

INDIANA JEWISH HISTORY

BRING A NICKEL OR DIME FOR CHARITY

by
Tevie Jacobs

MARION'S CHOSEN FEW

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EXODUS — MARION STYLE

•••

THE TEMPLE

•••

by
Jerry Miller

THE ENGEL FAMILY

by
Shirley Morse

THE BORUCHOVICZ SIDDUR

by
Joseph Levine

Publication No. 25
THE INDIANA JEWISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
August 1989

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INTRODUCTION

This is the 25th publication which the Indiana Jewish Historical Society has distributed to our members, libraries and to about 100 other historical societies in America. With few exceptions, the articles in our publications have been written by members of our society.

TEVIE JACOBS, a member of the Board of Directors of the IJHS is the author of "BRING A NICKEL OR DIME FOR CHARITY" a memoir recalling the establishment of a community religious school by the Indianapolis Hebrew Congregation. This article is an important contribution to the history of the Jewish community of Indianapolis.

SHIRLEY MORSE, a member of the IJHS submitted the article about "THE ENGEL FAMILY" of South Bend.

JERRY MILLER who was a staff writer in 1977 for the CHRONICLE-TRIBUNE of Marion Indiana is the author of "MARION'S CHOSEN FEW" "EXODUS - MARION STYLE" and "THE TEMPLE." These three articles deal with the Jewish community of Marion Indiana. Terry Eberle the editor of the CHRONICLE-TRIBUNE gave us permission to reprint the three articles which appeared in the paper's MAGAZINE.

JOSEPH LEVINE, the Executive Secretary of the IJHS wrote the article on "THE BORUCHOVICZ SIDDUR" which he wants to share with the readers of INDIANA JEWISH HISTORY.

The IJHS will welcome articles for publication.

Joseph Levine

Executive Secretary

prayers? What kind of Jewish religious education could Jewish kids get in the IHC Sunday school?

Yet my parents and a great many others who were Orthodox Jews sent their children to the IHC Temple Sunday school, and there were practically no complaints.

Another mystery! How did my mother and father learn about the IHC Sunday school invitation, considering that none of our relatives had children who had attended already? Did any Jewish organization existing then have a list of Jews in Indianapolis? Perhaps the Indianapolis Hebrew Congregation obtained a list from the Indianapolis public school system. We kids suspected that our teachers knew whether there were any Jewish children in their classes because of the so-called Nativity Report that every pupil had to fill out after school started every autumn. Among other questions, it asked the names of both parents and the countries of their birth. We kids suspected that the School Board could tell from the countries of the parents' birth which families were Jewish.

It made no difference how our parents learned about the invitation; they did send us. So one Sunday morning in early Fall, 1918, my brother, age eight, and I, 10 years old, started walking east along 26th Street from our home on Indianapolis Avenue (considered then to be way out in the country) to Illinois Street, where the streetcar line was located. Then there was a ride to 11th Street, followed by another walk to Delaware and 10th Street where the old IHC Temple was located. Of course, car pools were unknown then. We didn't know it at that time, but six other kids from Orthodox families also entered the IHC Sunday school for the first time that day . . . joining with the children of IHC members. The most important thing is that all of us were treated alike!

In back of the old Temple's sanctuary, there was a hall with a series of small rooms opening off

of it. It could have been one long room but it was separated into small rooms by folding walls. There was an identical row of rooms in the back of the basement. The smallness of the rooms was not important because the classes were small--usually not over a half dozen pupils.

Boys and girls entering for the first time were assigned to classes based on their ages and public school grades. Those who didn't enter at six years of age missed some of the material taught in the lower grades and were expected to catch up with outside reading.

Our young adult teachers soon introduced us to the Old Testament and the basic tenets of Judaism as practiced by Reform Jews. No learning to pray in Hebrew or to learn that language. Nothing about Kashruth on the thousand and one other precepts taught to the boys in the Orthodox Talmud-Torah. If there was any objection by our parents, I don't remember it. They probably figured that what we learned was much better than nothing.

There was absolutely no mention of the advisability of parents joining the IHC and no suggestions that they make donations . . . with one exception. The teachers suggested that we "bring a nickel or dime every Sunday for a weekly charity collection."

Every Sunday morning session wound up with all the pupils marching into the sanctuary for the concluding services conducted by Rabbi Morris Feuerlicht himself . . . he had no assistant. He talked to us. Perhaps what he said should be classified as sermons, but the most important thing is that they were at a level that we understood. This was one of his many extraordinary talents that has not been recognized properly. To this day, I compare all other rabbis with him.

The sanctuary of the old Temple was a wondrous place for a child of that era: the warmth of the golden oak pews and the glorious light

shining through the stained glass windows. The majestic arches with electric lightbulbs at regular intervals. We would count the number of lighted bulbs, but the totals never seemed to come out the same from one week to the next. It was easier to count the number that had burned out and then wonder how anyone could reach them on a ladder for replacement, especially the ones far up near the cupola. We noticed, too, that the light fixtures on the side walls would operate with either electricity or gas. We wondered whether the electric power ever went out during services and someone had to go around and light the gas burners.

Before we scattered for the day, we learned to sing the traditional, melodious hymns that soon became so familiar. Perhaps the decorum in the classes wasn't maintained at the optimum level, but we did learn the eternal truths and beauty of ancient beliefs, as brought into the 20th century by Reform Judaism.

After I had attended the Sunday school for two years and had attained the advanced age of 12 years, my parents decreed that I would have to learn the Hebrew that I would need in order to become bar mitzvah, even if I had to ride streetcars daily to the south side and even if I couldn't get there in time to attend the Talmud-Torah. Besides, I was too ignorant to be accepted as a pupil there, considering my age. One of my uncles located an old man who would teach me at his home on the south side. I did learn enough to perform properly one Sunday morning in a south side synagogue. How lenient that rabbi was!

After I had "become a man" according to Jewish traditions, I attended high school, followed by four years of college. Meanwhile, all of my memories of Sunday school attendance became more and more hazy. After university graduation, I held jobs in two other cities. Then I came back to Indianapolis to work here during the difficult Depression years.

During one of the later years of the '30s, my insurance man came to my office to tell me that the Indianapolis Hebrew congregation was conducting a membership drive among young men and women. I told him that my Sunday school experience, though abbreviated, was enough to make me decide to join, even though I was still unmarried. I recall that quite a few of my young friends also joined at that time.

A few years later I was married and soon was in an army uniform for more than three years of service here and in Europe.

Soon after I received my army discharge, my wife, Miriam, and I resumed our membership in the Indianapolis Hebrew congregation. Several years later, we joined the ranks of Temple Sunday school parents. With three sons whose ages were four years apart, I was part of a driving group for well for a decade.

During this period, I rarely thought about my own Sunday school experience because there was practically no comparison with the religious education that our sons were getting.

This time, we were the parents; we were members of the congregation; and we were taking an active part in the school's activities. Although the classes grew so rapidly that the kids had to move about four times to other buildings before completion of the new Temple and Sunday school wing, we knew that they were being given a much more comprehensive religious education than was the case so long ago. Our children's teachers were receiving training and were working with much better textbooks. Instead of my two years attendance, our three sons attended from Consecration to Confirmation.

All through these years, as already stated, I rarely thought at all about the old free Sunday school of 1918 and 1919. Then fate took an unexpected turn for me, as it sometimes does.

During the summer of 1988, the Indiana

Historical Society made a \$2,500 grant to the Indianapolis Hebrew congregation to help it preserve in a better manner the many old documents it possessed from its 132 years of existence. An IHC Archives committee was formed to do the work of sorting and deciding what should be kept and what discarded. There seemed to be tons of it, memorabilia ranging from box files containing piles of paid invoices and stacks of letters with carbons of replies, all dating back several decades. Envelopes full of old photos of children, the little ones at Consecration and the older ones just confirmed. Printed pieces of all varieties in overflowing stacks and with too many duplicates. Here and there a hand-written legal document or letter from the 19th century. Cemetery plot maps and blueprint copies, for both the south and north cemeteries. There seemed to be no end of work ahead for the committee.

On one hot summer evening, the Archives committee met for the first time in one of the classrooms to receive instructions from a representative of the Indiana Historical Society. We were sitting around tables piled high with this material. Fate decreed that I would be facing on the table a dilapidated long cardboard box full of 3" x 5" and 4" x 6" cards, all covered with dust. Those in the front three-quarters of the carton had some alphabetical dividers made of heavier cardboard.

Being curious, I pulled out one card at random while listening to our instructor. It appeared to be a record of a boy's attendance at the IHC Sunday school during a period some 70 years ago. Fleeting thought! Would a card containing my name be found in the J section? Almost immediately, I found one bearing my brother's name and our home address at that time. Also the number of our grade school and my father's name as parent. Getting my hands dirtier, I went through all the cards in the J section, but there was no Tevie Jacobs card. Finally, I found one for Levey

Jacobs with my address. Even then, people were having difficulty spelling my unusual name correctly. They didn't learn until many years later that I had the same first name as the famous milkman!

Then I really became curious. I returned to the Temple several days later with permission to make a complete examination of the entire card file. I learned that this was a card file record of the kids who had attended the IHC free Sunday school during the years 1912-13 to 1930-31 . . . a total of 461 cards. They took most of the space in this box. In the back were cards containing names in groups--the confirmation class members in later years . . . the 1930s.

It was the alphabetical section that interested me most because of my own experiences as a pupil. I found my wife, Miriam's, name and those of two of her sisters. Then dozens and dozens of cards of boys and girls I had known. Almost all of them were members of families that lived then on the north side of Indianapolis, but also a few from the south side. However, more significant was the fact that these were children of Orthodox families. Almost none of the cards in the file were of offspring of IHC families.

This presented a puzzle. Where were the cards of the children of IHC member families? Are these cards still in existence but not found yet? Or were they dumped into a waste basket long ago, and if so, why those and not the non-members' children?

In this alphabetical file, three types of cards were found. The first variety, used from 1912 through 1921, had printed spaces for a small amount of information: name and address of the pupil; entrance date, age, school number and grade, father's name. No space to indicate whether the parents were members of the IHC. There were no spaces to show what the pupils had studied. Apparently, the teachers did little writing on these

record cards during those early years. At the end of a school year, the teacher did write his or her name on one end of the back in the same position as an endorsement on the back of a bank check.

During the years 1922 and 1923, the school printed its own cards, which bore the heading: INDIANAPOLIS HEBREW CONGREGATION SUNDAY SCHOOL APPLICATION. The information requested was almost the same as that on the first variety of cards.

The third type cards, used from 1924 through 1930, were a little larger and also contained as headings courses studied: YEAR, HISTORY, HEBREW, ETHICS, CONDUCT, ATTENDANCE, PROMOTION, HONORS, etc. These spaces were used for grades given for achievement, just like on public school report cards. Since the study of Hebrew in a Reform Sunday school was practically non-existent then, it was obvious that these cards were purchased from a supplier of religious materials. They were printed by the Jewish Religious School Union of New York. In addition, there were spaces in which to indicate whether or not the parents were members and whether they had paid for seats. In the IHC Sunday school, the teachers rarely filled in these spaces, probably because they didn't have this information.

As the years passed, the instructors were required to give more and more information about the academic grades in the various parts of the curriculum.

In a public grade school or ideal Sunday school, almost every child would start in the first grade at about age six and progress without interruption to graduation. However, in the IHC free Sunday school there was no predominant attendance pattern. Some started at an early age; others started later. Some attended only one year; others two years, three years, etc. Some attended for several years, left and then came back in a later year. Some families moved to other cities.

Unfortunately, a few children died. After the middle 1920s, some youngsters left to attend the Sunday school at the new Beth-El Zedek Temple at Ruckle and 34th streets.

Dividing the cards by the year each child entered, the figures are interesting, for they reflect especially after World War I, the steady movement of Jewish families to the north side of town.

The first year of entrance shown on these cards was 1912, when thirty-eight children entered . . . but only five in 1913 and thirteen in 1914. In 1915 there were sixteen entrants and twenty-two in 1916. During the war years the entrants dropped to ten in 1917 and eight in 1918. In 1919 the figure jumped to thirty-one and forty-four in 1920. The high point came in 1921 when fifty-three entered. The number of entrants dropped to fourteen by 1927 and fifteen in 1928, possibly because of the growth of the new Sunday school at Beth-El. However, in spite of this, the number of entrants at the IHC Sunday school jumped to twenty-nine in 1929 and then dived to only five in 1930.

That is where the alphabetical file ended, time-wise. There is no indication as to why the back part of the box contains only some cards of confirmation groups. Most of the names of these youngsters were the offspring of IHC members.

Did the original idea of a free Sunday school die in 1931? Only a line-by-line study of the minutes of the IHC Board meetings that year would indicate whether there was a change in the congregation's rules. Could it be because the deepening Economic Depression was making it impossible to continue? At that time, almost every family was feeling its effects, and most families were battling to keep jobs and have enough money to buy food and pay for lodging and clothing. There was little left for religion's costs.

By that time--1931--Orthodox and conservative families could worship on the north side

and the need for a free Sunday school at the Indianapolis Hebrew congregation had faded away.

One more mystery remains unsolved. Why did this card file start in 1912 and not some other year? Certainly, this was not the beginning of the IHC Sunday school. The Indianapolis Hebrew congregation had provided religious education for its members' children for many decades.

In the history of the congregation written by Ethel and David Rosenberg (copyright 1979), it is recorded that when Rabbi Mayer Messing arrived in 1867, one of his first innovations was to "introduce services on Friday evenings and a daily Hebrew class for the members. (at that time, they all lived fairly close to the Temple), He also began a school for the youngsters that met right after Sabbath services for the adults." At that time, the congregation was still in the temple located at East Market Street which later was sold to the Ohev Zedeck congregation.

In 1874, Rabbi Messing was instructed, according to this history, "by the Board of Directors that lessons in Hebrew were not to be given to the children of resident Israelites who were not members of IHC or to the children of members who had been either suspended or expelled." However, non-members could have their children instructed in Hebrew for an annual fee of \$12 to \$24 per child!

A possible reason for the 1912 beginning date for the IHC free Sunday school is to be found in Judith Endelman's history of the Jews of Indianapolis (copyright 1984 Indiana University Press). She wrote that when the great waves of Jews from Eastern European countries arrived in Indianapolis, a great majority settled in a small area of the near south side of town. They quickly established several small Orthodox congregations in this area. They soon learned that they could not send their children to all-day Chedars as was the custom in the Old Country where public schools were forbidden to Jews. Here, all the kids had to

be enrolled in all-day public schools. For that reason, the children (principally boys) had to receive religious education during the late afternoons. Each small congregation, not being well-heeled financially, hired some old men as teachers.

Rabbi Isaac Neustadt, who had arrived in Indianapolis shortly after the beginning of the 20th century, served as rabbi for several different congregations . . . and for a time, three simultaneously. He was not satisfied with the quality of the religious education the boys were receiving from the old men. They were criticized as being too old or incompetent to make a living in any other way. He started a movement to consolidate all the religious education in one school with the best educated and trained teachers available anywhere in the United States. To make a long story short, after several years of effort, the United Hebrew school started in November, 1911. It was an immediate success. In fact, it became famous throughout the country for its high standards.

Rabbi Neustadt and his faculty knew that a successful south side religious school was not enough. They had to make the Hebrew school's educational facilities available to Jewish children living on the north side also, and quickly.

Historians writing about the arrival of great numbers of Jews from Eastern Europe to Indianapolis have described in considerable detail the establishment and growth of the Jewish district on the near south side of the city. Rarely noted was the fact that some of these families soon moved to other parts of the Hoosier capital city.

These immigrants, their wives and children opened and operated scores of "mom, pop and children" stores, including neighborhood groceries, meat markets, fish stores, department (dry goods) and shoe stores, shoe repair and tailor shops, dressmaking and alteration facilities, etc. Hours were long and profits were small, even with everyone in the family helping. To save money,

transportation costs and time, they lived over or in back of their businesses, or nearby.

These people could not afford to pay some old man to come and teach the aleph, beths at the children's homes individually. As already stated, the children could not get to the Hebrew school on the south side in time each afternoon.

So to fill these needs, the United Hebrew school opened two branches as soon as possible on the north side. One was in the Ohev Zedek Temple on East Market Street for the offspring of the "Hungarian" families.

A second branch was opened in April 1912, in the IHC Temple. By that time, this congregation was a member of the Reform movement. The history records that a controversy arose almost immediately over the Orthodox school's requirement that the boys wear yarmulkes or other appropriate head gear (a requirement considered to be contrary to Reform congregations' beliefs). This was just one of the many deep differences between the two branches of Judaism.

As a result, this branch of the Orthodox Hebrew school ended in a very short time.

So consider the time element again. The Talmud-Torah branch at the IHC ended in the spring of 1912. The IHC Sunday school card file I was examining started in the fall of the same year.

Would reading the minutes of the meetings of the IHC Board for 1912 tell posterity what, if anything, took place in regard to offering a free Sunday school for everyone? Unfortunately, a book containing this information could not be located in the congregation's archives. Perhaps, some guessing is in order. It may have been that the elders of the congregation, seeing the sizable turn-out for the Hebrew school, said to one another, "Wouldn't it be a worthwhile thing for us to do it in our own way . . . provide a free Sunday school for these children by inviting them to attend

our own Sunday school? It would not upset our budget because our classes contain so few pupils that a few more in each class wouldn't upset anything."

There was one dissenting thought; perhaps the Orthodox parents would object to sending their children to a school where the children would receive an education in a kind of Judaism the parents did not agree with? It could be considered by the Orthodox as a form of proselytizing to Reform Judaism?

However, there was a precedent. Members of the National Council of Jewish Women had started a Sunday school for immigrant youngsters in a building on South Meridian Street several years before. Later, it was moved to the Communal Building. It was a part of the wide range of charitable activities that these ladies had started and were providing for the newly-arrived. Since practically all of the Council's members at that time were members of the Indianapolis Hebrew congregation, the content of this Jewish religious education was bound to be influenced by their adherence to the Reform movement. If there was at that time any great amount of criticism of this Sunday school, there is no record of it.

So what will happen to this dust-covered box of file cards in the Indianapolis Hebrew congregation's archives preservation program in 1988? Will the committee decide to display it in a shatter-proof glass case in a prominent location in the building's Sunday school wing . . . with spotlights overhead? Or will it be consigned to a dark, fireproof vault somewhere, for a later generation to puzzle over again? That's the final mystery.

The author
acknowledges with thanks
the extensive work Mary Fink did in studying
the early records of the
Indianapolis Section, National
National Council of Jewish Women which
described the establishment and
operation of a
free Sunday school on the south side
early in the 20th century.

MARION'S CHOSEN FEW

by
Jerry Miller

The Jew.

When he first came to Marion and Grant County over 130 years ago, he brought with him only a few personal belongings, his religious traditions and the fervent hope for success in his new home in the semi-wilderness between Indianapolis and Fort Wayne. And success he usually found.

In fact, the success of the Jews in Marion and Grant County, particularly in retail business, has been so great that a stranger stopping off in downtown Marion at almost any time during the last 80 years would have found it hard to believe that the size of Marion's Jewish community never exceeded 100 families. The prominence and influence of Jews in business, industry, the arts and civic affairs have almost always seemed to be several times greater than the actual size of the Jewish community within Marion.

The first Jew known to settle in Grant County was Jacob Newburger, who came to New Cumberland -- now Matthews -- in 1840. There are two versions of why the 31-year-old pack peddler chose the small, rural community for his home.

One claimed that Newburger was forced to spend a Sunday in New Cumberland for some unknown reason and came to like the town. The

other reported that the wandering merchant's horse became ill and he was simply stranded there.

Either way, Newburger and his wife, Gudel, set up their home and business in New Cumberland. Newburger built a storeroom there, later turning it into a general store. He later operated a public house, or tavern, there.

By the time of his death in 1883, Newburger had accumulated an estate of more than 1,200 acres in the area. He was buried in the Rodef Sholem Cemetery in Wabash, where most Grant County Jews were buried before they purchased their own section in Marion's IOOF Cemetery in 1948.

Newburger's counterpart in Marion was Jacob Baer, a pack peddler who arrived in the early 1840s. He established a store on the west side of the town square, which he operated until his death in 1863.

When Baer died, his brother-in-law, Morris Blumenthal, came to Marion from Illinois to take over the store. Born in Germany, Blumenthal had worked as a clerk in a clothing store in Peru for several years and had spent two years working as a barkeeper on a Mississippi River steamboat.

He was soon joined by David and Lewis Marks, who helped him expand the operations of the store that was destined to become Blumenthal's, probably the most successful department store in Marion's history. It was with the arrival of the Marks families that Marion's original Jewish community began to form.

Lewis Marks became rather successful in his own right. In addition to his partnership in Blumenthal's, he became vice president of Crystal Rice Milling Co. and a director of Estep Window Glass Works.

But it was the store's namesake, Blumenthal, who became something of a legend, even in his own time.

"A more accommodating merchant never lived in Marion than Blumenthal," one Marion resident

of the period was quoted as saying.

Though he was successful and prosperous, Blumenthal lived most of his years in Marion in rented houses, adhering to an Old Testament prophecy that the Jews of the world would someday assemble again in Jerusalem. He died in 1903, with the operation of the blossoming store going over to his son, David.

It was during the last quarter of the 19th century that many of the Jewish families who would figure in Marion's history arrived and put down roots. These included the Prins, Lyons, Sohn, Bloch, Nussbaum, Levy and Maas families, all of whom came in the late 1870s and early 1880s.

Most of the Jews who settled in Marion during that period either established their own businesses, mainly in the clothing trades, or worked at Blumenthal's. By the turn of the century, with the gas boom in full explosion in Grant County, Jewish interests were visible throughout the community.

Perhaps the most energetic among the Jewish businessmen of the period was Leo Nussbaum, who was born in Germany and moved to Marion from LaPorte in the 1880s. He established the Trade Palace, a dry goods store, in the Willson Block building at the southwest corner of Fourth and Washington streets.

Nussbaum sold the store in 1896 to establish the National Metallic Bedstead Co., which he operated for two years and then sold to establish the Indiana Brass and Iron Bed Co. He operated that company for two years before selling it, then organized the Pacific Oil Co. in 1902. The oil company operated 15 oil wells for Citizens Gas Co.

In 1902, Nussbaum also acquired Canton Glass Co. The glass plant, located on the south side of Spencer Avenue, a block west of Henderson Avenue, manufactured tableware, confectioner's ware and novelties.

Though its activities gradually dwindled, the Canton facility remained on the scene until 1957, when its last warehouse was shut down. Nussbaum's son, Berthold, served as president of the glass company after his father died in the early 1920s.

Nussbaum's two step-nephews, Percy and Hamilton Nussbaum, arrived in Marion shortly before the turn of the century and organized the Marion Conservatory of Music. The music school was first located in the Warner Block, 208½ S. Washington St., and later was moved to a larger building at the corner of Seventh and Washington streets.

Though born into Jewish families, the Nussbaum brothers were practicing Episcopalians when they arrived in Marion. Percy's two daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Williamson, the widow of a Sweetser hardware store owner, and Miss Mary Nussbaum, a retired schoolteacher, both still live in Marion. His son, Lowell, was a columnist for the *Indianapolis Star* before his recent retirement.

Also gaining prominence during the gas boom days were the Missouri-born Bloch brothers, Ed and Ben. These brothers lived in Marion, but most of their business enterprises were in Gas City.

The Blochs established the Golden Eagle men's clothing store on E. Main Street in Gas City in 1896. They then started the Gas City Mercantile Co. directly across the street from the Golden Eagle in 1909. They also operated a branch of the Golden Eagle in Upland.

Ed Bloch also was president of the Gas City State Bank and the Citizens Bank of Jonesboro. The older of the Bloch brothers was known to visit his business enterprises regularly in a large, chauffeur-driven limousine.

Ed Bloch was perhaps the most powerful and influential businessman of his day. Yet his gravesite in the Rodef Sholem Cemetery is almost hidden, set off to the east side of the Jewish cemetery, its

small headstone facing away from the main part of the cemetery.

The sight of Bloch's grave tells the story of his fall from power and grace. Hard-hit by the Great Depression, the prominent banker ended his own life in September, 1930, by taking poison in a Muncie hotel room.

Ed Bloch was 51 years old. Because suicide is one of the cardinal sins of the Jewish religion, he was not permitted to be buried in the main part of the Jewish cemetery in Wabash, where his brother, who died of natural causes, was buried three years later.

The holdings of the Blochs and Leo Nussbaum were evidence of the flourishing of Jewish-owned businesses in Marion and Grant County during the first three decades of the 20th century. The height of that rise was reached in the early, 1920s, when a trip around the courthouse square would have convinced any newcomer that the Jewish community was closer to a majority of the population than the small but successful minority it really was.

In 1923, just 20 years after Morris Blumenthal's death, Jewish-owned retail businesses were the backbone of the business activity around the square, which was the very hub of activity for the entire city.

"The square was important because it was like the Loop in Chicago," Henry Fleck, present operator of The Paris women's apparel store, recalls. "Your streetcars all came in, the farmers all brought their wagons around the square to sell produce, so that was the center of Marion."

The Jewish businesses were anchored on the west side of the square by Blumenthal's, which was at the peak of its glory then. The department store occupied three floors and was the shopping center of its day.

"It was a very fine store, with the best merchandise you could buy," Dr. Max Ganz recalls. Dr. Ganz, a Marion physician for the last 37 years,

worked as a stock boy at Blumenthal's as a teenager.

The department store, which had a number of Jewish employees, flourished until December, 1926, when it was hit by a costly fire. Even though the store was rebuilt and expanded, it never recovered from the financial setback and went out of business in the mid-1930s. Its location is now occupied by the J. C. Penney Co.

South of the department store, at the northwest corner of Fourth and Washington streets, was the Farmer's Trust and Savings Co., of which Leo Nussbaum was vice president.

Moving to the south side of the square in 1923, one would find Meyer and Alexander, jewelers, at 114 E. Fourth St. The jewelry store was operated by Morris Meyer and Morris Alexander, who previously had been in business above The Paris shop.

Two doors to the east was Phil Lyons Clothing Co., operated by its namesake. And above 106 E. Fourth St. was the shop of Morris Witcoff, a tailor. One of Witcoff's children, Harold, would grow up to be vice president in charge of research for General Mills Co.

Over on the east side of the square, in the middle of the block, was The Union Store, operated by J. M. Raskin. Next door, at 309 S. Adams St., was the Nathan Shiff men's clothing store. Then, at 303 S. Adams St., was Albert Rosenbaum's A. Rosenbaum and Co. shoe store.

At the corner was Richard Clothing Co., run by E. P. Simons. The location had previously been the home of two of Saul Hutner's enterprises, the Just-Rite and the Kin-Ko stores. Today, it is Resneck's women's clothing store.

Across Third Street, at the northeast corner, was The Paris, which had been started in 1902 by Hutner. When Hutner decided to devote his efforts to the Just-Rite store 1914, the women's store was left in the hands of his son-in-law, Sam Fleck.

Heading west on Third Street to the northwest corner of Third and Adams, there was the Challenge Tire Co., operated by Mark and Myer Savesky and Joseph Kuppin. Halfway down the block, at 115 E. Third St., was the Max Bernstein clothing store, then run by the namesake's son-in-law, E. P. Simons.

Finally, at the northeast corner of Third and Washington streets was the Leon and Strauss and Co., managed by Sieg Leon.

Also within a short distance of the square were several other Jewish-owned businesses. The Queen City women's clothing store, operated by George Zimmerman, was at 116-118 W. Third St., its location from 1903 to the present. Next door, at 114 W. Third St., was Sam Levy's shoe store.

At 209 W. Third St., was The Boys Shop, run by Eli Dinkelspiel. Another clothing store, Newman's store, was operated by William Glogos and Samuel Siegel at 417 S. Adams St. Glogos also ran the Twin City Shoe Store in Gas City during the same era.

Benjamin Zimmerman operated the Zimmerman Brothers clothing store at 514-516 S. Washington St. in 1923.

Elsewhere in the city, other Jewish businessmen were operating successful businesses. The Goldreich family — Henry and his sons, Myer and Aaron — operated Goldreich Brothers junk and fur business, the Goldreich Fertilizer Co. and the Goldreich Tire Co. at 12th and McClure streets. The tire company, specializing in Fisk tires, was later moved to the 500 block of S. Adams Street.

Wolf Isackson, who had started in business as a street peddler around the turn of the century, had his grocery and dry goods store at 1022 S. Washington St.

In the 54 years that have passed since 1923, Jewish businesses have come and gone, more of them coming than going. Today, only seven remain on the courthouse square.

The only one remaining where it was in 1923 is The Paris, now operated by Sam Fleck's son, Henry, a former U. S. Department of Interior lawyer who returned after World War II to work in the family business.

Richard Clothing is still on the square, but at the northwest corner of Fourth and Washington, operated by previous owner's son, Richard Simon. One other of the 1923 establishments, The Challenge, is still operating, but at a new location, 700 E. Third St., with Julian Sector in charge.

The later arrivals are Resneck's, founded in 1932 by A. L. Resneck and now run by his sons, Bill and Dan; Lasky's shoe store, begun in 1930 by Harry Lasky, stepfather of present manager Sidney Jacobs; Gil Roskin Jeweler, started by its namesake in 1928 and now run by his son, Tony; the Iroquois Building, managed by Frank Maiden-berg, and the Personally Yours shop, opened last month by Mrs. Faye Newbauer.

In the intervening years, some new Jewish businesses were part of the Marion commercial landscape but have since disappeared. Among those were Milton's clothing store on the east side of the square, started by Adolf Abel in 1929 but later sold to non-Jewish owners, and Rogers Credit Jewelers on the south side of the square, owned by Joseph and Isador Stiefler, the uncle and aunt of Marion dentist Dr. David Stiefler.

Three businesses away from the courthouse square — in addition to the Queen City, which continues at its same location, with Zimmerman's nephew, Allan, in charge — which are still operating are Plank Auto Parts, 800 E. Third St., the Jacob Weinberg News Agency, 610 E. Fourth St., and Klain Steel Supply Inc., 503 Lincoln Blvd.

The auto parts company was founded in 1952 by Leon Plank, who still serves as its president. The news distributing agency was acquired by Weinberg in 1928 and is now operated by Weinberg and his sons.

The Klain steel firm began as a scrapyard at 1725 W. Nelson St. in 1929. Its founder, Lawrence Klain, a Polish immigrant, had come to Marion in 1902 to work at the scrapyard owned by his nephews, Mark and Myer Savesky.

When the Savesky operation closed down with the advent of the Depression, Klain began his own business. His son, Jason, who now operates the company, joined his father's business in 1932 after a brief stint as a newspaperman in California.

Perhaps the most unusual story of business success in Marion is that of the man who got off the train at the wrong station, David Maiden-berg.

Maidenberg came from Russia. He had worked in a bakery in Odessa as a teenager and fled his homeland in 1905 to escape the persecutions of the czarist regime.

A pack peddler by trade, Maiden-berg lived in Maryland and Pennsylvania before making the fateful train trip in 1916 that would alter his life and that of the community he settled in. He was going to Marion, Ohio, which was near Piqua, where he had relatives.

But, somehow, he got off in Marion, Indiana, instead.

"My father, being an immigrant, didn't understand things like geography," one of his sons, Ben, explains.

Rather than try to get back to his original destination, Maiden-berg stayed in Marion, selling items from his pack. The pack became a horse and wagon, which in turn became a Ford truck.

Finally, his business became a store in Gas City, the Indiana Dry Goods Co.

Maidenberg and his wife, Rosa, had four sons. One, Ben, who now spells his last name Maiden-berg because that's the way the Army spelled it when he was in the service, became a successful newspaperman, recently retiring as publisher of the Akron, Ohio, Beacon-Journal to become

president of the Knight Foundation.

The other three sons, Meyer, Milton and Frank, all stayed in Marion and became successful businessmen; so successful in fact that, in 1977, the Maidenbergs are possibly the most prominent and influential family in the city that their father never intended to come to.

The three brothers ran National China and Equipment Co. on E. Fourth Street for many years, and Frank later broke away to go into warehousing and property management.

His son, Tony, is the present mayor of Marion.

When David Maidenberg died of a heart attack in 1949, he became the first Jew to be buried in the Jewish section of Marion's IOOF Cemetery.

In its way, David Maidenberg's story is the story of all the Jews who came to Marion and made it their home. They came with only a few possessions and a 5,000-year-old faith. They came with high hopes for success in a new community.

And, like him, they fulfilled them.

EXODES — MARION STYLE

by
Jerry Miller

As a people, the Jews have survived for 5,000 years. But as a community within Marion, they may not survive another generation.

That is the most frequent fear expressed by older members of Marion's Jewish community. With the children of the city's established Jewish families virtually scattering to the four winds, the prospects for the community surviving — at least as a permanent, close-knit group — appear dim.

"I predict that, when my generation dies out, there may not even be a temple in Marion, because our crowd is thinning out pretty fast," Jason Klain, president of Klain Steel Supply Inc., says. "Time will eliminate them, only because they're moving away or intermarrying.

"There will be a lot of Jewish people, but they'll be in cities larger than Marion. That's my opinion."

That view is shared by Milton Maidenberg, retired officer of National China and Equipment Corp.

"I see no future myself for the Marion Jewish community," he says. "There is nothing here to perpetuate it. We have people coming in, but they're transients. Over the years, it'll probably die out."

The older members of the Jewish community tend to predict that Marion will go the way of

Wabash and Ligonier, two Indiana towns that once had thriving Jewish communities and now are reduced to two or three remaining families.

The impending decline of the Jewish community is tied directly to the exodus of the younger generation from Marion. Better educated than their parents and living in more prosperous times, the sons and daughters have almost all gone elsewhere to put down roots.

Klain's two sons, for example, are in Germany and California working for large corporations. Maidenberg's three children are in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and California pursuing their particular careers.

Of more than 30 young men and women who have completed their education, only three — Tony Maidenberg, Jerry Sector and Mrs. Diane Sector Foust — have come back to Marion to live. A few others are now studying at colleges or trade schools and may return to their home town.

The rest of the younger generation, less than half of whose parents were college graduates, have headed for horizons that were not even visible for their Depression-era parents. All of the grown children of established Jewish families in Marion have completed college or are still studying.

The group is heavily weighed with professionals — doctors, lawyers, teachers, journalists and psychologists. Others have ventured into areas as varied as building houses in California and meditating with a guru in India.

If the dispersion of the younger generation threatens to reduce the Marion Jewish community to a mere handful of people, it could do even more to the Jewish business community that blossomed during the first three decades of this century. Only one of the present Jewish-owned businesses appears likely to remain in the hands of the family that now owns it.

That is Gilbert Roskin Jewelers on the west side of the courthouse square, where Gary

Roskin, 25, one of the sons of the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Roskin, plans to return after completing jeweler's school in California. One other member of the new generation, Stuart Sector, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sector, is considering returning to the family business — in this case, The Challenge Distributors Inc. — if he doesn't find the job he wants in his field of college study.

Except for those two, however, the bulk of Marion's older Jewish-owned businesses apparently will pass on to new ownership.

"The family businesses will just die," Mrs. Betty Fleck says. Mrs. Fleck is the wife of Henry Fleck, who runs one of Marion's oldest retail businesses, The Paris, at the corner of Third and Adams streets.

"In the Old Days, industries didn't take the Jewish people, so they started their own businesses," she says. "It's different today; the children don't go into the family businesses. They become professionals or go into big corporations."

For the young men and women who have left the family businesses and the Marion community, it has often been a case of going where their education takes them, not simply fleeing from their home town.

"The fundamental thing was the question of opportunity," Mike Maidenberg, 34, reports. Maidenberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Maidenberg, is assistant circulation director of the *Philadelphia Daily News*.

"I got into a line of work and experience where it was really beyond Marion," adds the University of Michigan and Columbia University graduate. "We were directed by our parents to look at a wider horizon. I've always regretted that I had to leave. I've always had fond feelings for Marion."

Many of the younger generation express similar sentiments toward their old home town.

"I'd consider coming back to Marion," Mrs. Sandy Plank Lotten, 27, says. "It's just that I'm not there right now."

Mrs. Lotten, whose father, Leon Plank, began Plank Auto Parts in Marion in 1952, is a special education teacher in Nashville, Indiana.

"I really enjoyed growing up there," another of the generation, Mrs. Marlene Abel Calderon, 29, says.

Mrs. Calderon is married to a bank vice president and lives in Lafayette. In her case, she left Marion at the same time her parents did. Her father, Milton Abel, was president of Milton's clothing store on the east side of the square when the family moved to Indianapolis in 1965.

"Since I'd usually ended up working for my father, had he still been there, I might have come back," she says.

There is perhaps no better example of the dilemma faced by Marion's young Jews than the Sector brothers. One of them ended up back in Marion and now must decide whether or not to leave, while the other soon must make a choice between a career in his chosen field and returning to the family business, the Challenge.

Jerry Sector is 29 and teaches history at Marion High School. He didn't really plan to come back home, however.

"I looked for jobs in several different areas," he says. "It just happened that I got one in Marion."

Sector, who is working on his administrative certification and doctor's degree at Ball State University, recognizes the phenomenon that has the older generation concerned. But he says it is not an exclusively Jewish problem.

"I can't think of anyone I went to night school with, Jewish or otherwise, that went on to trade school or college who came back to Marion, with one or two exceptions," he notes. "There is nothing to attract people to the community — I'm

speaking of people who are college-educated — because the job market isn't here in many instances. I sometimes think we'll go the way of Wabash, where there was a very large Jewish community and now it's miniscule.

"It would be a shame to lose the temple and that sort of thing, and I'm sure, as long as people can afford to support it, there'll be a temple in Marion."

Sector says he may leave his home town eventually.

"I'm not looking to get out," he says, "but if the opportunity came along to leave I don't think I would consider it a whole lot. I've enjoyed being here, but I'd enjoy being someplace else, too."

Sector reports that he never felt compelled to return and take over the family's automotive parts business.

"Whatever you wanted to do was fine, as far as our parents were concerned, and there was no pressure to go back into the business," he says. "For their generation, there was no choice because of the Depression. For us, it was just one of several options we could pursue.

"I worked down at the store for 13 summers, and I enjoyed being down there. It really is, in essence, that I enjoy teaching more."

For his younger brother, Stuart, the dilemma is reversed.

"I have thought about coming back to Marion," he says. "Auto parts is not my first choice, theater is, but if I could have theater and other outside interests in addition to the auto parts business, then I think I could be happy."

The younger Sector is 25 and is now working on a master's degree in arts administration at the University of Iowa. He plans to take a look at the opportunities in that field before making a final decision on where to settle.

"I never once thought about coming back to Marion until I realized it's important to me that the

Challenge is the Sector business," he says. "That's the reason I'd come back to Marion. It's the family business, and I see how I could make it better.

"If I can't find what I want in the field of arts administration, I'm going to take a crayon and put a 'P' in front of the 'Arts' on my degree and make it 'Parts Administration.'"

Unlike his brother, Stuart sees Marion as a land of possible opportunity.

"Marion has a lot of opportunity," he says. "It doesn't have all the frills and thrills like Los Angeles, or even Indianapolis, but, in a lot of ways, it's the right kind of community to be in. It's not too big, not too small. It's the kind of community where I wouldn't mind spending the rest of my life."

Sector's return to the family business would not necessarily bolster the sagging Jewish community, however. The Earlham College graduate has added a strong vein of Quakerism to his Jewish beliefs — "I'll probably practice a little of both in my lifetime." — and, like two of the three young Jews who have returned to Marion, is marrying a non-Jew.

Despite the large number of young Jews straying from both their home town and some of their religious traditions, there still remains some optimism for the survival of Marion's Jewish community.

Much of it rests with Tony Maidenberg, 30, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maidenberg, who became a lawyer in his home town and was elected its mayor two years ago.

By virtue of his election as the city's official leader, Maidenberg became the unofficial leader of whatever new Jewish community may emerge.

"I guess I never really thought of myself that way," he says, however. "It doesn't bother me, but I wouldn't describe myself that way. I enjoy my participation in the Jewish community, I

am part of it; that's where my roots are."

Maidenberg, unlike some of the members of the older generation, sees hope for the Jewish community in Marion.

"I think, actually, we're seeing a slight resurgence here," he insists. "I would guess, and it's only a guess, that for cities this size we probably have a few more staying than others and probably a few more coming in. I have a very good feeling about the continuing activity of the Jewish community. I don't have the feeling of disintegration, from what I observe right now."

Maidenberg notes that one young Jewish couple transplanted into Marion, Mr. and Mrs. Marty Lonow, had begun to organize discussion groups and other activities for young Jews in the community. The Lonows have since left Marion, however.

"Somebody else will pick it up," says the Optimistic young mayor. "It always happens."

One of the people named by Maidenberg as a possible leader for the new Jewish community is Gary Rifkin, a 36-year-old industrial engineer at the RCA plant in Marion. A native of LaCrosse, Wis., Rifkin has already been active in community affairs during his seven years in Marion, recently retiring as president of the Marion Junior Association of Commerce (JAC).

He also served on Mayor Maidenberg's merit system task force, and his wife is vice president of the Sinai Temple Sisterhood. Rifkin says he plans to become more involved in Jewish affairs, now that his work with the JAC is over.

"I think I will be taking an active part now," he says. "I've poured most of my efforts into JACs so far, but I'm out of that now. I will be getting more active in the temple now."

The relative newcomer says he sees the erosion of the Jewish community but doesn't believe it has to be fatal.

"I really have mixed emotions about it,"

Rifkin says. "In one way, it's kind of tapering off to the point where, unless something is done, it will go out of existence. However, I feel the young people living here and coming into Marion will jump in and revitalize it."

Rifkin, whose father is in the retail fabric business in LaCrosse and who was plant manager of a garment factory at Fond du Lac, Wis., while attending engineering school, discounts the notion that the departure of the younger Jewish generation from Marion spells the end of the community.

"Is that really that astounding?" he asks. "What percentage of people graduating from Marion High School who go on to school are coming back to Marion?"

"I'm not sure it's too important, anyway. The Jewish people who move to Marion have only one place to go, the temple. So, the people will get involved in Jewish activities."

Among those cited by Maidenberg and others as examples of new residents who have taken root in Marion's Jewish community are Dr. and Mrs. Richard Goldberg and Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Newbauer, who have established their professional and social lives here and are raising children in the community.

One of those newcomers, Mrs. Newbauer, who grew up in the large and thriving Jewish community of Nashville, Tenn., feels the Jewish community will endure in Marion.

"I think it's a pretty stable population," she says. "It has its ups and downs, but I don't see it dying at this point."

The predictions of the community surviving are not restricted to the younger generation or the newcomers, either. Dr. Max Ganz, whose Russian-born father came to Marion in 1924 to become a furrier, thinks it will hold on, even though the children of people like himself aren't returning.

"The younger people don't want to come to a smaller town," he says. "They feel they can do

better in a larger town."

Dr. Ganz, whose three children have settled in California and Michigan to pursue careers in advertising, law and real estate, notes that times were different when he came back to Marion in 1937 to establish his medical practice.

"Number one," he says, "I knew the people in Marion for all those years, and then I felt a responsibility to my parents, who were getting up in years."

The Marion doctor thinks the Jewish community will remain on the Marion scene, though.

"My guess is that we'll always have a small Jewish community here," he says. "We always get an influx of people, like engineers at RCA and the other plants, that keep it going."

THE TEMPLE

On October 29, 1924, the leaders of Marion's Jewish community met in the Citizens Trust and Savings Co. building to consider the official formation of a temple.

Both segments of the Jewish community were there — the Orthodox Jews, who believed in strict adherence to the traditional rituals and observances given in the Talmud, and the Reform Jews, who wanted to modernize some aspects of the religious observances. Also attending the meeting was Rabbi Samuel Markowitz, a Reform rabbi from Fort Wayne who had helped form the B'nai B'rith lodge in Marion earlier in 1924, and Dr. Aaronson of Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati.

By the end of the meeting, the decision had been reached. A temple would be formed in Marion.

The factional battle had been won by the Reform element, led by Ed Bloch, E. P. Simons and Joseph Kuppin. The temple would be Reform.

The next day, Simons wrote a letter to Rabbi Louis Egleson of the Cincinnati seminary, advising him of the action. The local group met again November 12, 1924, and agreed to call the new congregation Sinai Temple.

A constitution was adopted and the temple board was told to select a meeting site for the new congregation.

Before the end of 1924, a Temple Sisterhood had been formed and guest rabbis were scheduled

to conduct holiday services. The Marion group also began discussions with Hebrew Union College — one of the headquarters of Reform Judaism in the U. S. — to obtain the services of a part-time student rabbi to conduct regular services at Sinai Temple.

In 1925, the temple board secured a house at the southwest corner of Ninth and Adams streets to serve as headquarters for the new temple. In the fall of that year, the Cincinnati seminary sent Samuel Wolk, a senior rabbinical student, to serve as rabbi to the Marion congregation.

While the Reform temple was established, many of the Orthodox Jews continued to hold to their strict views of religious observance. That element, led by such men as Gilbert Roskin, David Maidenberg and Lawrence Klain, continued to hold its traditional religious services in a room on the second floor of the business building on the northwest corner of Third and Washington streets.

The two congregations continued to co-exist for many years, although several of the Orthodox Jews began to attend both services.

The Sinai Temple grew through the years and, in 1936, it got a new home. A temple building was constructed at the northeast corner of Sixth and Boots streets.

A few years after the building of the Marion temple, the Orthodox element agreed to hold its meetings in the new building.

"That was a hell of a concession," Lawrence Klain's son, Jason, recalls. "Oh, my, was it."

The two congregations finally merged under the Sinai Temple's roof in the mid-1950s.

Sinai Temple has, from the beginning, used the services of a part-time rabbi from Hebrew Union College. The student rabbis have conducted regular Friday night services, the special services for such traditional Jewish holidays as Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, Succot, Hanukkah, Purim and Passover and the ceremonies for young people,

like bar mitzvahs, confirmations and weddings.

Many of the student rabbis who have served Marion have gone on to prominence in Jewish affairs across the country. But none probably has reached the fame of the small, quiet young man who came to the Sinai Temple in the fall of 1936.

His name was Alexander D. Goode, a native of Brooklyn, N. Y. After spending his senior year as rabbi in Marion, he was graduated from Hebrew Union College and became rabbi at a temple in York, Pennsylvania.

When World War II broke out, Goode became an Army chaplain. In January, 1943, he was aboard the troopship *Dorchester* when it was torpedoed and sunk in the North Atlantic.

It was Goode and three other military chaplains who relinquished their lifejackets to soldiers, then knelt in prayer on the deck as the ship sank. Their heroic sacrifice was later commemorated on a U. S. postage stamp and in a book, "Sea of Glory" by Frances B. Thornton.

During much of its existence, the Sinai Temple has been more than a religious center for Marion's Jewish community. It has been the social and cultural center, as well.

That was particularly true during the 1930s and 1940s, when many civic and fraternal organizations in Marion were closed to Jews. Social events for both adults and children in the Jewish community were regular features of the temple calendar during those days.

"Back then, we had a very nice community here, with shindigs and parties all the time," Dr. Max Ganz recalls. "It really used to be a lot of fun."

None was as colorful, perhaps, as the series of plays and musicals produced by the Temple Sisterhood in 1951 and 1952. Mrs. Mildred Roskin, who had been a pianist with the American Theater Wing during World War II, directed the productions, which began with "The Women" at Martin Boots

School and was followed with a series of topical reviews performed at the temple.

"That was at a time when there were about 70 families, with 50 or 60 children between four and 15," Mrs. Roskin recalls. "So, they embarked on these productions to keep the community active. And, we also had to pay off the mortgage of the temple."

The stage productions were performed by members of the temple and the sisterhood but were open to the general public.

"They were important for several reasons," Mrs. Roskin says. "The community found out it had a lot of talent, and the shows, in a sense, helped invite the outside community in so it could know our community better."

Mrs. Roskin, a Brooklyn native and graduate of Hunter College, says the shows also helped keep a social life going for Marion Jews at a time when many doors were closed to them. The Marion woman says she has thought about reviving the productions but has had to reject the idea.

"We've thought about it because they were so much fun, but it probably wouldn't be what it was then," she says. "Besides, the community is less than a fourth of the size, with very few children, plus the fact that all the doors are open to Jews now. They have other social outlets."

If the Jewish community found little it could do outside the walls of its own temple, it could often reach beyond the borders of Marion to find projects to get involved in. That's where its two main charitable enterprises came in.

For many years, the local Jewish community has supported the drives for the United Jewish Appeal (UJA) and for the annual Israel Bond sale. The UJA drive is handled by the Marion Federation of Jewish Charities, described by its chairman, Frank Maidenberg, as the Jewish United Fund.

"The Jewish community has always been a

little reluctant to ask people outside the community for money," he says. "They felt it was our responsibility to take care of our own. That's how the federation evolved."

The funds raised by the federation go to help Jewish refugees and various Jewish hospitals and schools in this country.

The annual bond drive sells bonds issued by the government of Israel. They are 15-year bonds and are used primarily for industrial expansion in the Jewish state.

In addition to the Israel bonds, the Marion community also has made at least one other major contribution to the development of that country. In 1948, when the first Israeli war broke out, the members of Sinai Temple bought a truck and Jeep to send to Israel to help in the war effort.

Temple members Saul Ganz and Howard Fink drove the truck, with the Jeep loaded in its bed, to New York and onto the ship to Israel. The truck was converted into an ambulance once it reached Israel, according to local sources.

The temple also was the rallying point when the Jewish community decided to have its own cemetery plot in Marion, after using the Jewish cemetery in Wabash for so many years. A temple committee of Joseph Stiefler, Simons and William Resneck met on April 5, 1948, with three officials of the Marion IOOF Cemetery, Rollin Lloyd, William Medlin and Elgie Giltner, to set aside four lots containing three graves each for Jewish families.

The Sinai Temple has had a colorful and important history since that meeting back in 1924. The only question now, with the Jewish community in Marion losing most of its young people to the bigger cities, is its future.

There are those within the Jewish community who feel the community and the temple will soon disappear from the Marion landscape. But, Rabbi Mark Shapiro, who served the Marion congregation the past school year, doesn't think so.

"I think that Jewish communities, wherever they are, are concerned about their futures," Shapiro, who is beginning his duties as a rabbi in Toronto, Canada, says. "I think the community in Marion is stabilized now, not dwindling."

THE ENGEL FAMILY
by
Shirley Morse

When asked by my children where I was born, I tell them that I was born in a box car on the Bronson Street overpass. Of course, I am not believed. My grandparents, Dora and Sam Engel had a home at 126 East Bronson where my mother came from Michigan City to have her children--home to Mom. Since then the house has been moved to make room for the Bronson Street overpass railroad tracks over Michigan Street--in about 1926.

The Engels of South Bend became a well-known family for their business enterprises, as well as, for their community activities. The background of Dora and Samuel Engel, my grandparents, started in Austria-Hungary where they were married and started their family. Their first born was Otto who was born in 1887. Then the family moved to Chicago, Illinois. They were very proud of this move. My mother was born in Chicago, on Bunker and Halsted Streets on May 24, 1889. The next child was Jacob who was also born there on June 18, 1890. Uncle Harry was born in 1894. By that time they had moved to 800 Division Street in Chicago. Aunt Blanche was born next on August 21, 1898. Sam, a shoe repairman, was induced to come to South Bend around 1902 where he followed his trade first at 222½ S. Michigan

Street with the family living above the store. That is the same block that Robertsons is in now. From there the family found a flat on Division Street which was the Jewish neighborhood of the time. By 1906 they bought the home at 126 E. Bronson with 8 rooms. The business was moved to 400 S. Michigan in 1912.

Otto, the eldest son, finished high school. He wrote in the school paper and was involved in many clubs. When he graduated, he worked at the Oliver Plant. However, he had aspirations to go to college and went through the University of Michigan, studying journalism and business. He was the only child to go to college. Around 1918 Sam and his sons, Jake and Harry, joined him to begin the Engel's Cut Rate Store. They sold cigars, cigarettes, patent medicines, newspapers, magazines and ice cream concoctions from the fountain. The magazines and soda fountain were the most popular with the grandchildren, who sat in the back of the store for hours reading and slurping sodas and milkshakes. My uncles tried to fatten me up for sure. Otto, by 1916, had married Bertha Glazer of South Bend and moved to Chicago where he worked on the Chicago Tribune and later became an advertising man for the Meyer Booth Company.

Engel's Store was on the southwest corner of Michigan and Division, which is now called Western. Their new home at 518 S. St. Joseph Street was two blocks from their former home. I remember helping to move clothing when I was only 7 years old. The business did well and they were very prudent, saving quite a sum of money in the bank. Grandma was so very angry at the bank and President Roosevelt when he closed the banks in 1929. She thought they were going to keep all her money.

Backtracking a bit, my mother Tony, had married in 1910 to Myer Krueger, and had moved to Michigan City. Dad eventually opened his own

shoe store there -- Krueger's Shoe Store, run by "The Sleepless Shoeman." Blanche married Irving Garnitz in 1924. He became the founder, with his brothers Bob and Morry, of Garnitz Furniture Store on the corner of LaSalle and Michigan Streets. Later he became a lawyer and legislator in the Indiana State Legislature. Later the Garnitz Furniture Store moved to the place where Osco's is now on Michigan Street. Harry also had married Ethel and they adopted twin boys from the Cradle in Chicago.

Engel's Store was successful, but Samuel Engel died of cancer at the age of 65. His sons continued the store for many years, first at the corner, and then they moved across the street in the first block of Western Avenue. The Grand Trunk Railroad station was on the east corner of Michigan and Division. I remember waving to the engineer and the signal men. At one time the tracks had gone all the way west on this street, but eventually they were changed so that the Western Avenue was clear of tracks. My sister, brother and I would come to South Bend on the South Shore Railway, which terminated at LaSalle and Michigan Streets. We helped sell fireworks at our uncle's store before the 4th of July. We stayed at Grandma's house where Uncle Jake also lived. The store was three blocks from the house. Our reward for selling real fireworks was to take all the leftover fireworks to my uncle's home near the Studebaker Golf Course and shoot them off. It was truly a celebration for us!

As a service store, Engel's gave advice on taxes, sold fishing licenses, and hunting and driver's licenses. The soda fountain disappeared finally and the basis of their business was smokes, newspapers, over-the-counter medicines and novelties. Uncle Harry was in the store less for he became a Bail Bondsman and a co-hort of the politicians. In 1939 Uncle Harry died from a fall. The year 1936 my sister, Fern, married Dave

Tolchinsky, a pharmacist from South Bend. Jake then asked my brother, Marvin, to help him in the store. Marv was living at Grandma's finishing his degree to be a lawyer at Notre Dame. However, my father had died in 1934 and mother needed Marvin to help in the store on week-ends. Marvin went to the University of Michigan, but finished Cum Laude at Notre Dame. He married Leah Greenfeld of Chicago on April 7, 1940. He held onto the shoe store for a short time, but his law practice grew. Mother married a South Bend grocer, Ben Horowitz, and moved here to live at 2003 Miami Street where Cira's Restaurant is now.

Next, Uncle Jake asked my mother and Ben to move in with him. In 1944 she died of Leukemia. World War II was over. I had married my husband, Edward Morse, on August 3, 1940 in Madison, Wisconsin, after I had finished summer school. We had gone together secretly for most of 4½ years. We were also married secretly. We finally went to South Bend to tell my family. We lived in Gary, Indiana for 5 years during World War II. Brett was born while we lived there, on October 12, 1942. When we moved to South Bend a week after the war was over, we could not find a place to rent. We, too, ended up at 518 S. St. Joseph Street. It was really a family home. In 1941 Marvin and Leah were asked to move to South Bend also because Uncle Irving asked him to join him in his law practice in the old St. Joseph Bank building. They found an apartment across from the family home.

My grandmother died March 30, 1943, and my Aunt Blanche had a cerebral hemorrhage at the wedding of Don and Nancy Engel, April 13, 1946. They had already left on their honeymoon and were not told of the death. After we moved from the family home in 1946 to our first home on Sorin Street, Uncle Jake finally married his friend Agnes. He was 57 years old -- this was the first time no one was living at the home. She soon convinced him that the home was too big and they sold it to

buy a home on Oakside. The home has been lived in by renters mostly, and not kept very well. Uncle Jake sold the business soon after that, but the name went on for several more years. In the late 50's the business ceased to be and now we find no Engels by that name -- just relatives by several names who can still remember Engel's Cut Rate Store, and who fondly remember the fun we all had there. Many old timers still remember, but they will fade and Engel's will be no more.

THE BORUCHOVICZ SIDDUR

by
Joseph Levine

This is the story of Moshe Boruchovicz, who wrote a 150-page *siddur* (prayer book) from memory during World War II when he was hiding in the cellar of a Polish farmer.

In 1946 I was the Regional Director of the American Joint Distribution Committee in Bavaria directing relief programs for Jewish survivors of the Holocaust. My headquarters were in Regensburg. In 1946 there were about 1,200 Polish Jews in Regensburg. In March of 1946, religious services were held in a building used as the Jewish Community Center. I attended the Purim services where Moshe and his two sons were sitting beside me.

When the services started, Moshe took out a small *siddur* from his pocket and father and sons prayed together from it. After the services, he let me see the *siddur*. I was amazed that it was a handwritten 150-page book. On the front page Moshe had written a dedication to his wife and relatives, all of whom he believed had been murdered by the Germans. The *Siddur* contains all obligatory prayers together with special prayers. Moshe wrote them from memory. He also composed a separate prayer for his sons, in the event of his death and their survival. Upon my suggestion,

Moshe wrote "The Story of the *Siddur*" and his background:

"I succeeded to find shelter in a hole in the ground which a Polish farmer provided for a prize. It was hardly big enough to stand up in. I became resigned to my fate, despairing of ever coming out alive. The Polish farmer forced me to give him all my money and valuables. In my despair, I recorded in the *siddur* all that happened so that my brother Yehuda Ben Sholem in Israel would know. In my distress, I cried out in anger, 'Our God, Our King, avenge the blood of your servants which has been innocently shed. And remember the holy martyrs that were slaughtered for the sanctification of Your Holy Name.' When I was handed a piece of soap wrapped in the last page torn from the Book of Joel, in which the Prophet promised, 'Egypt shall be a desolation and Edom shall be a desolate wilderness for the violence against the children of Judah, because they shed innocent blood in their hands. But Judah shall dwell forever. And Jerusalem from generation to generation.

"I recorded all my travails in my *siddur* because I thought if it be God's will that I survive, I will have only this *siddur* as a memory."

He permitted me to make copies of the *siddur*. One is in my possession, one copy is in *Yad Vashem* in Jerusalem and another copy is in the library of the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. One copy was given to Rabbi Eugene Lipman, who worked with me as a chaplain in Bavaria.

Moshe was a textile merchant and member of the Municipal Council in Zelecohov before the war. He spent years fighting as a Partisan. His older son, Beril, was also a Partisan and helped to provide arms to the Warsaw Ghetto in 1943. Moshe's wife was killed in 1943, and he described how his sisters and their families were murdered.

In Regensburg, Moshe was a member of the *Vad Hadati* (Religious Council) and leader of the religious Jews. He was vitally concerned about providing kosher kitchens and places to worship in the new camps where more Jews were arriving from Poland and other areas.

I was able to help Moshe and his sons leave Germany. Beril was 19 and Hershel 18. In the 1950s, when Moshe was in New York, we met. He had remarried and lived in Costa Rica where he had established a successful business which was managed by Hershel, who was married and had a family. Beril had attended Harvard University and graduated from the University of Madrid. He is a prominent lawyer in San Jose. Moshe died in Jerusalem in 1987 at the age of 84.

Moshe did not want me to write about him while he was alive. After his death, I received permission from Beril to write about the *siddur* and his father.

The Indiana Jewish Historical Society was founded in 1972 to collect, preserve, and publish material dealing with the two hundred years of Jewish life in Indiana. Whatever illuminates the Jewish experience in Indiana is of interest, concern, and value. It is our aim to gather, preserve, and evaluate the records of synagogues, temples, and societies as well as personal papers, diaries, memoirs, governmental documents, newspaper and magazine articles, photographs, even burial and cemetery records.

Another goal of the IJHS is to provide data hitherto not available to historians, scholars, and authors, thus helping to fill the void that exists in providing Protestant, Catholic, and other scholars an awareness of the role played by Jews and Jewish communities in the creation of the religious climate in Indiana.

The Indiana Jewish Historical Society has an archive collection of more than four thousand items. In addition to past records, the society is also interested in obtaining current records, for such records will be history for coming generations. In many instances, the society will make photostatic copies and return original copies.

The IJHS is a tax exempt membership organization. Its elected officers and board members live in fourteen Indiana cities.

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