



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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Oahu, T. H.

My dearest Katherine:

Honest to gosh honey,... MAIL... your letters of Jan 27 and 29 came in yesterday... the former arriving with no postmark and no cancellation of the stamps...how do you do it? also letter from Jo... Dinty (he writes the most wonderful letters) father, and my old friend Mike Shea of American Radaitor in Detroit. To keep you up to date, I wrote you on Feb. 1 and Feb 4... and most important, received a perfectly beautiful letter from Barbie dated Jan. 24, which I have been reading to everyone who would stand still and listen.

Things have been happening so fast around here I hardly know where to start. Several of our older men have been transferred, including Ludins the artist, and the two "happiness boys", (the schoolteachers) which leaves me senior on the station with all green help... as you know the FD was appointed since I came here. The result is that I am "office manager" (laughna would love that one), CQ (charge of quarters) and "No. 1" (personnel)... so find myself with one very busy field office, one BOQ where we live, four military vehicles which must be kept up to snuff, four AFDs and 7 ARC gals...count em... about the time everything is going smoothly one of the AFDs runs off with a car, or the kerosene heater in the kitchen smokes, or someone has lost their laundry, or the MPs stop a car for being dirty, or we catch some of the officers across the alley making off with our kerosene. The "striker" must be supervised and paid, checks must be signed... cat and lights put out every night and so forth. Talk about a job... oh me, oh my.

Last evening Sam Summers (young atty from Ravenna, Ohio) and I moved into the best room in the house... and it is grand compared to my former tiny room... We have plenty of closet space for clothes, two beds, dresser for Sam... old "sideboard" for my junk, one marvelous easy chair, and plenty of lights. Now if we can beg borrow or steal some bright Hawaiian prints, the place will be quite cheerful. Sam is 37... very capable, and one of these guys who insists on having everything put away and in order... don't know



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whether he will be able to train me at this point, but at least I have learned to make beds with "square" and I mean square corners.

Tuesday night this week I went to town with Jean Ludins and Mrs. Horner, who is head of ARC in the big hospital here. We all had dinner at "Trader Vics"... which is the quietest and nicest place I have found (except the Halekalina) in Honolulu. Had two Planters Punches each, which are delicious.. and good dinner.. egg foo young, and fried rice and so back to camp early. Mrs. Horner's husband is "The Surgeon" for army in Italy, and supposed to be quite some guy. It was an interesting and quite diverting evening compared to most.

Tonight I had dinner with Lt. Zisson... subject of the article which is still in channels... think the general of his command is still sitting on it... we met Jean Ludins and all went to "Woman at the Window"... which should be a must on your movie list... be sure to tell the Jaques... as they love exciting pictures... and this is one.

Your letter says mortgage has been approved, but still fails to tell me the amount of each monthly payment, and the length of the mortgage.... they sure did knick you on getting caught up, where ever did you get \$112 bucks? Am sure Joe Rubenson, American Factors, Inc. (hardware Dept.) would like that tripod you mentioned. You might mail it to him and he would let me borrow it I'm sure.

You ask about anything I have published. Have not heard a word from Quinn or Redeker and no money, so have stopped sending copy to them. My ARC stuff is still in "channels" and has never come out the Washington end.. or Miss Elmo (agent) in New York would let me know. The military story is still stuck here as I indicated. So until I can work out a means of getting clearance out of here for copy, I might as well give up. This may be possible after I get my new assignment.. but not now. I can get accredited by UP and the army but not ARC... which does not make sense, but that's exactly how it happens to work out. Anyway, it would discourage a plaster saint.

Still wondering if you got the Christmas package.. you must, have, or Ann would not have mentioned it in her letter... but you said absolutely nothing about it... don't need anything, except money, and you have little enough of that. Now have four bucks to last until the 15th.... can't see for the life of me why Phil never sent any check at all... when he has copy for October, November, Dec.



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and some unused.. also Quinn has three articles, apparently unused... just a few bucks.. even \$10 would make such a difference. Have quit eating breakfast, have lunch at mess (28¢) and usually eat dinner out of a can, as I don't have enough to eat at the club... Am getting fat as a pig on this diet, but have a sty on one eye that burns and itches and is making me ugly as hell.

Did you know Sox is in Milwaukee Hospital.. having gall bladder out... you might write him, c/ o Milwaukee General, as he asked for your address.

Bought a lauhala hat for Ann (in a moment of weakness) and now can't figure out how to ship it. Will do that next week. somehow.

Sat. Feb. 10, 1945.

Here is it is... 6:00 P. M. Saturday, and I intended to finish this early this morning and get it out in the morning mail. The case work piled in so fast all day long that I have not been able to see over it... new man came out from Pearl Harbor to join us here... talks all the time... worse than I am....the FD went down to get him.... but most important... man came out from Area office and said I was wanted for conference in Area at 10 o'clock Monday morning... which means I had better start packing my stuff... just when I get so nicely situated. Oh god, honey, here we go again.

Guess I have told you before, when I do ship, which may not be some little time, it might be 45 days to two months before I am able to mail a letter again and perhaps longer... so if mail suddenly stops.. don't worry... just keep your fingers crossed. Will not be able to send you my new address until I get there... If I go down with Undercoffer, would fly down and get there quick.. but if I take the other, combat, deal, it would be different.

Wish I could walk into No. 66 and have a beer with you this evening, and chase you around that big bed for hours and hours and hours... oh darling.. I just can't stand it to think about it....am afraid when I get back I will be afraid to come near you... but the months are rolling by, and a year from now, with any kind of luck, I will be an eager beaver, looking forward to going home in the fall.... Right now I am anxious to get in my stint and get it over with. When I see some of our men who come back... oh god honey... I'm taking a long chance.... but I must. Have been working on a



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story "The Little Poi Dog"... will try to get it to you as a letter to Barbie... and see if Ann likes it.

Goodnight my precious... will you be close to me tonight? I am going to need you so very very much... can tell that now. I love you

Your own

Henry

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Henry".