

w. h. knowlton,
amcross
APO 957
c/o postmaster
san francisco, calif.

Oahu, T. H .
Dec. 11, 1944.

My dearest:

Does not seem possible that it has been one month since we sailed. And now the mail has started to catch up, and that means everything. Received your letter mailed Nov. 27 and one from Barbara mailed same day, telling about the concert, and one from you mailed on Dec. 1.

Was certainly browned out (overseas for disgusted, etc.) when I learned that you did not receive your check on the 15th as per schedule. I cannot afford to send cables back and forth all the time to make sure you are getting your money. Went in and raised hell with the boss, but doubt if it will do much good as area office in town does not move very fast. Please let me know how it works out, and for a time advise me of the date you receive each check and the period it covers. If you get up a tree go to the Chapter and they will loan you money and investigate promptly.

Intended to drive over the the officer's beach Sat P.M. for a swim, but somehow we never got around to it. In the evening Charlie Plumb came over from his nearby station, and with Stan Andersen we went to a go-around held by a bunch of medics and dentists on the next street. After consuming considerable quantity of Canadian Club and talking refrigeration anesthesia, we had about reached the point where we were going to experiment on Charlie Plumb when the party broke up at 10:30. During the night some rat stole our command car, parked near the house, and the MPs got the field director out of bed at 3:30 AM and was he sore. Car was way at the other end of the post, and the MPs had received the usual anonymous call saying that the car was at such and such a place. So we all caught hell the next morning. Baby, when you get in a jam with the MPs in a place like this you're really in a jam. The FD was somewhat mollified with our explanation... but still sore about being routed out of bed, and can't blame him. Things happen around here with amazing speed... he has been (our boss) ordered to a forward area and will fly out in a day or two. New man coming out from town is here now, and have no idea what he will be like. Oh me. The

present guy, John Undercoffer, from Cincinnati, is a swell guy and we hate to see him go.. but thats Red Cross.

Yesterday afternoon Stan and I took a command car and went to call on lean and family. We had a lovely time ...visiting.. then Stew's father and mother came along.. also Stews brother and his wife, the latter the head of ARC motor corps in town. I begin to see what Isobel meant about the mamma-in-law, also discovered that pappa Lennox is a grand guy. He works in the office of the base censor, so may read this... careful Henry.. careful.

Wanted Jean to play for us, but about the time she started, the in-laws landed, and we had to be polite and leave soon, as they were all staying for dinner. I took two pictures of the Lennox kids in the command car, and if they come out will send along. Don't start looking in the mail box, however, as it takes 10 days to 2 weeks to get prints, and then they have to go through censor, and you finally get them back sometime... everything is like that in these parts.. you wait and wait for everything. Have been able to get some 116 film.. so am fortunate about that. Jean has invited Stan and I to a party Xmas eve... and Joe Rubenson has invited me to Xmas dinner... so that will be swell. If I just had a little money to get something for the kids in each case.. but no... can't do it.

Here's a list of recent letters to you so you can check them off when they come in.. if ever.. Nov. 27 (also wrote Lyd and Em today) Nov. 30th.. with clipping, Dec. 4 with pix of me and Hula gal... Dec. 8, and this is Dec.'11. Apparently many of your letters are still missing...but the ones that came sure keep my spirits up. Be sure you put "American Red Cross" on the address of every letter, as when the mail lands over here, that is the only way it can ever reach me, as the APO number covers a huge military reservation, and the initials ARC may get blotted out.

Early to bed last night, and plenty of soldiers in this morning for this and that. Wrote article last eve for "The Redlander".. the post newspaper... will send copy when it comes out about Xmas time. Thursday noon Stan and Charlie Plumb and I are putting on our "act" for the Representatives Club.. in town... its a business man's luncheon club like Rotary. The tough part is that I have to write out every word of what we are to say and clear it in advance with area office... must have the

approval of the Commissioner. etc. They love publicity, but are damn careful what anyone says or does.

Father was sure pleased when you called up on Thanksgiving.. that was one nice thing to do, darling, and I appreciated it. His last letter or two indicate that mother is better than she has been in a long, long time, and am glad of that. We see so much grief cross our desk that it makes you wonder what may happen next.

Have sent the article, "Mr. Anthony, Jr. " through ARC channels to Washington, and some day it may come out the other end. It is to be sent to Miss Ann Elmo, A. F. G. Literary Agency, 545 5th Ave., New York, to submit to several publications. Can't send you a copy of it, as anything marked "for publication" must go through theater censor, and that's something. Got my wires crossed already on a couple a little stories for ACRN... they told me in Wash. to send anything that did not concern ARC through regular post censor. But here the publication stuff goes through Public Relations officer at Pacific Ocean Area Hdq. and he called Red Cross and said, "Who in hell is this guy, he's not an accredited foreign correspondent." So they called me in and we went round and round. They could very easily get me accredited, but the guy in charge of "public information" at ARC is a stuffed shirt and very jealous of his position, so will not turn a wheel for me. Sooner or later I will get the thing worked out, but for the time being everything has to clear through ARC Washington, which takes weeks and weeks. At this rate I never will get anything published or a check back. Oh me.

Weather warm and sunny once more after a week of almost continual rain. I wanted to get a pix of the bananas growing right outside the door of our office, but see that the boys have taken them down and inside to ripen.. so we can eat 'em later on.

Yesterday morning I delivered flowers to the graves of two officers killed over here in line of duty. The family sends money through Red Cross, we buy the flowers and put them on the grave. We are not permitted to photograph graves, but I did take a picture of one bunch of flowers and will try and get it through to the papa in the States. Think he would like that. He sent us \$50 and said, please buy flowers and use the rest of

the money any way you wish to make it easier for the boys.. etc." What a guy.

Will be glad when you get my APO 957, so I will get mail more consistently, and quicker. It travels all over this island before I get it through APO 958.

Ann's letters are wonderful.. tell her to keep it up. I take it from your last letter that the boots have finally started out. They will not be forwarded, however, if they were addressed to 930 "H" St., Washington, so if that was done Jeanette might stop there and see if they are laying in the package dept. where they hold everything.

Wrote Blackie but hardly expect to get an answer before Xmas or New Years. Joe Rubenson would like to go with Airtemp on the mainland and put his two daughters in college... am trying to work it out.

Did I tell you about the wonderful rig Jean has in her living room and we also have one in our quarters... called a punai or "hickeyeh"... thats not the way you spell it, but thats how it sounds. Consists of box springs and inner spring mattress in a wood frame, placed flat on the floor, covered with some nice material (at the house we have an army blanket on it) and pillows at the back. You can sit on it (shoes off) lie on it, or just lounge, on it... would be a wonderful rig for making love. Also, the good floor coverings here are out of this world. They are woven mats... light and clean - much nicer than rugs.. but think what would happen if you tracked mud and snow on them.

More cases on my desk.. so back to the battle. This is pretty much routine work here, but have been having an interesting time with some of my problem boys, one in particular, and it's truly a pleasant place. About the finest military establishment in the world. Have no idea how soon I will go "down under" but expect it will be sometime in February. From all I can gather things may be a bit more rugged from that time on.

We have to trust to luck to get use of a typewriter in the office.. hence the change in type. No mail again today... but good lunch at officer's mess, even though we were late and it was cold. Time to go home and clean up a bit and then to the OC

to dinner. Am going to try and get a bath tonite, if I can get that damn kerosene heater to function. I love you my darlings... all of you....

You have both business and personal lists - somewhere! Phil will print em - or see Dale Merick or Helen Cockrell. Print on 1 cent Post Cards. Cheap!

Henry

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Henry". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the printed name "Henry".