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My dearest Katherine:

Started out early this morning on a work detail... and got home just in time to take a bath, change clothes, grab a hamburger and dash over to my GI class... meets Monday and Friday night... have a new group of about 30 boys, and some of them very bright.

Found your letter of Feb 15 on my return, however, and also box from Jeanette Dow containing two shirts, brownies, and two chocolate bars. Wish the Dow boys had the chocolate bars, as we can buy them here by the box... 24 bars for 96 cents. Would send you both chocolate and cigarettes but that is forbidden. Am glad Chet is helping you out with the situation, as I well realize that you have a problem to get cigarettes.

Am glad the party was such a success, and that you got wound up enough to go to bed with your hat on... that must have been wonderful.. would like to have been aboard.

As soon as you get this please airmail me one copy of the Feb 15 issue of the New Yorker... it contains the story... by John Lardner, entitled Honolulu News Letter.. kid, by the story, mean the one I have been stewing about ever since I have been over here. It may give you some idea of what has been going on in these parts.. because John is accredited he could file it, without asking any one here, and now there is hell to pay. I saw Charlie Plumb today, and he says the roof is clear off in area office... Stan is still down under somewhere.. but I expect he will be dismissed when he returns... if he is foolish enough to return. Anyway, it is (have not seen it but have heard plenty) all true, and there is much, much more.

You wonder why I have been disturbed.. have had my choice of telling the story now, and getting out, or going on and trying to really do something quite constructive for Red Cross.. have felt that the latter was the wise course and still think so. But God bless Lardner for letting the cat out of the bag.... I'll bet Washington office is in a stew. There is only one copy here, of the article, which I understand was mailed

back by an ARC man who recently returned to the mainland, so I am waiting with both ears back to see a copy.

Yes, my paquita.. you must realize that everything is going to be alright... I have but one idea, and that is to get back to you and those chicks of ours as soon as this mess is over.... you have been so brave and so loyal, and so fine through all of this... and I love you so very, very much...I love both the little gal I married and the wonderful woman you are today... I have paid a very high price for hurting you... and I can never hurt you again... I am learning out here what it means to be strong.. as I see so many men go haywire.

Just remember that every night before I go to sleep I talk to God about you and that every morning when my feet hit the floor I am thinking of you... and all day too.... "when there is music, it is you who comes between me and the sound of strings..." You must realize that I love you, and that no one can ever, ever, take your place... and I'm keeping you locked in my heart, where you belong.

Am a bit stiff from yesterday, see letter to Henry Kaye about days activities. think I had better start keeping carbons of letters. From what you tell me... then someday we can sit on the floor and spread them out, and re-live this experience... there will be much traveling to do when the war is won... and you and I are going to do it... together. I doubt if I will ever be able to stay put for long., in one place I mean... so we will get around....

Have written Grandma Re and Midge...and must write Jeannette... and so to bed.. believe me, when night comes, it is now 9:45, I am tired. But I love you and every morning I start out full of p-- and vinegar, and that's something.

Goodnight my lover .

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Henry".

You still haven't told me about the house deal... payments, etc. or don't I live there any more...