Chicago Jewish History

Summer Reviews & Fall Previews

Calling All Authors: List Your Books in the Fall 2017 Issue of the Journal
If you are an active member of the CJHS (2017 annual dues paid), we will list your book, video, or music in the upcoming Book Issue of Chicago Jewish History. Send us the title, publisher, a few lines of description, and a jpeg of the cover. These days there are many formats at many prices, so we will not list prices. If your work was listed last year, it will be listed again. If we missed you last year, please remind us! The copy deadline is November 1. Send information via e-mail to info@chicagojewishhistory.org.

CJHS Gala 40th Anniversary Celebration
Save the Date – Sunday, December 3
2:00 p.m
Congregation Adas Yeshurun Anshe Kaneses Israel
3050 West Touhy Avenue, Chicago
Preview on Page 15
CO-PRESIDENT’S COLUMN

NOT JUST A WALK IN THE GARDEN
Chicago Jewish history is all around us, in places and at times we don’t expect. This discovery is exciting enough, but if we also have an opportunity to act on what we learn, we may not only observe history but also become a part of it. Recently I had the thrill of both experiences.

On a hot afternoon in early June, I was strolling on Michigan Avenue when I decided to seek some shade at Sir Georg Solti Garden, located south of the Art Institute in Grant Park, between Van Buren and Jackson Streets near Symphony Center. As I approached the stately bronze bust of Sir Georg at the north end of the garden, I noticed that it was streaked and stained and in need of a good cleaning. Who could do this?

I decided to email photos of the bust to Jeff Alexander, President of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Association. He replied within the hour, informing me that the Association contributed to the upkeep of Solti Garden, and that he would contact the people responsible for its maintenance. Mr. Alexander forwarded my email to Bob O’Neill, President of the Grant Park Conservancy, who notified me that the bust would be polished and washed promptly, and that there were already plans for landscaping improvements. Indeed, when I visited the garden later in the summer, I admired the newly cleaned bust and the more attractive appearance of the garden. I encourage those of you who haven’t been there yet to visit soon.

Sir Georg Solti was one of the several Chicago Symphony Orchestra music directors who had Jewish origins. He served as director from 1969-1991 and director laureate from 1991 until his death in 1997. The others were Artur Rodzinski (1947-1948), Rafael Kubelik (1950-1953), Fritz Reiner (director 1953-1962; advisor 1962-1963), and Daniel Barenboim (1991-2006). Irwin Hoffman (1968-1969) was acting music director during the transition to the Solti tenure. Biographies of all Chicago Symphony Orchestra directors are available on the CSO website:

https://cso.org/about/rosenthal-archives/history-of-the-cso/.

For an insider’s history of Jewish involvement in the CSO’s first 100 years, see the article “From Fannie To Danny: Jews and the Chicago Symphony” by Seymour S. Raven, in the Fall 1991 issue of Chicago Jewish History, which can be found in the Publication Archive on our Society website:

www.chicagojewishhistory.org.

The Solti Garden and bust have a fascinating history. The sculpture was commissioned by the fine arts philanthropist C. Geraldine Freund, a CSO patron, and created in 1987 by Dame Elizabeth Frink, a British artist, to honor Sir Georg on his 75th birthday. The week of October 4 was proclaimed “Sir Georg Solti Week” by Chicago Mayor Harold Washington.

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Editor/Designer Beverly Chubat
Editorial Board Dr. Rachelle Gold and Dr. Edward Mazur.
Send submissions to Editor, electronically (preferred) or via standard mail. Enclose SASE.
CJHS member and genealogist Jackye Sullins found a mistake in our report on the Nelson Algren program, about the high school he attended. Nelson Algren (then Nelson Abraham) did go to Hibbard. He was a sub on the 1927 Hibbard City Championship Basketball Team (the Lights: 5 foot, 8 inches, and under). But he graduated from a brand new high school—Roosevelt. The history is complicated.

Hibbard, built in 1916, housed both elementary and high school pupils. In 1927, the high school was moved to the new Roosevelt High School building. In 1930, the junior high school pupils were moved into the new Von Steuben Junior High School building, and Hibbard was made a six-grade school. In 1933, Hibbard became an eight-grade school, and in a later change (1959), the seventh and eighth grades were transferred to the Von Steuben Upper Grade Center. Hibbard has remained a six-grade school ever since. Thanks to Jackye Sullins for the yearbook page and the history. Her father was Nelson Abraham’s classmate and teammate.
To all our activists, achievers, and honorees… the Hebrew phrase means “More Power to You”

CJHS members... YASHER KOACH!

CJHS Members contributed articles to this issue of our journal:

West Side native Gordon Cohn (“Moishe of Maxwell Street”) lives in Long Beach, California. For thirty years he was responsible for private sector fundraising, publications, and public relations on behalf of the University of Southern California (USC) Schools of Dentistry, Medicine, Pharmacy, and the Norris Comprehensive Cancer Center and Hospital. He is the author of a biography of former USC President Dr. Norman Topping. In the past twenty-five years, Gordon has assisted forty-five people in telling their life stories for distribution in print to family, friends, and associates. Gordon’s memoir “Kolin Avenue: Fragment of a Lifetime’s Memory” appeared in the Winter 2017 issue of our journal.

Board Member Dr. Zev Eleff (“Arnold Horween, a Chicago Jew on King Harvard’s Gridiron”) is Chief Academic Officer of Hebrew Theological College (HTC) in Skokie. He is the author of six books and more than thirty scholarly articles in the field of American Jewish history. His Who Rules the Synagogue (Oxford) and Modern Orthodox Judaism (JPS) were both named finalists for 2016 National Jewish Book Awards. Zev was a guest editor and co-wrote an article with Jonathan D. Sarna for the July 2017 issue of American Jewish History. His article “Debating Orthodox Judaism: A Tale of Two Orthodox Seminaries” appears in the Fall 2017 issue of Jewish Action, The Magazine of the Orthodox Union. In it Zev explores the September 1937 debate between Chicago’s HTC and New York’s REITS.

Board Member Elise GINSparg (“Warsaw—The Zoo, the Museum, and the Kosher Restaurant”) is a popular lecturer on books and travel. Her Israel travel article on Jerusalem’s Churvah Synagogue, the Atlit Museum, and the Aronsohn Agricultural Station, appeared in our Winter 2011 issue.

In this issue, on the facing page, read a review of the West Side tour that Jacob guided with his fellow editor and CJHS member, Patrick Steffes.

CJHS Members were represented in recent issues of JUF News:

In the July issue, Executive Editor Cindy Cher lauded CJHS Founding President Muriel Rogers in a full-page article, “Chai Lights: Rare Friends.” Muriel is the Jewish activities chair at Montgomery Place. She brought together fourth and fifth-graders from the nearby predominantly black Bret Harte School and Holocaust survivor residents of Montgomery Place for a discussion and Q&A.

Through Muriel’s efforts, Cindy wrote, “I saw children and senior citizens from different cultures, religions, races and worlds—who lived only blocks apart, yet had never met—come together and connect through their shared humanity.”

In the August issue, architect Gary Berkovich wrote about his experience as a Sar-El volunteer in Israel, relieving IDF soldiers from mundane tasks. A group picture of his team, taken this spring, includes Board Member Herbert Eiseman, a longtime Sar-El volunteer.

In the September issue, in the Arts & Entertainment section, Dr. Malka Z. Simkovich wrote an insightful review of Chana: A Life in Prayer, by Rabbi Yehiel E. Poupko. Malka is the Crown Ryan Chair of Jewish Studies and Director of Catholic-Jewish Studies at the Catholic Theological Union.

Now, for the 20th time, Elise is organizing the annual “Night of Knowledge” at Congregation Yehuda Moshe, 4721 West Touhy Avenue, Lincolnwood, to be held on Motzai Shabbat, November 4. Every year Elise expertly selects and schedules eight speakers on a wide variety of timely subjects of Jewish interest.

Board Member Jacob Kaplan is included on Elise Ginsparg’s “Night of Knowledge” roster this year. He will screen rare images of our city’s built environment. Jacob is an editor of the popular website www.forgottenchicago.com.
Our motor coach departed from the Bernard Horwich JCC on Touhy Avenue carrying close to 40 passengers. We stopped at the corner of Rush and Ohio Streets to collect another dozen folks waiting at the Marriott Hotel. We traveled south on Michigan Avenue, and west into Chicago’s Jewish past.

We passed the former Jewish Federation building designed by A.E. Epstein and the former Florsheim Shoe factory building.

The Maxwell Street Market is now a Sunday-only bazaar featuring Latino eats. But all is not lost! Manny’s Cafeteria & Deli, 1141 South Jefferson Street, is newly renovated and open on Sundays. We stopped in.

The original Maxwell Street became early public housing, the ABLA Homes.

Review: CJHS Tour, Sunday, August 6, 2017
Chicago’s Jewish West Side

What of the area now? It is gentrified. Some retail store facades have been quaintly preserved. As guide Patrick Steffes commented, “It is Disney-fied.”

We stopped in at the Jane Addams Hull-House Museum, 800 South Halsted Street, where we could examine exhibits showing the help offered to our immigrant forebears at that great settlement house.

Traveling on, we passed the early Anshe Sholom and the former “Cigar Row” on Roosevelt Road. That thoroughfare’s business district is gone.

We entered North Lawndale. The former Douglas Park Theater/Labor Lyceum still stands. Lawndale has the city’s largest collection of grey-stone two-flats and too many empty lots. Patrick pointed out the exquisite architectural details of the former JPI, now a school.

Our last West Side stop was at the Garfield Park Conservatory.

Note: Two elegant shul buildings have been landmarked: the former Anshe Sholom on Independence (2014) and the former First Roumanian on Douglas (2016). The churches welcome Jewish visitors, as does the church in the former K.I.N.S. building.

Review: CJHS Open Meeting, Sunday, August 13, 2017
Gridiron Gadfly? Arnold Horween & Jewish Brawn in Protestant America

When the acoustics in Goldberg Hall of Hebrew Theological College did not carry his voice clearly via his hand-held microphone, lecturer Zev Eleff was not deterred. He set aside the ineffective device and spoke in his strong, unamplified Shabbat lecture voice.

Who was Arnold Horween? He and his older brother Ralph were the sons of Isidore and Rose (Rabinoff) Horween, Jewish immigrants to Chicago from Ukraine. Isidore was an expert tanner who readily found profitable work here.

To hasten their Americanization, the Horween parents joined the Jewish Self-Culture Club—a “secular synagogue.” They enrolled their sons in the progressive Francis Parker School and then Harvard University, where the boys excelled at football. Immigrant Jews played baseball—“stickball”—in city streets, but football was a gentleman’s game! Before the rise of the NFL, the Harvard-Yale game was big news. When Arnold was elected captain of the 1920 Harvard varsity team, that was very big news.

Learn much more in Zev’s article starting on page 10. And note that today’s NFL footballs are made by Horween Leather, the fifth generation of the family in the business, Chicago’s last tannery.—B.C.
Moishe of Maxwell Street

BY GORDON COHN

A nyone riding the streetcar that traversed 14th and 16th Streets between Halsted Street and Kildare Avenue in the early mornings or late evenings between the 1930s and 1950s might have noticed a fellow passenger who could have passed as an ambassador to a foreign nation.

He was attired each day in a fashionable and impeccably pressed suit, starched white shirt and appropriately tasteful tie, a handsome felt hat, a covert or camel hair coat suitable to the season, and shoes whose shine would have brought a smile to the face of a U.S. Marine commandant. On his lap rested a butter leather attache case.

No one could have guessed that their silent fellow passenger was not some high level official or that the attache case held a bottle of Virginia Dare wine and a foul-smelling imported cheese that the gentleman was forbidden to bring to the family table.

His name was Morris Opper, altered from Upor somewhere between Zhitomir, Ukraine, and Chicago. He left Zhitomir alone two weeks after the birth of his first son and arrived in late 1907 thanks to the benevolence of a kind uncle who had courageously walked out of Zhitomir, made his way alone to Chicago, and brought two of his nephews in succession to The Golden Land as soon as he was able.

Morris Opper was my maternal grandfather, always Zaydie. I lived with him, my beloved grandmother Rose, my parents, three uncles, and a boarder during the earliest years of my life.

Immediately upon arrival in America, Zaydie began selling men’s clothing on Maxwell Street for $4 a week, raised to $5 the following year when his wife and son arrived and he demanded a raise. He worked on Maxwell Street, and occasionally on Jefferson, six days a week for fifty years until his death at 70 of lung cancer in 1956. He abhorred vacations, growing antsy after two days and returning to the store, and never spent a single day off (Tuesday) with his family, preferring the company of his friends, playing penny poker in a room rented for that purpose at the Graemere Hotel or at a Chicago area racetrack, where he invested regularly and excessively in the fortunes of a jockey named Steve Brooks, who seldom rewarded Zaydie's faith. He accumulated substantial debts, and each week I watched as he handed my grandmother a portion of his weekly earnings, saying, “I owe you,” in Yiddish.

All his life he carried among his colleagues the nickname “Moishe the Greener,” though he was anything but a greenhorn; rather a proud and articulate man with a fondness for wild stunts, e.g., asking you to hold a package for him while he tied his shoes, the package being wired to give you an electric shock during the turnover.

Over five decades he worked for every men’s clothing merchant on Maxwell, men whose names were Weinstein, Bublick, Putter, Taxman and Dlugatch. Twice he partnered with men named Rotapel and Kaluszna and “Ishke” Bartlett, whose son Sidney (“Sy”) Bartlett became a Hollywood screenwriter and producer, partner of Gregory Peck. Each partnership failed. Today I cherish a business card that reads “Opper and Rotapel: Dealers in Used and Misfit Clothing.”

Zaydie tolerated no perceived insult. He thought all bosses were “schmucks” and he did not like taking orders. Leave him alone and he would outsell the world. He would quit at the drop of a tape measure and immediately go to work next door. He was accepted as an outstanding salesman, able to converse and negotiate at an elementary level in half a dozen languages with anyone who entered the store.

When I reached the age of eleven or twelve I sometimes took the streetcar to Maxwell Street just to watch Zaydie work. I remember the crowds and bedlam, the pervasive streets-long smell of sausages cooking, the furtive glances of gypsies who inhabited rooms above the stores, and most of all, the incessant urging of the “pullers” who stood outside each store assuring the passersby that the bargains inside could not be matched by any of the competition. People of all nations came to Maxwell to “Jew down” the merchants, whatever the product, and in watching the process I learned an early lesson.

One day a man came in and asked the price of a suit. Zaydie said forty-eight dollars. The man offered twenty. Negotiations began, moving down and up in tiny increments. After several comments to the effect that the Jews want everything from a man but his blood, the man bought the suit for twenty-three dollars, but only after Zaydie pleaded with him to pay the sales tax. Otherwise, he said, the boss would have his job.
When the man left, I felt terribly sad that Zaydie had been both demeaned and swindled. I remember being on the verge of tears.

“How could you sell the suit for just over half its regular price?” I asked.

With a benevolent smile, Zaydie said, “The suit cost us fourteen dollars. Don’t worry. We don’t lose money.”

A Maxwell Street colleague of Zaydie’s was named Cicero, and he became something of a legend in our family. When he encountered a particularly difficult customer, one whose antisemitism was overbearing, according to Zaydie, he bore it with a smile, suggesting that for a “perfect” fit the customer should lie down on a table rather than have his inseam measured while standing. The unwitting bigot would take his place, fully stretched out, and Cicero would use a yardstick for the measurement, being certain to jab it forcefully enough into the man’s crotch, always with a smile, so that the customer would feel it painfully but detect no intended offense.

“Ah, just right,” Cicero would say. “A perfect fit for a real gentleman.”

Zaydie was a man of bad habits. Apart from his great fondness for cheap wines and Gorgonzola, and the Ole’s chili he loved to consume while waiting to transfer from one streetcar to another, his gambling and occasional excessive drinking kept him and my grandmother in a state of war for just short of fifty years. Their conflicts naturally touched my parents, who with good reason always took Bubbie’s side. I was Zaydie’s sole ally. At night, when he invariably arrived home well after the rest of us had eaten, I read him the Daily Forward in Yiddish as he ate. I refereed the quarrels. I loved him and Bubbie in equal measure and they returned the unconditional love that is uncommon in most relationships.

His relationship with his three sons was cordial but not intimate. Their talk was invariably limited to business, theirs, and how well each was doing. Near the end of his life, in a very emotional evening, the three of them gathered at Bubbie’s request to clear his gambling debts. Somehow he thought it was their obligation simply because he had given them their start in life. They did not agree.

In early 1956 my wife of eighteen months and I were already established and teaching in Long Beach, California, when my father called to say that Zaydie was “very sick.” In our family that phrase was code. With gallbladder or kidney stones, diabetes, or senility, one was sick. “Very sick” was code for cancer. Zaydie had been coughing heavily and felt tired much of the time.

I flew into Chicago and learned that Zaydie had been diagnosed with lung cancer, but the family had chosen—foolishly, I thought—not to tell him. Instead they told him he had a severe flu. For ten days I drove him daily to the radiation oncology unit at Michael Reese Hospital for treatment.

One day we were seated in an overheated and overcrowded waiting room. I could not believe that Zaydie had not managed to understand that radiation had nothing to do with flu, yet he said nothing, gave no hint that he believed himself seriously ill.

Instead he chose to evaluate fellow patients. One man entered the unit and stood in the doorway in hat and heavy coat. I took no special notice until Zaydie said, in Yiddish, “Take a look at that fool (he used the same word he used to describe bosses).” I said, “Why would you call the man such a name? He’s a sick man.”

Zaydie’s response: “A size 52 short should never wear a raglan sleeve.”

On the day before Christmas, 1956, Zaydie woke at dawn and asked my mother for a glass of warm milk. As she handed it to him, he said, “Tomorrow is Christmas. Your husband will be home from work.”

Then his lungs exploded and he died.

One of his friends was a man I had never met because Bubbie barred him from our home. He was known as “H. Cohen.” Zaydie revered him as a friend and confidant and often quoted his wisdom. Bubbie alleged that she didn’t want him in the house because he had remained unmarried and associated with women of evil reputation.

After Zaydie’s death I determined to seek out H. Cohen. I found him living in an apartment on the North Side that had been converted to residences for the elderly.

I entered his room and found a thin old man seated on the edge of the bed wearing a starched white shirt open at the collar and black slacks. He had a few hairs, pink skin, and a perfectly waxed mustache that curled up at the ends. An old dandy.

I said, “Mr. Cohen, I am Moishe Oppen’s ainikl.”

“Oh, Moishe,” he said. In Yiddish, “My dear friend. How is he?”

“Moishe iz geshtorben,” I said.

There was a two or three beat delay, and then he began to weep, shaking to and fro, his tired eyes dry.

“Oh, Moishe, Moishe,” and in Yiddish, “He was a good man.”

I left him like that and headed home.

Death of an expert salesman, a flawed man, Moishe the Greener of Maxwell Street. Zaydie.
ED MAZUR’S
PAGES FROM
THE PAST

My source for these selections is the Chicago Foreign Language Press Survey Microfilm Collection at the Chicago Public Library Harold Washington Library Center.

In the autumn of 1936 the Chicago Foreign Language Press Survey was organized under the Works Progress Administration (WPA) of Illinois. The purpose of the Survey was to translate and classify selected news articles appearing in Chicago’s foreign language press from 1861 to 1938.

Financial curtailments in the WPA program ended the Survey in October 1941. The Chicago Public Library published the work in 1942. The project consists of a file of 120,000 typewritten pages from newspapers of twenty-two different foreign language communities in Chicago.

Yiddish is the foreign language of the Jewish press in the Survey. English language periodicals are also included, as well as the publications of charitable institutions, communal organizations, and synagogues.

A PLEA TO THE CHICAGO JEWRY

It is pitiful to see how parents are killing themselves to raise their children as Jews, and the children cannot even read Hebrew. Our daughters, the future Jewish mothers, will know nothing about Judaism. The Hebrew language is being forgotten. Our great forefathers and our ancient prophets are unknown to our children. Even the origin of our holidays are unknown to our children.

The Yabneh Institute, which will be opened Saturday, July 4, will consist of one Hebrew school for boys, through which, we guarantee that the children will have a clear conception of the Bible (Pentateuch, Prophets, Hagiographia) and will know a great deal of Jewish history; a large library where anybody will be welcome to read about Jewish matters in any language; a Sabbath school where Jewish girls will learn to read, write, and speak Hebrew; lectures for adults and children on Jewish history, and Judaism in general; a glee club; and chiefly, a large, beautiful, and modern synagogue for services and study.

A noted cantor, in cooperation with the glee club will officiate at the services. All are welcome to attend the synagogue services. All Jews are welcome to join this noble institute at the rate of $3 per year.

Daily Jewish Courier,
June 26, 1912

No street address is given for the institute, nor names of the rabbi or cantor. Annual membership is three dollars! The opening is to occur in just over a week—significantly, on the Fourth of July. The Yabne Institute is just the newspaper editor’s dream, an idealized response to his plea for the religious and cultural education of Chicago’s Jewish American children.

THE ORTHODOX JEWISH HOME FOR THE AGED REPORT

Mr. Isadore Lasker, one of the directors, expressed his willingness to contribute $5,000 to a fund of ten thousand dollars, which should be raised within the succeeding ninety days, in order to free the Home from debts.

The meeting was called to order at 3 o’clock by Mr. Margolis, president of the Home, who gave a brief report of last year’s activities in the Home. The report showed how Chicago Jewry exercised all opportunities to furnish greater convenience for the aged. An annex and hospital were also built in the course of the past year.

The report relates that there were ninety-four inmates in the Home on January 1, 1912. …

There were 108 aged men and women in the Home by January 1, 1913, among whom a few are now confined to the hospital where medical treatment is rendered them.

Daily Jewish Courier,
January 27, 1913

FREE SOUP KITCHEN TO BE OPENED FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

At a meeting of the unemployed last night at Singer’s Hall, a committee of ten were appointed, with Mr. M. Gold as chairman, and invested with the power to contact some reliable persons who are in a position to create employment and open a free soup kitchen. The plans to open the free kitchen will be completed today. This committee will contact the radical relief committee demanding that the establishment of relief for the
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unemployed here in Chicago is as necessary as to send relief to the unfortunate Jews in Europe. Daily Jewish Courier, December 24, 1914

BOYS’ CAMP
We have as yet not been able to see to camping facilities for boys under our own direction entirely. Therefore we have cooperated with the Young Men’s Jewish Charities to the extent that we have registered all of the boys that were accommodated at their camp, arranged for their medical examinations, and had them assembled at the Institute prior to their leaving for camp, this year known as Camp Harring, which accommodated 533 boys. Chicago Hebrew Institute Observer, December 1918-January 1919

COOPERATIVE GROCERY STORES TO OPEN
The Northwest Cooperative Association, which has a cooperative grocery in its neighborhood, will be celebrating soon the opening of a new store at 2732 West Division Street. The Northwest Side Cooperative is not content with its activities, and wish to do more. They have decided therefore, to unite with the Workers’ Cooperative Society in the Douglas Park district, which has a grocery store at 330 West 15th Street and a restaurant at 3058 West 12th Street and together to control the three undertakings. The Forward, August 1920

OLGIN MEETING IN ASHLAND AUDITORIUM
Over twenty-five hundred people filled the Ashland Auditorium last night and enthusiastically greeted the writer, Moissaye Olgin and the labor leader, A. Epstein, who, in the name of the Socialist Federation, opened a campaign in Chicago for the daily workers’ newspaper Die Welt (The World).

The speakers told the audience that the pseudo socialism in America has forsaken the revolutionary ideals of the workers of the old country and that only a new, sincere, revolutionary workers’ newspaper can win the Jewish workers in this country for the class struggle toward socialism.

In response to an appeal made by the chairman during the intermission, the sum of $2,258 was collected in subscriptions for the stocks and bonds of the new newspaper. Besides this amount, some Workmen’s Circle branches collected an additional $900, which they will turn over to the Socialist Federation. The enthusiastic meeting came to a close with the strains of workers’ songs. Daily Jewish Courier, November 28, 1921

THE HEBREW INSTITUTE AND THE CHANGE OF NAME
Last Sunday evening, at the banquet given in honor of Mr. Jacob M. Loeb, president of the Chicago Hebrew Institute, it was formally announced that the institution’s name had been changed to the Jewish People’s Institute.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch and Julius Rosenwald spoke in favor of the change. The latter gave one hundred thousand dollars toward the one million dollar building fund of the Institute and its branches, which it plans to organize.

None of the directors of the Chicago Hebrew Institute, who were present spoke against the plan. Even Mr. N.D. Kaplan, who always stood adamantly against any change of name, remained silent.

The Chicago Jewish People’s Institute means just as much as the Chicago Hebrew Institute meant. The chief and only difference in the two names is that the word Hebrew is missing. The word Hebrew is no longer favored by the German Jews or the native born American Jews. The German or American-born Jew began to be ashamed of the word Hebrew and sought refuge in the word Jew.

It is a matter of utter indifference to our brothers in Eastern Europe whether they are called Hebrews or Jews. They know that they are persecuted, hated, and made fun of, not because they are known by either of these two names, but because they are Jews.

A name is nothing. The main thing is what is done under the name. There is no doubt that a great deal will be done under the new name of the Institute.

Mr. Philip Seman, the capable superintendent of the Institute, characterized the work in a brief and expressive way: “to form social centers where children and adults shall be able to spend their free time in the gymnasium, classes in English, orchestras, entertainments, and many other forms of recreation.” Dr. Hirsch says: “The Institute will become a Jewish center only when it embraces Jewish culture and the Jewish religion.”

This is worth fighting for. Daily Jewish Courier, May 14, 1922
Arnold Horween, a Chicago Jew on King Harvard’s Gridiron

BY ZEV ELEFF

On March 11, 1926, a banner headline in the Chicago Tribune boasted: “Horween, Chicagoan, to Lead Harvard.” The overlong lead sentence filled in the details: “Arnold Horween, a Chicago boy of Jewish descent, and for four years a player with the Chicago Cardinals, a local professional football team, and for one year their coach, has been named head football coach at Harvard University, according to reports reaching Chicago from Cambridge last night.”

A few days later, Harvard’s hometown paper had its say. The Boston Globe headline read: “Son of Immigrant Comes Out of West to Coach Crimson.” This time, the lead sentence ignored the new coach’s athletic achievements and the man himself, opening instead with an overwrought portrait of Arnold’s father, Isidore Horween: “Thirty-four years ago,” the journalist wrote, “frightened and bewildered at the beginning of an adventure of tremendous import, a Jew and his wife, arriving from Russia, stepped onto American soil at Castle Garden, New York.”

The immediate mention of his Jewishness may have puzzled the twenty-seven-year-old Horween. It did not have much to do with his coaching appointment. Much more central to Horween’s selection were his athletic achievements and the man himself, opening instead with an overwrought portrait of Arnold’s father, Isidore Horween: “Thirty-four years ago,” the journalist wrote, “frightened and bewildered at the beginning of an adventure of tremendous import, a Jew and his wife, arriving from Russia, stepped onto American soil at Castle Garden, New York.”

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In those days, when the captain and the coach of the Harvard Crimson were two of the most celebrated figures in American sports, Arnold Horween had occupied both positions. Yet, Horween could not refocus the conversation away from his Jewish identity.

The 1920s was a strange decade for America’s Jews. On the one hand, rising generations of Jews had started to “make it.” Increased affluence and cultural achievement enabled many to depart the immigrant neighborhoods of their childhoods and settle in more esteemed locales. There, Jews established large synagogues and other proud religious centers. On the other hand, the United States was still very much “Protestant America.” Antisemites like Henry Ford made sure that Jews realized this. What is more, restrictive covenants prevented Jews from moving into certain neighborhoods, and strict and pervasive quotas limited Jewish enrollment in scores of American colleges. Horween’s entry into college football stardom in this period was a cultural cause célèbre for proponents and detractors of Jewish acculturation. His Jewishness, therefore, caused considerable comment.

In his college playing days, no one seemed to notice Horween’s faith, save for the Jews. In Chicago, the Jewish press routinely referred to Horween and the “triumph” of “Jewish brawn.” In other enclaves, Jews celebrated the “first Jewish student in the history of Harvard athletics to hold such a coveted position.” Rabbis talked about him in their sermons and newspapers waxed euphoric in their editorial pages. A journal in Dallas put it this way: “It means that in Harvard at least, the anti-Jewish-pro-fraternity spirit has received a blow. It means that even in athletics, a Jew who deserved the honor, has been awarded what he deserved—something that in the field of athletics is not often the case.” Several months later, a Cincinnati Jewish paper republished the same editorial, and others echoed the sentiment.

By the mid-1920s, Harvard football required reinvigoration. Since Horween’s graduation, the Harvard Crimson had been down on its luck, forcing the polite resignation of Arnie’s former coach. Surely, Horween’s return to Cambridge had everything to do with his talent and football know-how. His Jewishness, he must have figured, did not factor into the decision-making of Bill Bingham, the newly appointed athletic director.

In the weeks after the news broke, Bingham told every reporter he could find about the forward-thinking and energetic new football coach. Horween was, after all, a football legend. The Harvard Alumni Bulletin commented: “We know him. We like him. We bespeak for him—what he would doubtless receive without suggestion in this columns—the whole-souled support in every way of all Harvard men.”
Not everyone was so sanguine. After all, college football was a gentleman’s game and required just the right person to lead it. Opposition to the Horween decision boiled down to a few trenchant points. First, he was young, a “man with comparatively little coaching experience at the head of a Big Three squad.” Second, college football elites like Alonzo Stagg of the University of Chicago were less than pleased that a former professional player in the “seedy” National Football League was entrusted with the pure amateur character of the college game. A third group was nervous about the “western ideas” that Horween had picked up during his Chicago career.

But Jewish identity was inseparable from the all-too-important appointment. This time around, in his more prominent position as coach, Horween encountered a fair amount of bigotry among those who wished for a “New Englander” to wear the sports mantle around campus. Consider the following letter sent to the head of the Harvard Athletic Commission: “Since writing you from Chicago I have spoken with a considerable number of men in this part of the country and I am really doubtful if we could expediently invite any member of the Hebrew race to become Head Coach no matter how skillful he might be. There is a settled feeling, apparently very widespread,

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Arnold Horween Continue from Page 11

that we must do something at once to check certain growing influences and that Horween’s appointment in the present ticklish situation would be perilous.”

Another rather cantankerous Harvard fan was very happy when, finally, “the Jew Horween had retired.”

Coach Arnold Horween did not care much for the Jewishly-oriented attention. He preferred to focus on mentoring and, to a somewhat lesser extent, winning. His feelings came through in an interview conducted in October 1930, during his final season coaching Harvard. “Asked if there were any Jewish football players on his team this year,” wrote a Jewish journalist, “Horween admitted that he paid little attention to that. He chose his players on the basis of their football abilities, not according to their beliefs. He thought [Louis] Brown could locate the chaps of our faith as readily as he.”

Nevertheless, Horween’s celebrity was more important, perhaps, than his personal sentiments. The Jewish press of Los Angeles hailed the coronation of a Jewish man as a “king of sports, lionized as a brave and daring player and now sought as a mentor of young Harvard aspirants for gridiron honor.”

Upon retirement from coaching, Arnold Horween was remembered for several accomplishments. Foremost, he departed Harvard with a string of wins against rival Yale. For his players and colleagues, he was cherished for his “human attitude to the boys and to the game.” For Jews at a particularly sensitive time, Horween provided powerful proof that a Jew could reach the highest rungs of American collegiate sports culture. In the end, Arnold Horween’s own thoughts on the matter were of little consequence.

Horween’s departure from big-time sports coincided with the emergence of another pivotal figure in the annals of American Jewish athletics. In the syndicated columns announcing Horween’s retirement, the Jewish press reported that “Henry Greenberg, first baseman of the Raleigh club of the Piedmont League, has been recalled by the Detroit Tigers.” Hank Greenberg’s arrival on the American sports scene compelled Jewish athletes and their fans to embrace the visibility of their faith. It was a lesson learned in subtle ways by the close of Horween’s football career.

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12 Henry Penny Packer to Fred W. Moore, February 3, 1926, Box 11, Folder 1, Records of William Bingham, Harvard University Archives, Cambridge, MA.
13 Larz Anderson, “A Year of Shreds and Patches,” 1931, 12, journal transcript held at the Society of the Cincinnati, Washington, DC.
“JEWISH GEOGRAPHY”
Warsaw — The Zoo, the Museum, and the Kosher Restaurant
BY ELISE GINSPARG

Last year, when my husband Colman and I traveled to Israel, we had two layovers in Warsaw—one for nine hours en route to Israel, and another for eight hours on our return trip to Chicago. It is our custom when we have a long time between flights to contact the Chabad Rabbi of the city to send us a guide. In this instance, Rabbi Shalom DovBer Stambler, the director of Warsaw’s Chabad Lubavitch House, graciously called on Mrs. Dina Drori to be our guide.

We were excited to visit the Warsaw Zoo. Many of you may have read the book, The Zookeeper’s Wife by Diane Ackerman, or have seen the movie of the same name. Jan and Antonina Zabinski were the zookeepers during World War II. Their residence, a villa on the grounds of the zoo, had a bomb shelter in its basement. That is where they hid Jews. The Zabinskis built an escape tunnel from the basement to the garden. The exit was covered by a drain cover and a bird cage was placed over it to disguise the exit.

In the villa, on the wall of the first room we entered, there is an interesting assortment of insects. They are part of a huge collection assembled by the eminent entomologist, Szymon Tenenbaum, a close friend of the Zabinskis. When Tenenbaum was placed in the Warsaw Ghetto in November 1940, he entrusted his entire collection to Jan Zabinski for safekeeping in the zoo.

A German officer named Ziegler, an amateur entomologist, wished to view the Tenenbaum collection, so he went to the zoo. Jan Zabinski cultivated a friendship with Ziegler, which he was able to exploit when clandestinely rescuing Jews from the ghetto. Antonina Zabinska’s piano is displayed in the villa. She would play a special tune to warn her “guests” in the basement if there was danger from the Nazis and another tune if the area was “all clear.”

The Zabinskis saved 300 Jews. A tree was planted in their honor on the Avenue of the Righteous among the Nations in Jerusalem.

On our return trip we visited the award-winning POLIN Museum of the History of Polish Jews. The museum is arranged chronologically in eight galleries, tracing the 1,000-year history of the Jewish presence in Poland, from the Middle Ages until the present. A minimum of two to three hours is recommended to view the entire museum. I would double the time so as to view the numerous documents, video presentations, and movies that are contained in the various galleries.

The first Jews in Poland were actually invited to settle in the area for their value as traders and business people. The government gave the Jews many rights and protections. The artifacts, documents, photographs, and films are complemented throughout the exhibit by quotations, the words of the Jewish populus. Many maps and models illustrate the growth and dispersion of the Jews into cities and villages throughout the country. Of interest is the extensive description of the influence of the many Jewish scholars and personalities who lived in Poland upon Jewish history in general. The origins of Hasidism, Codes of Religious Law, and Zionism are all presented in great detail. Full scale models of a Jewish street, a Jewish home, and a synagogue in the various eras bring those times to life for the viewer. Especially beautiful is the reconstruction of the painted ceiling of the wooden synagogue that once stood in Gwozdziec.

The period of the Holocaust is fully explored, as is the renewal of Jewish life following the collapse of Communism. Our guide told us that on April 19th, the anniversary of the beginning of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising in 1943, people wore paper daffodil pins, which when unfolded resemble a Star of David. Posters all over the city read, “We share the memory.”

Colman and I enjoyed a farewell dinner with Dina, her husband Roni, and Rabbi Stambler at Galil, a lovely kosher restaurant that the rabbi had certified.

You can take a virtual tour of the POLIN Museum Core Collection (including the synagogue ceiling), learn more about the Polish Righteous, and explore many other features on the museum’s website www.polin.pl/en.
As one of the world’s foremost authorities on Holocaust history, the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum depends on its collections of artifacts, documents, photographs, films, music, and oral testimonies to teach the lessons of the Holocaust today and for generations to come.

The Museum has launched an initiative to explore American responses to the Nazi threat and the persecution of Europe’s Jews, the centerpiece of which will be a special exhibition planned to open in April 2018.

Museum curators are seeking new acquisitions that will help deepen understanding about how Americans responded to the Holocaust.

As part of these efforts, for the past year research has been underway on the Rosenwald Family Rescue—called “The German Relatives Project” which originated in 1935 as a result of the increasing Nazi persecution which led the German cousins of the late Julius Rosenwald and his wife Augusta Nussbaum Rosenwald to seek refuge in the United States.

In 1935, Paul Rosenwald came to the United States to meet with the family on behalf of the plight of the German relatives and to seek their help. That same year, Fred Rosenwald, the first of the family members to arrive, further made it clear how treacherous the situation was and urged his relatives to undertake the rescue of the family.

Julius Rosenwald had maintained a close relationship with his German relatives, and his five children took it upon themselves to organize a plan to save as many of the German relatives as possible. Their aunt Sophie Rosenwald Adler and her husband Max were also actively involved, as was their son Robert, and later their son-in-law Leonard Sperry.

With the permission of the family, Robert Adler’s papers on immigration were donated to the Chicago Jewish Historical Society by his longtime secretary Eve Kingsley Levin, herself a German emigrée, who worked as the CJHS office manager for many years.

During 1935-1939, on their joint affidavits, the Rosenwalds succeeded in bringing all of their relatives from their father’s side to the U.S. They also worked to bring over as many of their mother’s Nussbaum/Norman relatives as possible, and in this they were joined by Edward Norman and the Nussbaum aunts and cousins. Other individuals who were extended family members were also aided. Altogether, almost 300 individuals were rescued.

Many Rosenwald relatives have provided assistance in furthering the research and the museum has acquired new collections from a number of them. Hopefully others will be forthcoming to help document the family history and the remarkable story of rescue.

Grace Cohen Grossman was curator of the Spertus Museum 1971–1982. She is serving as the Acquisitions Curator for the USHMM’s Americans and the Holocaust initiative. Contact her at ggrossman@ushmm.org.

University of Bamberg: Jewish Community of Upper Franconia Website

The University of Bamberg (Universität Bamberg) in Germany is seeking photos and original source documents on the Jews of Upper Franconia in the 19th and 20th century, before the Holocaust. This region of Bavaria includes the districts of Bamberg, Bayreuth, Coburg, Forchheim, Hof, Kronach, Kulmbach, Lichtenfels, and Wunsiedel, as well as the cities of Bamberg, Bayreuth, Coburg, and Hof. The photos and documents will be used to create a social history website, similar to this one for the Jewish communities of Hesse: http://www.vor-dem-holocaust.de/

For additional information about the project please contact Andreas Ullmann of Universitat Bamberg at andreas.ullmann@uni-bamberg.de
The Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus honored Sir Georg Solti with a gala 75th birthday concert on October 9. The honoree participated as conductor and pianist. Governor James Thompson offered opening remarks and Mayor Washington presented Sir Georg with the City of Chicago's Medal of Merit. The culmination of the week-long celebration was the October 10 installation of the bust in Lincoln Park, directly in front of the Conservatory.

Solti Garden, on Michigan Avenue south of the Art Institute, was created in 2006 through the initiative of Mr. O'Neill, the Grant Park Conservancy, and Sir Georg's widow, Lady Valerie Solti. Other project partners were Maggie Daley, Deborah Rutter (then president of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Association, now president of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts), Lollapalooza, and the Chicago Park District. The October 2006 dedication of the relocated bust was attended by Mayor Richard M. Daley and Mrs. Daley, Lady Valerie Solti, Ms. Rutter, Mr. O'Neill, CSO members, staff, and supporters.

I hope that my adventure illustrates the value and pleasure of discovering and sharing Chicago Jewish history, the goals to which the CJHS has been committed since its founding. As we celebrate the High Holidays, I want to extend—on behalf of our officers and board of directors—very best wishes to our members and friends for a year of health, peace, and happiness.

CO-PRESDENT'S COLUMN
Continued from page 2

CJHS Gala
40th Anniversary Celebration

Beverly Siegel
You are invited to attend the Chicago Jewish Historical Society's Celebration Featuring A Preview Screening of “Driving West Rogers Park: Chicago’s Once and Future Jewish Neighborhood” a video documentary by Beverly Siegel View exhibits, browse books and journals, and enjoy gourmet kosher delights in a warm and friendly gathering of history enthusiasts

Sunday, Dec. 3
2:00 p.m
Cong. Adas Yeshurun
Anshe Kaneses Israel
3050 West Touhy Avenue
Chicago

The CJHS founding mission statement remains the same today: “To collect, preserve and exhibit memorabilia and materials of every kind pertaining to the settlement, history and life of Jews and the Jewish community of Metropolitan Chicago, Illinois; and to conduct education programs, encourage study and research, and disseminate information pertaining to the settlement, history, and life of Jews and this Jewish community.”
IN THIS ISSUE
• Moishe of Maxwell Street
• Horween of Harvard
• Warsaw—An Amazing Visit
• CJHS 40th Anniversary

Our History and Mission
The Chicago Jewish Historical Society was founded in 1977, and is in part an outgrowth of local Jewish participation in the United States Bicentennial Celebration of 1976 at an exhibition mounted at the Museum of Science and Industry by the Jewish Federation of Metropolitan Chicago and the American Jewish Congress. Three years after celebrating our “double chai,” the Society’s unique mission continues to be the discovery, collection, and dissemination of information about the Jewish experience in the Chicago area through publications, open meetings, tours, and outreach to youth. The Society does not maintain its own archives, but seeks out written, spoken, and photographic records and artifacts, and responsibly arranges for their donation to Jewish archives.

Tribute Cards for Celebrations or Memorials
The card design features the Society’s handsome logo. Inside, our mission statement and space for your personal message. Pack of five cards & envelopes $18.00. Individual cards can be mailed for you from our office at $5.00 per card, postage included. Mail your order and check to the CJHS office, 610 South Michigan Avenue, Room 803. Chicago IL 60605-1901. You may also order online at our website.

Visit our website — www.chicagojewishhistory.org
Pay your membership dues online via PayPal or credit card, or use the printable membership application.

Inquiries: info@chicagojewishhistory.org
All issues of our Society periodical from 1977 to the present have been digitized and posted on our website in pdf format. Simply click on “Publications” and scroll down through the years. There is an Index to the issues from 1977 to 2012.

ABOUT THE SOCIETY
Membership in the Society is open to all interested persons and organizations, and includes:
• A subscription to the Society’s award-winning quarterly journal, Chicago Jewish History.
• Free admission to Society public programs. General admission is $10 per person.
• Discounts on Society tours.
• Membership runs on a calendar year, from January through December. New members joining after July 1st are given an initial membership through December of the following year.

Life Membership $1,000
Annual Dues
Historian 500
Scholar 250
Sponsor 100
Patron 65
Member 40
Student (with i.d.) 10

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