

## The Sausage Factory

### Written by Lillian Klein

*(Items in parenthesis have been added for identification purposes)*

I was weaned on a hot dog. That remark would usually give us a good laugh when my cousins got together and talked about our family's sausage factory.

My father (*Ignatz*) and his eight siblings (*Sigmund, Louise, Sam, Joseph, Louis, Paul, Ethel and Theresa*) were all born in Austria-Hungary. After World War I, it was divided into two separate countries. He went to a German school, but Hungarian was spoken at home. As a young man his father (*Morris*) lived in Vienna and hoped to become a doctor. When that didn't happen, he became a butcher. That sounded logical to me.

In the early 1900 years, the family gradually emigrated to the U.S. and finally all of them settled in Detroit. All the six boys worked at different types of jobs but they felt close to one another and wanted to work together.

First they opened a clothing store. After accidentally selling a customer two left shoes and another one two right shoes, they knew it wasn't their type of work. Then they formed a liquor company. Father (*Ignatz*) ran a pub. A customer could get a free lunch on a nice plate with the purchase of a glass of beer. I kept a few of those plates until moving to Clark and then gave them away to relatives. They were heavy white china with a gold rim. The center had a lily of the valley pattern and was imprinted with "The Gunsberg Liquor Company". The family owned the building. The pub was on the street level and my grandparents (*Morris & Johanna*) lived on the floor above and my parents (*Ignatz & Hermina*) above them. That's where I was born. Many years later Bill (*Lillian's husband*) and I drove to the old Hungarian Delray neighborhood and saw the building which still had the Gunsberg name engraved on it. It was run down and neglected. It was a nostalgic feeling.

Eventually Grandpa (*Morris*) and his sons realized that they knew more about the meat business than any other line and could all work together. They opened a meat packing plant. I remember the sides of beef hanging on hooks in the big cooler. Then they expanded into making all beef salami and hot dogs and other sausages and later pickled corned beef and tongue. The aroma from the smoke house was enticing. Their slogan was "Eat with zest, Gunsbergs best."

I could go on and on about the wienie roasts at Walled Lake where the whole family would spend the summers with all my twenty-two cousins. The friends who looked forward to visiting us and being treated to big juicy flavorful hot dogs. Those were wonderful days and now just delicious memories.