

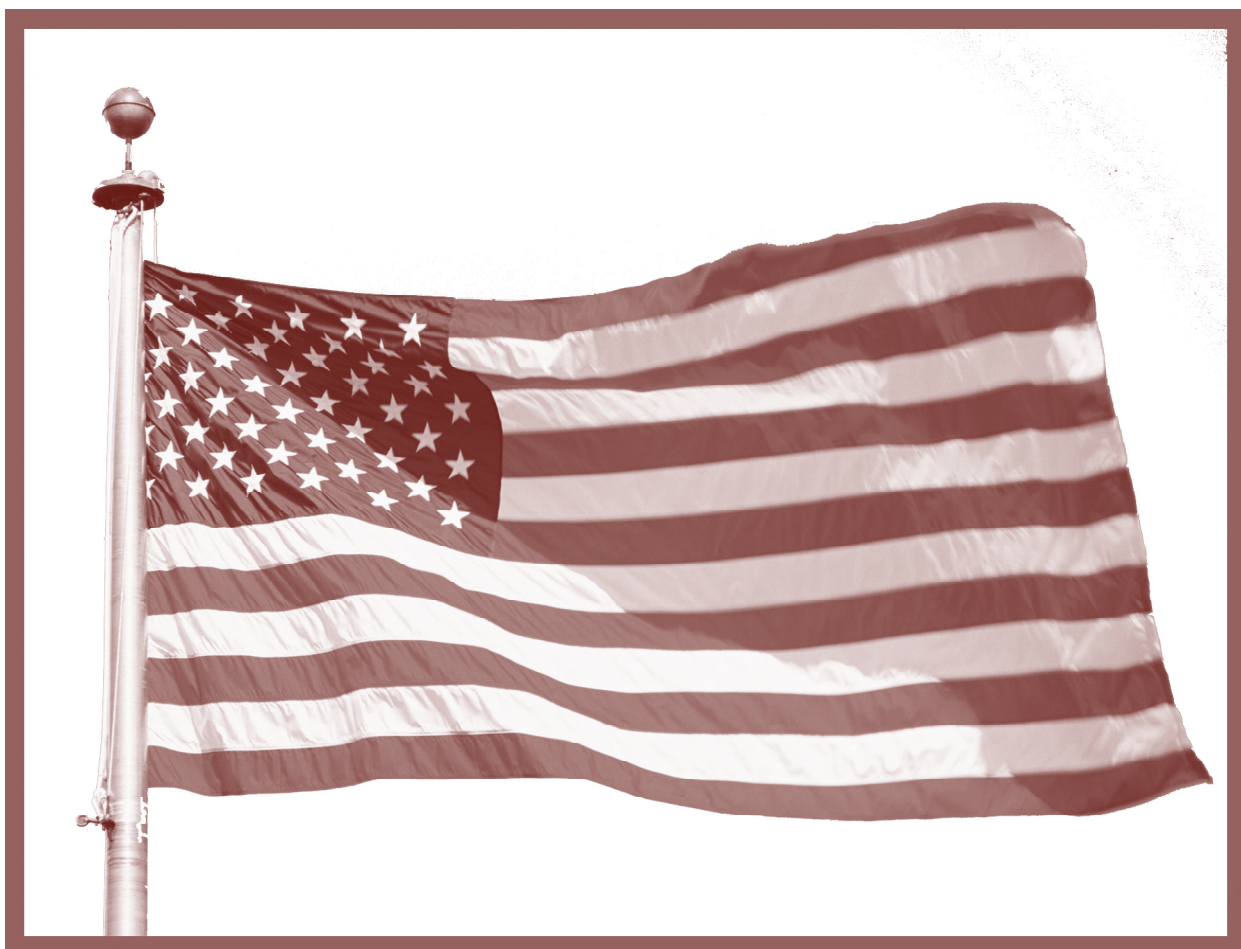
# Texas Jewish Historical Society

Preserving Jewish Heritage in Texas  
Established 1980



Fall, 2001

## Newsletter



**Dedicated to  
all those who died  
September 11, 2001**

# From the TJHS President



By the time you receive this Newsletter, I hope everyone is over the shock and disgust that befell our fellow citizens

in New York, Washington, D.C. and Pennsylvania on September 11th. In this time of mourning, we would like to express our sympathy and support to everyone from The Texas Jewish Historical Society. This tragedy hurt us all—and will continue to hurt each of us—in ways we are only beginning to grasp. Let us go on helping one another in any way we can. May we all continue to practice uncommon kindness in the years to come.

Many things are happening in

the Society with the planning of a new book, a proposal for a new Jewish Museum in Houston, and a project to put all our past newsletters on a CD with links to all family histories that have appeared in the publication. This will aid in research and have everything in one place. The traveling exhibit keeps going from Synagogues to schools across the State and it is pretty well booked up until the first of the year. Of course, the exhibit is getting a lot of miles on it because of all the shipping and handling and in the near future we may have to replace it. The new directory for 2002/2003 will be ready at the end of the year and I hope with everyone's e-mail addresses and a lack of errors. Of course, if everybody will give us the correct information, it would

certainly help.

We still are in need of family histories and would greatly like to have stories of successful Jewish businesses that started in Texas and attained some degree of major status. Starting with this issue we will try to highlight those individuals and their business. I know there are large retailers, insurance companies, manufacturers, high tech companies, oil/research, and farmers/ranchers. All of these stories need to be recorded for future generations to know what we did in the on-going history of Jewish Texans.

Shalom Y'all.



**NOTE:** If you know of any TJHS members who have passed away or married, requiring a change in membership status, please notify:

**Fay Brachman, 3720 Autumn Drive,  
Fort Worth, TX 76109**

**Phone: 817-924-9207; E-mail: leonhb@flash.net**

## We need copies of the following old Newsletters

If you have them, we promise to return them to you.

1987 - Spring, Winter

1995 - Spring, Summer

1997 - March, October

1998 - March, Summer

## In Memoriam

**Dr. Charles Nathan**

(Houston)

TJHS extends condolences  
to his family.

## Our Membership is now ~~725~~ 726!

Your membership enables us to accomplish our goals of collecting and disseminating the valuable information about the interesting heritage of the Jews of Texas.

For a non-recorded message on the further benefits of TJHS membership call **817-924-9207**.

## Texas Jewish Historical Society Website

Texas Jewish Historical Society • P.O. Box 10193, Austin, TX 78766

Telephone: 281-276-9693

**E-mail address: [txjhs@yahoo.com](mailto:txjhs@yahoo.com)**

**Web Site address: <http://www.txjhs.com>**

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, and support is provided directly for projects 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.

# Letter From the Editor

## or Freedian Slips



The last Newsletter featuring Sam Dreben seemed to have been well received by all. Sort of like when a Mother makes a very special meal,

the best she can hope for is a few compliments and no complaints. Spielberg has expressed interest in the Dreben story, as have some other publishers. Gerald Meister, the author, is also working with a Congressman who may help with a Medal of Honor! Hopefully, we can look forward to hearing more about this. That meal is finished and the next one starts.

Recently, I sent e-mails to a few members seeking their thoughts on doing a series of stories that I would title **"Profiles of Success"** for want of a better name. (The naming of the series is open for suggestions). The idea is to collect stories of Jews who came to America and created successful businesses. There have been many of these stories that, if we don't chronicle them, will be lost to history. And what a shame to lose such valuable treasures! Not only should they be remembered for their accomplishments and contributions, their stories can and should be an inspiration for generations to come, as an example of what can be achieved by sheer determination.

One of the things I have learned in the many United Jewish Appeal fund raising seminars that I have attended, is when you want to raise funds, yours must be the first pledge made to show your dedication to the success of the campaign. Israelis say it best – ACHARAI! Follow me.

As an example of the stories I would like for TJHS members to

submit, I have written the story of how my father (obm) came to America as a penniless immigrant with little education and built a very successful business, raised a family and contributed to the improvement of his community. It will only take a little time to record these stories, but they can last for a long, long time and, perhaps, help some young person, some day, determine to do no less.

The stories do not have to be typed or in long hand; perhaps you would like to spend some time with a friend, child or grandchild and let them tape record an interview with you. It is a most pleasant way to spend some time. Send us the tapes and we can have them transcribed and edited. This will be a great contribution to the future and to the purpose of our Society.

*Buddy Freed*

**Wouldn't you like  
to see YOUR  
family's history  
printed in this  
newsletter?**

Contact Buddy Freed at  
817-926-0455, or  
ilfreed@aol.com

## Has Your Address Changed?

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 send new information to:

**Fay Brachman**  
**3720 Autumn Drive**  
**Fort Worth, TX 76109**  
**phone: 817-924-9207**  
**e-mail: leonhb@flash.net**



## 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



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# Jewish Presence Goes Far Back

## 1814 settler who sold land to pirate may have been earliest

*by Andrea Wright, reporter for The Beaumont Enterprise*

The lives and legends of the Jews of Texas can be traced to the time the region was still a Spanish colony.

Their names are among those who fought for Texas' independence, and evidence of their pioneer legacies still exists.

Perhaps the first Jew to be a permanent settler of Texas was Jao de la Porta of Portugal, according to Historian Ruth Winegarten in "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

De la Porta arrived at Galveston in 1814, and his best customer for land deals was the notorious pirate Jean Lafitte. He, too, was of Jewish descent, though his grandparents had converted to Catholicism to escape the inquisition. Nevertheless, the family secretly remained loyal to Judaism.

With independence in 1836, Texas opened up, and advertisements enticing settlers spread across the continent and abroad. A headline on one found in the University of Texas Institute of Texas Cultures screams: "TEXAS forever!! The usurper of the South (Santa Ana) has failed in his efforts to enslave the freemen of Texas ... Now is the time to emigrate to the Garden of America. A free passage ... is offered at New Orleans to all applicants. Every settler receives ... 800 acres of land!"

For often-persecuted Jews of Europe, those who were not permitted to own any land anywhere, or those eager to flee their parents' orthodoxy, such ads must have been all the more enticing.

Most of Texas' early Jewish settlers came from Germany, but many came from Poland, Holland, Alsace, Russia and England, becoming merchants, landowners, ranchers and importers. Most, Winegarten writes, "moved silently and anonymously."

Until the 1850s, there were no

communal facilities for South Texas Jews, who practiced their faith at home or with relatives. Their first chartered synagogue – Hebrew Congregation Beth Israel – was constructed in Houston in 1859.

According to a history from Temple Emanuel, the first Beaumonter to practice the Jewish faith was Morris J. Loeb, who arrived in 1878 and opened a cigar store. A few years later, Henry Solinsky and Morris Hecht opened stores, and in 1881, Sid J. Levy opened his "Red Store."

In 1889, Hyman Asher Perlstein, a Lithuanian immigrant, came to Beaumont with \$11.90 in his pocket and went to work for 50 cents a day. By 1907, he had built the town's first skyscraper, the Perlstein Building, the tallest structure between Houston and New Orleans. "Grandpa was a character," says Charles Weinbaum, 74.

Weinbaum recalls with fondness Perlstein's penchant for frugality in attire even after becoming wealthy.

His magnificent six-story "skyscraper" was over the Kress store, where he and friends gathered for coffee each morning.

When a waitress continued to ignore the group, one called out and said, "Look here, young lady, this man owns this building! Can't he get a cup of coffee?"

To which she retorted, sizing Perlstein up, "If he owns this building, I'm the Queen of Sheba."

Weinbaum said his grandfather had a pat response for those who would criticize his wardrobe.

"He'd say, 'People in Beaumont know I can buy anything I want to wear. If I go out of town, nobody knows me, so what difference does it make?'"

Jewish women contributed greatly

to Beaumont's community from early times, forming the pioneer Ladies' Benevolent Society of Temple Emanuel in 1895. Extending their assistance to the poor and the homeless, the society also had as its major goal to construct a synagogue. The first Temple Emanuel structure was built in 1901, and replaced in 1923 with the building on Broadway that still serves the Jewish community.

Winegarten topples what she calls "one of the greatest myths in American Jewish history" in looking at Jews holding public office.

The myth is that northeastern Jews first broke ground in the political arena of America, but 120 years before there was a Jewish mayor of New York, there was Michael Seeligson (1797-1867).

Seeligson became mayor of Galveston in 1853. And before him, there were David S. Kaufman (1812-1851) the first Texan to be seated in the U.S. House of Representatives after Texas became a state in 1845, and Adolphus Sterne (1801-1852) of Nacogdoches, elected to the Texas Legislature in 1847.

Between 1907 and 1914, 10,000 Jews entered the port of Galveston under the Jewish Immigrants Information Bureau. From there, they would make their ways throughout Texas, the Southwest and the Midwest.

The bureau served as an aid society, with a network of contacts in communities the immigrants would travel to. Their skills were matched with available jobs, and committees helped them find living quarters and teach them English.

World War I halted the Galveston immigration movement, and when the war ended, America imposed quotas that also put an end to the movement.

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# The Day I Learned About *Tzedaka*

by Gerard Meister

The following story won First Place in the prestigious Sylvia Wolens Jewish Heritage Writing Competition for 2001.

You don't always learn everything there is to know about *tzedaka* from a Rabbi's sermon or in Hebrew School. Take the day when I first learned about *tzedaka* ...

It was summer's end in 1940 and the High Holidays were fast approaching. Papa, who had been sick and out of work for over a year, was feeling better and looking forward to going to schul. The problem was that he didn't have a new suit to wear. Or an old one for that matter. Every stitch of Papa's clothing disappeared along with the boarder Mama had taken in to make ends meet while Papa wasn't working.

When my mother wondered out loud how we were going to manage – clothes cost money and we didn't have much, certainly not enough for a new suit – Papa told her not to worry. "Let's go to a men's store," he said. "I just know something good will happen."

We got all dressed up for the occasion: Mama put on her Shabbus dress and white cotton gloves and I wore my best knickers. Papa didn't have a suit or a jacket to wear, but he did have a white shirt and tie that the boarder (or that *oysvorf*, as Mama called him) somehow missed stealing. I thought we looked rather spiffy as we marched over to Stone Avenue where many of the men's stores in Brooklyn were located.

We started window shopping and stopped in front of this one store where a mannequin in a green tweed suit caught Papa's eye. We weren't there ten seconds when the proprietor popped out, looked Papa up and down



Pam Neimand, judge; Gerard Meister, contest winner; Jerry Wolens, sponsor

and said: "For you I got a suit." Who could resist an invitation like that?

But as soon as we got inside, Papa said: "*Balabus*, I have to tell you one little thing." And went on to explain our misfortune to the shopkeeper, how the boarder, that *oysvorf*, had skipped out, not only with the week's rent of three dollars, but also with all of Papa's clothes.

"Did you call the police?" the merchant asked with obvious concern.

"No," Mama chimed in. "We were ashamed to tell the police that the boarder, a Jewish boy and a *litvak* yet, could be such a *goniff*."

"But I do need a suit," Papa said. Last year I was in the hospital for the High Holidays, and this year both my daughters – they're married now – are coming over with their husbands. Can you help us? It would be a real *mitzvah*, my friend, and I can put down two dollars and pay the rest off; I'm going back to work on Monday."

"Well," the merchant said, as he stroked his chin. "I really can't afford it, but what can I do? I'm obligated to help a Jew in need, that's the meaning

of *tzedaka*. The suit will cost you fifteen dollars, two dollars down, if that's all you can manage, and the rest when you have the money, but don't take too long or I'll need *tzedaka*."

Papa shook hands with the proprietor and gave him the two dollars. "Tell me something," Mama said, as Papa slipped into the suit for his fitting. "Does the garment come with two pairs of pants?"

"That, too?" the merchant said, his eyebrows rising halfway up his forehead. "That'll cost you an extra three dollars."

"Fine," Mama said. "We'll take it and you won't be sorry. I swear."

"You don't have to swear, I'm sure you'll pay me back when you can – that too is part of *tzedaka*."

"Did you learn anything today, sonny?" Papa asked me as we left the store.

"Yes Papa, I did," I said proudly. "*Tzedaka* comes with two pairs of pants."

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# Profiles of Success: Sol Freed

My father, Solomon Charles Freed left Pukhovichi, Minsk, Belsarusa when he was 13 years old to come to America via Ellis Island. His father and older brother and sister preceded him. I remember him telling me that he had gone to the fourth grade before he left Russia and that was the extent of his formal education.

In New York he sold newspapers to take care of himself and to help his family, as was the tradition among so very many immigrants. After a few years in New York, he came to visit his oldest sister who had married a distant cousin and was living in Laredo. Although he did intend to return to New York, he fell in love with Texas and stayed.

In Laredo he started a small dry goods store. During World War I, my father and two friends, Max Pomerantz and George Levy enlisted in the Army and served with the Allied Expeditionary Forces in France. When he returned to Laredo, he found that the business he had turned over to a relative was down and his only choice was to restart and rebuild the business, which he did. His Laredo store was joined by another store in Cotulla, then Dilley and later in Crystal City.

My mother told me the story of how she and my father met. He had several friends in San Antonio and he would often catch the train that ran from Laredo to San Antonio. In San Antonio, he and his friends would rent a room in the Gunter Hotel for poker games. My mother's brother Max Kalvort was one of the regulars in that game. He asked mother to come by the room and meet his friend, Sol. Later that evening they went to a show and before the night was over, he had proposed marriage to her! Six weeks later, they were married – a marriage that lasted 29 years, until my father's death in 1950.

They lived in Laredo for a short time and then moved to Dilley, which was about half way between Laredo and San Antonio. He closed his stores

in Laredo and Cotulla, then closed the one in Dilley and moved to Crystal City, where he continued in the Dry Goods business. Strangely, there were two other dry goods stores in Crystal City, Sol Dalkowitz' "La Casa Mas Barata" (The house of bargains) and Sam Pullin's Store..

Bad luck plagued my father in his Dry Goods endeavors. When the Great Depression of 1929 hit, he was as adversely affected as was the rest of the country. He had been generous with credit to his customers and when they lost their jobs and could not pay their bills, this resulted in his having to declare bankruptcy. Some time after my father's death, a friend told me of his integrity. When the Court Officers came to take over the assets of the store, he had left cash in the register to help pay his creditors. Later, he paid off every penny he owed although bankruptcy law does not require this. As I was growing up, my father told me many times, if you can't pay cash, you can't afford it. His advice has stood me in good stead for the rest of my life.

After my father lost his store, he managed it for a wholesale jobber in San Antonio and remained in Crystal City. During this time a man named J. Baylor Bell had started a spinach-canning factory at the south end of town. He too fell on hard times and was being foreclosed by the local bank. The principle owner of the bank at that time was John Nance Garner, who became Franklin D. Roosevelt's Vice-President. It was "Cactus Jack Garner" who said that the Vice President's job was not worth a bucket of warm spit!

Garner had known my father to be a hard working Jewish man and he (Garner) had a great respect of all Jews. He made my father the proposition, that if he would take over the canning factory, his bank would give him a line of credit. Dad's first response was that he knew nothing of

processing spinach. Garner's reply was "Sol, you are Jewish and Jews are the smartest people in the world. You can do it and be successful." With this, he started a new career in the Spinach canning business.

He spent several years learning and building the canning operation. He hired a man, Mr. Jake Heaner, as his plant manager. Mr. Heaner had been a Singer Sewing Machine traveling salesman. Between the two of them, they made a name for Crystal City and the spinach grown in that area. About 1935, my father was in a very serious automobile accident that broke his nose and deprived him of his sense of smell and taste. When you are in the food processing business, these are two faculties that are imperative!

As markets grew, he contacted food brokers in New York and Boston to represent his canned spinach in those markets. In order to impress upon his customers of the very high quality of his spinach over his competitors, he would go into a broker's office and ask to have several cans of spinach, his among them, put on trays for a blind test. He infallibly picked his own product, even lacking both the sense of taste and smell. It was no trick. Spinach grown on the deep alluvial soils in that area are not sandy, thus the silt is easily washed off and his spinach lacked the sandy grit of all other brands.

As the recession was winding down the area was beginning to grow and prosper – greatly helped by the spinach canning industry that my father so strongly influenced. His canning factory employed a many as 100 people during peak times and this was at a time when the Great Depression created the largest unemployment in our history! In addition, farmers who raised the spinach employed hundreds of people to grow and harvest the spinach. It has been easy for revisionists today to claim that this factory and the farmers paid slave wages and



exploited the downtrodden laborers. Nothing could be further from the truth. During the depression, five or ten cents per hour, if you could find a job, could put food on the table, when a loaf of bread was only a nickel and gasoline was six cents per gallon. I remember attending celebrations in appreciation of those who brought prosperity to their community. It is interesting that here was a man, who was born in Russia, came to America at a very young age and with little formal education, who learned to speak Russian, Yiddish, Hebrew and English; making speeches in Spanish!

About 1935 my father and several other businessmen conjured the idea of having a celebration of spinach. They named the areas of Zavala, Dimmit and Val Verde counties as the Winter Garden District. The celebration was known as the Spinach Festival, which included marching bands, a King and Queen of Spinach and their royal court and a parade of floats, representing the various businesses of the area. The centerpiece of that first Spinach Festival was the dedication of the first and possibly the only statue of a comic strip character, Popeye.

This event was so unusual that National Geographic Magazine and RKO Pathe News sent teams to cover the festivities. In those days we viewed the news at the picture show. What a thrill it was to see your hometown event on the big silver screen! Another feature of the celebration was a spinach-eating contest declaring the one who could eat the most spinach in the allotted time, the winner. I won the contest. Fortunately, keeping that much spinach down was not a requirement or several others and I would have been disqualified.

There were two markets for spinach. One was the canning factory. The other was the fresh market. My father contracted with several farmers for their spinach and furnished the seed for the crop. The problem arose when the fresh market would spike and the farmers would ship to the fresh market, leaving our factory with out produce to

can. When the fresh market would crater, there was not enough hours in the day to can all the spinach that was brought to the factory. To overcome this situation, my father bought a 900-acre farm in La Pryor. This way he was assured of produce when he needed it and leveled the playing field. Since spinach can be grown only a few months during the year, he canned black-eyed peas in their season, beets and sauerkraut. He experimented with corn on the cob but was not successful.

In 1942, when World War II started, spinach and the cans needed to contain it became strategic materials. The concerned government office asked my father to sell the government 95% of his product, leaving him 5% to keep his brand name alive. For the duration of the war, this is exactly what happened. During World War II, the government instituted a program to ration all kinds of goods, food included. Each family was issued books of food ration stamps to be surrendered to the selling store when they made their purchase. The grocer in turn had to surrender these stamps to his wholesaler when he purchased his supplies. These ration stamps eventually had to be used by the wholesaler when they ordered from the manufacturer. With out these ration stamps, it was illegal to buy or sell the affected goods. By this time, I was in high school and working for my father before and after school. On several occasions he would show me letters from food brokers offering him generous sums of money "under the counter" if he would ship them a carload of canned goods without the mandatory ration stamps. He made it a point to show me the letters, and then destroyed them. These brokers seldom got future orders filled and only then with the proper food stamps. His counsel to me was that you could do well without cheating!

My father always loved animals, more than I think he ever loved canning spinach. I have seen him walk up to horses no one could catch and gently put his belt around their neck

and lead them to the pens. In 1945 he had an opportunity to buy a large farm and ranch. This property consisted of 1,400 acres of irrigated farmland and 4,000 acres of brush land. That year he went to New Mexico and bought some 2,500 head of cattle from a large breeder. The railroad had to run a special train (not unusual in that day) to haul these cattle from New Mexico to Crystal City. Before the train arrived, he had sold half of these animals for more than enough to pay the transportation costs. After feeding these cattle over the winter, his earnings were almost enough to clear the note on the entire ranch. By any measure, this takes planning, determination and real guts!

He died in 1950. Before his death, he disposed of his canning factory by arranging with local businessmen to buy him out while providing shares in the new operation for his long time major employees. He had an 800-acre farm near his canning factory that he also sold as well as the 900-acre farm near La Pryor, keeping only the 5,400-acre farm and ranch. I graduated from Texas A. & M. in July, 1950 and planned to be in a partnership with my father. He died the following October leaving me to take over and run this operation for seven years, before moving to Fort Worth.

My father, Sol Freed, was one of the very many courageous people who left the oppressive environment of Eastern Europe to come to America for the opportunity to be the best he could be. Within some 40 years, he served his country as a volunteer in a war, built businesses which provided jobs for people and contributed generously of his financial resources. Although he lived most of his life away from an active Jewish community, he frequently attended minyans when he was in the city. Being Jewish in a small town was not easy, but he never let anyone forget his Jewishness. He married, raised three children and made sure that they had all of the advantages that were denied him.

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# JACOB SAMUELS

## Soldier, Citizen, Fort Worth Pioneer

by Gary Whitfield

I, like many SCV (Sons of Confederate Veterans) folks in this area, had heard of a grave marker in Hebrew Rest Cemetery which had a Battle Flag boldly emblazoned on it—not the normal military-style headstone, but a personalized marker. Two springs ago, I went south on South Main, here in Fort Worth, until I came to John Peter Smith hospital. Just across the street on the south side of the hospital is the cemetery. Once there, I didn't have to search. The monument sticks out right at you in the small, very well-kept Hebrew Rest. What a sight! The gates were, and always are locked. But, in a conversation with the Temple Beth El Archivist, Hollace Weiner, the day before, she had given me permission to enter. I simply (not so simple at my age) stepped over the 36-inch concrete and iron fence by placing one foot first on the concrete, holding the iron rail with one hand, and carefully bringing the trail leg over.

The marker is indeed unique, large granite with the colored flag and leaning staff on the top front, the family name, Samuels, below and a Masonic emblem on the back. There are individual markers inside the plot itself for the different family members buried there. Of course, this memorial caused me to immediately begin research on Jacob Samuels, and I found information readily available in the Temple Beth El archives, the genealogy department of the Fort Worth Public Library, R.E. Lee United Confederate Veterans Records and The National Archives War Records. A paper written by Mrs. Juliet George Dees was of the greatest help. Mrs. Dees had submitted this paper to the Southern Jewish Historical Society and it was full of information. This CSA Patriot had a lot written about him, making research not just a breeze, but extremely interesting as well.



At the age of eleven, Jacob came with his parents from partitioned Poland to New Orleans. The Crescent City had a large Jewish population in the 1840's and 1850's. Times in Europe were extremely rough with revolutions, anti-Semitism, etc., so it is not known if the Samuels family arrived with any belongings or simply the clothes on their backs. At any rate, the new immigrants took to the opportunities in the South and, by all accounts, were well received. This was a far better place than the homeland they left. Jacob ended up in Waco and completed the naturalization process to become a citizen there in 1850.

In 1860, Jacob was living in Fort Worth and working in his father's general store. He evidently had some interest in horses; he owned some and was well versed in horsemanship, as his cavalry service would soon attest.

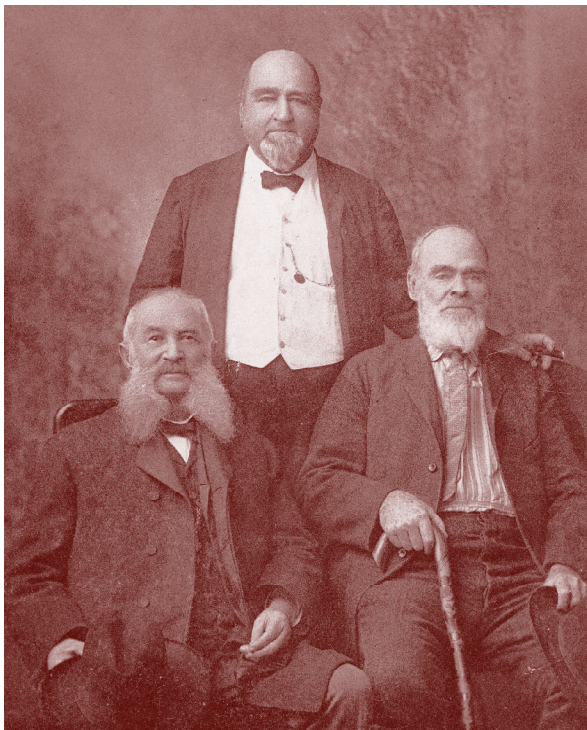
When secession hit, Jacob was quick to sign on with his friend, J.C. Terrell. The unit was first known as Captain J.C. Terrell's Company, Waller's Battalion. On August 27, 1862, it became Company F, Waller's Regiment, Texas Cavalry. Samuel's horse was valued at \$225 and "equipments" at \$30. Once felled by dysentery, he pulled strings to be able to stay on active duty as a repairman of saddles and tack, rather than be sent home, or worse. Later he would regain enough health to engage in all the battles of his unit.

Joseph Terrell raised "as fine a company of Cavalry as there is in the service" in March of 1862, but his horse soldiers had to scavenge and forage from the start. "We had no arms," he wrote, "but in a short time supplied ourselves from the enemy." Reporting first to LaFayette, Louisiana, the unit joined with other companies comprising Lieutenant Colonel Ed Waller's Battalion. During the last part of 1862 Samuels and his comrades fought off the Union, sickness, and actually beat back a naval attack on Avery Island (now famous for Tabasco Sauce). Later they were ordered to Lake Charles. It was at this time that Samuels began his physical recovery and soon was in the ranks making the aggressive charges for which the Cavalry is so famous.

On April 12, 1863, sixty men would come to the aid of Colonel A.P. Bagby, 3rd Regiment, Sibley's Brigade, at Lynch's Point on the Teche, a Louisiana waterway near Camp Bisland. These rescuers would now be riding with the gallant Major Hannibal H. Boone. Jacob Samuels would have a date with history on September 29, 1863. In a charge that Brigadier General Alfred Mouton believed should "stand forth to be recorded in the annals of history," Samuels was a member of this charge. These brave riders attacked the Union Cavalry along the Fordoche River, some six miles from Morganza, Louisiana. The Confederates "scattered them with such an effect that they were not seen afterwards." Samuels made mention of the second charge in his R.E. Lee UCV records, "I was with Major Boone when he was shot losing his arm and fingers of one hand."

After two years of hard fighting, Samuels and his friend, Captain Terrell, were able to take a small respite. They were camped in tents at Virginia Point near Galveston, where





*Fort Worth Pioneers are shown c. 1905,  
seated left to right: Jacob Samuels and Sam  
Woody; standing: Joseph C. Terrell  
Amon Carter Museum*

they could burn only three sticks of wood a day for cooking. This was done in the bad winter of 1863-1864. Terrell secured a two-day pass for two and invited his buddy "Sam" to enjoy the city of Galveston with him.

Supposedly on their way to find the Masonic Lodge (both were Masons), they encountered some lovely young ladies selling raffle tickets to benefit the widows and orphans of Confederate veterans. They won a few baubles and enjoyed the evening. Awakening the next day from sleeping on top of a cistern, and broke, they decided to sell whatever trinkets they had left. Samuel took a bracelet around the corner and sold it, as he said with a wink to an "uncle." The bachelor lads regaled the rest of the day and night in raucous behavior. It was good that they enjoyed themselves, in light of what was in store.

The Red River battles lay ahead. April 7, 1864, pitted three thousand Texans under Tom Green against Federal forces. The CSA drove the enemy from the fields in what was to be known later as the Battle of

Mansfield. But what was to come on April 9, at Pleasant Hill was to cost the Confederates dearly. Next, Yellow Bayou was particularly devastating to the unit just right of Company F, but Terrell's men were spared. On May 22, 1864, Company F assisted in capturing Brashear City, Louisiana. Terrell's men inflicted heavy damage on the ironclad *Diana* on May 24. The story of this adventure was dwelt on in Terrell's memoirs. In 1865 the last engagement for company F was the capturing of some four hundred organized Confederate deserters and then taking them to Roberson County. There, the Company disbanded and went home, as the war

was over.

Jacob was Southern to the core. In letters written to his father during the war, he denounced the North. "Black Republicans," he called the Yankees. "Dictator," for Abe Lincoln. "Tyrants and despots," he described the Northern States for denying the South the states' rights guaranteed in the Constitution of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. Jacob Samuels gave up a citizenship he had held for only eleven years to cast his lot with truth and right. He became a Confederate citizen with thought only of his home, his friends, his family and the aforementioned.

Samuels was known for his oratory and good business sense. He and a fellow Jewish Confederate, B. Berliner, were partners in a general store near the Tarrant County Courthouse in Fort Worth. Berliner, Samuels and his good friend Terrell were roommates in the first brick house in Fort Worth. These bachelor days ended for Jacob when he married Bertha Wade in New Orleans in 1870. From this union would be born Sidney (later to become

Amon G. Carter's lawyer), Isidore, Bertrand, Annye, Alfred and May. As a civic leader, his actions were many, which benefited the commerce of Fort Worth and the well being of its citizens. He donated land to help bring the railroad here. He was an officer (monitor and lecturer) and charter member and founder of B'nai B'rith Lodge #269. Additionally, he was one of the early members of Fort Worth's oldest Masonic Lodge #148.

The Grand Reunion of Confederate Veterans paraded with "halting" step down the middle of New Orleans on April 27, 1906. They had lost one of their most devout veterans the day before. Jacob Samuels departed this life on April 26, 1906. His funeral was one of the largest of the day. His Masonic Brethren performed burial rites at his home. He was carried thence to Hebrew Rest by a grand cortege of his Confederate Veterans from all over the state. Upon arriving at the cemetery, the flowers from those who knew him were so numerous that a pathway had to be cleared for the passing of the remains. Besides the rabbi, an Episcopal priest and Presbyterian minister officiated. If there is any doubt that he was an "Unreconstructed Rebel" — look at his monument, one that his family erected because of his wishes and their pride in him and the Confederacy.

After doing this research, I tried to find descendents of this honorable man still living today. I have been told that none remains. Who, then, can speak for Jacob Samuels in this world? Is there no one or nothing? LOOK AT THE MONUMENT!!!!!!

*The writer drew heavily on these sources: Juliet George Dees, "Panther City Patriarch", 1978 paper to the Southern Jewish Historical Society; 31 July 1989; National Archives, Jacob Samuels. Card #'s 50443470, 3511; Mack Williams, Ft. Worth News Tribune, In Old Ft. Worth April 11, 1986 p 12a; Public Welfare; Ft. Worth Daily Democrat, November 21, 1876; Beth-El Congregation Archives, Fort Worth; Charles R Perkins; History of Fort Worth Lodge No. 148, A.F. &A.M. 1957, p 113*

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# The Rubin and Steinberg Families Get to Texas

*By Sherwin Rubin*

My paternal grandfather, Oscar Rubin, was born in Russia and settled with his family in Connecticut at the end of the nineteenth century. When he was about 21, he traveled with his older brother to Texas by train. The brothers rented a wagon and traded with the farmers in south Texas. The Rubins bartered with the farmers, trading pots and pans for butter, eggs, and produce which they later sold in towns around Houston. One day, Oscar Rubin fell off the wagon and broke his arm (leg?). His brother left him with a German family that understood his Yiddish. He decided to stay in South Texas and started his own trading business. There is an alternate family story that Oscar entered the country through Galveston, served in the Spanish American War and that the records of his service were lost in the Galveston Flood of 1900.

My paternal great grandmother, Rivka, was married to Ben-Tzion Rosner and had five daughters. The family lived near the town of Munkatch in Austria/Hungary. The oldest daughter was Sara who was to be my grandmother. The other daughters were Esther, Ella, Rose and Lilly. When Ben-Tzion Rosner died, Rivka married David Berkowitz (Berkovics) and had one son, Harry, in Europe. Berkowitz came to the US to start a new life and establish the Fort Worth German Bakery in Fort Worth. He sent for Rivka as soon as possible. On March 19, 1901, Rivka and her six children arrived in Galveston, Texas, on a ship called "Borkum" from Austria/Hungary. They were among the few passengers who intended to come to Texas because at that time the New York Jewish community was flooded with immigrants and most Jewish immigrants were diverted to Galveston.

My paternal grandmother, Sara was about 12 when she arrived in Galveston with her family. She and some of her sisters were put to work in Houston Jewish households as kitchen helpers. Their mother hoped that her daughters would have a better chance of finding Jewish husbands in Houston than in Fort Worth, where she was heading to join her husband. Sara met my grandfather who was almost 30, selling eggs door to door, and unmarried. She married him to get out of the indentured servitude. Her sisters also married in Texas. Esther married Joe Oshman in Richmond, Ella married Dave Carshon in Fort Worth, and Rose married Leon Abbovitz in Wharton. Lilly did not survive past young-adulthood.

My father, Ben Rubin was born in Houston, Texas on March 11, 1904 to Oscar and Sara Rubin. His paternal grandmother, Rivka and her husband, David Berkowitz, were running the bakery in Fort Worth. In 1906, while Rivka was pregnant with another child, David Berkowitz was killed in an accident when the horse pulling his bakery wagon was frightened by a train whistle. After his death, Rivka gave birth in Fort Worth to a second son, and named him "David" after his father. Rivka was a very religious woman, who felt that Fort Worth was not a place to raise her Jewish sons. She wanted them to receive a religious education. Rivka decided to take her two small sons Harry and David, back to Austria/Hungary where she still had a vineyard. In 1906, Rivka sent for her oldest daughter, Sara, and Sara's husband, Oscar, to bring their child Ben and come to Fort Worth to take over the Fort Worth German Bakery. Ben grew up in the Fort Worth bakery, accompanying his father on bread deliveries to the stockyard area homes

on Fort Worth's old North Side. They also had a good business furnishing bread to the many bars and chili parlors in downtown Fort Worth. Rivka and her sister, Ella, operated the bakery until her health failed and they sold the bakery. After the bakery was sold, Ella and her husband, Dave Carshon, opened a delicatessen on Main Street that is now operating under new ownership on McCart Street.

Back in Europe, Rivka sent her two sons, Dave and Harry, to yeshiva, and was considered a leader in her small Jewish community. The local prayer minyan met in her home for many years until the day a fist fight erupted over a religious argument. Rivka asked the men to meet elsewhere, but she later donated the money to build a synagogue in the village. There is another story, told by Dave Berkowitz, about the time his mother (Rivka Rosner Berkowitz) died. Her older son, Harry took the entire inheritance from his mother's estate, forcing Dave to leave Austria/Hungary and return to the US where he was already a citizen. Harry and the rest of that family died in the Holocaust.

My mother, Gertrude Steinberg was born in Toledo, Ohio, on February 2, 1904. Her parents were Eva and Bernard Steinberg. My mother's family came to Toledo from Russia. Gertrude's paternal grandparents, were very observant Jews. After settling with their family in Ohio, Fanny and Louis Steinberg made the decision to live the remainder of their lives in Jerusalem. In about 1908, they migrated to Palestine where they settled in the old city of Jerusalem, helping the young Jews who longed to establish a Jewish life there. During the fighting of WW I, they gave away

*Continued on Page 11*

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# Laugh Line

*From the Intermountain Jewish News, August 3, 2001*

Saddam Hussein and George W. Bush meet in Baghdad for the first round of talks in a new peace process. When George sits down, he notices three buttons on the side of Saddam's chair.

They begin talkin. After about five minutes, Saddam presses the first button. A boxing glove springs out of a box on the desk and punches Bush in the face.

Confused, Bush carries on talking as Saddam laughs. A few minutes later, the second button is pressed. This time, a big boot comes out and kicks Bush in the shin.

Again, Saddam laughs, and again Bush carries on talking, not wanting to put off the bigger issue of peace between the two countries. But when the third button is pressed, and another boot comes out and kicks Bush in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him, he's finally had enough.

"I'm going back home!" he tells the Iraqi. "We'll finish these talks in two weeks!"

A fortnight passes and Saddam flies to the US to meet with Bush again. As the two men sit down, Hussein notices three buttons on Bush's chair and prepares himself for the yank's revenge.

They begin talking and Bush presses the first button. Saddam ducks, but nothing happens. George snickers.

A few seconds later, he presses the second button. Saddam jumps up, but again, nothing happens. Bush roars with laughter.

When the third button is pressed, Saddam jumps up again, and again nothing happens. Bush falls on the floor in a fit of hysterics.

"Forget this," says Saddam. "I'm going back to Baghdad!"

Dubya says through tears of laughter, "What Baghdad?"

biggest customers was Leonard Brothers in Fort Worth. Ben had a close relationship with both Marvin and O.B. Leonard and he had permission to stock his own merchandise in their downtown store. The Leonards hired a new manager from New York, who objected to Ben's practice of checking store inventories each day and replacing stock that had been sold. He told Ben that he must personally approve all merchandise placed in his store. Ben had a hot temper and he picked up all of his dresses from Leonard's. When one of the brothers met Ben in the barber-shop he asked how business was going. Ben told him that he no longer had dresses at Leonard's because of the problem with the new manager. When Ben got back to the office the new manager was waiting for him and begging him to come back. He said, "Mr. Leonard said that anyone who couldn't get along with Ben Rubin, couldn't get along with him."

Gertrude and Ben retired at the age of 48 to devote the rest of their lives to family and friends. They celebrated their 66th wedding anniversary before my mother, Gertrude, died in 1993. My father, Ben, was interviewed for the public TV program, COWTOWN MEMORIES, produced in Fort Worth in 1994, a year after the death of Gertrude. When he talked about courting my mother at the old Casino ballroom at Lake Worth, about the music they danced to and the songs he used to sing in her ear, a lot of people were brought to tears. Ben was still telling rich and vivid tails of the old west until his death on January 20, 2000.

This entire genealogy can be tracked from the website of Richard Aronoff at <http://www.aronoff.com/genealogy.html>. At last count, the website had almost 10,000 names listed.

*Rubin and Steinberg, Continued from Page 10*

almost all of their supplies to the younger pioneers, nearly starving themselves to death. Both Fanny and Louis Steinberg died in 1917, and were buried at the Mount of Olives. The Jordanians destroyed the cemetery and used the headstones to build with after 1948. When the Israelis took back the land in 1967, Myron Steinberg found the grave sights and rebuilt the headstones during the 1970's. They are very impressive with the names and dates shown in Hebrew.

In about 1913, while living in Toledo, my maternal grandmother Eva Shuffman Steinberg, contracted tuberculosis. Doctors in Ohio advised the family to move to Denver where she and her youngest daughter were placed in the National Jewish Hospital. Grandmother Eva died in about

1916, and is buried in Denver. Grandfather Bernard moved his family to Texas where he worked as a supervisor in a garment factory. Around 1925, he started his own factory located above a mortuary on Weatherford Street in Fort Worth but before it was financially stable, he died of heart disease. My mother Gertrude and her brother, Oscar Steinberg, tried to keep the factory going, but they were forced to close. The banks said that they were too young to establish credit.

My father Ben married my mother Gertrude and they took the space and equipment left to open Maybelle Sportswear in 1927. Their women's sportswear business was very successful. Their customers included many small Jewish operated stores across the country and the national chain of J.C. Penney. One of their



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# New Version of “Deep in the Heart of Texas”

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Deep in the heart of Texas (Fort Worth, Texas, to be exact), an amazing and truly wonderful thing is occurring. Fifty-plus Jewish and Christian pro-Israel activists have formed a letter-writing coalition. No anti-Israel newspaper article, either local, national, or international goes unanswered. In most cases, no matter who has written the letter, it is sent in signed with a non-Jewish surname. Most of the Christians involved don't feel they are knowledgeable enough about the establishment of the state of Israel or the current conflict to write the letters themselves, but are more than happy to sign their names to them.

Our group started in 1997 when many of us worked together putting on the Anne Frank in the World” exhibition. After the exhibit ended, friendships had been formed between our two faith communities that we didn't want to lose. In 1998, we started a group called “Yad B'Yad” (Hebrew for “Hand in Hand”). Originally, it was intended for Christians to make them more knowledgeable about their “Jewish roots;” but very quickly, our membership has changed to both Christians and Jews (at present we have 128 families involved). NOTE: We are sorry to confess we do discriminate though – our Jewish members are not allowed to pay dues. We meet every other month with speakers on various Jewish topics.

In September when the Intifada started, our focus became more activist oriented. Until then, we had just been involved in such endeavors as staffing water stations along the seven-mile route when the Torah was moved from downtown to the new Beth-El location on Hulen, waiting tables for such events as Israel's Independence Day, working the blood drive for the Jewish Federation, etc. Now, with all the anti-Israel bias in the media, we decided that (in contrast to the lack of

action within the Church during the Holocaust) this time, we would not be silent.

Posy McMillen, our resident internet freak, monitors eight Israeli news stations a day (receiving 80-90 news alerts a day). She then culls out the most important and forwards them on to the 150 people on her e-mail list. As she is also on the list for CAMERA (Committee For Accuracy In Middle East Reporting) and Honest Reporting – both watchdog groups for Israel – we are kept aware of any anti-Israel articles in national and international papers. Posy (who most likely, if she believed in past lives, thinks she's a cross between Joan of Arc and Paul Revere) then sends out the alert, and the Fort Worth Yad B'Yadders go into action.

Recently, a very antisemitic article was written by Bob Ray Sanders, a regular columnist, at the Fort Worth Star Telegram. Our Fort Worth coalition swamped them with letters within the first few hours, and eighteen of our letters were printed. We also have a large Arab population in Arlington; so our “letters to the Editor” section gets many pro-Palestinian letters. These are ALWAYS countered quickly and with accurate facts. As the editor of the Jerusalem Post said: “*Every letter an editor receives represents 1,000 people;*” so it is imperative we speak up even if our letters aren't printed. We know we will not change the mind of a bigot, but we are very aware there are large numbers of people out there who are clueless about the Middle East. These are the people we hope to influence.

We want to encourage other cities to start groups like this. In December of 2000, fourteen mainline churches signed an anti-Israel declaration. We find this quite frightening, as should you. For those of you who are internet-savvy, don't forward news articles about what is occurring in

Israel to JUST the Jewish community. As we Christians would say: “*You're just preaching to the converted.*” Send them to every non-Jew you know! They are bombarded daily with inaccurate and biased reports from CNN, etc. which need to be counter-balanced by those of us aware of what is happening in the Middle East. It is important also to have a “hub” for your group who keeps files documenting statistics and facts about Israel so that you can write intelligent, fact-based letters, not emotional ones. Also, keep your letters short and to the point.

One of the best sources on the internet for Israeli news is [www.imra.org.il](http://www.imra.org.il) (IMRA stands for Independent Media Research and Analysis and is run by Aaron Lerner, a Ph.D. in Kfar Saba). You will receive accurate news from here much sooner than from other Israeli news sites. Another excellent source of factual material for use is Joan Peters' book, FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL. Joan was a freelance journalist for CBS during the Yom Kippur War. After the war, she set out to write a pro-Palestinian book. After seven years of research in Arab and British archives, she did a 180 degree turnabout and wrote this book. When it first came out in the '80s, the Saudis purchased thousands of copies to get it off the market. It has now been republished in paperback form and is filled with quotes and documentation from Arab and British archives. Her book is a wealth of information for activists.

*Footnote: Joan Peters will be speaking in Fort Worth for Yad B'Yad on Tuesday, November 13 at 7:30 PM. B'nai B'rith will be co-sponsoring. For more information, call Posy McMillen at 817-732-6735 or Harry Kahn at 817-926-9337.*

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# Matzah Ball Memories in the Jewish South

by Marie Cohen Ferris

Were grits a common side dish at your southern Jewish table? Did Jewish holiday meals include butter beans and fresh tomatoes? Were relatives expected to bring bagels and rye bread back home from New York and other cities? Did you buy kosher supplies or Passover foods by mail order or drive some distance to find them? Were African American food traditions intermingled with your Jewish food traditions or strictly separated? Were the *Settlement Cook Book* and *Five Thousand Years in the Kitchen*, published by Temple Emanuel's sisterhood in Dallas, Texas, well-used cookbooks in your family's kitchen? Did the local shochet, or Jewish butcher, work out of the Piggly Wiggly grocery store? Did your family have a *trayfe* basement, garage, or summer cottage where forbidden crabs, barbecue and other southern specialties were eaten? If any of these scenarios feels familiar, your taste buds were most likely shaped in the world of the Jewish South!

Since the first arrival of Sephardic Jewish immigrants in the South during the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, Jews have blended their regional identity both as Jews and as Southerners through the foods they eat, the holidays they celebrate, and the products they buy. I am researching this unique world for my doctoral dissertation, "Matzah Ball Gumbo, Gasper Goo Gefilte Fish, and Big Momma's Kreplach: Exploring Southern Jewish Foodways." I am examining how food defined daily life for southern Jews, from foods prepared in the home and the synagogue to food-related businesses that Jews built and patronized. These businesses include restaurants, grocery stores, caterers, butcher shops, bakeries, fish markets, liquor stores, summer camps, and resorts. My study focuses on

southern Jewish families and individuals from 1900 to the present. Through foodways, I will explore how Jews became part of southern life, and in that process how they created a uniquely rich chapter in American Jewish history.

If your congregation or if individual members and families within your community would like to add their memories to my study of southern Jewish food traditions, please contact me either by e-mail, [marcieferris@erols.com](mailto:marcieferris@erols.com) or by telephone, 202-364-4088. My research will be integrally tied to on-going work at the College of Charleston's Jewish Heritage Collection in Charleston, South Carolina, and the Museum of the Southern Jewish Experience in Utica, Mississippi.

- I am conducting oral histories of Jewish Southerners regarding their memories of both southern and Jewish cuisine and would be happy to receive any suggestions of people that should be interviewed for this project.
- I am also researching historical materials, such as family papers, synagogue records, newspapers and periodicals for recipes, event/holiday menus, letters, diaries, memoirs, cookbook journals, commercially published cookbooks, community fundraising cookbooks, advice manuals, prescriptive literature, special food-related objects such as rolling pins, recipe boxes, Shabbat candlesticks, samovars, chicken soup-making pots, and photographs of Jewish holiday observances at home and in the synagogue, Jewish food-related businesses, and Jewish life cycle

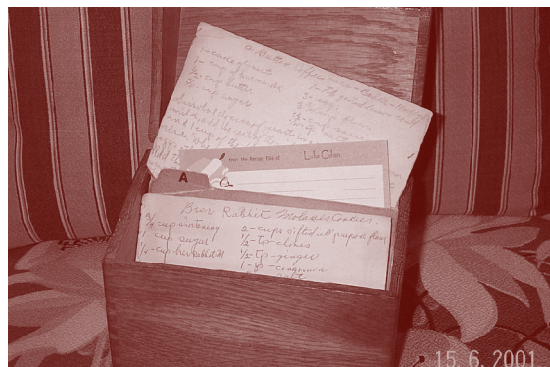
events, such as weddings, Bar and Bat Mitzvahs. If you have historical materials that you would like to share for this research project, please contact me.

- If you would like to participate in this research by filling out an e-mail survey on southern Jewish foodways, just send me an e-mail request for this information at [marcieferris@erols.com](mailto:marcieferris@erols.com).

I value your stories of southern Jewish life and hope that I can include your family and community history in my research. Thank you for your consideration of my request for information.

With very best regards,

**Marcie Cohen Ferris**  
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**Wash. DC 20016**  
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**American Studies Dept.**  
**George Washington University**



*The recipe box of Luba Tudor Cohen, the author's Russian and Arkansas grandmother, and inspiration for her study on southern Jewish foodways.*

Watch the next edition of your Newsletter for a story on Mr. Bernard Rappaport of Waco - A man who repeated the story of rags to riches — big time!

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# Biography of E. M. ‘Manny’ Rosenthal

## (1922-2001)

E. M. ‘Manny’ Rosenthal, retired chairman of the Board of Standard Meat Company of Fort Worth, Texas, died July 25, 2001 of complications from a long illness. Mr. Rosenthal, 79, was a distinguished member of the Fort Worth community, actively involved in many philanthropic, religious, cultural and educational endeavors.

Mr. Rosenthal worked in the family hotel, restaurant and institutional meat supply business after school and summers while in junior high school and until his graduation from Texas A & M College in 1943 when he entered the armed services as an officer in the U.S. Army. Upon his return in 1945, following over three years of World War II service in North Africa and Europe, he rejoined the company and became its president in 1959 and chairman in 1965. Mr. Manny, as his many employees called him, retired from Standard Meat Company in January 1988.

While at Texas A & M in 1942, he was editor of ‘The Battalion,’ the University newspaper and ‘The Battalion Magazine,’ and a member of both the Junior and Senior Meats Judging Teams. He had continued his close relationship with the University through the A & M University System Chancellor’s Century Council and the Campus Partners Program.

Mr. Rosenthal had served as vice chairman and honorary lifetime vice-chairman of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. He also served as president of the following organizations: Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra Association, Beth-El Congregation, Jewish Federation of Fort Worth and Tarrant County, Advisory Council of the College of Business at the University of Texas at Arlington, and the Fort Worth Arthritis Foundation. In addition, he had been co-chairman of the United Jewish Appeal-Southwest

Region and a member of the National Cabinet of the United Jewish Appeal. Other organizations in which he served as an officer or board member include the following: The Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Arts Council of Fort Worth and Tarrant County, Van Cliburn Foundation, National Association of Meat Purveyors, College of Agriculture Development Council of Texas A & M University, North American Board of the World Union for Progressive Judaism, Texas-Israel Exchange of the Texas Department of Agriculture, and the Fort Worth Chapter of B’nai B’rith from which he received their award as Fort Worth Jewish man of the year in 1975. He was campaign chairman of the United Jewish Appeal for Fort Worth and Tarrant County for two terms and a charter board member of Performing Arts Fort Worth. He lectured regularly at the University of Texas at Arlington College of Business where he also served as Executive-in-Residence.

Mr. Rosenthal was a past member of the Young Presidents Organization (YPO) and an honorary member of Beta Gamma Sigma Scholastic Society for Business Administration.

In 1987 Mr. Rosenthal received the Distinguished Alumnus Award from Texas A & M University and the University’s Association for Former Students. The Texas A & M University System Board of Regents named the Rosenthal Meat Science and Technology Center for him and his wife Rosalyn Rosenthal in the same year. The Rosenthals, in conjunction with the TAMU Board of Regents, established a Chair in Agriculture in 1987 at Texas A & M as well.

When Pope John Paul II visited the United States in 1987, Mr. Rosenthal was a member of the North American Jewish Delegation that participated in the historic meeting with the Pope in

Miami, Florida. During 1988, Mr. Rosenthal was selected as that year’s recipient of the Tarrant County (Texas) Chapter of the National Conference of Christians and Jews Brotherhood Citation. In 1992, he became a member of the Board of Directors of the National Conference of Christians and Jews and received the ‘Keeper of the Flame’ award from the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

In 1994, the Fort Worth Chapter of the National Society of Fundraising Executives named Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal Philanthropists of the Year. In the same year, they were honored by the Jewish Federation of Fort Worth and Tarrant County with an award acknowledging their generous support and devotion to the Jewish people. In 1995, they were presented the Award of Excellence by the Texas Association of Symphony Orchestras. In 1997, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal received the Maurice N. Eisendrath Bearer of Light Award, which is the highest honor given by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

Mr. Rosenthal is survived by his wife of 55 years, Rosalyn Gross Rosenthal, his daughter and son-in-law Marcia and John Mike Cohen of St. Louis, Missouri, his son and daughter-in-law, Billy and Rozanne Rosenthal of Fort Worth and five grandchildren: Erin and Chloe Cohen and Ashli, Benjamin and Madelyn Rosenthal. Two sisters also survive him, Esther Rosenthal (married to John Benjamin) of Chicago, Illinois, and Sylvia Wolens (married to Jerry Wolens) of Boca Raton, Florida.

Services were held at Beth-El Congregation in Fort Worth. Contributions may be sent to the Beth-El Congregation Endowment Fund or the MS Endowment Fund-Barnes Jewish Hospital in St. Louis, Missouri.



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# The Road from Journalism to Jewish Historical Society

By Hollace Ava Weiner

*Hollace Weiner of Fort Worth, a longtime TJHS board member, is the author of "Jewish Stars in Texas" which chronicles some of our legendary Lone Star rabbis. She is president-elect of the Southern Jewish Historical Society.*

Back in 1994, I was content with my career as a newspaper reporter covering cops, corruption, and occasional features on the local Jewish community. Then Fay Brachman, president of the Texas Jewish Historical Society, prodded me to research a book on Texas Jewry. Who would have guessed that, seven years later, her suggestion would have turned me from a journalist into a historian and the incoming president of the Southern Jewish Historical Society?

The transition began with two lengthy newspaper profiles — the first on the career of Rabbi Alex Kline ("A Reverence for Art in Lubbock"), and the second on Corpus Christi Rabbi Sidney Wolf ("Prophet in a New Frontier"). These articles, written for the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, were published at the same time that two historians with the Southern Jewish Historical Society were compiling an anthology about Southern rabbis' impact on the Civil Rights Movement. Juliet Dees George, who was then active in both the TJHS and the SJHS, put those two historians in touch with me. With their guidance, the newspaper article on Rabbi Sidney Wolf was expanded into a chapter published in *The Quiet Voices: Southern Rabbis and Black Civil Rights* (U. of Ala. Press, 1997).

The editors of *Quiet Voices*, both members of the SJHS board, were not finished with me.

The Southern Jewish Historical Society seeks to explore how Jews settled across the American South and became an integral yet distinct minority within the region. The organization

broadly defines the South as the 14 states extending from Maryland and West Virginia to Texas. The SJHS had a network of scholarly researchers in Virginia, Kentucky, Florida, West Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, and the Carolinas. They had few Lone Star connections and needed a taste of Texas, especially for their next project.

That upcoming project involved *American Jewish History*, the prestigious journal published quarterly by the American Jewish Historical Society. (Begun in the 1890s, *American Jewish History*'s earliest issues include articles written by our esteemed Rabbi Henry Cohen of Galveston.) For the fall and winter of 1997, *American Jewish History* planned to publish two issues devoted to Dixie.

My assignment was to write an essay titled, "The Mixers: The Role of Rabbis Deep in the Heart of Texas." Unlike my earlier articles, this one had to be more than mere biographical data. The editors wanted to know how the development of the Texas rabbinate differed from its evolution elsewhere in the South and other regions. In what ways was the Texas rabbinate innovative? Why did Texas' Jewish institutions develop later than elsewhere in the South? Was anti-Semitism in Texas greater or less than elsewhere and why?

Researching the journal article took a year. Writing and revising it took another six months. (The remuneration, I might add, was zero.) The reward was a byline in *American Jewish History*'s September, 1997, issue and a congratulatory phone call from Rabbi Jimmy Kessler, co-founder of the TJHS.

By this juncture in my career, journalism was feeling superficial, like the "rough draft of history." I was eager to delve deeper than today's headlines. I

took a leave of absence from the newspaper and never returned.

In the autumn of 1997, the Texas Jewish and the Southern Jewish historical societies held a joint meeting in Hot Springs, Ark. The contrasts between the two organizations were evident. The TJHS is more involved at the grassroots level gathering oral histories and personal recollections and preserving Jewish landmarks. The Southern Jewish Historical Society is more academic. It seeks to document, verify, and footnote oral histories and to quote personal recollections in articles, essays, and books that relay a perspective on Jewish activities throughout the region. It gets history into books and documentaries.

The historians and lay people in the regional group became my academic mentors. They sent reference letters when I applied for research fellowships at the American Jewish Archives and for graduate school at the University of Texas, Arlington. They provided expertise, encouragement, and precedents when I embarked on a preservation project in Fort Worth. For me, the past seven years have been an intriguing journey. I have moved from one career field to another and broadened my perspective, from Lone Star to regional.

As I prepare to become SJHS president, another joint meeting of our two societies is planned. The setting and time will be next year in Shreveport, October 25-27, 2002. The Southern's annual meeting will coincide with our Texas group's quarterly board meeting. Helen Wilk of Corpus Christi, our immediate past-president, is on the programming committee.

Please plan to participate (and to party) in Shreveport next fall when our two groups reconvene. Please join me on this journey into our past.

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# Texas Jewish Historical Society 2001-2002

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## Board Members 2001-2003

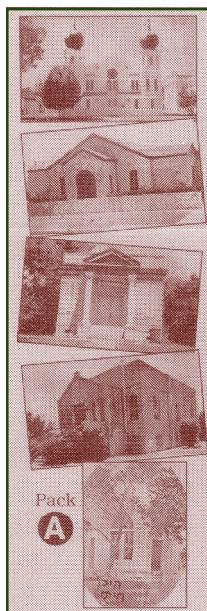
Elaine Albin (Rockport)	Annette Lackman (Arlington)
Dorothy Borschow (El Paso)	Marvin Leshin (Corpus Christi)
Roy Elsner (Odessa)	Selma Mantel (Houston)
Dorothy Harelik (Hamilton)	R. D. Moses (Fort Worth)
Ruth Heidenheimer (Cisco)	Louis Pink (Houston)
Leo Hoffman (Dallas)	Nancy Polunsky (San Angelo)
Rosalind Horwitz (Beaumont)	Ralph Robinowitz (Dallas)
Ed Katten (Waco)	Don Schlossberg (The Woodlands)
Sylvia Gayle Klein (McAllen)	Merilee Weiner (Houston)
Sherman Kusin (Austin)	Sherry Zander (Dallas)

## Board Members 2000-2002

Norman Albert (McAllen)	Patti Maltz (Austin)
James Alexander (Dallas)	Rusty Milstein (Longview)
Doris Epstein (Laredo)	Cynthia Mondell (Dallas)
Walter Fein (San Antonio)	Herman Morris (Fort Worth)
Buddy Freed (Fort Worth)	Berta Schlesinger (McAllen)
Ima Joy Gandler (Waco)	Louis Sokol (Houston)
Mickey Graubart (Houston)	Max Stool (Del Rio/San Antonio)
Kay Goldman (College Station)	Mimi Toubin (Brenham)
Dave Hoff (Midland)	Hollace Weiner (Fort Worth)
Goldye Levi (Dallas)	Edward Winkler (Fort Stockton)

# Share the Pleasure of Historical Texas Synagogues with Someone Special!

Send Historical Texas Synagogues note cards when corresponding with friends or relatives. Each pack contains color prints, two each of five different synagogues - 10 cards and 10 envelopes.



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Make check or money order payable to: **The Texas Jewish Historical Society** and send it with this form to: TJHS, c/o Charles B. Hart, 2509 Redwing Drive, Temple, TX 76502. Allow 4-6 weeks delivery. Retail shops receive a 40% discount with a minimum order of any 10 packs. A Texas Resale Certificate must be included with order.



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# Welcome New Members!

*July 26, 2001 - October 3, 2001*

- Appel, Jerry & Sheril**, 6900 Church Park Dr., Fort Worth, TX 76133, 817-939-6713
- Aron, Hertzell & Dorita**, 5315 South Braeswood Blvd., Houston, TX 77096, 713-723-3352
- Astrich, Steve**, 1201 Westheimer Rd., Ste. F, Houston, TX 77006, 281-499-7105
- Astrich, Sara**, 7517 Brompton St., Houston, TX 77025, 713-665-3729
- Atlas, Morris & Rita**, 1600 W. Iris Ave., McAllen, TX 78501, 956-686-4780
- Barenblat, Marvin and Liana**, P. O. Box 6815, San Antonio, TX 78209
- Baum, Kenneth & Sandra**, 4704 Springwillow Rd., Fort Worth, TX 76109, 817-738-2044
- Blitzer, Todd and Andrea**, 5205 Evergreen St., Bellaire, TX 77401
- Bounds, Jane and Daniel**, 5100 Lockwood, Waco, TX 76710, 254-772-0975
- Brackman, Dorothy W.**, 2929 Post Oak Blvd., Houston, TX 77056, 713-623-8076
- Brin, Philip**, P. O. Box 106, Longview, TX 75606, 903-758-5554
- Burke, Richard & Ellen F.**, 4200 Green Oak Dr., Waco, TX 76710, 254-776-8425
- Burstein, Maynard & Leah**, 12502 Chateau Forest Ln., San Antonio, TX 78230, 210-492-6261
- Calodney, Aaron**, 17909 CRRT 132, Flint, TX 75762
- Carb, Mrs. Ann**, 4203 Clear Lake Cir., Fort Worth, TX 76109, 817-923-3286
- Carb-Fagan, Rita**, 12110 Pleasant Tree Dr., Little Rock, AR 72211, 501-224-0290
- Faigin, Dr. Al**, 5703 Westcreek Dr., Fort Worth, TX 76133, 817-294-0731
- Feit, Paul**, 198 Quail Run, Odessa, TX 79761, 915-368-7538
- Feld, Edgar & Debbie**, 4400 Westridge Ave., Fort Worth, TX 76116, 817-829-7741
- Feld, Russ & Luann**, 4479 Sweetgum Way, Fort Worth, TX 76133, 817-263-4005
- Franklin, Rabbi Wayne & Ann**, 130 Upton Ave., Providence, RI 02906, 401-273-1342
- Freidkin, Steven**, 1131 East Palmar Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85020, 602-248-7827
- Friedberg, Ruth**, 6500 E. Ridge Rd. #149, Odessa, TX 79762
- Friedman, Stan & B.J.**, 811 Patterson Ave., Austin, TX 78703, 512-428-1930
- Friedman, Edythe**, 6410 Mesa Dr., Austin, TX 78731, 512-345-0029
- Gachman, Leon & Eleanor**, 4324 Hartwood Cr., Fort Worth, TX 76109, 817-924-8889
- Gilbert, Mr. & Mrs. Harris**, 245 Ensworth Pl., Nashville, TN 37205, 615-292-3173
- Goodwin, Dan**, P. O. Box 155, Hubbard, TX 76648, 254-786-2523
- Greenberg, Marvin and Sylvia**, 7367 Blairview, Dallas, TX 75230, 214-363-6059
- Hendelman, Mrs. Ruth**, 3816 Lands End, Fort Worth, TX 76109, 214-328-8447
- Hochster, Mrs. Hanna**, 4816 Willow Run Ct., Fort Worth, TX 76132, 817-294-0055
- Isgur, Benjamin & Shoshana**, 1936 5th Ave., Fort Worth, TX 76110
- Jacobson, Sally**, 4420 Live Oak, Waco, TX 76710, 254-752-4638
- Jacobson, Rose**, 3852 Austin Ave., Waco, TX 76710, 254-752-4638
- Kanter, Jay & Nancy**, P. O. Box 797952, Dallas, TX 75379, 972-248-8882
- Katz, Howard and Joan**, 5916 Cypress Point Dr., Fort Worth, TX 76132, 817-361-9687
- Kaye, Stephen and Valerie**, 2832 Oakbriar Tr., Fort Worth, TX 76109
- Klein, Felice S.**, 2900 Broadmoor Dr., Bryan, TX 77802, 979-774-7501
- Kornreich, Peggy**, 415 Ramblewood Rd., Houston, TX 77079, 281-497-2853
- Lamensdorf, Dr. Hugh & Louise**, 1300 W. Terrell Ave., Suite #405, Fort Worth, TX 76104, 817-738-1428
- Leff, Peggy & Bruce Smith**, 26139 Timberline Dr., San Antonio, TX 78258
- Lipsitz, Melvin**, P. O. Box 1175, Waco, TX 76703
- Livingston, Alan**, P. O. Box 573102, Houston, TX 77257, 713-932-6748
- Mandle, Louis I. & Adrienne**, 1209 Knallpark Cr., Austin, TX 78758, 512-872-8750
- Naman, Virginia & Jay**, 3200 Wooded Acres, Waco, TX 76710, 284-776-67633
- Nemzin, William & Lou Beth**, 10811 Briar Branch Ln., Houston, TX 77024, 713-461-5777
- Nussbaum, Julius & Joan**, 1715 Park St, Greenville, TX 75401, 903-450-4707
- Pluss, Steven and Pam**, 5916 Glendora Ave., Dallas, TX 75230
- Polunsky, Sylvan & Carol**, 2601 Parkview Dr., San Angelo, TX 76904, 915-949-5542
- Pomerantz, Dr. & Mrs. Seymour**, 59 Serini, Apt. #8, Rehovot, TX 76240
- Pozez, Jerry & Deidra**, 5901 Cypress Point Dr., Fort Worth, TX 76132
- Rabushka, Aaron**, 3400 Western Center Blvd. Apt. #1020, Fort Worth, TX 76137, 817-306-9748

*Continued on Page 19*

# 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, TX 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.

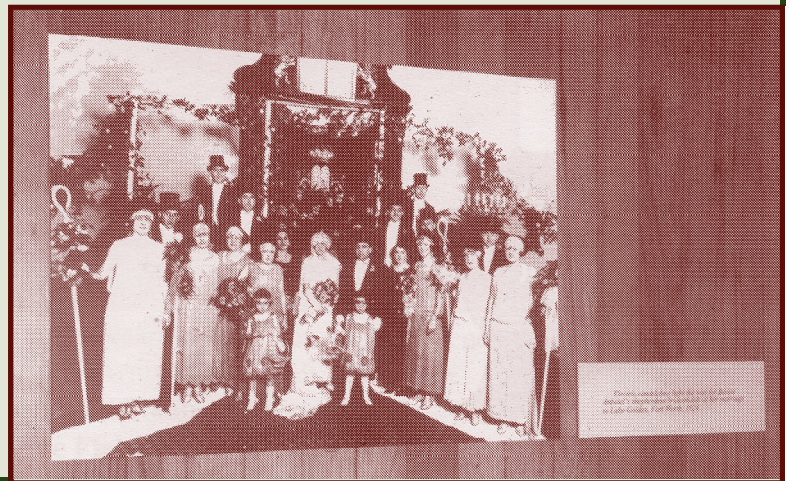
## Have Exhibit, Will Travel

The Texas Jewish Historical Society, in cooperation with the Institute of Texan Cultures in San Antonio, has designed an exhibit to be used as an educational tool for schools, Sunday Schools, Jewish Community Centers, Synagogues, Temples and Special Events in any town or city in Texas.

The exhibit depicts the journey of Jews in tiny villages and shtetls in Europe to America and their eventual settlement in the communities of Texas. It shows families, businesses, homes, children, religion and holidays.

The exhibit is designed to be either hung on walls or set up on tables on foam board with an easel stand. The entire exhibit comes in two boxes, weighs 40 pounds, and can be shipped very easily via UPS. There is no charge for the exhibit and the only cost is the return charges via UPS.

**To reserve the exhibit, along with a speaker, contact Jack Gerrick at 817-927-8765.**



*New Members, Continued from Page 18*

**Robinowitz, Ralph**, 7149 Blairview Dr., Dallas, TX 75230, 214-368-6228

**Rosen, Keith**, P. O. Box 1495, Bellaire, TX 77402, 713-382-0867

**Rosenthal, Carol & Stephen**, 2900 Fireside Cir., Sioux Falls, SD 57103, 605-371-0126

**Rosenthal, Haskell & Judy**, 2215 Briar Branch Dr., Houston, TX 77042, 713-785-4278

**Rubin, Harriett**, 11 Rim Rd., Kilgore, TX 75662

**Ruttenberg, Hilda Laura**, 5813 Mt. Rockwood Cr., Waco, TX 76710, 254-772-2712

**Schoen, Mrs. Leta S.**, 4807 Pin Oak Park #96, Houston, TX 77081

**Sheinberg, Joseph L. and Ruth**, 249 Circle Dr., Corpus Christi, TX 78411, 361-852-1485

**Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome**, 8 Ryder Ln., Lexington, MA 02321

**Swiff, Harry I. & Reba**, 6335 W. Northwest Hwy., #1013, Dallas, TX 75225, 214-373-4067

**Turner, Dr. Milton**, 2603 Pecos, Austin, TX 78703, 512-472-8740,

**Unell, Lucille & Bernard**, 3901 Old Mill Rd., Waco, TX 76710, 254-776-4480

# Texas Jewish Historical Society Annual Membership

☐ **YES!** I am enclosing my dues payment to the Texas Jewish Historical Society for the 2001 membership year.

I am a ☐ New Member ☐ Renewing Member

☐ \$36 - Annual Member ☐ \$50 - Supporting Member ☐ \$100 - Sponsor  
☐ \$250 - Sustaining Member ☐ \$500 - Benefactor ☐ \$1,000 - Patron

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Name of Spouse: \_\_\_\_\_ Maiden Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Home telephone: (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Fax: (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail address(es): \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Texas Jewish  
Historical Society**

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