GI Jews:
SC Goes to War

Register now
for spring meeting
in Charleston

May 2–3,
2015

The Jewish Historical Society of South Carolina

Spring 2015 Volume XX ~ Number 1

THE JEWISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Dale Rosengarten
editor

Alyssa Neely
assistant editor and designer

The JHSSC newsletter is published twice a year.

Current and back issues can be found at *jhssc.org*

On the cover: Lt. Earl Mazo of Stars and Stripes. *Somewhere in France, 1944. Photo courtesy of David Butwin.*

Right: Dance held by the Jewish Welfare Board in the servicemen's lounge on the second floor of the Daughters of Israel Hall, Charleston, SC, gift of Nat Shulman; A Passover Hagaddah *from the US Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, SC, gift of Harriet and Herbert Keyserling. Special Collections, College of Charleston.*

In this issue

Letter from the President

"This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny."
—Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Truer words were never spoken. "The Greatest Generation" (to borrow Tom Brokaw's phrase) did indeed save the civilized world. Seventy years ago this May, after fighting across Europe in horrific battles beginning with D-Day at Normandy, these brave men and women liberated Europe from the hands of the Nazis. It is only fitting that we commemorate their heroism and acts of selflessness at the Jewish Historical Society of South Carolina's spring meeting.

The stories in this issue provide a look inside what it meant to be a GI Jew in World War II. We are fortunate that we have many first-hand accounts from South Carolina's veterans. Thank you to our authors who have shared their family members' diaries and letters, and who have also researched extensively, not only the experiences of their fathers, brothers, uncles, and mothers, but their long-term effects. As one writer put it, "After reading about this, no wonder they didn't want to talk about it when they came home." We owe this generation a huge debt of gratitude.

I hope you will join us May 2–3 in Charleston for "GI Jews: South Carolina Goes to War." We have a great lineup of presentations by noted historians and panelists who will share family memories and stories. We encourage those in attendance to bring photos or stories to share as well. We will conclude the weekend with two premiers: a screening of *Raise the Roof,* a new documentary about the reconstruction of a lost synagogue in the POLIN Museum of the History of Polish Jews in Warsaw; and the launch of a new online exhibit, *The Life of the Synagogue,* based on the William A. Rosenthall Judaica Collection at Addlestone Library.

Above: Stephen Surasky, president of Adath Yeshurun in Aiken. Photo by Rob Novit. Courtesy of the Aiken Standard. *Below: Ann Meddin Hellman, recipient of the Order of the Jewish Palmetto. Photo by Max B. Hellman.*

The Society's fall meeting in Aiken was both memorable and fun. I want to thank Doris Baumgarten for coordinating the event, with the guidance of Stephen Surasky and the help of Valerie Duarte, Ernest Levinson, Alan Brooks, Laurie Green, and Peppy Surasky. Susan Altman did a remarkable job working long distance with Doris and Stephen. I mentioned in the last issue of this newsletter how special Aiken is to me because my ancestors settled there after traveling from Russia. I know that the highlight of the weekend was the dedication of the historical marker, but the community of Aiken was so gracious in leading tours of the area, including the Aiken Cemetery, the horse stables, polo fields, and many other sites—I was impressed, and I am sure everyone who attended was as well.

Thanks to Rachel Barnett and David Cohen for putting together the members' survey that has assisted JHSSC in long-range planning. The plan is complete and it will be presented at the May open board meeting.

Kudos to Ann Meddin Hellman for her tireless work on the website and the cemetery project. The Society has awarded Ann our highest honor—the Order of the Jewish Palmetto—and will recognize her outstanding service at the May 2nd reception in Charleston.

Finally, I want to welcome Sandra Lee Kahn Rosenblum, Anita Moïse Rosefield Rosenberg, and Rhetta Aronson Mendelsohn to our board.

I hope to see you all in Charleston in May. The 70th anniversary of VE–Day is an important marker in our history, collectively as Americans, and also as Jews.

David Draisen, *ddraisen@bellsouth.net*

Report from the Front: Lt. Earl Mazo

by Joseph Mazo Butwin

In the first week of May 1943, Earl Mazo of Charleston, South Carolina, crossed the Atlantic Ocean for the second time in his life. The first time was 20 years earlier when he left Warsaw, Poland, with his family, heading for America. He was three years old on that first crossing and apparently the life of the lower decks. On the second crossing he was 24, a second lieutenant and a trained bombardier, still lively, always pugnacious. "Nothing and nobody stands in his way," his sister Norma wrote at the time. He was ready for a remarkable 32 missions over Europe in the rickety but reliable B-17s of the era, remarkable because the standard task was 25 missions. By the time Earl signed on for a second round, only 27 of the original 225 men in his wing remained. The records show a stunning number KIA—Killed in Action—while others were wounded or missing "somewhere in France" or in German prison camps.

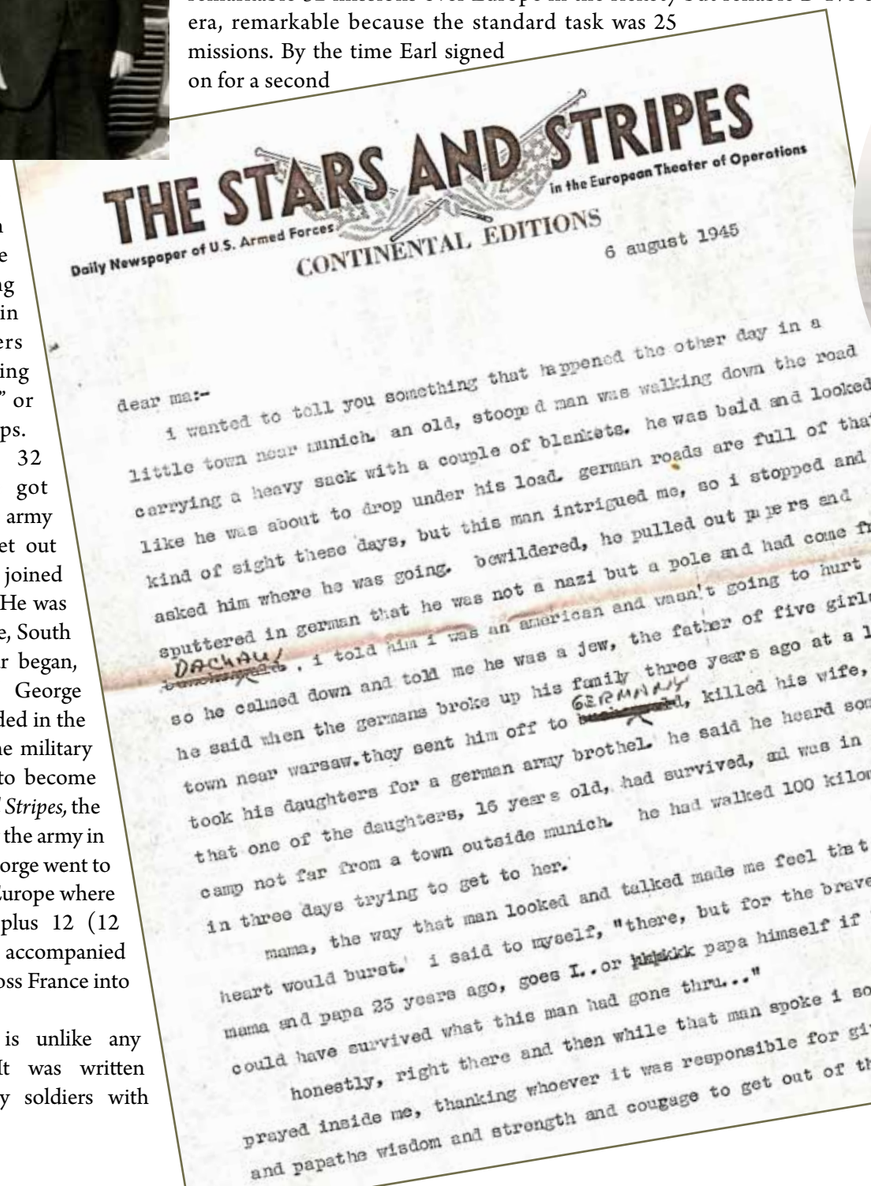
Earl stopped at 32 missions because he got the chance to do in the army what he had already set out to do at home when he joined up in the spring of '42. He was a journalist in Greenville, South Carolina, when the war began, along with his friend George Chaplin. Both men headed in the same direction when the military gave them the chance to become staff writers for *Stars and Stripes,* the newspaper published by the army in all theatres of action. George went to the Pacific; Earl was in Europe where he landed on D-Day plus 12 (12 days after D-Day) and accompanied Patton's Third Army across France into Germany.

Stars and Stripes is unlike any newspaper I know. It was written for soldiers, mostly by soldiers with typewriters. We may know the splendid humor of Sgt. Bill Mauldin and the stirring journalism of the civilian Ernie Pyle; add *Li'l Abner* and *Terry and the Pirates,* abundant cheesecake, and a page or two of current sports. Earl traveled with Jimmy Cannon, himself already a seasoned sports writer whose style may have inspired his young friend. At the heavily contested town of Metz on the German/French border, Earl begins, "About the only obstacle the Germans didn't throw into the path of the Metz attackers was an ocean, and flood waters from the Moselle almost produced that." He could be describing what Notre Dame threw at Army on Saturday afternoon back home, but only moments later he's talking to a soldier who wouldn't bother to change his socks during 18 hours of slogging through the waters of that wild river. Earl was there.

Earl's friends Bud Hutton and Andy Rooney wrote a lively account of military journalism right after the war; Rooney returned to the subject 50 years later in *My War* (1995), where anecdotes, softened only slightly by the passage of time, describe Earl thumbing his nose at Patton, who liked publicity just a wee bit more than he disliked the irreverence of soldiers and the insistence of officers (Lt. Mazo) and enlisted men (the other writers) that they be permitted to drink together. That was Earl, ever pugnacious, ever lively.

After VE–Day Earl stayed in Germany and went as far as Warsaw where he saw the rubble that replaced the neighborhood where he was born. En route he met the old man whom he describes in a letter to his mother. Earl was a tough guy in his time, not inclined to sentiment until he returned to the ruins of Eastern Europe. Later, major newspapers—the *Herald Tribune* and then the *New York Times*—would send him around the world and make the politics of Washington his home base, but nothing, I think, would match his first return to Europe in 1943.

Among American Jews, reverse migration—the return to Europe—had very little appeal until the war brought many back as soldiers. On the home front war also turned the attention of Jews to the Old Country, its geography (on battle maps), and its culture. Earl's older sister, Frances, and her husband, Julius Butwin, spent the same months that Earl gave to wartime journalism engaged in an imaginative return to Europe and what might be read as a tribute to its wandering remnant. They translated the Yiddish stories of Sholom Aleichem in 1945 and published them as a book, simply titled *The Old Country,* in 1946.



THE STARS AND STRIPES
Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces in the European Theater of Operations
CONTINENTAL EDITIONS
6 august 1945

dear ma:-

i wanted to tell you something that happened the other day in a little town near munich. an old, stooped man was walking down the road carrying a heavy sack with a couple of blankets. he was bald and looked like he was about to drop under his load. german roads are full of that kind of sight these days, but this man intrigued me, so i stopped and asked him where he was going. bewildered, he pulled out papers and sputtered in german that he was not a nazi but a pole and had come from DACHAU. i told him i was an american and wasn't going to hurt him, so he calmed down and told me he was a jew, the father of five girls. he said when the germans broke up his family three years ago at a little town near warsaw, they sent him off to GERMANY, killed his wife, and took his daughters for a german army brothel. he said he heard somehow that one of the daughters, 16 years old, had survived, and was in a camp not far from a town outside munich. he had walked 100 kilometers in three days trying to get to her.

mama, the way that man looked and talked made me feel that my heart would burst. i said to myself, "there, but for the bravery of mama and papa 25 years ago, goes I..or papa himself if he could have survived what this man had gone thru..."

honestly, right there and then while that man spoke i sorta prayed inside me, thanking whoever it was responsible for giving you and papathe wisdom and strength and cougage to get out of this european

hell so long ago. you know, and papa knows, how i feel about the way you people, settled, and with three kids, picked up and went to a strange land....for us. god, i never appreciate it more than when i see what i see these days in germany...

i picked this man up, took him into town, put him up at a hotel where he could get a bath and a big meal, and i gave him every bit of money i had in my pockets -- about 60 dollars. i realize now that that might have been extravagant and foolish, but, mama, i couldn't help it.... and i know that is what rita would have wanted me to do, anyway, despite the fact that we need all our money now that we're having a family.

if only we could help all the thousands of people like that now. it seems such a hopeless task -- getting all those families together and settled again.

love,

Earl

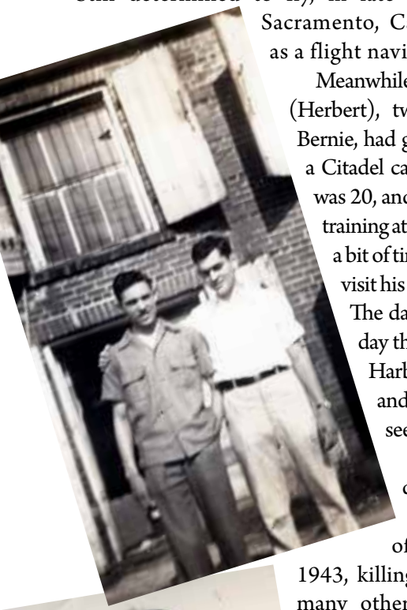
Opposite page, upper left: Earl with his uncle Dave Mazo (left) and his father, George Mazo, spring 1943. Center: Earl's August 6, 1945 letter home to his mother, Sonia Mazo, with whom he is pictured. Above: Earl Mazo (right) and a buddy. Courtesy of Joseph Mazo Butwin.

A Few Among Many: South Carolina's Jewish WWII Veterans

by Jack Bass

In 1934, two months after I was born as the Bass family's seventh child, my oldest sibling Bernie (Samuel Bernard Bass) enrolled as a freshman at the University of South Carolina. Six years later, he had a law degree and that summer opened a law office in our hometown of North in the western part of Orangeburg County.

A year later he signed up for flight training at an army air corps base in Texas, but, like many others, washed out in advanced training at Maxwell Field in Alabama. Still determined to fly, in late 1941 he headed for Sacramento, California, for training as a flight navigator.



Above: Herbie Bass. Gift of the Bass family. Special Collections, College of Charleston. Left: Herbie and Bernie Bass behind their father's store in North, SC, June 1940. Courtesy of Jack Bass.

Meanwhile, my brother Herbie (Herbert), two years younger than Bernie, had gotten a pilot's license as a Citadel cadet, graduated when he was 20, and reported for navy flight training at Pensacola, Florida. With a bit of time off, Bernie decided to visit his brother there on a Sunday. The day was December 7th—the day the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor changed everything—and my brothers would never see each other again.

Herbie's Dauntless dive bomber was shot down late in the Battle of Guadalcanal in January 1943, killing him instantly. Like so many others, for the family back home the news was devastating. The Nelson-Bass American Legion Post in North is named for Herbie and fellow hometown Citadel graduate Manning Nelson, killed in action. Herbie's death left a permanent scar on all members of my family, especially my father.

Bernie, meanwhile, had gotten his commission and was engaged in combat as bombardier-navigator on a B-25 middle-range bomber in North Africa. He flew many combat missions and was awarded the Air Medal for responding to an emergency in flight in October 1942 by climbing down into the plane's cramped bomb bay to tighten a set of pins that had loosened on one of the bombs. On leave he briefly visited Jerusalem and Tel Aviv.

Bernard Warshaw, Fort Stewart, GA, July 1942. Gift of Bernard Warshaw. Special Collections, College of Charleston.

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Bernard Warshaw of Walterboro graduated from The Citadel in the same 1942 class as future SC Governor and US Senator Ernest F. (Fritz) Hollings. They served in combat near each other in Europe and would remain close friends after the war.

Warshaw was an artillery officer whose unit entered Germany through the highly industrialized Saar region, often being strafed by German planes. Through all the fighting, his battery unit was credited with shooting down 15 of the battalion's total of 52 German fighters.

They had disembarked at Cassino on the Mediterranean that freezing cold January, providing artillery cover for Fifth Army infantry battling north after landing at Salerno on Italy's southern coast. Americans captured Rome on June 4th, two days before D-Day at Normandy.

Barely two months after D-Day, Warshaw and Hollings's units both joined Operation Dragoon, the massive joint amphibious assault with French and British forces that invaded southern France. From there both units made parallel movements traversing 400 miles up the eastern border of France. They eventually joined Gen. George Patton's Third Army, linking American with British forces, now stretched from the major Allied Atlantic landing port at Antwerp, Belgium, to the Elbe River in the west.

Inmates of Dachau loading the dead onto a cart. Gift of Bernard Warshaw. Special Collections, College of Charleston.

Warshaw's most powerful experience during the war came on April 30, 1945, the day Hitler committed suicide. By now a captain, his colonel took him to the just-liberated Dachau concentration camp. It was a ghastly sight, seeing piles and piles of bodies of dead, emaciated people, Warshaw recalled. They couldn't be burned quickly enough by the Germans before they left the camp. When he opened the doors of two of the four ovens, the bones were still smoldering. The piles of bodies ran from eight to ten or eleven feet high, and the stench was absolutely horrible.

After the colonel took many photographs with his camera, he handed it to Warshaw, who took more. Years later he archived them in the College of Charleston's Jewish Heritage Collection.[1]

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Henry Berlin of Charleston had not yet graduated from The Citadel, but he served in memorable action as a gunner's mate aboard an LST (Landing Ship, Tank) in a 12-ship flotilla that crossed the English Channel to Normandy on D-Day plus three. "We made about three trips a week landing tanks and crews," Berlin recalled. "And later we brought back several hundred POWs each trip."[2]

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Henry Rittenberg (Citadel '38) seemed to wear a bad-luck ring that kept him from getting a commission. Short and stocky, he confronted unkind weight and height charts that twice blocked his getting a second lieutenant's brass bar. On other occasions, changes in regulations stopped him after promotion papers had been sent in.

As a Ninth Army corporal in March 1945, Rittenberg's artillery unit crossed the Rhine River and fought in the Battle of the Ruhr Pocket. "We did surveys for placing each battery," he said. As a forward observer—often stationed on a church steeple for height—he reported whether specific targets being fired on were hit. On VE–Day, his unit manned the west bank of the Elbe River, across from the Russians on the east bank.[3]

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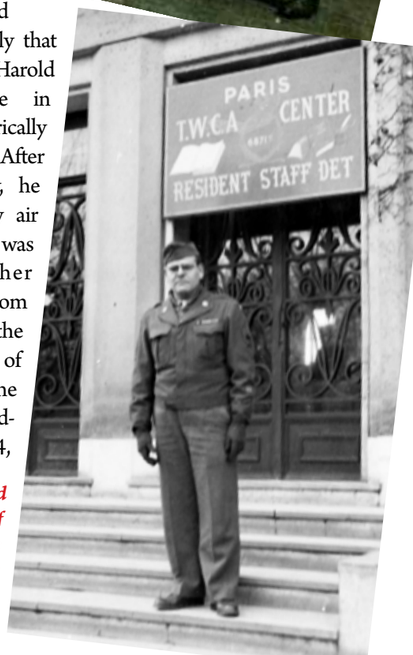
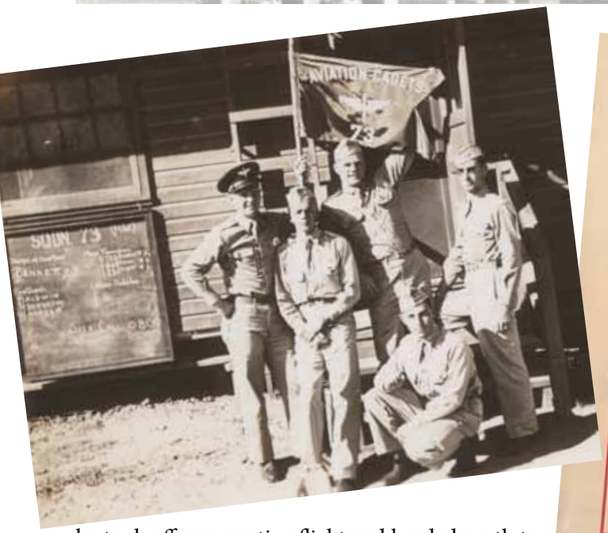
Of all of South Carolina's Jewish World War II veterans, it's likely that none could match Harold Aronson of Kingstree in terms of the most historically memorable moment. After a year in the infantry, he transferred to the army air corps and by 1944 was flying 17-hour weather reconnaissance flights from England, checking the weather along the coast of Europe and far out over the Atlantic Ocean. At mid-afternoon on June 5, 1944,



Upper right: Henry and Alwyn Berlin. Courtesy of Henry Berlin. Lower right: Henry Rittenberg. Courtesy of Libby Rittenberg.



he took off on a routine flight and headed north to the southern tip of Greenland. The trip out meant flying 50 feet above the water to record surface conditions. The usual return flight was above the clouds to determine high altitude weather.

As was normal on such routine flights, Aronson turned on the radio that night after flying to the higher altitude for the return flight. He and his crew were listening to dance music from a Chicago station when, roughly two hours later, the music was interrupted and the station announced the Allied invasion of the European continent had begun. "It was news to us," Aronson recalled. "We didn't know a thing about it. There we were, sending radio messages back. I sent one message: "Go ahead, Ike. The weather is horrible, but you can do it." When they flew over the English Channel while returning to base, Aronson recalled, "Looking down, it looked like you could step from one boat to another—there were so many boats in the channel." Once landed, he said, "I went to bed."

Harold's brother Albert, also an aviator, had been shot down earlier over Romania. He spent 13 months as a prisoner of war, a period that overlapped D-Day. The first indication that he was alive and a prisoner, Harold said, came from the Vatican, which sent word to a priest in Charleston, "and the priest came from Charleston to Kingstree to inform my father."[4]

NOTES

1. Bernard Warshaw, audio interview by Jack Bass, 01 October2008, The Citadel Oral History Program Collection, The Citadel Archives and Museum, Charleston, SC.
2. Henry Berlin, audio interview by Jack Bass, 31 October 2008, The Citadel Oral History Program Collection.
3. Henry Rittenberg, audio interview by Jack Bass, 28 November 2008, The Citadel Oral History Program Collection.
4. Harold Aronson, audio interview by Dale Rosengarten and Rhetta Aronson Mendelsohn, 15 February 1996, Mss 1035-053, Jewish Heritage Collection, Oral History Archives, Special Collections, College of Charleston, Charleston, SC.

Audio and transcripts of these interviews are online at *lcdl.library.cofc.edu*

Clockwise from upper left: Harold Aronson (squatting) with his fellow aviation cadets at Hancock College of Aeronautics in Santa Maria, CA; Harold's civil flying certificate, dated December 1942, recommends him for miltary flight training; Albert Maurice Aronson in Kingstree, SC; Harold Aronson in Edinburgh, Scotland, July 1944. Gift of Rhetta A. Mendelsohn. Special Collections, College of Charleston.

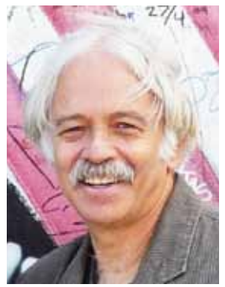
Clockwise from upper left: Carl Proser at Pearl Harbor, September 1945, courtesy of Nancy Proser Lebovitz; Allen Rosenblum in his fighter plane, ca. 1944, courtesy of Sandra Lee Kahn Rosenblum; Isaac Jacobs leading a Rosh Hashanah service on Christmas Island, 1943, gift of Ruth Bass Jacobs, Special Collections, College of Charleston; VE-Day in London, gift of Gerald Meyerson, Special Collections, College of Charleston; US Army Air Force patch, courtesy of Harold Aronson; V-Mail (center) from T/Sgt. Morton Cohen to the Bernstein family, c/o Max's Men's Shop on King Street in Charleston, dated September 24, 1943, courtesy of Charles Bernstein.

GI Jews: South Carolina Goes to War
Commemorating the 70th Anniversary of VE–Day
May 2–3, 2015, Charleston, South Carolina

Unless otherwise noted, all events will take place in Arnold Hall, Yaschik/Arnold Jewish Studies Center, 96 Wentworth Street, College of Charleston

Dan J. Puckett is a professor of history at Troy University. Author of *In the Shadow of Hitler: Alabama's Jews, the Second World War, and the Holocaust* (2014), he received his Ph.D. at Mississippi State University. His work has appeared in *Holocaust and Genocide Studies, Alabama Heritage,* and *Southern Jewish History.* Puckett has been a Starkoff Fellow at the Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives and a Chancellor's Fellow at Troy University. He is the chair of the Alabama Holocaust Commission, the vice-president/president-elect of the Southern Jewish Historical Society, and serves on the Board of Directors for the Alabama Historical Association.

Allan J. Lichtman is Distinguished Professor of History at American University in Washington, DC. He has authored or co-authored eight books, including most recently, *FDR and the Jews* (2013), which was a *New York Times* Editor's Choice Book, winner of the National Jewish Book Award in American Jewish Studies, and finalist for the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize in History. Dr. Lichtman received the American University Scholar/Teacher of the year award for 1992–3, the University's highest academic honor. He has been an expert witness in more than 80 voting rights and redistricting cases and has worked on numerous cases for the US Department of Justice, state and local governments, and civil rights organizations.



Theodore Rosengarten holds the Zucker/Goldberg chair in Holocaust Studies at the College of Charleston and is Associate Scholar in Jewish Studies at the University of South Carolina. Author of *All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw* (1974) and *Tombee: Portrait of a Cotton Planter* (1986), his essay "'Why Does the Way of the Wicked Prosper?': Teaching the Holocaust in the Land of Jim Crow" will appear in the volume *As the Witnesses Fall Silent: 21st Century Holocaust Education in Curriculum, Policy and Practice,* to be published by UNESCO in spring 2015.

Registration

Online at ***jhssc.org/events*** with Visa, MasterCard, Discover, or American Express

OR

by check, payable to **JHSSC** c/o Yaschik/Arnold Jewish Studies Program 96 Wentworth Street Charleston, SC 29424

Conference fee: $80 per person
Questions: Enid Idelsohn
Phone: (843) 953-3918 ~ fax: (843) 953-7624
Email: *IdelsohnE@cofc.edu*

Hotel reservations

Embassy Suites, Historic Charleston
337 Meeting Street (at Hutson Street)
Charleston, SC 29403
(843) 723-6900
Special rate: $339 per night plus tax

OR

Holiday Inn, Mount Pleasant
250 Johnnie Dodds Boulevard
Mount Pleasant, SC 29464
(843) 884-6000
Special rate: $179 per night plus tax

OR

Red Roof Inn, Mount Pleasant
301 Johnnie Dodds Boulevard
Mount Pleasant, SC 29464
(843) 884-1411 or (800) 733-7663 toll free
Special rate: $93.49 per night plus tax, with group number B242JEHIST.

To get the special rates you must make your reservations by April 1 and mention you are with the Jewish Historical Society of South Carolina.

Saturday, May 2, 2015

11:30 A.M. Registration/Lunch

12:30–1:30 P.M **Southern Jews and World War II: On the Home Front and Frontlines,** Dan J. Puckett, Associate Professor of History, Troy University, Montgomery, AL. Introduction by Theodore Rosengarten

1:30–1:45 Break

1:45–3:00 **FDR and the Jews: The Controversy Resolved,** Allan J. Lichtman, Distinguished Professor of History, American University, Washington, DC. Introduction by Robert Rosen

3:00–3:15 Break

3:15–4:45 **Notes from the Battlefield and the Home Front: A Panel Discussion**
Moderator: Jack Bass, Professor of Humanities and Social Sciences Emeritus, College of Charleston
Panelists: Joseph Mazo Butwin, Gale Siegel Messerman, Herb Novit, Edward Poliakoff, Alan Reyner, Jr.

5:00 **Reception, Alumni Hall, College of Charleston, sponsored by Nelson Mullins**
Honoring Ann Meddin Hellman, recipient, Order of the Jewish Palmetto

Sunday, May 3

9:00–9:45 A.M. **JHSSC board meeting.** Open to the public. Everyone is invited.

9:45–10:45 **Teaching the Holocaust in the Land of Jim Crow,** Theodore Rosengarten, Zucker/Goldberg Professor of Holocaust Studies, College of Charleston

10:45–11:00 Break

11:00–12:30 **The Next Generation Remembers: A Panel Discussion**
Moderator: David Slucki, author of *In the Shadows of Memory: The Third Generation and the Holocaust* (forthcoming in 2015)
Panelists: Lilly Stern Filler, Harlan Greene, Esther Goldberg Greenberg, David Popowski

12:30–1:30 P.M Lunch

1:30–3:00 ***Raise the Roof:*** a feature documentary by Yari and Cary Wolinsky (2015) about the reconstruction of a lost synagogue in the new POLIN Museum of the History of Polish Jews in Warsaw, Poland

3:15–4:30 **Introduction to *The Life of the Synagogue,*** an online exhibit based on the William A. Rosenthall Judaica Collection, and discussion of ***Raise the Roof***
Commentary by Samuel D. Gruber, president of the International Survey of Jewish Monuments, and Ruth Ellen Gruber, Arnold Distinguished Visiting Chair, College of Charleston

Be sure to visit the the Levin Library, 2nd floor, for special exhibition and book sale.

"H" is for Hebrew: a Jewish Combat Soldier and Prisoner of War

by Alan J. Reyner, Jr.

I am grateful for the opportunity at the upcoming May event on World War II to speak for my father, the late Alan Jay Reyner. In some ways it is an awkward situation for me as I'm not sure I am worthy to speak about a matter so personal to him that only he and others who shared his experiences could fully comprehend.

After my father died in 1974, I found a nine-page memoir he wrote shortly after the war. Like most of the men and women who went overseas it was something he simply did not talk about. Save one memorable night in the '60s in a hotel room in Paris, he never spoke to us about his experiences and very little to close friends and fellow soldiers. Time permitting, perhaps more about that evening in Paris and its origins at our meeting the first weekend in May.

Alan Jay Reyner, summer 1944, Camp Blanding, FL. Courtesy of Alan J. Reyner, Jr.

My father was a combat soldier. He was assigned to the 422nd Regiment of the 106th Infantry Division. He was a machine gunner; his rank, private first class. That's about as basic as it gets. Most of the enlisted men of the 106th were college-age boys who had never seen combat. Certainly that was my father's case—before entering the army my father led a fairly sheltered life as an 18-year-old college student at the Wharton School of Finance in Philadelphia. In the fall of 1944, when he was 19, my father was shipped to the front to relieve, in his words, the "ninth Infantry regiment of the crack 2nd Division." At the time of the commencement of the Battle of the Bulge at dawn on December 16, 1944, his regiment was the deepest outfit in the Siegfried Line. When the fighting began he was just outside the Belgian village of St. Vith, approximately 30 miles northeast of Bastogne. He was right smack on the front lines.

The 422nd and 423rd regiments, as well as the rest of the 106th, were vastly out-manned and out-gunned from the get-go. Combat for my dad began on the way to the front on December 9, 1944, with the most intense fighting experienced by his unit at the Bulge lasting only four days; but, by all accounts, his last day of combat, December 19th, was really hell. In my father's words: "Things were getting more and more confused by then. Our own mortars were shelling us, inflicting heavy casualties. It was then that I really saw what a bullet could do. Men were lying all around me, wounded and dying, others were shocked out of their speech capacity, others were simply walking around hollow-eyed. None of us could believe that this was happening to us."

History records the Battle of the Bulge as the greatest American loss ever on foreign soil; 19,000 Americans were killed, 47,500 wounded, and 23,000 Americans were captured or missing, my father amongst them.

When I found my father's memoirs, I can't say it really meant a lot to me other than the fact that I, of course, was understandably proud of his service and his personal conduct. As kids, my brother, Jeff, and I would find old war memorabilia in a chest in the attic, but it was something that was never really discussed. Unlike many of my friends' fathers, my dad never took up hunting or owned a gun. He was very uncomfortable when our uncle, an avid hunter, gave my brother and me shotguns. Simply put, my father had seen too much killing during the war.

Approximately 20 years after Dad died, during the spring of 1995, I received a call from a retired army chaplain named Tom Grove who also was captured at the Bulge, and he enlightened me as to my father's "real experiences" in WW II. One thing led to another, and I spent a large amount of time tracking down his war buddies. I talked to some 25 of them and got the opportunity to meet with two—one of whom, believe it or not, was actually a neighbor. That in itself is a very interesting story, which I will share with you in May. It turns out that although my father's accounts were accurate to a fault, he wrote with considerable restraint and omitted important facts. When the details were filled in by historians as well as his war buddies, a totally different picture emerged. To this day it amazes me how something so historically accurate didn't reveal anything about the "story behind the story." Understating events pertaining to themselves seems to be the norm for his generation. The term "selfie" was simply not in their vernacular.

As I mentioned, Dad was among the thousands of Americans captured by the Germans. They were loaded up in boxcars—68 men to a car—and sent to Stalag IX-B in Bad Orb, Germany, by all accounts, one of the worst POW camps in Europe. The boxcars were strafed by Allied planes and many men were lost en route to Bad Orb. As bad as that was, it is what happened next that made his experiences so unusual.

He was at IX-B a little over a month when, because of his religion, he and some 350 other POWs were transferred to Berga am Elster, a sub-camp of Buchenwald. Of the 350 prisoners, 70 to 80 were Jewish. The rest had Jewish-sounding names, looked Jewish, were troublemakers, or just happened to be selected to fill the Nazi quota of 350. Berga made IX-B look like the Ritz. It was a slave labor camp with political prisoners, in contravention of the Geneva Convention, not a POW camp. More than 20 percent of the American POWs at Berga died within a three-month period. It was simple: the prisoners walked an hour to and from the work site, where the guards forced them to labor ten hours a day digging tunnels for an underground factory, feeding them only a liter of watery soup and a piece of bread a day. Again in my father's words: "If we took one minute's rest, we were beaten with a shovel or spiked with a pick. All the foremen carried rubber hoses which they didn't mind using. I had no idea men could be so bestial. One man was struck in the head with a shovel and became blind. In trying to help him, I was hit in the hand, a blow which caused an infection which lasted many weeks.

"Conditions among our men were as bad as can be imagined. We had reached the stage of animals . . . stealing, hating, and fighting among ourselves. I still pride myself in the fact that I could maintain my honor and some sense of self-respect. It became so bad that even sick men had their food stolen from them before they could even get it."

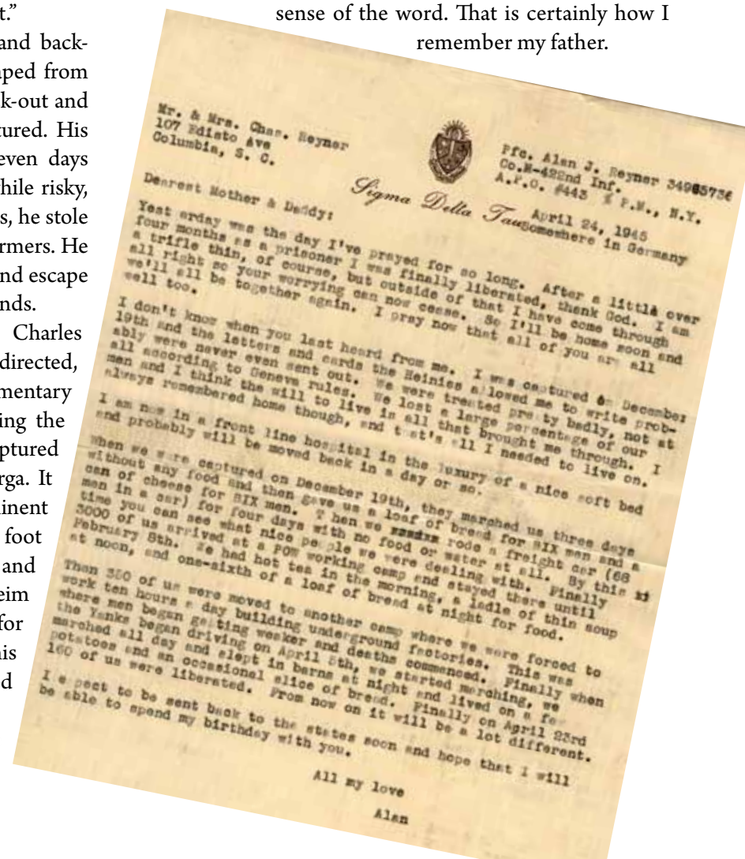
Within a month, because of slow starvation and back-breaking work, "the deaths began." My father escaped from camp by jumping in the river at night during a black-out and floating downstream, but after six days was recaptured. His second escape—this time successful—was just seven days from liberation. I am convinced the first escape, while risky, saved his life. While trying to get back to Allied lines, he stole chickens, rabbits, eggs, milk, and vegetables from farmers. He wrote, "We really fared well." At the time of his second escape and upon his liberation he weighed less than 95 pounds.

Just before he died, the award-winning Charles Guggenheim, a member of the 106th, wrote and directed, along with his daughter Grace, a moving PBS documentary entitled "Berga: Soldiers of Another War" depicting the experiences of the combat soldiers who were captured at the Bulge and sent to Stalag IX-B and then Berga. It haunted Guggenheim, who was born into a prominent German Jewish family, that because of a severe foot infection he remained stateside and escaped combat and Berga. According to the documentary, Guggenheim "carried with him a personal and moral obligation for more than fifty years to tell this untold story for his comrades who did not return, and for those who lived with the horror of their experience."

Mitchell Bard of the American-Israeli Cooperative Enterprise (AICE) published a book titled *Forgotten Victims: The Abandonment of Americans in Hitler's Camps,* in which he references my father and a document he provided to the War Crimes Office for the prosecution of the guards for the death of Bernard Vogel. Vogel was a Jewish soldier at Berga who escaped, was recaptured, and was forced to stand outside the POW barracks in the freezing cold for two days with no food or water as punishment for trying to escape. Vogel died shortly thereafter in the arms of a fellow prisoner, an army medic.

One wonders how the United States could, in the winter of 1944, send into battle American Jewish soldiers—more than 550,000—many of whom were fighting the Nazis with an "H" on their dog tags, the "H" standing for Hebrew. Many Jewish POWs threw their dog tags away. As one prisoner in the Guggenheim documentary said to himself when asked by the Nazis if he was Jewish, "Hell I was born a Jew. I may as well die a Jew."

As mentioned, I talked to some 25 of Dad's fellow combat soldiers who were prisoners of war at Berga and most have lived wonderful, productive lives. I sensed from my phone conversations and the letters I received from them they were special people, quiet heroes and true survivors in the finest sense of the word. That is certainly how I remember my father.



Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Reyner
107 Edisto Ave
Columbia, S. C.

Pfc. Alan J. Reyner 34985736
Co.M-422nd Inf.
A.P.O. #442 % P.M., N.Y.

Sigma Delta Tau

April 24, 1945
Somewhere in Germany

Dearest Mother & Daddy:

Yesterday was the day I've prayed for so long. After a little over four months as a prisoner I was finally liberated, thank God. I am a trifle thin, of course, but outside of that I have come through all right so your worrying can now cease. So I'll be home soon and we'll all be together again. I pray now that all of you are all well too.

I don't know when you last heard from me. I was captured 6 December 19th and the letters and cards the Heinies allowed me to write probably were never even sent out. We were treated pretty badly, not at all according to Geneva rules. We lost a large percentage of our men and I think the will to live in all that brought me through. I always remembered home though, and that's all I needed to live on.

I am now in a front line hospital in the luxury of a nice soft bed and probably will be moved back in a day or so.

When we were captured on December 19th, they marched us three days without any food and then gave us a loaf of bread for SIX men and a can of cheese for SIX men. Then we were rode a freight car (68 men in a car) for four days with no food or water at all. By this time you can see what nice people we were dealing with. Finally 3000 of us arrived at a POW working camp and stayed there until February 8th. We had hot tea in the morning, a ladle of thin soup at noon, and one-sixth of a loaf of bread at night for food.

Then 350 of us were moved to another camp where we were forced to work ten hours a day building underground factories. This was where men began getting weaker and deaths commenced. Finally when the Yanks began driving on April 5th, we started marching, we marched all day and slept in barns at night and lived on a few potatoes and an occasional slice of bread. Finally on April 22nd 160 of us were liberated. From now on it will be a lot different.

I expect to be sent back to the states soon and hope that I will be able to spend my birthday with you.

All my love

Alan

A View from the Foxhole: Sam Siegel's Story

by Gale Siegel Messerman and Penny Siegel Blachman

Our father, Sam Siegel, was born to Russian immigrants on February 27, 1915, in Anderson, South Carolina, the fifth of eight children. At that time Anderson was a mill town with a small Jewish population and an active Ku Klux Klan. Sam and his siblings learned to deal with anti-Semitism from early childhood.

At the age of 19, Sam started keeping a daily diary, a practice that he continued religiously for 73 years, until his death on August 27, 2007. He left his family 17 volumes that chronicle his life and times. The daily entries continued throughout his active service in the US infantry between March 1944 and December 1945, including his harrowing experience in the Battle of the Bulge.

Sam was keenly aware of the events in Europe leading up to World War II, especially those involving the Jews. On September 11, 1938, he wrote: "Europe is waiting tomorrow to hear what Hitler has to say. —What he says means either war or peace." The answer came quickly with the infamous Kristallnacht attack of November 9, 1938. On that night the Nazis broke into and pillaged Jewish shops, destroyed synagogues, demolished Jewish homes, and arrested, beat, and killed many Jews. Sam wrote: "Hitler is really giving the Jews hell, because one Jew killed one of his men. . . . The Jews are being punished all over Europe. Something to worry you. . . . The papers are telling of things that are being done to the Jew in Europe.—God pity them. . . . 'Th' time might be near.'" On November 14th he reflected: "Hitler has turned on full power against the Jews. . . . It seems to be coming to a head.—God can't stand by for-ever."

More than five years after Kristallnacht, Sam was inducted into the US Army's 78th Division on March 29, 1944. Twenty-eight years old by then, he was married, living in Walterboro, and the father of two children. His two older brothers had already been drafted.

After eight months in basic training, the 78th was sent to Europe, arriving in England on October 25, 1944. Sam's company spent some three freezing, wet weeks engaged in rigorous physical training and weapons practice. Sam was trained to use a bazooka. In November the men were shipped to France. "Still raining like hell," he wrote, "the mud is ankle deep. . . . I haven't taken off my clothes for days. I've lost the feeling of my foot. . . . Our tents are leaking like hell." From France the troops traveled to Belgium.

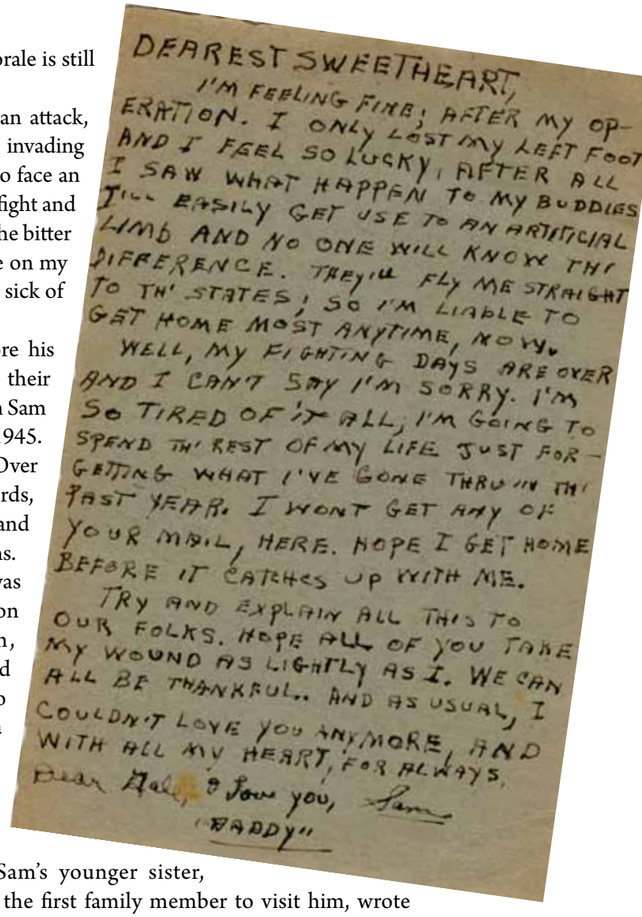
On December 1st, as he neared the battlefront, Sam reported: "The buzz bombs are coming over fast, but our planes are also coming over." Five days later he "found out we are moving up to the front, we are leaving in th' morning. . . . I guess, I'm ready. . . . 'I've got to be.'"

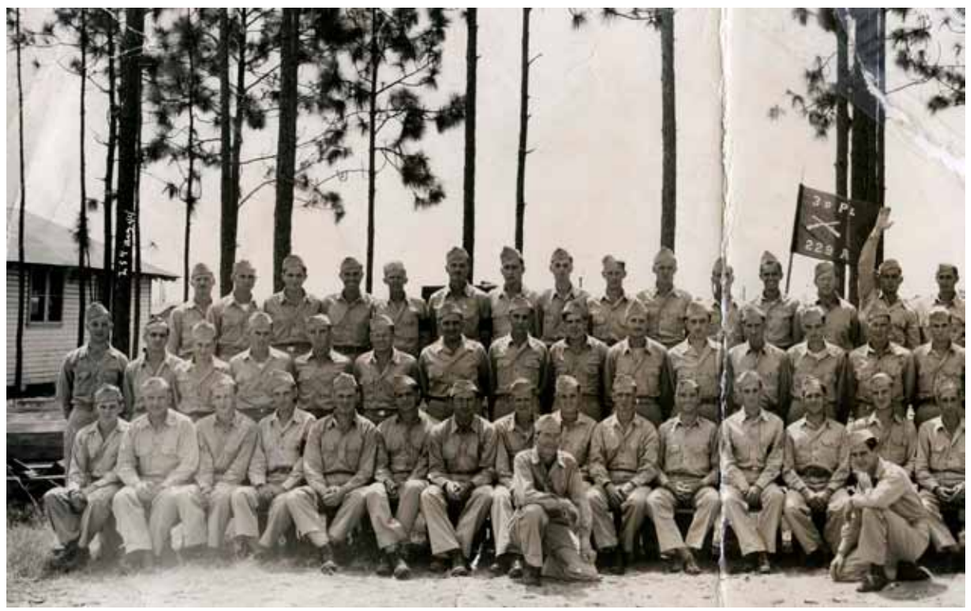
Sam was in the midst of the Battle of the Bulge. "Lots of casualties are coming back," he wrote on December 13th. "Two fellows, anti-tankers, about two blocks from our truck got hit this morning by 88 fire." Five days later his anxieties increased: "We keep getting rumors about paratroopers, etc coming our way. If they do, we are caught like a bunch of rats in a trap. . . . Our morale is still high. But we all hope to see the end of it all."

Sam's company fought to defend against a massive German attack, often confronted by German soldiers in American uniforms invading foxholes. In January 1945 he wrote, "Our positions are going to face an attack soon. If so, will be a real battle because we are dug in for a fight and it'll be hard for us to withdraw. In fact, it might be impossible." The bitter cold continued: "Th' tears come from my eyes and freeze while on my cheeks. . . . 'If we could only see the end.'" By February: "I'm so sick of hearing and seeing death."

Finally, the Germans began to retreat. Several days before his company entered Germany, Sam and three other men left their foxholes in an effort to bring in a wounded comrade. That is when Sam was hit. "An 88 got me in the leg," he reported on February 7, 1945. Sam was taken to a field hospital, then to a hospital in France. Over the next two weeks his daily diary entry was just one or two words, reporting only pain. On March 12th, he was flown to Atlanta and admitted to the VA Hospital. He remained there for nine months.

Repeated procedures failed and, in the end, Sam's left leg was amputated above the knee. Although his long hospitalization involved pain, patience, and learning to walk with a prosthetic leg, Sam continued to write in his diary and to his family. Sam's younger sister, Leah, who was the first family member to visit him, wrote to his wife, our mother, Leona: "What a wonderful husband you've got and how very proud I am of my brother. . . . Thank God he realizes how lucky he is; and he has a greater zest for life than ever. . . . He was full of jokes and stories and wants to talk about his experiences over there . . . golly, he's the life of the hospital. . . . Sam says he's going to be the best dancer in S.C., bar none and that you and he are going on an extended honeymoon. He's full of plans for the future for you, Gale, and Nancy; and he loves you all so very much. Please don't worry about him, darling, and don't be afraid of seeing him again for the first time. You'll see how easy he makes it for you. He's such a great guy."





Counterclockwise from upper left: Sam and Leona Siegel, 1944, location unknown; matchbook cover advertising Novit's military supply department and the Lady Lafayette Hotel, Walterboro, SC; Sam Siegel, (front row, seventh from left) with his platoon at Camp Blanding, FL, August 1944; postcard from Sam to Leona, dated February 24, 1945. Courtesy of the family of Sam Siegel.

Sam returned home to Walterboro on December 20, 1945. For the next 62 years, he operated a store and other business enterprises and was involved in community organizations and activities in his town. He not only learned to walk again, but inspired many others to do the same. Sam was devoted to his family and to his country. The war memories were always with him, but they did not haunt him. He lived a life of service, grace, love, and humility.

Aboard the *Huddleston*: WW II Diaries of Dr. A. Ellis Poliakoff, Captain, US Army Medical Corps

by Edward Poliakoff

The five sons of David and Rachel Poliakoff of Abbeville, South Carolina, served their country in the World War II era like countless other Americans. All were proud University of South Carolina graduates, and from 1924 through 1940 at least one of the brothers lived in Burney College, Room 48, on the Carolina campus. Their beloved sister, Eva, graduated from Agnes Scott College. Dr. A. Ellis Poliakoff, the eldest sibling, who had established his medical practice in Abbeville before the war, was a captain in the army medical corps, and his three years–plus service included duty on trans-Atlantic hospital ships. Brothers Marion and Myer (my father) served in the SC Defense Force in Walhalla and Abbeville, respectively, where they were dry goods merchants. Arthur (Bud) Poliakoff, who after the war practiced pharmacy in Atlanta, served in the army pharmacy corps, stationed overseas for more than three years. Dr. Samuel R. Poliakoff, the youngest sibling, who later established an Ob-Gyn practice in Atlanta, served in the army medical corps and was dispatched to Korea in late 1945. Ellis and Samuel were graduates of what was then known as the Medical College of South Carolina.

From late August through October 1944, Captain A. Ellis Poliakoff kept a diary, adding a postscript describing his ship's return to Charleston harbor in December of that year. His entries show the importance he placed on family ties and Jewish observance. He describes the then-routine but now unimaginable complications involved in making a phone call home or catching bus connections from the Port of Charleston to Abbeville and back. It is unknown whether he kept diaries for other periods of his service.

Above: Capt. A. Ellis Poliakoff, US Army Medical Corps, aboard the hospital ship **Huddleston**, *1943. Below: the author's father, Sgt. Myer Poliakoff, SC Defense Force, with his daughter Doris, now Doris Feinsilber. Opposite page: postcard image of the* **Huddleston** *arriving at the port of embarkation, Charleston, SC; Capt. Poliakoff's trunk displaying his WW II memorabilia. Courtesy of Edward Poliakoff.*

In September 1944, during an outbound voyage on the USA Hospital Ship *Huddleston,* Captain Poliakoff expressed his hope of somehow connecting with Brother Bud, who was then stationed at Bristol, England. By chance the *Huddleston* was diverted to Bristol. The diary describes various hurdles he needed to surmount to have a phone call with Bud and arrange for him to visit the ship. Imagine the brothers' delight when they reunited, and their melancholy when they parted:

> Just think, I came over 3000 miles across the ocean and of all the places I could have gone, I land near enough so we can meet. . . . After talking a while, he [Bud] decided he had to get back so we bade each other farewell. I sure hated to part. Wish we could have been going back to the States together. Watched him till the car disappeared from view, then I returned slowly to the ship. A happy reunion had ended. Sure hope it is not long till we can be home and stay there.

Jewish services aboard the *Huddleston* are a recurring theme:

9 Sept. 1944

> We had a large crowd present for services. There were about 32 present. . . . I thought the services very impressive. . . . I brought a Talith for the boy [a T/5, or Technical Fifth Grade, who was a passenger] conducting services. There were Yarmulkes for all that needed them. We have a nice Kiddush cup. There were prayer books for all. What a strange picture this presented. Here we are hundreds of miles from land in the middle of the ocean on a deck near the water line of the ship in a room with a dim light. All seats were taken and I believe all members of the Jewish faith were present except a few. We were praying to the Almighty and I know everyone meant it. . . . We also said the prayer for a safe voyage.

17 Sept. 1944

> To-night is the eve before Rosh Hashona. I have made arrangements for services. . . . What a strange place to be holding services but we want to have services. The Lord has been kind to me and I want to say my prayers especially at this time of the year.

27 Sept. 1944

> Fasted all day. We had [Yom Kippur] services this morning at 10 A.M. again at 2:30 P.M., and again at 7:30 P.M. Boat drill interrupted the 2:30 service. . . . Almost every Jewish person on board came to at least one service. . . . I think we did right well considering the circumstances and the fact that we didn't have a Chaplain.

While the *Huddleston* was docked at the Port of Charleston preparing for another outbound voyage, Captain Poliakoff reported:

6 Oct. 1944

> To-night, Mr. [Nat] Shulman brought four bottles of wine for the Jewish boys for Friday services. He represents the Jewish Welfare Board in Charleston. I had to go to the gate to meet him as he wasn't allowed inside the Port unless he showed special passes. Lt. Col. O'Connor (Father O'Connor) drove me to gate and back.

Several passages describe Charleston vistas:

1 Oct. 1944 [inbound]

> From the bridge deck, I could see familiar landmarks. Somehow from this view Charleston had a foreign appearance. It didn't look like other American cities. The old homes with their style of architecture makes one think of some strange city not one he has known for so many years. Be that as it may, it was a welcome sight to a native South Carolinian.

7 Oct. 1944 [outbound]

> Down the river we sailed watching the Charleston shore line. Under the Cooper river bridge or Grace Memorial Bridge as it is now called. . . . I saw many familiar landmarks that brought back memories of times I spent in Charleston as a [medical] student. The Francis Marion Hotel, Fort Sumter Hotel and Peoples Building. The steeples of many churches were visible especially the familiar ones of St. Michael's and St. Phillip's [*sic*]. Saw the dock of the United Fruit Company that burned the day before. . . . On we sailed out through the submarine nets and into the wide Atlantic.

Numerous entries refer to hospital ship routine, including preparations and inspections, and rough seas that caused all those trying to rest to slide up and down in their bunk beds, and made the plates jump up and down the table in the officers' mess. There are no patient-specific passages or descriptions of injuries. That omission is consistent with patient confidentiality considerations, and perhaps consistent, too, with a passage written while home in Abbeville during a short leave in December 1944:

> One thing, I noticed which stood out to me after being around the sick and wounded, was the fact that no one seemed to be thinking of the war. It also seemed that everyone had somebody in the service somewhere. I suppose many had heavy hearts and were just masking their feelings. It was also at the time the Germans were pushing forward. Probably, it's best to be this way and not think too much of the war.

After the war Dr. A. Ellis Poliakoff returned to Abbeville and continued his medical practice until his death in 1970, beloved and relied upon by his patients and the entire community.

On the Home Front: Pages from Yetta Bicoff Rosen's Scrapbook

Yetta Bicoff and Nathan Rosen were introduced to each other by Nathan's cousin Morris Rosen in Columbia. They were married in Greenville on May 5, 1942 at the home of Yetta's parents, Sam and Rebecca Bicoff. Rudolph Robinson of Charleston was the best man. The newlyweds spent their honeymoon at Lake Lure, North Carolina, then settled in Charleston. Because of the wartime housing shortage, they moved in with Nathan's parents, Sam and Bessie Rosen, at 55 Montagu Street, on the floor below the grandparents of Ira Berendt, the Rosens' cousins by marriage. Their son Russell was born on March 7, 1944, and Alan on June 12, 1945, at which time the family was living at 230 Rutledge Avenue. By 1950, when their third son, Baran, was born, the Rosens resided at 62 Smith Street.

Like many others on the home front during World War II, the young couple was involved in civilian defense work, Yetta in the Citizens Service Corp, and Nathan in the Coast Patrol. From1940 to1946, Nathan served in the South Carolina House of Representatives. His brothers were active duty military: Jack served in the army dental corps stateside and in England; Louis, a naval officer, commanded a gun crew on a cargo ship in the South Pacific during the fighting for Guadalcanal.

Images from the Rosen family scrapbook, clockwise from top: Yetta and Nathan join Charleston-based naval servicemen for dinner at the Elks Club; rationing flyer; US Navy ships on the Wando River, 1946; Clemson vs. South Carolina football program, dated October 21, 1943; Gift of Yetta Bicoff Rosen. Special Collections. College of Charleston.

From Strength to Strength

by Martin Perlmutter

The Jewish Historical Society of South Carolina has thrived as a grassroots organization. Ann Meddin Hellman stands out even among many extraordinary contributors and and will be honored at the May meeting with the Order of the Jewish Palmetto. That is the only award that JHSSC offers and it has been bestowed only three times in the Society's history—to Isadore Lourie, Max Heller, and Sol Breibart. I am thrilled that Ann is joining this distinguished group. She is a joy to work with and has almost single-handedly created and maintained the JHSSC website, including its statewide cemetery survey. We will celebrate with Ann in May—a heartfelt and well-deserved mazel tov!

In its relatively short 20-year history, JHSSC has celebrated many successes, allowing us to claim the popular Jewish adage found in Psalm 84: we have moved from strength to strength. Our accomplishments include the Jewish Heritage Collection at the Addlestone Library, which, in collaboration with McKissick Museum at the University of South Carolina, produced the landmark exhibit and book *A Portion of the People;* the recording of hundreds of oral histories; a statewide survey of Jewish burial sites; the erection of several historical markers; and the bi-annual publication of this remarkable newsletter.

As I look towards the future, I am confident that JHSSC will be brought to the "next level" by its partner organization, the Pearlstine/Lipov Center for Southern Jewish Culture. The Center will focus on research, teaching, and community outreach. It will empower the Society to continue to do what we already do well—engage the community in learning about South Carolina Jewish history through lectures, conferences, walking tours, publications, websites, and historical markers—and will assure new and exciting explorations of southern Jewish history. Our May meeting, with its outstanding program, is evidence of the infusion of new energy from the Center for Southern Jewish Culture.

As a result of our fall 2014 membership survey, the JHSSC Past Presidents Council has committed to expanding our Pillar membership—those who pledge a thousand dollars a year for five years—to 40 Pillars, and our family memberships to 500 dues-paying members. These are attainable goals, but only if you join me in renewing your membership, committing what you can, recruiting new Pillars, and imploring those who find value in our work to do the same. We need your help!

Pillars

Susan and Charles Altman, Charleston, SC
Ellen Arnovitz, Atlanta, GA
Doris L. Baumgarten, Aiken, SC
Eric and Candace Bergelson, Greer, SC
Betty Brody, Coral Gables, FL
Harold Brody, Atlanta, GA
Alex and Dyan Cohen, Darlington, SC
Barry and Ellen Draisen, Anderson, SC
David and Andrea Draisen, Anderson, SC
Lowell and Barbara Epstein, Charleton, SC
Harold I. Fox, Charleston, SC
Phillip and Patricia Greenberg, Florence, SC
Ann Meddin and Max Hellman, Charleston, SC
Alan and Charlotte Kahn, Columbia, SC
Sue and Jerry Kline, Columbia, SC
Michael S. Kogan, Charleston, SC
Ronald Krancer, Bryn Mawr, PA
Allan and Jeanne Lieberman, Charleston, SC
Susan R. Lourie, Columbia, SC
Susan Pearlstine, Charleston, SC
Edward and Sandra Poliakoff, Columbia, SC
Alan and Anne Reyner, Columbia, SC
Debra C. Ritter, Columbia, SC
Benedict and Brenda Rosen, Myrtle Beach, SC
Robert and Susan Rosen, Charleston, SC
Sandra Lee Rosenblum, Charleston, SC
Joseph and Edie Rubin, Charleston, SC
Jeff and Walton Selig, Columbia, SC
Sandra G. Shapiro, Wilsonville, OR
Richard Stern, Boston, MA
Lois and Raphael Wolpert, Tampa, FL
Anita Zucker, Charleston, SC

Foundational Pillar

Henry and Sylvia Yaschik Foundation, Charleston, SC

Founding Patrons

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Raymond Lifchez, Berkeley, CA
Marlene and Stuart Schooler, Bethesda, MD

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Carolee Rosen Fox
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Raymond Rosenblum
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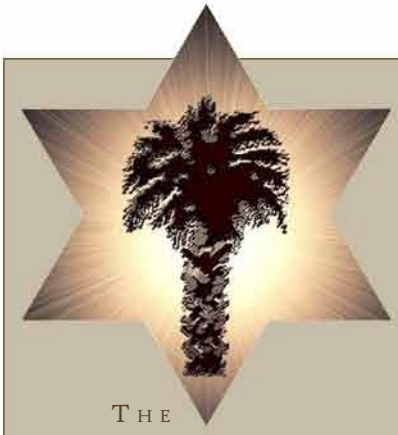
Jerry Zucker



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College of Charleston
Charleston, SC 29424
843.953.3918 fax 843.953.7624
Martin Perlmutter, *Executive Director*
Enid R. Idelsohn, *Administrator*

jhssc.org

Jewish Historical Society of South Carolina
96 Wentworth Street
College of Charleston
Charleston, SC 29424
Phone: 843.953.3918
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_____	**Founding patron**	**$1,000**
_____	**Pillar ($1,000 per year for 5 years)**	**$5,000**
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Join or renew online at *jhssc.org.*
Enroll your friends and relatives for an additional $36 each.
Send us their information and we will inform them of your gift.

Make checks payable to JHSSC
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Register now for the May 2–3 meeting in Charleston.
See pages 10 and 11 for more information.