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May 18 – 19, 2013
College of Charleston
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Correction
Catalogers beware!
The Fall 2012 issue of the newsletter should have been numbered Vol. XVII - No. 2.
Letter from the President

The Shabbat candlesticks always sat on the dining room sideboard. They had traveled many miles and been passed down for generations. What told and untold family stories did they hold? How many of us have heard the stories? When we were kids, did we listen? As adults we begin to search. I know that when each of my children was born, I looked into his or her face and wondered, “What relative do you resemble?” With my daughter, Emily, the answer was clear. When my good friend Amy Rones Berger’s mother, Faye Appel Rones, gave me a photo taken years ago on St. Philip Street, there was my daughter. But the photo was taken of my mother as a child. And so, we know now who Emily looks like—her Nana!

When we embark on “family stories,” we want to know where we come from, who we are, and what did those who made the trek to the “new country” discover? There may be a difference between the study of genealogy and the quest for family stories, but I think the outcome is the same: we are searching for the “who and where.” The articles in this issue were written by members of some of the families featured in Family History Roadshow, an exhibition of new treasures from the Jewish Heritage Collection that will be on view at the College of Charleston’s Addlestone Library from April 1 until May 20, 2013—culminating the weekend of the Society’s spring meeting.

Our upcoming program, titled The Past as Prologue: Jewish Genealogy Looks to the Future, promises to be an invigorating exploration into where the Jews of South Carolina have come from and how our past can potentially be a predictor for future generations. We welcome two outstanding speakers, Steven Cohen and Karen Franklin, both prominent in their fields of research. I hope you will make plans now to attend. For the conference schedule, see page 11—then register via mail or online at www.jhssc.org.

Our meeting in Florence last fall had the feel of a family bar mitzvah. What a warm and inviting weekend Beth Israel Congregation dished up! An engaging program, delicious food, and a hilarious comedian to cap the gala evening made for an enjoyable and informative weekend.

My first year as president of JHSSC has ended. We have held two outstanding conferences and are looking forward to another stellar event in May. These meetings don’t just happen. They require the work of many people. I want to thank Gail Lieb, Ann Hellman, Enid Idelsohn, Dale Rosengarten, and Marty Perlmutter for their steady support and willingness to bring together top speakers, the best panels, and the warmest hospitality for each conference. Their dedication is wonderful. Gail and Ann, both JHSSC board members—Ann as past president and webmaster—have leapt into action with the planning of the spring meeting.

We are governed by a volunteer board and I encourage any member who has an interest in serving on the board of directors or any of our committees to contact me at rgbarnett@earthlink.net.

I look forward to seeing everyone in Charleston, May 18–19!

With warm regards,

Rachel Gordin Barnett
rgbarnett@earthlink.net
Entering the Victorian home of our grandmother Sarah Irene Rosenberg Levi felt like opening a door to the past. During our stay, relatives both past (or so it seemed) and present would visit the rambling house in Abbeville, South Carolina, known as Visanska’s Castle. The shared stories, journals, objects, photographs and the like were intricately tied to major events of the nation and state—the Civil War, Reconstruction, the World Wars, the Depression—but they were also about the pulse of everyday life. In our family, which was both Jewish and southern, ancestral worship was palpable.

The Winstock, Visanska, and Rosenberg families all came from the province of Suwalki Gubernia in Poland (sometimes Lithuania), and settled in South Carolina before 1850. Over the following decades the families became increasingly intertwined through marriage, death, and business in and around the Upstate town of Abbeville, where many of them resided. The complex relationships were nothing new as there were numerous intermarriages among the families in the Old Country, including the marriage of Joshua Rosenberg and Rose Halevi Visanska. Their future grandson Abraham Rosenberg married Rebecca Winstock and established a store in Greenwood, South Carolina. Another grandson, Philip Rosenberg, married Cecelia Dora Visanska and became a business partner in Abbeville with his father-in-law, Gershon Aaron (G. A.) Visanska, eventually owning over 8,000 acres, starting banks, and establishing thriving businesses in town. Cecelia’s mother and wife of G. A. was Annie Winstock, the daughter of Moses Winstock and Eva Leah Visanska. The brother of Moses, Benjamin Winstock, was the first to arrive in America, landing in 1838 in Richmond, Virginia, with his wife, Jeannette, who was, of course, a Visanska.

Much family lore focuses on Moses Winstock, who came alone to Charleston in 1842 and established a wholesale jewelry business. It took until 1847 for Eva Leah and their first two children to arrive, having survived two shipwrecks. Moses later set up a peddlers’ supply business. His customers told him the climate of the Upstate would be better for his asthma, and the family moved initially to Due West, home of Erskine College, founded by the Presbyterian Church, where Moses enjoyed translating and interpreting the Bible with faculty and students. Eventually the family settled in Abbeville, and Moses farmed the nearby “Winstock Place,” a 525-acre plantation.
Upon the outbreak of the Civil War, several relatives, including Moses Winstock and G. A. Visanska, signed up to serve in the Confederate army. For safety Moses moved the family to Columbia, believing that Charleston would be a more likely target of Union General William Tecumseh Sherman. Instead, in 1865 Sherman pillaged Columbia, with officers arriving at the Winstock doorstep in time for Shabbat dinner. They enjoyed the meal and dessert before ordering the home burned to the ground, as were the warehouses, filled with tobacco and cotton.

In later life Moses was a merchant in Columbia and Charleston, as well as president of Charleston’s Berith Shalom Congregation (his brother-in-law Zvi Hirsch Levine was the first rabbi) and Shearith Israel in Columbia. When he passed away in 1905, he was described as “Jewish patriarch of the State of S.C. and was mourned by a large circle of friends among Jews and Christians, white and negro.”

The original Winstock, Visanska, and Rosenberg families and the generations that followed served their communities as merchants, bankers, factory owners, lawyers, doctors, musicians, synagogue and charity leaders, and decorated soldiers. They were scholars and athletes in educational settings from the College of Charleston to Yale University.

While the tangled web of relationships did not seem to hinder the success of the family, it certainly made for much puzzlement as later generations pondered the complex intersections of the family tree!
Two hundred and twenty-two years ago George Washington visited Charleston, just months before a shipload of French-speaking émigrés arrived from the Caribbean. The president, coming in the late spring, was on a tour of the nascent republic and stayed for only a week. The Moïse family disembarked later in the fall and has been in town practically ever since.

In 1791, when the 56-year-old Abraham Moïse, his young wife, Sarah, and their four boys, Cherry (Chérie), Aaron, Hyam, and Benjamin, walked across the docks of the Charleston waterfront, they carried with them only a few personal possessions and the clothes on their backs. Escaping the terrors of the revolution in Saint Domingue, they found refuge in a city with an established and supportive Jewish community and a 42-year-old congregation.

By 1800 Abraham and Sarah Moïse had added five American-born children to the family, with siblings ranging in age from one year old to 20. Thus were the Moïses established in this country and in the state of South Carolina. With limited resources but limitless opportunity, parents and children found ways to make a living, some more successfully than others.

As the Moïse numbers continued to increase with their characteristically large families, some members made their mark as painters, poets, or politicians. There were Moïse lawyers, Moïse businessmen, Moïse doctors, and Moïse salesmen. Their stories show they followed their own inclinations but also kept their eyes on the main chance. Throughout, there was always a Moïse bon vivant to represent the latent “grasshopper genes” lurking in the family gene pool. On early branches of the family tree can be found the illustrious names Lazarus, Moses, DeLeon, Harby, Nunes, and Lopez, many of whom are buried in the historic Coming Street Cemetery in Charleston.

Members of the family are now scattered the length and breadth of America and periodically come together in spirited and well attended reunions in the city where the Moïses got a new start. They come to Charleston to remember and celebrate the achievements and contributions of their forebears. They recall kin such as Benjamin Franklin Moïse, whose ghost still resides in his home on Rutledge Avenue, and Lionel Calhoun Moïse, a newspaperman of the old rough and tumble school of journalism, acknowledged by Ernest Hemingway to have heavily influenced his writing style. Other Moïses of artistic bent include Penina Moïse, sixth child of Abraham and Sarah, whose poetry still sings to generations of Charlestonians, and Theodore Sidney Moïse, whose luminous portraits adorn the walls of homes and museums across the country.

In 1824 Abraham Moïse II, the eighth child of Abraham and Sarah, with fellow members of Congregation Beth Elohim, including Isaac Harby and David Nunes Carvalho, began the movement to revise the form of worship and make the message of Judaism more comprehensible to the congregation. In 1862 Abraham’s son Edwin Warren Moïse donned the uniform of a Confederate cavalry officer and fought with conspicuous bravery in northern Virginia. He served as adjutant general of the state of South Carolina during Wade Hampton’s administration, which
Moïse descendants gather on the piazza of the former home of Abraham Moïse II at the intersection of George and Glebe Streets on the College of Charleston campus, October 2000. Photo by Bill Aron.

brought an end to the era of Reconstruction, and henceforth was known in the family as “The General.”

Some 80 years later E. W.’s namesake and great-great-grandson, Captain Edwin Warren Moïse, Jr., fought with Patton’s Third Army, was killed in action, and lies buried in a military cemetery in France. Many Moïse men and women throughout the years have served in different capacities in the military, while other members of the family have contributed their time and talent to charitable, civic, spiritual, and cultural organizations, assuming leadership positions in groups such as the Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., and Boy Scouts.

The Moïse family exemplifies the American Dream—the great melting pot of America where people who recognize opportunity when it comes knocking at the door can achieve their goals and prosper. Though many Moïses have been assimilated into other faiths, they all proudly remember their Jewish roots and the family’s traditions of service to the community.
Karen: What provoked your interest in Iseman family history?
Ellen: My father, Joseph Iseman, was deeply curious about his family genealogy. When we were children he talked to us a lot about his relatives and would often mention his grandfather Joseph Seeman, after whom he was named. Joey, as Dad called him, co-founded a company that was to become White Rose, the grocery firm, still extant, although now under different ownership.

Dad would engage us with tales of colorful family characters, such as his cousin Billy Seeman, who was a close friend of New York’s Mayor Walker in the 1920s. James Thurber wrote a piece about the duo in *The New Yorker* magazine.

My mother, Marjorie Frankenthaler Iseman, recounted wonderful, often amusing stories about her immediate family and several generations back, always endowing her memories with detail and affection. Mom wanted to know where the Frankenthalers had lived in Germany, as her father, Alfred Frankenthaler, had died when she, his eldest daughter, was only 17.

I knew a fair amount about my northern cousins and heard a variety of family stories from my late aunt, the artist Helen Frankenthaler, as well as tales my father told me about his mother, Edith Seeman Iseman, a great lady whose first cousin Irma was married to Rube Goldberg. But I was completely disconnected from an earlier generation of Isemans because my great-grandfather Jay August Iseman apparently separated from his wife when his sons, one of whom was my grandfather Percy Iseman, were quite young, and the thread of the relationship was broken.

Karen: So how did you find out about your Iseman ancestors?
Ellen: In later years Dad traveled the country and took a trip to Europe to research his Iseman roots. He always conveyed his findings to us with great color and excitement and a tinge of mystery, hinting that something further—implicitly quite interesting—was yet to be explored.

My father began serious genealogical research in the early 1980s. He used his lawyer’s mind, intuitive reasoning, intellectual curiosity, and high energy both to trace the family’s origins in Germany and to identify Iseman relatives in America. He developed a series of memos for us about various family branches and noteworthy issues, and also found a number of old photographs.

Recently we learned that he deposited some of these memos in the Jewish Heritage Collection at the College of Charleston’s Addlestone Library. We found additional correspondence at the American Jewish Archives in Cincinnati, Ohio. Dad also was in touch by correspondence and had numerous meetings and meals, in New York City and other sites, with new-found Iseman relatives. He relished those encounters.

Karen: As a researcher for the family, I was delighted when I visited Addlestone Library in 2008 and found the Iseman Family Collection, which Joseph had donated some years before. The files contain a treasure trove of correspondence, photographs, research notes, and family trees.

Ellen: We had no idea until recently that Dad had left his Iseman family papers in Charleston. We also had no idea that there was such an expansive Iseman network throughout the South and across the country. We never knew that people would recognize the Iseman name in certain places in the South, nor, for example, that there was an Iseman Road in Darlington, South Carolina.

I thought the name was so rare, although I do recall my father instructing me that when I was in South Carolina, always to look in the telephone directory as I would be likely to find distant Iseman cousins listed!

Karen: One aspect of your father’s research that I found fascinating was his
A Conversation between Karen S. Franklin and Ellen M. Iseman

early understanding that the key to determining the relationships among the first generation of South Carolina Isemans—which, until that time, had not been confirmed—lay in German archives. He corresponded extensively with various archives and, in 1984, traveled to Germany to visit the town of Stebbach, Baden, a small community now incorporated into the town of Gemmingen.

Because there was so much conflicting data, such as different birth years for each brother and several brothers with the same first name, sorting it out was a challenge. He returned from the trip with dozens of documents, translations, and other discoveries. His work prompted even more questions, many of which he addressed in the next decade.

Ellen: Yes, he was a formidable researcher. He explicitly told us in a memo dated 2000 that he hoped his work would be carried on after his death. That came when he suffered a sudden heart attack in April 2006, when he was still a vigorous 89-year-old.

My brother, Frederick, who has my father’s sharp mind, has a long-standing interest in family history and a particular interest in our German heritage. Between us, my brother and I have three children ranging in age from 14 to 20, and we can’t wait for them to see the family tree that you are compiling, understand the vivid, informative text that accompanies it, and also for them to travel with us to their forebears’ birthplaces in Germany.

Karen: We still have not solved some of the mysteries of the family connections. A history of the Jewish community in Darlington, composed by Henry Hennig and Sadie Want and published in Darlingtoniana in 1976, indicates that the brothers Manuel and Isaac Iseman were related to Darlington’s first Jewish settlers, Joseph and Charles Frank. We don’t yet know who the Franks were or how they were related to the Isemans, but the reference is likely correct; the families are listed together in the 1860 federal census.

The Frank name is a common one, so a connection might be found by looking first for Franks from the area of Stebbach. Some of the geographic connections among Jewish families who immigrated to South Carolina seem to have been forgotten as the distance in time from early settlers to current generations has widened. In some cases the names of original German towns were mangled years ago and are difficult to reconstruct. For example, Rebecca Iseman married Abraham Schaefer of Obrigheim, but the name was misspelled as Oberheim and repeated in many secondary sources.

Ellen: Yes, there is still a lot of heavy lifting to do to explore our family’s genealogy. But we have learned so much already, and it is exciting to think that one day soon the many pieces will come together. I know that my much-loved parents, now deceased, would be pleased that my brother and I are actively tracing their respective family histories. I only wish they were here to share the fruits of our labors.
While genealogy looks to the past, the study of our families and our cultural heritage may be a reliable guide to the future. In a world that moves in forward gear with lightning speed, the conference invites us to look back at where we have come from, to marvel at the transformations of occupation, wealth, and status Jews have experienced in relatively few generations, and to imagine where this momentum will lead. The conference title alludes to novelist William Faulkner’s famous quote: “The past is never dead. It’s not even past”—a view of time that lies at the heart of Jewish continuity.

Guest speakers

Karen S. Franklin, an exhibit researcher for the Museum of Jewish Heritage, is co-chair of the Board of Governors of JewishGen. A past president of the International Association of Jewish Genealogical Societies and chair of the Council of American Jewish Museums, she is currently a vice-chair of the Memorial Museums committee of ICOM (International Council of Museums). She serves on the advisory board of the European Shoah Legacy Institute and was awarded the 2012 ICOM-US Service Citation. The citation is the highest honor of ICOM-US. Ms. Franklin is a juror for the Obermayer German Jewish History Award.

Steven M. Cohen is research professor of Jewish Social Policy at Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion and director of the Berman Jewish Policy Archive at NYU Wagner. He has written or edited a dozen books and hundreds of scholarly articles and reports on such issues as Jewish community, Jewish identity, and Jewish education. His current research interests extend to emerging forms of Jewish community and identity among younger Jews in the United States. In 2011 he was cited for the second time as one of the Forward Fifty. Sacred Strategies, of which he is a co-author, won a National Jewish Book Award in 2010.

Following presentations by our guest speakers, a panel representing several South Carolina families will set the stage for viewing their antiques and artifacts on exhibit in Special Collections at the College’s Addlestone Library. Panelists will demonstrate how objects from everyday life are vessels of untold stories. Our forebears become our contemporaries as we discover the uses and meanings of things from the past. Mounted in conjunction with the conference, Family History Roadshow will be on display from the beginning of April through the third week of May.

On Sunday morning, May 19, all attendees will have a chance to try their hand at researching their own family trees in a workshop led by Karen Franklin.
Genealogy Looks to the Future
Charleston, SC

All programs take place in Arnold Hall, Jewish Studies Center, unless otherwise noted.
96 Wentworth Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29401

Saturday, May 18

11:00 am  Registration in the lobby
12:00–12:45 pm  Buffet lunch and opening remarks
12:45–1:45  Karen S. Franklin – From Whence We Came: Family Connections across Continents
2:00–3:15  Steven M. Cohen – Where We Are Heading: Recent Trends in American Jewish Life
3:30–5:00  Panel: Our Families, Our Selves – members of families featured in Family History Roadshow exhibit discuss what their lineage means to them. Moderators: Karen Franklin and Dale Rosengarten
5:15–6:45  Reception around the rotunda

Marlene and Nathan Addlestone Library, Special Collections
On view: Anchored by portraits and photographs, costumes, quilts, Bibles, and business ledgers, Family History Roadshow offers a look through the archival window at the world of southern Jews, then and now.

Dinner on your own

Sunday, May 19

9:00–10:30 am  Bagel breakfast
9:30–10:15  JHSSC board meeting
10:30–11:00  Karen Franklin – Exploring Genealogical Websites
The group will take a short walk to a computer lab in an adjacent building.
11:15-12:30 pm  Genealogical research using jewishgen.org: Hands-on workshop led by Karen Franklin.
For more information see www.jhssc.org/events.

Hotel Reservations
Courtyard by Marriott Charleston Waterfront
35 Lockwood Drive
Charleston, SC 29401
843.722.7229

Call 800.549.8154 for reservations.
Refer to group code “JHS”
Rate is $189.00 + tax/night for city view or $199 + tax/night for water view.
The Baruch Legacy

by Albert Baruch Mercer, M.D., FACC

The documents and images that my wife, Robin, and I have donated to the Jewish Heritage Collection at the College of Charleston center around the family of my paternal grandfather, Hartwig “Harty” Baruch. The artifacts give a glimpse into the lives of the privileged at the start of the 20th century. It is my hope that these memorabilia help to humanize the Baruchs for the researchers and students who view the collection in years to come.

Our patriarch, Dr. Simon Baruch, immigrated from Schwersen, Germany to Camden, South Carolina, in 1855. Life took him to the Medical College of South Carolina, through the Civil War, and subsequently to a medical practice in New York City. He and his wife, Belle Wolfe, from Winnsboro, South Carolina, raised a family of four sons. Growing up, Grandfather Harty was the oldest and was very protective of his younger siblings. As a young man he was a proficient boxer and stage actor, much to his mother’s chagrin. However, these skills perfectly prepared him for a life on Wall Street. The second son, Bernard, pulled Harty off the stage and into the family business: Baruch Brothers. After a merger with H. Hentz Company, Baruch Brothers became one of the leading brokerage houses in the nation. The third son, Herman, was a Columbia University-trained physician who worked most of his life in the back office of the business. Saling, the fourth son, was also in the business.

Bernard Baruch was the best known of the four sons. He was blessed with long life, surviving into his mid-90s. I think of his career in three overlapping stages. The business years were marked by the accumulation of a fortune in a time of “spirited” capitalism. He left the business when he was appointed head of the War Industries Board in World War I. Mr. Baruch’s public years were a time of significant influence, beginning with the second administra-
The history of Manning and the endeavors of the extended Levi family have been linked since the town’s founding. Established in 1855, Manning is the historic county seat of Clarendon County, South Carolina, with about 4,000 residents today.

Family patriarch Moses Levi, born in 1827, left the village of Bosenbach, Bavaria, and arrived in Charleston in 1846. In 1853 Moses married an acquaintance from the Old Country, Hannah Jekel, born in 1830. Coincidentally, the marriage was held in the Charleston home of Moses Winstock and Eva Leah Visanska, future relatives. By 1856 the couple had moved to Manning where they built the Moses Levi Emporium, the first store in the town—now on the National Historic Register—and became major landowners with several thousand acres.

Levi was soon called to serve in the Civil War, joining the Sprott Guards of the 23rd Regiment of the South Carolina Volunteers. In 1865 Moses was taken prisoner at the Battle of Five Forks near Petersburg, Virginia, and interned at the Point Lookout POW camp. Moses managed to communicate with relatives in the North who were able to obtain goods for him to sell in the prison, helping him and his comrades survive the terrible conditions. At the end of the war, Moses walked back to Manning where he found widespread devastation. Potter’s Army had passed through the town during Union General William T. Sherman’s march and burned Levi’s cotton warehouse and nearly all of his possessions. Over the next decades he served as intendant (mayor) of Manning and joined the town’s board of wardens. By the end of the century, he had rebuilt his considerable fortune and was a central figure in the economic recovery of Clarendon County.

Moses and Hannah had nine children who lived to adulthood: David, Rosa (Weinberg), Mitchell, Ellen

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as we work to heal wounded soldiers and people who have been injured by stroke, accident, or neurologic disease. His gifts live on daily through the work of the physicians and staff at Kershaw Medical Center, the hospital in Camden, South Carolina, that Mr. Baruch built “twice” on the orders of his mother. His legacy lives on at Hobcaw Barony in Georgetown, South Carolina, where his daughter Belle’s gift of land and financial support became the Belle W. Baruch Foundation. At Hobcaw current generations of South Carolinians work to preserve this historic parcel of land and water and to promote research and education aimed at protecting the environment.

Unless otherwise noted, photos are the gift of Albert Baruch and Robin Mercer. Special Collections, College of Charleston.
They were a well educated, accomplished group who, as adults, became lawyers, bankers, farmers, and merchants in Manning, nearby Sumter, and St. Paul, South Carolina. Of particular note are Moses and Hannah’s son Abraham and grandson Wendell Mitchell.

Abraham Levi, born in 1863, graduated from the University of Virginia Law School, and graduated from Albany Law School. Abe returned to Manning as an attorney, and served as president of the Bank of Manning, which he and Jake Weinberg helped organize in 1889, and as a leader of other lending institutions in town.

Wendell Mitchell Levi, born in 1891, son of Mitchell and Estella D’Ancona Levi, was a fascinating character. He became an expert in the breeding and training of homing pigeons during World War I, establishing the Palmetto Pigeon Plant, the world’s largest squab farm, on his return to Sumter. His book The Pigeon remains a definitive text on the subject. Wendell was a leader of Temple Sinai in Sumter and served on the board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and as president of the Court of Honor of the Boy Scouts of America. A graduate of the College of Charleston and a member of its Athletic Hall of Fame, he matriculated at the University of Chicago, graduating with a Doctor of Laws.

Like so many small towns in South Carolina, Manning greatly benefitted from its Jewish citizens. Soon after Moses’ death in 1899, the family provided essential funds to support the local school, which was renamed the Moses Levi Memorial Institute, and later donated money for the Hannah Levi Memorial Library, Manning’s first public library.
The Sternbergers: Merchants and Manufacturers in the Carolinas

by Judith Hirschman Rivkin and Karen S. Franklin with Andrew Cuadrado

Historians and genealogists reconstruct family history through documentary evidence, artifacts, documents, stories, and memoirs left from generations before. The Sternberger family of South Carolina left an ample trail of “breadcrumbs” (perhaps parchment) to reconstruct a colorful tale.

We can imagine Jonas Sternberger, an itinerant teacher and a cantor like many in the early 19th century, arriving in Obrigheim in the Palatinate region of Germany to teach Hebrew and lead prayer services. He went on to have a long career as a teacher, but an important event happened in that town: he married a local girl, Bertha Emanuel.

In the early 1840s the couple settled in nearby Neuleiningen, where Jonas and Bertha raised their children. In all, the couple had four sons and three daughters. David, the eldest son, was the first to arrive in the United States, immigrating in 1867; the last of those who came were grandchildren of Jonas and Bertha, who fled Germany in the 1930s.

David settled in Florence, South Carolina, where he opened a mercantile store. In 1870 he returned to Germany to marry Francesca Mayer—a union likely arranged after he met the prominent Mayer family in Neuleiningen. Francesca’s father, Elias Mayer, had three wives and a grand total of 20 children over 40 years. Francesca was his 19th child, born when Elias was 65 years old.

In September 1873 David returned to Florence with Francesca. His brothers Emanuel and Hermann, 15 and 24 years old, respectively, came with them. As legend goes, sometime in 1878 Emanuel returned to Germany to visit his father, who gave him $250 to start his own business. Emanuel opened a successful general merchandise store and began a cotton-buying enterprise in Clio, South Carolina. Hermann soon joined him in business. In 1898 Emanuel’s good friends and fellow Jewish immigrants Moses H. and Cesar Cone invited the brothers to join them in Greensboro, North Carolina, where they founded Revolution Mills. By the 1930s the mill became the largest flannel producer in the world. Emanuel later helped establish a synagogue in Greensboro, which, in the mid-1940s, adopted the name Temple Emanuel, chosen partly to honor his contributions as a founding member.

The story of Hermann and Emanuel’s business success is well known. Little public attention has been given to the story of their brother David and his wife, Francesca, or their children, Joseph, Edwin, Dora, and Rosa.

Rosa was born on January 10, 1875. She attended...

Rosa was an early, proactive, and avid supporter of women’s rights. She felt that women should receive an education—secular and religious—equal to that of men. She taught classes of young women every Sunday on the porch of her home at 11 Montagu Street—producing a cadre who called themselves “Rosa’s Girls.” For nearly 30 years Rosa was superintendent of the religious school founded by Brith Sholom’s Daughters of Israel. She served as president of the KKBE Sisterhood, the South Carolina Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, the National Council of Jewish Women, local and state, and the Federation of Women’s Clubs. She was also a Grand Matron in the Eastern Star.

The Sternberger name is known in the South for leadership and philanthropy. The story of Rosa, a community organizer and educator, is less well known. Inspired perhaps by the legacy of her grandfather Jonas, she became a role model for the next generation and the heir to his shofar, Hebrew primer, and mizrah.
When New Yorker Andrea Foster moved south in 1982 to work at Colonial Williamsburg, she enlisted in a Civil War reenactment battalion dubbed the Texas Brigade. To better identify with the Lost Cause, she searched for a Jewish soldier to emulate. As she flipped through the pages of *American Jewry and the Civil War*, she found her rebel—Private Edwin J. Sampson, a San Antonio infantryman born in Georgetown, South Carolina.

The 19-year-old was among the 2,377 casualties at the Battle of Gaines’ Mill on June 27, 1862. Although many a soldier was buried where he fell, 19 days after Sampson’s death, he was laid to rest in a ceremony conducted by the spiritual leader of Richmond’s Kahal Kadosh Beth Shalome.

Andrea Foster did not know where her soldier was buried but was determined to unearth his story and say kaddish at his grave. Her quest was formidable. Thirty years ago the Internet did not exist. American Jewish historians focused on New York, not the Old South. That did not stop Foster from romanticizing her unknown soldier’s life and mourning his death. She sewed a tallit katan to wear under her Confederate grays. She wondered, as she cleaned her musket and ate rations from a tin plate, whether her Jewish Johnny Reb had kept kosher.

She wrote to the National Archives, requesting Private Sampson’s military records, enclosing a $5 check. Three weeks later she received 17 photocopied pages detailing his date of enlistment (July 11, 1861), medical status (“sick at Canton, Miss., Sept. 11, 1861”), whereabouts (“camp near Yorktown, Va.”), and battlefield engagements (“at Cold Harbor”). Several documents tabulated his back pay (“1 month & 27 days @ $11 per month—$20.90”), for which his father received reimbursement.

Delving further, Foster wrote to several southern historians, among them Charleston’s Sol Breibart. She learned that Richmond had seven Hebrew cemeteries. Samuel Werth, of Werth Associates Memorial Fund in Norfolk, aimed to re-map each graveyard. In the spring of 1985, three years after Foster launched her search, Werth located the private’s grave. It was at Richmond’s Hebrew Cemetery, in a hallowed hillside section reserved for rebels killed in battle. Private Sampson was among 30 soldiers buried in this place of pilgrimage, which is surrounded by a decorative wrought-iron fence that
features crossed swords, laurel wreaths, furled flags with stacked muskets, and Confederate caps atop each barrel.

Although Sampson was buried in a place of honor, the cemetery’s caretaker, Richmond’s Congregation Beth Ahabah, knew little about him, beyond his unit—Co. F, Fourth Texas Infantry Regiment, Hood’s Texas Brigade. By this juncture Foster had learned from census data that her fallen soldier was born and raised in Georgetown. He had nine siblings, all sisters. The family had resettled in San Antonio in time to be counted in the 1860 census. Following Edwin’s death in 1862, his father, Samuel Sampson, 46, a gourmet grocer, enlisted in the Fourth Regiment, Texas Cavalry State Troops, and survived the war.

Werth, the cemetery buff, passed along Sampson’s vital statistics to another Civil War sleuth—Mel Young, a Tennessee accountant and West Point grad whose mission was to document each Jewish soldier who perished in the Civil War. “Someone should say kaddish,” was his mantra. One year later Young informed Andrea Foster that he had found an obituary of “your soldier” on the front page of the August 25, 1862, Charleston Daily Courier. Judging from the article, the Texas soldier was from a well known local family.

By the time the obituary reached Andrea Foster, six years had passed since her initial inquiries. She had packed away her Confederate grays, earned a Ph.D. in American studies, married, moved to Maryland, become a Jewish educator, and begun studying for the rabbinate, always hoping to complete the research on Private Sampson.

In 2011, 29 years after her stint in Williamsburg, Foster read a blurb in Washington Jewish Week announcing a talk about Confederate Jews. She saved the article and a year later tracked down the speaker—Les Bergen of the Jewish Historical Society of South Carolina. She asked Bergen to recommend a researcher who might sift through her files and pick up the trail of her Texas Confederate.

Bergen contacted me. A journalist-turned-historian, I had edited the anthology Lone Stars of David, which lists 186 Texans who fought in the Civil War. Among those named are “E. J. Sampson” and “Samuel Sampson.” When Bergen mentioned that Edwin Sampson was interred in the Soldiers Section of Richmond’s Hebrew Cemetery, I snapped to attention. That was a human interest story worth pursuing. But how to pursue it 150 years after the fact?

The key was already in the reenactor’s dusty files. It was the Sampson family tree, photocopied from the landmark book America’s First Jewish Families. The next steps were evident: trace each name charted on the family tree, conduct word-searches of newspaper archives, utilize online census data, plug in names at www.findagrave.com, consult research posted online by JHSSC, and scour the indexes of a dozen recent books on southern and South Carolina Jewish history.

We now realize that this Jewish Johnny Reb’s grandfather was among the 43 charter members of Charleston’s Reformed Society of Israelites, which planted the seeds of Reform Judaism in American soil. His grandparents emigrated from Bury St. Edmund, England, a market town in Suffolk. His oldest sister married Charleston rabbi Joseph H. M. Chumaceira of Kahal Kadosh Beth Elohim Congregation. His cousin Joseph Sampson, Jr., a riverboat pilot, was a favorite relative of young Bernard Baruch.

Unraveling Private Edwin Sampson’s story has led to far more than a poignant Civil War narrative. The family’s westward mobility is indicative of a larger pattern. It demonstrates how South Carolina’s Jewish Reformers were worldly, rather than provincial; how they stretched their boundaries; how they strengthened their networks through intra-marriages and cross-country business alliances. The ongoing quest for the Sampson story shows that, despite the passage of time, the trail, though old, has not gone cold.
Legacy and Responsibility

by Martin Perlmutter, Executive Director, JHSSC

My thoughts often turn these days to the matriarchs and patriarchs of the South Carolina Jewish community who created such a warm and welcoming environment for relative newcomers like me. Perhaps it is a sign of my own aging, but I am acutely aware that a generation of leaders is passing from our midst. It is hard to think of today’s Jewish South Carolina without thinking of Ruth Brody Greenberg, Stanley Karesh, Morris Mazursky, Claire Krawcheck Nussbaum, Morris Rosen, Louis Tanenbaum, Holocaust survivors Sam Greene and Gucia Markowitz, and so many more who have left us in the last year. I hesitate to check my Inbox for fear of another sad announcement and one less shoulder to lean on. All too quickly we have become the elders responsible for passing the legacy on to the generations to come.

At the inaugural meeting of the Jewish Historical Society of South Carolina in April 1994, College of Charleston President Alexander Sanders—standing next to his dear friend Senator Isadore Lourie—remarked, “Jews and southerners have three things in common: a love of home, a pride in ancestry, and a never-ending search for God.” Over the past 18 years, JHSSC has done an incredible job exploring the world of southern Jews with their dual inheritance—southern and Jewish. The Society has supported an ambitious program of collecting, studying, exhibiting, teaching, and promoting South Carolina’s Jewish history—a story that is alive and well, and is now receiving the national and international attention it warrants.

Our Pillar memberships provide the support that has allowed our organization to thrive. Your contributions enable us to produce twice-yearly meetings and newsletters, underwrite the archival work of the Jewish Heritage Collection housed at Addlestone Library, and accomplish the administrative tasks that keep the Society running on all cylinders.

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See pages 10–11 for more information.