HERITAGE

American Jewish Historical Society

FALL 2008

EXODUS

AMERICAN JEWISH CHAPLAINS
AND THE SURVIVORS, 1945–1953

ALSO INSIDE: EMMA LAZARUS STATUE OF LIBERTY AWARD HONORING SID LAPIDUS

HANK GREENBERG’S LEGACY

PLUS: BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM, A 16-PAGE PULL-OUT ON JEWISH FOOD
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EXODUS
AMERICAN JEWISH CHAPLAINS AND THE SURVIVORS, 1945–1953
BY MICHAEL FELDBERG

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Blessings of Freedom
SPECIAL PULL-OUT SECTION

REMEMBERING MUNICH
BY IRA BERKOW

This is my last letter as President of the AJHS. The past year and a half has been an unusual and challenging period for the Society. We have shared extraordinary evenings and presentations including an evening honoring the Straus family and, most recently, on May 21, 2008 we celebrated the Emma Lazarus Statue of Liberty Award Dinner honoring our Chairman, Sid Lapidus, for his outstanding commitment and service to the Society. The evening began with a reading of letters from the Jewish Chaplains who led Holocaust survivors from the DP camps to Israel. The evening was a resounding success. More details are included on pages 4 – 6.

I am pleased to introduce our new Executive Director, Evan Kingsley, who has extensive experience and leadership in the non-profit world. Also new to our organization is Susan L. Malbin, Director of Library and Archives, who brings a national perspective to this important position. Together they will guide the development of a vision for the future, one that re-imagines our Society in a world of changing technology.

I recently re-read an extraordinary letter written in 1952 by Captain N. Taylor Phillips, one of the original founders of the Society. He states that the principal reason for the founding of the American Jewish Historical Society was to combat the criticism and protests against the mass immigration of Jewish refugees from Eastern Europe during the late 1880s. Even some Jews who had settled earlier had similar negative attitudes toward the new immigrants. There was an “age-old” anti-Semitic belief that the Jews had nothing to do with the founding of America and the refugees were going to take advantage of this country to its detriment and even ruin. Little was known of the contribution of Jewish settlers to the founding of the American colonies and subsequent struggle for Independence.

The archives of the Society document the role of the early Jewish settlers and subsequent generations, which enables scholars, students, researchers and the general public to appreciate the extraordinary contributions made by American Jews to the well-being of this great nation. I believe that the Society has been successful in telling our story to other American citizens of diverse religions and race.

I urge you to explore the Society’s expanded resources that are available at www.ajhs.org. There are new finding aids, in-depth guides to our collections, just a few clicks away from our home page. And there’s a great deal more—from online exhibitions to stories of the many Jewish men and women who helped shape this nation—to discover and share!

We are proud of our past and proud of the new team in place to shape our future. Thank you for your continuing support to this extraordinary organization.

Respectfully yours,

Daniel R. Kaplan, President

A LETTER FROM DAN KAPLAN
PRESIDENT, AJHS

AJHS LOOKS AHEAD

We at AJHS are looking forward to an exciting Fall and Winter 2008–2009.

In October 2008, we will co-host a conference titled “Jewish Youth and Cultural Change: A Conference on Rethinking American Jewish History,” chaired by Professor Riv-Ellen Prell of the University of Minnesota.

On December 10, 2008 we will recognize Dr. Rachel Ehrenfeld—author of Funding Evil and Director, American Center for Democracy with the Citigroup/Kenneth J. Bialkin Public Service Award. Please visit us on line at www.ajhs.org for more information.

In January 2009, we will open an exhibition on Molly Picon, beloved star of Yiddish and American stage, drawn from the AJHS collection which archives Molly’s home-made scrapbooks chronicling her life and work.

Check our website regularly to keep in touch with the latest stories, developments and schedule of activities at AJHS.

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Lapidus Receives Emma Lazarus Statue of Liberty Award

On May 21, 2008 Sid Lapidus received the AJHS’s prestigious Emma Lazarus Statue of Liberty Award, recognizing his contributions to the advancement of the field of American Jewish history. Currently chair of AJHS, Lapidus has provided the Society with both the financial and historical resources to expand holdings in topics ranging from eighteenth-century political theory to twentieth-century anti-Semitism.

The landmark event was held at our home at The Center for Jewish History and raised a record-breaking $1,600,000. Among the nearly 300 guests were Ambassador Daniel Carmon, Charge d’Affaires of the Permanent Mission of Israel, Professor Sean Wilentz, celebrated political author and history scholar from Princeton University as well as leading figures in business, academics and philanthropy.

Sid was joined by his wife, Ruth, their three children, grandchildren and his many friends and colleagues, including those from his 40-year career at Warburg Pincus. He spoke about anti-Semitism in America over the centuries. His talking points came from among his gifts of documents to the Society, which include the earliest newspaper printing of George Washington’s important 1790 letter to the Hebrew Congregation of Savannah, and an 1877 poster concerning the banning, because they were Jewish, of a wealthy New Yorker and his family from the leading hotel in the Adirondacks. Sid also referred to anti-Semitic events in his own life. He was pleased to observe that significant changes over his lifetime have resulted in the virtual elimination of institutional anti-Semitism in the workplace and in educational institutions. Dan Kaplan, AJHS’ current President, was joined by former Presidents Ken Bialkin and Jerry Wyner in remarks that reflected the profound gratitude that the Society extended to Sid for his many years of vision and leadership.

In addition, the Dinner honored the work of post-war American Jewish chaplains with the survivors of the Holocaust. See related story, p.6.

AJHS looks forward to 2009 in anticipation of another enjoyable and important Emma Lazarus Statue of Liberty Award Dinner—watch our website www.ajhs.org and the mail for details.
EXCLUSIVE POSTER REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE ORIGINALS IN OUR ARCHIVES

Beautiful and historic posters in Yiddish and English have been faithfully reproduced from the originals in our archives. Two sizes available to fit standard frames. Printed on acid-free paper using ultraviolet resistant inks. For a larger selection visit our online gift shop at www.ajhs.org.

Support AJHS with a tax-deductible gift of $50 and receive a poster as our gift.

Whether you are renewing your membership or donating for the first time, your generosity directly supports our mission.

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FROM TOP: ISRAELI AMBASSADOR DANIEL CARMON; PROF. SEAN WILENTZ; MICHAEL JESSELSON AND RONALD TAUBER; EVAN KINGSLEY AND DARA MEYERS-KINGSLEY, GEORGE GARFUNKEL, SKIP KARETSKY

The Emma Lazarus Dinner began with a reading of the letters of Chaplains serving during the period 1945–48. The letters from Chaplains Abe Klausner, Mayer Abranowitz, Isaac Klein, David Eschhorn, Herbert Friedman, Abe Shapiro, and Judah Nadich described in detail life in the DP camps, the movement of the survivors from the camps to European ports of debarkation to the newly created State of Israel. The following story is a portion of the script from that reading, with the words of the chaplains.

When American Army chaplain Isaac Klein first arrived in 1944, he doubted that any Jews had survived the Nazi occupation. Stationed in Chartres, he thought of a strategy for uncovering Jewish survivors. He wrote: “I went to the Army paint shop, gave them my helmet and asked them to paint the Jewish chaplain’s insignia—the two tablets with the Ten Commandments with the Star of David on top of them. With the Forvertz (Forward), an American Yiddish newspaper in my hand, I repaired to the square of the city. Within half an hour I had all the (surviving) Jewish families around me. The scene was most moving. One woman shouted almost hysterically, “I am Jewish! I am Jewish!”

In 1946, the 11 million Europeans who were displaced by the war were able to return to their homelands. The half million surviving Jews scattered throughout Europe could not be repatriated—they were unwelcome in their former countries and were threatened by their former neighbors. They could not imagine living in Germany that was, in the words of one survivor, “soaked in Jewish blood.” Most remained in displaced persons (DP) camps established in the American zone of occupied Germans.

Approximately, sixty American Jewish chaplains had the burden—and opportunity—to help the US military to meet the displaced Jews’ material, emotional and spiritual needs. From obtaining kosher food to encouraging political organization to conducting weddings and britim milah, the chaplains helped, in the words of historian Alex Grobman, to “rekindle the flame” of Jewish life in the camps. They also played a significant role in helping the Jewish DP’s depart from Europe to new homes in Palestine—what would, in 1948, become the State of Israel. Foreseeing no future in Europe, Jewish DP’s were determined to leave for Palestine despite British military resistance to their arrival. American Jewish chaplains such as Herbert Friedman assisted the DP’s to undertake these clandestine trips to Palestine. Friedman recalled:

‘In 1947 the Exodus loaded… near Marseilles, I helped bring 5,000 people to that ship (in) a convoy from the American Zone of Germany across France—100 trucks with 5,000 people. You can imagine how many armored cars we had fore and aft. We got 4,400 onto the ship and off she went.’
Like many a Southern California Jew, I grew up in a religiously relaxed household. We attended synagogue, but only on the High Holy Days. I went to Hebrew school and had a Bat Mitzvah. In West L.A., of course, a Bat Mitzvah is often little more than the pretext for a party. Therefore, it is not surprising that, as a young girl, the lore of my grandfather Hank Greenberg comprised almost my entire understanding of what it meant to be a Jew.

At 6 feet four inches tall, my grandfather was a towering figure with a personality to match. I spent weekends with him, in awe of his size and his presence. I listened to my father with eager fascination as he would recount for me the stories of my grandfather’s struggle to make a name for himself as a Jew in professional baseball. There was the anti-Semitism he faced as a first baseman for the Detroit Tigers after he broke into their lineup in 1933, when Jews were often persona non grata on the ball field. There was his decision to enlist in the army immediately after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the first major-leaguer to sign up.

Then, of course, there is the event for which Hank is most famous—his refusal to play in an important game during a tight American League pennant race in 1934 because it fell on Yom Kippur. My grandfather was hardly religious, and he was not playing baseball to make a point. However, as a star in the big leagues, he had earned the respect and adoration of countless American Jews. He did not take that responsibility lightly, which is why he felt it necessary to make the statement that he would not compromise his heritage for the sake of the game. It was an affirmation for Jewish Americans everywhere.
As I grew older, my grandfather’s legacy was all that remained of my Jewish identity. The Hebrew lessons were forgotten and, when I went off to college, the Sabbath passed unobserved. Eventually, I even decided to forgo the annual trips to temple on Yom Kippur. Still, I always held onto that sense of pride in my heritage, that willingness to stand up and say, “Yeah, I’m Jewish. Got a problem with that?”

I recently traveled to Israel, a place that looms large in the imagination of every Jew but that I had never had the chance to visit. Spending time there altered and strengthened my understanding of my Jewish identity. Visiting Yad Vashem, Masada, the war-torn Golan Heights, the Wailing Wall made it personal. I had the opportunity to talk to people who lived there before 1948, to hear how they, their parents and their parents’ parents struggled against seemingly insurmountable odds to build a nation. On my visit I learned that in 2003 the Polish Air Force had its eighty-fifth anniversary and invited the Israeli Air Force to join them in celebrating. The Israelis agreed on one condition—that they be allowed to fly their planes over Auschwitz, where they would land and have a ceremony to honor the dead. Many of the pilots gave speeches, tearing up as they talked about what it signified to be flying their planes over the site where their grandparents had suffered and died. The pilots, though brimming with emotion, were also filled with pride because this symbolic mission was meant to suggest that those atrocities could never happen again. Hearing this story helped me internalize the significance of my grandfather’s missed game on Yom Kippur seventy-four years ago.

My experiences in Israel culminated in the understanding that it is not enough to reduce being Jewish to eating bagels or cheering for Jewish athletes, even one as great as Hank. I realized that I have a duty as a Jew to adhere to the traditions of my people, study their history, learn their language. That is the best way to keep Jewish tradition alive, particularly in a world where some still seem determined to destroy it. I feel I owe it to the Jews who have suffered for their beliefs to practice my religion, for the simple reason that I can. I have the freedom to light candles on Shabbat, go to temple on the High Holy Days and study the Torah—to be a Jew. What better way to honor my grandfather for the stands he took?

In 1938, just before the start of World War II, when my grandfather was contending to break Babe Ruth’s single-season record of 60 home runs, he used to say that he thought of every home run that he hit as a home run against Hitler. When I returned from Israel, the first thing I did was hang a mezuzah on the doorpost of my apartment. That was my small way of hitting a home run against Hitler, too.

HANK GREENBERG HIGHLIGHTS 2008 EDITION
OF JEWISH MAJOR LEAGUERS BASEBALL CARD UPDATE SET

Commemorating 75th anniversary of Hank Greenberg’s rookie year. Includes new member of the Hall of Fame, Barney Dreyfuss, a salute to Ryan Braun, First Jewish “Rookie of the Year,” and a special tribute to Hank Greenberg written by NY Times sports columnist Ira Berkow.

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Cards are not sold. They are available only as gifts for joining for the first time or renewing your membership. All orders are subject to dwindling stock on hand. Please order now to avoid disappointment.
This issue’s collection of essays focuses on various aspects of the role that food, food standards and rituals, especially those associated with Passover, have played in American Jewish life. In every culture, foodways are central to defining family, social groupings and ethnic and religious identity. The ways in which foods are prepared and consumed create shared experiences and values among those who break bread (or matzo) together.
Of Civil Seders

IN THE

Civil War
For Jewish soldiers fighting for the North during the Civil War, the Passover story was especially powerful. These men saw clear parallels between the Union freeing the South's slaves and Moses leading the ancient Hebrews out of Egypt. Celebrating the Seder helped them remember the purpose for which they risked their lives. However, creating a Seder in a war zone required flexibility and creativity.

In 1862, the Jewish Messenger published an account by J. A. Joel of the 23rd Ohio Volunteer Regiment of a Seder celebrated by Union soldiers in Fayette, West Virginia. Joel and 20 other Jewish soldiers were granted leave to observe Passover. A soldier home on leave in Cincinnati shipped matzo and hagaddot to his colleagues. Joel wrote:

We... sent parties to forage in the country [for Passover food] while a party stayed to build a log hut for the services... We obtained two kegs of cider, a lamb, several chickens and some eggs. Horseradish or parsley we could not obtain, but in lieu we found a weed whose bitterness, I apprehend, exceeded anything our forefathers enjoyed... We had the lamb, but did not know what part was to represent it at the table; but Yankee ingenuity prevailed, and it was decided to cook the whole lamb and put it on the table, then we could dine off it, and be sure we got the right part.

The necessaries for the charoutzes we could not obtain, so we got a brick which, rather hard to digest, reminded us, by looking at it, for what purpose it was intended.

Yankee ingenuity indeed! Historian Bertram Korn observes, “It must have been quite a sight: these twenty men gathered together in a crude and hastily-built log hut, their weapons at their side, prepared as in Egypt land for all manner of danger, singing the words of praise and faith in the ancient language of Israel.” The Seder proceeded smoothly until the eating of the bitter herbs. Joel recounted:

We all had a large portion of the herb ready to eat at the moment I said the blessing; each ate his portion, when horrors! What a scene ensued... The herb was very bitter and very fiery like Cayenne pepper, and excited our thirst to such a degree that we forgot the law authorizing us to drink only four cups, and... we drank up all the cider. Those that drank more freely became excited and one thought he was Moses, another Aaron, and one had the audacity to call himself a Pharaoh. The consequence was a skirmish, with nobody hurt, only Moses, Aaron and Pharaoh had to be carried to the camp, and there left in the arms of Morpheus.

More problematic was the situation of Union soldiers who, unable to hold their own Seders, were forced to “fraternize” with local Southern Jews. Myer Levy of Philadelphia, for example, was in a Virginia town one Passover late in the war when he saw a young boy sitting on his front steps eating a piece of matzo. According to Korn, when Levy “asked the boy for a piece, the child fled indoors, shouting at the top of his lungs, ‘Mother, there’s a damn Yankee Jew outside!”’ The boy’s mother invited Levy to Seder that night. One wonders how the Virginian family and the Yankee soldier each interpreted the hagaddah portions describing the evils of bondage.

On the eve of the fifth day of Passover (April 14), 1865, Abraham Lincoln was shot and died of his wounds in the early morning of April 15th, which had already been scheduled as a national day of prayer to mark the end of the Civil War. Jews across the land were gathering in synagogues to give thanks. When news of Lincoln’s death arrived, Korn notes, the synagogue altars were quickly draped in black and, instead of Passover melodies, the congregations chanted Yom Kippur hymns. Rabbis set aside their sermons and wept openly at their pulpits, as did their congregants. Lincoln had been protective of American Jewry, overturning General Grant’s infamous General Order #11 expelling Jews from the Department of the Tennessee and supporting legislation allowing Jewish chaplains to serve in the military. The Jewish Record drew the analogy between Lincoln not having lived to see the reconciliation of North and South and Moses dying on Mount Pisgah before he saw the Israelites enter the Promised Land.

Although we are well aware that Jewish men and women are serving the United States in combat areas of the Middle East, it is easy to forget how difficult it can be for them to maintain the traditions that beautify Judaism. For Jewish Union soldiers fighting between 1861 and 1865 to free others from slavery, the Passover parallels must have made each Seder particularly sweet and meaningful.
On a hot and humid Cincinnati evening in July 1883, over 200 distinguished guests, Jews and non-Jews alike, gathered at Cincinnati’s exclusive Highland House restaurant to celebrate a milestone in the history of American Judaism: Hebrew Union College, which Rabbi Isaac Mayer Wise founded, had just ordained its initial graduating class. America finally produced four homegrown, ordained rabbis. Most of the diners had just attended the eighth annual meeting of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (UAHC), the first association of American Jewish synagogues, which Rabbi Wise had also organized. The graduates and guests looked forward to an evening of gastronomical pleasures. What they witnessed was the beginning of the end of Wise’s dream of American Jewish religious unity.

For the nearly four decades after his arrival in America from his native Bohemia, Isaac Mayer Wise envisioned creating and sustaining a unified American Judaism that balanced European tradition and New World realities. He built the Hebrew Union College to train American rabbis and created the Union of American Hebrew Congregations as a forum for traditional and Reform-minded rabbis and congregations to air and resolve their differences.

By 1883, the fact that some traditionalists had introduced a degree of modernization such as English sermons and English prayers into their services and the more liberal ones even allowed organ music and mixed choirs of men and women encouraged Wise to hope for convergence. His close friend, Reverend Isaac Leeser of Philadelphia, the leading traditionalist figure, aided him. Like Wise, Leeser was willing to focus on uniting American Jewry rather than doctrinal differences.

Other rabbinical voices were not so united in vision and purpose. Especially contentious were the so-called Eastern radical reformers, led by Rabbi David Einhorn of Baltimore. Veterans of the radical Reform German rabbinical conferences of the 1850s, the liberals intended to expunge what they deemed outmoded religious practices such as kashruth—derisively called “kitchen Judaism”—and the second day of holiday observances. Some radicals even advocated observing Shabbat on Sunday.

Wise himself damaged the reform-traditionalist détente in 1855 by introducing, at a meeting intended to demonstrate the harmony of American Judaism, his prayer book, Minhag America. Though moderate in its reforms, the book distressed the traditionalists, including Leeser, and did not go far enough for some of the radicals.

Wise’s diplomatic genius contained these differences. By creating the UAHC in 1873 and convincing that organization to found Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati in 1875, Wise maintained the fragile traditionalist-reformer détente, albeit shakily, into the beginning of the 1880s. Historian Abraham J. Karp notes, Wise “understood that congregations could be
united through participation in a project rather than through agreement on resolutions” and proposed creating the seminary as a concrete way to develop an American rabbinate and, thus, an American Judaism.

The celebratory banquet for the first Hebrew Union College graduating class on that fateful July evening tangibly confirmed for Wise the efficacy of his strategy. Reformers and traditionalists were breaking bread together. The first course, however, according to the menu, was “Little Neck Clams (half shell).” According to the memoirs of Rabbi David Phillipson, the course provoked “terrific excitement” and “two rabbis rose from their seats and rushed from the room.” While leaders gave unity speeches from the podium, a number of traditional rabbis sat stoically through the meal, failing to applaud and refusing to taste even one morsel of the “Soft-shell Crabs” and “Salade of Shrimps,” or the ice cream and cheese that followed the meat courses.

Historians debate whether Wise approved the menu, the Jewish caterer acted on his own or the Einhorn faction surreptitiously ordered the tref courses to force a showdown. Wise claimed no knowledge of how the shellfish got on the menu. He personally kept a kosher home and claims to have ordered Gus Lindeman, the caterer, to serve only kosher food. Lindeman did serve kosher meat but “supplemented” it with the shellfish and dairy desserts. A later investigation by a panel of UAHC rabbis cleared Wise of wrongdoing, but the damage was done.

The events of that evening, dubbed in history the “trefa banquet,” forged an important link in the chain of events leading to the formal break between tradition and reform. In the three years after the banquet, a series of debates between radical rabbi Kaufmann Kohler and traditionalist Alexander Kohut crystallized positions in each camp. In 1885, the UAHC conference in Pittsburgh, dominated by radicals, adopted a platform of Reform Jewish theology that defined the movement for over half a century. In 1886, some change-oriented rabbis who could not go as far as the Pittsburgh radicals established the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, laying the foundation for Conservative Judaism. In 1888, New York City’s Orthodox community decided to recruit a chief rabbi from Eastern Europe to serve as a regnant authority. Later that year, Rabbi Jacob Joseph of Vilna arrived in New York City to become the first official chief Orthodox rabbi in America.

After these events, there was no turning back. American Judaism had divided into organized movements, each claiming its right to define Jewish religious practices. The “trefa banquet” did not cause that division, but most colorfully symbolized the sensibilities and principles that led to it.
Bravo, Bravo, Bravo, Jewish Women!

THE KOSHER MEAT BOYCOTT OF 1902
In mid-May, 1902, the retail price of kosher meat on the Lower East Side of New York jumped from 12 to 18 cents per pound. In the Gilded Age, such dramatic price fluctuations were common as great “Trusts,” oligopolies controlled by industrial barons, cornered the market on commodities such as beef, steel and oil. In response to the rise in beef prices, for a week the small retail kosher butchers of New York refused to sell meat. It was their way of protesting the beef monopoly’s actions. The butchers’ boycott failed, however, to bring wholesale prices down. So Jewish homemakers on the Lower East Side, influenced by the emerging labor and women’s suffrage movements, began to agitate for a strike. Fanny Levy, whose husband was a unionized cloakmaker, and Sarah Edelson, who owned a small restaurant, mobilized the neighborhood women by going door-to-door to persuade them not to buy kosher beef.

On May 15, the press reported that 20,000 women on the Lower East Side broke into kosher butcher shops and rendered meat inedible by taking it into the street, soaking it in gasoline and setting it on fire. Crowds also confiscated meat from women who had purchased it from kosher butchers and destroyed that meat as well.

According to historian Paula Hyman, the Herald reported that “an excitable and aroused crowd [of mostly women] roamed the streets... armed with sticks, vocabularies and well-sharpened nails” in an effort to keep other women from purchasing kosher meat. One woman complained that her husband was sick and needed to eat beef to recover. A woman in a traditional sheitel told her that “a sick man can eat tref meat,” so she must abide by the boycott.

By the end of the day, the police had arrested 85 persons, 70 of them Jewish women, for disorderly conduct. The Herald reported that the women “were pushed and hustled about [by the police], thrown to the pavement... and trampled upon.” One of the women responded by slapping a police officer in the face with a moist piece of liver.

The Yiddish press supported the protest. The *Forward* ran the headline, “Bravo, Bravo, Bravo, Jewish Women!” By contrast, The *New York Times* called for the repression of this “dangerous class... especially the women [who] are very ignorant [and]... mostly speak a foreign language.”

Not all the mainstream press was hostile to the boycott. “Muckraking” journalists such as Lincoln Steffens and Ida Tarbell had been exposing the excesses of industrial monopolies, especially the oil and steel trusts, in the pages of daily newspapers. The *Times*, despite its opposition to the boycotters’ tactics, hoped that “the disturbances on the crowded east side in this city might give the Beef Combine something to think about rather seriously. [The boycott] is the most violent and general manifestation of resentment toward... the Combine that has been made, and it is more noteworthy than anything of its kind that has ever happened in this country.”

The boycott spread to the Jewish communities of Brooklyn, Harlem, Newark, Boston and Philadelphia. It also spread to the synagogues, where women asked for rabbinic endorsement of their tactics. They even ascended bimahs, sometimes uninvited, to address men gathered in prayer. As Paula Hyman notes, “For once, urged a boycott leader... let the men use the power of ‘And he shall rule over her,’ to the good by seeing to it that their wives refrain from purchasing meat.”

Under pressure from their customers, on May 22nd the Retail Butchers Association once more aligned itself with the boycotters and refused to sell kosher beef in member shops. Five days later, Orthodox religious leaders, who had mostly remained on the sidelines, formally endorsed the boycott. By June 9th, the retail price of kosher beef had dropped back to 14 cents and the boycott began to lose steam. The retail shops did a thriving business once again.

The kosher meat boycott of 1902 indicated the rising political consciousness of Jewish women in New York’s ghettos. Most boycotters were not yet American citizens, but they had lived in America long enough to observe the organizing strategies of the nascent labor and women’s suffrage movements. The example set by the kosher meat boycotters was later emulated in Jewish neighborhood rent strikes in 1904 and 1907–08, and in food boycotts in 1907, 1912 and 1917. Many of the daughters of the kosher meat boycotters of 1902, especially those in the garment trades, would become the backbone of New York’s labor movement.
Nathan Straus
AND THE WHITE PERIL
The American most responsible for ensuring a safe milk supply throughout the nation’s cities was not a physician, scientist or politician, but a department store magnate. In 1923, Nathan Straus’ battle against unsanitary milk, which he termed “the white peril,” won him the accolade “most useful citizen in New York.”

Born in Bavaria in 1848, Nathan Straus came to Georgia with his mother, brothers and sister in 1854. The Strauses moved to New York City after the Civil War, where Nathan and his older brother Isidore became the sole owners and managing directors of the R. H. Macy department store. In 1914, deeply affected by the loss of Isidore and his wife, both of whom perished on the Titanic, Nathan retired from business to devote himself full-time to public service and philanthropy.

Nathan’s career in public service began earlier, in 1889, when he was appointed New York City’s parks commissioner. In 1894, he received the Democratic Party’s nomination for mayor of New York, an honor he declined. Three years later he was named president of the New York City Board of Health.

During the 1890s, Straus became especially concerned with the plight of New York’s tenement dwellers. During the terrible depression winters of 1892 and 1893, he operated a chain of centers to distribute food and coal to the poor, and he built shelters for the homeless. However, his main concern was the high mortality of infants and children that, he became convinced, was caused chiefly by their consumption of unsanitary raw milk.

Straus was sensitized to child mortality by the deaths of two of his three children. Straus claimed that it was the sudden death of his own cow that first drew his attention to the relationship between raw milk and child mortality. After an autopsy revealed that the animal had tuberculosis, Straus worried that the animal might have passed the disease along to his family. Doctors, scientists and social reformers had long denounced the poor quality of milk available in the nation’s cities, especially during the summer, and they blamed bad milk for the deaths of hundreds of thousands of American children. Straus saw a need to act.

Straus was convinced that the discoveries of Louis Pasteur offered the best hope for a remedy to the milk problem. He built his own plant to sterilize milk bottles and pasteurize (that is, heat) milk to kill bacteria. In 1893, at his own expense Straus opened the first of 18 milk distribution depots throughout the city, which sold his sterilized milk for only a few cents and made free milk available to those unable to afford even that.

Straus believed that ensuring safe milk should be a government responsibility. He tirelessly lectured civic groups and bombarded political leaders around the United States with missives describing the menace of raw milk. He carried the campaign abroad by building pasteurization plants in Europe and the Middle East to demonstrate the technique to foreign governments.

Farmers and commercial milk distributors unwilling to undertake the expense of pasteurization opposed Straus’ campaign, which he waged together with his wife Lina. Some scientists suspicious of “new-fangled” ideas and politicians reluctant to see government conduct social “experiments” also resisted Straus’s campaign. His views took hold as statistics showed that infant mortality rates in the areas around his milk depots dropped precipitously. In Manhattan and the Bronx alone, Straus was credited with saving the lives of thousands of children. Considering the mortality rates in other cities that adopted his methods, the effects reached millions of children. By the early 20th century, cities and states began requiring milk pasteurization, and in the 1920s Congress enacted national milk health regulations. In 1920, Straus donated his pasteurization plant to the city of New York and turned the milk depots over to public agencies.

The milk fight won, Nathan and Lina devoted the last decade of their lives to Zionist activities and promoting Jewish life in America. They helped underwrite the first nursing missions sent to the Holy Land by Hadassah and funded pasteurization plants, hospitals and other facilities in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. The Strauses ultimately gave nearly two thirds of their wealth to improve living conditions for Arabs and Jews in Palestine. Nathan also helped found the American Jewish Congress, and in 1917 launched the Jewish War Relief Fund with the largest single financial contribution.

In 1923, Nathan Straus won an opinion poll asking New Yorkers to name the individual who had done the most to promote the city’s public welfare during the previous quarter century. Said one admirer, Straus was “a star in the milky way of philanthropy, a man whose heart is bubbling over with the sterilized milk of human kindness.”
Rabbi Brennglass

AND THE MASSENA BLOOD LIBEL
Massena is a quiet city in upstate New York. It sits beside the St. Lawrence River across the water from Canada. The Jewish population of Massena is small and supports one synagogue. Massena seems an unlikely location for a major event in American Jewish history, but it was.

In 1928, a “blood libel” accusation against the 100 or so Jewish residents then living in Massena tore the city apart. Blood libels have been a part of Jewish history at least since 1144, when the Jews of England were accused of having purchased a Christian boy the child martyr, William of Norwich—to torture and crucify him. At the heart of the blood libel is the charge that Jews murder Christian children to procure their blood, or more rarely their internal organs, to make matzo at Passover. Geoffrey Chaucer, author of the *Canterbury Tales*, accused the “cursed Jewes” of infanticide in “The Prioress’s Tale.” The myth of Jewish ritual sacrifice persisted through the centuries and occasionally resonated on the fringes of American society, no place more openly and angrily than in Massena, New York.

On Erev Yom Kippur, 1928, the New York State police brought in Rabbi Berel Brennglass of Massena’s Orthodox congregation Adath Israel for questioning. Four-year-old Barbara Griffiths of Massena had disappeared and Albert Comnas, an immigrant from Salonika, Greece, charged that, as the highest of Jewish holy days was at hand, the Jews of Massena might have kidnapped little Barbara and ritually murdered her for her blood. The police interrogated Rabbi Brennglass for more than an hour about Jewish practices in respect to human sacrifice and the use of blood in food. Fortunately, during the interrogation, Barbara emerged from the woods where, having become lost, she had spent the night in the tall grass.

Her reappearance did not fully calm some townspeople. They suggested that the Jews had released her only on discovery of their plot. Choosing to believe this was true, mayor W. Gilbert Hawes organized a boycott of Massena’s Jewish-owned businesses. Massena’s dismayed Jewish community leaders called on Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, chairman of the American Jewish Congress, to intervene. Wise called on his friend Al Smith, New York’s governor, who was running for president on the Democratic ticket that year, to speak out in defense of Massena’s Jews. Smith assured Wise that while he could do nothing about the mayor’s actions, which were not under his jurisdiction, he would make certain that the actions of the state trooper in the case were thoroughly investigated.

The incident ended during the next two or three weeks. The *New York Times* picked up the story and made it a national event. Mayor Hawes, a Republican with his eyes on his pending re-election campaign and apparently under pressure from the national Republican Party, issued a public apology. His statement read in part, “In light of the solemn protest of my Jewish neighbors, I feel I ought to express clearly and unequivocally ... my sincere regret that by any act of commission or omission, I should have seemed to lend countenance ... to what I should have known to be a cruel libel imputing human sacrifice as a practice now or at any time in the history of the Jewish people.” Hawes was re-elected for a sixth consecutive term.

Historically, blood libels have not been leveled exclusively at Jews. Ironically, the early Christians were purported to practice infanticide and baby eating. Perhaps this was a residual charge associated with the Jewish origins of early Christianity. The Spanish New World explorers justified their conquest of the Central American Indians on the grounds that Aztecs performed “ritual crucifixions” at Easter (a logical impossibility, since the Aztecs knew nothing of Christian history). As recently as the Bosnian war, Serbians accused their Muslim opponents of crucifying and decapitating Christian children and floating their corpses down the Drina River.

However, the blood libel charge has clung consistently to Jews for at least a millennium. That it could arise in the United States in the twentieth century gives pause. As Rabbi Brennglass reminded his congregation at Kol Nidre services in 1928, “We must forever remind ourselves that this happened in America, not tsarist Russia, among people we have come to regard as our friends. We must show our neighbors that their hatred originates in fear, and that this fear has its roots in ignorance. ... We must show them they have nothing to fear from us. We must tell the world this story so it will never happen again.”
Beyond Seltzer Water

RABBI TOBIAS GEFFEN
AND THE KASHERING OF COCA-COLA

PASSOVER LIST
D. BEHRMAN’S GROCERIES, 72 BOWERY, 1848
JACQUES JUDAH LYONS COLLECTION, 1795–1874, P-15
As a symbol of American culture, Coca-Cola has penetrated every nation in the world and is served at the most strictly kosher events. While Coke has been on the market since 1886, only since 1935 has it been certified kosher, including kosher l’Pesach. Gaining that certification was a complicated task.

Rabbi Tobias Geffen, an Orthodox rabbi who served Atlanta’s Congregation Shearith Israel from 1910 until his death in 1970 at the age of 99, is responsible for kashering Coke. Rabbi Geffen was an unlikely contributor to the worldwide success of the beverage. Born in Kovno, Lithuania in 1870, he emigrated to Canton, Ohio in 1903 and accepted his Atlanta pulpit seven years later. During his long tenure at Shearith Israel, Geffen became the dean of Southern Jewish Orthodoxy.

As the millions of Eastern European Jews who migrated to the United States from Poland, Lithuania, Russia, Ukraine and elsewhere in Eastern Europe before World War I became more Americanized, they wanted increasingly to partake of “real” American life, including consuming American foods and beverages. While seltzer water might have been the preference of many traditional Jewish immigrants, their rapidly assimilating children and grandchildren demonstrated their Americanization by drinking Coke.

Because the Coca-Cola Company was headquartered in Atlanta, Rabbi Geffen received letters from several Orthodox rabbinic colleagues around the nation asking whether it was halachically permissible to consume Coca-Cola. Uncertain of the answer, Geffen contacted the company to ask for a list of Coke’s ingredients.

At the time, Rabbi Geffen did not know that the formula for Coca-Cola is a closely guarded trade secret—perhaps one of the best-kept trade secrets in American history. Only a handful of individuals know the formula. Once Rabbi Geffen inquired, the Coca-Cola Company made a corporate decision to allow him access to the list of ingredients in Coke’s secret formula provided he swore to keep them in utter secrecy. Geffen agreed to the terms. The company did not tell Geffen the exact proportions of each ingredient, but just gave him a list of contents by name.

When Geffen received the list of ingredients, he discovered that one of them was glycerin made from non-kosher beef tallow. Even though a laboratory chemist told Geffen that the glycerin was present in only one part per thousand (one part in 60 is diluted enough to earn kosher certification), Geffen informed the Coca-Cola Company that, since this glycerin was a planned rather than accidentally added ingredient, observant Jews could not knowingly tolerate its inclusion. Coke failed to meet Geffen’s standards.

Back at the company’s laboratories, research scientists went to work finding a substitute for tallow-based glycerin and discovered that Proctor and Gamble produced a glycerin from cottonseed and coconut oil. When the scientists agreed to use this new ingredient, Geffen gave his hechsher, or seal of approval, for Coke to be marketed as kosher.

Still, a second problem vexed Geffen: the formula for Coke included traces of alcohol that were a byproduct of grain kernels. Since anything derived from grains is chametz, or forbidden at Passover, Coca-Cola could not be certified kosher for use at Passover. Coke’s chemists experimented and found that, during the Passover season, they could substitute sweeteners produced from beet sugar and cane sugar for grain-based ones without compromising Coke’s taste. They agreed to start manufacturing Coke with the new sugars several weeks before Passover each year.

Rabbi Geffen was pleased to have performed this service for the American Jewish people and the Coca-Cola Company. In his papers, which are housed in the archives of the American Jewish Historical Society, researchers can find a teshuva (rabbinic response) that Geffen wrote which includes the following:

Because Coca-Cola has already been accepted by the general public in this country and Canada and because it has become an insurmountable problem to induce the great majority of Jews to refrain from partaking of this drink, I have tried earnestly to find a method of permitting its usage. With the help of Gd I have been able to uncover a pragmatic solution in which there would be no question nor any doubt concerning the ingredients of Coca-Cola.

Thanks to Rabbi Geffen, even the most observant Jews can feel comfortable that “things go better with Coke.”
Regina Margareten
Matriarch of the Kosher Food Industry
Every Passover, we are reminded that American Jewry has developed its own traditional means for celebrating the holiday, including the use of highly recognizable commercial staples on countless American Seder tables: sweet red Manischewitz wines, kosher Barton’s candies, Rokeach gefilte fish and Horowitz-Margareten matzos. We can attribute the enduring success of these brand name products, at least in part, to the driving force of their family founders. Regina Horowitz Margareten’s matzo is a case in point.

Born in Hungary in 1863, Regina came to America as the 20-year-old bride of Ignatz Margareten. Regina’s parents, Jacob and Mirel Horowitz, accompanied the newlyweds. The two families went into business together, opening a grocery store on Willett Street on New York’s Lower East Side. Remaining true to their Orthodoxy, the families baked their own matzo for their first Passover in America. The following year, they purchased fifty barrels of flour, rented a bakery and produced extra matzo for sale in their store. According to historian Shulamith Z. Berger, during that first year of baking matzo commercially Regina Margareten “lit the fires, worked the dough and found customers.” Within a few years, the matzo were so popular that baking it became the sole family business.

In 1885, two years after the family arrived in America, Regina’s father died. Regina, her mother, her four brothers and her husband Ignacz continued to run the now-named Horowitz Brothers & Margareten Company. According to historian Berger, Regina Margareten worked through the night at the company’s Manhattan bakery and, for weeks at a time, saw the light of day only on the Sabbath. Her mother died in 1919 and her husband died in 1923, at which time Regina Margareten formally joined the company’s board of directors and took the title of treasurer. As de facto leader, she grew the business steadily. In 1931, the company used 45,000 barrels of flour and grossed the then-considerable sum of $1 million. According to the New York Times, Regina Margareten became the “matriarch of the kosher food industry.” She would arrive at the plant on New York’s Lower East Side each day at 8:30 a.m., taste the matzo and have samples sent to her office throughout the day—a one-woman quality control department. She was instrumental in the company’s 1945 decision to relocate from the Lower East Side to a larger plant in Long Island City so there would be room for future growth. Her influence also pushed the firm to diversify its product line to include noodles and other kosher food products.

Regina Margareten was a model of tzedakah. Throughout the Depression years, she made certain that any beggar who came to the Horowitz Brothers & Margareten factory left with something to eat. She supported more than 100 charitable organizations and took an active role in many of them. Among her favorites was an organization that supplied indigent boys at a Talmud Torah with new clothes at Passover and another that provided for needy women during pregnancy and childbirth.

Margareten had a sense of adventure. During the 1920s and 1930s she traveled annually to visit relatives in Hungary. Family lore has it that one year in the early 1920s she flew the London to Paris leg of the journey in an open cockpit airplane. On another visit, she helped a relative purchase a coal mine in Edeleny, Hungary so that family members in the area would have jobs. When World War II began, she directed her son Jacob to complete affidavits promising her European relatives jobs at the company so they could escape to America.

Regina Margareten was the company’s spokesperson to the community. At Passover during the 1940s and 1950s, she annually broadcast a Yiddish radio greeting to the American Jewish community, which she would then repeat in English “for the sake of the children who may be listening in.” In 1952, at age 89, Margareten’s talk served as a valedictory to what life in America had meant to her. She thanked the United States for the “freedom, prosperity and happiness we have here.” These bounties, she reminded her audience, had made it possible for American Jewry to help other Jewish communities around the world and to build the new State of Israel. For these blessings, she was grateful to America, and urged every American Jew to be mindful of our good fortune.

As late as two weeks before her death in 1959 at the age of 96, Regina Margareten traveled daily to the factory in Long Island City, tasted the matzo and checked on the price of flour. Her life was defined by three values: excellence in business, charity toward her fellow Jews and loyalty to family. She succeeded at all three.
The stories in this special insert of Heritage, the magazine of the American Jewish Historical Society, originally appeared in a collection of essays, Blessings of Freedom: Chapters in American Jewish History (2002). Blessings of Freedom was published for the Society by KTAV and underwritten by a generous grant in memory of Franklin D. Rosenblatt, and by gifts from more than 50 other individuals.

The American Jewish Historical Society is dedicated to bringing the American Jewish past into a meaningful present. The stories in this insert are grouped under the theme “American Jewish Foodways and Folkways.” To read other stories in the Blessing of Freedom series on themes ranging from American Jewish political leaders to religious thinkers to sports heroes, go to www.ajhs.org/publications/chapters.
New York Times columnist and book author Ira Berkow recently donated his extensive archive of writings and correspondence to the American Jewish Historical Society. To acknowledge his gift, HERITAGE asked Berkow to select one of his essays for inclusion in this issue. To mark the recently completed Beijing Olympics and the celebration of the 60th anniversary of the founding of Israel, Berkow selected the following piece on the Munich Olympics, originally written in September of 1972.
Saturday is the holiest day of the week for an orthodox Jew. It is a day devoted to solemn meditation and prayer. Phones are not answered. Money is not carried. But on Saturday, Aug. 26, opening day of the Olympics, Shashana and Itzchok Wasserstein and their 24-year-old son David shamefully called in the “Sabbath gentile,” a neighbor, who usually does such chores as turning on the lights on Saturday. On this day she switches on the television set in their home in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, outside of Munich.

The Wassersteins risked desecration to watch the Israeli team march into the Olympic Stadium.

“When I saw the Israeli flag walk into the stadium,” said Shashana, “my heart was springing out of my head. I cried to see Israel come as a free nation, into Germany, and with the Germans all around and making applause. It was worth living through the concentration camp to see.”

This was a time of great pride, of profound satisfaction for the Jewish community in Munich. Israel was gloriously here, of course. So was Mark Spitz, an American Jew who ironically emerged in Germany as the most celebrated and triumphant athlete in the 1972 Olympics.

And there was such a friendly touch as the Helene Mayer Ring, the area leading to the main entrance of the Olympic Village. The “ring” was conspicuously named for the medal-winning German-Jewess fencer who was the center of controversy before the 1936 “Nazi Olympics” in Berlin. She was a token Jew, then an expatriate in Los Angeles, who accepted Hitler’s invitation to participate again for Germany, thus avoiding a boycott by some nations for racial discrimination.

The slogan in Munich now was Heitere Spieele—“Fun and Games,” a desperate attempt by the German Olympic Organizers to blot out the former memory of the ’36 games as a pageant for future slaughter.

If there was anything uncomfortable in the early going of the 1972 Olympics for the Jews of Munich, it was the telephone situation at the new synagogue building, which replaced the one arsonists had burned down two years ago. No hookups have been made there, as in other new buildings here. “Everything in town is for the Olympics,” Rabbi Isaak Grunewald had said, with resigned good humor. “No one has time for anything else.”

Gone for a moment, even, was the memory of the seven people killed in the blaze in the synagogue’s adjacent old-age home. Police suspect the arsonists to be either neo-Nazis or leftist Arab sympathizers. The culprits are still at large. The local, state and national governments donated large financial sums for the resurrection of the temple.

Yet the Jews here consider themselves Israelis. “We have a saying that all Jews in Germany are sitting on their luggage,” said David Wasserstein. And on the first Friday night that the Israeli team was in Munich, several came to the temple at 27 Reichenbachstrasse and were joyfully embraced.
Before the Nazis there were nearly 13,000 Jews in Munich; now there are about 4,000 out of a total population of 1.2 million. When the war ended in 1945 a quarter of a million Jews were liberated into Munich from concentration camps. Most went to the new nation of Israel. But some stayed on. Thousands, like David Wasserstein’s father and mother, remained to search for lost relatives. Others were too sickly to travel. Many have found life livable here, but Israel is still the dream destination.

Shashana Wasserstein, in fact, was not chauvinistically taken by Spitz’s seven gold medals. “It is not so important for me because when Spitz wins a medal they play the American hymn,” she said. “I admire him like I admire the Russian gymnast. But he does not have my heart. Not like if the flag of Israel was raised when he won.”

Itzhok Wasserstein had heard that Spitz’s parents were staying in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. “We are the only Jewish family living there now,” he had said. “Usually when a Jew comes through town he finds out where we live and calls. Perhaps Spitz’s parents are too busy. I can imagine, with seven gold medals! But maybe they did not think to ask. I will find out where they stay and invite them to our house. After all, are not Jews all over the world a nation of brothers?”

Then, out of this most beautiful of times, disaster. Arab terrorists murder 11 Israeli Olympic team members. One may now hear the chanting murmur of prayer in Jewish homes here. And in German homes. Candles of mourning flicker in night windows. A special prayer session is called at the synagogue. Rabbi Grunewald, a white-bearded gentleman in traditional black velour top hat, says the “tehillin,” or prayer in the time of unknown but grave danger. He said it here during the long nights of the Nazis. Some members of the congregation rumble to stage a protest march through downtown Munich; Rabbi Grunewald foresees only more bloodshed and cools heads.

At the university David Wasserstein is about to take a final exam in child problems. His professor learns he is a Jew and cuts the session short. The police of Garmisch-Partenkirchen call the Wassersteins, express their horror, and offer protection. It was feared that Mark Spitz might be a target of the terrorists, so he and his family are hurriedly returned to the United States under armed guard. They never see the Wassersteins.

Shashana Wasserstein, who was a teenager in the concentration camps, stares with her husband at the television set, watching again proceedings from the Olympics. She cries different tears from those of the opening ceremony. She has cried these tears before.
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Archive of the American Soviet Jewry Movement

A major grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities as well as general support from individual donors and foundations has allowed AJHS to assemble the Archive of the American Soviet Jewry Movement.

A crowning achievement in the fostering of human rights in the twentieth century, the Soviet Jewry Movement was a worldwide effort to obtain freedom for Jews in the Soviet Union to practice their religion without state prosecution or to emigrate to Israel, the United States or elsewhere to pursue lives of their own choosing.

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- Project ADAJE has been digitizing American Jewish periodicals from the 1840s to the present, offering free access on the internet to a wealth of historical resources. The AJHS's scholarly journal American Jewish History and its predecessor titles from 1893 through 1979 are currently available on-line at www.ajhs.org/ADAJE.
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