

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

Oahu, T. H.
30 January 1945.

My dearest Katherine:

Happy birthday darling... sent you an EFM cable yesterday... and after I had paid my money said to the sergeant, "Does this take longer than a regular cable?" and he replied, "Only a couple of days"... Hence it appears that you may not get it before the end of the week. Hope it reaches you... anyway. Would have sent you a regular cable were it not for the fact that I only had \$2 left to last until Feb. 1. when we get our \$12.50 again.

Another long dry spell.. last letter in from you written Jan 11 arrived here on Jan. 21.. nine days ago. So you are not the only one who has trouble keeping the mail coming. I have written you, recently Jan. 14, 18, 24, 25, so check to see if those letters arrive.

Last week end was my turn to work, and we had a very very busy day on Saturday, from 8 to 6... so when I hit the BOQ, had a bowl of soup and rolled in. Sunday afternoon went to town and had dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Joe Rubenson at the Halekalani.. have told you about the place, and it was lovely... vegetable soup, filet mignon, salad, black walnut ice cream and coffee... no choice of menu.. but what you eat is perfect. We then went to Rubenson house where they are now taking care of a 5 months old baby... boy child, cutest thing you ever saw. His mother is very ill, and dad on the mainland on business, so Mrs. Rubenson has taken over. "Charles" is getting along famously. He sure is a dandy. Then to dash to get the corps bus to camp.. arriving about 10 P. M. in time for curfew.

Monday evening.. last night went to the Little Theater on post here to see a play, "Over 21"... about life at OCS very clever little play.. almost no story... but many brittle and clever lines.. was written by Ruth Gordon, and I expect it was marvelous when she played the lead however, I had no complaints about our GI version here last night, it was good entertainment. Am getting to be a regular old lady about sleep however., as every thing here starts early and ends early. Parties all begin

at 5 P. M. (have not been to any yet) and end at 9:30 --- we can go the movies at 5:30 and get out at 7:30... or go at 7:45 and get out at 9:30.... the play last night was all over at 9 o'clock and after listening to the 10 o'clock news could not keep my eyes open.

Sent Redeker another story this week... short one.. and several excellent pictures. I don't see much point in it.. as I do not hear from him, or from Quinn. Your last letter said he was sending a check on to you.. but have not heard from you in 10 days since the letter came in.. so have given up the idea of ever getting any dough.

Did I tell you.. my other boot came in from Jeanette Dow.. also two rolls of film, name tapes... and of all things, a fruit cake... we have had tons of fruit cake around here over Christmas, as the post office would not let any packages containing food go forward from here, and delivered all of them to our office... the chaplains all eat them, and get fat as pigs... you should see our fat chaplains.

When I wrote you thanking you for the shirt, I intended that the letter be read to the kintern, and did not tell you that you are not yet a real "army wife", as the shirt was definitely the color and design worn only by the Navy...never mind darling... you know how I love to twit you about things.. the shirt is much lighter weight than the others I have., and thus far more comfortable here... and the GIs don't know the difference, so I can wear it anywhere. Just for your store of information. All army officers shirts have shoulder straps on the shoulders and are khaki color.. not olive drab. However, be consoled by the fact that we have not been able to get shirts here for some time, and any shirt is very very acceptable. But when Dint gets his wings.. don't ever send him a navy shirt... you know Dint! !

Had a nice letter the other day from Aunt Hazel... also the Sign magazine is following me... first issue has arrived here.. Joe Rubenson gave me the Oct and Nov. issues of Airtemp News.. the latter pretty bad... in fact it made me positively ill... poor make up.. too many pictures on page 1... bad or rather indiscriminate use of type.. what a mess.

However, with RCC stirring the porridge it could not be anything else. I wrote Bob Malcom the other day and offered to

bet him two to one that several of Cameron's "boys" who replaced me would quit before the year was out. Also told him this would be a grand place for Margurite... plenty of likker and lots of attention.

Would like to tell you about some of the work we are doing.. but have learned the hard way that such reports are highly inadvisable.. but some of the incidents will make years of good conversation once this is all over. You might tell Mildred Watson and my friend Arden the "WAACs Prayer"...

"Forgive me what I did last night.

The likker must a threw me.

Make me like I was before.

Oh please dear god unscrew me!!"

Thats the only real good one I have heard in weeks.

Things are moving at a headlong pace around here and I still have high hopes of getting my new assignment before too long... guess I told you.. am still trying to go with a headquarters outfit as historian for ARC.. that would give me the flexibility of movement that I want... would be able to get around and see things over a large area.. would also be elegant from the standpoint of self-preservation... as headquarters does not move in on D-1. If this does not work out plan to take any assignment I can get as AFD.... as I am anxious to get forward, put in my time and get back. Have been reading a novel about the place I may be going and it would really be something.

War news looks better every day.. hope the damn Russians keep going on to Berlin.. they seem to have the technique developed to a point where they can really make progress. The GIs who make up the maps on bulletin boards around here are running out of crayon.. marking in the areas that have been gained recently.

Lieut Goodwin.. the lad who got me to teach his class while he went out for field training.. has been promoted to a Captain... and is so proud he is giving away cigars all over the place. He is interesting guy.. operates a hat factory in the east.. and is somehow related to our friend Irving Hexter.. He, Goodwin, however, is only Jewish by race... the family have been Christianized for several generations... and he is very proud of his army record... enlisted as a GI and has come up the hard way... on Thursday evening of this week he is giving a party for

some 60 people at his BOQ... if I know him it will be a swellegant affair with plenty of food and lots to drink. He is a great pal of my friend who is one of the top men on my new assignment deal.. so am glad to have his good will.

Stan the Dougnut man has gone down under to set up his machines in the forward areas.. Charlie Plumb is still sweating it out at a nearby military station... but have heard some rumors that he was going to quit ARC and go with one of the local newspapers.. he is pretty well fed up with the whole deal, as it does involve some work, and he is constitutionally opposed to that. Out of the new men on the station we have one excellent man, Sam Summers, an attorney, and a former teacher in eastern private school, Paulmeier, who is doing a swell job with craft work at some of the special training units.. the other two.. one is former heavy (road) contractor from Ohio who wants to get into supply work, and them other is a big stuffed shirt from the east who has World War One ribbons all over his chest and hates work with a passion. He's the kind who says "don't put things on my shelf" (in the ice box) when we only have three small shelves for 9 men.. you know the type. What a guy.

Have been waiting with both ears back for the mail man.. but he has now arrived and brought no letters... am wondering what in the world has happened... as you say.. its too long between letters.


Last night we had dinner at the house... chili (van Camps) mixed with red beans, crackers, canned apricots, and GI beer.. not bad. We now have breakfast at the BOQ every morning... and that helps. Can sleep until 7:30 and still make it to work on time at eight.. and thats something. You know how I love to sleep in the AM. We sure get tired of eating at the officer's club..but always get a good dinner at noon at the officer's mess.

Nothing really new.. darling.. just work, eat and sleep.. write letters.. would be hard (I know) for you to believe it, but have not had a date with any gal since I landed.. so social life has been friends in town like the Rubensons, and have not been to any dances or anything else on post. Lots of things going on... but have had little or no desire to attend. Have had a lot of time to think... and sure need it. Hope to get things pretty well straightened out in my mind before too along.. but its a rough process.

Give all the kids a big hug and kiss for me... and don't
lock the door on the middle bedroom.... I love you so darling...
sometimes it fairly tears me apart.... will follow that star...
and I know where it will lead... keep the boat level....

your own,

Henry

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Henry", with a horizontal line above it. Below the signature, the word "Henry" is printed in a simple, sans-serif font.