

NEW YORK BAGEL CLIP 23316 WOODWARD

14,500 Sold Every Weekend

Hot Kitchen Brings on Bagel Boom

BY GEORGE CANTOR

Free Press Staff Writer

MORRIS Goldsmith started selling bagels over the counter 15 years ago because the heat was on.

Now he sells 14,500 every weekend.

A bagel, if you didn't know is sort of a cement-covered doughnut. A Jewish teething ring.

Cut it in half, spread on some cream cheese, insert a slice of lox, add Swiss cheese if you're real fancy, close it up again and enjoy, enjoy.

BUT GOLDSMITH, 61, the owner of Detroit's New York Bagel Bakery, 20354 West Seven Mile, was only a wholesale supplier for the first 28 of his bageling years.

"Then I added a second oven in the bakery. And it got so hot in there that I had to open the doors," Goldsmith recalled.

"People saw the doors open and mobbed the place, demanding to buy bagels. So I started selling to them retail."

Bagels do that to you. In

many Jewish homes they are a Sunday morning tradition. Customers come from all over the city and suburbs to buy a bagel at Goldsmith's two emporiums or other bakeries.

"And 40 percent of my customers aren't even Jewish," Goldsmith revealed in awed tones. "They come into the

stores right from church to buy bagels and then go home to eat."

In fact, it was one of these customers who gave Goldsmith his greatest inspiration—the salt stick.

"The guy came in one day and told me he liked bagels but he'd like them even more

if he could eat them with hot dogs," he said.

"I told him to wait a few minutes and instead of shaping a fat round bagel I made a long, thin one with salt on it and the guy was delighted. And I'd invented a new bagel form."

Goldsmith cringes at the thought of eating it with a wiener.

"I prefer them straight with lox and cream cheese," he said. "Of course, it's all a matter of taste."

Goldsmith has been tasting bagels with a professional palate for 43 years, since he bought the bagel factory when he was 18.

GOLDSMITH had trouble in his early years, including a competitor who bought the building in which he was located and raised his rent to \$365 a month.

But now he owns two retail outlets and makes bagels in four delicious flavors—onion, egg, salt and plain.

Goldsmith's greatest annoyance is wasted bagels.

"There's never any reason to throw away a bagel," he said. "If you find that you can't eat all the bagels, slice them in half and freeze them."

"Then when you want a snack, take the bagel halves out of the freezer and pop them in your toaster. In three minutes you have a bagel that tastes as good as fresh."

And don't forget the cream cheese.



Free Press Photo by JERRY HEIMAN

Morris Goldsmith: Bagels are his business

Detroit Free Press Jan 24, 1966

Peddlers Make Dough

Bagel Boys Going Over Big

BY GLENNA McWHIRTER
Free Press Staff Writer

Out of the chilling mist and velvet black at 3 a.m. every Sunday, an unsung, unknown, and largely unseen army of sleepy public servants begins to gather—at the New York Bagel Bakery, 19140 Schaefer, in Northwest Detroit.

These are the Bagel Boys, ages 13 and up, who have come to claim their orders.

“KIDS HAVE been doing this for maybe 10 years,” said Harvey Goldsmith, owner-manager of the bakery.

“They pick up hot bagels between three and six in the morning and deliver their routes. Some buy 50 to 70 dozen. I have one boy who orders 100, but most average about 15 dozen. I give the kids a wholesale rate and they sell at whatever they can get.”

Marc Gregory, 15, of Franklin and his cousin Elliot Spoon, 16, who lives in Southfield, are fairly new in the bagel business.

They sell bagels for \$1 a dozen, tag on a delivery charge (15c to 40c depending on order size), and are averaging \$20 a week in profits.

“We started in September,” Marc said. “We have about 26 regular customers in Birmingham and Southfield so far. We began by calling our friends. The word gets around and pretty soon everybody wants bagels. In one three-block area in Birmingham we

have 15 regular customers now.”

Marc and Elliot deposit bagels in empty milk chutes and behind screen doors from six to nine on Sunday morning. Then they go to Marc's house for breakfast. “We eat bagels usually. You can get pretty sick of them,” Marc admitted. After breakfast they go the route a second time, collecting.

RECENTLY the boys have added lox, smoked sturgeon, cream cheese, onion rolls and kaiser rolls to their home delivery line.

Sunday is a big bagel day, according to Goldsmith, because Jewish families traditionally include bagels in Sunday brunch menus.

But the bagel is ecumenical.

“Half my customers are gentile and the biggest rush for hot bagels is after Sunday church services,” Goldsmith said.

Nearly everybody recognizes a bagel when he sees one—a small, hard, shiny doughnut-shaped roll.

Good bagels are tough enough to crack crocodile teeth. This characteristic is called “chewiness” by bagel boosters.

BAGELS ARE available in plain, salty, onion, egg and pumpernickel varieties. There are even teething bagels for babies.

Bagel purists slice them, toast them, and spread them with cream cheese.

Some lay on lox—thinly sliced, smoked salmon.

No one remembers exactly who invented the bagel, when, where, why or how.



Free Press Photo by JERRY HEIMAN

ELLIOT Spoon (left) and Marc Gregory have entered the bagel delivery business. Taking customers' orders is all a part of the job.

Detroit Free Press Oct 10, 1967

Jawbreaker No More

The Bagel: Big in Detroit!

BY TONI BETTISWORTH
Free Press Staff Writer

Comedians call the bagel the petrified doughnut or Brooklyn jawbreaker. But it is not likely to break jaws anymore because it's lighter and stays fresher than it once did.

The bagel with lox and cream cheese is what the New York politician always sank his teeth into—with cameras snapping—to win the Jewish vote. But the bagel is not strictly Jewish food anymore, or Eastern either.

The bagel is now big in Detroit. Both fresh and frozen, and in all flavors, bagels are in stock in most grocery stores, and Detroit's New York Bagel Bakery produces 24,000 bagels daily for bagel fans in Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana. Wayne State students munch over 150 dozen daily and a local high school selling them in school halls as a money making project sold over 250 dozen in a day.

Mr. Harvey Goldsmith, co-owner of the New York Bagel Bakery proudly emphasizes that bagels are the hottest and fastest growing bread item today. "Ten years ago ninety percent of the bagels purchased were served in Jewish households. Today, over sixty percent of the bagels purchased are placed on non-Jewish tables."

Weighted with flour—tied in a knot—boiled hard for two and one-half minutes—baked at 500 degrees!

Legend has it that bagels were first made in Vienna in 1683 and became a specialty of Jewish bakers in Poland, Austria and Russia. And bagels served with lox (smoked salmon) and cheese quickly became a Sunday morning favorite with Jewish homemakers.

While a bagel is still a bagel, the making and selling of bagels has indeed changed. The crusty ring-shaped yeast rolls were introduced on New York's lower East Side by Jewish immigrants years ago.

Neighborhood demand for the chewy bread product encouraged a Polish immigrant, the late Harry Lender, to open a bagel bakery and by 1927, he single handedly turned out one-hundred dozen plain bagels a day. Today, three of his sons operate a completely automated bagel bakery that produces 16,000 dozen bagels daily—in twelve flavors. And the bagels are sold in forty states, Europe and Vietnam.

Bagels with that delectable chewy firmness are toasted and smothered with butter and jam for breakfast; boiled with cheese for lunch; topped with hamburger for supper; bagels spread



Free Press Photo by MIKE MCCLURE

More Detroiters than ever sink teeth into bagels

with pizza sauce and sausage for a midnight snack!

Or, if you are a sophisticate, bagels with lox and cream cheese for breakfast, with lox and cream cheese for lunch, with lox and cream cheese for supper and with lox and cream cheese for a midnight snack!

Local fans seem to prefer the plain, salt and egg varieties. However, you'll also find them available in pumpernickle, onion, poppy seed, rye, garlic and sesame seed.

Rumors are that enterprising Easterners are also producing raisin, tutti-fruity and chocolate chip bagels for gourmets!

Detroit Free Press May 25, 1969

NEW YORK
BAGEL
(Bagels that made Detroit Famous)
**ANNOUNCES OPENING
OF THEIR THIRD LOCATION**
Evergreen at 12 Mile
352-2111

**BAKING HOT BAGELS AT
ALL LOCATIONS**

19140 Schaefer
at Seven Mile DI 1-3856
20354 W. 7 Mile
1 Blk West of Evergreen KE 8-1242

NEW YORK BAGEL BAKING CO.
Open Daily and Sunday

Detroit New March 12, 1970

How an ethnic doughnut became everyone's bagel

By SHIRLEY ANN JENZEN
News Staff Writer

Five-year-old Kevin trotted down to the kitchen one sleepy Monday morning and found his mother serving something new for breakfast.

It was round, like a biscuit, but had a hole in the middle. It was warm, because his mother had toasted it, and Kevin could hold it up and catch the butter on his tongue as it melted and ran through the center.

"What is it, mommy?"

"It's a bagel."

"What's a bagel?"

"It's a— a Jewish doughnut."

"**JEWISH DOUGHNUT,**" laughs Harvey Goldsmith, manager of the New York Bagel Bakery, a wholesale and retail company which has operated in Detroit for 52 years. "That's what some people call them, but they don't realize the doughnut is only about 100 years old. We've

been eating bagels for centuries."

The fact the bagel has been around so long also contributes to the obscurity of its origin. The history of the bagel one hears depends a great deal on the "historian" one hears it from.

One theory which the Jewish airlines, El Al, printed in a 14-page booklet on bagels goes something like:

IN 1643 the Turks attacked Vienna and were driven off by the King of Poland and his army. A Polish adventurer rescued thousands of sacks of green coffee left by the Turks and founded the first Viennese coffeehouse.

He served with his coffee small, half-moon shaped breads called "kapfel."

When the Polish king entered Vienna, grateful citizens clinging to his stirrups, the

coffeehouse owner reshaped his bread to look like a stirrup. ("Buegel" in German).

AFTER THE SECOND partition of Poland, according to El Al, many Jews left Austria and Germany, bringing with them their now-circular Buegel, Buegel, or Regel—depending on where they were from.

El Al admits, however, that several self-styled bagel authorities say the story is false.

Another story from an unidentifiable source deals with the origin of the shape of a bagel and the method by which it is baked.

Persecuted Jews in Europe were forbidden to make or eat bread. Because bread was a mainstay in any diet at the time, they decided to substitute it with the bagel.

The Jews told government authorities that the bagel wasn't bread because:

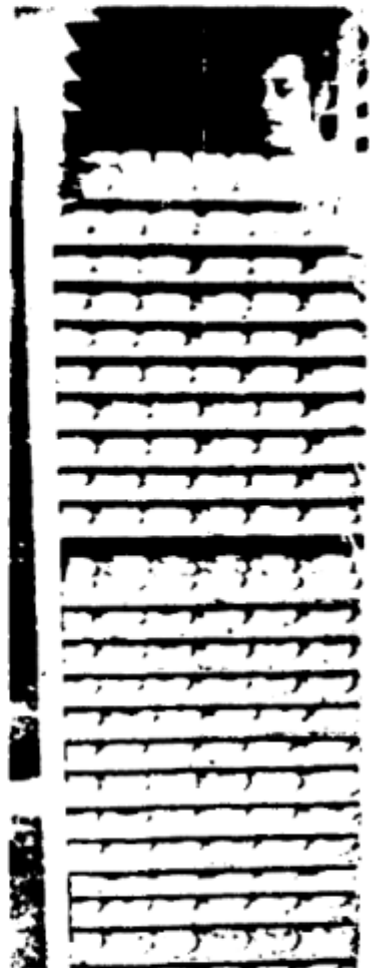
- It was round with a hole in the middle, and everybody knows bread comes in big, chunky loaves.
- It was boiled before being baked, and who in their right mind boils bread?

Where ever it came from, a bagel is a hard roll, made from a single rise dough containing a high-protein flour and very little sugar.

THE BAGEL is formed into its doughnut shape and boiled water for three or four minutes. Then it is baked for about 12 minutes in a very hot (500 degree) oven.

The boiling process keeps the bagel from being burned on the outside while in the oven, explains Goldsmith. Bread is ordinarily baked at a much lower (375 degree) temperature.

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LESS THAN an hour's work for a good bagel man — Mark Nicosia stands behind 55 dozen ready-to-bake bagels.

Detroit New August 12, 1970



-Three Photos by Edward Steiner

BAGEL ADMIRERS Terrance Vaughn and Karla Railey, both three years old, are ready to put their money where their mouth is —at bagel level. Behind the scenes at the New York Bagel Bakery (right) Gus Kyriacou and Jerry Peirat prepare dough, Jim Dimitroff (far right) boils the dough before it is baked.



Detroit New August 12, 1970

Continued from Page 1F

The New York Bagel Bakery makes six varieties of bagels—plain, salted, onion, egg, pumpernickel and teething bagels for babies (made thinner to get inside tiny mouths). The company also makes onion sticks and bialies, a flattened roll without a hole in the middle. All are made out of the same basic bagel dough.

"WE MAKE 15,000 dozen bagels a week for wholesale and retail at our three bakery shops," says Goldsmith, whose father Morris began working with the company's original owners 50 years ago. It is the second largest fresh bagel bakery in the country, according to Goldsmith. (He doesn't make a frozen product to be sold wholesale.)

Using a machine to form the bagels, Goldsmith estimates that 660 dozen bagels per hour can be made ready for baking.

"A good bagel man can make about 70 dozen an hour by hand."

THE BAGELS are formed by machine at the bakery's West Seven Mile plant and then placed in a retarder, a storage room kept at 35 degrees to keep the yeast from being activated.

When they are needed, the bagels are removed and trucked to the Schaefer Road plant where they are boiled and haked.

According to Goldsmith, 70 percent of his wholesale business is non-Jewish.

"In the last five years, the bagel has really crossed the ethnic barrier. People come from all over the city to buy them.

"I SEND 150 dozen a day to Wayne State University—the kids love 'em. During the school year, I sell bagels to high school students who use them for fund-raising drives. I do the least amount of business in Jewish schools, because those kids get bagels at home anyway."

Bagels can be eaten "any way you please," says Goldsmith.

"You can put anything you want on them—butter, cream cheese, lox, salami. They make a fantastic pizza and are great for garlic toast when they're a day old."

Goldsmith says he has one customer who serves them cut up as hors d'oeuvres.

"PEOPLE ON diets eat them because they're low in calories—90 calories for a 2½-ounce bagel" (A medium, plain doughnut contains 135 calories.)

"The boiling takes out a lot of the starch."

Bagels are eaten by all kinds of people for all kinds of reasons, according to Goldsmith, who says, "In New York, you can buy them anywhere."

WHY THE NAME New York Bagel Bakery for Detroit?

"The name is used all over the country by bakeries who aren't even affiliated. I guess it's because New York City has the largest number of bagel stores — and also the largest number of bagel eaters."

Detroit New August 12, 1970

The Goldsmith Bagel Gang Moves In on the English Muffin Monopoly

BY JOHN ASHBY
For *DETROIT MAGAZINE*

Mary rolled over and nudged John in the side. "John, John," she said, "you awake?" John groaned and turned his back on her. Without moving his lips he answered, "No, what's wrong?" Mary replied, "I have a taste for some—" "Oh no," John shouted as he sat straight up in the bed. "You're not expecting again, are you?" "No, silly," she said. "I have a taste for hot bagels."

This is just one of the many dramas that occur each day in Detroit because of the bagel. Wayne State students have been known to abruptly leave their classrooms in search of an appetizing bagel. Catholic churches buy them by the hundreds of dozens to augment the revenue from bingo games. High schools like Cass Tech and Fordson sell bagels to raise money. A lady in Iron River has three dozen shipped to her every month. City workers drive for miles to get hot ones. Children beg for money, not for candy, but for hot raisin bagels. And a family from as far away as Albuquerque has them flown out on a regular basis.

Bagels are originally a Jewish creation, invented out of necessity so one story goes. Four hundred years ago, in parts of Europe, the baking of bread by Jews was deemed unlawful, punishable by prison. Bread in those days was the size of tubs and looked like petrified ant hills, unlike the shape of bread we know today. So you made bagels and when the fuzz of those days broke into your pad expecting to make a pinch because he smelled bread baking, he was surprised to see small wheel-shaped items.

So bagels (meaning stirrups) became the new bread of that generation and is now becoming the new bread of the "now generation." Half of all bagel sales in Detroit are to non-Jews.

The persons responsible for the upsurge of bagels in Detroit are known as the Goldsmith Gang. They are 25 members strong and are led by Harvey Goldsmith whose motto is, "Our bagels are baked with love."

Some of the other principal characters are: Jerry Petrat, better known as the mixer; Gus Cyriacou, alias The Greek; Mark Nicosia; Beautiful Dave Berkhart; and their moll and ace sales-girl, Peggy Clark. The rest of the gang's names sound like the who's who at the UN.

Their front is the New York Bagel



Some of the members of the Goldsmith Bagel Gang. Their hats were knitted by one of the guys and are much admired by customers, who have bought 30 of them (hats, not bagels). "If I don't like something," cracks Harvey, "I tell a guy to turn in his hat."

Co., the second largest bagel company in the country, and it's pretty unusual. For instance, everyone wears a knitted cap. It's sort of a badge of office, a uniform. It came about simply enough. One day, a health inspector was in and said everyone's hair should be covered, so one of the men went home and knitted hats—for everyone. They're all red, white, and blue, but highly individual. Harvey's is a tan. Jerry Petrat rolls his shoulder-length hair into a bun and covers it with a stocking cap. Beautiful Dave, who has one ear lobe pierced with a gold ring, has a peace symbol pinned to his. In fact, the hats have become so popular that Harvey gets requests for them from customers and business associates. "I've sold about thirty of them," he shrugs.

A sign on the wall at the Schaefer store says, "You don't have to be crazy to work here, but it helps." And Harvey nods agreement. "I attract unusual people," he admits.

Harvey has a friend who's just completed a course in Business Administration. "He says I'm doing everything wrong. First, I'm supposed to be called 'mister.' No more first names. Then, I should build myself an office

and stay in there. With the door shut, to keep my distance, see? And, I shouldn't know any of my employees' problems. Can you imagine? Me?"

Maybe not, but Harvey runs the operation like Milo Minderbinder, the wheeler-dealer in *Catch 22*, only he has exchanged the military hat for his red, white, and blue number and the army jeep for a Firebird. While other bakeries are closing, Harvey is opening a fourth operation at Greenfield and Ten Mile. (Other locations: Evergreen at Seven Mile; Evergreen at Twelve Mile, and Schaefer at Seven Mile.) The crew operates on two shifts and makes and sells more than 240,000 bagels a week. He has outlets in Kansas City, Cincinnati, Naptown and as far south as Kentucky. Since Harvey has taken over the combine, he has obtained contracts from New York City. "Shipping bagels into New York," Harvey modestly acknowledges, "is a little like shipping crude oil into Saudi Arabia."

Harvey worked his way up from the bottom: He started rolling bagels at the age of 11. Today, he is a partner with his father, who has been in the bagel business for 50 years.

Once bagel making was strictly a

hand operation, one of slow drudgery. "There is an old Jewish curse," Harvey recalls, "that says, 'May you stand in hell and roll bagels.'" Harvey, who has a bachelor of science degree from Wayne State, revolutionized the industry by being the first to use revolving ovens for greater production, retarding boxes to store uncooked bagels, drying ovens and a bagel-making machine. This wonder is from the Gold Medal Bagel Co. of Philly, the largest fresh bagel bakery in the country. A good man can roll about 70 dozen bagels in an hour. The machine can make 660 dozen in the same time.

Anyone who is up at 5:30 a.m. on Sunday and wishes to witness another bagel phenomenon, need only to mosey around to Schaefer and Seven Mile to see approximately 15 delivery boys going through their check-lists.

Bagel routes such as these are prized possessions that are tightly held within a kind of fraternity. Dan Podalsky and Mark Luria inherited theirs from their brothers, while Larry Silb and David Sklar bought theirs from a friend who went away to college. Routes extend as far as Pontiac. For delivering 800 bagels, and other baked goods, a boy can make \$40 a week for his three-hour Sunday service.

Everyone in the Goldsmith Gang is a specialist. When they get a contract from someone like St. Brendan's to make 150 dozen, the mixer, Jerry Petrat is the first to move. He throws 2 pounds of yeast, \$25 pounds of Minnesota summer wheat flour, 5 pounds of salt, 6 pounds of sugar, 3 pounds of malt, and a predetermined amount of water into a machine that looks like it was made to mix mortar for those cement suits so popular during prohibition. (Maybe one of the reasons bagels are so popular is that they contain absolutely no oil or fat and are only 90 calories each).

After the mixer goes putty-putty, Beautiful Dave and The Greek slash up the huge hunks of dough like whalers do blubber. The slabs of dough are fed into a machine that spits out four continuous rows of little round balls. Each ball is put onto its own little tray and taken on a trip through a long tunnel, where it relaxes for eight minutes before the great ordeal.

After the trip, the balls are dumped into a teflon machine, invented by a school teacher, where it is pulled and twisted into its final shape, that of a

The Boss



MORRIS GOLDSMITH, founder of the New York Bagel Co.—Fifty years in the business and still up to his neck in bagels.

Photographs by Ira Rosenberg

pregnant donut.

The uncooked bagels are placed on boards dusted with corn meal, stored in racks of 120 dozen each, and sped off to one of four locations, where they are plunged into boiling hot water for two minutes. Boiling removes some of the starch from the high gluten flour and gives bagels their distinctive sheen. The bagels are then sent through a machine with an open flame that dries the tops to prevent sticking in the oven.

In the oven, bagels are baked at a temperature of 500 degrees for 12 minutes (Regular bread is baked at 375 degrees.) After that they are ready to blow the minds of bagel connoisseurs.

Running a combine like the New York Bagel Co. is a seven-day, 70-hour-a-week job for Harvey. Half the time is spent burning up the road between the four shops, co-ordinating operations. The other half is spent at home, deciphering the books and trying to create additional varieties to complement the plain, salt, egg, onion, raisin, teething, and rye bagels he now makes.

"There's a whole world that doesn't know what a bagel is," he says. "One girl called me up after she'd spotted our name in the phone book and told me she'd been laughing at bagel jokes for years and had never seen one though she thought she would probably recognize one if she ever did. I told her that was funny, because they certainly don't look Jewish."

Though the bagel has been revered in a thousand jokes (Harvey Goldsmith knows them all) and its place in history is assured, many historians feel the bagel was denied approbation in the past. While the Goldsmith Gang and other members of the nationwide bagel syndicate are quietly moving out such American standards as the English muffin, the Danish bun and the Kaiser roll, there is a movement afoot among contemporary writers to amend some of our classic literature to include the bagel in instances where it had obviously been excluded.

Examples:

"Let them eat bagels—"

"Is this a bagel I see before me?"

"A book of verses underneath the bough,

A jug of wine, a dozen bagels, and thou

Beside me singing in the wilderness

Oh, wilderness were

Paradise enow!"

(D)

Detroit Free Press Jan 3, 1971

The Insomniac's Guide to Detroit

It's 3 a.m. and you want/need/crave...a transmission,
a friend, a shopping spree, a conversation, feta cheese,
a nice hot loaf of Sicilian bread, a doctor...

By MARTY FISCHHOFF
For *Detroit Magazine*

Detroit in early morning wears the most proper and somber black. Dark streets carry tired-eyed drivers to work or the tired-eyed home from work. Long rows of empty taxis stand in front of the slumbering Pontchartrain and Sheraton-Cadillac, cabbies slouched behind the wheels. An occasional citizen tugs a collar closer around his shivering neck as he awaits a laggard DSR bus. A cranky horn blares an elegy down Woodward.

It should give one a warm glow to realize how much our municipal forefathers cared for our health. Bars stay open till 4 in Chicago. In Detroit, the draught is damped at 2. A friendly game of snooker cannot be had within the city limits after midnight. Even bowling alleys must strike their lights by 3. Dress shops and barbershops and income-tax services see little incentive not to follow suit.

Yet, the nocturnal know the pleasures to be had after midnight. No traffic, no lines, and their kind of people. The places that ARE open, are packed with night folks not yet ready to take leave of the music, dancing, and eating. And—though it's harder to do here than in New York or Chicago—insomniacs can watch a game of hockey at 3 a.m., or launder their clothes or get their car fixed in somnambulist congeniality. To wit:

Shopping

You forgot milk for their cereal? You just did the laundry and remembered you meant to

Shopping after midnight often holds a few surprises. A most pleasant one is the Milano Bakery (24 hr., 20190 Van Dyke). Authentic Italian bread and pastries, and a dairy section for milk, cheese and butter. The friendly lady behind the counter smiles at whatever you say. No one is that friendly—she can't speak English.

Servell Market (2, 2906 W. Grand Blvd.) is the closest thing to the A&P, open late. The prices are high but a place to get gouda cheese after hours is handy. Midway Market (til 3, 1905 E. McNichols) is an appealing little produce market.

The most interesting of the late night drug stores is the downtown Kinsel's Drugs (100 Michigan). For buying a paper, an 8 cent cigar, or a miracle pill, it is the liveliest corner downtown at 3 a.m.

The other 24 hour pharmacies are in the suburbs: Cunningham's Northwood Center (3523 Woodward), Cunningham's Store No. 151 (5650 Schaefer), and Parklane Prescription (2317 Fort).

The thrill of shopping may be diminished at night, but both Hudson's (964-4444) and Crowley's (962-2400) have installed 24-hour phone ordering service. Any night, you can converse with their convivial machines.

Stuffing Yourself

If you're not hungry, neat places just to hang around

The late night trek from bedroom to refrigerator is a time honored part of our folk ritual. Forsaking home for a longer journey to the late-night restaurant is usually done because (1) the food at home is inadequate to satisfy a special craving; and (2) one wants companionship and conversation. Detroit abounds in all-night eateries from the adequate Plastic Chains to the good Ethnic Edibles. These should get you started:

ETHNIC: The various nationalities may not live on the same block, but they certainly feed each other.

MEXICAN—Across the street from a tortilla factory is a little restaurant at 5431 Bagley (closes at 3) with a decor straight out of Robert Downey, but it has what America needs—a good 15 cent tamale. (Esther, the young waitress, will gladly assist gringos as to what part to discard.) On the same block is the Xochimilco, whose specialty is Eggs Rancheros; and on the next street

is the Mexican Village (open till 3) which is patronized by non-Mexicans.

On weekends the young and the old gather for music and drink at the Las Vegas Bar. It sounds like a topos, but it is a home where the community can relish its culture through dance and tequila.

GREEK: The Greek community does its best to keep Detroit alive and stuffed. The little isle of baklava retsina, and feta cheese on Monroe between Beaubien and St. Antoine is Greektown. Its glories can be savored at the Grecian Village till 4; the Lakon (ditto); and the New Hellas (till 3), in descending order of cost.

More Dionysian adventure can be had at the Pier One (514 Shelby). The kitchen and belly dancer quit at midnight but the bar and George's Bozoki Band hold forth till 2. If you missed the belly-dancers here, catch the ones at the Cedars (74 W. Columbia).

The last show is at 1.

JEWISH: Food for thought and corned beef is the Onion Roll Delicatessen, 302 Woodward, Royal Oak; 24 hrs. The cook, Jay David, is really a chess master in disguise.

Sunday morning means bagels as much as church. The New York Bagel Factory (19140 Schaefer) is the place to buy the egg, raisin and pumpernickel hybrids. Purchase a dozen, pick up the Sunday papers from the man out front and cross the street to Greene's Hamburgers for coffee and butter.

The current favorite among delicatessens is Katz (13731 W. 9 Mile) and all at Oak Park will be there with you.

In the celery heart of Eastern Market, Samuel Brothers (2493 Russell) opens at 5 a.m. The plain interior is enlivened by the seamsters and produce men who are always there eating doughnuts as large as omelets. It's less a deli, and more a workingman's restaurant that, by chance, has Jewish food.

Equire Deli, 12647 Dexter (open around the clock) is in the old, old neighborhood and has gracefully made the transition to a mainly black patronage. Lou's (8224 W. McNichols; 2 weekdays, 3 weekends) in the new, old neighborhood may not.

CHINESE: Though you may be hungry every hour there are enough Chinese restaurants to allow you a new choice each of those hours for a month.

The most renowned, Chung's (3177 Cass; 1:30 weekdays, 2:30 weekends), is no place for the ambivalent. It serves naught but Cantonese cuisine. Chinatown also offers the Shanghai (3143 Cass; 2:30 weekends), a splendid unpretentious atmosphere occasionally destroyed on summer nights by the blaring voice of Ernie Harwell and Tiger Baseball.

The Hoe Hoe Inn's (4445 Second; till 4) superb meals are enjoyed by Wayne students and other people of the night. Another kitchen to tempt the Occidental palate is the Coconut Grove (7658 Woodward; till 3 on weekends).

The American Coney Island (115 Michigan) is a landmark. The assembly line hot dogs and hamburgers literally never stop. The long tables are perfect for mingling groups. And anyone who believes there is a finer hot dog in this city is feeding his own idiosyncracies.

The Lodge Coffee House (2329 W. Grand Blvd.) and the Palms (2896 W. Grand Blvd.) are both open around the clock, and both are favorites of students, police, actors from the Fisher, and the medics from Ford Hospital who sustain themselves on hamburgers and fries.

More campus-oriented is Johnnie's (119 W. Warren, closes at 2). The old place was immortal as a common ground for notorious characters. Forced to move down

the block when Warren was widened, the new place is more Howard Johnson. Gus, after whom the place is named, used to wear an apron, now he's spiffed up in suit and tie.

Next door is Durante's (111 W. Warren; open till 2:30 weekdays, 4 on Fri. and Sat.). The home of the Wop, advertises Sam. The cuisine is Italian and he proves it by putting garlic on everything.

Scattered throughout the heart of Detroit, many barbecues have long hours. After a bout with beer and tobacco, it takes a potent sauce to make a dent. A few suggestions: The Greenleaf Grill (8333 Linwood; 24 hours) for rock cornish hens and mustard greens; Eddie's Three Little Pigs (18055 Wyoming; till 2 on weekdays, 3 Thurs.-Fri.); and Brent's (9313 Oakland; 24 hours).

A good workingman's restaurant, always open: Chris' Grill (2307 16th), near the railroad station.

The best link on any chain is Margaret, the waitress at the Big Boy at 26196 Greenfield. The one section where young people are packed 20 to a booth is hers. Usually high-schoolers are subject to the worst service in any restaurant, which at times can be awful. Margaret gives them the best of treatment, the largest orders, and offers to pay their way through college. Leave her a tip as big as she deserves, and she'll shove it back in your pocket.



ness, February 28, 19

It's fficial!

Detroit bagel All-American

By LEONARD YOURIST

News Staff Writer

Sam Ambender has been saying it for years, and now he has proved it.

You don't have to be Jewish to love bagels.

The veteran Detroit bagel baker ignored the warnings of colleagues and business associates a few months ago and opened the area's first bagel bakery in a completely non-Jewish area — on Groesbeck at Metropolitan Beach Parkway, in Clinton Township.

Despite the skepticism of almost everyone in the business — including Ambender's partner in the Detroit Bagel Factory, Richard Steinik — the Macomb County bakery is selling at least as many bagels as any of the firm's other four outlets.

Eastiders who used to have to drive miles for bagels are flocking in droves to the new bakery, and new converts — gustatory, not religious — are being made every day.

Ambender is getting a large charge out of being a successful pioneer.

"When they found out what I was doing, my competitors laughed at me," he recalls. "My equipment suppliers in New York said I was nuts."

The reception the new bakery received in the area just south of Mt. Clemens surprised even Ambender.

"Even before we opened, people from the neighborhood knocked on the windows and told us how happy they were about having us there," he said.

A favorite with European Jews for centuries, the hard, tough, doughnut-shaped rolls have caught on with American gentiles only in the past decade.

Ambender actually began tapping the growing gentile taste for bagels seven years ago when he opened his second bakery in Livonia, figuring that

at best no more than half his customers in that area of Wayne County would be Jewish.

Now he estimates that 70 percent of his Livonia customers are non-Jews.

"What really changed things was the popularity of bagel sales in schools and colleges," Ambender said.

"Students in mostly non-Jewish schools sell bagels for fund raising projects by the hundreds of dozens, and the kids have introduced bagels to the rest of the family."

The clincher in his plan for a Macomb County bakery came over a year ago when he delivered a big load of bagels for a sale at a Bloomfield Hills elementary school.

"The kids just went wild," he said. "They bought all they could carry in their mouths and hands. It was chaotic — almost hysterical."

"And there wasn't a Jewish kid in the school."

Shirley Zienkewicz, a Polish Catholic from Warren who used to drive across town every weekend to buy bagels in Oak Park, is a salesgirl in the new bakery.

"I heard about the new bakery, came in and found Sam behind the counter," she said. "He recognized me and asked me if I wanted to sell bagels. I thought, why not? I love 'em."

Ronald Russell, of Shelby Township, is mostly Irish and had never eaten a bagel before Ambender hired him to bake bagels. Now he supervises the new bakery.

Bagel dough is boiled before baking. Besides selling the traditional plain, salty and onion bagels, Ambender also makes cheese-flavored, pumpernickel and raisin bagels.

(Concluded on Page 2C)

Detroit New Sept 11, 1972

Continued from Page 10

Mrs. Hazel Atkins, of New Haven, said she didn't know what a bagel was until she ventured into the new bakery.

"Now my kids can't get enough of them," she said.

"I'm crazy about bagels and used to have to drive to the west side to buy them," said Mrs. Pam Ayling, of Sterling Heights. "Bagels have always been pretty rare out here."

THE ONLY complaint came from Mrs. Yvonne Finazzo, who said the only time she ever ate bagels in the past was when she took her children to a Jewish pediatrician's office in Oak Park.

"This store is ruining my diet," she grumbled, ordering a special order.

Ambender's chief competitor, grudgingly admits that Ambender was right in trying the new venture.

"I thought he was making a big mistake," said Harvey Goldsmith, whose 50-year-old New York Bagel Bakery chain was the only one in town for many years.

"It was one thing to sell a lot of bagels to non-Jews, and quite another to open a bagel

bakery in a non-Jewish neighborhood.

"To be honest, we are now considering some possible locations for our bakeries in areas where there are no Jewish customers."

THE ULTIMATE tribute came from Mrs. Judy Harkey, who learned to love bagels with cream cheese and lox

from Jewish neighbors when she was growing up in Oak Park.

Now she lives right behind the new bakery, and came in pushing her baby in a stroller and dragging the family dasset hound.

"If I had to be Jewish to eat bagels, I think I might consider converting," she said.



—News Photo by Alan D. Liveness

MRS. HAZEL ATKINS of New Haven is a full-fledged bagel lover just a few weeks after tasting bagels for the first time.

Detroit New Sept 11, 1972

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Jewish News March 26, 1976

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Detroit Free Press Nov 14, 1976

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Detroit News Sept 18, 1977

Obituaries

Morris Goldsmith, operated bagel firm

Morris Goldsmith, who started the New York Bagel Baking Co. in a garage on Detroit's near east side 55 years ago and made it into an institution, is dead at the age 74.

Mr. Goldsmith, a Southfield resident, was buried today in Clover Hill Park Cemetery, Birmingham, after services in the Ira Kaufman Chapel in Southfield.

A Polish immigrant, he was 18 years old and had been in this country only two years when he entered a partnership with two other Detroiters and established the firm "in a garage behind a house somewhere around Russell and Hastings," said his son, Harvey.

Harvey recalled that the company got its name because one of the partners, "a man named Friedman, who has since died, had a cousin who came from New York." An oven was built in the garage for the bagels, which were shaped by hand and then delivered to wholesalers in a horse-drawn wagon.

It was an era when the bagel, now an international favorite, had not emerged from the Jewish neighborhoods. But, the New York Bagel Baking Co., reputed to be the oldest bakery of its kind in the Detroit area, helped change this.

The company was located at 9022 Linwood, where it remained for many years. Then it moved to Seven Mile and Schaefer. Four other outlets have since been opened in Ferndale, Southfield, Oak Park and Trenton.

Morris Goldsmith officially retired seven years ago and was succeeded by his son. But, until recently, he still paid daily visits to his bakeries because "he enjoyed his work."

He is survived by his wife, Anna; two other sons, Herman and Thomas; a brother; and two sisters.

Detroit New March 14, 1979

Morris Goldsmith dies; innovative bagel baron

Services for Morris Goldsmith, who built a small specialty bakery into a business that produces nearly 500,000 bagels a week, will be at 2 p.m. Wednesday at the Ira Kaufman Chapel, 18325 W. Nine Mile, Southfield.

Mr. Goldsmith, 74, who lived in Southfield, died Monday in the Franklin Convalescent Center.

A native of Poland, Mr. Goldsmith had been in the Detroit area 58 years.

He bought the New York Bagel Baking Co. 56 years ago, when he was 18, "in the days when everything was done by hand," said one of his sons, Harvey, who will continue to run the business with partner Joe Wachsberg.

"He had been retired for the past six years or so, but he was the kind of guy who would still come in every day for a look. He loved his work. That was what made him so good. No, he was great," the son said.

MR. GOLDSMITH eventually expanded the business to its present five stores in Southfield, Detroit, Ferndale, Oak Park and Trenton. He said in an interview 10 years ago that nearly half of his customers for the traditional Jewish hard rolls were Gentiles, and it was a Gentile who inspired Goldsmith to invent the salt stick bagel.

Mr. Goldsmith said one of his Christian customers used to stop in after church for bagels, and one day the man said he wished bagels were made in a form he could eat a hot dog in.

"I told him to wait a few minutes, and instead of a fat, round bagel I made a long,



Morris Goldsmith

thin one with salt on it and the guy was delighted," Mr. Goldsmith said. "And I'd invented a new bagel form," he added, although he admitted that the idea of eating a hot dog in a bagel brought shudders to a purist like himself who hewed to the traditional cream cheese and lox.

MR. GOLDSMITH was a wholesale baker for the first 28 years the company was in business and opened his first retail store in 1951.

Wachsberg, who joined the firm five years ago, said the company now produces about 60,000 bagels each weekday and 120,000 a day on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Goldsmith was a member of Mosaic Lodge No. 530, F&AM.

He is survived by his wife, Anna; sons Harvey, Thomas and Herman; a brother, two sisters and eight grandchildren.

A company spokesman said the New York Bagel Bakery stores would be closed Wednesday from 1 to 4 p.m. during the funeral services.

Burial will be in Clover Hill Park Cemetery.

Detroit Free Press March 14, 1979



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Detroit Free Press Nov 6 1984

Legacy

Bagel baking runs in family of Ferndale businessman

By Hy Shenkman
Special Writer

Howard Goldsmith comes from a family of bagel makers.

His grandfather was a baker in Poland, where he baked bialys, an oblong bagel.

After immigrating to the United States, granddad opened a bagel factory on Linwood in Detroit. In the family tradition, Goldsmith's father established a New York Bagel Factory branch on Woodward north of Nine Mile Road in Ferndale.

A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, Goldsmith became an assistant professor of speech and hearing sciences, but the lure of the family business proved too strong.

After teaching for four years, Goldsmith, 38, returned to Michigan 2½ years ago to join his father in the bagel factory.

Dressed in an apron, his face smudged with flour, Goldsmith took a breather and talked about the many kinds of bagels.

Some of them are plain, egg, garlic, onion, salty, raisin, pumpernickel, wheat, twist, the hard teething bagels for babies to chew on and the pizza bagel, he says.

The New York Bagel Factory has four branches in the Detroit Metropolitan area. In regions with a predominantly Jewish population, the biggest sellers are plain and egg bagels.

In non-Jewish neighborhoods, he says, raisins and salty bagels are the most popular.

Bagels are sent to branch stores as raw dough, so that the baker can bake them fresh on the premises, Goldsmith says, adding that in the morning most people eat bagels with butter or jelly, but in the afternoon bagels are often eaten with lox, salami or other meat products.

Asked how he made his transition from a college assistant professor to a bagel maker, Goldsmith replies:

"Sometimes, I think about my teaching career, but I don't regret making the change. I rise early every morning and work long hours. I'm constantly on the go



Staff photo by Dick Reed

Howard Goldsmith pulls a new batch of bagels from the deep fryer at the New York Bagel Factory.

in the factory while keeping an eye on the adjoining store.

"When in a pinch, I'll deliver to our accounts, most of whom are grocery stores, organizations, schools and bakery routes. I don't mind it, because here I'm the boss, a partner in this business with my father and I make my own decisions."

Goldsmith and his wife have three children: Michael, 3; Andree, 5; and Philip, 8.

Will a fourth generation of Goldsmiths be willing to continue in the family business?

"My 8-year-old son," says Goldsmith, "shows interest in our business. When he

grows up and learns how hard his father works and the long hours involved, he might have second thoughts. My father never pressed me, and I have no intention to tell my children how they should earn their living."

Goldsmith says that, while bagels used to be strictly a Jewish food, they are gaining in popularity.

"There is something about bagels that makes people feel good," Howard says. "People smile at the mention of a bagel. It's healthy. It has no fat, no cholesterol and it smells good, especially when it's fresh."

Royal Oak Tribune March 27, 1990



New York Bagel Baking Co.

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2017 Ferndale Anniversary Publication



Harvey Goldsmith

Boca Raton, FL - Harvey Goldsmith, 93, of Boca Raton, Florida and West Bloomfield, Michigan, died on March 18, 2021. Beloved husband of 71 years to the love of his life, Evelyn Goldsmith. Cherished father of Howard (Carole) Goldsmith, Susan (Roy) Kulick and Elise (David) Schostak. Very proud grandfather of Philip Goldsmith, Andrée (Sam Kronthal) Goldsmith, Michael Goldsmith, Laura (Josh) Goldman, Daniel (Andrea) Kulick, Jake (Shelby) Schostak, Dana (Alex) Bonda and the late Jayne Rudy Schostak. Adoring great-grandfather of Shay Goldsmith, Ruby and Oliver Kronthal, Hannah and Jonathan Goldman and Jesse Bonda. Devoted son of the late Anna and Morris Goldsmith. Brother of Herman (Barbara) Goldsmith and the late Tom (Marion) Goldsmith. Brother-in-law of Arthur (Gloria) Rosenstein and the late Melvin Rosenstein.

Harvey joined his father Morris in the bagel business, owning and operating New York Bagel until he passed it on to his son and grandson. He was very proud to see the business reach its 100 year anniversary this year. He enjoyed life to the fullest and always said that he was "born lucky" but that his life didn't start until he met his wife. He loved playing golf and spending his winters in Florida, but most of all he loved being with his family.

PRIVATE FAMILY SERVICES WERE HELD. Arrangements by The Ira Kaufman Chapel. 248-569-0020. irakaufman.com

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