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Oahu, T. H.
Nov. 30, 1944

My darling:

(This letter was written yesterday, but I am going to type it on thin paper, as the postage is eating me out of house and home.) Yesterday afternoon I called Area office and found there were two letters there for me... after 20 days or so of sweating it out --- ran like mad for the bus depot, and in due time reached Honolulu... found your letter of Nov. 9th (election) sent ahead on the 17th. That damn lazy liason officer in Seattle must have sent mail back instead of forwarding it... such a business.

Naturally I was delighted to have the letter and also pleased with the two notes from Ann... they were out of this world. Father's letter was mailed on the 10th and he had received letter I mailed from Seattle... also wrote you at the same time. Father's letter about broke my heart... he is afraid I won't come back in one piece, and says he and mother will not be around "another thousand years." Goes on to say, however, that mother is very proud of the setup and much interested when my letters come in.

Yesterday was quite a day. Went out with one of the AFDs to make some of the military outposts around the Island - through several small villages and on back roads across the cane and pineapple fields. One of the stations we visited was a marvelous example of military efficiency and housekeeping... everything spotless.. like Ford Motor Co. -- place was in command of one Capt. Turner, Painesville, Ohio. Some of the men back in the brush need ARC more than those here on post. We had lunch at a small resort hotel on the ocean.. the blue Pacific out in front looked just like Lake Mich. at Portage... white sandy beach, roaring surf, sand you can't see across.

The country is gorgeous... hard to describe because you would not recognize the names of the plants, trees, etc. Poinsettia, for example is planted everywhere in hedges that grow 20 to 15 ft. high, and the plants are loaded with huge blossoms. Most spectacular is a bougainville bush, which grows high enough to cover the roof of the single story houses and is covered with rose-like flowers... deep red purple, pink, orange, or bright red in color. There are thousands of

other flowering plants and trees.. don't know what they are but many have an exotic smell.

This is called "rainbow island", because when the heavy mists hang on the mountains and the sun shines... which is most of the time, you can see a complete rainbow... some days you can see 5 to 7 rainbows at once, looking in different directions. The soil is bright red volcanic ash.. very dusty stuff, and the post newspaper is called the Redlands.

We stopped at a grove where there are flat volcanic rocks, used by the ancient Hawaiian women as a place to bear their children. When in labor they turned their bodies to the east.. to the rising sun. There is an altar at Kole Kole pass where, when too few women of the tribe became pregnant, they would sacrifice a virgin to their gods. Either the sacrifice, or the wild celebration that followed, (or both) would result in the pregnancy of many women, and the affair would be considered a huge success.

Two Hawaiian words, besides aloha, which means almost everything, are very expressive. One is "Kapu" meaning "keep out" or forbidden.. or do not trespass.. or stay away, and the other is pau... which means finished, done, closed, the end, all through, there is no more, that's all, etc. Yesterday we saw Hawaiian kids outside a country school, doing their painting lesson. Most of the scenes on display were snow covered hills and houses, and Christmas trees... things they have never seen. It was quite an experience to see the back country, and I am looking forward to going out again next week.

If you have not already done so, will you please answer these questions in your next:

1. Is Dinah pregnant? or can't you tell.
2. Did your ARC pay check arrive on time?
3. How did the ARC home service job work out?
4. Is mother living with you?
5. Where is grandma Resseguie?
6. What is Dint's present address?
7. Did Jeanette mail the boots?

Our case work runs the entire gamut of human experience... brother dying, soldier wants to go home; wife running around with some guy who is "nuts about her" and asks soldier what to do.. so he asks me; wife having series of operations for cancer.. not expected to live; wife leaves baby with soldier's

mother and runs off.. refuses to talk with Chapter worker;
soldier wants to get married by is afraid of insanity in the
family.. Mother has been in asylum for years, but father never
told him what was wrong.. what should he do? ; girl trouble;
mother-in law trouble (plenty), money, illness, deaths, and
endless combinations of them all. We see them when they are
red-eyed and weary from nights of sleepless weeping. Soldiers
who have been here too long.. many over 3 years are called
"pineapples"... they go slightly batty.. some times they take
a carbine to bed, pull up the covers... and.. pau.

Dec, 1, 1944.

Lunch yesterday at the grass shack, behind the OC.. good
hamburgers and milk shakes made of condensed milk.. no fresh
milk or eggs here except in hospitals... we are eating 1942
eggs I guess to judge from the taste. Joe Rubenson of Am.
Factors came out at 4.. we had a few beers (3.2 only thank
you) and then he took me to dinner at a nearby tavern... good
steak. Movie in the evening.. hot shower.. and so to bed.

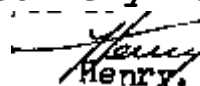
Tell Barbara every outfit of soldiers has one to 3 dogs..
of all descriptions. When they march- the dogs tag along..
barking with glee. All kinds of pooches... mongrels of every
description.

Financial situation is fubar.. drew 12.50 pay and quarters
allowance for 6 days here.. about \$10, which has to last me
until Jan. 1.. I thought they would pay the \$150 in advance..
but no.. at the end of each month. Can't get a drink, cause
you have to put up \$20 cash at the OC to be able to buy liquor
out of the pool and I don't have it. If my mail ever clears
hope to get a check from PBR or Quinn for at least a few
bucks. Ah woe is me.. and Christmas so close.

Under normal conditions will be here about 2 months ..
then out to a foreward area in this theater, or "down under"..
the stay here is a veritable rest cure for me.. good food, not
much work.. good climate, and in bed about 10 every night.
Please let me know the dates of the letters you receive from
me, as some of them may never get through.. but I have been
writing every few days. Glad to have the time here and the
chance to husband my strength and health for whatever may come
later...

Kiss all the chicks for me.. I don't dare let myself think
about seeing all of you... I love you so very very much..

remember you just can't write enough...


Henry.