

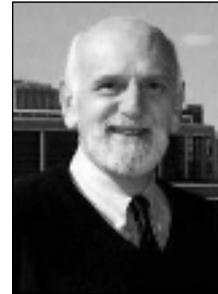


chicago jewish history

Save the Date! CJHS Program Sunday, April 3 – Herbert Eiseman: “Jewish Merchant Princes of State Street”



State Street c. 1910. Courtesy Herbert Eiseman.



Herbert Eiseman presents an illustrated lecture on “Jewish Merchant Princes of State Street” at the next open meeting of the Society, on Sunday, April 3, at Temple Sholom,

3480 North Lake Shore Drive. The program begins at 2:00 p.m., followed by a social hour with kosher refreshments.

Herbert Eiseman is a certified member of the Chicago Tour-Guide Professional Association (CTPA). He is a member of the Board of Directors of Anshe Sholom B’nai Israel Congregation and a member of the Board of the CJHS.

Admission is free and open to the public. Invite your friends and family!

Music! CJHS Program Sunday, June 12 – Matitahu Braun, Violin: “Composer Ernest Bloch and His Chicago Jewish Colleagues”



Photo by Chris Lee

A musical presentation, “Composer Ernest Bloch and His Chicago Jewish Colleagues,” will be featured at the open meeting of the Society on Sunday, June 12, in Ganz Hall, Roosevelt University, 430 South Michigan Avenue. The program begins at 2 p.m.

Violinist Matitahu Braun (pictured) will perform works by Bloch and several Chicago Jewish composers, including George Perlman and Leon Stein. He will be accompanied by pianist Gerald Rizzer. Rachel Heimovics Braun will add historical commentary. One of the works Mr. Braun will perform is Bloch’s “Suite Hebraique,” composed in 1951 and dedicated to the Covenant Club of Chicago.

Report on CJHS “Romance” Screening – Sunday, February 27

Over a hundred persons gathered in the auditorium of the Wilmette Public Library to view “Romance of a People: The First Hundred Years of Jewish History in Chicago,”

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President's Column



Edward H. Mazur

AMAZING AND CHALLENGING.

Walter Roth wrote in his Fall 2010 President's Column that "I find myself at an unfamiliar junction...."

Walter must have been reading my mind, since I was feeling the same way.

After over two decades as the chief executive of our Society, he decided not to seek another term, and I was elected by our board of directors to succeed him. He and I are both adjusting to this unfamiliar situation in our lives.

I doubt that any of my *morim* at the Yavneh Talmud Torah or Congrega-

tion Atereth Zion, if asked to look into the future, would have predicted that this bright but troublesome student could preside over anything, let alone the Chicago Jewish Historical Society.

I follow five unique individuals who have led our CJHS for almost thirty-five years. Muriel Rogers, our current secretary, was our dynamic founding president. She served for three years starting in 1977 and later for another year. Adele Hast, a distinguished historian and researcher, served 1980–1981. She was succeeded by Rachel Heimovics, a recognized authority on American Jewish history, who served 1982–1984. Rachel was followed by Norman Schwartz, a prodigious researcher and talented photographer, who led us for four years, 1984–1988. Since then, Walter Roth, a practicing attorney, guided the Society to its present membership of almost six hundred, established our sound financial policies, and brought a bonus—his talent as a journalist and author.

INTRODUCING ED MAZUR.

I am a first generation American, born to immigrant parents from Bialystok, Poland. My late father, David, who had toiled as conscript labor when the Germans occupied Bialystok during World War I, immigrated shortly after the war. He journeyed to Patterson, New Jersey, where a cousin helped him get employment in the garment industry, in a bloomer factory.

After a year or two, his sister, Sarah Mazur Kaplan, who had preceded him, asked him to come to Chicago and work with her husband Morris and relatives Nathan and Minnie Miller in their rug cleaning business, American Rug and Carpet Cleaners, on Chicago Avenue between Washtenaw and Rockwell Streets. The Millers and Kaplans were active members of the Workmen's Circle, and they involved my father in it, too. After several years working for relatives he left to work for other *landsmen* in the dry cleaning industry.

Being single and making a decent dollar, my father decided to visit his family in Bialystok. His mother suffered from glaucoma, so she was unable to immigrate, and his two sisters would not leave her.

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Send all submissions to:

Editor, Chicago Jewish Historical Society, at street address or e-mail address shown above.

Spertus Exhibit Features Excerpts of “Romance”

“Uncovered & Rediscovered: Stories of Jewish Chicago”

is an evolving eight-part exhibit about the Chicago Jewish experience on view in the main floor lobby gallery.

Chapter Two: Paved in Gold? The Road to Maxwell Street Through March 17, 2011

A TV screen displays excerpts of the CJHS documentary, “Romance of a People.”

Free to the public.

Open Sunday–Thursday 10–5

Spertus Institute
610 South Michigan Avenue
312-322-1700
www.spertus.edu

Report on “Romance” continued from page 1



Beverly Siegel

the award-winning documentary produced by the Chicago Jewish Historical Society in 1997.

Before the screening, writer/director Beverly Siegel spoke about how a century of Chicago Jewish history got condensed into thirty minutes of video—three powerful minutes per decade!

Ms. Siegel admitted to us that when she was approached by members of the Society about creating a video chronicling our community, she was a neophyte on the subject. For reference, she was given a copy of the Society’s 1990 reprint of *History of the Jews of Chicago*, edited by H.L. Meites (originally published in 1924).

She then contacted Professor Jacob Rader Marcus at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. That most eminent historian of American Jewry, then in the last years of his life, gave her two names—Julius Rosenwald and Emil G. Hirsch—as the most important figures in our community’s history.

Meites, though, named the Chicago banker Lazarus Silverman as *the most important Jewish figure in United States history!* In very simple terms, Silverman was instrumental in putting the U.S. Treasury, which was nearly bankrupt after the Civil War, on the gold standard, thus giving solid backing to our currency and propelling the nation toward its future as a world power.

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Report on CJHS December 12 Open Meeting: “Hannah’s Daughters: The National Council of Jewish Women”



Guest speakers (from left): Cindy Wolfson, Carole Levine, and Dawn Brent.

A mighty snowstorm kept attendance down for the Society’s open meeting at Skokie’s Temple Beth Israel on Sunday, December 12. But the few dozen hardy attendees were rewarded with an impressive PowerPoint presentation narrated in tandem by Dawn Brent, Carole Levine, and Cindy Wolfson of NCJW North Shore Section. Hannah Greenebaum Solomon, the Chicago

continued on page 14

Welcome, New Members of the Society

Jacqueline C. Brave
Chicago, IL

Erwin Epstein
Glenview, IL

Neil Kleinbort
Northbrook, IL

Margaret Kuhn
Wheaton, IL

Mr. & Mrs. David Pearlman
Glenview, IL

Mr. & Mrs. Irving Pearlman
Niles, IL

Gitelle Rapoport
Chicago, IL

Jerold & Naomi Sensor
Highland Park, IL

Rabbi Jeffrey Weill
Temple Beth-El, Northbrook, IL

Frances Wein
Deerfield, IL

“JEWISH GEOGRAPHY”

CJHS Board Members Visit Jewish Communities and Historical Sites

ELISE GINSPARG IN ISRAEL

Last November, my husband Colman and I were privileged to participate in the Bar Mitzvah of our first Sabra grandson in Jerusalem. Between the preparation and the celebration we took time off for a day trip to Atlit.

ATLIT is about fifteen minutes south of Haifa and adjacent to the Mediterranean. There is a Crusader fort located there. Atlit is also the site of the detention camp maintained by the British Army from 1939 to 1948 to intern the Jews trying to enter Palestine illegally.

The camp site has been refurbished as a museum area, complete with barracks, administration buildings, sentry towers, and barbed wire. Recently a spectacular addition to the museum was opened. An actual ship, similar to those which were intercepted by the British, was placed on the site and outfitted with manikins and video presentations to simulate the European Jewish refugees' sea voyage and capture. We toured the area with an English-speaking guide.

Atlit also has a Chicago Jewish connection. About five minutes by car from the detention camp is the site of the Aaronsohn Agricultural Station. In 1906, Aaron Aaronsohn, a noted agronomist who lived in



Aaron Aaronsohn
(1876-1919)

Zichron Yaakov, discovered emmer wheat (*Triticum dicocoides*) growing wild in the Galilee. This was the earliest known progenitor of modern wheat. Its great value was that it could grow in a desert-like environment.

Aaronsohn was invited to the United States by the U.S. Department of Agriculture to discuss his discovery. While in the U.S. he met with two prominent Chicagoans, Judge Julian Mack and Julius Rosenwald. With the generous support of Rosenwald and the assistance of Mack and other American Jewish Zionist leaders, he established an agricultural station in Atlit to continue his scientific experiments.

During World War I, Aaronsohn was greatly disturbed by the persecution of the Jewish settlers in Palestine by the ruling Turks, and saw a way to help throw off the Turkish yoke. He and his sister Sarah, his research assistant Avsholom Feinberg, and members of their families organized a small spy ring which called

itself “nili,” whose purpose was to collect military data about the Turks, who were aligned with Germany, and pass the information to British military headquarters in Cairo. This mission was carried out successfully. The Turks ultimately discovered the spy ring and destroyed most of the agricultural station. In 1919, Aaron Aaronsohn perished in a plane crash in the English Channel.

A resident caretaker preserves the historic site, and he kindly let us enter. We saw a few greenhouses on the grounds, and he told us that they are currently being used by students from Haifa University to study the emmer wheat discovered by Aaronsohn!

We continued on for a few minutes to reach the Crusader fort. We wanted to enter and explore it, but we were stopped outside by military personnel who told us that the whole building is classified. We could not enter, nor could we photograph it. All they would tell us is that it had to do with making sure that ships did not breach the Israeli naval blockade of Gaza.

Prior to the Bar Mitzvah in Jerusalem, we went on a family outing to see the newest addition to The Old City.

THE CHURVAH SYNAGOGUE

(the Hurva) was rebuilt upon its original site on the main square of the Jewish Quarter of the Old City.

In 1701, Rabbi Yehuda Hachasid with a group of his followers and other Ashkenazic Jews from Poland built a synagogue on this site. In 1790, an Arab mob burned it down. The Ottoman regime condoned the destruction and soon expelled all Ashkenazic Jews from Jerusalem, claiming that the community owed huge sums in taxes.

It was not until the 1820s that Ashkenazic Jews were again allowed to reside in Jerusalem, but the old debt was not forgotten. Eventually, an Ottoman decree forgave ancient debts, but it took large sums of money and much outside political pressure to obtain permission to build a new synagogue. Finally, in 1864, a magnificent new edifice was constructed, with a dome rising above the city's rooftops and an impressive arch built into its facade, framing the main windows.

The new synagogue was officially named the Beis Yaakov Shul, but the population called it the Churvah Shul (the Ruin Shul), since the site had been called the Churvah (the Ruin) for all the years that the site had been in ruins. The new shul survived until the 1948



The Churvah Synagogue, Jerusalem.
Courtesy Elise Ginsparg.

War of Independence when the Jordanian army captured the Old City and bombed the shul, destroying it completely. In 1967, the Israeli army recaptured the Old City, and in 1977, the government rebuilt the arch as a symbol of the destroyed shul. Years later the government approved the rebuilding of the shul, and on March 15, 2010, after eight years of construction, the rebuilding was officially completed.

The edifice includes an arch in its original position in the facade, a dome eighty feet in height surrounded by a walkway, and a two-story Holy Ark. There are magnificent chandeliers and murals depicting scenes of Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Rachel's Tomb.

We made the necessary appointment for a guided tour in the English language and climbed the spiral staircase to the walkway around the dome, from which we could see the entire Old City, and even the top of the Temple Mount. Today, the Churvah Synagogue is again vibrant with prayer services and learning groups.

ELISE GINSPARG is a popular public speaker on books and travel. Her latest slide lecture is "New Views in Israel."

JANET ILTIS IN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN

Last September, I was fortunate enough to go on a Road Scholar Trip following the Routes of the Sepharad through Portugal and Spain.

THE ROUTES OF THE SEPHARAD

Sepharad is the Hebrew name for the Iberian peninsula. As there are few Jews living in the areas we visited—Lisbon, Porto, and Belmonte in Portugal; and Hervas, Toledo, Cordoba, and Girona in Spain, our route was for the most part focused on the past. However, there are functioning Orthodox synagogues in Lisbon, Porto, and Belmonte, all of which are supported by the European Union and the Republic of Portugal.

Sinagoga Shaare Tikva in Lisbon was dedicated in 1904. It was the first *shul* built in Portugal since the late fifteenth century. Sinagoga Mekor Hayim in Porto was built in the last twenty-five years.

We were in Porto on Simchat Torah, a real blessing for the congregation, since they did not have a *minyan*, and members of our party were able to complete the necessary ten person quorum. As the men walked out of the gates of the synagogue, the rabbi mentioned that it was only in the last twenty-five years (since the death of the dictator Salazar) that they could walk the neighborhood with the Torahs. Before that time, they would have been arrested. The greatest problem for the Jewish community in Porto is that the rabbinical authorities in Israel require that all men who cannot prove Jewish roots must go through several years of study leading to conversion; thus, the difficulty of gathering a *minyan*.

The town of Belmonte was particularly interesting.



Sinagoga Bet Eliahu.
Belmonte, Portugal.
Courtesy Janet Iltis.

There have been Crypto-Jews there for four hundred years. They became recognized only in the last twenty-five years. The EU and Portugal have built a beautiful synagogue in Belmonte and a museum containing wonderful artifacts. Because the Crypto-Jews intermarried for so many years, genetic problems appear fairly often.

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GEOGRAPHY *continued from Page 5*

In Cordoba, we visited a former mosque so large that a quarter of it houses a Catholic cathedral.

Girona is located near Barcelona. I especially looked forward to visiting Girona since my daughter had lived there as a high school exchange student. We visited the Jewish Museum where we heard a lecture on the history of the community. Girona was an important Jewish center until the Expulsion in 1492. It was the birthplace



Hebrew Sepharad Plaque.
Courtesy Janet Iltis.

of Nachmanides (Ramban). We were taken on a tour of the well-preserved *Call* (Ghetto) *di Girona*.

All along our route we saw brass plaques set in the sidewalks. These works of art, each about six inches in diameter, are embossed with the word *Sepharad* in Hebrew lettering.



Statue of Maimonides (Ramban) in the city of his birth.
Cordoba, Spain. Courtesy Janet Iltis.



Sukkah, Sinagoga Shaare Tikva. Lisbon, Portugal.
Courtesy Janet Iltis.

EDITOR BEV CHUBAT IN CALIFORNIA

In late January and early February (during our blizzard), I enjoyed a week of moderate weather in San Francisco and the East Bay, in family gatherings and cultural doings.

THE CONTEMPORARY JEWISH MUSEUM

was architect Daniel Libeskind's first commissioned project in North America. He was selected to develop a landmark power substation located in what has now become San Francisco's thriving Yerba Buena Museum District. His 2005 design includes bold, contemporary spaces (slanty walls and angular staircases) that enliven the traditional original building. The museum does not have its own art collection; it mounts loan exhibitions and traveling shows.

I saw "Curious George Saves the Day: The Art of Margret and H.A. Rey," about the talented German Jewish émigré couple who created the mischievous cartoon monkey. I also viewed "Reclaimed Paintings from the Collection of Jacques Goudstikker." He was an eminent Jewish art dealer whose collection was looted by the Nazis. The exhibition tells a dramatic story of connoisseurship, theft, diligent search, and reclamation. There are fine Old Masters' works in the collection.

The most rewarding experience I had at the CJM was meeting Julie Selzer, the young *soferet* (professionally trained female scribe), who spent a year writing a Torah in the museum, in public view. Selzer's work is completed now, but she was present to speak to visitors. There is a video showing her at work and an exhibit of the scribe's materials. The finished but yet unsewn sheets were laid on tables under velvet covers, which could be turned back so as to view the sacred art. ❖

Chicago-Born Allan Sherman Wrote Popular Song Parodies in the 1960s

BY EDWARD H. MAZUR

Allan Sherman was an American comedy writer and television producer who became famous as a song parodist in the early 1960s. His first album, "My Son the Folk Singer," was released on October 6, 1962, and became the fastest-selling record album up to that time. In the first week of distribution it sold 65,000 copies and half a million in the first month.

Sherman would entertain his friends and family informally with song parodies. His next door neighbor in the Brentwood district of Los Angeles was Harpo Marx, who invited him to perform his parodies at parties attended by Marx's show business friends. After one party George Burns phoned a record executive and persuaded him to sign Sherman to a contract. The result was a series of LP song parody recordings entitled "My Son..."

The success of the first album was assured after President John F. Kennedy was overheard in a hotel lobby singing "Sara Jackman," Sherman's parody of "Frere Jacques."

Sherman was born on November 30, 1924 in Chicago at Lutheran Deaconess Hospital. His father was Percy Capelon, a stock car racer, mechanic, inventor, and owner of a Chicago agency for Auburn, Essex, Hudson, and Cord automobiles.

According to Sherman's autobiography, *A Gift of Laughter* (Atheneum, 1965), his father, a native of Birmingham, Alabama, was a "tough, hard-driving, hard-living, hard-drinking man who drank bourbon whiskey by the glass like some Jews drink seltzer."

His mother, Rose Sherman, was a "flapper and great Charleston dancer, who won a loving cup at the Marbro Theater, married at fifteen, was divorced at sixteen,

married Percy, divorced him, had two more husbands and many boyfriends." Capelon abandoned Rose and Allan when the boy was six years old.

Allan's childhood was a whirlwind; he moved from Chicago to Los Angeles to Miami to New York and back to Chicago. During his pre-teen years, he lived with his maternal grandparents, Esther and Leibush (Leon) Sherman, Yiddish-speaking immigrants from the *shtetl* of Ozarow, Russia. They lived in an apartment on Kedzie Avenue across from Humboldt Park.

The irony of Allan's upbringing is that he became attached to the Yiddish-speaking world that his mother abhorred (one of her weddings took place in a Los Angeles church). Leibush was a presser of ladies' coats in a garment manufacturing shop. During the three months each year when there was work, he labored from twelve to fourteen hours a day and earned a hundred dollars a week. For nine months of the year, Leibush was unemployed. This allowed him to take Allan to Yiddish theaters on a regular basis, especially to the Douglas Park Theater.

Grandmother Esther loved the movies and frequently took Allan to the Vision Theatre on Division Street or to the Crystal on North Avenue. In his autobiography, Sherman writes that he and his grandmother would spend afternoons and early evenings at the movies. They enjoyed Marx Brothers comedies and Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers and Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler musicals. Allan fell in love with popular music and show business. He memorized all the songs he heard.

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Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah (A Letter from Camp)

Parody of "Dance of the Hours"

*Hello Muddah, hello Fadduh,
Here I am at Camp Granada.
Camp is very entertaining —
And they say we'll have some fun
if it stops raining.*

*I went hiking with Joe Spivey.
He developed poison ivy.
You remember Leonard Skinner —
He got ptomaine poisoning
Last night after dinner.*

*All the counselors hate the waiters,
And the lake has alligators.
And the head coach wants no
sissies —
So he reads to us from something
called Ulysses.*

*Now I don't want this should
scare ya,
But my bunk mate has malaria.
You remember Jeffrey Hardy —
They're about to organize
a searching party.*

*Dearest Fadduh, darling Muddah,
How's my precious little bruddah?
Let me come home if you miss me.
I would even let Aunt Bertha hug
and kiss me.*

*Wait a minute, it stopped hailing.
Guys are swimming,
guys are sailing —
Playing baseball, gee that's better.
Muddah, Fadduh, kindly disregard
this letter!*

Allan Sherman *continued from page 7*

Another form of “Jewish bonding” was the result of Leibush taking Allan to the Russian Baths on Division Street near Damen Avenue. There Allan sat and “listened to the wise words of the naked old scholars with their long beards and sideburns.” Sherman’s exposure to firmly rooted Old World Yiddish culture made a lasting impression on him, and from an early age he wrote comedy that combined Jewish and American material.

In 1933, Rose Sherman, now living in the El Capitan Bungalow Court next to the Los Angeles Coliseum, sent Allan to Chicago to live with his Aunt Dora and Uncle Max Sherman. Dora, a graduate of Tuley High School, enrolled Allan in James Russell Lowell Grammar School.

Sherman would attend twenty-one different elementary and high schools in Illinois, New York, California, and Florida. At Fairfax High in Los Angeles, he edited the school newspaper and started to write songs and librettos. He wrote his senior class musical “Yankee Doodle Presents” starring classmate Ricardo Montalban.

In 1941, when Allan was eighteen and about to enroll at the University of Illinois, his father offered to pay for his education if he would go back to

using the Capelon family name, but by then Allan fully identified himself with the Shermans, and he refused.

At the University he was befriended by fellow Chicagoan Sheldon Keller, (who would become the head writer on Danny Kaye’s television show). Keller asked Sherman to join Sigma Alpha Mu, a Jewish fraternity familiarly known as the “Sammies.” Initially Sherman declined, pointing out to Keller that his family had no money to support him in fraternity style. (He was living at the Catholic-sponsored Newman Club where his room and board fees were low and he worked as a waiter.) Keller invited Sherman to a fraternity dinner and told him that SAM would offer him the same financial arrangements as he had at the Newman Club.

Sherman became a Sammie and a writer for the *Daily Illini*. He would go on to write several musical shows, including “Mirth of a Nation,” a spoof of D. W. Griffith’s film “Birth of a Nation,” set in the *twelfth* Roosevelt administration.

He was popular with his fraternity brothers. They established a haberdashery committee to

The Ballad Of Harry Lewis

Parody of “The Battle Hymn of The Republic”

*I’m singing you the ballad
Of a great man of the cloth.
His name was Harry Lewis
And he worked for Irving Roth.
He died while cutting velvet
On a hot July the 4th.
But his cloth goes shining on.*

Glory, glory, Harry Lewis...

*O Harry Lewis perished
In the service of his Lord.
He was trampling through
The warehouse where
The drapes of Roth are stored.
He had the finest funeral
The union could afford.
His cloth goes shining on.*

Glory, glory, Harry Lewis...

*Although a fire was raging
Harry stood by his machine.
And when the firemen broke in
They discovered him between
A pile of roasted Dacron
And some french fried
gabardine.*

His cloth goes shining on.

Glory, glory Harry Lewis...

My Zelda *Parody of “Matilda” by Harry Belafonte*

*My Zelda, My Zelda,
My Zelda, she took the money
and ran with the tailor.*

*ONCE AGAIN NOW!
My Zelda, My Zelda,
My Zelda, she took the money
and ran with the tailor.*

*My Zelda, she found her big
romance*

*When I broke the zipper in
my pants.*

*My Zelda, she took the money
and ran with the tailor.*

*EVERYBODY!
My Zelda, My Zelda...*

*It’s almost too sad to
tell to you,*

*She took seven books of
green stamps, too.*

*My Zelda, she took the money
and ran with the tailor.*

*EVERYBODY!
My Zelda, My Zelda...*

*That tailor, he really hurt
my pride,*

*He made my lapels an inch
too wide.*

*My Zelda, she took the money
and ran with the tailor.*

*EVERYBODY!
My Zelda...*

*ONCE AGAIN NOW!
My Zelda...*

*SING A LITTLE SOFTER!
My Zelda...*

*MEMBERS OF HADASSAH!
My Zelda...*

*Oh why did she go and fall
in love,*

*I haven’t seen her since
Tisha B’av.*

*My Zelda, she took the money
and ran with the tailor.*

*EVERYBODY!
My Zelda...*



Allan Sherman (1924-1973)

properly clothe him. The committee loaned him money to purchase a beige cashmere sweater, a Shetland wool sportcoat, white Oxford cloth shirts, and brown and white saddle shoes, which he rubbed with dirt. Nobody wore shiny new saddle shoes.

The three Jewish sororities on campus at that time were Sigma Delta Tau, Alpha Epsilon Phi, and Phi Sigma Sigma. They exchanged lunches and dinners with the Jewish fraternities and arranged dates for groups. At one of these events Allan met Dee

Chackes, and their relationship flourished. Dee was an SDT from DeSoto, Missouri. The Chackes family was the only Jewish family in the town.

Sherman withdrew from the University and enlisted in the Army in December 1942. But he was asthmatic and was given a medical discharge in May 1943. He returned to Champaign-Urbana and the University.

Allan and Dee planned to marry. Both spent the summer of 1944 on campus. They decided to build a record collection and went to a local music store where they purchased the Liszt Piano Concerto No.1. Dee's sorority house had the best phonograph they knew of, but the building was closed for the summer. Undaunted, Allan broke a window, the couple gained entry, found the phonograph, and turned on the record. Within minutes, they were joined by the campus police. They were charged with breaking and entering. Sherman was expelled from the university, and Dee was suspended.

Sherman returned to Chicago and hung out at Gibby's, a cocktail lounge frequented by performers appearing in downtown stage shows. Kitty Carlisle was booked at the Chicago Theater. She paid Sherman a hundred dollars for a song satirizing Eleanor Roosevelt and her non-stop travels.

On June 15, 1945, Allan Sherman and Dee Chackes were married at the Ambassador East Hotel.

By the early 1960s, when Sherman ruled the musical parody world, about three-quarters of American Jews were native born. Jewish life was shifting from cities to suburbs. Yiddish was beginning to enter the nostalgia zone. Allan Sherman's humor was comfortably "Jewish Lite." But his success was short-lived. He popularity peaked in 1963 and declined rather quickly.

That year, the assassination of President Kennedy ended impressionist Vaughn Meader's comedy recording career, the Viet Nam War intensified, the national mood darkened, and the public responded less to Sherman's type of comedy. In 1966, Warner Brothers dropped him from their label. His wife filed for divorce and received full custody of their son and daughter.

In 1969, Sherman wrote the script and lyrics for "The Fig Leaves Are Falling," a Broadway musical that lasted only four performances. In 1971, he was the voice of "The Cat in the Hat" for a television special and did voice work for "Dr. Seuss on the Loose," his last project before his death.

He had begun to drink heavily and to overeat, which resulted in a dangerous weight gain. He developed diabetes and struggled with lung disease. Allan Sherman died on November 20, 1973 of emphysema at home in West Hollywood, California ten days before his 49th birthday. ❖

EDWARD H. MAZUR is president of the Chicago Jewish Historical Society.

Sara Jackman

Parody of "Frere Jacques"

Hello?

Is this 418-9719?

Speaking.

Sarah?

Yeah.

Sarah Jackman,

Sarah Jackman,

How's by you?

How's by you?

How's by you the fam'ly?

How's your sister Em'ly?

She's nice, too.

She's nice, too.

Jerry Bachman,

Jerry Bachman,

So what's new?

So what's new?

Whatcha doing Sarah?

Reading John O'Hara.

He's nice, too.

He's nice, too.

Sarah Jackman,

Sarah Jackman,

How's by you?

How's by you?

How's your brother Bernie?

He's a big attorney.

How's your sister Doris?

Still with William Morris.

How's your cousin Shirley?

She got married early.

How's her daughter Esther?

Skipped a whole semester.

How's your brother Bentley?

Feeling better ment'ly.

How's your uncle Sidney?

They took out a kidney.

How's your sister Norma?

She's a non-conforma.

How's your cousin Lena?

Moved to Pasadena.

How's your uncle Nathan?

Him I got no faith in.

I ain't heard from Sonya.

I'll get her to phone ya.

How's her daughter Rita?

A regular Lolita.

How's your cousin Manny?

Signed up with Vic Tanney.

How's your nephew Seymour?

Signed up with the

Peace Corps.

He's nice, too....

Family Memoir

“Greenhorns” in Hyde Park

BY WERNER L. FRANK

We were émigrés from Germany, arriving in Chicago in January 1938. My sister and I started our American education at Bret Harte Elementary School. We quickly picked up sufficient English so that we were moved progressively from Kindergarten to Class 2A and 3A respectively within three months.

As refugees, both my 43-year-old father and my 35-year-old mother experienced profound changes in their lives. My father went from being a businessman to working as an unskilled laborer with a weekly salary of twelve dollars. My mother left behind household help consisting of a *Kinder Mädchen* (nursemaid), *Putzfrau* (cleaning lady), and *Waschfrau* (laundress), and literally took on these roles herself, serving total strangers in our new setting.

Our family occupied a third floor flat at 5445 South Harper Avenue in the Hyde Park district of Chicago’s South Side. On its southern border, the famed University of Chicago stretched from Cottage Grove Avenue on the west to Stony Island Avenue on the east. At the eastern edge of Hyde Park was Lake Michigan, bordered by a mixture of parks, beaches, and a string of classy hotels, such as the Windermere, Shoreham, Del Prado, and Chicago Beach.

The latter hotel became the Gardiner General Hospital, an armed forces facility, during World War II, suddenly changing the complexion of the area at the north end of the strand.

Most noteworthy in our neighborhood was the grand edifice of the Museum of Science and Industry, also called the Rosenwald Museum by us locals due to its benefactor, Julius Rosenwald. The museum is in the center of Jackson Park. This park was where our extended family enjoyed many weekend picnics during the summer months.

I spent many days at the Museum, a place that continues to provide entertainment and a rich education to its visitors. Of particular interest to me as a young boy were such wonderful exhibits as:

- Those pertaining to health and medicine, such as the three-dimensional diorama of a sick and dying child with doctor and the see-through plastic model of a woman, showing all her internal organs.
- The “Street in Old Chicago” with a nickelodeon.
- The physics and chemistry exhibits.
- The communications exhibit, emphasizing the telephone.
- A simulated coal mine with a realistic elevator shaft.
- The Whisper Gallery and Pendulum.
- After World War II, a real submarine, the captured German U505, that we could board and tour.

The Hyde Park of 1938 had a diversity of neighborhoods, with the poorer section on its western boundary and the ritzy areas to the north and east. In pockets of the remaining area, especially in the most northern band and in the neighboring Kenwood area, restrictive covenants operated. Blacks (called Negroes at the time) and Jews simply were not acceptable as owners or renters of certain homes and apartments.

Our family rapidly adjusted to life on Harper Avenue. Plenty of other German Jewish refugees began to populate many of the streets of Hyde Park. Slowly these immigrants began to develop their new social settings and the relationships that would be sustained for the remainder of their lives. We even had our own synagogue called Habonim.



The author in his second-hand winter coat, December 1937.

Courtesy Werner L. Frank.

An important part of our new life included the social visits to each other’s homes. This was a standard Saturday or Sunday afternoon activity. Families would simply arrive unannounced at a home and ring the doorbell. The visitors were always welcome and treated to a cup of coffee and some delicious European-style, homemade bakery item or chocolates. If the family was not at home, the visitors would deposit a slip of paper in their

mailbox letting them know about the attempted visit. Honoring a *simcha* (joyous event) or paying a mourning call took precedence over a purely social visit.

The apartment buildings in Chicago, for the most part, had a standard architecture. They were typically three stories high, with three to six entries (called hallways) and with two banks of living units per entryway. Sometimes these buildings were built in a U-shape with a nice courtyard in the middle. The individual units had either two or three bedrooms, a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen. There was one bathroom that included a tub; showers were not yet in vogue. The kitchen had a separate pantry area and there was usually a large closet off the hall as well as a small closet in one of the bedrooms.

At that time, electric refrigerators were not yet in general use. Rather, we had the proverbial “icebox,” a term still heard today among us old timers when we speak of the cooling device in the modern kitchen. To keep the box cold, one needed ice that was delivered on an almost daily basis. A square cardboard sign was placed in the window, turned to one of its four possible positions, indicating which of 25, 50, 75, or 100 pound blocks was being ordered from the ice delivery man. Dairy products also were delivered. Again, a card was used to indicate the order for the day. The card was hung on the back door, informing the milkman, who arrived in the early hours of the morning, what the family needed for the day.

These deliveries were made to the open air porch in the back of each of the apartments, reached by a wooden staircase. The milk was deposited on the porch in time for breakfast. On cold winter days, the milk would freeze and expand, and the cream would rise to the top, displacing the cardboard sealer. To our delight, this inch of frozen cream protruding from the bottle provided us with a delicious treat.

There was also the produce man who made his periodic rounds through the back alleys that divided every square block. He would shout out his presence and sell his fresh fruits and vegetables, sometimes giving us kids a cast-off apple or some other near-spoiled fruit. Our mother usually purchased the seconds, or damaged goods, since they came cheaper.

Another vendor was the rag man. He would come to the back yard and shout out his melodic chant of “old clothes,” indicating his willingness to buy almost any kind of worn-out items. All of these dealers still used horse-drawn wagons in those days, but eventually they began using trucks.

Last, but certainly not least, we had the legendary

Good Humor man, who made his way through the streets on a bicycle with an attached icebox, offering various ice cream products. When we had an extra nickel, this was often the way it was spent.

Finally, there were the beggars, or more politely put, the street performers. Most typically, this form of *schmorring* involved the playing of an instrument for which people were expected to throw coins from their porches. The more interesting performers provided music by grinding away on an organ, with an accompanying monkey carrying on with its antics. The monkey attracted us kids because it would reach out its hand and grasp the offered penny, then stuff the coin into a purse attached to its harness.

Shopping was an adventure. We were continually on the lookout for the most competitive prices and bargains. We clipped product coupons out of the newspapers and made daily store-to-store price comparisons. Were the best grocery buys at the Jewel, or at the A&P, or at the National? We treated a nickel or dime with the same respect that we view a dollar today.

The streetcar fare at the time was about seven cents for an adult and maybe three cents for a child. The trick was to enter the rear of the streetcar and avoid paying the fare by slipping through a crowd of boarding passengers.

In order to make ends meet, not only did we purchase food judiciously, but we were frugal with respect to buying clothing, and we avoided the luxury of eating out. Everybody had to work, to do something to help the family along. One acceptable way to enhance the household income, one that required everyone’s cooperation, was the “roomer.”

The roomer occupied one of the family’s bedrooms and shared in the expense of the monthly rent. This roomer might pay ten dollars per month for sleeping rights in an apartment where the entire monthly rent may have been in the thirty to forty dollar range. In some cases, the roomer also had the option of being a “boarder,” receiving meals—typically breakfast, and sometimes dinner. Providing meals added another welcome dollar to our budget. Most of these roomers were young male or female refugees, out of school but not yet married, who had fled to the U.S. without parents. Therefore, they welcomed the economically efficient opportunity of sharing costs with an “adopted” family, and the family of a *landsmann* at that.

There were, of course, negative aspects to arrangements such as this. In our case, my sister and I had to give up a bedroom. We slept for years in the dining

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Greenhorns *continued from page 11*

room. I occupied a folding bed, stored during the daytime in the hall closet, and my sister slept on the couch that had to be made into a bed every night. Imagine the congestion and the conflicts that occurred in the use of the single bathroom.

During the late 1930s, the economy was still coming out of the Great Depression. In addition to having roomers, the refugee families were quite resourceful in finding other ways to supplement the typically low wages of the breadwinner. A number of families established private eating arrangements, offering nightly home-cooked meals primarily for the younger refugees who came with no family.

Another venture was selling baked goods that had a European character. One person supplemented his income as the local subscription agent for the New York-based, immigrant-founded, German language weekly, the *Aufbau*. And one home functioned as the distributor of kosher meats and sausages that were manufactured by a North Side butcher according to the German Jewish taste.

In some cases, such start-ups developed into full-time businesses. The Nachmanns produced delectable continental chocolates that became so popular that they opened a retail store on 53rd Street. This remained an institution until the 1960s, when the neighborhood changed. A similar story concerns an enterprising confectioner, Erikann, which became best known for their *lebkuchen*.

Among these refugees there was an abiding commitment to support the business activities of their fellow immigrants. The same dollar seemed to



The apartment building at 5445 South Harper Avenue.

Courtesy Werner L. Frank.

circulate around this special community, giving many of its participants an opportunity to retain a small fraction of it.

My parents accepted these challenges without a sign of discontent. I am especially proud of their determined effort to integrate themselves into the American society and become good citizens of their adopted country. They attended English classes at the local YMCA and rapidly learned the language. In later years, they were fully fluent and well versed in the life and politics of the country. They attended citizenship classes to learn the history of the U.S.A., as well as to prepare themselves for the anticipated examination that they would have to take in order to become citizens.

My mother took cooking classes so that she could cope with the eating habits of our new surroundings. She had a vast repertoire of old world dishes such as the weekly *berches* (challah), and the occasional *schupfnuddel*, *spätzle*, *gefüllte bruscht* and *grünkern suppe*.

Now, new items were included, such as a pineapple upside-down cake and a soon-to-become our favorite dinner—Swiss steak. Naturally, nothing could take the place of the famous *linzertort*, *mandeltort*, *zwetschkuchen* or apple and rhubarb *torten* that only my mother could make to perfection!

There were some foods that took getting used to.

For example, corn and melons were not familiar to the German diet. When our “American” cousins sent us a crate of cantaloupes, we simply did not know how to handle them. So the crate sat on our porch day after day until the fruit rotted. Later on, we discovered the tastiness of the melon and learned to make it part of our diet. Not so, for corn. Even though we children took to it with no problem, my parents never saw corn as anything but fodder for farmyard animals. ❖

WERNER L. FRANK graduated from Hyde Park High School in 1947. He earned a Bachelor of Science degree from the Illinois Institute of Technology in 1951, followed by service in the U.S. Army, and then obtained a Masters’ Degree in Mathematics from the University of Illinois in 1955. His professional career began in the aerospace industry as a numerical analyst, programming large-scale digital computers in support of the military’s ballistic missile and space exploration programs. In 1962, he co-founded Informatics, Inc., one of the first viable software companies. He ended his career as a key executive with Sterling Software, Inc. in 1998, the latter having acquired Informatics in 1985.

Since retirement, he has been active in genealogy, having amassed an extended family database dating to the thirteenth century. This research led to the publication of his family’s story in *Legacy: The Saga of a German-Jewish Family Across Time and Circumstance* (Avotaynu Foundation Inc.), of which this memoir is an excerpt. His business career led to the writing of the novel *Corporate War: Poison Pills and Golden Parachutes* (Kindle and Nook e-book formats).

In 1955, Werner Frank married Phoebe Mannel, a Von Steuben and U of I graduate. The couple moved to Los Angeles where they had three children and are now blessed with seven grandchildren.

Family Memoir

Monuments on Roosevelt Road

BY FRAN WOLPO

My grandfather, Isador Goldman, founded the Goldman Monumental Works. In the beginning, he lifted the heavy stones with a pulley and a horse and set the monuments in the cemetery with his bare hands. Eventually he would become the largest Jewish monument dealer in Chicago. He was instrumental in bringing many Jewish refugees to this country, and giving them financial and legal aid.

Isador Goldman was born in Kishinev, in the Russian Empire, in 1882. He married Esther Soroka there in 1903. Evading conscription in the Tsar's army and fleeing the pogroms, he managed to come to the United States with his wife and baby (my mother) in 1906. My grandparents became citizens in 1914, and by then they had three more daughters.

My uncle, William Katz, worked with my grandfather. There was one other employee, Emil, a Polish gentleman who worked for my grandfather all his life. When I was growing up, Emil would let me come into the shop where the sandblasting took place. He would put a covering of "glue" on the monuments and then stencil the lettering (Hebrew and English), then cut out the outline. As a treat he would let me pull the "glue" off of the letters. Then the monuments would go into the sandblasting area. I can still smell the glue. I don't know what that substance really was, but it would stick to the stone.

Emil spoke a great Yiddish, and he always protected me—especially the time when a gang of Italians threatened to kill our whole family! I was

hiding among the stones, and he came up and said, "Don't worry Faigele. I will always protect you."

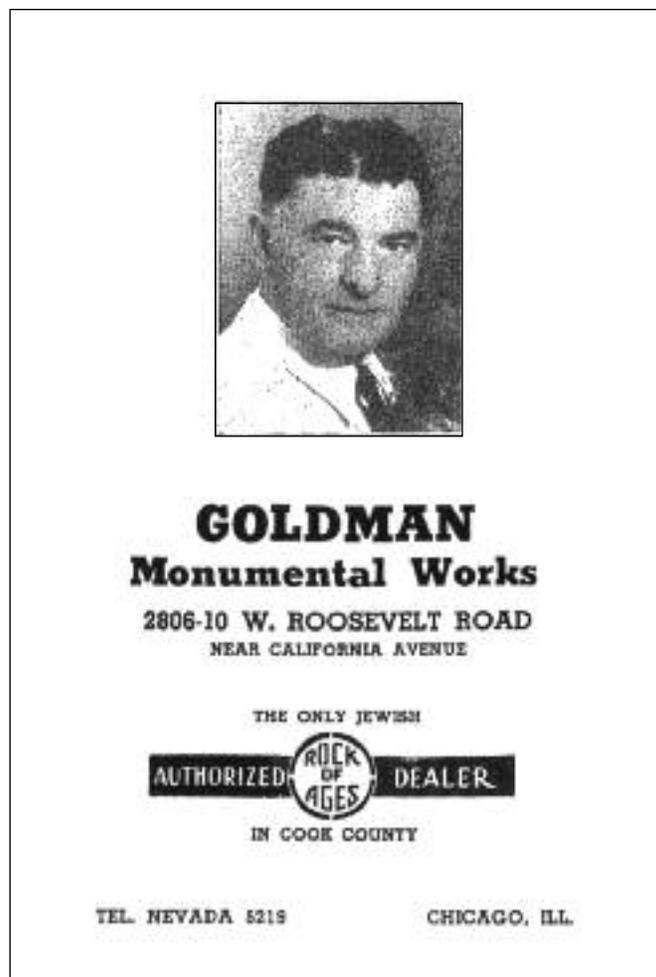
I remember that there was an outdoor display area and also an indoor showroom on the first floor. I have looked for pictures of the Roosevelt Road monument shop, but so far haven't found any. But I did find a little book of mourners' prayers, distributed compliments of Goldman Monumental Works, and picturing my grandfather (see below). On the cover it states that he is a member of Workmen's Circle Branch No. 32.

He and my grandmother, who helped him in the business, had a cottage in South Haven, Michigan, where the family spent weekends in the summer. I was a camper at the Workmen's Circle Camp Kinderland in South Haven, where Yiddish was the spoken language.

When my grandparents semi-retired, they sold the cottage and bought a home in Miami Beach, Florida. Eventually, when fully retired, they settled there. My uncle, William Katz, became owner of the business, and the name became Goldman-Katz.

When my fiancé and I decided to marry in 1945, we moved up our wedding date because my grandmother, Esther, was terminally ill, and we wanted her to attend. She helped raise me until I was 14 years old, and she was like a mother to me.

Although it was a small wedding, my grandfather's poker club friends wanted to officiate. So three great cantors—Tevele Cohen, Joshua Lind, and Paul Cosloff—all blessed us with their beautiful voices.



Inside page of *Prayers for Mourners* with portrait of Isador Goldman. Photocopy courtesy Fran Wolpo.

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Monuments *continued from page 13*

After my grandmother's passing, my grandfather married the sister of one of his cantor friends (Cantor Cosloff, I think). Isador died on July 27, 1963, and she survived him by about twenty-five years.

Isador Goldman's obituary states that he was a charter member of Workmen's Circle Branch No. 32, a charter member of the Chicago Miami Club, and a member of Congregation Bnei Ruven [current spelling]. But his first and most prominent credit was "Past President of the Korostishover Congregation and Social Club." I recently found a document that mentions that our family was from Korostishev, a *shtetl* in Ukraine. Maybe Kishinev, a well-known city with a name easier to pronounce, was mistakenly thought to be his birthplace. Is the Korostishover *shul* still standing? ❖

FRAN WOLPO lives in Denver, Colorado, as do her sisters, Roberta Pepper and Marlene Zekman. A fourth sister, Doris Minsky, of Blessed Memory, was a founding member of the CJHS. A fund was established in her name by the Society for the publication of monographs on Chicago Jewish history.

Five Doris Minsky Memorial Fund Prize Books were published. Cash prizes were awarded to the winning authors. Copies of the books are available from the Society office by mail order. For details, see our website: www.chicagojewishhistory.org. Click on the Fall 2010 issue of Chicago Jewish History and scroll down to the book section.



Anshe Karastishub – 3146 West 15th Place.

"There are several spellings for the name of this synagogue. Without a written historical record, it is not clear as to the proper spelling. Another listing has the name as Korostishaw. Those who founded the congregation...came from Korostichever (sic), a small town in Russia." — A WALK TO SHUL: Chicago Synagogues of Lawndale. By Bea Kraus and Norman D. Schwartz. (2003, Chicago Jewish Historical Society.) When Norman took this photograph, the building housed the Congregational Church of God in Christ.

The town of Korostyshev, Ukraine exists today. From 1870 to 1914 it had a large Jewish population.

Romance *continued from page 3*

Sadly, Ms. Siegel could not find an acceptable portrait of Silverman, so he is not mentioned in the video.

(CJHS President Walter Roth researched and wrote a fascinating article—unillustrated—about the banker for our Society quarterly. "Who Was Lazarus Silverman?" is included in the book *Looking Backward: True Stories of Chicago's Jewish Past*, a collection of Roth's articles in *CJH*. The paperback is available at the Spertus Shop and local booksellers for \$19.95.)

The "Romance" screening was a great success. The audience was engaged and responsive. The DVD is available from our distributor, Ergo Home Video, for \$29.95. Phone 877-539-4748 or order online at www.jewishvideo.com. ❖

NCJW *continued from page 3*

social activist would have been proud! Solomon enlisted a cadre of prominent Jewish women to found the organization during the World's Columbian Exposition and the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893. She served as the first president of NCJW until 1905.

Some NCJW advocacy projects in Chicago 1893-2000 (merged with North Shore Section in 2000) include immigrant rights; psycho-social rehabilitation (established Thresholds); Mobile Meals; Y.E.S. Senior Service Aid; Ship-a-Box (to Israel); reproductive choice (NCJW is the leading Jewish women's organization on this subject); "Women of the Wall" in Jerusalem.

The inspired advocates of NCJW maintain three main offices: in NYC for national activities, in DC for secular projects, and in Israel for domestic issues there. ❖

President's Column *continued from page 2*

My paternal grandfather died when my dad was nine years old and young David became a major support of the family.

The Bialystoker Ladies' Auxiliary, anticipating his visit, let it be known that a real catch was coming—a single man with a steady job and good prospects. My father did meet the woman who would become his wife and my mother, Rena Kleinbort. They became engaged, married, and she came to the United States in the early 1930s. My father was never able to bring his family from Bialystok to Chicago. They perished in the Shoah. But my parents were able to bring my *zayde* Jacob and uncle Norman Kleinbort to join the Chicago Mazur family.

The Kleinborts were a middle-class family, jewelers, educated at least through the *gymnasia*, and tending to Orthodox religious practice. My father was a blue collar worker with a strong back and an uneducated mind (his schooling ended in the primary grades), but he was incredibly streetwise. His religion was the *Arbeter Ring* (the Workmen's Circle).

HUMBOLDT PARK.

I was born on October 13, 1942 at Lutheran Deaconess Hospital. For the first thirteen years of my life we lived in the Humboldt Park neighborhood at 913 North Francisco Avenue, second floor rear apartment. I attended the Lafayette Grammar School (as did Saul Bellow), attended local Hebrew schools, and was Bar Mitzvah at the Atereth Zion Congregation. Much of my free

time was spent in Humboldt Park, bike-riding, playing baseball, football, hockey (on the frozen lagoon), and sledding down Bunker Hill.

Division Street was the Champs Élysées of this neighborhood. My *zayde* and uncle's store, Norman's Jewelry, was at 2714 West Division Street. There were delis such as Joe Pierce's, Ruttenberg's, and the Spot; and movie theaters: the Vision, the Harmony, and the Biltmore. After Saturday morning services, I would make a beeline to the theater and then have dinner with my parents, older brother, *zayde*, aunt, uncle, and cousins. The usual menu was fresh cut lox, smoked fish, and other delights from the P.D. Kahn Butter and Egg Store and Levinson's bakery.

"SOL LEVIN" HIGH SCHOOL, THE U OF I, AND THE U OF C. In 1956, we moved north to Rogers Park, and I attended Sullivan High School, or as we called it—"Sol Levin"—because of the significant Jewish student population.

I attended the University of Illinois, first at Navy Pier and then in Urbana-Champaign. There, in order of importance, I met Myrna Hankin, my wonderful wife of forty-five years, and received bachelor's and master's degrees in History and Political Science.

I completed my graduate work at the University of Chicago, earning a Ph.D. in History.

During my academic career I taught history and politics at the City Colleges of Chicago, the University of Illinois at Chicago, and institutions of higher education in Europe. Currently, I serve on the boards of World Chicago, the City Club of Chicago, and the Chicago Tour Professionals Association.

MY CJHS ACTIVITIES.

I have been active in our Society since its earliest days. Among my contributions: conducting oral history training sessions; recording oral history interviews; delivering lectures at our open meetings; discussing Chicago Jewish history at synagogues, organizations, and schools; and writing on a variety of subjects for *Chicago Jewish History*, where I contribute the popular feature "Pages From The Past." I am a longtime Board member and have served as treasurer.

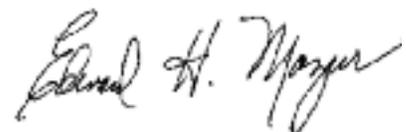
TO OUR MEMBERSHIP:

Please keep in mind that we have a dedicated Board of Directors—men and women who ardently love the histories that combine to make the Chicago Jewish experience. Thanks to their volunteered time and effort, the CJHS is in the forefront of local organizational and ethnic life.

A special thank-you to Bev Chubat, our editor-designer, who welcomes your manuscript submissions to *Chicago Jewish History* and fields your inquiries to our website and office.

We are always seeking fresh additions to the Board. If you have the energy and desire to serve, please contact me. (See the Society e-mail, street address, and phone number on page 2.)

With your support, I look forward to the continued success of the CJHS. I especially look forward to greeting you personally at our open meetings, tours, and other special occasions.



Look to the rock from which you were born
הביטו אל-צור חצבונם



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IN THIS ISSUE:

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What We Are

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. The Society has as its purpose the discovery, preservation and dissemination of information about the Jewish experience in the Chicago area.

Tribute Cards for Celebrations or Memorials The card design features the Society's logo, our mission statement, and space for a personal message. A pack of eight cards and envelopes is \$10.00. Individual cards can be mailed for you from our office at \$5.00 per card, postage included. Order cards from the Society office (312) 663-5634.

Remember the Society Name the Chicago Jewish Historical Society as a beneficiary under your Last Will, Living Trust, IRA or other retirement account. Any gift to CJHS avoids all estate taxes and can be used to support any activity of our Society that you choose—publication, exhibition, public program, or research. For information please call the Society office at (312) 663-5634.

Browse Our Website for information about our upcoming programs. Read past issues of *Chicago Jewish History*. Discover links to other Jewish sites. Use the printable membership application. We welcome your inquiries and comments. E-mail: info@chicagojewishhistory.org

www.chicagojewishhistory.org

About the Society

What We Do

The Society seeks out, collects and preserves written, spoken and photographic records, in close cooperation with the Chicago Jewish Archives, Spertus Institute of Jewish Studies. The Society publishes historical information; holds public meetings at which various aspects of Chicago Jewish history are treated; mounts appropriate exhibits; and offers tours of Jewish historical sites.

Membership

Membership in the Society is open to all interested persons and organizations and includes a subscription to *Chicago Jewish History*, discounts on Society tours and at the Spertus Museum store, and the opportunity to learn and inform others about Chicago Jewish history and its preservation.

Dues Structure

Membership runs on a calendar year, from January through December. New members joining after July 1 are given an initial membership through December of the following year.

Life Membership	\$1000
Annual Dues:	
Historian	500
Scholar	250
Sponsor	100
Patron	50
Basic Membership	35

Make checks payable to the Chicago Jewish Historical Society, and mail to our office at 610 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60605-1901. Dues are tax-deductible to the extent permitted by law.