

Use the right-hand typewriter, and fill in each space with a pen or ballpoint pen.

 <small>(POSTAGE STAMP)</small>	TO: <u>Mrs. W. Henry Knowlton</u> <u>66 Kensington Blvd.,</u> <u>Pleasant Ridge, Michigan.</u>	FROM: <u>W. Henry Knowlton</u> <u>W. Henry Knowlton,</u> <u>American Red Cross,</u> <u>APO 967 San Francisco,</u> <u>Calif.</u>
	<small>SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 1</small>	<small>(Sender's complete address shown)</small>

W. Henry Knowlton,
 American Red Cross.
 APO 457
 San Francisco.
 Calif.

Jan 2, 1945

My dearest:

Will try a couple of V-Mail letters and see if they reach you any more promptly. Big day at the Post Office this afternoon.. letter from you.. dated Dec. 18.. letter from father Dec. 22nd. also letter from Blackie sans date. Glad you got mother started on her merry way.. she should have a grand trip for herself... and it will keep her out of your hair for the nonce.

If you insist on playing poker all night with the Hickeys you'll sure get plenty tired... but know how you love it. The invitation to Dixons sounds grand.. I trust (as it is now another year) that you had a good time. This business of writing letters referring to things that have already happened is really something.

Saw the Dec. 5 issue of Refrigeration News at the post refrigeration Office today... an account of the death of John Wylie.. one of my business friends.. only 42 years old, and a very successful refrigeration man.. fine engineer and capable guy... quite the blow. Did you know one of Russel's sons has lost an arm? Don't know which boy...but assume it was Jim.. the one in Italy. Blackie said DW had to speak at the Christmas party the evening he got the news... what a man. Had a story in the Dec. 5 issue written in Seattle, but neither one of the two checks you mentioned has come in and I am still in an advanced state of bankruptcy. Collected \$16 maintenance today.. but had

to pay 11 for mess bill and laundry.. so have \$5 net to last until the 15th, when I get \$12.50 more. Such a business.

Have had a busy day of it. Visited nearby naval station this morning on some urgent case work.. had photographer at the big hospital after lunch to take group pix of the new gals for "The Redlander" also at office to get pix of new FD... papa lace pants. We are putting on a GI show at the big hospital tomorrow night.. Stan Andersen, Charlie Plumb.. gals from area who sing ballads.. Monty Ryan, baritone, and a band from a nearby station.

You would be surprised how much time it takes to get the little things done around here.. going for mail, shining shoes, making own bed, washing dishes when we have breakfast at the house, sewing on buttons, arguing with the man at the laundry about lost sox.. haircut.. PX for cigarettes, and all sorts of little errands. It is 1722 hours (5:22 P. M. to you) and I am alone on the station.

When in town last week-end saw Tom Stowe.. area publicity man. He accused me of again filing magazine stories without clearing it through him. As a matter of fact I have not filed a line since we first had an argument on that score... he was just fishing.. thought he could catch me off balance... such tactics are known in army parlance as "chicken s--t and we see plenty of that sort of thing. Have a whole pile of stuff ready to go out and suppose I will have to try and clear it "through channels" which will hold it up for weeks and weeks. This turns out to be the battle of the mails and the island telephone company.. believe me. Glad Barbie is "sitting". Hope the Christmas package reaches you in due time... Love you all forever.

Henry
(H)

