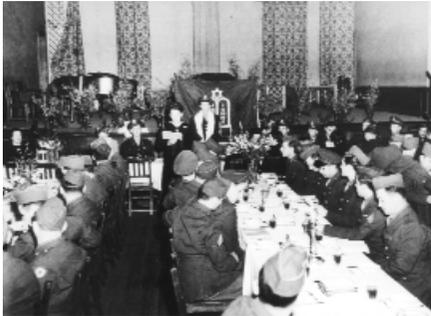


DOCUMENT

The Wartime Letters of Rabbi Morris Frank, 1944–1945

Frederic Krome

The wartime letters of Rabbi Morris Frank (born 1906 and died 1947) provide important insight into the American Jewish experience during World War II in Europe. As a military chaplain Frank participated in, and chronicled his feelings about, some of the defining moments of what journalist Tom Brokaw euphemistically called “the greatest generation,” and what historians often refer to as the “generation of 1941.”¹



American Jewish soldiers celebrate Passover in Europe, 1944
(courtesy American Jewish Archives)

For Frank and his generation, who grew up with the promise of America as a Golden Land for Jews and were yet conscious of the increased level of antisemitism in the U.S. during the 1930s and early 1940s, the war experience was regarded as one of the seminal experiences of modern Jewish history.² For those American Jews of the generation of 1941, the war meant something different than it did for their gentile countrymen. Whereas most Americans saw the war in the Pacific as “America’s war,” and the Japanese as their primary nemesis, American Jews saw the European theater as paramount. To many American Jews this was a war against fascism, which had come to symbolize the historic forces that had persecuted Jews for centuries.³

Rabbi Frank was one of approximately two hundred and eighty-eight Jewish chaplains to see active service during World War II,⁴ a war in which approximately half a million American Jews served in the U.S. military. For these Jewish soldiers, both men and women, maintaining a Jewish identity in an overwhelmingly Christian army proved particularly challenging. Although a number of American Jews likely chose to ignore their Judaism while serving, those who desired

to maintain some semblance of Jewish practice—whether through religious convictions, ethnic identity, or nostalgic attachment—faced the daunting task of not only locating coreligionists, but of obtaining access to the necessary infrastructure. For these individuals the Jewish chaplain was an essential figure, a link to both their ancestral ties, and a rallying point to meet other Jews during weekly services, holiday celebrations, or any number of social events.

Until relatively recently most of the material available on World War II Jewish chaplains was either autobiographical or sermonic.⁵ Indeed, the most recent study of the Jewish military chaplains, or “Fighting Rabbis,” dealt with the aggregate picture—focusing on the structure of the chaplaincy, interfaith relations, and the accomplishments of some individual rabbis, making it seem as if they were indicative of the entire scope of the rabbinate.⁶ In addition to the structure of the military chaplaincy, historians have focused on rabbis’ work with Holocaust survivors.⁷

To date, little contemporaneous material has come to light that reveals the everyday concerns and challenges of those rabbis who served with combat units. In this context, the wartime letters of Rabbi Morris Frank provide important insights, revealing among other things that some military chaplains risked death on a daily basis.

Frank, who was ordained by the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1935, served congregations in Richmond, Virginia, Lawrence, Massachusetts, and Nashville, Tennessee, prior to enlisting with the U.S. Army in 1942. He served with the Fourth Infantry Division (known as the “Famous” or “Fighting” Fourth) from the Normandy Invasion (June 6, 1944) to October 1945. In the process he witnessed many of the major battles that defined the American military experience during the last year of the war. He was also one of the first Jewish chaplains to enter the Nazi concentration camp at Buchenwald.⁸

Rabbi Frank’s letters not only provide a window into the wartime experience, they help us to appreciate a distinctly American Jewish sense of the conflict. For example, Deborah Dash Moore argues that while some Christian clergy often described soldiers as embracing religion—a theme characterized by the slogan “There are no atheists in foxholes”—there is little evidence that Jewish soldiers, and their rabbis, saw the war in such terms.⁹ It is, however, important to distinguish between the embracing of faith and combat as a trigger to

religious conversion. Certainly a number of Jews testified that during their military service they were drawn to religious observance. A case could be made that this reflected a desire for shared camaraderie, and in a few cases to escape conversionary pressure.¹⁰

Rabbi Frank's letters home to his wife and son represent a glimpse into a private world. Florence Frank and her then four-year-old son, Henry, were told via these letters of a war that was not often revealed in homefront newsreels and papers. Since these letters were not intended for public consumption, they were



Rabbi Morris Frank in France after D-Day, late summer 1944

(courtesy Mrs. Florence Frank)

written with a gritty realism that revealed the travails the common soldiers faced on a daily basis. It was this type of existence, in which mud and rain played a prominent part, that the cartoonist Bill Mauldin made famous in his "Willie and Joe" characters for the army newspaper *Stars and Stripes*. Rabbi Frank's correspondence also reveals a connection between the Mauldin and Jewish soldiers. On at least two occasions, Hanukkah (1944) and Passover (1945), Mauldin drew caricatures for the Jewish soldiers to send home. Although it is not yet known how widely this material was distributed, the existence of such work is a relatively unknown dimension of the wartime American Jewish experience.

Document #1:

Rabbi Frank's first letter was written from England over two months before D-Day. It reveals something of the physical toll that over four years of war had upon England. The description of the services, mixed with information about rationing and deprivations, are a common theme in the rabbi's letters.

Dearest:

3 April 44

These last few days brot [*sic*] me some long overdue mail from you. I returned late Sunday nite, after a long ride from a service and



*Rabbi Morris Frank blowing the shofar at the German border, spring 1945
(courtesy Mrs. Florence Frank)*

found your letters on my bunk. I believe I wrote you that I received the picture of you and Henry and how much I enjoyed it. The picture was given to me after a service I held in one of the Hospitals.

Our mail gets delayed and jammed I can hardly keep from repeating myself.

The letter in which you mention Henry's crying for me made me feel very blue. God bless him, it will take a lot to make up for this separation. I try so hard to keep myself occupied every moment of the day so I'll have no time to be lonesome. I am constantly on the go and spend little time in my office. Only when my desk begins to pile high do I stay in. But I find this isn't sufficient defense against my longing for the both of you.

Last week I gave a service in Plymouth. The town was heavily bombed and I find it difficult to get around. I have been there only three times so am not acquainted with the place. When I arrived last Sunday I stopt [*sic*] an M.P. and asked directions. The M.P. began to scratch his head. I took another look at his nose and said "Hey, lantsman, I'm looking for the Shule." "My God," he cried, "you are the first Rabbi I've seen around here—why didn't you say you wanted the Shule." He hopped on his motorcycle and gave me an escort thru the town to the place where my service was scheduled.

I get quite a thrill conducting services over here. My congregation is composed of members of the armed forces from many parts of the world. A number of girls from the Army Territorial service, the National Fire Service, and other branches attend. In a few of the towns I have arranged for socials to follow the services. I manage to get cigarets to distribute. The British are rationed to 2 packages a week and the cost is high. Our chaplains rate high with the Allied Forces. Their ease and informality contrast greatly with the British chaplains. The latter are formal and don't quite seem to reach the men. They are handicapped in that they serve territories and sections while most of

our men are with divisions or units.

I look forward to your package. I would like for you to send me some Kleenex and hand lotion. Cake and cookies are always welcomed. Send me a pair of my pajamas (colored ones—blue, brown).

Tell Henry to be a brave boy and a good one. Tell him his Daddy loves him and wants him to take care of his Mommie.

I feel well. In fact I haven't the time to be otherwise.

Don't get yourself in too much of a lather about the summer or how Henry will take it. Just take it easy.

A big hug for my boy. Love to Mother. A big kiss for you.

Your own,

M-

Document #2:

This letter, written a month before D-Day, is from Rabbi Frank to his infant son, Henry. Although Rabbi Frank does not reveal anything about the upcoming invasion—and if it followed standard military practice, he would have gone in with support personnel in the second or third wave—it is obvious that he knew the invasion was coming and that he might not survive. As such, this letter is cast as an ethical will, a statement about what he believed was the moral imperative of his own life, as well as a charge to his son on how to carry on without him.

1 May'44

Dear Son-

A few days ago I paid another visit to the school for refugee children. You remember — I wrote you about the school where young boys and girls were brot [*sic*] over from parts of Europe. These children had no homes — and nothing to eat. The cruel Nazis had bombed their cities — and they were left without any place to go. I know you would want to help these children so I went to see them and brot [*sic*] them some fruit juices, candy, cookies, and chewing gum. This made them very happy. Seeing them happy made me think of you. Thank God, Henry, you live in America. You can show your thankfulness by helping America stay free — by seeing that everyone

has freedom. After this war — and when you grow up — there will be plenty to do and you must learn to do it. It will be your job to help people all over the world keep peace. It will be up to you to do your part to do away with war. Henry — you must always remember that every child whether he is the son of a Hindu, or a little Chinese boy, or a child of a Ukraine peasant, whether he is a youngster born in Burma, or he is one of our sharecropper's children or whether he is a Jewish child in one of Europe's Ghettos —all these must be free — and they must have food. They must be free to think, to say, and to [do] what they think is right. It's a big job, Son, but I know you can be of help — and I want you to be useful.

Henry you can't imagine how happy and thrilled I was to learn of your visit to Grandma and Grandpa in Chattanooga. You certainly made their Passover happy. I think your Mamma is just too precious—

Which reminds me, Son. Have you been taking good care of your Mother? You know we both think she is wonderful — the best Mamma in the whole world — and just now with me away — its up to you to take care of her. See that she is happy — and not lonesome. Once in awhile tell her you love her — and tell her that your Daddy loves her very much.

I am sending you a few pictures (3). They are for my only Son from his only Daddy.

Give Mamma a big hug and a big kiss for me. Give your Grandma a kiss for me — And to you I send all my love —

Your Daddy

Morris

Document #3

In the aftermath of liberation a number of Jews who had survived by hiding emerged into an uncertain world. Rabbi Frank's letter reveals the initial encounter between these individuals and their liberators. The letter also reveals how at least one of the liberators attempted to understand the scope of the disaster.

15 Aug'44

Dearest –

Its early Tues. morning — bright and crisp. I'm going out for most of the day — won't be back until late — so that I'd best get a letter off to you.

Yesterday noon — I had just passed the clearing station coming and going from one unit to another — stop to get something to eat. Across the field



*Rabbi Morris Frank with friends, in occupied Germany in 1945
(courtesy Mrs. Florence Frank)*

some GI was escorting a woman and child. They stopped at my tent. The woman heard a Rabbi was in the neighborhood and she walked about 6 miles to see me. She came from Poland some ten years ago — married and lived in Paris. Late 1941 her husband was taken away by the Germans. She ran away with her infant and hid out in small villages in Normandy. Asked me if I could find out where her husband is. Of course that's impossible. I asked if she needed money. She said no — the only things she could buy were milk — eggs — butter — but she did want food. I packed a box for her. Canned salmon — some oil I had — sugar — coffee — raisins — just anything I could put my hands on. Then I took her back to her village — to the place where she was living. Its *[sic]* hard to describe the hovel where she is living with 4 children. One child — girl of 8 — her sister's child — The sister was killed — the father a prisoner. Another girl 7 — boy 6 — her brother's children — parents lost. And the woman's little girl — 3 years- the most adorable child I have seen — all four children are good looking— Their eyes popped at the food and candy. I gave the woman some parachute silk — She will make clothes for the children. I'm going back again before I leave the area and leave her some money and more food.

The woman said that I could not begin to imagine the horror and terror of what has happened to the people over here — especially to the Jewish people. It was unbelievable. She said that more than once she was on the verge of suicide.

She told me something that was interesting — at the same time its *[sic]* tragic. In the Normandy area there are a number of Jewish children, sent by a French committee, to the homes of Christian people for safekeeping. These children — thank God, are safe — but

will not be Jews when they grow up. We have lost the older generation — and now the younger generation will not be ours.

Well — sweetheart — I just got a call and must be on my way in a few minutes. I am well — but tired. Thank God I am still alive. The Germans haven't been bombing us the past few nites [*sic*]. Our nite fighters are giving them hell.

Kiss my precious Son and tell him I love him dearly — and you too.

Your own

M—

Love to Mother.

Document #4

In the aftermath of the Battle of the Bulge the allied armies consolidated their positions and then continued to move. This letter is instructive for what it reveals about the physical conditions at the front.

7 Jan '45

Dearest —

Your letter of Nov. 24th came today. In it you wrote about the package you received from me. I had wondered for some of your letter [that] mentioned the package — but no full description of the contents. Now this letter turns up — and all is explained. It's odd how mail gets messed around — but as long as I get it I don't mind. Incidentally — what the hell was the Le Poker set. I bought it because while looking at it the good looking French salesgirl gave me one of those knowing looks and smiles; but that's all she gave me.

I do hope you get all the other packages I've sent. Some of the stuff was good.

It was cold driving today. The road was covered with snow and blended with the adjacent fields. I had to watch the tree line in order to stay on the road. It's like nite blackout driving. I've driven at nite not knowing where I was going. Could just as well have closed my eyes.

Saw Raynes Sat. He's just the same. Saw Lester this morning —

he's gaining weight and looks good. Rosen was at Clearing station for a couple of days. He had a cold. Wants to be remembered.

Had a v-mail from Rae today. She was upset over news of the German offensive. I hope she has my mail re-assuring her and the folks. It was close — but the good Lord is watching over me. On the day the offensive began I was on my way to give a service. I passed thru a small town and found it being shelled. Scared as hell I stopped at a Command Post to ask directions to the place where my services were to



*Rabbi Morris Frank Somewhere in Germany, 1945
(courtesy Mrs. Florence Frank)*

be held. I was told that the place was being shelled and advised not to proceed. We tried to call but the lines were down. About that time the window crashed and a large piece of shrapnel fell at our feet. I felt I had come so far — and if my men were waiting for me I'd feel badly. So out I dashed to my jeep where I left Cohen. He was gone. I finally got him out of a cellar and we went on. My congregation was small. I made the service short — for as I gave it I could see shells bursting close by. We beat it as soon as we could. Shortly afterwards the German offensive started and gave the area I was in a going over. It was at this sector that the 4th held the German push.

The German radio said the Fourth was wiped out — But it will take more than what the Germans now have to wipe out the 4th — it's one damn good division...

Well, my love — it's getting late. I have some correspondence that must be answered.

Kiss my precious Son.

Love to Mother

My all to you

Your own

M

Document #5

Although this letter has no distinct Jewish content, it is again instructive as to its description of the physical conditions of the front, as well as Rabbi Frank's sense of humor and irony.

30 Jan '45

Dearest –

The champagne [*sic*] is out in the snow — being chilled. That [*sic*] I'd get this letter off — Then drink — perhaps I'll sleep tonite.

We started moving again. You'd think I was on a Polar Expedition — my long johns, wool pants, combat pants, wool shirt, wool sweater, field jacket. Wool pullover head-gear. It was a long ride and a cold one.

We went over some of the territory the Germans broke out in. One place in particular. I had been there before. A thriving place. It



*Unidentified rabbi celebrating Shabbat in a tank trap
(courtesy American Jewish Archives)*

is now in shambles. The likes of which I haven't seen since Normandy. Spent the night there — in a Seminary. It was a large place — beautiful. Now parts of the roof are gone. No windows. The walls have holes where the shrapnel tore thru. Sections of the floors are destroyed by falling shells and bombs.

Seventeen of us officers jammed ourselves into one room. Allowing for body temperature to heat the place. I slept in my bed roll under seven layers of blankets, my overcoat thrown on for good measure. My place was by a window without glass, patched up with cardboard and a blanket. In the morning I awoke with snow in my face and a swollen pallet. The wind had shifted driving the snow thru the cardboard cracks and the blanket.

We got a stove going the next day — but had to huddle on top of it to keep warm — for the wind tore in thru the glassless windows.

Part of the group moved on. I remained — undecided whether to go back some 60 miles to keep an appointment. (Finally decided

against it.) That nite 4 of us slept around the stove. First warming our bellies and freezing our asses – and visa versa.

The second day I just had to move my bowels. A must. Was getting a headache. Did you ever straddle an open trench — out in the open — in a gale, with driving snow, and 10 below? Don't try it. I took what I believe was the quickest crap on record. But let me spare you the details.

At noon that day I pulled out for another 20 mile jaunt. My toes and heels almost froze. Our new place is much better — but we are pushing on again. The 3 chaplains with clearing station (me included) managed to get a room with a family. It's a luxury. But our latrine is still outside — the old trench — straddle — wise — type. I delayed 36 hours but had to give in. I almost froze my Kozoozie.

I didn't much care to write this. But that these few notes should be saved for future reference — (as tho I could forget this episode)

The civilians — where I'm staying — have many stories to tell — but I'll save that for another letter.

We will probably move on tomorrow. So if my mail is delayed you will understand.

Kiss my beloved son —
Love to Mother

Your own

M—

The champaign [*sic*] has chilled just right. What a life –

M—

Document #6

Rabbi Frank's description of conducting services in the field are instructive not only because they reveal the ingenuity necessary to carry them out, but also for what they tell us of the role of religious rituals for the Jewish soldiers, albeit from the perspective of a field rabbi. They also reveal Rabbi Frank's developing hostility toward the German population. Although this animosity is well documented, it is rare to find a contemporaneous document that is so vivid.

31 March 1945
Germany

Dearest -

Its [*sic*] been 3 days since I've written you — since the eve of Passover — Even now I'm not sure when this letter will "get off". We are moving fast.

Well, I finally had my Passover services in Germany. For a time I didn't think we would be there. When our forces hit the Rhine we went back into France (Southern) for a short rest — and traveled a bit. I had made so many different plans and arrangements for services until the very mention of it gave me a headache.

Finally, the division came to a stop on Tues evening. I asked the Chief of Staff to issue an order assembling my men. So Wed late in the afternoon about 300 of us gathered in a park near which Clearing Station was set-up. I can mention the name of the town now that we are some distance from it and still going — Bad Durkheim.

The Seder and service was simple and hurried — for we were alerted to move. I passed out paper cups for the wine — and distributed about 550 lbs of matzah. Standing on one of the matzah crates — I chanted the Kiddush together with my men. We all recited the 'Mah Nishtanah' and went thru an abbreviated service. Elijah's goblet was filled — its meaning and significance explained. We all made the blessings over the matzah — and sang some of the songs. I told my men that I wasn't satisfied with the brief service — but it had to suffice — since we were in a hurry. (Not all my men could attend.)

I got a kick out of the celebration. Groups of German civilians stood around within hearing distance sullen faced. They knew what we were doing — over, one woman walked past reached over and took a book. I took it away from her. She said that some of her friends were Jews — that she lived for 14 years with Jews. Whereupon one of my men, a German refugee, said to her in German, "Yes — and I guess you were the first to kick them in the ass when Hitler came to power."

The Seder and service will be one that I shall long remember. The sun was going down — the green slope of the park — the trees — and my men gathered about me on the grass — the rumble of heavy artillery in the distance, — tanks eerie shadows in the moonlite. But excellent monuments to a people who followed a false prophet.

We set up in a fair-sized German town — and I'll continue my story in my next letter.

Received your birthday card. Clever. But I won't know just how

freely I am until I return. As for your letter condemning my amorless epistles I can only say 'haltzichein.'

Feeling well, thank God, but don't sleep so good – which is to be expected.

How is my precious Son? A big kiss for him. Love to Mother.

Your very own

M

Document #7:

Comparing Rabbi Frank's tone on the liberation of France with those letters written after the occupation of German territory provides a window into what would later become a complex mosaic on American Jewish attitudes toward Germany in the aftermath of the war.¹¹

18 Ap 45

Dearest –

No mail from you. Had a v-mail from Rae. It seems the folks were disappointed you and Henry did not come to Chattanooga for Pesach.

Yesterday I drove out to a small village. It was the birthplace of one of my men. He is now in a hospital — and wrote me to visit the village and try and locate his cousin. I went to the Burgomeister. He took me to a group of houses that once was the Jewish section. Showed me the building that was once the Synagogue and school. All houses were of stone. The door-posts were stone or granite. Niches were made in the door posts where once the Mezuzah was imbedded. Only the empty niche remained. One house bore the corner-stone — the name of the family and date 1717. Groups of Germans followed — anxious and wondering about my visit. I saw the house of my friend — and told the burgomeister that the son who left because of Hitler was now an American soldier and would be in the village. I left with this remark — the burgomeister was quite concerned. I'd like to see those bastards say they were not responsible for the hardships of the Jews. In this village the people are living in the houses taken from the Jews — in fact they helped to confiscate the property — and run them out... And now the Germans have the gall to say they are not to blame.

By now, thru the press and radio, you know we are with the Seventh Army — and have some idea where we are.

—

Its after 10 — I just stepped out of the tent — the stars and the moon are bright — its [sic] a lovely nite — why can't I be back with you — and Henry — to enjoy it.

Please God — may it be soon.

Kiss my boy for me

Love to Mother

Your own

M –

Document #8:

Dated shortly after the war in Europe ended, Rabbi Frank begins, in a tentative way, to outline what he witnessed after the liberation of the concentration camps.

9 May 45

Dearest –

I can well imagine how you must feel now that V-E Day has arrived. But please do not begin to get impatient about home-coming. I have no idea when — for that matter I'm not sure I won't be going to the Pacific. Just now I'm waiting until things get shaped up. Soon we should know what troops will be occupation — what troops will be sent to the Pacific and what troops will go home. So we must just sit tight and hope for the best.

There are a few items I want to write about — to bring up to date things needed to be recorded.

Below the infamous Dachau and South of Munich near the Bavarian Alps I came across another of the many concentration camps. Of the 2400 still alive 1200 were Jewish. Among them were some prominent people from Vienna and Budapest. These people told of suffering and torture and privation. I got out to the camp quite by accident.

I was in visiting our Military Gov't. When I came out I saw Cohen talking to 2 prisoners of war. They were Jewish — from Hungary. I

began talking with them when we were interrupted by a good looking blond blue-eyed girl who wanted to know if there was anything wrong. The 2 men spoke to her in Hungarian. She opened her eyes wide — amazed to see an American Rabbi. Cohen all but unloaded my supply of sardines and salmon and tuna fish — cigarettes, jam, and whatnot. I took the young lady in the jeep and we started out to the camp. On the way she asked me to stop at a house where her friends were awaiting her.

As we approached the house I noticed it was the mess hall of one of my units — where one of my men is mess sgt. I called for Sgt 'Ike' — who came down and gave me warm welcome — he had something to tell me. Incidentally Sgt Ike is about 45 years old — foreign born — speaks several languages of which English is not one of them. He says he hasn't time to learn English. He took me upstairs to his room where I found 6 of the prettiest Jewish girls I've seen in many a day. From Vienna and Budapest.

These girls, like many others in the nearby camp, wandered into the town. When Sgt Ike found they were Jewish he took them under his wing. I wish I could use his vernacular to describe the incident. He found them dirty, lousy, poorly clothed. So Sgt Ike declares the upstairs of his house "off-limits. Gets 2 tubs with hot water and washes and scrubs the girls - delousing them. The men — to use their term — went out and "liberated" clothing for the girls. They were fed slowly.

The Sgt. told me the girls had welts on their bodies. They had been used and abused by the Nazis. Raped and beaten. I sat down with the girls — a few Russians, a Pole and a Gypsy boy of 16 who looked 10. The stories I listened to were fantastic and unbelievable. I met the mother of 2 of the girls. She is an artist from Vienna. Charming person. — Incidentally the Sgt was feeding about 250 of these prisoners daily.

I see I've rambled on - its late - will write of my visit to camp in another letter.

How is my Son? Tell him I'll be home soon — please God.

Love to Mother

Your own

M -

Rabbi Frank's letters reflect both the universal and the particularly Jewish themes of the war. The hardships of frontline service, and Frank's sarcastic means of depicting it, are themes that any soldier would echo. Yet, the letters also reflect a specifically Jewish dimension of the war. Rabbi Frank's concern for helping the remnant of European Jewry was not an issue of paramount concern to the average American soldier, or to the leadership of the U.S. Army.¹²

This selection of Rabbi Frank's letters opens a window into the daily life and concerns of a military chaplain during one of the defining moments of modern American, and contemporary Jewish, history. It is likely that Rabbi Frank's death in 1947, at least partially due to his health problems that resulted from his military service, robbed him of his place in the history of the American rabbi in the war. His letters are a tribute to a man whose humanity, sense of humor, and accounting of the war deserve to be known.

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NOTES:

1. Tom Brokaw, *The Greatest Generation* (New York: Random House, 1998). For a definition of the term "generation of 1941," see Michael C. C. Adams, *The Best War Ever: America and World War II* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1993).

2. On the general U.S. context, see Henry L. Feingold, *A Time for Searching: Entering the Mainstream, 1920–1945* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1992). On the significance of antisemitism, see Leonard Dinnerstein, *Antisemitism in America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1994), chapters 4–7, passim.

3. On American Jewry in World War II, see Deborah Dash Moore, "When Jews Were G.I.s: How World War II Changed a Generation and Remade American Jewry" (Ann Arbor: David W. Beilin Lecture in American Jewish Affairs, 1994); the specific references to Jewish/non-Jewish perception is detailed on pages 6–7. Gary Hess, *The United States at War, 1941–1945* (Harlan Davidson, 2000) delineates the distinction in the minds of many Americans between the European and Asian theaters.

4. According to the *American Jewish Yearbook*, two hundred and forty-five rabbis served in the Army, forty-two in the Navy and Marine Corps. The denominational breakdown was one hundred and thirty-six Reform, ninety-three Conservative, and fifty-nine Orthodox. See Philip S. Bernstein, "Jewish Chaplains in World War II," *American Jewish Yearbook* (1945–46). Albert Isaac Slomovitz, *The Fighting Rabbis: Jewish Military Chaplains and American History* (New York: New York University Press, 1999), puts the number at over three hundred and eleven (75).

5. See for example the fine essay by Deborah Dash Moore, "Worshipping Together in Uniform: Christians and Jews in World War II" (The Swig Lecture, University of San Francisco, 2001).

6. Slomovitz, *Fighting Rabbis*; chapter six focuses on World War II.

7. Alex Grobman, *Rekindling the Flame: American Jewish Chaplains and the Survivors of European Jewry, 1944-1948* (Detroit: Wayne State University, 1993).

8. Personal correspondence from Mrs. Florence Frank to the author, January 2, 2002. This correspondence, and copies of the Frank letters, are now deposited at The Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives, Cincinnati, Ohio.

9. In his sequel to the *Greatest Generation*, Brokaw repeats the assertion that faith and religion were openly embraced and that this proved "there were no atheists in foxholes." *The Greatest Generation Speaks: Letters and Reflections* (New York: Random House, 1999). It is important to note that many of the letters included in this collection are recollection letters, not contemporary documents.

10. See Moore, "When Jews were G.I.s."

11. See for example Shlomo Shafir, *Ambiguous Relations: the American Jewish Community and Germany Since 1945* (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1999).

12. The attitude of the upper echelons of the U.S. Army to the survivors of the Holocaust is recounted in Leonard Dinnerstein, *America and the Survivors of the Holocaust* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1982).