



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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Monday 5 March 1945.
Oahu, T. H.

My dearest Katherine:

Here I intended to write you a long letter yesterday, but spent the day typing and doing desk work for ARC... hours, and hours, and hours, until my back ached... head ached and everything ached... went home and fell into bed after a couple of GI beers... guess I have told you GI beer tastes something like other beer but has no kick... great stuff. Today have been arranging schedule of training films for next few days... let me know if Henry Kaye got the letter I wrote last week, will you dear? Also, tell him I was very happy to have his recent letter.

A couple of days ago I mailed you

1. letter for Capt. Savings & Loan..
2. New life insurance set-up of ARC and
3. letter from Blackie which was mailed Jan 24 and

wandered all over, as he did not put "ARC" on it. You will note from the new insurance set up that we now have \$3,000 policy for which ARC pays premiums.. and an additional \$2,000 for you and \$1,000 for each chick from ARC... also another \$1,000 for mother if she is living with you .. total 9,000, which is much better than before. Am very very glad you have the additional protection. Please acknowledge receipt of this information... so I am sure you have it.

Your letter Feb. 26 came in today.. to this address.. so you can see the mail is really hitting the ball for a change...7 days is good... you mailed it last Monday night and I get it this (Monday) A.M. which makes you seem ever so much closer.



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This morning I met the new PRO for the command.. he is an old McGraw Hill man and knew Mr. Cockrell well... has also been associated with Sales Management Magazine during recent years, so knows my friend Phil Salisbury.. seemed like a grand man, but the nature of things being as they are it may be many months before I will see him again... can't explain that to you. But that's how it works out. While we are both attached to "headquarters" does not mean that we may not be many thousand miles apart for, as you know, the army operates all over.

Will you please call Redeker and ask him if he has ever received article, about a large Army cold storage building... and another about a refrigerated fishing boat..both were sent out Jan. 8 ... then on Jan 29 I sent him a story on the von Hamm Young Co., with pictures, and on Jan 30th I sent him pictures to go with the large army cold storage story... then on Feb 13 sent story on Ramsey & Co. What I want to know is when he gets this material. It was all filed through regular channels, but has not yet come out the other end.. or has it? Please, please, let me know.. its important.

There is no use writing copy and dropping it down a hole. Am not going to bother writing any more until I find out what happened to this stuff. Mebbe, as Charlie Plumb was told (see New Yorker story Feb 18th) I should just be content to keep a diary, and let it go at that. The trouble is my stuff is timely, and will be no good two years from now, although I am accumulating a lot that will.. thank God.

Glad you could see the Potters and Wallaces but sorry to learn about the "sick headaches"... sounds to me like you have been working too hard.. or perhaps worrying too much about everything... both of which is bad... I felt lousy for couple of days last week.. thought I was coming down with a cold or something.. but most of it seems to have blown over... when you get a cold in this kind of climate it ready makes you very miserable... just like it does in Michigan.

There was no letter missing from Feb 12 to Feb 15 ...you ask the question, "what happened and where are you?" Darling,



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darling, those are the two things you just won't know and I cannot tell you. Can understand about what happened to the Feb 12 letter, as I was somewhat hopped up at the time, and the result was inevitable. All is under control at this point, however.

Darling, darling... you must not "face the possibility that our lives together were over"... because they are not over, and are not going to be.. so long as I have anything to say about it. This separation is making me see what real values are, for the first time in many years, and in many, many ways... I hate to think of you trying to "keep up a front" but have only myself to blame for that situation. Right now I have sense enough to know that it will take more than words to heal the breach, and that it can only be done by actions, and I plan to act accordingly. The first is that I shall try to be a credit to you and the chicks in my work with Red Cross, so that if anything happens, and it well may, you will all be proud of the record. The next is, that when I get back, and I plan to get back, I can profit by my experience out here in making things a lot better for all of you in years to come. I know you are still, instinctively, trying to protect yourself, and I thoroughly understand why.

But I really believe we have something that "is" (its what keeps me going right now) and I'm going to hang on to it for all I am worth. I don't think the chicks will be hurt at all by their experience.. it is important for everyone to have independence.. always... I have been reading Henry Kay's letter to all the boys. He says he has \$7.00 in the bank and wants to send me a shirt.. bless his heart. Darling child, the thing that "is" is that I love you... and will never be able to stop, because you mean everything to me.... and always will.

Yes, I got the electric razor... and the coat hangers.. incidentally... you might have thought I was nuts to ask for coat hangers..but they are so scarce in this part of the world that someone stole those two within a few hours after I unpacked them... c'est la guerre. Some of the special service boys just pushed (of all things) a piano into the front door of the



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office.. would like to put it in my pocket. Yesterday we had an inspection of one of our clubmobiles... and had my picture taken with the general of our command... three stars.. my my... will try and send you picture later when released, but that may be quite some time.

Here is what to send.. you may think I'm nuts, but its this: make up package of Campbells tomato soup; anchovies; sardines; small lambs tongue; potted ham...etc. We have plenty food here.. but the day is coming. No more clothing of any kind as have plenty, what with the two shirts Jeanette sent.

Saw a good movie Sat. night "the Thin Man Comes Home".. lots of good business in it..tonight must teach my GI class again... had dinner Friday night with Mr. & Mrs. R. Alex Anderson, the guy who wrote "The Cockeyed Mayor".. he has written new tune which has haunting melody "South Sea Romance"... will try and learn it and play it for you one day... I had forgotten anyone lived in such unabashed luxury in this war torn world.. something like going to dinner with K. T. Keller - gorgeous house and perfectly magnificent dinner. Mrs. A. (the former von Hamm gal) is beautiful and charming. If I can get to town Mr. Anderson is going to give me copies of his tunes (autographed) for Barbara.. so will try and see him.

Talked to Jean Lennox on the phone Sunday... they are all fine..and I hope to see them again soon... the poi dog story is still not finished.. My days seem to be so very full, and I had planned to do so much yesterday. Had long and interesting letter from Jeanette Dow.. all fine there.. and you said she had written you.

Please let me know (every letter) how you are feeling... when I re-read your letter for the 3rd time this morning I almost filed ARC wire for a report, and then I thought if something was really wrong you would get in touch with me through ARC... you can always do that quickly... or by commercial wire. Because I love you my darling, and it is most, most important that I know you are alright... yes, I meant what you thought when I said "don't lock the middle bed room door"



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because some night... the days and weeks and months must fly...
and I shall live for the hour when you are in my arms.

Your own,

Henry
Henry,