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American Red Cross,
APO 957
c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.



Oahu, T. H.
Dec. 13, 1944.

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Dearest Katherine:

My first letter to APO 957... and only 9 days from the date it was mailed... that really begins to close the gap to some extent, and while I am still here should get mail with some regularity, and that will be something. The letter, however, caused me no little concern.

When I left Dayton I thought it might be a good idea for you and Eloise to get together now and again, but had no idea it would be so soon... the whole thing is too fresh... too close... and too much of a sore spot at the present time to be hashed over and thrashed out. Have not heard a word about this from Eloise, but the way mail has been running it may be three weeks before I do... and in the meantime you are wondering what I am thinking and what my reactions are.

I had hoped, darling, that a few months could go by before I tried to discuss the matter with you in a letter, as it has been plenty hard enough being away from home, and attempting to readjust myself to an entirely new life. I did not want to try to make plans or decisions.. but do as you mentioned in your letter.. let time.. the greatest healer, work it out.

The whole thing is a paradox. You know that I became more than fond. of Eloise, and I doubt very much that my feelings will ever change. That did not mean, however, that my love and adoration for you had changed, or was lost, or was gone. Many times you assumed that it did, and I could not blame you one bit. Every thing I did to hurt you just tore my insides apart... because I loved you and still do. In her last letter Eloise suggested that she stop writing, and that I never make an attempt to see her again. I told her that would be a little rough at this point, but that I saw no reason why we should ever do things again that would hurt the people we loved.. and I meant you, darling, just you.

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One of my ideas in taking this assignment was that the German war would end, Doug would return, marry Eloise, and that they could build a life together. She is not in love with him, but he is a grand guy, and she very easily could be. She is like you in that she would give much to a marriage, and never expect too much in return. You know that I want her to be happy, and believe in my heart that this would bring her happiness. In the meantime I want her to keep the keel level and not fall for some yap just because she is on the rebound. That's why I wanted her to spend some time with you.

Never, my Katherine have I entertained the idea of giving up our life together. We have been through too much, have lived too much, and have too much at stake.... I love and adore those three sprats of ours too, and feel a tremendous responsibility toward their future welfare. All of your have become part of me... you are my life.

No my darling.. please don't lie awake nights and stare at the ceiling... go to sleep in my arms, because I will be close to you. Remember the soft, beautiful nights in Oberlin, the beautiful morning that Barbie was born in Chicago, the fun we had with Bill and Timmy in Cleveland (expect to see Bill about Xmas time); the wild times with Johnny and Joe in Detroit.. the days when the going was slim in Detroit (Birmingham) and slimmer in Cadillac... the long way back... after the depression; Ann arriving in a hurry, good jobs and bum jobs... Christmas with that Robel gal weeping all day.. Portage Point.. white sand and sunshine, and the top of the dune.. sailing at night.. the Shannons.. their swell kids and wild woes....Acorn acres and the Nelsons with wilder woes... horses.. dogs... Parent Street and our tenth.. will you ever forget it? the Kensington house and Barbera's first bike at Christmas.. Arden picked it up for us... New York that fall with Bobbie Brice.. then the big break with Airtemp.. that first lovely year on Burroughs .. when our money would buy things and we had everything we wanted.. even acquired Betsy.. Sunday morning breakfast in bed, and Henry Kaye proud of the muffins... oh darling... .darling.. don't you realize what all those things mean to me? And then Possum Hollow.. the house of my dreams... my sister Jo visiting and you two with the

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giggles... Barbie growing up.. or rather grown up.. Dinah, bless her heart, may her tribe increase. And now, as we start a new cycle of existence, you are back on Kensington, protecting everything I love, and keeping things going while I am away.

Then I cannot forget the terrible things you have lived through. My economic instability at times, my love of the bottle, my propensity to get in trouble.. drive cars into things and such.. Darling you have had it plenty rough, but the way you have taken everything has made me love you the more. I'm still a dreamer, but still following that star. How well I know how you have suffered this past year.. but I hoped that my going away would end it.. not make it worse. I can't bear to think of you eating your heart out now, when I'm not there to help you.. as if I had been much help of late. You must have been pretty low when you wrote the letter though.. What with the way the week-end worked out.. or didn't.

Perhaps I am wrong, but I refuse to admit that all is lost, or even close to it. I am still willing to battle, even with myself (who has always been my worst enemy) for you and for what I think is right. I love you my darling.. if you can only believe that.

It is my hope that when I see Eloise again.. if I do see her again, that it will be in our home, on your invitation.. and in no other way. Heaven bless you for telling her to keep on writing... I need to know she is alright, almost as much as I need to know you are alright. I just hope you understand... and I believe you do.

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Goodnight my precious one...no matter how low you feel, write and tell me what is in your heart.. and I shall send you many letters like this one, that are for you alone. The war is very near to us here.. and yet so far away.. but not many hours by plane. I don't think I could face the percentage odds that I know are out there when I go unless I knew you were my own, my sweet, my Katherine. Will read the little card over again tonight.. and every night until we are together again... I love you...

Your

Henry
Henry:

Good morning darling - last night you were close to me - so very close - I love you!

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