



AMERICAN RED CROSS

W. H. Knowlton
American Red Cross,
APO 957,
San Francisco, Calif.

Oahu H. T.
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My dearest:

Your second letter of Dec. 4.. at least mailed that date in the morning and it cheered me up no end. You were pretty low when you wrote that first one, but am glad to know you settled for cigarettes instead of me... which are much harder to get now-a-days.. or so I hear.

Am sending a Christmas package, but God knows you will never get it by Xmas. There is a chance, however, that you will get this letter, and if so tell the chicks a package is on the way. I bought a grass skirt for Ann, thinking she would no doubt want to wear it to school... a copy of "Paradise of the Pacific" a lovely illustrated quarterly, for Barbie, who likes to read about far away places, and have been going around in circles trying to find some good lauhala table mats for you. Can get the single ones alright.. but want double, as they are more than twice as good. They can be washed with soap and water and last for years and years. Am going to make one more try this afternoon. Am also trying to find Henry one of the shirts that the native boys all wear.. they are very pretty and colorful, if I can possibly get one that fits. All kinds of cotton goods are scarce and terribly expensive. If I can't get that will get something else.. but there are many things we are not permitted to ship home. Were it not for that I would send you two cartons of Camels and a 24-bar box of chocolate.

Yesterday the new FD, Stan the donut man, Jean Ludins, our artist, and I went for a drive along the windward side of the island... to the Pali pass and across into town. There are many beautiful beaches along this side, but we cannot take pictures, as coastline cannot be shown in any photograph mailed from here. Oh me. The roadsides are alive with hybiscus and they are lovely.. also miles long hedges of huge poinsettas that are in their glory right now.. at Christmas



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time. Its strange to see bananas growing, and coconut palms along the road, and look up at the dry hills and see cactus growing from the rocks, not over 1,000 feet away. The mountains are mostly volcanic rock, that won't grow anything.

Honey, I have found THE PLACE.. Halekulani Hotel...its just lovely beyond words.. the beach out in front looks like the Hawaii of my dreams, the wind swept curving palms.. the sheltering Hau trees... Robert Louis Stevenson wrote several books under one of them.. in the patio overlooking the Pacific. The dining room is perfect, the food I am told is out of this world.. you have to be a guest to eat there.. and the apartments are perfect. From the beach in front Diamond Head is framed by the tropical foliage, as you can see in the picture. (Circular enclosed, unless censor throws it out) Anyway, its the most perfect place I have found. Went there to call on Mr. Vaughn, who is in charge of United Press activities in Pacific Ocean area and Wm F. Tyree who handled UP releases from headquarters of Pacific Ocean Area. Also met Ray Coll Jr., foreward area correspondent for Honolulu Advertiser, and son of the editor. Swell guys.

The UP boys want me to file any news I get with then... but I don't think there is any way to get paid for that stuff, as all their regular men are full time, and they have no real arrangement to accredit special men. The problem is not the money, but the use of the wires...communications are something in this war. Am going back and talk to Tyree again however, and see what cooks.

Right now have more stories on the fire than I can handle all at once anyway. Am glad to know there is a check from Phil somewhere enroute... if it would only get here. Told the new FD I wanted more sub-advance from Red Cross and he said that would take so much red tape he wanted to loan me money personally. This I refused.. flat.

Said it was ARC responsibility and that I did not care to be indebted to a superior. He was a bit mipped about it.. but thats how it is. Hope to God you have one or more checks by this time and we get things straightened out. Charlie Plumb told me



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his wife got her first ARC check Dec. 1, so you should certainly have yours by now. Let me know the minute it arrives .. will you?

Have not been keeping a journal .. but may be able to find time to start doing it. Between working, trotting around for material for stories, etc. have not taken the time to put things down. I should, however, write up some of the experiences.. particularly those on shipboard that never reached you. Also some of the things that happened the first week or two here.

For example.. have been very busy with cases all day.. soldiers going home on furlough... loans to make out etc. etc. - - then this morning had to go to military driver's school to get license to drive GI vehicles.. They test your eyes.. test for glare blindness, by throwing light in your eyes and they having you read... depth of vision, width of vision, and finally stability.. you stand still with a pencil upright on top of your head and it traces the pattern of your movement on a sheet of paper. I stayed within 1" circle, which is excellent.. passed all other tests.. oh yes, and re-action time. They drop a board like a guillotine, and you jab it with an ice pick thing not knowing when it is going to drop.. did O.K. on that too. Passed the written exam 50 questions with a 96.. the FD was along and he (former professor of Pol. Sci. and vera vera smart guy .. got 92... and did he argue with the examiner.. oh me. Anyhow, I can now drive the re-con cars with permission of the army, et al. The point is that took two hours.

Am going over to one of the hospitals this PM to do a story on some Red Cross gal who is a member of high society in Milwaukee.. national has asked for the story, and I'm the guy who gets it. Can't you see me writing society? The hospital set up is very interesting, however, what with fine large recreation hall, arts and crafts shop etc. -- 26 gals on the job.. some staff.

With good luck will get to the movie this evening.. tried to get in last night but no soap.. full house. Late tomorrow PM am to see refrigeration expert on the post, and so it goes. Does not seem possible that a week from today is Xmas.. a little snow would be very convincing at this point.



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Got package off today.. it will never reach you by Xmas, but its on the way. Grass skirt for Ann... magazine for Barbie, an Hawaiian jacket like the boys wear here.. and something for you. When I went back for the lauhala mats found the price had gone up to \$2.50 each., which would be \$17.50 for set of 7 and thats more than two weeks pay. If I ever get any dough will try and get you a set.. as they are wonderful and last for years and years.. but I think they hiked the price for Christmas. Did get you something made of Lauhala and later want to get a set of waste baskets of the same stuff, and some day a dining room rug, if I can ever get the money and shipping space. They are marvelous. Everything here is terribly expensive now, however, and will be until after the war.

Must hike along to dinner at the Club.. if I don't get going will miss my ride. Father writes, "you say you may get another assignment... why don't you tell us about it? " The poor dear does not seem to realize that I'm in the army and can't tell what goes on along those lines here. All I know is that it will be "down under" sooner or later. War news in here from Europe has been all bad for a few days, and this is no picnic that is being run from here. It makes me boil when I think of the attitude of the execs at Airtemp.. this war out here will go on for a long, long time...my guess is still 5 more years. And, because of distance, the problems of supply are terrific. Hope I can get with a combat unit which moves, and not stuck somewhere with garrison troops. I'm just biding my time and hope the wheel of fortune may turn so I could get roving assignment as a correspondent in one of the forward areas.. but thats almost too much to hope for at this point.

Must run along... love you dearly my Katherine.. did you get my long love letter yet? Let me know will you please? And don't take all the questions too hard.. I'm just interested in everything you do and plan...

your own
Henry

Henry