The area was still part

of the Texas frontier where some men still carried pistols, the streets were unpaved and bandits still made forays into the area. One raid occurred on a ranch near Marfa. It was by Francisco "Pancho" Villa, who came from Mexico with his men. Although Villa did not come into Marfa, the citizens were ready for him. Some men posted themselves on tops of buildings and on water towers with firearms and ammunition. In 1917 General John J. Pershing, who later headed the American Expeditionary Force in Europe during WWI, came through Marfa on his way to New Mexico, seeking Pancho Villa.

Marx did not have enough money for fixtures for his new clothing store. He used cartons in which the merchandise was shipped for a temporary measure. He did prosper. While he was in Marfa, Marx acquired a hotel in Presidio, a remote town on the Texas-Mexican border, and a motel. A banker told him that the motel was a passing fad and would not succeed. His family did grow with the birth of another daughter, Bertha and a son, Max.

In the early 1920s, Marx moved to Pecos, Fort Barstow was nearby. In 1926 Ida finished High School and attended Sul Ross College in Alpine. Ida took flying lessons from Frank Hines in Alpine. She may have been the first Jewish woman in Texas to fly.

In the 1930s Marx expanded his clothing business with stores in San Angelo, Monahans and Odessa. He closed the store in San Angelo when the sheriff discovered that one of his employees attempted to load a truck with his merchandise. He closed the other two stores when the managers were drafted into military service in W.W.II.

When his children were young, Jewish holidays meant traveling 60 to 70 miles to be with family. Holidays rotated from town to town and family to family. The farewell cry might be

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Kasha, Kugel, and Pinto Beans, Continued

“Next year at Uncle Dave’s” instead of “Next year in Jerusalem”. One time Passover coincided with the circus being in town. So, of course, Jews traveling with the circus were invited to the family seder. Among those who came was the fat lady. There was barely enough gefilte fish to go around.

Marx’s last store was in Wink, Texas, where there was still an oil “play”. He closed the store in the 1950’s. Marx kept in touch with the outside world and the Jewish world through *Forverts*, a Yiddish newspaper published in New York.

The Rescue

The overthrow of the Czarist regime in 1918 plunged the Ukraine into total anarchy. For years, the Communists battled with bitterly loyalist, anti-Communist forces, White Russians and Cossacks, and with Polish troops trying to regain territory that had once been a part of the Polish kingdom. Roving bands of thugs pillaged the countryside. The Communists attacked kulaks and anyone of wealth or property. But all combatants hated the Jews. Conditions had become intolerable for Dave and his family.

Back in America, Marx, Max and Nathan conferred. By then Max was wealthy, Marx was modestly prosperous, Nathan less so. They pooled their resources, and sent Max, who possessed the cunning and fortitude for the task, on a rescue mission to Warsaw. He sent a courier into Ukraine, with money and instructions. The mission was successful. Max was reunited with Menasha and Eva; their daughter and son-in-law, Rae and Meyer; Dave, his wife Esther and their infant daughter Elizabeth. They obtained Polish passports and left for America.

Warsaw was awash with

jewels, art treasures, and family heirlooms that fleeing Russians sold to finance their journey westward. Max had a refined eye for such things. One object he brought back was an oil painting, on a small slab of polished granite, that depicted in exquisite detail



Dave and Esther Stool, with sons Max and Joe

a winsome Slavic beauty in colorful folk costume.

When Max and the new immigrants landed at Ellis Island. Max was prepared to deal with problems. He knew from Del Rio that many of the immigration inspectors were Masons. So he made sure he wore his Masonic pin and gave “the” handshake. He cemented his relationship with his new acquaintances with European liquor. As prohibition was in effect he found himself with new friends. And no problems developed.

Dave

Dave came to Del Rio and took over Nathan’s small building that straddled an irrigation canal. His capital consisted of a fistful of Czarist rubles and about \$50 American. He invested all of it in a stock of surplus Army goods, which he cleaned and repaired, and from there on slowly built up a creditable establishment of his own.

In those days most merchants restocked their shelves with orders given to traveling salesmen, drummers, and from wholesale houses in some nearby city. Dave was not content with such limited resources. He was, to borrow a term from the French culinary world, a *forrageur*, that is, a skilled and dedicated individual whom the grand chefs dispatch to the countryside to coax the finest fruits and vegetables from stubborn French farmers. Dave scoured the garment districts and wholesale centers in Dallas, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and New York to find the best sources for staple items, and for special buys of odd lots of irregular merchandise, seconds, out-of-season or out-of-style clothing.

The Star Store, or La Estrella, was an emporium of renown that could put one in mind of the Smithsonian Institution or the decorative arts section of the Metropolitan Museum. A geologist tramping across snake-infested ranch land would be properly fitted with knee-high, lace-up, engineer boots. If a Mexican woman in mourning fancied a finely wrought, black lace mantilla from Spain, she would find a nice selection. Mosquito netting. Men’s romeo shoes. An embroidered Japanese kimono. Men’s work clothing for any trade or craft. Almost anything could be retrieved from the complex of counters, shelves, display cases, and bins. The centerpiece of the store, like the Mona Lisa in the Louvre, was the stretch of

Kasha, Kugel, and Pinto Beans, Continued

shelves, over six feet high, crammed with bolts of fabric, from the plainest domestic or sheeting, to the finest of silks and cottons.

Service to customers knew no bounds. An unlicensed undertaker in a Mexican barrio would call Dave's house on a Sunday night to request immediate delivery of a yard and half of white satin to line the casket of an infant that had to be interred early the next morning.

A ranch hand coming into town for a few days semi-annual vacation would make The Star Store his first stop. He could cash his check for six months wages, \$180, and replenish his wardrobe with a Stetson hat, boots, perhaps a silk shirt in pink or dusty rose, trimmed in purple or green, that a seamstress had fashioned from remnants that Dave found on Delancey Street in New York's Lower East Side. The purchases might come to \$20. The second leg of his vacation was in Villa Acuna, Del Rio's sister city in Mexico, where the customer planned an extended visit to the sprawling red light district, on the outskirts of the town, officially designated by ordinance as the Zone of Tolerance. The customer would budget, say \$60, for this excursion and leave the remaining \$100 on deposit with Dave.

In two days a street urchin with a runny nose would appear, bearing a paper that requested "Senor Estul" to release the remaining funds to the courier. Dave would quiz the bewildered child regarding the whereabouts and condition of the cowboy and, if satisfied with the answers, would give the boy an envelope with \$20 or \$30. In another day or so the customer would return, his new clothing rumpled, collect the balance due him and thank Dave for having kept this sum intact.

Few sales were made as a purely straightforward commercial transaction. The interaction with a customer was occasion for a social event, with banter of family or weather

or politics. The dealings with traveling salesmen could be complex. Dave might hide in the rear of the store when the man appeared in the front door with his sample cases. Or Dave might welcome him if he were a valued supplier, and especially if he were staying the night and available for a game of pinochle.

Tales of The Star Store could unfold endlessly, like a new bolt of 32" percale. One episode demands space in the record. Hundreds of thousands of non-Jews, maybe millions, fled Russia, to far corners of the earth. Villa Acuna was the final destination for a Ukrainian Christian, Ivan

"Few sales were made as a purely straightforward commercial transaction. The interaction with a customer was occasion for a social event, or banter with family, or weather or politics."

Corchenuk, who had a small store of his own. Although the man had left the same land for the same reason, Dave had little contact with him. One day Corchenuk appeared in The Star Store with a big, strapping, basso profundo Cossack, also a resident in Mexico, who needed a new suit. There the trio stood before the large, pull-out suit racks, chatting effortlessly in their native Ukrainian tongue.

A witness to this strange tableau could only wonder what thoughts flitted through their minds. Twenty five years earlier, the Cossack could have been party to the pogroms that plagued the Jewish populace. A band of Cossacks would charge their horses through the Jewish quarter of a town, wielding sabers against terrified women and children. The Corchenuks of the community would have been unmoved. But at this time in this distant place, the despised *zhid* was the superior personage, and master of the situation. On the level playing fields of America, great changes were

wrought on old social orders.

One characteristic defined Dave; he never ceased to think of himself as a Russian. In Del Rio he planted fruit trees, so he could mash sour green plums to ferment in a barrel. Geese strutted in his back yard. He scratched mournful Slavic tunes on a violin, made little doodle-sketches of peasant life. In the early 1960s he booked passage to visit his homeland. As he embarked on this poignant, fateful journey, he carried with him invisible baggage that, unbeknownst to him, was the object of keen attention in the counter intelligence apparatus of Moscow.

Del Rio was home to Laughlin Air Force Base, where the Strategic Air Command maintained U-2 reconnaissance aircraft, the fabled spy plane of the Cold War. Persians from the Shah's air force and Chinese from Chiang Kai Shek's Nationalist Army went there to learn about reconnaissance flights over Siberia. One could imagine that, in Moscow, a KGB officer studied a map of Southwest Texas, with a heavy red circle around Del Rio, Texas.

In Moscow, Dave had the services of an Intourist guide, a pleasant woman. She must have experienced some discomfiture as escort to the customer-guest who delivered a lecture on the wonders of America to any Muscovite who crossed his path. Dave's wife Esther, shy, withdrawn, but observant, noticed that wherever they went, a man - always the same man - lingered nearby. Dave and Esther took a train to Kiev. The presence of the KGB agent in the dining car was unmistakable. Esther would give him a silent greeting with a nod or a smile. The man would lower his eyes to the boiled chicken on his plate.

The local authorities in Kiev were unable or unwilling to help Dave travel to Chotorov. But an unexpected

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diversion awaited him. Although Kiev was off the beaten path for tourists, another American had registered at the same hotel, an officer from Laughlin Air Force Base, traveling about Europe on leave. The three Americans met in the lobby. The hotel dining room was host to a party of five, Dave, Esther, the American Air Force officer, and two KGB agents.

Back in Moscow, the KGB colonel's ash tray overflowed with cigarette butts. He plunged an orange map tack into the red circle around Del Rio, signifying a higher level of surveillance.

Friends and relatives in Del Rio could be forgiven for thinking that Esther's narrative of this bizarre encounter in Kiev might be the product of an addled imagination. But the Air Force officer on returning to Del Rio renewed his acquaintance with Dave and confirmed the story in every detail.

Now that most of the KGB archives are open, it would be interesting to see the reports of this incident. The field agents might have said something like this:

Thorough searches of their hotel rooms and luggage revealed no cameras, radio equipment, maps, binoculars, notebooks or other paraphernalia. Maybe the woman carries something in the purse that she clutches to her person. The idiot Intourist guide gave us nothing useful. She tearfully confessed that she accepted a tip from the man, for whom she had developed an affection. She should be put in for the sternest reprimand.

The waiter in the dining room of the Kiev hotel was helpful. By hovering attentively at the table of the three Americans, he was able to relay to us much of their conversation. We think that "Mrs. Crosby's Cafe" is a code word for the U-2 aerodrome, and that "Tortillas Portugesas" must represent the aircraft.

But Comrade Colonel, I must tell you bluntly that, unless headquarters has something we do not have, it is impossible to make any sense of the mission that the CIA assigned to these

three operatives.

The Star Store was in good hands with one of Dave and Esther's sons and they could travel and see the world.

Commentary

The four brothers bore little physical resemblance to each other, and shared few personality traits. Each was a competent merchant who, by ingenuity and hard work, was able to start with a pittance, selling notions house to house, or displaying goods on packing cases, and develop a respectable retail establishment. The bedrock of their very being was to assure their families a decent home and community. Most important to them was the value of education. They encouraged their children to pursue their own education and their children became successful in their own fields. Max retired and spent much of his retirement years in Beverly Hills, California. Nathan had no fixed place of abode: for all practical purposes his car was his home. One could follow his travels by the trail of half-consumed Bering Coronas. Marx closed his business and moved to nearby El Paso: in West Texas a distance of one or two hundred miles is nearby. Dave relocated to an apartment in San Antonio, which continued to be a base of operations for travel, his last journey being to Hawaii. Last, but not least, they had a consuming passion for pinochle, a European card game that to this day remains a mystery to their descendants.

The children of the Stool brothers are: Ida Stool Mason, Rae Stool Abramsom, Bertha Stool Donosky, Max Stool, Willi Stool, Joe Stool, Goldie Stool Giss, Elizabeth Stool, Max Stool, Joe Stuhl, Newsom Stool, Sylvan Stool and Sybil Stool Tarnower.

This history was lovingly written by and with help from: Joe Stuhl, Max Stool, Evelyn Stool Waldron, Sylvan Stool, Lea Donosky, Alexander Steele, Michael Stool and Kenneth Giss.

TJHS Records and Archives

For those of you are not aware, especially new members, the society maintains a vast amount of information, records, and research dated from 1884 to 1998 at The Center for American History at The University of Texas at Austin in Austin, Texas.

Everything in our archives are cataloged and indexed and available to members for research. Many of the items are family histories which include oral audio cassettes, photographs, interviews, and videos. Also, keep in mind that the society has published a book entitled *Deep in the Heart: The Lives and Legends of Texas Jews*, depicting our history in book form.

With the advent of the Internet and the current genealogy craze featured in many national publications in trying to find "Roots" perhaps a great place to start would be at our archives in Austin. Sometime we forget the past work members of the society have done in order to preserve our Jewish Heritage in Texas. There is still much work to be done,, but that is why the Society was formed.

Newsletter Deadline

The deadline for the next issue of the newsletter is **September 1, 1999**. All articles should be sent to Jack Gerrick, 4308 Sarita Dr., Ft. Worth, TX 76109, or faxed to him at (817) 924-5595.

A Portion of Confederate Memorial Day and Grave Rededication Services

*Hebrew Rest Cemetery, Waco, Texas, April 25, 1999
as presented by Ima Joy Gandler of Waco*

Permanent Jewish settlers were in Waco in the early 1850s.

The Hebrew Benevolent Association, Waco's first Jewish communal organization, bought land July 20, 1869. The first recorded burial was that month and was that of Bessie Lyans, age 1 yr, 6 months. Only five burials were recorded in the 1870s.

Until the 1880s there was no resident rabbi in Waco. Learned Jewish laymen officiated at funerals before that and still do when there is no rabbi available.

As Waco's Jewish community grew, other local Jewish agencies took over taking care of the poor and the sick. In April 1931 the Hebrew Benevolent Association became the Hebrew Rest Association, the owner and administrator of Hebrew Rest Cemetery. September 1, 1965 Hebrew Rest Cemetery was conveyed back to the Hebrew Rest Association which still takes care of this cemetery.

The burial ground was rededicated on its hundredth anniversary October 19, 1969. A State of Texas Historical Marker at the front gate was dedicated April 6, 1986. This was the first of the Waco Jewish Federation Texas Sesqui-centennial Committee's events.

Graves of early Jewish settlers are among those located here. As in any cemetery, you will find items of interest. In this one there is a statue of a dog on the grave of Emanuel Domnau and buried here is Caroline Hyam Labatt, consort of A. C. Labatt.

You will also find the graves of Jews who served in the Confederate States of America Army.

Emanuel Moses was born April 18, 1840. It is known that he served in the Confederate Army. CSA marker is on his grave. He does not have a military marker, as no military records have been located. He had been in the cigar and tobacco business prior to his death at age fifty-six on March 6, 1897.

Samuel Heineman – Pvt. Co B Columbus Guards was born in Prussia April 10, 1834. His obituary stated that he came to Waco in 1887, had retired from an active business life and was a familiar figure on the streets of Waco, as he rarely missed his daily walk to town. Within a half a block of his home he was struck by a streetcar at 12th and Washington. He died that day April 6, 1921, which was four days before his 87th birthday.

Alex Alexander – Sgt. Co I First Texas Heavy Artillery was born September 9, 1836 in Recovo, Germany, came to Texas, enlisted in the Confederate Army in Palo Pinto County. At end of the war, he re-entered the mercantile business in Stephenville and was in that business in Waco from 1888 until he retired in 1895. He represented the First Ward in the Waco City Council for eight years, belonging to the fire department when bucket brigades were utilized, was prominent in Masonry for over fifty years, was president of the Hebrew Benevolent Association for eighteen years and one of its trustees for twenty years. He was a member of B'nai B'rith and was at one time a member of the Odd Fellows. He died in Waco February 1, 1908.



General Felix H. Robertson

Camp No. 129
Sons of Confederate Veterans
Waco, Texas
Confederate Memorial Day
and Grave Rededication Services
April 25, 1999

(This portion of the service will take place in the Hebrew Rest Cemetery)

1. Rifle guard processional
2. Welcome of guests-Charles Oliver, Commander, Waco Camp, SVC
3. History of Cemetery - Ima Joy Gandler, Archivist
4. History of Pvt. Samuel Heineman-Co B, Columbus Ga. Guards-I. Gandler
5. Rededication of marker for Pvt Heineman-Daniel Bounds
6. Rifle salute-7th Tex. Infantry
7. History of Sgt. Alex Alexander, Co I, 1st Tex Hvy Art-Ima Joy Gandler
8. Rededication of marker for Sgt. Alexander-Frank Israel
9. Rifle salute-7th Tex. Infantry
10. The confederate soldier-Ken Luttrell and Harold Johnston
11. Dixie
12. Tattoo

(Final part of service to take place in First Street Cemetery)

1. The first Confederate Memorial Day Ronita Miller
2. Prayer by Chaplain Jim Shannon
3. Tolling of bells and laying of flowers and wreaths
4. History of Pvt. W.D. Chambers, CO. L, 21st Texas Cavalry
5. Rededication of marker for Pvt. Chambers-Cary Bogan
6. Yellow Rose of Texas
7. Rifle salute-7th Tex Infantry
8. Tattoo

Sponsored by:

1. Sons of Confederate Veterans Felix H. Robertson, Camp #129, Waco, Texas
2. Temple Rodef Sholom
3. Congregation Agudath Jacob

Report of Bus Tour to New Orleans & Louisiana

“It was a great trip.” “It was a lot of fun!” Those were the sentiments echoed by all 27 members of the Texas Jewish Historical Society after returning from a five-day stay in New Orleans, highlighted by sight-seeing in the city and nearby Louisiana towns. The bus tour originated in Houston on February 28 and returned on March 5.

The tour, directed by Don and Gertrude Teter of Baytown, and Ima Joy Gandler of Waco, was oriented to visit historical sights in Louisiana that were influenced by Jewish settlers.

The first tour stop was made in Beaumont to pick up 5 members before the bus continued to Livonia, Louisiana. It was in Livonia, near Baton Rouge, that the group got their first introduction to Cajun cooking, at Joe Dreyfus’ store restaurant, housed in what was formerly the Dreyfus family store. Members of the Dreyfus family visited with tour members, relating family history. A tour of the old family home, now a Bed & Breakfast operation, revealed Jewish family life as lived in the early part of the century in rural Louisiana.

Moving on to Baton Rouge, the tour visited Temple B’nai Israel, where the Rabbi and a congregant related the 140-year history of the Temple, and took the group on a tour of their beautiful building.

The next stop was a hotel, in New Orleans’ Garden District, which was home for the five-day stay.

Jill Kaplan, a tour guide, with a background in the history of New Orleans, and well-versed in the Jewish History of the area, took over direction of the tour the first day in New Orleans. The morning was spent with a walking architectural tour of part of the famous Garden District.

Visits were then made to

Temple Sinai, The Jewish Community Center, Touro Synagogue and the Gates of Prayer Temple. All of these Synagogues have a long and proud history of serving the Jewish community in New Orleans. And members of the Congregations were pleased to tell of the histories of the Congregations and give tours of their buildings. The Texas tour was fortunate to share the Purim Celebration with the Gates of Prayer Temple during their visit.

The following day, the group visited a cemetery where all burials are made above ground level, a custom made necessary in New Orleans, because of the high water table in the city.

Visits were also made to the outstanding and beautiful art museum in the park, and to the famous Longue Vue House and gardens, built by Edgar Bloom Stern and his wife Edith, daughter of Julius Rosenwald, the Sears magnate. The 8½ acres of garden and their beautiful home were a delight and have been donated to the city of New Orleans. The day was completed with a visit to a Cajun cooking school for a demonstration of Cajun Cooking. Dinner was served at the school.

Day 3 was started with a walking tour of the French Quarter, high-lighted with a visit to the Hermann-Grima House, which had its origins prior to the Civil War, and reflected the living conditions of that period. The Jewish background of the Hermann family added to the interest of the home.

The balance of the day was free for tour members to roam the French Quarter. Many members found their way to the antique shops on Magazine Street and the shops and stalls in the French Market.

The next day the tour returned

to the French Quarter to visit the old U. S. Mint and to view the New Orleans Jazz and Mardi Gras costume exhibits. Many visited the Praline shops and Market stalls.

Friday was departure time and on the way to Houston the Tour stopped in Lafayette, Louisiana for a very interesting visit. The Jewish Cemetery there dates back to 1820 on land given by the State Government to the Jewish Community. Dirt was brought in to build the land up to enable burial at ground level. The cemetery, which is still in use, is kept with beautiful flowers and trees adding to the beauty. Of special interest was a large human figure with an out-stretched hand that adorned one grave plot. The Congregation in Lafayette maintains a building, but depends on a visiting rabbi to serve their needs.

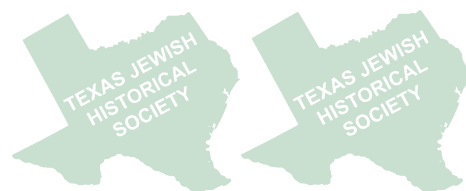
The next stop was at the Gates of Prayer Temple in New Iberia, Louisiana. This building, dating back to 1903, also depends on a visiting rabbi.

Continuing toward Houston, the tour passed through Kaplan, Louisiana, named for Abram Kaplan, a Jewish land owner and business man.

Travel time on the bus was spent watching movies, visiting, noshing, making new friends and renewing old friendships.

Previous tours have been made to Natchez, Jackson and Vicksburg, Mississippi, and other cities in Mississippi and Memphis, Tennessee.

– Don Teter



Texas Jewish Historical Society Website

Texas Jewish Historical Society
P.O. Box 10193 Austin, TX 78766
Telephone - (281)276-9693
E-Mail address - tjhs@neosoft.com
Web Site address:
<http://www.neosoft.com/~tjhs/>

The Texas Jewish Historical Society draws its membership from across the State of Texas, bordering states and across our great nation. TJHS supports a wide-ranging agenda. Quarterly Board Meetings are held at points of particular interest, an extensive newsletter is published regularly, and a speakers bureau is maintained. A variety of research projects are facilitated through the Jewish Archives in the Barker Library, or supported directly such as "Virtual Restoration of Small-Town Synagogues in Texas."

We are very proud of our organization and ask you to look us up and celebrate the joys of Texas history.

Help! New Directory Underway!



Has your address changed?

What about your Area Code or phone number?

Has your name changed? Do you want your name to appear differently on the TJHS mailing label?

Please let us know. We'd really appreciate your help.

Please fill out the form below and send to

Geri Gregory, 327 West Lullwood Avenue,
San Antonio, TX 78212.

Thank you, and please print.

Name: _____

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Texas Jewish Historical Society Annual Membership

☐ **YES!** I am enclosing my dues payment to the Texas Jewish Historical Society for the 1999-2000 membership year.

☐ **\$36 – Annual Member**

☐ **\$50 – Supporting Member**

☐ **\$100 – Sponsor**

☐ **\$250 – Sustaining Member**

☐ **\$500 – Benefactor**

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Contributions to the **Texas Jewish Historical Society** are tax deductible within the limits of the law.
Please clip and send with your check to **TJHS**, P.O. Box 10193, Austin, TX 78766-0193.

This & That...

We are sad to report the death of **Perry Kallison** of San Antonio, husband of past President Frances Kallison. Perry Kallison was 95 years old, a native of San Antonio and widely known throughout South Texas as a result of a radio show he started in 1936. Our prayers are with the Kallison family.

We also note the recent death of TJHS member **Nathan Siegel**, of Dallas, husband of Min and father of Jan Siegel Hart, TJHS member **Frances Wasserman** of Corpus Christi, wife of Ray Wasserman, **Morris Novit**, of Dallas, and **Miriam Borschow Chodorow**, Ima Joy Gandler's mother, of Dallas.

We have had a request by a Mr. **Steve Axelrath** of Littleton, Co. (303) 741-3860 trying to locate family members in Texas. Anyone knowing any information about the following family's names, please contact him directly. **Yudkin—Hershfield—Olenick—Shapiro**. One of the stories he related was his Grandfather Elias Hershfield had a relative that had been a shopkeeper in Austin, Texas and that he was murdered by a drunken cowboy because he wouldn't extend credit to the man. During the Great Depression, two women from Texas visited Connecticut and their names were May & Perle Davis.

Welcome New Members!

January 1, 1999 to May 15, 1999

Gary Baum, *Fort Worth*
Greta and David Beckerman,
Fort Worth

Loretta Friedman, *Houston*
Susan King, *Houston*
Miriam Labovitz, *Fort Worth*
Col. Hannah Sue Margolis
(Ret.), *San Antonio*
Gregory Meyer, *Fort Worth*

Lester (Butch) Novy, *Houston*
Bayla and Dick Simon (Handler),
Fort Worth

Sharon Snyder, *Fort Worth*
Pat and Sam J. Susser, *Corpus Christi*
Ellis and Helaine Turner,
Bethesda, Maryland
M.O. (Sonny) and Zell Wizig,
Waco

These women were related in some way to one of the families above. Call Steve if you have any information.

Future Meetings

The Summer Board meeting is scheduled for **Sunday, July 18**, at the Houston Hilton Hobby Hotel, 10-3 pm. Contact Beverly Beck at (713) 667-4065.

The Fall Board Meeting will be **October 16-17**, in Corsicana. Look for further details in the next newsletter.

New Members are Invited...

We request the help of our members to encourage individuals to become members of the Texas Jewish Historical Society. Your assistance in inviting family, friends, neighbors, and colleagues to become members of the Society helps us fulfill our mission, providing programs here in Texas, as well as to those Texans living out of state.

Membership also makes a great gift for any occasion. You can help by calling Phyllis Hirsch at (817) 737-8202.

Texas Jewish Historical Society

P.O. Box 10193
Austin, Texas 78766-0193

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Summer Board Meeting

Sunday, July 18, 1999

10:00 A.M. - 3:00 P.M.

Houston-Hilton Hobby Airport
8181 Airport Blvd.
(713) 645-3000



Room Rate: \$69.00

Deadline for room reservation: July 2, 1999

Shuttle service is available from Hobby Airport

Lunch cost: \$15.00

Lunch reservation required by July 2

Dutch treat dinner Saturday evening 6:30 P.M. at Hotel restaurant for those arriving on Saturday.

As always, Board meetings are open to all members. You are welcome to attend.

Agenda: Reports from Committee Chairs
 Evaluation of all projects and committees for past year.
 Discussion of future projects and meetings

Detach and mail



Name: _____

Lunch Reservation @ \$15.00 per person: _____



Return this form and check to: Beverly Beck
 5302 Grape Street
 Houston, Texas 77096-1204
 (713) 667-4065

I will be arriving on Saturday night for dinner. ____Yes ____No
I will be arriving on Sunday for meeting. ____Yes ____No

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Texas Jewish Historical Society 1999-2000-2001

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Helen Wilk (Corpus Christi).....	<i>President</i>
Jack Gerrick (Fort Worth).....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Charles Hart (Temple)	<i>Vice-President</i>
Ima Joy Gandler (Waco).....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Mitzi Milstein (Longview).....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
Davie Lou Solka (Corpus Christi)	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
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Howard Lackman (Arlington)	<i>Archivist</i>
Marvin Rich (Houston)	<i>Parliamentarian</i>
Blanche Sheiness (Alice).....	<i>Historian</i>

Board Members Ending in the Spring of 2001



Suzanne Campbell (San Angelo)
Sam Harelik (Waco)
Phyllis Hirsch (Fort Worth)
Rosalind Horwitz (Beaumont)
Annette Lackman (Arlington)
Naman Lipinsky (Waco)
R. D. Moses (Fort Worth)
Mina Parven (Austin)
Vickie Vogel (La Grange)
Cynthia Wolf (Beaumont)



Dorothy Harelik (Hamilton)
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Marvin Leshin (Corpus Christi)
Selma Mantel (Houston)
Bill Naxon (Dallas)
Julien Rosenthal (Houston)
Merilee Weiner (Houston)
Sherry Zander (Dallas)

Board Members Who Have One Year Remaining on Their Term



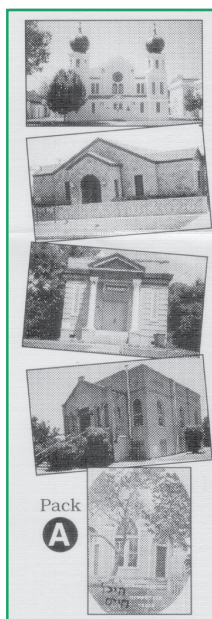
Norma Albert (McAllen)
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Ben Pfeffer (Houston)
Edward Winkler (Fort Stockton)
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Nell Hall (Fort Worth)
Edwin Katten (Waco)
Herman Morris (Fort Worth)
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Make check or money order payable to: **The Texas Jewish Historical Society** and send with form to: TJHS, c/o Charles B. Hart 2509 Redwing Drive, Temple, TX 76502 Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Retail shops receive a 40% discount with a minimum order of any 10 packs. A Texas Resale Certificate must be included with order.