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My dearest Katherine:

Just a line to let you know all is well on this end...had wonderful evening with Jeans and Stew Sat. nite... perfectly marvelous dinner... planter's punch at first, which Jean had made, ready in ice box, then shrimp, served in living room, the rare roast beef, and such, winding up with chocolate pudding with a rich nut sauce and good coffee. We sat for over an hour on the lanai on the back of the house, with the candles flickering in their hurricane lamps.. its rained and rained, as it does here. Stayed at the ARC hotel Sat nite...Charlie Plumb woke me up about 3 A M tight as a boiled owl.. but I did not get up and join the fun.. .too tired and full of food.. he was still wound up Sunday AM when he took off to join John Undercoffer down under.. he never did make a sketch for the kids.. damn him . . . was surprised that they sent him out after the New Yorker break.. but they did.

Came back to camp yesterday, as it poured rain, and was no point trying to go to Waikiki swim'ing... spent last evening sitting with Sam Summers over part of a bottle of good bourbon, and early to bed. Mailed package to Ann this afternoon... will take about a month

fourth class mail.. lauhala hat.. hope it fits.. if not give it to
some little gal.. also coconut shell ash tray for mama... thought
it might hold the crown of hat in place... today uneventful..
running around doing errands.. [one word censored] taught my GIs
tonight.. spent two hours on "corporate organization" and am now
about exhausted and ready for bed.. sent Geo. Dixon book for
his birthday.. tell him you want to read it...

[REDACTED] [censored] oh me... but
I am used to it now and dont give a damn... I love you... I love
you.. do very much... go to sleep in my arms tonight... will you
honey? More soon.

Henry
son.

Henry
Henry.